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COVER: While European Old Masters continue to cross the ocean to enter American museums and collections, contemporary American paintings in increasing numbers are finding comparable homes in Europe. Such a one is *Albert's Son* by Andrew Wyeth, recently presented to the National Gallery in Oslo by a former United State ambassador to Norway, L. Corrin Strong. Wyeth says that this study of a neighbor lad in Maine is "really a self-portrait of me as a kid." On page 88, an interview with Wyeth introduces a color gravure portfolio of some of his leading paintings.

FRONTISPICE: The secret of the *Schraubthaler* is out! The English owner of what appeared to be an ordinary commemorative coin dated 1639 from Augsburg (and showing, lower left, a view of that city and, lower right, on the reverse side a portrait of King Gustavus Adolphus II of Sweden) was surprised to notice a hairline running around its rim. When carefully worked open, the *Schraubthaler*, or screw thaler, was found to contain seventeen delicately painted miniatures depicting scenes and persons associated with Martin Luther. Thus at top left, numbered 1 in the rim, Luther nailing his theses on the Wittenberg church door; top center (6) Luther burning the papal excommunication bull after his refusal to recant; next tier, left (9) Luther translating the New Testament; center below (12) the league of Protestant princes formed in 1531.

THE KENNEDY LOOK IN THE ARTS

Writers, painters, Rhodes Scholars, Cabinet-rank collectors, now orbit around the White House in a capital whose culture normally follows its politics. Will the new atmosphere translate itself into a style — perhaps even into a program?

By DOUGLASS CATER

There were some among those present at the Inauguration of John Fitzgerald Kennedy who saw in it omens of a cultural renaissance in America. They watched the hoary-haired Robert Frost, the first poet in our history to ply his trade at the swearing-in ceremony. They observed the scores of other artists and writers who had converged on Washington to join the celebration. And they concluded that it all promised, in the words of the "Dedication" Frost had written especially for the occasion, "a next Augustan age . . . a golden age of poetry and power / Of which this noon-day's the beginning hour."

The manner in which this had come about was fairly casual. Stewart Udall, the young Arizona Congressman about to become Kennedy's Secretary of the Interior, had known the New England poet when Frost was Consultant to the Library of Congress, and suggested having him deliver a poem. The President-elect enthusiastically accepted the idea. Shortly afterward Miss Kay Halle, an influential Washington Democrat and advocate of cultural causes, proposed to a meeting of the Inaugural Committee that outstanding representatives of the arts, letters, and sciences might add luster to the occasion. Again Kennedy was enthusiastic.

But obstacles developed—too many politicians competing for invitations and too few accommodations. At one point Edward Foley, chairman of the Inaugural Committee, vetoed Miss Halle's project. Days before the ceremony, a telegram of invitation signed by President-elect and Mrs. Kennedy was finally dispatched. It began: "During our forthcoming Administration we hope to seek a productive relationship with our writers, artists, composers, philosophers, scientists, and heads of cultural institutions. . . ." It went to a list of 168, most of them award winners for creative achievement.

To everyone's surprise nearly eighty accepted the invitation. They came to Washington, trudged through the streets that were clogged with the sudden snowstorm, met Walter Lippmann for tea, and seemed highly satisfied to take part in the political merriment of Inauguration Day. Afterward, writing their own "dedications" in a red vellum notebook for presentation to the President, they were scarcely less eulogistic than Frost. Among them:

Allen Tate: "From 1789 to 1961, the arts and letters had not, in the eyes of our government, existed. 'Then did all the muses sing / Of magnus annus in the spring.'"

John Steinbeck: "What a joy that literacy is no longer prima-facie evidence of treason."

W. H. Auden: "The honor of an invitation to your Inaugural was as thrilling as it was surprising. You have, assuredly, captured the heart of one poet."

Lewis Mumford: "The invitation to Robert Frost, like the Inaugural Address itself, came like a fresh wind from the high slopes of an older America, long lost in fog and smog, in 'rant' and 'cant.'"

Walter Piston: "President Kennedy's expressed concern with arts and letters is heart-warming and encouraging to

those of us who feel that physical and material survival would have little meaning without the preservation of these things of the mind and spirit."

Conceivably, the enthusiasm of these artists was simply born of a sense of long neglect at the hands of a government not notably interested in the arts. To measure the cultural impact of the Kennedy Administration, one certainly must look far beyond the excitement of its Inauguration. Meanwhile the grim months that have passed since then, with their deepening struggles over Southeast Asia, Latin America, Berlin, and the Bomb, have preoccupied minds and headlines and made it abundantly clear that in contending with the crises of our time, the urgent business of government must go on as before—maybe even more urgently.

It is quite possible, however, that the artists were not deceived by the starting auspices of the Kennedy Administration. As Thornton Wilder has reminded us, times of great crisis spur the spirit of creativity which is vital to a nation's survival. The Elizabethan Age burgeoned under the threat of the Spanish Armada. Whether the duress of our times may encourage a cultural flowering in the Kennedy epoch, it is idle to predict. But it is not too soon to find certain hints in new-found Washington attitudes and tastes.

Necessarily, one must start with the man himself. Presidents, like great French restaurants, have an *ambiance* all their own. Vice President Lyndon Johnson, a Texan who knows what he likes so long as it is colorful, would have created one distinct atmosphere if he had won the number-one position; Richard Nixon, obviously another. That of John Kennedy is quite different from either.

As a rising young politician, Kennedy was noted more for a style than for any deep cultural awareness. He showed little interest in art. His love of music, it has been remarked, was pretty much limited to the awesome strains of "Hail to the Chief." He was moderately attracted by the theater. His chief love lay in books—books of great variety and scope. One of his favorites was John Buchan's *Pilgrim's Way*. This sensitive, almost poetic autobiography of the Scottish novelist, the son of a poor Presbyterian minister, found a special response in the Irish Catholic politician, son of a multimillionaire business promoter.

Not only a reader of books, Kennedy became a writer. His senior thesis at Harvard, afterward revised and published under the title *Why England Slept*, and later his *Profiles in Courage* were both best sellers. Both revealed a critical talent that would undoubtedly have carried him far as a political commentator if he had not chosen the more active role of politician. His style has a disciplined grace that, among politicians, is notable for its restraint.

Kennedy's first eight months in the Presidency have awakened in him an interest in the arts that even his closest friends would never have predicted. For the first time he has become aware of what is on the walls around him; he has helped his artist friend William Walton hang some fresh pic-

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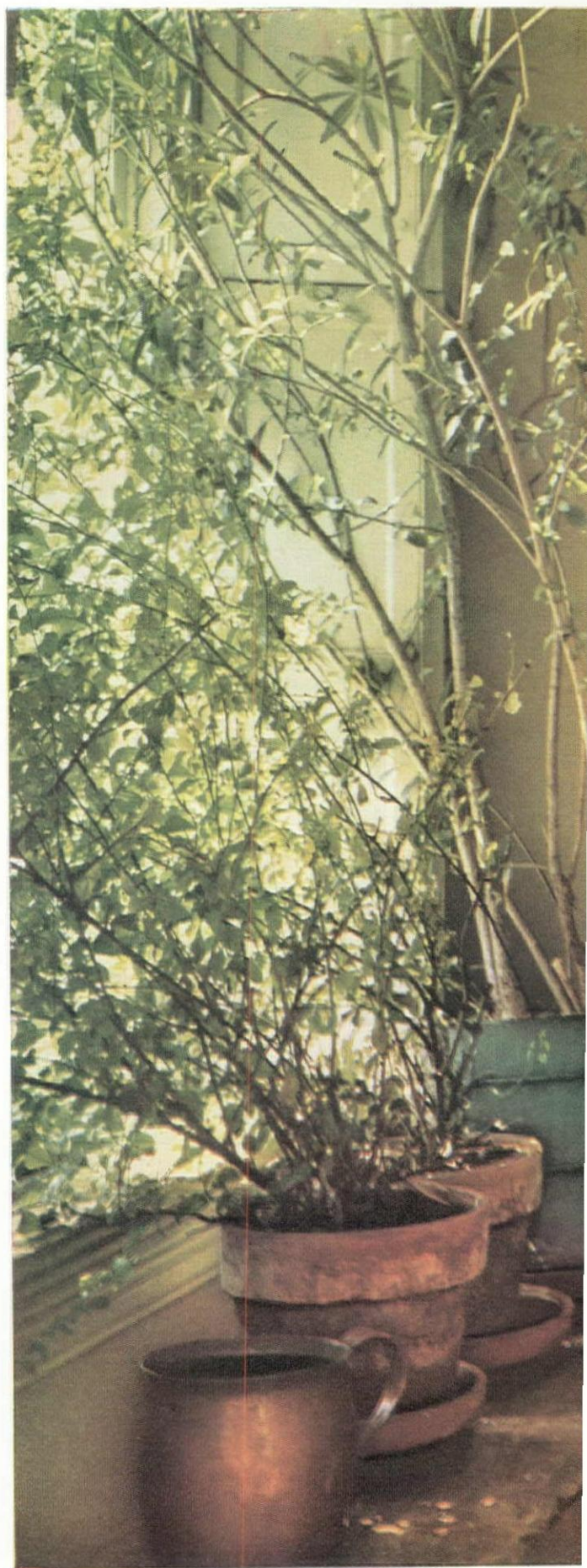
CORNELL CAPA-MAGNUM



Hanging pictures (above) is the least of versatile William Walton's services to the new Administration. They range, in fact, from hard-boiled politicking (during the campaign) to aesthetic advice (on the White House furnishings and the preservation of Lafayette Square). As a long-time friend of the President and Mrs. Kennedy, his influence is likely to be pervasive—although it is personal rather than official. A journalist turned painter, Walton is shown at right with two of his own works: a canvas entitled Courthouse Steps and, behind him, one called Rally. Any art acquired for the White House, however, will almost certainly be from an earlier era—like the Fragonard drawing of Franklin below.



PARIS Match







Some moments musicaux in the day of a Presidential Press Secretary: Pierre Salinger is shown at the left listening to a breakfast recital by his son Stephen; below he is seen playing a composition of his own—written at fifteen—at a fund-raising lunch for the National Symphony Orchestra. One journalist described it as “a moody Gershwin-sounding piece.”



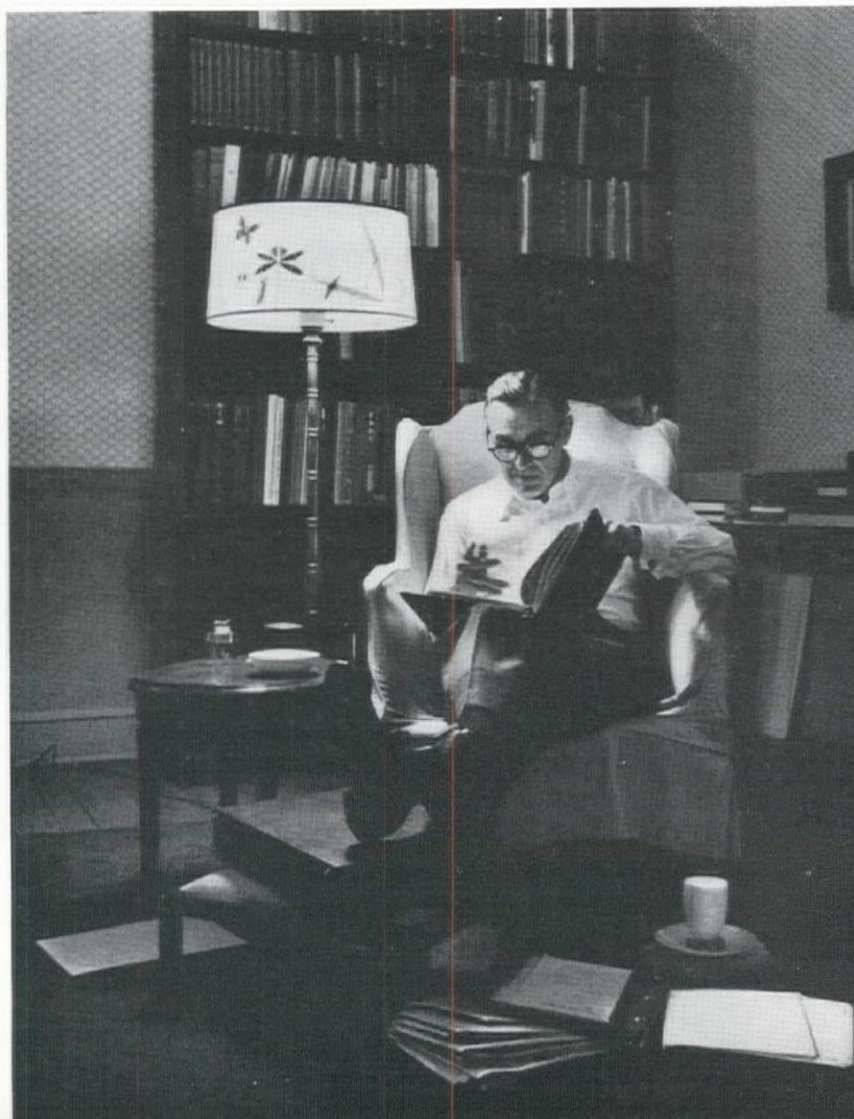
WASHINGTON Post

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR



Cabinet members who may influence culture include Interior Secretary Udall, because of his enthusiasm for poetry in general and Robert Frost in particular (above); and Secretary Abraham Ribicoff (right), because his department has jurisdiction over the Office of Education.

CORNELL CAPA-MAGNUM



tures in his oval executive office. This is not to say he has come very far in visual art appreciation. Like Franklin D. Roosevelt, his taste so far leans to paintings of old warships.

His musical interest has also suddenly grown. At his instigation, a high-fidelity system capable of being manipulated from the Presidential bedside has been installed in the second-floor apartments of the White House. The President has reportedly become a regular listener to Washington's FM music stations.

"I've never taken the view that the world of politics and the world of poetry are so far apart," he once remarked in praise of Robert Frost. "I think politicians and poets share at least one thing . . . their greatness depends upon the courage with which they face the challenges of life." Kennedy finds other characteristics in common with the artist, particularly in the driving ambition that pushed him toward the highest office in the land. One explanation he has offered for his reason for wishing to be President is a purely aesthetic one borrowed from the ancient Greeks: "Happiness lies in the exercise of vital powers along lines of excellence in a life affording them scope."

But the cultural impact of the Presidency is more than of a mere President's making. It is also affected by the taste he showed in choosing a wife. For some Presidents the choice has not been a particularly happy one. As the old lament has it, Washington is a city of great men who married when they were very young.

Kennedy, who did not marry until he was thirty-six, chose a wife whose cultural interests go deeper and wider than his own. Even as a young girl, Jacqueline née Bouvier showed the unfettered spirit of a poetess. At fourteen, she penned the lightsome verse:

*I love the feeling down inside me
That says to run away
To come and be a gypsy
And laugh the gypsy way.*

Toward the arts she has a more sophisticated approach than does her husband. When she was twenty-one, she won *Vogue's* "Prix de Paris" contest with a perceptive analysis of the three men she would "like most to have known." She chose Charles Baudelaire, Oscar Wilde, and Serge Diaghilev, because she found in their works "a certain concept of the interrelation of the arts." The future First Lady concluded, "If I could be a sort of Over-all Art Director of the Twentieth Century, watching everything from a chair hanging in space, it is their theories of art that I would apply to my period, their poems that I would have music and paintings and ballets composed to."

Her prospective role as "a sort of Over-all Art Director" is not to be minimized. From the time of Dolley Madison, the First Lady has had it in her power to set fashions in dress, taste—and hair style. Abigail Fillmore had a pronounced influence on popular culture when she introduced hot run-

ning water to the White House bathtub and also, as a former teacher appalled at the lack of books, installed a library.

Mrs. Kennedy's impact promises to be no less pronounced. Even before the Inauguration the *New York Times* was filled with a spate of advertisements featuring models *à la mode Jacqueline*. Since then her activities have added new zest to the arts. During her first post-Inaugural trip to Manhattan, she made a well-publicized visit to the New York City Ballet. She has been similarly faithful in attending performances of the Washington Opera Society, the National Symphony, and the Washington Ballet, to assist the much neglected culture of the capital city. Her dazzling appearances in European capitals last spring, with time out for seclusion in the isles of classic Greece, added to the image of a very new kind of young woman in high place indeed.

Her predecessor, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, to be sure, often filled the White House guest rooms with visiting writers, social workers, and, on one occasion, an Isadora Duncan dancer; but the subsequent years saw a very different configuration of White House guests, and it has remained for the present First Lady to have the choreographer George Balanchine in for tea. Her cultural interests, moreover, appear to be extremely catholic. One list of her recent book purchases ranges widely to include Ian Fleming's *From Russia, With Love*, Paul Henriot's *Portraits des femmes*, Vallery-Radot's *Le Dessin français au XVII^e siècle*, Jules Sabine's *Marxisme*, Irving Wallace's *The Chapman Report*, Walt W. Rostow's *Stages of Economic Growth*, Giuseppe di Lampedusa's *The Leopard*, Jean Cocteau's *Scandale et parade*, and Casanova's *Memoirs*. Though only a dabbler in paints herself, Mrs. Kennedy has an abiding interest in the fine arts. When the National Gallery of Art celebrated its twentieth birthday last spring, she recorded a touching tribute: "I remember as a young girl my first visit there with my mother and sister. . . . It was then I first discovered one of my greatest delights: the deep pleasure experienced in looking at masterpieces of art and sculpture."

Artists have been quick to draw comparisons between the cultural interests of the Kennedys and their immediate predecessors. The poet Randall Jarrell, who served as Consultant to the Library of Congress during the Eisenhower Administration, declared not long ago, "It's good to have Frost and Balanchine around the White House. It is good to have Fred Waring in the juke boxes, but it was sad to have Fred Waring, *nothing* but Fred Waring, in the White House. It is a pleasure to think that for the next four or eight years our art and our government won't be complete strangers."

Jarrell's indictment of the past Administration is far too sweeping. Reporters in Washington did run into evidence of an interest in culture from time to time. President Eisenhower painted (though he never went to art shows). Sherman Adams, the Assistant to the President, loved classical music as well as square dancing. His assistants, Robert Merriam, Malcolm Moos, and Dillon Anderson, were authors.

But certainly the New Frontier has brought to Washington a group more varied in background and interest. Secretary of State Dean Rusk, a former Rhodes Scholar and Mills College dean, has headed the Rockefeller Foundation and in that role expended large sums for international cultural exchange. One of his initial acts in office was to appoint Philip Coombs of the Ford Foundation as the first Assistant Secretary of State for Educational and Cultural Affairs. ("In the late forties and fifties," Coombs has declared in defining his role, "two strong new arms were added to reinforce United States foreign policy . . . economic assistance and military assistance. As we embark upon the sixties we have an opportunity . . . to build a third strong arm, aimed at the development of people, at the fuller realization of their creative human potential, and at better understanding among them.")

Many of the new appointees are art collectors. Ambassador-at-Large Averell Harriman has returned to the capital with a collection of paintings that include Renoir, Cézanne, Gauguin, Van Gogh, Toulouse-Lautrec, Degas, Matisse, Picasso, and Walt Kuhn. The Director of the Peace Corps, R. Sargent Shriver, Jr., a Kennedy brother-in-law, collects heavily among the moderns, including Kenzo Okada and Josef Albers. Secretary of the Treasury Douglas Dillon owns a prize Monet, *Femmes dans un jardin*.

Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara, former President of the Ford Motor Company, comes from a generation different from that of Eisenhower's own first Secretary of Defense, Charles Wilson, who had been head of General Motors. Unlike Wilson, who at times seemed almost anti-intellectual in his earthy pragmatism, McNamara is the scholar-businessman. An inveterate reader of books, he chose while working in Detroit to live in the University community of Ann Arbor, almost forty miles away. He selected as Comptroller of Defense, not a veteran accountant, but a former Rhodes Scholar, Charles Hitch, who is author of a study on *The Economics of Defense in the Nuclear Age*.

One of the President's special assistants, the Harvard dean McGeorge Bundy, was co-author with Henry L. Stimson of the latter's classic memoir, *On Active Service*. Another, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., has won a Pulitzer Prize in history; his wife, Marion, is a portrait painter. The President's Press Secretary, Pierre Salinger, was a child prodigy as a pianist. ("It is always of sorrow to me when I find people who . . . neither know nor understand music," he declared not long ago in proposing that White House prizes be awarded for music and art.) Mrs. Arthur Goldberg, wife of the Secretary of Labor, paints professionally and helps sponsor the Associated Artists' Gallery in the District of Columbia. ("Artists are always at a new frontier," she claims. "In fact, the search is almost more important than the find.") Mrs. Henry Labouisse, wife of the new director of the foreign aid program, is the writer and lecturer Eve Curie.

The list goes on. At last count, sixteen former Rhodes

Scholars (see box on page 13) had been appointed to the Administration, second in number only to its Harvard graduates. Besides Schlesinger, the Justice Department's Information Director, Edwin Guthman, has won a Pulitzer Prize (for national reporting). Postmaster General J. Edward Day, who must deal with matters of postal censorship, is himself author of a novel, *Bartholf Street*, albeit one he was obliged to publish at his own expense.

Two men show promise of playing prominent roles:

William Walton, a writer-turned-painter, has been a longtime friend of the President. They arrived in Washington about the same time during the early postwar years: Kennedy as the young Congressman from Massachusetts; Walton, after a wartime stint with *Time-Life*, to become bureau chief for the *New Republic*. Both lived in Georgetown, were unattached, and shared an active social life. Walton, who soon made a break from journalism to become one of the capital's leading semi-abstract painters, vows that he and Kennedy never once discussed art in those days. Nonetheless, they found common interests. During last year's campaign, Kennedy asked Walton, an utter novice in organization politics, to assist him. Walton dropped everything to serve as a district co-ordinator in the hard-fought Wisconsin primary and proved so useful that he was promoted to be liaison officer to critically important New York City.

Walton, who served as a correspondent with General James Gavin's paratroopers during the invasion of France, combines the soul of an artist with the lingo of a tough guy. He provoked outraged editorials when, after a post-Inaugural inspection of the White House with Mrs. Kennedy, he remarked to reporters, "We just cased the joint to see what was there." But his credentials are impeccable. Already the President and the First Lady have deputized him to advise on matters ranging from the furnishing of the White House to the renovation of Lafayette Square. A man of great talent, he will continue to serve as a sort of Presidential troubleshooter, strictly ex officio, for culture.

A more official representative is the Secretary of the Interior, Udall, who comes from one of the Mormon first-families of Arizona, is a bluff, plain-spoken man with a lust for politics and a habit of landing right in the middle of the fight. But even while sparring furiously with Republican politicians, he displays a deep and awesome veneration for anyone with cultural attainments. His private dining room has become a way station for visiting intellectuals such as C. P. Snow, Arnold Toynbee, and Aaron Copland.

Udall argues that Interior affairs should cover a great deal more than dams and wildlife preserves. After promoting Frost's appearance at the Inauguration, he persuaded the poet to return several months later to give a reading to a select audience of Cabinet members, members of Congress, and other Washington notables gathered in the State Department auditorium. The event was so successful that the Interior Secretary plans to serve as impresario for similar



Mrs. Arthur Goldberg, wife of the Secretary of Labor, is an accomplished painter who describes her technique as "an attempt to fuse paintings and words." Thus the canvas at upper right, Heine's Moses, includes the words "How small Sinai appears when Moses stands upon it."

FRED MAROON



Above: One of the top hostesses of the new regime is Mrs. George Wheeler 2nd, who collects contemporary paintings and runs a summer art gallery in Watch Hill, Rhode Island. Right: Newton Minow, the new Chairman of the FCC, dismayed network executives but encouraged viewers when he bluntly characterized most television as "a vast wasteland." Below: Secretary of the Treasury Douglas Dillon (with plaid tie) at his Château Haut-Brion vineyard in France, which produces a celebrated claret.



FRED MAROON

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ones from time to time, hoping thereby to add to the cultural enrichment of the Administration.

His ideas in this respect, however, sometimes arouse critical response. One tempest was stirred up last March when Udall announced that an eight-and-a-half-foot bronze statue of William Jennings Bryan, sculpted by the late Gutzon Borglum, would be sent "on indefinite loan" to Salem, Illinois, Bryan's birthplace. Spokesmen for the nation's tradition-minded sculptors promptly claimed that Udall was exiling the statue because of his own hostility to this art form. They dug up a speech he had made two years earlier as a Congressman, decrying the more than two hundred statues, monuments, and memorials which "dot the Washington landscape . . . as patriotic societies and zealous friends are constantly hatching new plans." Hoping to cut down on such works, Udall had proposed that a politician be at least fifty years departed before he is memorialized.

He is not likely to win this battle easily. In the case of the Borglum statue an Interior aide was obliged to announce that there had been a misunderstanding and that the Secretary had no desire to "hustle" it out of Washington. The last Congress adopted seven bills for memorials, including one to Taras Shevchenko, the Ukrainian poet laureate; eleven others were introduced. Active warfare is raging between the forces pressing for a monument to the first Roosevelt on Theodore Roosevelt Island in the Potomac, and T. R.'s own living children, who wish to preserve the island as a wild-life sanctuary. The hotly debated plan for the capital's Franklin D. Roosevelt Memorial, a circle of huge tablets engraved with his speeches (and promptly dubbed by one of its critics, "Instant Stonehenge"), is another of Udall's headaches, since as supervisor of the National Parks Commission he will share in the responsibility for building it.

"Washington," President Kennedy has been heard to remark ironically, "is a city of southern efficiency and northern charm." There have been indications that he hopes to redress that situation, commencing with the White House. One of Mrs. Kennedy's initial concerns as First Lady was the sad state of the furnishings in a building which is supposed to be a national shrine. Ever since the fire of 1812 destroyed the beautiful furniture assembled by President Thomas Jefferson, the White House has collected a hodge-podge of period pieces, few of them authentic or aesthetic.

Mrs. Kennedy shows a determination to change all this. Not long after moving in she turned up a richly carved desk, hewed from the timbers of the British ship H.M.S. *Resolute* and presented to President Hayes by Queen Victoria. It now serves the President in his oval office. Later, browsing in an old issue of the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, she found a description of a handsome gilt pier-table purchased in 1817 by President James Monroe. She traced it to a storage room. With its coating of gold radiator paint removed—a gaucherie of some earlier tenant—it will now occupy its rightful place in the oval Blue Room on the first floor of the White House.

A HIGH TIDE OF RHODES SCHOLARS

These sixteen have been appointed
to the Kennedy Administration

DEAN RUSK
Secretary of State

ELVIS J. STAHR
Secretary of the Army

ROBERT V. ROOSA
Under Secretary of the Treasury for Monetary Affairs

WALT WHITMAN ROSTOW
Special Assistant to the President

GEORGE C. MCGHEE
Assistant Secretary of State for Policy Planning

HARLAN CLEVELAND
Assistant Secretary of State for International Organizations

CHARLES J. HITCH
*Assistant Secretary of the Army;
Comptroller of the Department of Defense*

BYRON R. WHITE
Deputy Attorney General

NICHOLAS DEB. KATZENBACH
Assistant Attorney General

KERMIT GORDON
Member, Council of Economic Advisers

MORRIS B. ABRAM
Legal Counsel to the Peace Corps

THOMAS HUGHES
*Deputy Director, Office of Intelligence Research,
Department of State*

RICHARD GARDNER
Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for International Affairs

ALAIN ENTHOVEN
Deputy Comptroller, Department of Defense

LAWRENCE McQUADE
*Special Assistant, Office of the Assistant Secretary of Defense
for International Security Affairs*

JOHN McNAUGHTON
*Consultant, Office of the Assistant Secretary of Defense
for International Security Affairs*

But it soon became clear that the search for eighteenth-century furniture (which Mrs. Kennedy feels is the proper period for the White House) must be pursued in places other than government storage rooms. The First Lady appointed a Fine Arts Advisory Committee for the White House, to locate authentic pieces as well as to arrange ways to acquire them. Her effort to put the home of living Presidents on the same basis as Mount Vernon and Monticello recognizes no party lines. By rough estimate her Committee, headed by Henry Francis Du Pont, contains three times as many Republicans as Democrats.

The press releases emanating from the White House give a clue to the activity within. A curator has been appointed. A valuable pencil-and-sepia allegorical drawing of Benjamin Franklin by Jean-Honoré Fragonard has been donated by

the art dealer Georges Wildenstein and now hangs in the Blue Room. The American Institute of Interior Designers is redecorating the White House library. Secretary and Mrs. Dillon have contributed enough pieces of Empire furniture, including Dolley Madison's own sofa, to furnish a room in that style. And part of a fabulous collection of *vermeil* hollowware, bequeathed to the White House by the late Mrs. Margaret Thompson Biddle, has been taken out of its locked cases and put on display in the State dining room.

Woman's place is in the home; man must attend to matters of the yard. One of the vexatious problems to first confront President Kennedy was the property lying just across Pennsylvania Avenue from the White House. Congress had already appropriated money, and plans were well along to tear down the buildings flanking Lafayette Square and replace them with what one critic calls the "marble monumentality" of government office buildings. While a Senator, Kennedy had unsuccessfully pushed a bill to preserve the Belasco Theater, as well as the Dolley Madison and the Benjamin Taylor houses, all scheduled for razing.

What to do about it now that he was President? Only a few days after moving into the White House, Kennedy made a midnight inspection of the Square. Then he called in his friend Walton and turned over the problem to him, with instructions to work out what was best—provided it didn't pile unnecessary burdens on the President.

The situation involved some political perils. One of the offices slated for reconstruction is the aged Court of Claims, diagonally across the street from the White House. Logically, it should be moved downtown. But Judge Marvin Jones, senior member of the Court, is an elderly gentleman who lives at the nearby Metropolitan Club and desires to walk to work. More importantly, he also happens to be the brother-in-law of Sam Rayburn, Speaker of the House.

There were aesthetic problems as well as political. On delving deeper, Walton discovered that most of the buildings fronting the Square could be classified as "early nondescript." The old Belasco Theater, over which many people had grown sentimental, was only a shell of its former self after arduous years as a USO Center. The Dolley Madison House, Walton concluded, was scarcely worth preserving. "The attempt to save the Square's historic value," he declares, "came half a century too late."

Walton is making a valiant effort to preserve the Square's aesthetic value. On the west side, by retaining the two corner houses and setting the intervening buildings back from the street, he believes the results will be satisfactory. On the east side the problem is more difficult. Keeping the new buildings gray in color, modifying the roof lines, and fiercely resisting the "Place-de-la-Concorde-style turrets" that some have advocated, he hopes Lafayette Square will preserve the central eminence of the White House among its neighbors.

Walton's compromise has not entirely escaped criticism. Republican Congressman Carroll Kearns of Pennsylvania

(the only Member to hold an honorary doctorate in music) has likened him to a Pharaoh in proceeding with the destruction. Kearns points out ironically that at the same time that Lafayette Square is being sacrificed the President has asked Congress for \$10 million to save the Nubian temples of the Upper Nile from the rising waters behind the Aswan Dam.

"This year, Kennedy's influence is more symbolic than substantive, more a matter of mood than of specific measures," one White House assistant has commented. "But next January, a more comprehensive program should get started."

Certain projects are known to be under consideration. High on the President's agenda is a plan to expand the Library of Congress into more of a great national library. Apart from enlarging its facilities and making them more accessible to the general public, there is talk of an enlarged role for the Librarian. One school of thought at the White House would select a man of high literary distinction, who could serve as a cultural spokesman for the government.

Another project under study would provide national recognition for "various kinds of distinguished achievement over and beyond military and governmental." A memorandum prepared at Kennedy's request proposes an annual "President's Honors List." Pointing out that the United States has no major prizes in the arts and sciences, the memorandum concludes, "It is little wonder that we are thought to be one of the great underdeveloped regions culturally. At home not only are our prophets without honor; so are our artists, scholars and intellectuals."

The proposed awards, to number between twenty-five and fifty each year, would not carry a cash stipend like the Soviets' Lenin Prize. "If we give less than they, we may look cheesy," the President was advised. "If we give more, we will appear crass." Winners would be selected by a Presidential Commission of great eminence. They would be entitled to bear initials after their names and wear the prize symbol on their clothing—"equivalent in prestige to the Congressional Medal of Honor."

A third and immediate measure of the President's intentions will be his attitude toward the proposed National Cultural Center in Washington—a project initiated during the Eisenhower Administration. Congress has already authorized the idea and the land. Architect Edward Durrell Stone has drawn up a preliminary plan. A Board of Trustees appointed by Eisenhower has undertaken preparations for a fund drive that may need to raise \$70 million in private donations.

It is an ambitious scheme. Stone's design envisages a spectacular group of halls, under one great roof, to be constructed alongside the Potomac. The plan (page 16) would incorporate an opera house, concert hall, theater, and other cultural accommodations that the nation's capital has sadly lacked. But the Center is intended to be more than a building. Its director will be charged with encouraging the performing arts throughout the country.

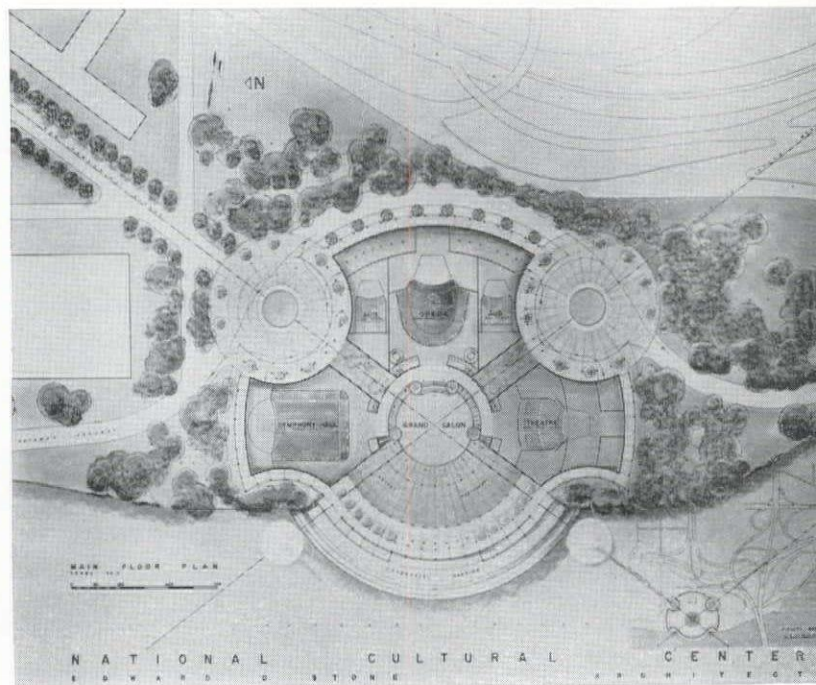
The whole enterprise could easily bog down unless it re-



*Some of the best paintings in Washington—or anywhere—hang in the Georgetown drawing room of Ambassador-at-Large and Mrs. W. Averell Harriman. Cézanne's *Au bord de l'eau* is on the far wall, another Cézanne over the lamp, and Van Gogh's *White Roses* over the sofa.*



Above: Mrs. John F. Kennedy congratulates the dancers backstage after attending a performance of the New York City Ballet. At her left is the company's artistic director, George Balanchine. Below: Washington's notorious lack of facilities for concerts, opera, and theater will be remedied if the National Cultural Center—designed by Edward D. Stone—is built.



ceives more than mere lip service from the President. It will take, first of all, the conciliatory services of the White House to iron out differences that have cropped up. Many people regard Stone's design, with its multiple halls and restaurants, as overly grandiose. Others question whether it is really the business of the federal government to set up such a Washington cultural showplace at all.

And this is only one of the plans and programs being pressed upon the President. During the last Congress, approximately three dozen bills to assist culture awaited action. They range in purpose from expanding the International Cultural Exchange Program to setting higher standards of design and decoration for federal public buildings. Representative Harris B. McDowell, Jr. (Democrat, of Delaware) has a proposal to establish a "National Show Case Program" to provide for international arts festivals in the United States and to assist young artists to participate in the ones held abroad. Four different bills would help preserve American historic sites and treasures being threatened by the ruthless advance of the nation's superhighways.

Probably the most controversial pending bills are those that would provide federal assistance for the performing arts. One, sponsored by Senator Harrison Williams (Democrat, of New Jersey), is to reduce the federal admission tax on performances, with the understanding that private management would collect an equivalent amount to help promote music and drama. Another bill, by Senators Jacob Javits of New York and Joseph Clark of Pennsylvania, would set up a United States Arts Foundation to grant direct subsidies. A third, introduced by Congressman Emanuel Celler of New York, would establish a system of federal grants matching state funds devoted to the arts.

President Kennedy has the power to give priority and push to any of these measures. But his most likely first step in the legislative field will be in support of the bill for creating a federal advisory agency "to assist in the evaluation, development and expansion of cultural resources of the United States." He made a flat campaign commitment on that one.

How deeply should the federal government involve itself in culture? When a group of American artists was invited by the Woman's National Democratic Club to tell what they would do "if President for a day," the painter Larry Rivers (*HORIZON*, September, 1959), answered quite categorically: "Government taking a role in art is like a gorilla threading a needle. It is cute to watch, the heart is in the right place, but it is clumsy and, above all, impossible."

President Kennedy has shown a similar awareness that there must be restraint. To the proposal advanced by Robert Frost, among others, that a Cabinet post for culture be established, he has replied, "If I thought the addition of a Secretary of Culture to the Cabinet would insure culture, I would be for it. I do not think such a department would accomplish the purpose. It might even stultify the arts, if

wrongly administered. We have more than enough conformity now."

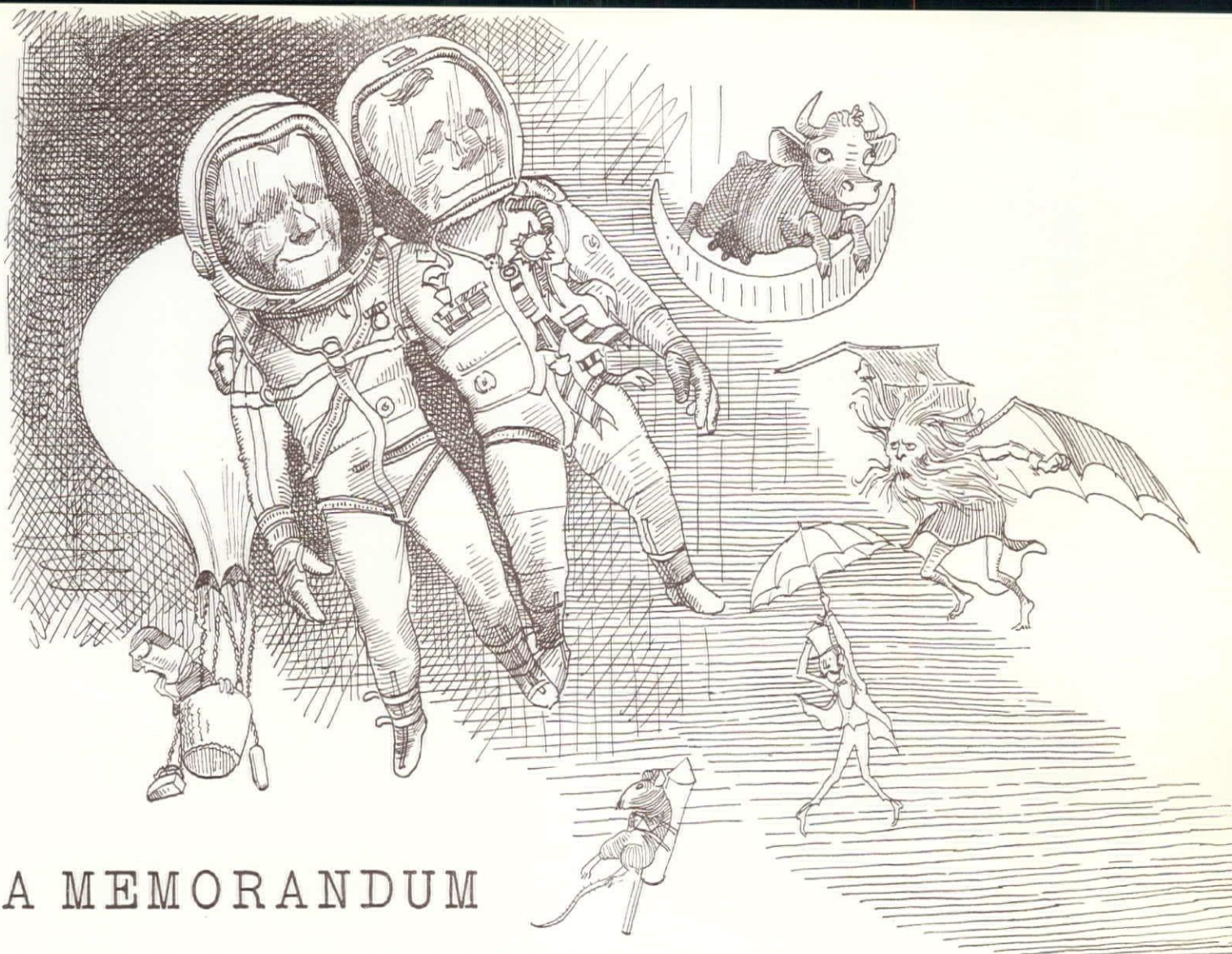
He touched on a concern, shared by many, that dangers lurk beneath the smooth surface of too much governmental involvement. How to bar the stage to a Senator's daughter—or even a President's—who thinks she can sing or act? Would the foreign artist who made the President's Honors List pass muster with the House Un-American Activities Committee? Could a future President and First Lady use the same discretion in promoting culture as the present ones?

These are vital questions. But they do not detract from the fact that a modern President could not withdraw from the nation's cultural life even if he wanted to. Kennedy and his colleagues are committed in every act they take. His Treasury officials must decide whether at the same time that they are trying to close tax loopholes for big business they can open a small loophole for creative artists. ("They may exist on small incomes for years to perfect their skills," candidate Kennedy declared last fall, "and then be plundered by the Treasury in a single year of plenty.") Or they must decide whether in cracking down on the businessman's expense-account deductions they can find ways to bolster the legitimate theater, now dependent on an expense-account economy.

Other officials are just as intimately involved. Secretary of the Interior Udall sets lasting cultural patterns when he argues for an additional fifteen million acres of national parks as protection against the march of urbanization (only nineteen thousand acres were added during the last Administration) and for millions of acres more to create a federal parkway system in place of raw highways; Newton Minow, Chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, when he attacks the "vast wasteland" of the television screen and promises that he "did not come to Washington to idly observe the squandering of the public's airwaves"; Housing Administrator Robert C. Weaver, when he declares of the urban renewal program, "A healthy city must have a healthy cultural base . . . universities and museums, theaters and concert halls are as much a part of the life of the city as sewer systems and factories."

Six generations ago John Adams, before he became President, wrote his wife: "I must study politics and war, that my sons may have liberty to study mathematics and philosophy. My sons ought to study mathematics and philosophy . . . in order to give their children a right to study painting, poetry, music, architecture, statuary, tapestry and porcelain." Today, the need to study politics and war is still paramount. But there is hope that President Kennedy can sustain the vision of candidate Kennedy when he promised: "the New Frontier for which I campaign in public life can also be a New Frontier for American Art. . . . We stand, I believe, on the verge of a period of sustained brilliance."

Douglass Cater is the Washington editor of The Reporter and author of the study The Fourth Branch of Government.



A MEMORANDUM

From: François-Marie Arouet de Voltaire
To: The Spacemen
Subject: On Ascending from the Best of Possible Worlds

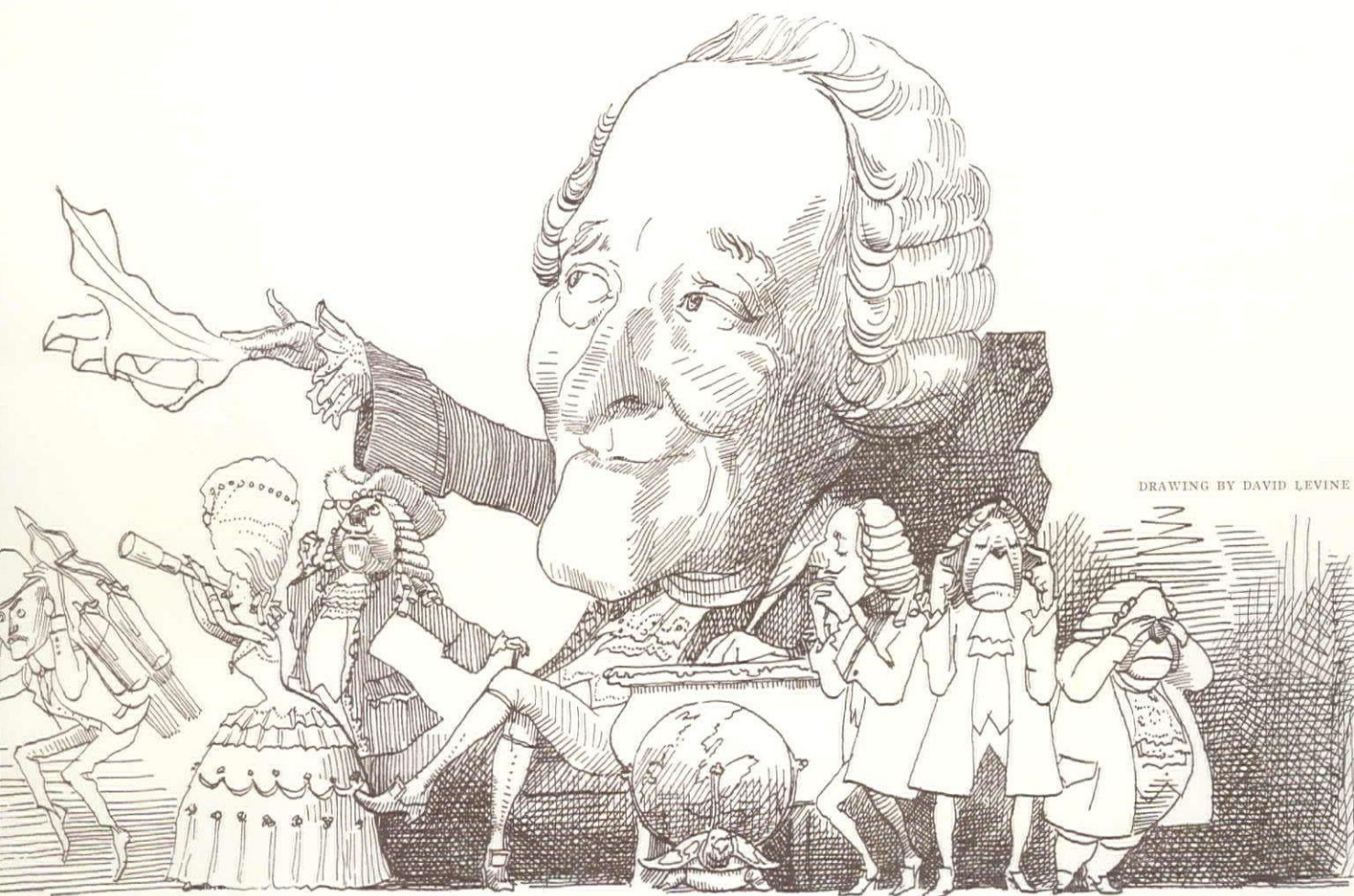
Permit me, Officers Gagarin and Shepard and the others of your admirable company of *Gentilshommes d'espace*, to hail from the shades your brave flights into the empyrean and thereby into the future. I greet you as fellow travelers in the pursuit of that goal of freedom which I also once espoused. Yet how much higher and bolder are your ascents than mine ever were in the days which I am now assured were the Age of Reason, but in which we had yet to launch, up to the time I died, a successful balloon.

Against such modest ventures then, what immeasurable possibilities your own feats have opened up! Surely ignorance and superstition—those twin scourges of my time—will now at last be routed: For what is more dark than not to know the outside world, and what is more limiting than to believe that Man's is the only one? Narrow, earth-bound prejudices will be overcome: indeed, you have already overcome them as you levitate in outer space in bland defiance of Mr. Newton's law. The role of the priests, hitherto so concerned with Man's unique Creation and Fall, will in due

course also be doomed; and even the statesmen, whose pursuit of reason has consisted chiefly in fomenting rivalries between terrestrial nations, will now transfer these to the immensities of the universe.

For—and I am certain you have already considered this, Messieurs—the farther you venture upward and outward, the greater will be the likelihood of your encountering beings from elsewhere. Ah! who is to suggest in advance what they may be like? Certainly they will not be human. They may, to be sure, be superhuman. I cannot believe that they will be subhuman, if they have possessed, like ourselves, the imagination and the science to strike out into intervening space. Grant, then, that you will probably find them endowed with reason also—and, what may be more ominous, with free will. What then?

If indeed they are endowed with reason as we know it, these otherworldly creatures will be likely to claim the intervening space as *their* space. To this the terrestrial response will inevitably be to regard such a claim as an intolerable



affront. And with justice! Having vanquished the forces of obscurantism and reaction at home, surely Man will be in no mood to brook interference from outside in his efforts to rise to higher spheres.

If such a confrontation does occur, I am gratified that the first carriers of Earth's banner will be men such as yourselves, Officers Gagarin and Shepard. In any great exploration, so much depends on the character of the men chosen for it. Columbus, I fear, morally left much to be desired. Drake and Raleigh and the other early English adventurers—clever, I grant, but how gross! I myself sought, in the fashion of my day, to create two mythical voyagers, Zadig and Candide—both virtuous and innocent, at least at the outset, though not immune to weakness and temptation on the way: you may recall reading (for I trust spacemen do read) of Candide's surrender to the amorous Cunégonde and Zadig's abject service to the improbable king of Babylon.

But you, I am glad to observe, have been chosen on the basis not only of skill but also of exemplary rectitude. To judge from the portraits, the biographies, and the interviews that appear in the patriotic press, you are indeed model citizens of the rival republics that sponsor you. Indeed, you seem almost interchangeable, so sterling are your virtues. It

is agreeable to see Russia and America thus marching hand in hand in a common morality—I had almost said a middle-class morality—as you go into orbit. Future historians may well perceive in this the dawn.

Indeed, how different is your situation from mine. In my day we labored under the incubus of the Holy Roman Empire, which, as I remarked, was neither holy, nor Roman, nor an empire. You live amid the more humane United Nations—perhaps not united, perhaps too national, perhaps not always humane. Yet you now have the providential prospect of discovering what we never could—not just another neighboring rival, but a truly foreign foe.

I look forward to the day, Messieurs, when one of you may be the first to face him. What a shock of recognition will awaken all mankind! How all the great occasions that now divide us on earth will become petty then! How we shall all draw together at last, overcoming our past domestic differences, and fall in behind you against those outsiders who maintain that *theirs* is the best of the possible worlds—until, allied in a brave common cause, we march to defend and advance Earth in the first interplanetary war.

Proceed, then, astronauts, to cultivate your celestial garden; it may bring forth more fruit than anything here below.



The noble columns of a Greek temple, begun in the fifth century B.C. but never finished, dominate the stark landscape of Segesta



ROBERT DESCHARNES

SICILY

Twenty-five turbulent centuries
 have left the Sicilians
 with a priceless collection of monuments
 and a cruel legacy
 of poverty and estrangement



Sicily's ancient symbol is the three-legged trinacria, which alludes to the triangular shape of the island

By M. I. FINLEY and D. MACK SMITH

In Syracuse, on the east coast of Sicily, there stands a most curious cathedral, a building with a record of continuous use as a place of worship for nearly twenty-five hundred years. Embedded in the north wall are the well-preserved columns of a Greek temple, about twenty-eight feet high and nearly seven feet thick (photograph on page 27). Originally this site was used for cult purposes by the Sicels, the people from whom the island takes its name, a part of the Italic stock whose most famous branch was the Latin. About 750 B.C., or soon thereafter, Greeks from Corinth founded a settlement in Syracuse and converted the native sanctuary to their own use. The temple of Athena (called Minerva by the Romans), which is now part of the cathedral, was erected by the tyrant Gelon, probably to commemorate an epochal victory over the Carthaginians in 480 B.C. It is not known when the temple became a Christian church, but some of the present features were surely introduced in the seventh century of our era.

By this time Syracuse had shrunk considerably in size and wealth in consequence of a number of factors, including repeated raids by Germanic invaders. Nevertheless, when the Arabs captured and sacked the city in A.D. 878, an eyewitness, the monk Theodosius, reported that the silver plate of the cathedral alone weighed five thousand pounds. When the Normans took the island late in the eleventh century, they restored the cathedral at Syracuse and gave it a new façade. The building was severely damaged by an earthquake in 1543 and again by the disastrous one of 1693. Sicily was then under Spanish rule, and it was the Spaniards who had the church rebuilt in its present baroque style.

Much of the unique history of Sicily is summed up in the story of this single building: the many different peoples who have migrated to the island, usually as invaders, and have left their mark, not only on the very mixed genetic structure of the population and therefore its physical appearance, but also in the confusion (rather than fusion) which everywhere stamps its material and spiritual culture; the repeated violence of its history, much of it man-made, the rest the frightful and apparently uncontrollable work of the volcanic terrain; the periods of fabulous wealth and high culture in a few centers, punctuated by sharp economic decline and set against a backdrop of poverty, ignorance, and superstition.

It is difficult today to visualize Sicily in its historical position. It is too easy to think of it only as a poor appendage to Italy, a backward region with some of the most appalling squalor to be found anywhere in the Western world; with a picturesque grandeur and bleakness in its natural scenery, dominated by Etna, the greatest volcano in Europe; and with some famous tourist sights—the cathedral at Monreale, the Conca d'Oro of Palermo, the Greek temples at Agrigento and Selinunte and Segesta, or Taormina. And it is too easy to dismiss its history by saying, with Voltaire:

Since the time of the tyrants of Syracuse, under whom at any rate she had counted for something in the world, Sicily has always been subject to foreign nations, the slave in turn of the Romans, Vandals, Arabs, and Normans, and the vassal of the Pope, the French, the Germans, and the Spaniards—nearly always hating her masters and rebelling against them, but not mak-

ing any real effort worthy of freedom—continually stirring up sedition with the only result of changing her masters.

Sicily is an island, and few islands have had an important independent role in history. It is a comparatively small island, furthermore—about the size of Maryland, less than a third the size of Ireland, less than a quarter of Luzon, in the Philippines, or of Cuba. If it nevertheless played a part in history far greater than any of these, that is above all because of its location in the mid-Mediterranean, which was then the geographic center of the civilized world. Nor is that all. Despite its bleak mountainous interior, Sicily is potentially very fertile. Even now its olive and almond trees, its wheat fields, and its pastures can produce substantial revenues, provided there is good irrigation; and in past times, when wealth was measured in very much smaller figures than today, Sicily ranked as a major agricultural area. It was no idle boast of the tyrant Gelon to offer to feed from Sicily the entire Greek army during the Persian Wars, if the Greeks would give him the chief command. Some two centuries later, when the Romans took the island as their first province, they knew that, apart from its strategic importance, it produced enough cereals to become Rome's granary.

According to the Greeks, when they began to settle the island in the latter half of the eighth century B.C., they found it inhabited by three different peoples—the Sicels in the east, the Sicans in the west, and the Elymians in the northwest. Who the two latter were remains a complete mystery, but it can be said with some certainty that the Sicels migrated from Italy at a fairly late date, probably not before 1200 B.C., and that they contributed little to the island's material and cultural development. Thousands of years earlier there were already numerous Old Stone Age settlements in the coastal districts all round the island, advanced enough to produce the impressive cave paintings and drawings discovered only ten years ago in the outskirts of Palermo and on the tiny island of Levanzo off Trapani in the extreme west. Archaeologists have been able to connect the Sicilian Old Stone Age with similar cultures throughout the Mediterranean basin, and the same is true of the New Stone Age, which began not long after 4000 B.C., and of the Bronze Age. Sicily was a goal for migrations and a meeting place of cultural influences that far back.

The Semitic-speaking Phoenicians began to take an interest in the island early in the last millennium before Christ, coming to it, not directly from the east, but (like the Arabs in a later age) from North Africa. When the Phoenicians' colony of Carthage (in what is now Tunisia) became the great power in that area, their interest in Sicily grew into a persistent effort to gain complete control. The natives could not have stopped them, but the Greeks did. By 600 B.C. Sicily was dotted with Greek city-states, except on the west-northwest perimeter, where the Carthaginians had their toe hold, and in the hills, which they were content to leave to the natives. Syracuse was the largest of these city-states; at one time its free population may have reached 250,000, comparable to that of Athens and much greater than that of any other Greek state, in Sicily or elsewhere. The others

scaled down sharply, some having a citizen body small enough to be assembled and counted in the town square. With an economy based on agriculture, they prospered and flourished despite their frequent quarrels.

A crisis came at the beginning of the fifth century B.C., when the Carthaginians mounted a massive invasion under the command of Hamilcar, the first of half a dozen leading figures of that name in Carthaginian history. They were defeated at Himera by a coalition of two tyrants, Gelon of Syracuse and Theron of Acragas (now Agrigento). To celebrate the victory, Gelon built the magnificent temple to Athena which is now embedded in the cathedral. But Theron outdid him: he undertook the construction of no less than nine temples, six of them along the southern ridge of the city—that Hill of the Temples at Agrigento which is still one of the most astonishing sights to be seen anywhere in the Mediterranean. The largest was dedicated to Olympian Zeus; after seventy years it was still not quite finished when the Carthaginians returned to the attack in 406 and sacked Acragas. Today it is only a heap of ruins, the work of the Carthaginians having been completed in the eighteenth century to provide stone for the jetties of Porto Empedocle (the city's modern harbor, named after its great fifth-century B.C. philosopher and physician).

The other temples were among the finest ever built, but this one was grotesquely large—a double square about three times the area of the Syracuse temple, more than half again that of the Parthenon in Athens. Worse still, to provide added support the architect placed between the columns gigantic figures of Atlas, twenty-five feet high, so barbarous in conception and execution that it is hard to imagine them as Greek at all. No wonder Signor Griffo, Superintendent of Antiquities for Agrigento, calls the temple of Zeus "another product of that megalomania of the Western Greeks which was the fruit of a wealth far beyond anything that Greece proper could boast."

Megalomania is an apt term, but the explanation needs to be pushed further. There was a streak of inferiority in the Sicilian Greeks, the result of their being provincial out-liers; and like all inferiority complexes, theirs sought compensation in external display and aggressiveness. Nor should the tyrants be underestimated in this connection. Tyranny had been a familiar Greek institution since the middle of the seventh century. By 500 B.C., however, most of the older Greek states had had enough of tyrants and had got rid of them—but not Sicily, where with brief interruptions they succeeded in retaining power, perhaps because of the unending menace of Carthage.

The Sicilian tyrants were on the whole an unpleasant lot, but there is no denying their effectiveness or their importance. In a sense they suffered from a double inferiority complex, as Sicilians and as tyrants. They were ambitious men, who fought each other both to extend their power territorially and to maintain it at home. Their victims, through mass enslavement or extirpation, were numerous. But for those who managed to be on the right side it was a period of tremendous prosperity. Much wealth was poured into cultural

activity, and this is another aspect—of course the only one that remains visible today—of the ambivalence of the tyrants. It was as if they deliberately set out to justify themselves to the Greek world at large, by being more successful than anyone else in the chariot races at the Olympic games; by importing the greatest poets, such as Pindar and Simonides of Ceos, to compose choral odes in celebration of their triumphs; and by achieving the highest artistry in their coins, their theaters, and, above all, their temples.

In 367 B.C., the year of his death, Dionysius I of Syracuse even submitted a tragedy of his own composition, *The Ransom of Hector*, for performance in Athens. It won the first prize, and though we may legitimately suspect both the motives and the integrity of the Athenian judges, the whole story is very revealing. His son and successor, Dionysius II, moved in philosophical circles, and Plato made serious attempts to persuade him to become the philosopher-king of the ideal state. Earlier, Plato had paid a visit to the court of the elder Dionysius, taking the road to Sicily that had already been trodden by a long line of distinguished intellectuals. We may well wonder how men like the Athenian Aeschylus reconciled their traditional hatred of tyranny with their ready acceptance of a tyrant's patronage, or by what mental process Plato deluded himself that the younger Dionysius could be molded into a Platonic ruler. Whatever the explanation, however, there could be no better proof that Voltaire was right; the age of the tyrants, roughly between 550 and 350 B.C., was the time when Sicily "had counted for something in the world."

To be sure, they overreached themselves. Who else but a Sicilian tyrant needed *nine* temples to commemorate a battle, when a simple monument was good enough for Marathon? And Aristotle may have had a correct insight when he attributed not only their frequent wars but also their incessant building activity to a single motive: the need, in the interest of self-preservation, to "increase the poverty of their subjects and to curtail their leisure," to keep them "constantly occupied and constantly in need of a leader." Self-preservation did not carry these tyrants so far as to unite all the Greek communities against Carthage. But then, neither did the Greeks unite anywhere else—against Persia or Macedon—and in the end it is the essential Hellenism of Sicily in this period which must be stressed (the Atlases of the temple of Zeus at Agragas were very much the exception).

Life in Agragas or Syracuse or Gela was less free and more brutal than life in Athens or even Corinth; yet it somehow had much of the same quality of exuberance and beauty, and for a significant section of the people it was far richer in material goods. On the surface, at least, Hellenism was also being diffused among the natives, even among the Elymians, whose contact with the Greeks was not nearly so close as was that of the Sicels. It can be argued that the finest Greek monument in Sicily today is the unfinished temple at Segesta in the northwest, more than a thousand feet up in a cradle of desolate mountains (see pages 20–21). Segesta was an Elymian center; to the best of our knowledge there was no sizable Greek element in her population at that time. Yet there, in that most unlikely spot, stands the shell of a pure Doric temple worthy of comparison with anything in the Greek world.

Though the Greeks prevented Carthage from seizing the whole of Sicily, they could never drive her off completely. That was left to the Romans, who accomplished it in the third century B.C. The Carthaginians left very little behind in the way of monumental ruins. In the Palermo Museum, however, one can see numbers of crude



CARTHAGINIAN

Paleolithic culture in Sicily pre-8000 B.C.

Sicels migrate from Italy c. 1200

Phoenicians settle on west coast c. 1000

Greek colonization begins c. 750

Greeks defeat Carthaginians at Himera 480

First Punic War 264-241

End of Greek rule 254

Second Punic War 218-201

Sicily becomes Rome's first province 212

First slave revolt led by Eunus 135

Vandals invade from North Africa A.D. 440

Ostrogoths enter from Italy c. 491

Byzantine rule under Justinian 535

Arabs invade from North Africa 827

Norman conquest begins 1061

Henry VI invades; Hohenstaufen rule begins 1189

Charles of Anjou invades 1266

Sicilian Vespers; Aragonese rule begins 1282

Spanish Hapsburgs assume power 1516

Throne ceded to Dukes of Savoy 1713

Hapsburgs rule from Vienna 1720

Franco-Spanish Bourbon rule begins; Kingdom of the Two Sicilies 1735

Garibaldi and the Thousand land at Marsala 1860

Sicily joins united Italy 1861

Allied forces land on southern coast 1943



ARAB



HOHENSTAUFEN



ROMAN



NORMAN



SPANIARD



Over the past three thousand years Sicily has been conquered by sixteen foreign powers, each of which has left its mark on the variegated culture of the island. Sicily's chief monuments are shown on the map in colors that correspond to their builders (see chronological table). No Arabian structure has survived, but Moslem influence is apparent in the Norman churches of Palermo.

terra-cotta funeral monuments from the Marsala region, which are painted with unmistakably Semitic religious symbols, as well as with Roman names written in Greek letters (see page 29). This is a characteristically Sicilian amalgam, to be repeated in a variety of ways all through the centuries.

The Romans became complete masters in 212 B.C., reduced Sicily to a province, and were immediately responsible for the infusion of still more elements into the population and its ways. It was not Romans and Italians themselves who came in large numbers, but tens and even hundreds of thousands of slaves whom they sent in to work the huge estates, or *latifundia*. These slaves came chiefly from Asia Minor and Syria; most of them were Greek-speaking, and a fair proportion were men of education and culture. Their condition was unspeakable, and about 135 B.C. they revolted on a scale and with an intensity without parallel in the whole of ancient history.

This rebellion, which it took the Roman army three or four years to put down, was more interesting than the much more famous one in the next century led by Spartacus and his fellow gladiators. The latter had a single and simple aim, to fight their way over the Alps and home. The Sicilian slaves, on the other hand, actually tried to take over the island and establish their own state there. Their leader, himself a slave, was a magician named Eunus, who modeled his new state on that of Hellenistic Syria, calling himself King Antiochus, setting up a proper court and administrative machinery, issuing coins (a few of which still exist), and creating a "national" cult of the Syrian Mother Goddess. The revolt failed, and so did a second, scarcely less massive, in the years 104-100 B.C. They were no doubt hopeless attempts, but, though the Romans naturally called the rebels "bandits," their struggle had something of the quality (to repeat Voltaire's words once more) of a "real effort worthy of freedom"—the last in Sicily for a very long time.

The Romans ruled Sicily from the outside, and they exploited it primarily as outsiders, for tribute and taxes, and for rents to absentee landowners. Not till the Normans came in the eleventh century was Sicily to have another period of successful independence, and it is no accident that only they and the Greeks gave the island greatness. Life went on, to be sure. Sicily continued to produce agricultural wealth; it continued to take in new rites and new religions in a steady stream; its cities and magnates built theaters and temples. The outward mark of its culture, its language, remained Greek all the time. But the quality grew altogether provincial and second-rate. The fourth-century A.D. mosaics of the villa near Piazza Armerina are impressive for their size and number—megalomania again, this time on the part of a late Roman emperor—but they are artistically and technically incompetent and vulgar (see photographs on pages 30 and 31).

As the Roman Empire fell into decay, Sicily was occupied successively by Vandals and Ostrogoths. Already it was acquiring the reputation, which it has never lost in succeeding centuries, of being the most conquered and invaded country in the world, although few invaders were ever to succeed in imposing a completely effective rule in the mountainous interior. In A.D. 535 Sicily was conquered by the Emperor Justinian from Constantinople and for three centuries remained a western outpost of the Byzantine Empire. One emperor in the seventh century even transferred his capital temporarily from Constantinople to Syracuse. This regime fell in the ninth century after a local Byzantine official rebelled and invoked the help of Arabs

The Greeks in Sicily



"Great city, O Syracuse, precinct of Ares that haunts the deeps of battle," sang the poet Pindar in his ode Pythia 2. His words reflect a brash and thriving city enjoying an era of peace after its naval victory over the Carthaginians at Himera in 480 B.C. To commemorate the triumph, the tyrant Gelon built the Temple of Athena on a site that had been sacred to the Greeks ever since their arrival in the eighth century B.C., and before that to the ancient Sicels. Today its massive columns remain embedded in the walls of the subsequent cathedral (opposite), interspersed with Renaissance iron gates. During the Second Punic War Syracuse was the prize in the struggle between Rome and Carthage. It fell to the Romans in 212 B.C., despite the ingenious weapons devised for its defense by its most distinguished citizen, the mathematician Archimedes (above).



from North Africa. The Arabs and Berbers arrived in considerable numbers but preferred to conquer the island for Islam, making it part of the empire of Baghdad.

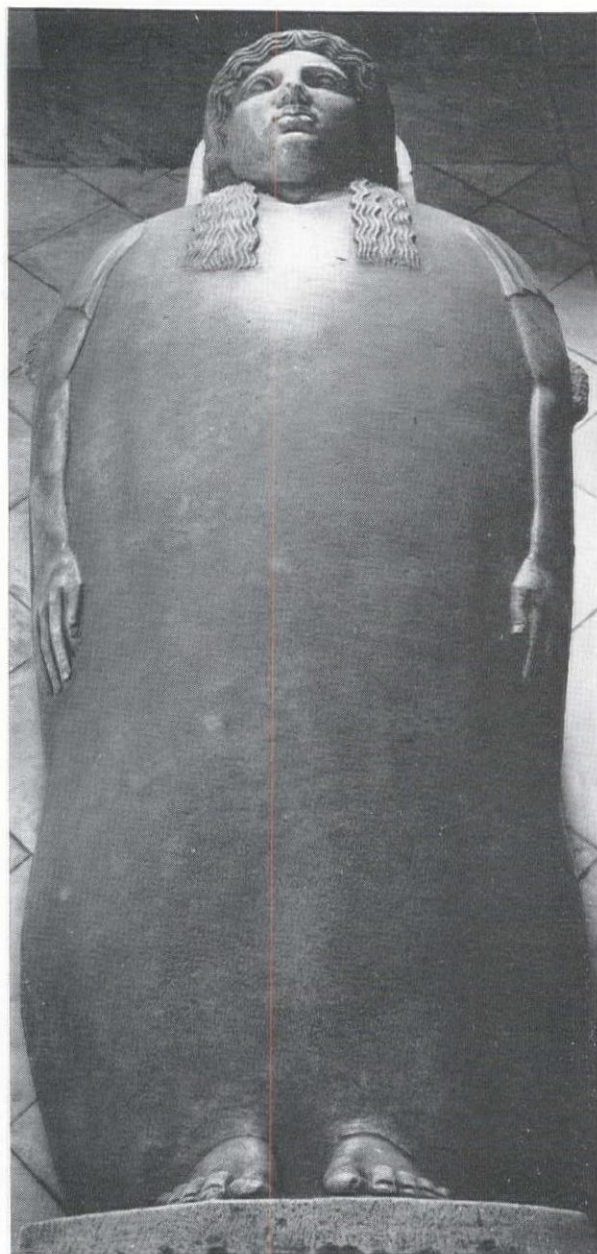
This Saracen occupation lasted over two centuries and left an abiding influence, especially in western Sicily where colonization was most intense. The old Greek capital of Syracuse was abandoned as "a labyrinth of ruins, without a living soul," and a new capital was established in the northwest at Palermo. About 972 an Arab geographer, ibn-Hawqal, remarked that Palermo with its three hundred mosques outdid every other town of the Islamic world. The Arabs were great traders and made their chief city not only a flourishing international market but perhaps the largest town in western Europe. It was surrounded with luxuriant gardens, said ibn-Hawqal, and the island was covered with crops and an excellent conduit system for irrigation. From the Middle East the Arabs introduced oranges and lemons, which were to remain a staple product of Sicily, and also sugar cane, date palms, and cotton. Unfortunately, no entire building survives from this Arabic period of Sicilian history—during which the culture of the island was greatly enriched—but the names are known of more than a hundred Sicilian Arab poets.

Much like the ancient Greeks, the Moslem rulers of Sicily frequently fought among themselves and even against their fellow Moslems of North Africa. Eventually a civil war between Catania and Agrigento opened the way for Roger the Norman to capture Messina in 1061 and then, in the next thirty years, to win back the island for Christianity. His fierce adventurers, originally from Scandinavia, invaded Sicily from their recently acquired Norman principality in southern Italy. Being few in number, and acknowledging the superiority of both Arabic and Byzantine cultures, they took over many of the customs and much of the administrative system and the art of the conquered population. Palermo's first Norman governor assumed the Saracen title of emir, and its first archbishop was a Greek. A Norman charter prescribed that "Latins, Greeks, Jews, and Saracens shall be judged each according to his own law." Moslems had to pay special taxes and accept an inferior status, but with remarkable tolerance they were allowed freedom of religion. There is some doubt whether most people in the island at this time still spoke Greek, but Greek and Arabic were preserved alongside Latin as official languages of government, while French was spoken by the few hundred invaders who made up the new ruling class.

By the time Count Roger died in 1101 he had raised himself from a landless adventurer to one of the richest and most powerful men in the world. Largely owing to his achievement the twelfth century was to be a golden age during which Sicily was prosperous, independent, and powerful. His son, Roger II, assumed the new title of king of Sicily. He was one of the most remarkable rulers of the Middle Ages—unscrupulous and tyrannical but of great vitality and intelligence. Under him Sicily became a power in European politics. He stood up successfully to Pope and Emperor. He captured the North African towns between Tripoli and Tunis and so controlled the central narrows of the Mediterranean. He also occupied Malta and southern Italy, and even reached out to Corfu. In 1148 his minister, the Emir George of Antioch, led a profitable expedition which plundered Athens, Thebes, and Corinth, and incidentally kidnapped many silkworkers to create what became a flourishing industry.

At home Roger's efficient and parsimonious government tapped the potential sources of wealth in a way which no subsequent ruler could

The Carthaginians



LEONARD VON MATT—FROM *Ancient Sicily*, UNIVERSE BOOKS, INC.; NATIONAL MUSEUM, PALERMO

Among the few relics of the Carthaginians, who settled in western Sicily from Africa, are these two funeral monuments, adapting the Hellenistic forms of the Greeks who preceded them. The anthropoid sarcophagus with female features (above), from the fifth century B.C., was found at Cannita, near Palermo; the houselike stele (opposite) of the first century A.D., painted with ancient Semitic religious symbols and a banquet scene, came from Marsala.



quite emulate. Wheat was regularly exported, and once again abundant currency circulated. A merchant marine grew up on royal subsidies, and a strong navy levied a tax on ships passing between the eastern and western Mediterranean. At a time when other European kings lived on feudal dues, Roger kept a luxurious court; his revenue from Palermo alone reputedly exceeded what his Norman cousins collected from all England. Sicily probably had a much larger population than England. The great Arab geographer al-Idrisi called twelfth-century Palermo "the largest and finest metropolis in the world." A generation later, in 1185, an Arab traveler from Spain, ibn-Jubair, wrote of Palermo:

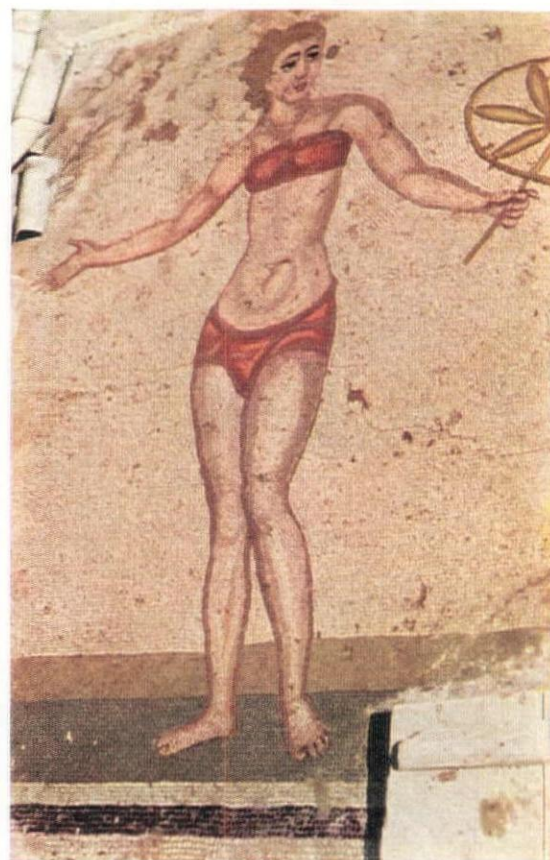
It is an ancient and elegant city, magnificent and gracious, and seductive to look upon. Proudly set between its open spaces and plains filled with gardens, with broad roads and avenues, it dazzles the eyes with its perfection. . . . The King's palaces are disposed around the higher parts, like pearls encircling a woman's full throat.

This Norman kingdom of Sicily has been described as the first modern state. It developed a sophisticated, efficient, and multiracial bureaucracy. Though feudal administrators were imported from England and France, its Arab and Greek officials were accustomed to strong monarchical rule, and this for a time kept city and provincial government from falling into the hands of the feudal aristocracy. Effective justice was available to all; private citizens were not yet so accustomed as they later became to taking the law into their own hands. As a result society was surprisingly integrated and harmonious. Energy and wealth were not dissipated in feudal anarchy as during the later Middle Ages.

Twelfth-century Sicily was above all a great meeting place of cultures. Byzantine vestments were embroidered with Arabic lettering and used by Anglo-Norman potentates. Jewish scholars and French troubadours were welcome at the court, as well as mathematicians from Baghdad and Damascus. The king had an Arab cook and Moslem concubines, with eunuchs in attendance, and a bodyguard of Moslem Negro slaves; yet he lavishly endowed Latin and Greek monasteries. An English archbishop of Palermo built a Norman cathedral there. The superb palace chapel, built about 1129-1143, was given a Byzantine cupola over the shape of a Latin basilica, while its walls were covered with Oriental mosaics and its ceiling was carved by Arab workmen with exotic subjects from Persian mythology. This extraordinary mixture of styles made Arabo-Norman Palermo the most interesting center of art and science in Europe, but it also betrayed a lack of proper fusion, which rendered its culture vulnerable and transient.

King Roger died in 1154. By this time one long-term result of Norman rule was clear: Sicily was gradually being taken out of the orbit of both Constantinople and North Africa and henceforward was going to be more and more Roman in religion, Latin in language, and European in culture. In 1189, after Roger's two immediate successors, there was a contested succession. Social cleavage and civil war made possible a cruel and devastating invasion by Henry VI of the German house of Swabia. Sicily was thereby won for the Holy Roman Empire. Once again Greece had given way to Rome. Under Henry's son, the great Frederick II of Hohenstaufen, Sicily was but one region in a large empire which stretched from Aachen to Jerusalem. Although Frederick grew up in Sicily and said he loved it above all his possessions, he learned to look on the island as a source of

The Romans



As a Roman province from 212 B.C. to the fifth century A.D., the fertile land of Sicily sent an annual tribute of grain, fruits, honey, and wine to the capital. The favored Roman aristocracy waxed rich and built luxurious estates, but few so sumptuous as the imperial villa near Piazza Armerina in central Sicily (opposite). It was probably built by Maximianus I, who ruled jointly with Diocletian from A.D. 286 to 305. More than fifty rooms have been uncovered, adorned with lavish mosaics of wild-game hunts and athletic contests. Among these, in the "Chamber of the Ten Maidens," is the bather with a pinwheel (above), whose costume clearly anticipates the bikini. Except for Maximianus, few Roman emperors ever set foot in Sicily. They left its administration to a praetor, or governor, and the inevitable result of such absentee government was corruption, exploitation of slave labor, and arbitrary taxation. It was to become a familiar experience in the centuries that followed.



money for his ambitions elsewhere; in fact, his state monopolies helped to ruin its commercial middle class. The Emperor himself knew Arabic and Greek and was a poet and scientist of some distinction; his court at Palermo, strongly influenced by the Provençals, was the first Italian center of vernacular literature and so had an important place in the ancestry of Dante and Petrarch.

Yet immediately after Frederick died in 1250, the cosmopolitan Sicilian tradition of learning and culture began to decline rapidly. The glorious palace at Palermo fell into decay and most of the remaining Moslems were deported. The state itself disintegrated as one foreign ruler after another neglected Sicilian interests. The population of perhaps a million and a half seems to have been reduced to about 600,000 by 1500. The magnificent forests and gardens which had so impressed al-Idrisi disappeared, irrigation works went unrepaired, and Sicily declined into an arid land of drought and waste. Repeated invasions paralyzed trade and destroyed the capital invested in agriculture. Moreover, the frequent absence of any authority or security not only prevented the development of a city-state civilization, as in northern Italy and elsewhere, but engendered the habit of ignoring the law and resorting to private justice.

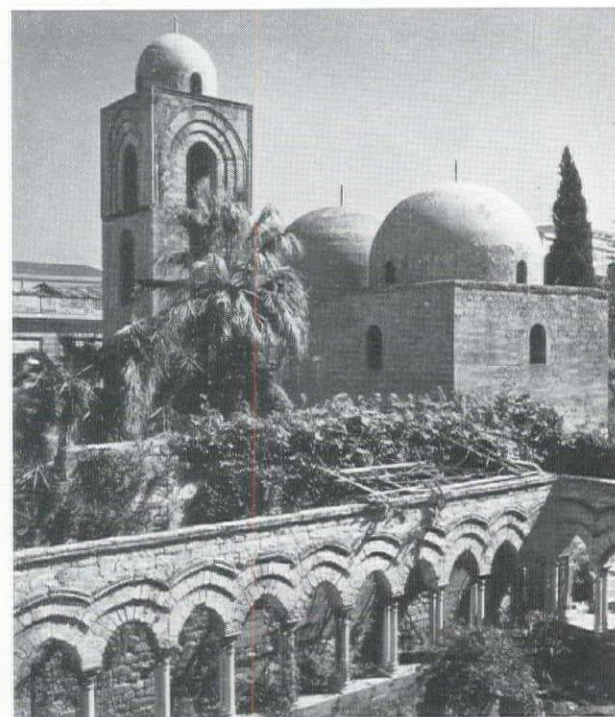
After Frederick's death the Pope deposed the German Hohenstaufens and tried to impose an English Plantagenet on Sicily in their stead. When the English proved unwilling, Charles of Anjou carried out a successful invasion and with papal backing established himself in 1266. Some Sicilians supported this Angevin invasion, for the population of Sicily was always divided against itself. Combative, vengeful, ungovernable, there were always many who welcomed each new invasion as a relief from its predecessor.

These successive invasions were a product of the fact that plunder in war was at that time the quickest way to riches. Charles's army, for instance, was largely one of freebooters out for all they could get. With this in mind they brought with them from France an alien and much more extortionate type of feudalism. Not only did French become the language of government, but Frenchmen took over many of the bigger Sicilian estates and all the more important government offices. Ship money was exacted for Charles's navy, taxes for his forty-two castles which bestrode the island, and compulsory hospitality for his dissolute retainers—and all this was enforced with a refinement of cruelty which astonished even the Sicilians.

The result was the famous rebellion of the "Sicilian Vespers," which for most Sicilians still remains, along with Garibaldi's invasion, the proudest moment in their history. An explosive movement of protest among the common people of Palermo began haphazardly at vesper time on Easter Monday, 1282. Unexpectedly successful, it spread like fire from village to village. Every Frenchman who could be found was massacred. It was measure for measure, atrocity for atrocity. The Pope was a Frenchman and came to the aid of his Angevin protégés by collectively excommunicating the Sicilians, but in vain. The proudest and most powerful prince in Europe, even though backed by all the authority of the Church, had to acknowledge defeat. He could not prevail against such a deep instinct for vendetta and such a striving for independence; nor could he meet the growing conviction in Sicily (to be found later in the very different context of the Mafia) that all government was essentially oppressive and only private justice privately enforced was honorable.

This popular movement was perhaps unique in the Middle Ages. The rebels could not hope to keep up their enthusiasm once rebellion

Arabs, Normans, and Germans



After two hundred years of Saracen occupation, Sicily was taken in the eleventh century by the Normans, whose genius lay in their ability to blend its many racial elements into one brilliant and productive society. The great King Roger II employed both Arab builders and Byzantine artists to create and beautify his structures, such as the church of San Giovanni degli Eremiti in Palermo (above), with its Arabic domes and serene gardens. But all this Norman splendor lasted only four generations. In 1189 a bitter contest for the throne took place between Roger's daughter Constance and his illegitimate grandson Tancred. Constance had the better claim, but in Sicilian eyes she had made the mistake of marrying one of the hated Germans—Henry VI of Swabia, son of the Holy Roman Emperor. So they preferred Tancred. He ruled only four years, during which he managed to hold Constance and Henry at bay and even to harass them a bit. This tangled story is related, with a strong German bias, by Peter of Eboli in his contemporary chronicle Carmen de Motibus Siculis. Here Tancred is spitefully described as an "enthroned monkey" and is shown, simian and dwarfish, confronting the regal Constance (opposite). After Tancred's death in 1194, Henry moved in and took Sicily for the Hohenstaufens and the Holy Roman Empire.



had to give way to constructive statesmanship. Before long the true victors proved to be the baronage, who with mixed feelings had supported the movement but who feared lest monarchy might give way to a republic and endanger their privileges. King Peter of Aragon was therefore invited to come and defend them against an Angevin counterattack on the one hand and further popular insurrection on the other. So later in 1282 an Aragonese dynasty replaced the French, and a Spanish feudal aristocracy henceforward existed alongside the Norman and Angevin. One set of masters had merely been exchanged for another; in fact, Spaniards were to rule in Sicily for the next four hundred and thirty years.

Of all the numerous invasions of Sicily, this by Spain had, in the end, the greatest impact. Architecture, landscape, habits of behavior, the economy and social structure of the island, all to this day bear its unmistakable stamp. Some of the Spanish viceroys were good, some bad, but always their paramount interest was Spain and her empire. Millions of ducats left the country. In the fifteenth century the Jews were expelled in the interests of the Catholic faith and to the detriment of Sicilian prosperity. The Inquisition was introduced, and Moslems instead of being welcomed for their industry and culture were now burned at the stake. Enervated by Spanish rule, the population became lethargic and sullen.

Sicily was partially detached from its former market in Italy, and this helps to explain why it stood quite outside the Italian Renaissance. Under the Hapsburg Emperor Charles V it was a front-line bulwark for Spain against the Turks, and for three centuries thereafter was constantly raided by Turkish and Barbary corsairs. These raids were one important reason why Messina and Palermo could never again compete as commercial centers with Genoa, Venice, and Leghorn. Instead of co-operating with each other, the various Sicilian cities tried to destroy each other's trade. The once flourishing silk industry was taxed almost out of existence, and by the eighteenth century Sicily was importing grain from Russia and the Levant.

There was little opposition to Spanish rule because the viceroys took care to tie up their authority with increased privileges for the local aristocracy. The nobles were allowed a monopoly of power in the centuries-old Sicilian parliament, and they used this power merely to exempt themselves from taxation. The one rich class in Sicily was therefore rendered not only unproductive but parasitic. The nobles alone possessed resources for an improvement in the island's economy, but they refused to use them lest it should endanger their own social predominance. These aristocrats often kept their own prisons and courts, with powers of life and death over their peasantry. They were encouraged by Spain to spend their money, not in commerce or progressive agriculture, but on living a fashionable life away from their estates and on buying titles—there were 142 princely families in Sicily by the eighteenth century.

Catania and Palermo today show, in their fine streets, churches, and eighteenth-century palaces, the effect of this lavish spending by the nobility. But the price paid was absentee landlordism, neglect of roads and bridges, the spread of malaria and brigandage, and exhaustion of the soil by bad cultivation. These were some results of the lack of any public spirit among the ruling caste and of their disdain for the agriculture on which their fortunes depended. Such were the twisted values of Spanish society that it was far more honorable to buy additional land than to improve an existing estate, and new industries such as sulphur and Marsala wine had to depend almost

TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

The Past in Polychrome



In Sicily there is no escape from history; it is what the tourists go there for, and why the Sicilians leave. It has strewn the landscape with ruins and monuments; in more animated form it embellishes the peasant's donkey cart. These admirable vehicles are traditionally decorated with scenes from history, folklore, poetry, hagiology, and the more bloodcurdling operas. Among the favorite subjects are Charlemagne and his twelve paladins, one of whom hangs from the harness of the donkey above, and Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered, which figures on the cart opposite. As yet, the brazen-throated Vespa has not taken over Sicily the way it has mainland Italy, but one is occasionally seen hitched to one of these painted carts—the shape, no doubt, of things to come. The carts themselves are becoming extremely expensive (up to \$3,000), but there are still enough of them around to provide the kind of Sicilian historical pageant shown overleaf.



Norman Conquest

Saracens scatter before the onslaught of Roger the Norman, who gallops—impervious to arrows—across this panel from a typical Sicilian donkey cart (similar to that on the preceding page). Behind him his soldiers have already manned the walls of Palermo. Roger and his brother, Robert Guiscard, captured the Saracen capital in 1072—a turning point in the long campaign that ended more than two hundred years of Moslem rule. Count Roger, who never called himself King, launched Sicily's golden age.



Golden Age

The kneeling figure in this elaborate polychrome relief from the back of another cart is Roger II, "by the grace of God king of Sicily, Apulia, and Calabria, help and shield of Christians, heir and son of the great Count Roger." With these words, and by permission of the Pope, Roger was crowned the first Norman king of Sicily on Christmas Day, 1130. He continued his father's policy of political and religious freedom for the Arabic, Greek, and Latin minorities—as we should say today—in his realm.

Stupor Mundi

After the Normans came the Hohenstaufens, whose greatest king, also a Holy Roman emperor, was Frederick II, Stupor Mundi ("Wonder of the World"). Here he is seen entering Messina after a nine-year absence in Germany. His first act on his return was to curtail the rampant power of the feudal barons. Then he built up a powerful merchant fleet and a strong legal system, backed by a law school that he founded at Naples University. Science, poetry, and the arts all flourished at Frederick's cosmopolitan court.



Sicilian Vespers

One Easter Monday in 1282 a French sergeant insulted a Palermo matron on her way to church and was stabbed by an outraged Sicilian. With the cry "Death to the French!" the populace broke into rebellion against Charles of Anjou, who had been invested with Sicily by the Pope in 1265. The uprising, here depicted in another cart panel and known as the "Sicilian Vespers," had the end result of forcing the hated Angevins out—but only after the Sicilians invited the Aragonese to come to their aid.



Enter Spain

Peter III of Aragon accepted the crown offered by the Sicilians in September, 1282, and was welcomed on his arrival as a link with the great Norman-Hohenstaufen dynasties (his wife was a granddaughter of Frederick II). But Charles of Anjou was not so easily put down: the dispute went on for three more inconclusive years of land and sea battles, political wrangling, and even an attempt at single combat between the two kings at the lists in Bordeaux. It took twenty years more for the Aragonese to win.

A Thousand Heroes

Giuseppe Garibaldi with his thousand red-shirted volunteers (I Milli) finally ended six more centuries of alternating Spanish, French, and Bourbon rule and prepared the way for Sicily's union with the new Kingdom of Italy. Here he leads his troops at the battle of Ponte Ammiraglio, fought in Palermo in May, 1860. This cart panel is a copy of a recent painting by Renato Guttuso, whose politics prompted a jarring contemporary note: the Communist leader Togliatti (born in 1893) is shown fighting beside Garibaldi.



PHOTOGRAPHS ROBERT DESCHARNES

entirely on English capital. By strict entails the government deliberately kept the latifundia from breaking up; under the law of primogeniture younger sons of the nobility could neither inherit nor afford to marry, so that the growth of a viable middle class was inhibited. Meanwhile the peasants, who were by far the great majority, lived—as they have continued to live—in virtual slavery and verging on starvation. Receiving little help from above, they were ready to defy every government in turn, with the result that Sicily remained wide-open to revolution, brigandage, and the Mafia.

The latest chapters of Sicilian history have been unhappy but no less dramatic than the others. The Dukes of Savoy replaced the Spaniards in 1713; seven years later it was the turn of the Hapsburgs, who tried to govern Sicily from Vienna. Then in 1735 the Franco-Spanish Bourbons seized the throne and ruled from Naples for more than a century. Sicilian society was barely touched by the Enlightenment and, alone in Italy, quite escaped the stimulating and modernizing influence of the French Revolution and Napoleon. There was thus far less success than on the mainland in breaking free from the dead weight of feudalism. A short-lived English occupation led in 1812 to the proclamation of a liberal constitution (Nelson's heirs, the Dukes of Brontë, have lived in Sicily ever since). In 1816, however, the Bourbons absorbed the island in the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, which was ruled in the interests of Naples.

Several revolutions were subsequently attempted because the Bourbons were harsh toward Sicily and especially harsh toward its entrenched aristocratic privileges. But no change was possible until the development of nationalism brought the idea of unifying the Italian peninsula and its islands to form a new state. In 1848 at Palermo an outburst like that of 1282 ignited the spark of revolution which then caught fire all over Europe, but in 1849 the Bourbons, aided by the Sicilian aristocracy, re-established their power. Another popular insurrection took place in 1860, and this time the military adventurer Garibaldi took advantage of the outbreak. Sailing from Genoa with a thousand volunteers and two captured paddle steamers, he deliberately appealed to Sicilian as well as to Italian patriotism, addressing himself especially to the common people rather than to the effete aristocracy. This enabled him to defeat the large Bourbon army in an astonishing guerrilla campaign. Some Sicilians rose because they wanted a united Italy, others because they were ferociously opposed to the corrupt and alien rule of the Neapolitan Bourbons, and many more because they were almost starving and thought Garibaldi a savior come to deliver them from bondage.

Here, once again, a hatred of oppressive government was superimposed on a dislike of all government. Hatreds reached the point where they occasionally came out in horrible deeds of ritual cannibalism. But whatever the motives, it was this essentially popular revolution in Sicily which made possible Garibaldi's success, and so led to the liberation and unification of Italy. Garibaldi ruled for a short time as "Dictator of Sicily"; but then he held a plebiscite and handed over both Sicily and Naples to become part of the new Kingdom of Italy, which was inaugurated in 1861. Sicily was now ruled from Turin, then in 1865 from Florence, and after 1870 from Rome.

In effecting this revolution, Garibaldi gave a decisive twist to Sicilian history, since till now there had been virtually no connection between the island and northern Italy. Even the Italian spoken in Sicily was an almost unrecognizable dialect that contained Arabic, Greek, and Spanish elements. Henceforward the Sicilians were linked

Garibaldi's Thousand



BROGI

In 1860 newspapers were filled with tributes to Garibaldi and the brave volunteers who were fighting to free Sicily from the Bourbons and to unite Italy. This honor roll of "the thousand heroes and their illustrious leader" lists the names of 11,000 in triple columns around a dashing portrait of Garibaldi in his famous red shirt, neckerchief, and wide-awake hat. The text above the illustration proclaims victory and freedom for "millions of brothers who for centuries suffered under the hardest oppression and the most ignominious despotism." A contemporary photograph of Garibaldi (above) shows the strong face that, in the words of a teen-age English volunteer, reflected "the moral grandeur of his character."

History's Heirs

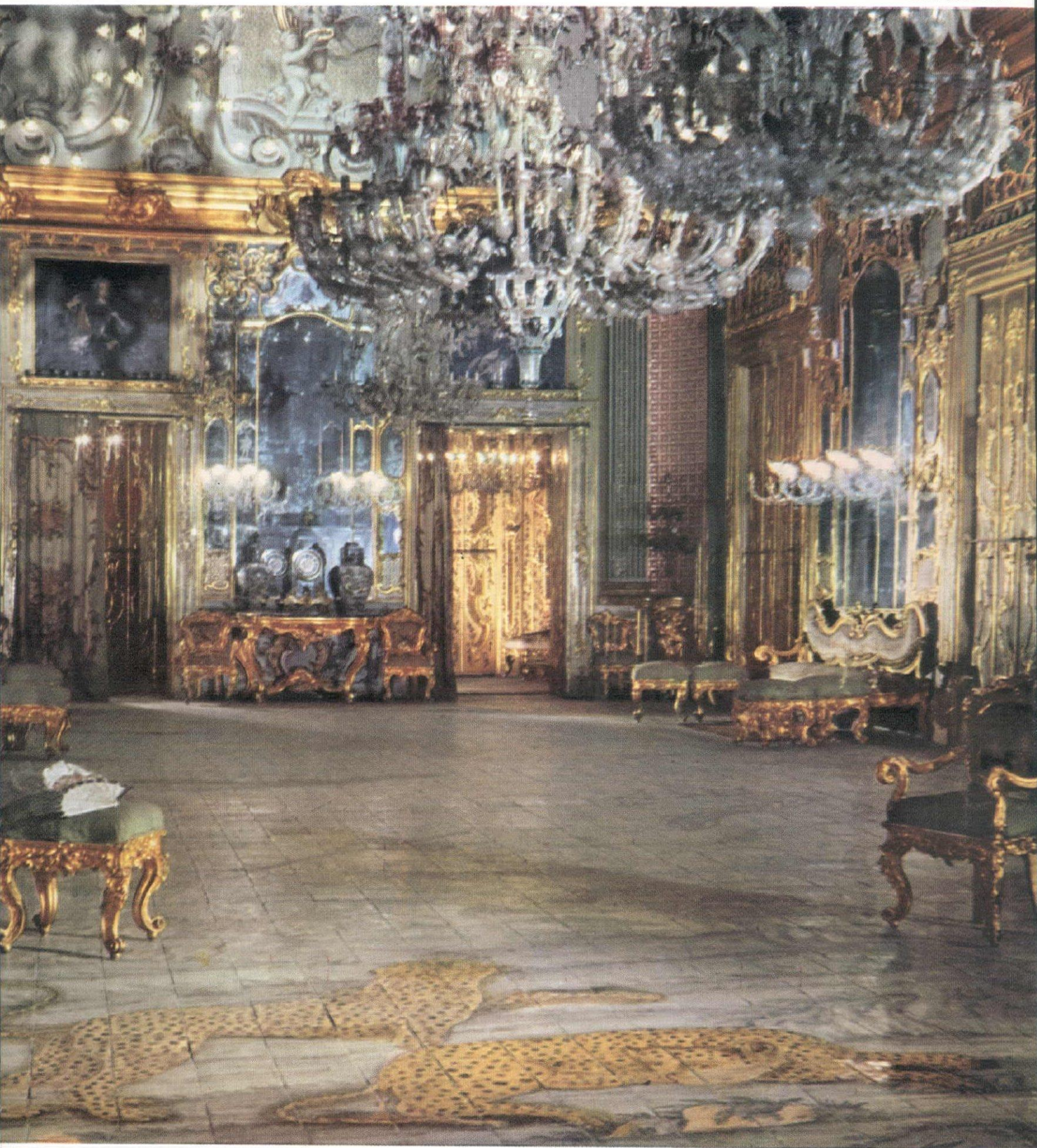
Sicily at the passing of an era, when the fresh wind of Garibaldi's nationalism was sweeping away centuries of feudal privilege, is brought to vivid life in Giuseppe di Lampedusa's elegant, elegiac novel The Leopard (Pantheon, 1960). Its hero is the powerful but aging Don Fabrizio, Prince of Salina—a character modeled on the author's great-grandfather, Giulio di Lampedusa (below). Autocratic but paternal, dismissing annoyances "with a wave of his paw," he awaits the inevitable destruction of his class—unable, and perhaps unwilling, to prevent it. As the setting for one of his climactic scenes, the author apparently used the Lampedusa family's Palazzo Gangi, in Palermo, in which he lived and worked. Its great ballroom (right) almost exactly fits the description of the one in which the old Prince—symbolized here by the family leopards on the floor—reflects on all these changes and recognizes the end of his traditional way of life:

"The ballroom was all golden: smooth on the cornices, uneven on the door frames, in a pale, almost silvery design against a darker background on the door panels and on the shutters annulling the windows, thus conferring on the room the look of some superb jewel case shut off from an unworthy world. It was not the flashy gilding which decorators slap on nowadays, but a faded gold, pale as the hair of Nordic children, determinedly hiding its value under a muted use of precious material intended to let beauty be seen and cost forgotten. Here and there on the panels were knots of rococo flowers in a color so faint as to seem just an ephemeral pink reflected from the chandeliers.

"That solar hue, that variegation of gleam and shade, made Don Fabrizio's heart ache as he stood black and stiff in a doorway: this eminently patrician room reminded him of country things; the chromatic scale was the same as that of the vast wheat fields around Donnafugata, rapt, begging pity from the tyrannous sun; in this room too, as on his estates in mid-August, the harvest had been gathered long before, stacked elsewhere, leaving, as here, a sole reminder in the color of stubble burned and useless now. The notes of the waltz in the warm air seemed to him but a stylization of the incessant winds harping their own sorrows on the parched surfaces, today, yesterday, tomorrow, forever and forever. The crowd of dancers, among whom he could count so many near to him in blood if not in heart, began to seem unreal, made up of that material from which are woven lapsed memories, more elusive even than the stuff of disturbing dreams. From the ceiling the gods, reclining on gilded couches, gazed down smiling and inexorable as a summer sky. They thought themselves eternal; but a bomb manufactured in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, was to prove the contrary in 1943."

FEDERICO GAROLLA







History's Victims

Today Sicily is rich only in monuments. Its principal inheritance from the past is an unshakable burden of poverty, violence, illiteracy, and despair. What this means to the average Sicilian has recently been described in the two remarkable (and shattering) books from which these extracts are taken:

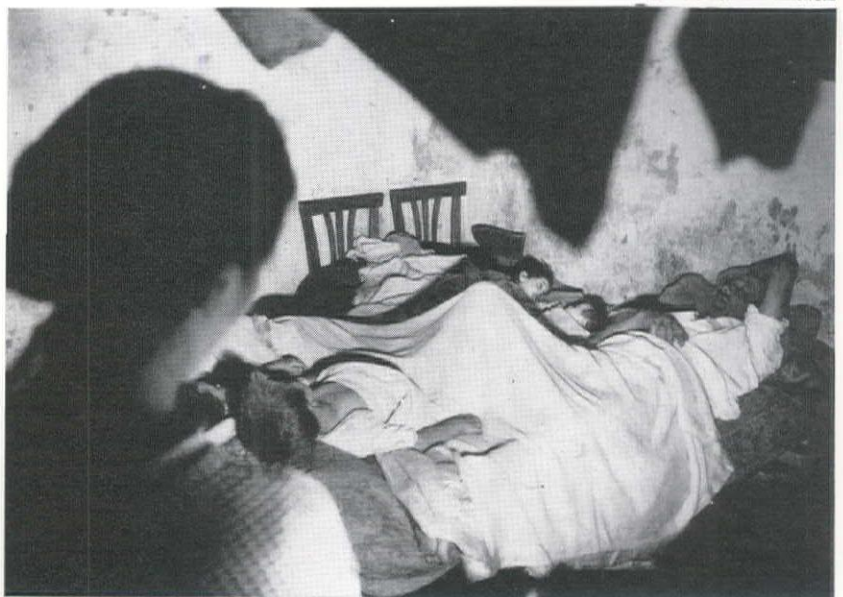
"According to official statistics, which we may assume to be conservative, half of the inhabitants of the island, nearly five millions, are destitute or semi-destitute; classed, that is, in terms implying that they live at or below subsistence level, and the figure is increasing every year. Nearly half of all those millions are illiterate. (There are large numbers who are not placed in the category because they can, with difficulty and letter by letter, write their names.) . . . It is the reason why few Sicilians feel inclined to look northwards and say 'Friends, Romans.' The union with Italy in 1861 brought no material benefits to the island, and the people's way of life and outlook has remained unchanged for perhaps a thousand years. To the eyes of northern Italians Sicily has always appeared a disreputable, illegitimate and criminal relation. When the President of the Italian Republic visited Sicily in 1958 he said he had seen things that had 'frozen his ability to smile.' "—Gavin Maxwell, *The Ten Pains of Death* (Dutton, 1960)

"I've got two children. One night the youngest said: 'I'm hungry, Papa, I want some bread.' 'Don't you see, Papa hasn't got any work,' answered the oldest. 'Come on, let's go to bed.' The little one was five and the eldest seven. It brought tears to our eyes to hear them.

"It was in the square that I first pretended to be dumb. I saw a stranger there and began to play the dumb boy. A little later two strange cars drove up. I got about fifty centimes from one car and thirty from the other. [About two cents in all.] . . . My father and mother often said to me: 'If it wasn't for you, there'd be nothing to eat for supper tonight.' . . . I was always wet and hungry. Until I was fifteen I was always barefoot, too.

"If I hear anyone say that we in Spine Sante have money to lend, I tell them to go to hell."—Danilo Dolci, *Outlaws* (The Orion Press, 1960)

SERGIO LORRAIN-MAGNUM



to a more progressive and prosperous state than Naples, to their ultimate gain, although for the first fifty years they were neglected and almost persecuted. Italy's strength lay in the industrial north, and agricultural Sicily was deliberately sacrificed by its new rulers. Tariffs, taxes, investment, and government expenditure were all used to discriminate against the island. A constant state of submerged rebellion, which sometimes broke into active revolt, kept alive the desire for Sicilian autonomy. A million Sicilians have preferred to emigrate from an island of some five million; and the names of Lucky Luciano, Vito Genovese, and Johnny Torrio suggest that as well as contributing greatly to improving the economy of France, North Africa, Argentina, Brazil, and the United States, this exodus also affected less favorably the underworld of New York and Chicago.

For many of those who remained in Sicily, the Mafia counted for more in their lives than did the regular government of Italy. "Mafia" is a Sicilian dialect word, probably deriving from the Arabic, and it carries implications of "courage," "honor," and "enterprise," as well as referring to the sinister federation of secret societies in western Sicily. It is a word which brings together many of the tendencies and values which have come out so often in Sicilian history: the innate sense of disobedience, of private honor, of personal vendetta, of resentment against all government, of secrecy, conspiracy, and violence. Again and again the Italian government has tried to root out the societies and the way of life on which they depend, only to end by having to co-operate with the Mafia for the essential purposes of administration. Mussolini, after 1922, tried to destroy it; but fighting history, geography, and social custom proved too much for him.

Invaded once again in 1943 by the Allied forces, Sicily was the first Italian province to be liberated from fascism in World War II and used this advantage to secure recognition of her autonomy as a region in the new Italian Republic of 1946. A regional government in Palermo has since been mobilizing funds for industry and land reclamation. Malaria has been wiped out. Oil has been discovered. Yet so far the large estates have not been eliminated, nor has the terrible poverty (as the photographs on pages 42-43 demonstrate). The Mafia is still strongly entrenched, and from Montelepre the brigand Giuliano declared open war on the government for years before he was treacherously killed in 1950.

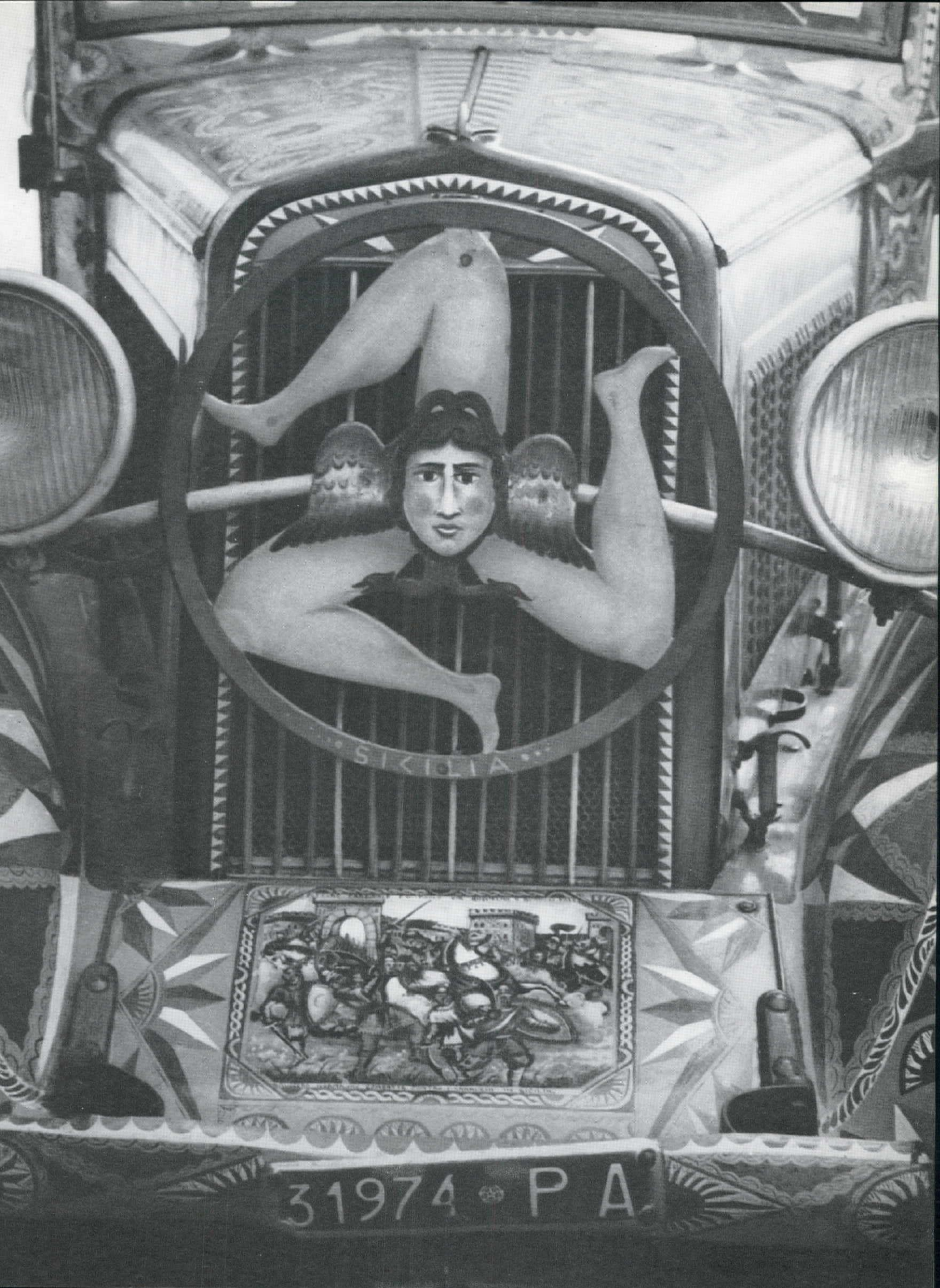
Economics, politics, manners, social life, and art—each aspect of present-day Sicilian life shows how the relics of one invasion after another have combined to make the mystery and charm of this many-faceted island. The burden of the past may lie heavily here, but the beauty and fascination of Sicily still astonish today's traveler as they did ibn-Jubair. So, too, does the vigor of its people. Many great and famous Italians in modern times have come from Sicily: prime ministers, artists, scholars, and philosophers; Bellini, the composer of *Norma*; Verga, who wrote other and finer works than *Cavalleria Rusticana*; Pirandello and Quasimodo, who both received the Nobel Prize for literature. Indeed it is arguable that despite all the centuries of misery and foreign rule, despite all the weakness in Sicilian society itself, the island has contributed more than its fair share to the common culture of present-day Italy and Europe.

M. I. Finley and D. Mack Smith are both at Cambridge University. Professor Finley (who has written for HORIZON on Thucydides and Socrates) lectures at Jesus College, Professor Smith at Peterhouse. They are now collaborating on a history of Sicily.

He Conquers Who Endures



The bright, unchanging element in an island of change is the Sicilian character—often violent, always enduring, and usually cheerful. It expresses itself in proverbs like "A life spent in digging is worth nothing if you plant no olive trees"—obviously heeded by the peasant above, who is preparing her crop for squeezing out the precious oil—and in the gaiety of its folk art. The owner of the car opposite was carrying on the best traditions of the painted donkey cart when he decorated its bumper with a scene of Roger battling the Saracens and its radiator with a large trinacria.



GISLEBERTVS HOC

By FERNAND AUBERJONIS



FEET

"I, Gislebertus, created this." Thus, in an age when artists were anonymous, a medieval sculptor proudly "signed" his lofty tympanum at Autun. Yet only now have experts come upon the full range of his work and his mastery

In November the flood of sightseers drawn to the old Burgundian town of Autun by the famous Romanesque sculptures of its cathedral of St. Lazare has begun to ebb. The pace of life and labor slackens in the surrounding fields and orchards. There is more time then for diligent observation of one's neighbors' actions.

On a gray November day in 1948, Abbé Denis Grivot, choir-master of St. Lazare, was seen carrying a heavy bundle from the Musée Rolin, a small local museum of assorted antiquities, to the cathedral a hundred yards away. What followed caused astonishment among watchers peering from kitchen windows.

Having stopped outside the main portal, the Abbé took out from the cloth wrapping a head of Christ carved of stone and weighing a good forty pounds. Propped against the cathedral's west entrance was a ladder. With the Savior's head tucked under his arm the choir-master began a cautious ascent toward the tympanum of sculptured figures above the great doors (illustrated at left). Reaching the top rung, he stood on the same level with a giant, headless, central figure. He lifted the stone head, and the ladder swayed. The priest whispered a short prayer and kept his balance. At last, raising the head above his own, he placed it on the shrouded shoulders.

Abbé Grivot's hunch was right. The head fit perfectly on this tympanum figure of Christ—and thus belonged here rather than in the museum from which he had borrowed it that afternoon for his experiment. Of the many visitors familiar with Autun's art treasures, two art historians had already suggested a possible relationship between head and body. But it had remained for the choir-master to put his own guess to the practical test.

This was the first hesitant step toward a goal vastly more ambitious than any onlooker outside the cathedral that day could have suspected. It was an adventure in rediscovering and reassembling the phenomenal wealth of St. Lazare's twelfth-century sculpture—figures on the capitals of tall piers, in lofty niches of the apse or tympanum, many of them out of reach of everyday sight and some long since fragmented or dispersed—with the result of identifying one particular sculptor, by name Gislebertus, as the creator of virtually all of this. So distinctive is his style, so powerful and original are the concepts embodied in the hundreds of stone figures at St. Lazare when seen together and at close hand, that this Gislebertus—working in a time when cathedral builders and sculptors were all but anonymous—has now

Christ presiding at the Last Judgment is the subject of the theological panorama above the main portal of Autun Cathedral; Gislebertus's "signature" is carved directly below the Savior's feet. Recently restored, this work has given the clue to his others.



been hailed in France as that country's earliest major artist of name in terms of time, and as the greatest single master to have worked in the entire Romanesque era.

To be sure, Gislebertus himself had signed his crowning work, the St. Lazare tympanum—a vast theological panorama depicting the joys and punishments of the Last Judgment—with the proud inscription, "*Gislebertus hoc Fecit*" ("I, Gislebertus, created this"). Never before had the clergy permitted a master carver to take up so much prominent space for self-glorification. But until Abbé Grivot set out to determine the true scope of Gislebertus's work, no thought had been given to the hypothesis that a single artist had conceived almost all the statuary of the great cathedral, inside as well as out.

The more the Abbé looked at the surviving carvings throughout his edifice, the more he had become impressed with similarities in their style, composition, and facial expression. Everywhere he found the Gislebertus touch—an approach marked not only by striking elongation of the body but by extraordinary freedom of movement and expression, by drapery that reveals the human form, whereas in other works of the time, it conceals it, and by dramatic, open handling of space at variance with the crowded clusters of shapes one usually finds in Romanesque art.

It took Grivot twelve years to complete his search for clues—for lost stones, for scattered heads and angels' wings among the dust and rubble. Over the generations bits of human and animal anatomy had been scattered from St. Lazare in all directions, one angel from its north portal coming to rest as far away as the Cloisters of New York City's Metropolitan Museum. As his studies grew, an enterprising British publisher, Arnold Fawcus, conceived the idea of a definitive study of Gislebertus's work. Fawcus in turn brought in one of Europe's foremost experts on medieval church art, Professor George Zarnecki of the Courtauld Institute of London University, who joined with the Abbé to produce the richly illustrated monograph, *Gislebertus: Sculpteur d'Autun*. The photographs accompanying this article are taken from the American edition of this work, which will be published in the United States this fall by the Orion Press.

Grivot, the modest Burgundian priest, and Zarnecki, the Polish-born London professor (a graduate of Kraków University and a veteran of the Polish army in World War II), combined to offer a mass of evidence presenting Gislebertus as the most

imaginative and productive sculptor of his era; and it was this evidence, when made the subject of an official French exhibition in 1960 of great impact upon the art world, that prompted André Malraux, President De Gaulle's Minister of Culture, to describe Gislebertus as "*le Cézanne du Moyen Age*."

But who was Gislebertus? And why was his art, now belatedly come into renown, so long forgotten or obscure? Who, furthermore, in times past undertook to destroy it—covering up his whole masterful tympanum with plaster, for instance, and chopping off the head of Christ when it still emerged?

Of Gislebertus, or Gillebert, the man, next to nothing is known. But with some knowledge of Romanesque art we may attempt a portrait. He lived in Burgundy long enough for fellow Burgundians like Abbé Grivot to claim him as a native son. He is believed to have worked at Autun from 1125 to 1135. He may have received his early training in one of the rock quarries that were then the focal points of the building trade, and where a skilled mason supervised a number of apprentices. There were, of course, no art or architectural schools then. Gislebertus, like his fellow carvers, started on simple figures and low-relief foliage, then progressed to deep carving. His apprenticeship over, he is believed to have worked on the decoration of the Benedictine abbey of Cluny and, later, the church of La Madeleine at Vézelay.

He is not thought to have been a monk, but as a close associate of churchmen, he may have received a fairly thorough education. We do not know whether Gislebertus, like some of his colleagues, belonged to the guild of *Mortelliers et Tailleurs de Pierre*, or whether he used the quaint title of *Doctor Latomorum*—doctor in stone carving.

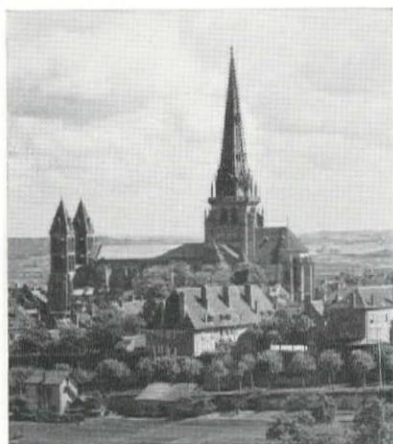
Dr. Zarnecki suggests that Gislebertus may have been a member of the team that created Vézelay's great tympanum, from 1120 to 1125. If so, his supervisor was the unnamed "Master of the Tympanum," regarded as Cluny's most important sculptor as well. Again, the only clues are stone fragments from Cluny and Vézelay which bear the imprint of Gislebertus's talent.

Assuming that Gislebertus was intimately associated with these most ambitious architectural ventures of his time and of the region in which he lived—Cluny and Vézelay—what is known of his one-man effort at Autun?

It was in about the year 1120 that Hugues II, duke of Burgundy, and Bishop Etienne de Bâgé undertook the building of a

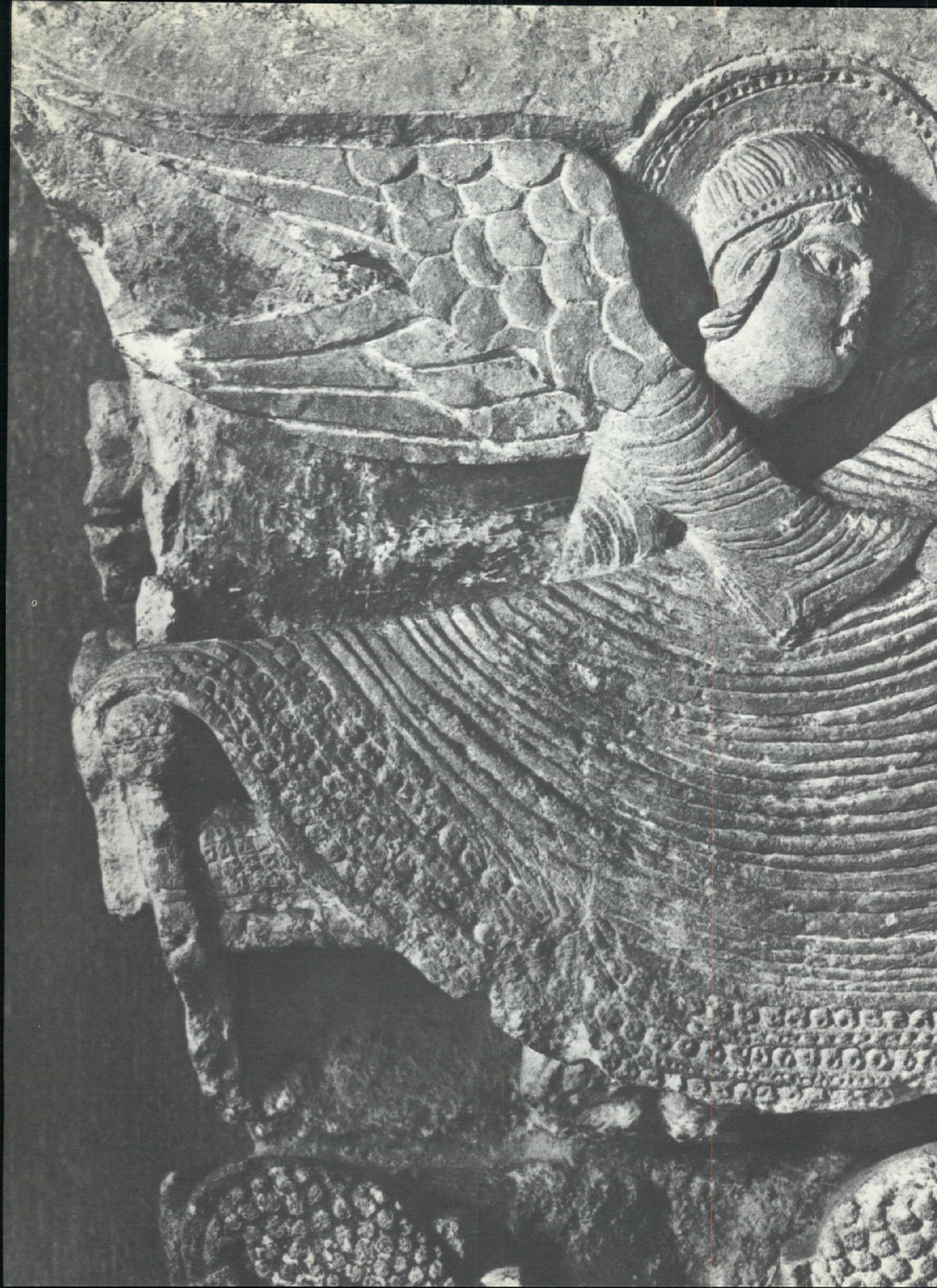
TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 57

Gislebertus, Master of Autun: A Portfolio



Both inside and out, the twelfth-century Romanesque cathedral of St. Lazare (left) in the Burgundian countryside is ornamented with sculptures now found to have been carved by one man of stirring originality and power. The following eight pages present major examples of his work, some of it long dispersed or obscured from view. At right, crowning a column where nave and crossing meet, is his relief of God interrogating Cain ("Where is Abel, thy brother?"). On the following spread, another capital portrays the sleep of the Magi after their journey to the new-born Christ and God's warning to them in a dream not to return to Herod.



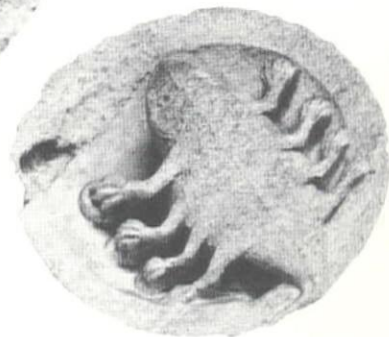
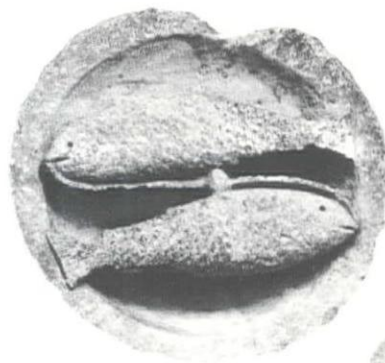








PHOTOGRAPHS PHOTO TRIANON (FRANCESCO); PAGES 54-55 PHOTO TRIANON (HERB)



At left, at the top of an interior column, Gislebertus portrays Judas hanged from a tree in punishment for his betrayal, flanked by grimacing devils. Above, finely-wrought forms represent signs of the zodiac (Pisces and Scorpio) in the molding of the tympanum over the main portal; below, in the lintel at the base of the same (see pages 46-47) a mortal is seized by a demon's hands.









new cathedral at Autun. Both men must have had great respect and possibly friendship for the sculptor whom they now engaged to provide ornaments for its portals outside and its piers within. Today a visitor to the cathedral of St. Lazare is bound to wonder how any one man, in the space of only ten years, could have accomplished so much. There are, in Autun's own Bible of stone, four hundred figures. Among them, Jesus is portrayed sixteen times, Peter six times, Judas once (hanging by the neck), all the Apostles, thirty angels busy with a variety of chores, eighteen devils, sixty leading characters of the Old and New Testaments, thirty lesser personages—eighty-six figures in the tympanum alone. Also there are seventy animals, wild and domestic, and twelve monsters serving Satan.

Stone carving is and always has been a time consuming art. To those who doubt Gislebertus's tour de force, Dr. Zarnecki says, "At the St. Isidorus cloister of León, Spain, I met a stone carver who, without formal training and with tools as crude as those used by Gislebertus, could turn out a high-relief capital in a week. Gislebertus could have done it."

When Gislebertus went to work at Autun in 1125, stone carving was no longer done in the quarry. He may have had his own "studio," a shed near the construction site, with a level area of sand on which to assemble the twenty-nine blocks of the tympanum—three times as many as at Vézelay. Fitting them together required superior skill. Assistants prepared the blocks and carved the simpler ornamental patterns, such as leaves and conventional designs, for the highest pillars. But with the exception of two scenes attributed to his pupils, Messrs. Zarnecki and Grivot hold that he did all the carving himself.

He started with the capitals for the apse, nave, and choir. Later he concentrated on portal decorations. He must have worked ceaselessly. By 1135 he had finished, although the cathedral itself was not completed. Eleven years after his departure, in fact, builders were still working on it.

We do not know where Gislebertus went from there, or what he did thereafter. His trace is lost; only his work remains—though, unfortunately, not all of it.

During the French Revolution anticlerical fanatics carried out wholesale desecration of religious sculpture. Yet not all the spoliation that overtook medieval devotional art can be attributed to them. Shortly after the mid-eighteenth century, and a full generation before the Revolution, the Church itself did considerable artistic "house cleaning" of its own, replacing Romanesque carvings then looked on as barbaric with ornaments more suited to the era's new-found Greco-Roman taste. Thus at the great pilgrimage church of Conques in the Dordogne, the polychrome twelfth-century tympanum was plastered over; at St. Denis, whole sculptures were removed. Such, also, was the case of St. Lazare, where in 1766 the clergy had mortar spread over the Gislebertus tympanum of the west front, and in the process removed the head of Christ because it projected too far forward to be covered up. One of the three archivolt above the tympanum, showing a procession of twenty-four Patriarchs and Prophets, at the same time was completely chiseled away.

Preceding spread: In one of his most brilliant Autun sculptures (recovered from rubble and now preserved in the local museum, for the north portal that bore it was stripped of its figures two centuries ago) Gislebertus represents Eve plucking the fatal apple with an absent-mindedness that suggests a James Thurber drawing. Opposite, a capital gives the master the occasion to carve his tender portrait of the Holy Family's escape into Egypt.

The north portal of St. Lazare suffered even more grievous harm. Here Gislebertus had portrayed the resurrection of Lazarus, as well as Satan, Adam, and a magnificent Eve whose gesture at the moment she picks the fatal apple is an unrivaled example of absent-minded detachment (see pages 54-55). Of the main figures that adorned this entrance, only Eve has survived. She disappeared for years, having been carted down to the foot of the hill where the large stone on which she is carved served as building material for a house constructed in 1769. There she remained hidden for a century until that dwelling in turn was torn down. Today she has become the prize exhibit of the local Musée Rolin, and Abbé Grivot still hopes to find a companion Adam in the walls or foundations of some other building of Autun. His search has been narrowed down to a few likely sites, the owners of which are co-operative—more so than the butcher, in a town farther south, who chased Dr. Zarnecki with a meat cleaver when the visiting professor asked to see medieval sculptures embedded in the wall of his cellar.

Although it was the classicizing eighteenth century that set out to mask or dismantle such work as Gislebertus's, it is well to recall that a reaction against the vivid, sometimes all-too-vivid imagery it exemplified had set in centuries earlier—even in Gislebertus's own day. In 1125, when his work at St. Lazare was just beginning, his renowned fellow Burgundian, St. Bernard, abbot of Clairvaux, wrote in a celebrated letter: "The Church inlays the stones of cathedrals with gold but leaves her sons naked. . . . Why, in an age when so many of our brothers can read, such ridiculous monsters, such abhorrent deformities? What are they doing here—these revolting apes, ferocious lions, centaurs, spotted tigers, and horn-blowing hunters . . . everywhere a variety of shapes so astonishing that the worshipper finds it more entertaining to read stones than books. Great God! Even if no sense of shame surges at the sight of such futility, why not at least deplore the high cost of it all."

The canons of St. Lazare who, six hundred years later, objected to Romanesque sculptures because they found them obscure, alien, apocalyptic, or simply sacrilegious, were less eloquent than St. Bernard. But they caused more damage.

Nevertheless, the Autun tympanum survived the ordeal. In 1837 archaeologists, guided by early descriptions of the west portal in its original condition, probed the mortar and discovered Gislebertus's Last Judgment. By that time, no one in Autun remembered or had even heard of the hidden treasure, though it had been masked for only seventy years. The tympanum, with its giant enthroned Christ presiding over the weighing of souls, was restored by Viollet-le-Duc in 1858, who replaced a number of damaged pieces by copies but left the Christ itself headless. So it has remained for a Burgundian priest, a Polish art historian, and a British publisher in our own day to complete the work of uncovering the triumphs of one of the West's greatest sculptural masters of all time.

Fernand Auberjonois, London correspondent for the Toledo Blade, reports frequently on art finds on the Continent.

MAKING SOMETHING NEW

In the movie *Hiroshima, Mon Amour* the plot revolves around two guilt-entwined lovers from opposite sides of the earth. Obsessively, the French actress asks the young Japanese architect, "Who are you?" Each time his reply is the same, "I am Hiroshima." What his reply connotes the camera makes explicit as it moves unblinkingly over the whole scarred terrain of the city—its stark ruins, seared deformities, and anguishing reminders of the first atomic bomb. Almost as counterpoint, the camera shows the strong, raw columns of concrete, the bold lines and curved masses of the Hiroshima Peace Memorial. Its sculptured forms, even more than the snake-dancing students chanting hypnotic peace slogans, become the symbol of the new, postwar Japan.

That monument—a complex of museum, auditorium, memorial buildings, and open plaza (see page 61)—is the work of Kenzo Tange, one of the most brilliant of the new Japanese architects to emerge after the war. Ironically, Tange owes his opportunity to build to the devastation wrought by the bombings which obliterated not only Hiroshima but the center of every other major Japanese city. He has turned the disaster of war into a magnificent opportunity to rebuild the core of more than half a dozen Japanese cities and to provide Tokyo with a new City Hall. In so doing he has evolved a style that is both modern and yet peculiarly Japanese. "Kenzo Tange," the highly respected

critic Shinji Koike has said, "stands almost exactly at the center of the crossroads where the traditions of Japanese architecture and contemporary architecture meet. He is the creative artist who is daringly in the lead of Japanese architecture today."

Tange has proud, hawklike, aquiline features and lively, intelligent eyes that make him stand out even among his countrymen. Slight of figure and erect, he has the air of one who would not overly insist on his prerogatives but would be relentless in pursuit of perfection. Something of this is reflected in his architecture. In a country where architects are notoriously loath to experiment boldly with structure, he has pioneered with shells, daring steel truss roofs, and monumental concrete buildings. At the same time he is one of the most introspective of artists, a man intent on uncovering latent sources of vital energy both in himself and in the vast cultural tradition of Japan. Now forty-eight years old, he lives in a quiet Tokyo suburb in a modern house of his own design that is so carefully worked out (Tange made 128 drawings before he was satisfied) that it manages to break all the rules of Japanese architecture and still look exquisitely Japanese.

The same could be said of Tange's work in general. Such prefectural halls as the one he designed for Kagawa (opposite) are uncompromisingly modern in their use of reinforced concrete frames, elevator cores, and a broad expanse of

glass. Yet they seem at home in the Japanese landscape. In part this comes from Tange's bold use of exposed posts and beams. Clear expression of structure has always been important in Japanese architecture, and here the massiveness of the exposed elements is doubly justified, as support for the large building and as protection against earthquake tremors. In Tange's buildings this feeling for what is both modern and appropriate for Japan goes down to the smallest details: the red ceramic tile bench of the open roof garden of Kagawa, the sculptural hood shielding the searchlights for night illumination, are as recognizably Japanese in design as the traditional garden he has placed at the base of the building.

This ability to combine East and West, to marry modern technology with forms evocative of Japan's national heritage, is heartening in a time when so many architects the world over are obliterating the distinctions between buildings (a school, an office, a library, and a morgue increasingly put forth identical façades to the public) and erasing any trace of national or regional heritage. It also demands a highly precarious feat of inner balance, for ever present is the temptation to ape outmoded mannerisms (e.g., the curved, tiled roofs atop concrete buildings that were in vogue during Japan's xenophobic prewar years) or to echo, consciously or not, the powerful images of such master form-givers as Le Corbusier.

Bold and modern as they are, Kenzo Tange's buildings stand out from the faceless ranks of much contemporary architecture because they are unmistakably Japanese

OF TRADITION

By CRANSTON JONES

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The most dynamic of Japan's postwar architects, Kenzo Tange (above) is somewhat of a paradox. He believes that in order to transform tradition into something creative, it "must be denied and, in a sense, destroyed." And yet he is famous for designing technologically advanced structures in reinforced concrete, such as the prefectural office in Kagawa (right), which are not only clearly modern but also clearly Japanese in both flavor and motif. The heavy exposed beams, although of concrete, echo the massive wooden beams of traditional Japanese temples and palaces—a display of structure that Tange justifies by pointing out that his buildings must withstand earthquakes. His ability to give even the most mundane objects a Japanese touch is evident in the ceramic bench, table, and stools (foreground) designed for the roof garden, and in the hood that conceals the floodlights.



EZRA STOLLER; COURTESY Time

"To make something new means to make something creative," Tange believes. "This must spring from the depth of the feeling of contemporary people. But we must also create for the people of the past." This reflection points to a modern architecture with meaning for the traditional peasant, the small-shop owner, and the industrialist alike. Thus it comes as a surprise to learn that he was first impelled toward architecture not by a deep feeling for Japan's architectural heritage but by illustrations of the work of Le Corbusier which he saw as a schoolboy in his high-school library at Imabari City, Shikoku Island. He graduated from the architectural school of the Imperial University in Tokyo and joined with Kunio Maekawa, Le Corbusier's leading Japanese disciple. The aim of young architects then, Tange recalls, was "to combine the discipline of the Bauhaus with the plasticity of Le Corbusier." But with Japan arming for war, modern architecture existed primarily as "paper projects," designed but never built. Even in this rather unreal world Tange excelled, entering and winning three nation-wide competitions, only one of which, a memorial for the Kishi family, was actually realized—which, Tange now admits with a smile, was perhaps just as well.

Having spent most of the war studying city planning at the Imperial University, Tange's first important chance to build came in 1949 when he won the competition for the Hiroshima Peace Center. His plan involved a striking use of open space, and the buildings, beautifully sited on a plaza, were executed in unfaced concrete, a daring innovation at the time. Tange's debt to Le Corbusier is readily apparent in the use of stilts (*pilotis*) to raise the building aloft. But, significantly, when he came to design the Memorial itself at the zero point of the first A-bomb blast, Tange reached deep into Japanese prehistory for his

form: a heavy "covered wagon" shape that recalls clay models of Japan's prehistoric *haniwa* houses (opposite below).

Probing for symbols that would be almost primordial in their evocative power, Tange soon discovered that Japanese architecture presents a curious paradox for the native architect who hopes to find in it the taproots that will give both vitality and continuity to his work. Those very appealing aspects of Japanese architecture that have beguiled Westerners, from Frank Lloyd Wright to Walter Gropius, can rapidly become stumbling blocks. For one thing, the traditional straw *tatami* mats with which the floor areas of Japanese houses are measured are proving inadequate to mid-twentieth-century living. In place of open spaces, austere furnished and protected from the damp and cold only by paper walls and *shoji* screens, the modern Japanese demands central heating, a bed, and the privacy of concrete walls.

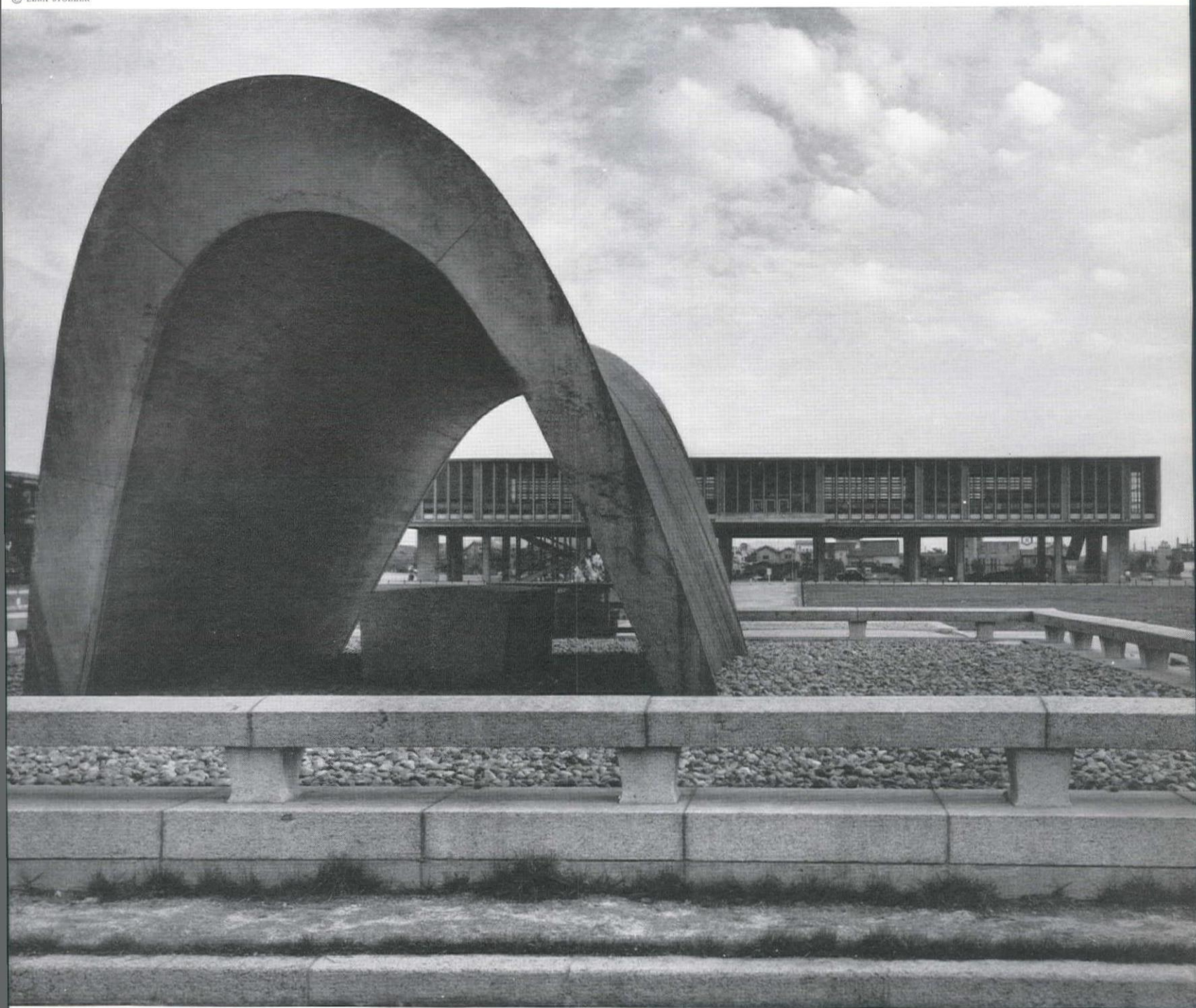
An even greater problem lies in the whole evolution of Japanese architecture, so different from that of the West. Instead of striving to defy gravity and to enclose larger and larger spaces, as Westerners have done from the time of the Greeks through the great medieval cathedral builders to the present-day Pier Luigi Nervi and Buckminster Fuller, the traditional Japanese never cared to progress beyond the simple wooden post and beam. The arch, vault, and truss all remained undiscovered. Lacking them, Japanese architects were forced to spread their buildings out horizontally. Even the structural system of wood posts and beams was not arrived at by calculating the weights they would have to bear and the distances they would have to span, but by a complicated aesthetic series of ratios known as *kiware*.

Determined to find "an authentic Japanese style," Tange was forced to

sink shafts until he finally struck what he considers bedrock in prehistory. In fact, he found not one but two traditions. The first dates back to the ancient pit house, dwellings that consisted of a pit covered over with thatch and that were used by inhabitants who were primarily hunters and fishers. This style, which Tange calls *Jōmon* after the historians' term for this very early period, has continued as a kind of subculture; Tange finds remnants of it in today's closed peasant farmhouses and rustic teahouses. For Tange, these express the rude, rough way of life of men actively struggling with nature.

The second tradition—and the one best known to Westerners—emphasizes open, "floating" space. Its origins can be traced back to an early agricultural people who emerged around A.D. 200 and established a culture known as *Yayoi* (from the place where its first artifacts were discovered). Its distinctive structure was a raised platform warehouse where rice and grain could be stored safe from dampness. Coincidental with the emergence of *Yayoi* there came a marked shift in the whole content and psychology of art, with peacefulness and inner contentment replacing the fierce, aggressive cast of primitive *Jōmon*.

It was *Yayoi*, Tange points out, which served as a basis for aristocratic art and architecture. Whereas the Japanese peasant still today regards nature as a capricious opponent to be kept out of his snug, enclosed, earth-hugging structures, the aristocrat, disciplined in Zen, communes with nature on very special terms. Aristocratic houses and palaces stretch out into nature, with their moon-viewing platforms and their intimate relation to gardens. But these gardens are carefully tended and enclosed behind high walls; they bear no relationship to the raw nature known by the peasant. Instead, they evoke a curious mood of passive acceptance and inner-directed



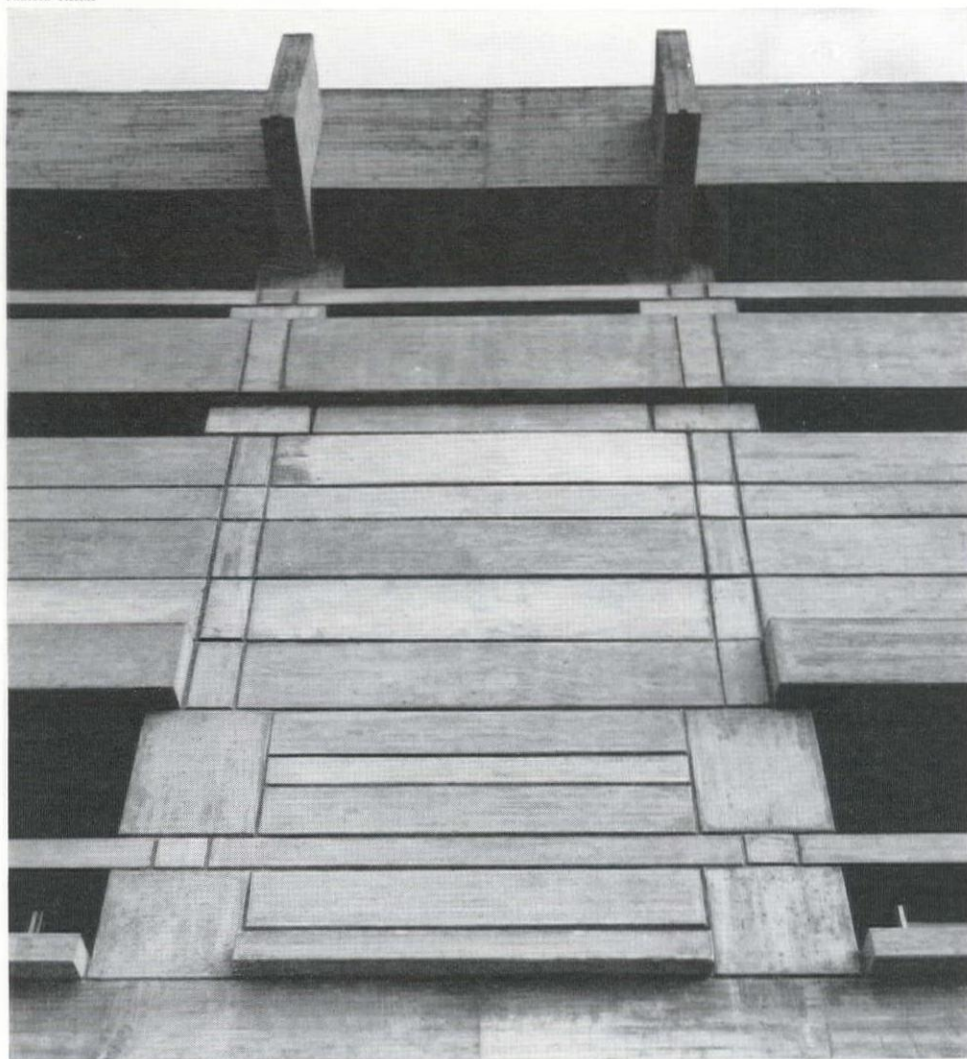
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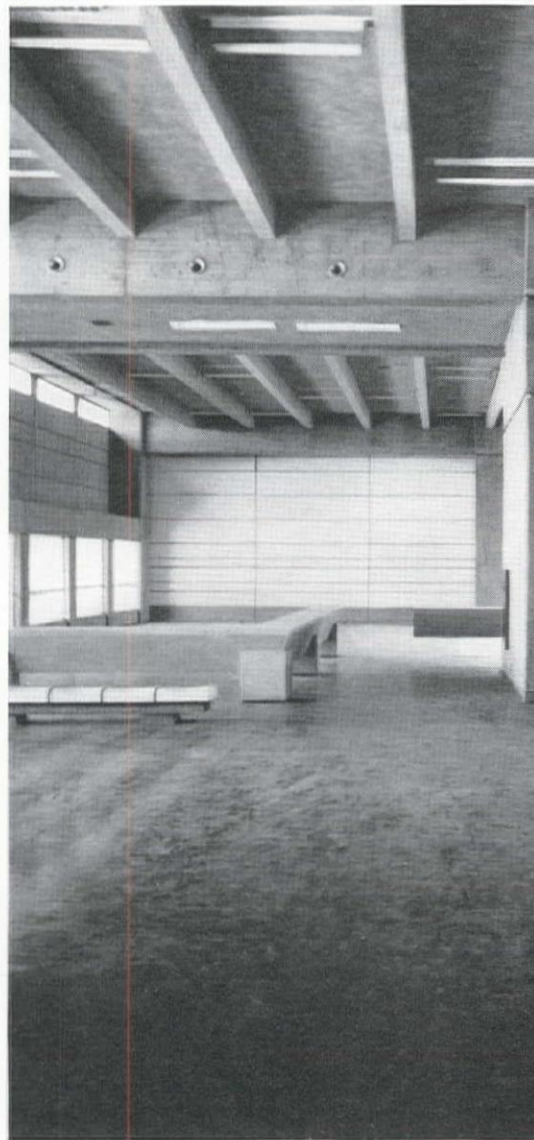
Kenzo Tange's Hiroshima Peace Center (above) is set in an open plaza in the heart of the city that was destroyed by the first atomic bomb. In the background is the long, low museum, raised on concrete stilts, where documentation of the atomic blast is displayed. In the foreground is the Memorial to the Dead, a massive stone under an arching concrete shell. The architect's inspiration came both from clay models of the prehistoric haniwa houses (far left) and the 17th-century Katsura villa (near left).

TOSIHO TAIRA



Tange's city hall in Kurashiki (detail of exterior wall at left) is built entirely of reinforced concrete, but its walls and exposed roof beams recall the eighth-century Buddhist Shōsōin treasury constructed of squared logs. The interior (below), where official business between government and citizen is transacted, was kept open and uncluttered to emphasize the fact that in the "new" Japan people have direct access to officers in authority. Structural elements are left austere and unadorned.

TOSIHO TAIRA



A traditional Japanese rock garden (left) has been incorporated into the setting of the Kagawa prefectural office (shown also on page 59), not as a private preserve for the aristocrat, but as a graceful space for the average citizen. This quality is enhanced by the low grass-covered mound seen in the background, used for public concerts.



EZRA STOLLER; COURTESY *Time*

dreaminess, symbolized in Tange's mind by the aristocrat who "seeks coolness in the chirping of summer insects."

It is this tendency to poetize reality that gives to Japanese life its exquisite charm and makes the Japanese character superficially so calm. But it is not an attitude that equips a nation to play a fresh and dynamic role. In looking back over the reaches of Japanese history, Tange finds precedents pertinent to the present. These are periods in which new classes—the samurai warrior, the middle-class merchant—brought a new current into Japanese life, one typified by something of the restless aggressiveness of the ancient *Jōmon* hunters.

As an example Tange points to one of the most revered monuments of Japanese architecture, the seventeenth-century Katsura Palace near Kyoto, in which he sees a unique collaboration between three persons symbolic of Japanese life: a poetic imperial prince, Toshihito; a newly risen middle-class architect willing to break the rules; a peasant gardener whose powerful rock compositions disrupt the torpor of daydreams with dynamic, almost brutal compositions so charged with power that they still are a spine-tingling aesthetic experience for Japanese and Westerner alike.

For Tange, Katsura Palace has become a prototype for the kind of collaboration with new social elements that he feels propitious for modern Japan finally emerging from centuries of feudal tyranny and militaristic domination. "We have two sources of inspiration," he states. "One must be a structural discipline; the other is the image of our own social structure." Tange has drawn heavily on both sources. Structurally, he has evolved airplane-wing-shaped steel trusses for a factory building in Nara. In reinforced concrete shell structures he has ranged all the way from a conoid shell for the Children's Library in Hiroshima (a structure inspired by the po-

etic image of a tree) to a pure hyperbolic paraboloid which spans more than three hundred feet and rests on only two points, dramatized by huge sculptural water spouts.

Even in these impressive feats of architecture and engineering Tange sees an echo of his *Jōmon-Yayoi* dichotomy, with the Children's Library suggesting open, floating space, while the great reinforced concrete domes retain something akin to the enclosed space of *Jōmon*.

But the most effective demonstrations of Tange's desire to "make something new of tradition" are his civic-center buildings. Here the great protruding beams of pagodas and palaces are echoed in the massive, exposed floor beams. At the same time a new democratic openness—that is, direct access to authority on the part of the average citizen—is exploited in every way possible: by pedestrian ramps that lead the citizen easily into the building, by the stilts that raise the building on high and provide sheltered spaces, by gardens and earth-mound sculpture used for musical recitals. These are qualities to which the Japanese respond warmly. The only fault found with one of the prefectural buildings was that the elevators were overcrowded, owing to the number of citizens who wished to visit the roof.

To be sure, Tange has also suffered the setbacks common to modern architects the world over. He was in despair when bureaucrats in his Tokyo City Hall insisted on barricading themselves behind temporary files and piles of papers, carrying over with them all the clutter of their previous warrenlike cubicles. And some of his bolder city-planning proposals have aroused violent criticism. He has, for instance, suggested that the Emperor might be well advised to move out of the Imperial Palace and hand over its superb park lands for housing projects. More recently Tange aroused opposition when he proposed ex-

tending elevated, bridgelike structures out into Tokyo Bay.

A far more troubling problem for Tange is the criticism, often from his friends, that his buildings bear too many traces of the past. While the sources of his inspiration are often too allusive to be obvious—he had in mind, for instance, the samurai warriors' silk-threaded armor when he designed the thin steel elements of Tokyo City Hall—on other occasions they unwittingly stand revealed. Almost without exception, critics have pointed out that Tange's most recent city hall, at Kurashiki (opposite), recalls the great log-cabin *Shōsoin* treasury on the outside, while the interior areas often strongly suggest Le Corbusier.

To such criticisms Tange replies with a humble *mea culpa*. "Tradition," he points out, "must be a catalyst, a catalyst which itself disappears in the action it brings about. I don't like the look, or appearance, or trace of tradition. It must eventually disappear in my work. But this will not happen all at once." That such has not altogether happened, however, does little to dim Tange's already considerable accomplishments. In his search for new yet evocative forms he has built civic structures that will be pivotal elements in reordering the future growth of Japanese cities. He has maintained the discipline of structure and the true nature of materials at the same time that he has given his buildings a recognizable imprint of the society for which they were created. As such, Tange's architecture has already gone far toward fulfilling the goal he has set for himself: "to reflect the mood of the people with dignity and with truth."

Cranston Jones is the author of Architecture Today and Tomorrow and an associate editor of Time. His article on "Corbusier's Cloister" appeared in the March, 1961, issue of HORIZON.

Come, girls, ART can be FUN!

A student of American culture

The following speech was made by a delegate to the annual convention of the Gentlewomen's League, a national organization of young ladies and young matrons. The speaker showed an initial reluctance to being taped—possibly this is related to the fear found among some tribes that the camera will capture their "souls"—but graciously acquiesced when she was assured her remarks would appear in print.

The arts in Our Town never amounted to much until the League got behind them. But since that happened, a brief two years ago, the arts have been big time in our neck of the woods, as is, I think, adequately witnessed by your inviting me here to explain to League delegates from all over the nation just what it is we have done to the arts in Our Town.

It has been a wonderful two years. People have been wonderful. The artists have been wonderful. The newspapers have been wonderful. We all have big scrapbooks, which are on the table below me, and you are all invited to page through them after my talk. I would say that if it had no other value, the Arts for the People Program would be well worthwhile just for what it's done in calling attention to the fact that the League exists, that it's a community service organization and is composed of a wonderful bunch of girls.

The whole thing began when some of us girls realized that while the League had done wonderful work in medicine and social science and making people aware of political issues facing the nation, it had never done anything for the Muses. Well, the first job, of course, was to convince the members of the Steering Committee and through them the chapter as a whole. It wasn't easy because an astonishingly high percentage of people, even people educated in the better schools, just don't like the arts. That problem is one that has haunted the Program from its inception.

What we said, simply, was this: the League in our lifetime has been pushed back steadily in one field after another as professionals entered it. Look at the hospitals,

The nurses have taken over all the real nursing jobs, and all we can do is go around with magazines and candy. Same thing with social service. We don't get to hear these people's problems and help them out any more. The professionals do that. We just drive them to the outpatient ward or the clinic or the divorce court, as the professionals tell us. It isn't fair. But the arts are still open, we said; let's get in there while we can. And that carried the day.

The first thing we did was to announce a Fine Arts Ball to raise money for the Program. This got the membership solidly behind us, because if there's one thing they like, it's a formal dance. There was some discussion about having a Beaux-Arts Ball instead of a Fine Arts Ball, but it was felt that that might give people the wrong impression. In Our Town people think the French are immoral, anyway, and "Beaux-Arts Ball" somehow sounds like people dressing up nude.

I'd like to explain about the finances of the Ball because there has been some misunderstanding about them in Our Town, and you may have heard things. The Program netted \$6,000, roughly, from the Ball. Now it is quite true that we raised \$9,000 in donations from the Downtown Merchants to pay the expenses of the Ball, and because of this there have been some to say that the Program was just a way for the League members to have a good time at public expense. Others say that if we'd just collected the donations and not had the Ball, we'd have been ahead \$3,000. This is simply not true. Those merchants are donating for Good Will, and they want their names in the brochure.

From the first moment of actually activating our program we have had one motto: Art Can Be Fun. We had this printed up on little stickers by the firm that does all the League's printing as their contribution to the Program, and we stuck the stickers everywhere you can imagine, on lampposts and the backs of bus seats, in taxis and powder rooms, on menus and greeting cards. Mary Lou—she's here with me at the convention—went to the bank

and changed all her food, clothing, and household allowance into one-dollar bills, stuck a sticker on every bill, and paid for everything with those "marked bills." It would have been interesting to see where the bills turned up; but in a few days all the members were doing the same thing with their allowances, too, and the banks got together and asked our husbands to ask us to stop it. It seems the stickers were not only a hindrance to the machines they have but were probably a criminal offense.

But anyway, that wasn't just a motto. When the Program really got going, we showed the people that Art really Can Be Fun. We opened our exhibition program with a collection of great cartoons from the *Saturday Evening Post* and the old *Collier's*. We tried to get the artists to contribute their originals, but it's a funny thing, we never heard from any of them. So Mary Beth's husband—she's with me at the convention here—had them copied and blown up to large size with some machine he has in his drafting office.

Well, I want to tell you that exhibition drew the biggest crowds the old Cultural Institute had ever seen.

And that's the way we've kept it. People think art is glooming around a musty old museum staring at pictures. It doesn't have to be. Or they think music is Beethoven and Bach, and again I say, it doesn't have to be. Our first concert by the Program's symphony orchestra was An Evening With Rodgers and Hammerstein, and I want to tell you, people who never thought they'd like concert music just loved it.

A note on getting business support. We hired this wonderful old arranger to weave together a symphony out of the musical themes of television commercials and then got contributions from the local firms—or the regional managers, in the case of national firms—represented in the symphony. This helped in defraying the expenses, and the symphony itself was the high point of the evening, with everyone on the edge of their seats to see if they could recognize what came next. It was simply wonderful.

In line with our policy of bearing down

and domestic demons eavesdrops on a dedicated circle of organization ladies

heavily on the Fun idea, we decided to make the Fine Arts Ball an annual affair. For the second Ball we made huge signs on which *Fine Arts Ball* was repeated underneath as *Fun Arts Ball*. The idea was for people to come in groups from dinner or cocktail parties, and each group, or couples, or even individuals, would then pose as a certain work of art. I must tell you the funny remark made by Mary Louise's husband—she's with me at the convention. Jim suggested we all go—well, first of all, I'd better explain: there's this very famous French painter, David—that's his last name, his first name is Jacques-Louis—no, as a matter of fact it's another French painter, named Poussin. I don't know what his first name is. Anyhow, Poussin has this very famous picture called—well, he was a classical painter, and if you remember your Latin, girls, he has this painting about the Romans and the Sabine women in the early days of Rome. Well, Jim suggested that all the Fine Arts wives go as the Sabines and all the husbands go as the Romans. Jim said that's the only way he could see that they'd ever—well, anyway, it was very funny, and of course we *were* away from home a good deal preparing for the Ball.

The great thing about the second Ball was the Art. Most of the artists in Our State are connected with the University, and since most of the Regents as well as the Republican members of the appropriations committee of the state legislature are related to someone in the League, the University president was very glad to help us out. He got the artists to contribute paintings to the Ball, so we had an exhibition as well as the Fine Arts Charades. Finally, at the end of the evening, the paintings were auctioned off to the guests, thus raising more money for the Program and getting original art into the homes of the members.

But there are certain things you have to watch out for. One is reporters. Not the newspapers themselves. They've been wonderful. But most reporters, after all, are brought up in a different background, and they don't really understand these things. Let me illustrate.

Through some mistake a reporter from out of town, who had just joined the evening paper, was sent out to cover our Evening With Rodgers and Hammerstein. Well, he just didn't understand at all. He didn't write a word about who was there or comments from the League officers or anything you'd expect. He just wrote his opinion of the whole idea, as though anyone cared what his opinion was.

Another thing to watch out for is unions. Again, I shall illustrate. We made all the arrangements for our second annual symphony concert. An Evening With Irving Berlin, when suddenly, the day before the concert, Mary Jane's daddy asked us to come down to his office. He's the publisher of both the papers in Our Town, and he's been just wonderful from the very beginning. Well, Mr. McAllister was in his office and with him was Mr. Paganini, the international representative of the musicians' union. Well, Mr. Paganini had the copy for a full-page advertisement he proposed to take in both papers, in which he said that the union was glad to donate its services to the cause of musical appreciation and invited the public to come, half-price for union members—any union, mind you—which was one of the conditions we'd agreed to, but we'd expected it to be passed around *quietly*. Mr. Paganini said that the advertisement would have to run or his members would have to be paid—full union scale, too, for the performance. Well, he had us, and we paid; but I don't mind telling you it really cut down the profits.

Finally, it is extremely important to keep on good terms with any professionals you have to work with in any of the arts. They're very sensitive, very touchy people, and you have to watch everything you say or do, and be very careful to make everything clear to them. For instance, one of the University artists, for his contribution to the second Fun Arts Ball, sent in a simply enormous painting. It must have been ten feet high and thirty feet long, and it's just a mess of splashes and roller marks and what not. Very exciting, of course, but so big! Well, naturally, nobody bid on it

at the auction. Where would you put a thing like that? I was embarrassed and I guess Mary Louise was, too, because both our husbands began bidding and ran it up to over a hundred dollars. Well, it cost us over fifty dollars to have the thing trucked up to our house. The only place we could get it in out of the weather is the garage, which means that all three cars have to sit out in the driveway. And we can't get rid of it because it would offend the artist.

On the other hand, I must say our relations with our director in the museum have been the best. He left after the second Ball, and the Trustees very kindly offered the post to me; and of course it saves the museum the amount of his salary because I'm a volunteer. Before he left, our director put all the museum's old pictures away in a vault, and he gave me the key in an envelope. "Mary Doll," he told me, "if enthusiasm ever lags and you get in another director from out of town, give him this key. But don't you open that vault yourself; there's nothing there you'd like."

Then he helped me hang my first group of exhibitions that were all my own, although still the Program's, of course. We had the Best Advertisements of Local Firms in one gallery, the History of the Arts for the People Program in photographs in another gallery, and downstairs and along the corridors we had Art by Children of League Members.

When our director left, I realized that the Program has helped his professional career, because he said, "Mary Doll, if it hadn't been for the League's Arts Program, I probably would have stayed in Our Town all my life." Then he left.

Well, that's about all. All of us here will be glad to meet with any of you after the meeting, and I will be happy to come out to Your Town to help you get started.

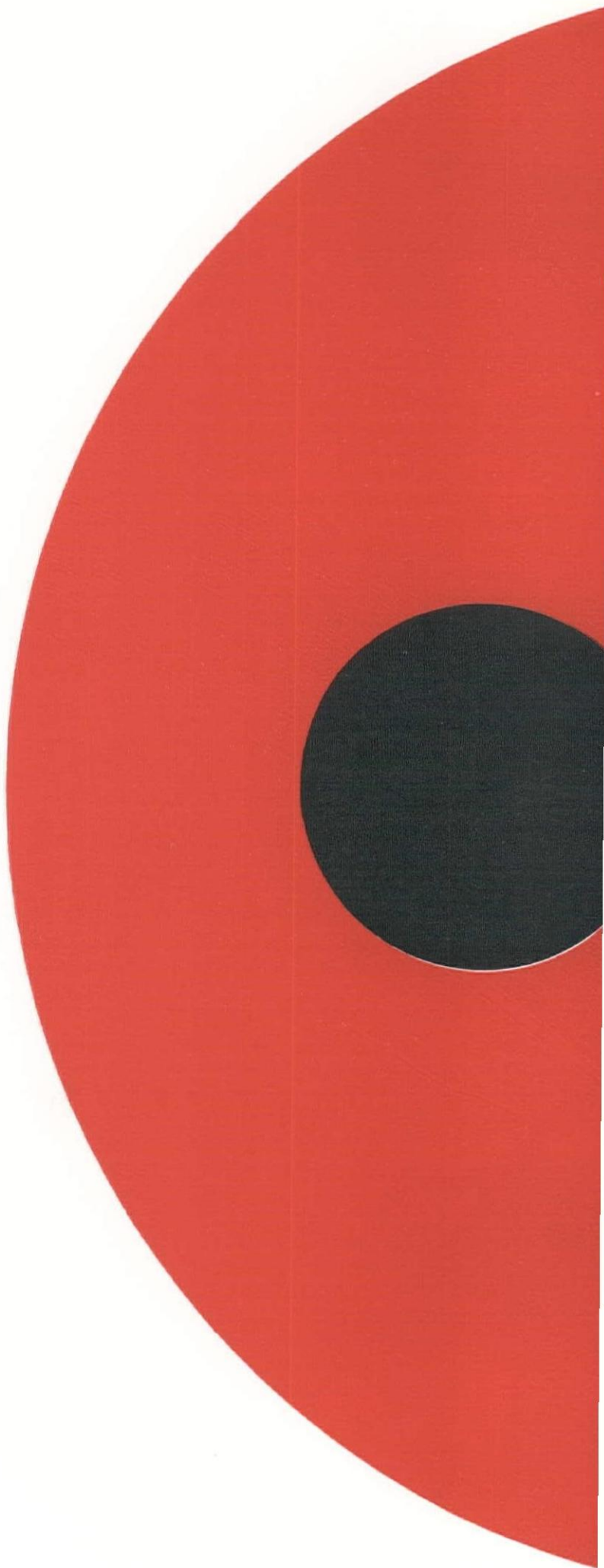
It's been wonderful talking to you, just wonderful.

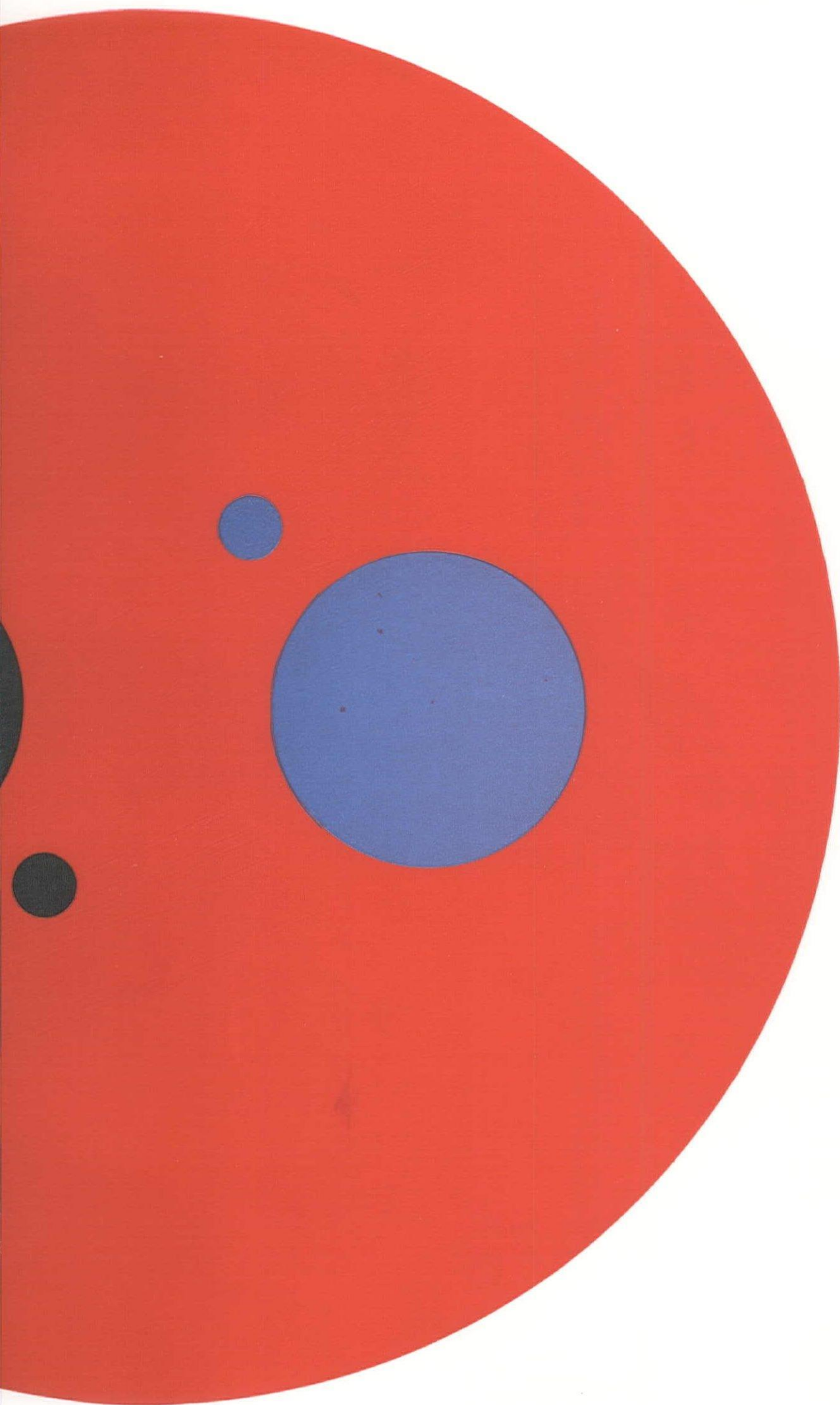
Like Mr. Getlein's previous satiric improvisations in HORIZON (July, 1961), this will appear in his book A Modern Demonology, published by Clarkson N. Potter, Inc.

SEEING SPOTS?

Visitors to New York's Museum of Modern Art have been seeing spots before their eyes. And that is just what Alexander Liberman wants. Mr. Liberman, art director of the Condé Nast publications and a painter for many years, is the creator of a canvas titled "Continuous on Red" that has induced widespread physiological reactions among those who have beheld it at the Museum. With the thought that *HORIZON's* readers may wish to test their own reactions while at the same time savoring one of the latest art theories—which Mr. Liberman calls "Circlism"—the editors here reproduce the work. A few minutes' contemplation of it should produce the sensation of intense red circles pulsing and orbiting around the black and the blue circles within the red field.

Physiological psychologists call this phenomenon a complementary after image. It is produced because the blue is the perfect complement in the color spectrum of this red. When the eye, still reacting to the stimulus of the blue circles, moves—as the eyeball does constantly and imperceptibly—the blue image is projected against the red field where it is "seen" as the perfect complement of blue—red. Mr. Liberman notes that the small circles act like the priming of a pump—"to get the eye going." And if all this is not perfectly clear, he adds that he has worked out his new approach to painting "because the space age calls for new technical and visual means." Deciding that "the circle is the purest and most universal symbol," he now paints circles exclusively, trying to create "a new visual language for expressing the concept of objects in space, using the simpler, nobler colors and forms, the precise statement."







John Closterman's flamboyant portrait shows the Duke of Marlborough with symbols of victory overhead and the French flag underfoot

The House that is More than a Home

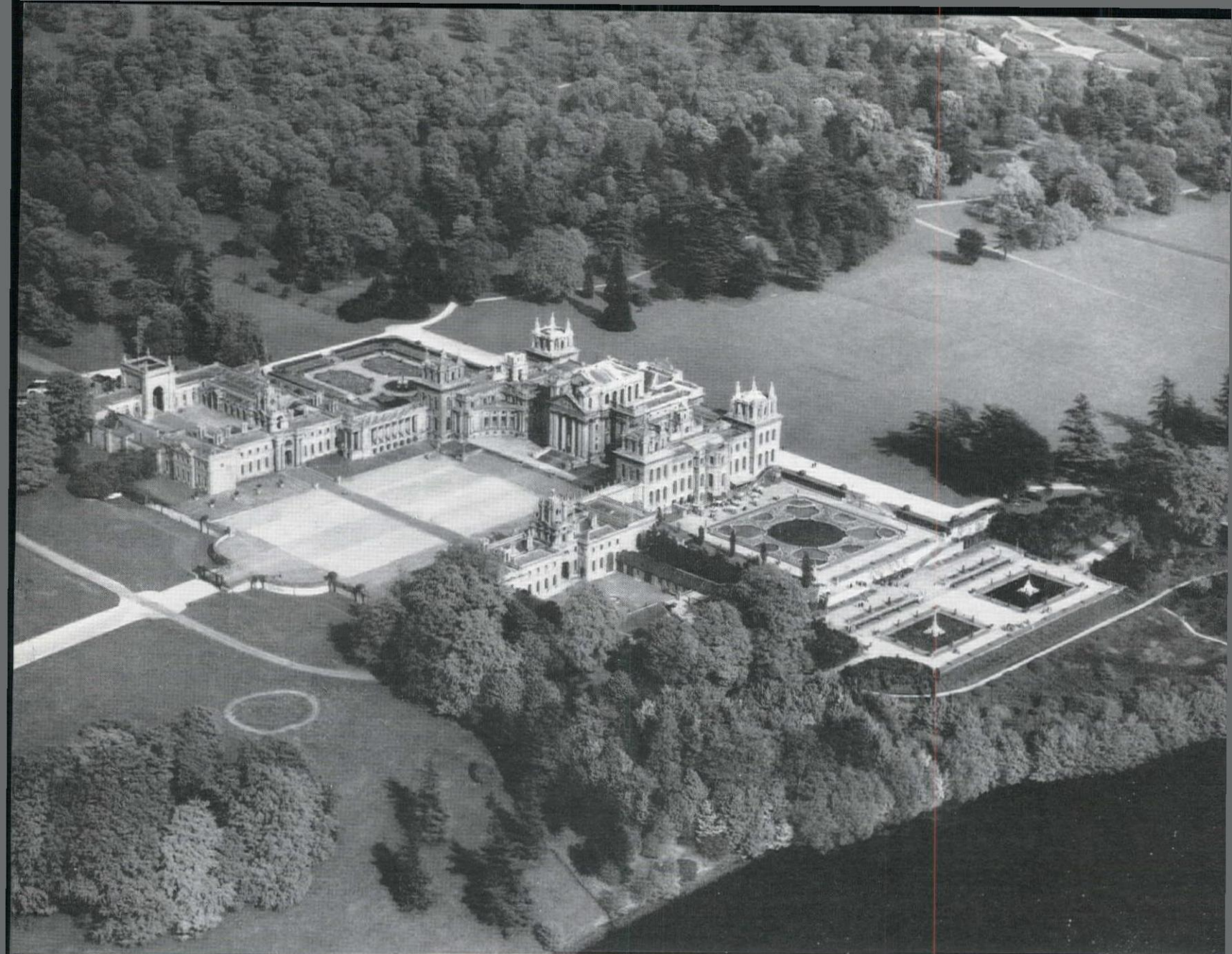


In Blenheim Palace the architect built something less than a masterpiece and the Duchess got more than she had bargained for—but it turned out to be exactly what the Duke had in mind: a habitable monument

Every nation has its memorials to national heroes: tombs, arches, statues, squares, bridges, and *in memoriam* public works of every kind punctuate history, from the Pyramids to the Pulaski Skyway. But rare—possibly unique—is the notion of a monument in which the hero's descendants are invited to live, eat, have babies, pay taxes, and make repairs until the end of time. Such a monument is Blenheim Palace, which Queen Anne, in 1705, ordered to be erected as a “proper means for perpetuating the memory of the great services performed by the Duke of Marlborough.”

Some two hundred and fifty years have passed and Blenheim is still standing, a majestic exercise in English baroque that contrasts somewhat startlingly with the simple green countryside all around it; it could be a bank or a public library, inexplicably dropped there among the peaceable meadows. Certainly it does not look a comfortable place to live in; but, notwithstanding, it still serves its intended dual purpose: while respectful tourists mill through some of the 187 rooms, amid battle flags, tapestries, paintings, and statues, all testifying to the glory of the First Duke, the Tenth Duke and his family carry on as best they can in one wing, their presence discreetly suggested by a television aerial that peeps up among Grinling Gibbons carvings on the roof top.

The palace, standing in the middle of extensive formal gardens, covers seven acres. Horace Walpole called it “a quarry of stone,” and for Voltaire it was “*une grosse masse de pierre, sans agrément et sans goût*.” On the other hand, Sir Joshua Reynolds



admired the way the architect, Sir John Vanbrugh, had, like a painter, "marshalled his masses and proportioned his light and shade." Daniel Defoe, who visited Blenheim in 1724, wrote, "it requires the Royalty of a Sovereign Prince to support an Equipage suitable to the Greatness of this Palace." And King George III, who stopped there as the guest of the Fourth Duke, remarked bluntly, "We have nothing to equal this."

But beauty and grandeur are not the most striking qualities of this palace: its seven-foot-thick walls (weathered now to a rather ugly, yellowish dark-gray), its massive columns, its gigantic windows, its disdain for any kind of moderation, bespeak nothing so much as power, pride, and ambition. It is as if Blenheim's three creators, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough and Sir John Vanbrugh, had managed to build their own personalities into it: Sir John wanted it to be the crown of his career; the Duchess, though she said she hated Blenheim, for love of her husband and her husband's glory "worked like a pack horse" (her words) to

see it finished; and Marlborough himself saw in it a mystical means of transmuting his glory into permanent form. Sir Winston Churchill, in *Marlborough, His Life and Times*, has tried to explain his ancestor's point of view: "Marlborough had set his heart upon this mighty house in a strange manner. . . . It was as a monument, not as a dwelling, that he so earnestly desired it. Hence the enormous thickness of the walls and masses of masonry in Vanbrugh's plan had appealed to him, and had probably been suggested by him. As the Pharaohs built their Pyramids, so he sought a physical monument which would certainly stand, if only as a ruin, for thousands of years. About his achievements he preserved a complete silence, offering neither explanations nor excuses for any of his deeds. His answer was to be this great house." Another descendant, the Ninth Duke of Marlborough, put it this way: "It seemed to him [Marlborough] a special mercy of Providence that his talents should be placed at the disposal of England and not of any other country. . . . That such a boon should pass without formal thanks offended his



The motto on the Marlborough coat of arms (above) reads "Faithful but unfortunate," a device that might well have been adopted by everyone else who had a hand in building Blenheim Palace. The aerial view (opposite) shows the vast, bristling structure as it looks today. Only the wing at the far side of the court is occupied by the present Duke. The rest is open to tourists, whose fees help to maintain such expensive splendors as the Saloon (right) with its Grinling Gibbons doorways or the water terrace (far right) with its Bernini fountain.

IRVYAN HESLTYNE



EDWIN SMITH—FROM *England*, THAMES & HUDSON LTD.



sense of piety. Therefore he set himself to see that his exploits were worthily commemorated, and took it as a matter of course that no memorial could be too magnificent."

At the time of his greatest achievement, the victory at the Bavarian village of Blindheim ("Blenheim") in 1704, John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, was fifty-four years old and had been a successful military man and courtier since the days of Charles II. He and his Duchess, Sarah, both the children of obscure gentlemen, had married at Charles's intrigueful court, bringing each other no money but a wealth of wit, brains, charm, good looks, ability, and shrewd judgment, all dedicated to getting ahead. They also seemed to have an enviable knack for staying on the winning side. Young Churchill's first military successes were in the service of his future enemy, Louis XIV; he became a general and a baron under James II and an earl—the Earl of Marlborough—under James's deponents, William and Mary. Sarah, since childhood, had been the favorite friend of Princess Anne, and when several unexpected turns of fate brought that

mousy princess to the throne, Sarah and her husband became the most powerful persons in the realm.

In the same month that Anne was crowned—April, 1702—England, allied with Austria, the Netherlands, and several German principalities, went to war against France and Spain, and at the head of the English troops rode Marlborough. By the following winter, the allies had won several important victories, and the Queen made Marlborough a duke. Revenues followed, but after the most glorious victory of Blenheim, Anne was momentarily at a loss to know what more to bestow. Would the Duke like a square in London named for him, with a statue in the middle and a great town house to overlook it? No, was Sarah's opinion; he was a man of simple tastes and longed to settle in some peaceful, rustic corner. It was then that the Queen bethought herself of the royal estate of Woodstock, near Oxford. There was a five-hundred-year-old manor there, known to history because it had been inhabited in the twelfth century by Fair Rosamund, the mistress of Henry II, and in the sixteenth by



BY COURTESY OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH



COLLEGE OF ARMS, LONDON

Queen Anne is the central figure in the allegorical painting above, the meaning of which the artist—Sir Godfrey Kneller—thus explained: “With her Right hand [she] presents to a warlike Vigorous Figure representing Military Meritt a Model of Blenheim drawn on paper.” It was Anne who gave Blenheim to the conquering John Churchill, First Duke of Marlborough. Kneller also painted the redoubtable Sarah, the First Duchess (right). The portrait of Blenheim’s architect, Sir John Vanbrugh (at upper right), is by Jonathan Richardson.



BY COURTESY OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH; COURTESY *Life*

Elizabeth I, who had been imprisoned there as a young princess by her sister Mary. The manor had been partly ruined during the Cromwellian wars; ruins not yet being in fashion, Queen Anne proposed to tear it down, build a palace suitable for the nation's greatest hero, and rearrange the landscape.

On March 14, 1705, the Queen sanctioned a bill that had passed both Houses granting the manor and land at Woodstock to Marlborough. All he and his descendants were to do in return was to send a French standard to the reigning sovereign on each anniversary of the Battle of Blenheim—a formality that is still carried out. No mention of money was made in the parliamentary grant, but the Queen sent it to the Board of Works with an order to erect at royal expense a splendid palace to be called the Castle of Blenheim. How much "royal expense" was not stated, but no one then imagined that the royal purse would ever snap shut where the Marlboroughs were concerned.

The Duke himself selected John Vanbrugh as the architect, passing over a more obvious choice, old Sir Christopher Wren. Vanbrugh, whom Marlborough had met at the Kit-Cat Club, was being talked of in fashionable London as the most inspired new architect on the scene. A baker's son from Chester, he had had a successful career as a playwright before turning his hand to architecture at the age of thirty-five. So far, he had completed only one building, a sumptuous opera house in Haymarket, which, unfortunately, turned out to have wretched acoustics and subsequently burned down. He was working on a country seat for Lord Carlisle, to be known as Castle Howard, and Marlborough, perhaps much taken with the Castle Howard designs, asked Vanbrugh to submit proposals for Blenheim, which he speedily did in the form of a model, "very large, exact, and intelligible," with which both Marlborough and the Queen were enchanted. The Queen asked Sir Christopher Wren to estimate the cost of such a building, and Sir Christopher's answer of "close to one hundred thousand pounds" did not dismay her. Forthwith a thousand workmen were assembled at Woodstock, and just over three months from the date of Parliament's grant, a gigantic cornerstone, inscribed "In memory of the battel of Blenheim, June 18, 1705, Anna Regina," was ceremonially struck with a hammer by "seven gentlemen" and laid in the newly turned country earth. Music and morris dances followed the ceremony, with sack and claret for the gentry and plenty of cakes and ale for the common folk. Fortunately for the success of this party, no one had an inkling of the troubles that lay ahead.

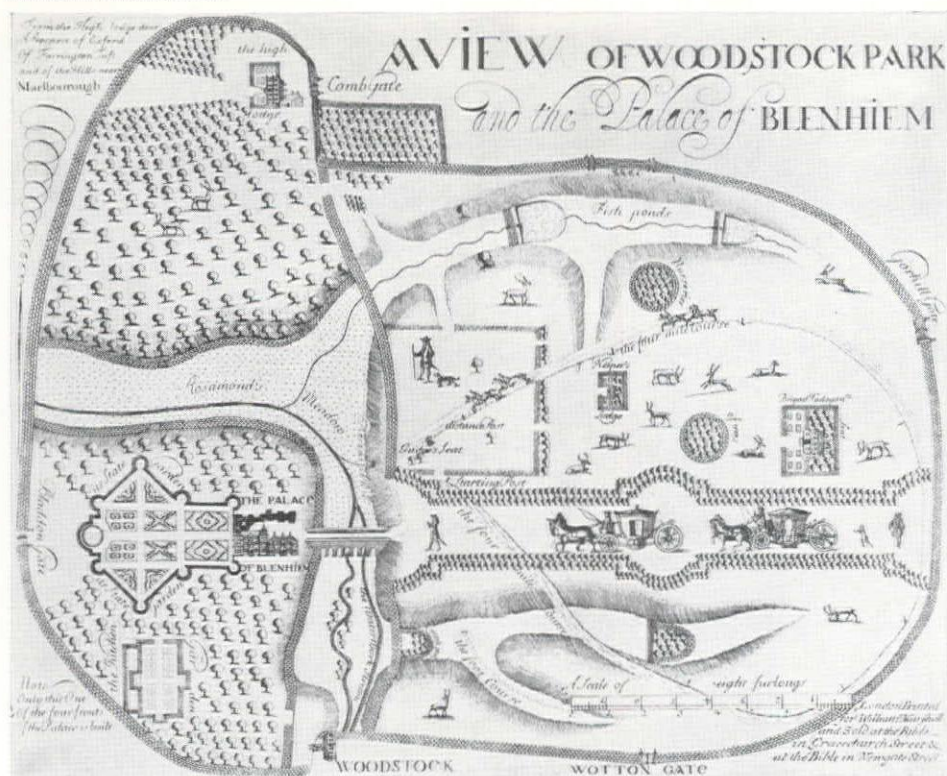
In the summer of 1705, the palace site at Blenheim was as busy as an ant hill. There was only one difficulty: nobody was getting paid. At first there were not many grumbles, as workmen and tradesmen in those days were accustomed to being kept waiting for money by their betters. But no one seemed to know for whose money they were waiting. Parliament had voted none; the Queen had said that the palace

was to be a royal gift, but there was no sign of royal pounds and shillings; Vanbrugh, a few days before the cornerstone was laid, had taken the precaution of obtaining from the Treasurer, Lord Godolphin, a warrant that appointed him surveyor and contractor for the buildings at Woodstock "at the request and desire" and "on behalf" of the Duke of Marlborough, who "hath resolv'd to erect a large Fabrick, for a Mansion House." This document might be construed as making Marlborough responsible for the building of the Queen's present, and Vanbrugh locked it away against the off chance that he should ever have to press for payment.

The bills at Blenheim piled up alarmingly. It was early discovered that the freestone quarried in Woodstock Park, which had been counted on for the walls of the palace, was neither of sufficient quantity nor of the best quality (frost caused it to "fly"), so that an unexpected amount of time, effort, and money had to be spent on dragging stone from quarries that were twenty to twenty-five miles away. The roads were bad or nonexistent, and the carters, who were also local farmers, had a way of disappearing when their farms needed attention.

Sir Christopher had not included in his estimate the price of the gardens or anything to be built therein, such as grottoes, bridges, walls, fountains, and sundials; yet it soon became apparent that both Vanbrugh and Marlborough were as much interested in the gardens as in the house. From the battlefields of Germany, His Grace wrote wistfully: "Pray press on my house and gardens . . . [it] would be a great pleasure to me at my return if I could see the walks in the park planted. . . . If possible I should wish that you might taste the fruit of every tree, so that what is not good might be changed." For Vanbrugh, the gardens were an integral part of the grand design and had to be laid out while the palace was going up. The rich earth dug spadeful by spadeful from the foundations was carefully assigned to various places in the garden. Henry Wise, the Queen's gardener, who was in charge of the operations, performed the then extraordinary feat of bringing full-grown trees to Woodstock Park in huge baskets and putting them into the ground, baskets and all. The formal gardens were to cover seventy-seven acres, and only the far corners of the two thousand acres of park were to be left wild.

Wise planned the position of each tree in the "woodwork" symmetrically, ruthlessly cutting down ancient oaks if they failed to fall in with his plan; the trees along the main approach to the palace he arranged to represent troop positions at Blenheim. The river Glyme, which meandered through the estate, he firmly channeled into a canal and studded with small, geometrically placed islands; part of it he dammed into a lake, from which spilled a short cascade. Over the Glyme, Vanbrugh threw an astonishing bridge, containing—for no known reason—thirty-three rooms and a catacomb of passages and dark stone stairways. Wise carried out his tremendous, ill-paid job splendidly. What he could



A drawing made about 1710 shows the formal gardens, the Avenue, and the racecourse already in use—but only one wing of the palace was completed, and it was another six years before one could cross the bridge.

not help was that formal parterres and neatly barbered woodlands were about to go out of style, and that following generations would destroy nearly all his painstaking work.

The gardening bills were enormous: "831 large flowering shrubs for the Woodwork Quarters at 6d. each"; "5,900 of Hornbeam, privatt, and Sweet Bryer for the Inner line of the woodwork at 1½d."; "18,500 Dutch yellow crocus at rs. 6d. a hundred"; "a thousand flowerpots, £6 17s. 7d."; "1,120 solid yards of Dung, £126." And the more the bills piled up, the more infrequently flowed the money. From time to time, Lord Godolphin, who was a great friend of the Marlboroughs and the father-in-law of one of their daughters, managed to channel some cash in the direction of Blenheim; but by 1707 the workmen were owed twenty thousand pounds, the palace was far from finished, and—what was really discouraging—Vanbrugh had taken to tearing down some of what was already built, as new inspirations came to him. He even decided, after two years of building, to change the architectural order from Doric to Corinthian, a fairly major alteration which meant much demolition and considerable increase in the building's height and ornamentation. The Duke began to fear that his age and infirmities would prevent him from ever enjoying his new home.

Between battles, he went shopping in The Hague for curtain materials: "There are seventeen pieces of the enclosed pattern, fourteen Dutch ells in each piece," he wrote. "Three or four of the pieces are damaged. However, they will not sell them unless they be all bought. They are contented to take £10 the Dutch ell, which will make the whole come to one hundred and nineteen pounds. I desire you will let me know what use you can make of this velvet, and if you would have me buy it. I also send my coat-of-arms as they are to be on the hangings now making at Brussels, so

that I desire you will send for Vanbrugh, and that he should take care that the crown and arms in the hangings already come over be exactly as this is."

Two more years went by and there was still no place at Blenheim for a duke to lay his head. There was a thirty-ton *busto* of Louis XIV, abstracted from the city gate of Tournai by Marlborough's troops and set up with infinite trouble above the south portico, where it still remains; there was a Bernini fountain, shipped to the Duke by the Spanish ambassador to Rome; there was a throng of fantastic carvings, some thirty feet high, by Grinling Gibbons; and the gardens were lavishly equipped with sundials. But when the Duchess paid "the great Digg" a visit, she had to climb into the main body of the palace by means of a ladder, as there were as yet no steps.

And if Marlborough's "greatest weakness" (as his wife said) was Blenheim, Vanbrugh's appears to have been the ruined manor of Woodstock, for instead of tearing it down, as he had more than once been told to do, he was living in it and spending time and money restoring it. By 1709 he had spent (that is, incurred debts for, since at Blenheim cash seldom changed hands) more than two thousand pounds on the manor. In valuing ruins, Vanbrugh was ahead of his time, for a generation or two later any nobleman in England would have been glad of a well-preserved and historic ruin on his property; but in 1709 a ruin was generally regarded as an eyesore, and the Marlboroughs and Lord Godolphin descended on Vanbrugh and ordered him to demolish the old manor at once. But Vanbrugh could not bring himself to obey. From 1709 until he threw up his hands in 1716, he furtively restored wainscot ceilings and buttressed tumbling walls, and whenever the Duchess or her henchmen prowled near, he would hastily detail some workmen to make

a show of pulling down a number of Woodstock's outbuildings.

The Duke was nearly always in Flanders, and Sarah had to contend singlehanded with "Mr. Vanbrugh's madness" and with a Queen whose attitude toward both Marlboroughs had gradually turned from warm to chilly, and who therefore avoided discussion of their unpaid-for palace. Though the Duke won new victories in Europe (Ramillies, Oudenarde, Tournai, Malplaquet), the Queen blamed him for not managing to bring about peace. Her new favorite, Mrs. Masham, did not bully her as the Duchess of Marlborough was wont to do or outshine her in wit and intelligence.

In the spring of 1710, the Duchess had a stormy interview with the Queen, after which she was never received again. Nevertheless, the advent of sunny summer weather saw work going forward with encouraging vigor at Blenheim: plasterers, joiners, and carpenters took over the interior shell of the house, the great arch of the bridge was keyed, and the gardens and the roof tops accumulated more of those impractical furbelows that drove the Duchess frantic—including (for the roof) four gilded copper balls, each twelve feet in diameter and weighing half a ton, and bringing with them a bill from a London coppersmith for £325 3s. 6d. Then, suddenly, in August Queen Anne fired her treasurer, Lord Godolphin; with him went the Blenheim workers' chief chance of reimbursement. Hopefully, they looked to the Marlboroughs, but in October, 1710, Sarah gave orders to "put a stop at once to all sorts of work" until the Treasury should provide funds. Vanbrugh protested to the Duke, who was in Europe, and the Duke wrote his wife a chiding letter: "It no way becomes you or me to be giving orders for the Queen's money. . . . You know my opinion, that neither you, nor I, nor any of our friends ought to meddle in their accounts [the workmen's and tradesmen's] but to let it be taken by the Queen's officers as they always ought to be. . . . I think that those that take care of the building at Blenheim, when the winter season and the want of money makes the work to cease, should take care to cover the works, so as what is already done may receive no prejudice, and then it may remain as a *monument of ingratitude*, as Mr. Van. calls it in his letter."

The distress of the workmen was great; some of their families were actually starving, and others were being taken away to debtors' prison. A letter of the period says, "It will go hard with many in this town. . . . Their creditors begin to call on them and they can get no money at Blenheim." But the Duchess would not part with a penny of Marlborough money; and after some delay, the new Lord Treasurer, fearful of public opinion and of the possibility that the Duke would resign before the Queen was ready to dismiss him, asked Vanbrugh how much would be needed to "cover in" the unfinished work. Vanbrugh's answer was "at least eight thousand pounds"; the Treasury provided seven thousand.

In January, 1711, the Queen relieved the Duchess of Marlborough of all her duties at court and in May requested

that she move out of the apartments in St. James's Palace which had been hers for years. Sarah was subject to temper tantrums, and she had one now. Ordering the door knobs and brass locks which she had herself installed in her rooms to be ripped out and packed with her effects, she left a shambles behind her. The Queen then declared that she would build no house for the Duke of Marlborough when the Duchess pulled hers to pieces. But in spite of every indication that Blenheim was doomed to remain "a heap of stones," the Duke, during one of his brief winter visits to England, went down to Blenheim and studied the whole desolate scene with Vanbrugh. The dejected old Duke was loath to renounce his "greatest weakness," and as for Vanbrugh, one of his strongest qualities was optimism: "I am not one of those who drop their Spirits on every Rebuff; if I had, I had been under ground long ago." Together, they worked out an ambitious program for the coming season's work: the bridge was to be completed, the porticoes provided with steps, and the Hall, the Saloon, and all of the eastern portion of the building were to be finished inside.

The Lord Treasurer now asked Vanbrugh for an estimate of how much was needed to finish Blenheim. Vanbrugh quoted £87,000, but added that he was omitting many items that he felt the Duke would pay for himself. That was in June; in August, £20,000 reached Blenheim, enough to pay the oldest debts and encourage the workmen to take up their picks and shovels. The Duchess came down from London occasionally and quarreled with Vanbrugh; one or the other of them was constantly ordering alterations in the private apartments. The plasterers finished the ceilings in the Duke's bedroom and dressing room, and then were instructed to pull them down; the stone chosen by Vanbrugh for the portico steps was found to be unsuitable, and the porticoes were left stepless for five more years.

Perhaps the chief cause of the muddle at Blenheim was that the Duke, the Duchess, and John Vanbrugh each had a different conception of what the palace should be: the Duke wanted a habitable monument; the Duchess, a comfortable country house; while Vanbrugh saw in his mind's eye a masterpiece of art, in which the bridge, the parterres, and the copper balls on the roof top were more important to the glorious whole than plaster in Her Grace's bedroom—so why should not plastering be left till last?

On the last day of December, 1711, Queen Anne dismissed the Duke of Marlborough from all his duties. The news was a shock to Englishmen everywhere, but to none more so than to the workmen at Blenheim. Most of them left in despair; the few who stayed on, "trusting the building," made hay in the parterres and fished in the Glyme, while they quarreled, complained, and waited in vain for money. Vanbrugh was busy with more lucrative jobs; but whenever he could, he went to Blenheim, which he loved "with the Tenderness of a sort of Childe of my owne," and could never forbear to make a few more improvements in the

old ruined manor that he was supposed to be tearing down.

The Marlboroughs spent much of this time traveling abroad. Just as they were returning to England, on August 1, 1714, Queen Anne died. In September, George I arrived from Hanover to take over his new throne and received Marlborough with enthusiasm. "My Lord Duke," he said, "I hope your troubles are now all over." George arranged for one third of the Blenheim debts to be paid by the Treasury; and the Duke, on being informed by Vanbrugh that it would cost £54,000 more to finish the palace, decided to do so out of his own pocket.

In 1716 the battle that had been raging for years between the Duchess and Vanbrugh (now "Sir John" by grace of George I) came to its moment of decision. Sarah had always thought Vanbrugh too extravagant, resented the fact that he rarely did as she asked, and regarded as "madness" such whimsies as the thirty-three-room bridge and the putting up and tearing down of columns and ceilings as if they were no more than cardboard stage scenery. Now, paying a surprise visit to Woodstock Manor, she was appalled to discover what he had been up to there. He, for his part, was tired of what he called the Duchess's "Far-fetched, Labour'd Accusations, Mistaken Facts, Wrong Inferences, Groundless Jealousies, and strained Constructions." He resigned.

"I really believe," wrote Sarah, "that anybody that has sense . . . could make a better house without an architect than any has been built these many years." The Duke was ill and nearly helpless, having suffered two strokes; and Sarah, though she had never liked nor wanted Blenheim, now threw herself into the job of finishing it. First she sent for a plan of work-in-progress and received one covered with discouraging notations: "nothing done," "no floors," "chimney pieces wanting," "no pavement," "the great stairs to make." And this, eleven years after that happy, merrymaking day when the foundation stone was laid! Sarah wrote afterward that there was "no one room in the main body of the House in such a Condition as to put up a bed in it. . . . This thousands of people know that saw it in 1716, and Some of them said it was a Chaos, and that no body but God Almighty could finish it."

But that was just the sort of challenge that appealed to Sarah. For the next three years she personally directed every phase of the building—slashing wages, reviewing the books with the energy of a certified public accountant, and turning up many an example of extravagance and inefficiency. Both Duke and Duchess, who were now vastly wealthy, clung to money as lovingly as they had when they were penniless young courtiers. The Duke, ordering a canopy under which to sign a peace treaty, showed his characteristic thrift: "Pray take care to have it made so that it may serve for part of a bed when I have done with it here." Unfortunately, the peace negotiations failed, and the canopy was never made. And the Duchess, at the same time that she writes, with a show of feminine helplessness, "It is so

difficult for a Woman to get the better of so many people in the profession of cheating," is arranging with the British ambassador to Venice to bring her some cut velvet in his personal luggage so that she might evade paying duty.

By the end of the summer of 1719, the private apartments were finished and furnished; without fanfare, wanting only peace and quiet, the old Duke moved in. For two summers more he was able to enjoy his monument, though the peaceful sounds of the country were still interrupted by hammering. He died in June, 1722, not at Blenheim, as he surely would have preferred, but at one of his wife's favorite houses, Windsor Lodge. In his will he left Sarah £50,000 for the express purpose of finishing Blenheim. And this she faithfully did, despite a number of lawsuits from the creditors of Blenheim, most of which she lost. (Vanbrugh produced the Lord Treasurer's warrant of 1705, naming Marlborough as builder of Blenheim, and on the strength of it won a percentage of what was owing to him.) Such was Sarah's thrift that she finished the palace for £25,000 instead of £50,000. At her own expense she put up in the park a Column of Victory, surmounted by a seven-ton lead statue of Marlborough, and a triumphal arch to form the main gateway to the grounds. She also added to the Long Library a handsome marble statue of Queen Anne. "I have a real satisfaction in showing this respect to her," she said, "because her kindness to me was real. And what happened afterwards was compassed by the contrivance of such as are in power now." Her last duty was to finish the chapel and bury there the body of her husband, which temporarily reposed in Westminster. She and her ducal descendants were also to be buried here, beneath an immense marble memorial; it is typical of Sarah's uninhibited pride that the pews in the chapel face this sumptuous grave, while the altar and pulpit, very plain, are off to one side.

Acquitted of her duty in finishing Blenheim, Sarah rarely returned there; she eventually owned thirty estates and preferred any one of them to Blenheim. The Marlborough title passed to Henrietta Churchill, the eldest Marlborough daughter. She died before her mother (who lived to be eighty-four), and the Dukedom went to Charles Spencer, a son of the Marlboroughs' second daughter, Anne. This Duke lived at Blenheim for fifteen years, content to enjoy the house and gardens as he found them; but his son George, Fourth Duke, a man of fashion, culture, and extravagance, found Blenheim out-of-date and set out to modernize it. Under his direction, the landscape architect Lancelot ("Capability") Brown wiped out the parterres, the lime walks, the topiary, the fountains—all Henry Wise's herculean efforts—and substituted grass. He made a lake where the canals and islands had been and flooded the lower rooms of the Grand Bridge—an alteration that remains to this day and which critics have generally agreed complements the imposing grandeur of bridge, palace, and landscape.

Each Duke added paintings, furniture, books, and *objets*



Here is a typical Blenheim house party in 1896, before taxes and tourists had inhibited the ducal scale of living. At right center is the Prince of Wales (later Edward VII). Seated at the left are Lady Randolph Churchill (Sir Winston's mother), the Duchess of Marlborough (Consuelo Vanderbilt), and the Princess of Wales. The Ninth Duke is on the ground at lower right.

d'art, usually in the best taste of his age, and subtracted substantially from the family fortunes. And each Duke, his Duchess, and his children added also to a pattern of formality and tradition as rigid as that of any royal family. A Duke of Marlborough was supposed to live ducally, but also preserve Blenheim intact for succeeding generations. Too much emphasis on ducal living led the Seventh Duke (in the 1880's) to sell a palace treasure, the Sunderland Library, one of the finest rare-book collections in England; the Eighth Duke sold a portrait of Charles I by Van Dyck and Raphael's *Ansdei Madonna*. The gardens grew shabby, the leaden Marlborough atop the Column of Victory tipped eleven inches out of alignment; still, inside the palace, the ducal family and their noble friends and relatives lived their rank-and-tradition-regulated daily routine: sleeping and dining amid acres of chilly gilt, dressing in dark closets, prospecting down long corridors to find each other, while housemaids made endless rounds with hot-water jugs and coal scuttles.

But it was time for a major replenishment of the family bank account. The Eighth Duke married, as his second wife, a wealthy American widow, Lilian Warren, and began replanting the gardens; his son, succeeding to the title in 1892, married Consuelo Vanderbilt, whereupon central heating and plumbing invaded the boulder-thick walls. The Bernini fountain was restored, some of the state rooms refurbished (a job that took twenty decorators from Paris six

months to finish), the Marlborough statue atop the Column of Victory was put straight—in short, Blenheim was brought back to splendor. The Ninth Duke and the Vanderbilt fortune will probably be remembered longest for the elaborate water-terrace gardens, designed by the French landscape architect Duchêne, which now lie in place of Wise's formal parterres and Capability Brown's grass.

So Blenheim Palace survives and might be classified as one more of the Duke's great victories. Sir Winston Churchill puts it this way: "Remembrance may be preserved to remote posterity by piling great stones on one another, and engraving deep inscriptions on them. But fame is not to be so easily captured. Blenheim cost [Marlborough] dear. It weakened him in his relations with hostile Ministers. It exposed him to mockery and malice. The liability for its expense was turned as a weapon against him. In after-years he was forced into unsuccessful litigation with the Crown. In his will he had to leave £50,000 to complete work otherwise derelict. Indeed, his happiness lost much, and his fame gained nothing, by the building of Blenheim. However, Blenheim stands, and [he] would probably regard it as having fulfilled its purpose if he returned to earth at this day."

Mary Cable has gone to visit a number of resplendent domiciles for HORIZON and has written about them in the issues of May, 1959; November, 1960; and January, 1961.



On Stage: EDWARD ALBEE

Theatrically, we have been so overexposed to the perverse that sadists, murderers, homosexuals, and even cannibals are as unsurprising as next-door neighbors. In order to shock mid-century audiences into the discovery that the hidden window of the proscenium is a mirror reflecting a naked image of themselves, the modern playwright must produce a tour de force. To achieve this dramatic revelation with commonplace characters verging dangerously on the dull, with simple sentences lethal only in context, and with such slight situations that they narrowly escape the static, requires a brilliance approaching genius.

Yet at thirty-three, the American playwright Edward Albee has already done this much and promises more. He also has the unique distinction of having made his initial impact on an international scale with what had been the producer's anathema, the one-act play. His first, *The Zoo Story*, scored an immediate success in Berlin where it had its world première in 1959; in New York where it won Albee a Vernon Rice Memorial Award; and in Ireland, Austria, Switzerland, the Netherlands, and Turkey. The plot is slim. Two strangers meet in the park. There is a conversation of sorts. The next hour (Albee uses time literally to coincide with reality) brings irrevocable change: one man loses his life, the other finds it. An insidiously smooth, almost surreptitious development leads two emotionally incomplete people to a climax in which one man is forced to take the other's life—a resolution from which a single, whole human being may eventually emerge. The price is violently high. It never for an instant seems exorbitant.

As a playwright, Albee sprang almost full-grown from Zeus's forehead. There were no abortive scripts, no produced failures, no old dresser drawers stuffed with rejected manuscripts, and (discounting a sex farce written at the age of twelve) no amateur efforts. He was born in Washington, D.C., in 1928 and adopted two weeks later by the Albees of the Keith-Albee theater circuit. He spent his early childhood in Larchmont, New York, where the Albees kept horses. In the winters the family went off to Florida or Arizona. According to Albee, this regime had two results: "I could swim and ride almost before I could walk. I was always being yanked out of school, so I never had the chance to learn anything." As a matter of fact, young Edward was quite conventionally schooled. He was sent to Lawrenceville when he was ten, next to Valley Forge Military Academy, then to Choate ("where they didn't believe in overdiscipline; they just let you come to your own conclusion that you were making a fool of yourself"), then on to Trinity College for a year and a half.

One day, when he was approaching thirty, Albee realized

he had spent a decade drifting in odd jobs, including, among others, office boy, salesman, short-order man, and Western Union messenger. Thereupon he settled down to the business of serious writing. It must have come as a scorching surprise to anyone who knew him as a solitary, taciturn child that the cat didn't have his tongue after all. It seems rather that he had the cat's eyes—wise, watching, silently recording. For all felines Albee has an affectionate admiration. He lives with two—Cunégonde, a white-pawed black cat, and a white kitten, as yet unnamed—in Greenwich Village, where he shares a rambling duplex with William Flanagan, the young composer who wrote the incidental score for Albee's *Death of Bessie Smith*.

Albee's latest and best play, *The American Dream*, is a comedy of laughter that flays the skin and chills the bone. If Dostoevsky reveals the idiot in all of us, Albee unmasks the monstrous in our ordinary selves. He is a master at using trivial dialogue, deliberately riddled with clichés, to achieve a scathing penetration of character. Against the pedestrian façade of a comfortably tasteless apartment the middle-aged wife is adroitly redefined as a raging harpy who has emasculated her husband, is torturing her mother, and may seduce her substitute son, a physically flawless youth who is emptied of emotion and ready to do anything for money—the personification of a modern malady and all that remains (in the playwright's view) of the American dream.

If the plot awakens distant echoes of *Oedipus Rex*, it is no accident. Consider Grandma a kittenish old sphinx, and the rest is obvious: a heroic Greek tragedy ingeniously dwarfed to the scale of a side show, in which the final disaster is not stated but clearly implied. Albee's American brand of surrealism, the result of curiously incongruous action coupled with familiar idiomatic language, has a grotesque, almost macabre effect, rather like finding a live tarantula at the bottom of a box of Cracker Jack.

Albee likes to work on several projects simultaneously. He spent the summer on Water Island—off Long Island—adapting Carson McCullers's *Ballad of the Sad Café* into a play and finishing his own *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, a two-act drama about faculty members and their wives.

But however he indicts society in his plays, Albee himself is no fanatic hothead or firebrand. Immensely articulate, he speaks with controlled conviction and wry humor in a voice that is deep, gentle, and so soft it can become inaudible. Only the brooding quality of his eyes, deep as inkwells, sets him apart, on closer observation, from scores of other rather boyish, pleasant-looking, crew-cut young men. Certainly nothing, except possibly the firm set of the mouth, marks him as the mid-century Elijah he may well turn out to be.

GERI TROTTA

On Stage: CAROL BURNETT

One of the few sprightly weekly offerings on television is the Garry Moore Show, an hour-long miniature revue that has managed to hold out nicely against the small screen's horde of cowpokes and private eyes. Comedy is not the secret ingredient of Moore's show—he seems interested in inspiring feelings of cheery goodwill rather than hilarity—but he does make a practice of exhibiting as guest stars such famed funnymen as Ed Wynn, Tony Randall, George Gobel, and Jack Benny. To a man, these hard-working and well-traveled worthies have come off no better, in the wholly unofficial but still deadly battle of the laugh-meters, than one of Moore's own hired hands, a slim, volatile, bronze-lunged throwback to comedy's old school named Carol Burnett.

At twenty-seven Miss Burnett is astonishingly young to be making people laugh (comedians, like marathon runners, generally mature late), and her list of show-business credits is still blushing modest: one off- and then on-Broadway show (*Once Upon a Mattress*), a handful of night-club engagements, a few television guest appearances, a short-lived TV situation comedy (*Stanley*), and two seasons with Moore. Yet from this slender springboard she has established herself as the funniest female performer in television's wobbly orbit and as one of the two really top-rank young comediennes, regardless of medium, in the nation today. (The other is Elaine May, who follows a far different star, and who doesn't like to be called a comedienne in the first place.)

In an era given over increasingly to cerebral comedy, Miss Burnett works in the belly-laugh world of the clown. One of her most successful sketches for Moore, for example, was a simple, five-minute take-off on "Cinderella," in which she lurched on stage done up in a smock by Omar the Tentmaker and a yellow mop for a headpiece. It was the morning after the ball, and Cinderella had a numbing hangover. Her broad white teeth seemed to hang loosely in their gums, and her eyes suggested an intense gaseous pressure in the skull. Her voice, when it came, was a high metallic wail: "There were pumpkins and coaches, and the mice turned into horses, and, oh brother, never again!"

Soon the Prince minced in, bearing a size-16 shoe, and put the fatal question to her: "Did you lose a shoe at the ball last night?"

For a moment the throbbing head and queasy stomach were forgotten as the joys of the night came back to her. Her face broke into a cunning grin, and one eyelid descended with an almost audible clunk. "I wouldn't be surprised," said Cinderella. Somehow it brought down the house.

If this be elementary, Miss Burnett has made the most of it. In most of her sketches with Moore, as in *Once Upon a Mattress*, she plays essentially the same character: a belligerent and grimly bubble-headed young man-trap who will do nearly anything—but by God not everything—to get a ring on her finger and whose scorn for the concupiscent male rides boisterously on her grinding vowels, her leaden *r*'s, and her sibilant *s*'s. In her Broadway show, a musical version of the old fairy tale "The Princess and the Pea," she was Winnifred (known as "Fred"), a cut-rate item of man-hungry royalty, and she has played this role for Moore in a variety of guises, from a secretary prowling the beach at Coney Island, to a hard-working vampire, to the last woman on earth.

Under the circumstances the dialogue that is written for Miss Burnett tends to be direct, physical, and loaded with adolescent invective, which she delivers with haughty finality, as if the retort "Turn blue!" were both original and killing. Her ability to lift laughter out of such oaken stuff depends in large part on a marvelously comic face—a long, narrow, toothy structure that manages to be conventionally pretty and endearingly horsey at the same time, as if she had been bred by Fernandel out of Snow White. With it she mugs broadly and incessantly but without ever slipping into the grotesque. Playing a character who could very easily become an offensive bore or a noisy nuisance, she injects a coed's winsomeness into her lunacy, an appealing wistfulness into her belligerence.

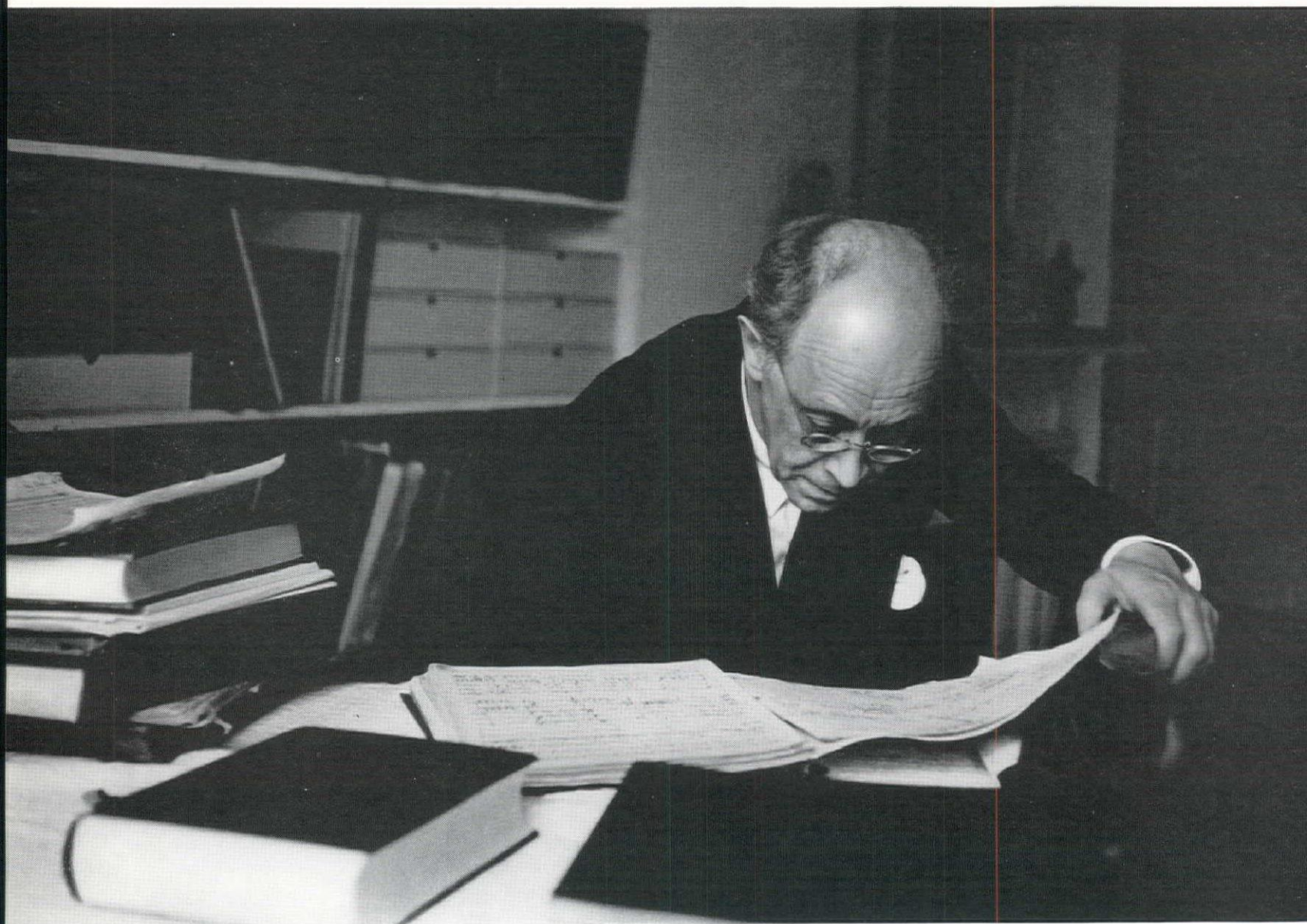
Miss Burnett's is the kind of professional personality (off stage she is friendly, easygoing, and undemonstrative) that goes over immediately and overwhelmingly, or not at all, and her career has been marked by great leaps forward. Doing a scene from *Annie Get Your Gun* for fun at a private party at U.C.L.A. (where she was then a student with aspirations toward journalism), she so impressed a local businessman who was there that he lent her and her partner \$1,000 each on the condition that they try their luck in New York. Seizing the offer, she checked hats and did bit parts until she was given a brief booking at New York's Blue Angel night club, where she introduced a teen-ager's tender confession entitled "I Made a Fool of Myself Over John Foster Dulles." "I think I must just have been in the right place at the right time," she recalled recently in the quiet, rather bemused air with which she contemplates her career. "Somebody heard me at the Blue Angel, and I sang that song once on the Jack Paar show. Then all hell broke loose."

RICHARD BOETH



THE COMPLETE MUSICIAN

*Master pianist, chamber player, devoted teacher and guide
to a host of brilliant young concert artists, Rudolf Serkin
is exerting a major influence upon music-making in our time*



In his Philadelphia house, Serkin studies a precious possession: the original manuscript of Brahms's piano quartet in A major

On October 6, when Rudolf Serkin sits down at a piano on the stage of the Music Hall in Cincinnati, with Max Rudolf conducting, he will open the sixty-seventh season of symphony concerts in that city and the twenty-fifth season of his own appearances in the United States, his adopted home. As one of the commanding musical personalities of our time, he will also resume on that date a concert career lately interrupted by a pause unusual in artists at the peak of their form and fame—a year-long self-effacement from the platform in which Serkin, now fifty-eight, has followed a policy of “no public performances.” Speculation has arisen as to just what, in the luxury of his seeming retirement, he has actually been doing.

Professionals as well as followers of music have been hoping that the rumor may be true that Serkin has quietly been preparing himself for the culmination of his career in perhaps the most demanding task that a pianist can undertake: the presentation of the whole cycle of Beethoven's thirty-two piano sonatas, a challenge combining the performance of many beloved works with that of others rarely heard, and of extreme difficulty as well. This major undertaking is particularly associated with the memory of Serkin's great predecessor, Artur Schnabel, who essayed it in America a quarter of a century ago.

Mention of Schnabel and Serkin in the same sentence is almost inevitable, for of all the fine musicians produced in Central Europe in rather dwindling numbers since the upheaval of World War I, Serkin has come closest to fulfilling, for the musical community of our time, the functions of his late predecessor. As Schnabel was not only a peerless performer of his chosen literature but also the great counsellor of his time for the most serious among the younger musicians, so Serkin has coupled a rare command of a broad repertory with a constant and considerate accessibility to the musical youth of today. Pick a name at random from a list of the most able pianists of the younger generation—Istomin, Graffman, Lipkin, Lettvin, Frank, Luvisi, or Cuerti—and the chances are that he is indebted to Serkin for some part of his formative influence. As head of the piano faculty at the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia, Serkin has added to the prestige the department has enjoyed in the pianistic world since it was founded by the great Josef Hofmann. Moreover, unlike some performer-pedagogues, or pedagogue-performers, who retire from musical life during the warm months of the year, Serkin in summer transfers his to the cool, green outdoor “studio” of Windham County, Vermont, where, on the backwoods campus of Marlboro College, he has established a unique Music School and Festival.

Had it not been for Adolf Hitler and his Third Reich, Serkin might be known to us only as a sometime visitor from Europe, a distant object of admiration, resident in Germany or thereabouts. Instead, he is an American citizen, a homeowner and taxpayer in Philadelphia, the holder of a Vermont license for a farm tractor (given him by a grate-

ful Philadelphia Orchestra for playing a pension-fund concert without charge), and the head of a family now deeply rooted here.

Serkin has been a resident of Philadelphia since 1939, when he began teaching at Curtis. Not long ago I visited him at his home. As we sat in the pleasant, two-piano “downstairs front” of his six-floor house on Delancey Place, I asked him about his “sabbatical” from the concert stage. “Is it true that you are taking a year off as preparation to play the thirty-two sonatas of Beethoven next season?” He countered with a question of his own: “Who wouldn't like to play the thirty-two sonatas of Beethoven?” The answer, really, lay in the disarming Serkin smile which seemed to say “Not now, but maybe soon.”

One reason for his withdrawal he stated willingly enough: “For the first time in years I don't have to be anyplace next Tuesday at 8:30 in the evening and someplace else on Thursday, with a train or perhaps a plane in-between. I have been taking in so much music and making so much music for so many years, that I had to have a little time to absorb, to digest. And in the last few years I had to cancel now and then because I wasn't feeling well—something I don't like to do. So I told my management: ‘No concerts this year. I am taking off.’” As he was speaking, his daughter Marguerite, not yet two, toddled into the room, and it occurred to me that Serkin's decision to take his long-overdue sabbatical might possibly have been affected also by the birth of his sixth child, clearly the greatest thing that has happened in the Serkin household for years.

Serkin himself was born in Eger, Bohemia, in 1903. Both his parents were Russian; his father, a basso, had been forced to turn merchant to support his eight children, of whom Rudi was the fifth. Before the boy reached his teens, World War I swept across Central Europe, further straining his family's slender resources. But as his exceptional talent developed, it clearly dictated the best training available. In the Austro-Hungarian Empire this meant Vienna, where Serkin was admitted to the class of one of its best teachers, Richard Robert.

This step provided the child of ten with more than the high-level supervision of his pianistic progress, valuable as that was; it opened a door to several aspects of Viennese life that might have been closed to him otherwise. One was the private tutoring school where he became acquainted with another Rudi, named Bing, who eventually decided that telling other singers what to do was easier than being one himself. Other fellow students of his own age included George Szell and that much-admired, early-deceased cellist, Emanuel Feuermann. Soon Serkin was admitted to the classes of the formidable Arnold Schoenberg, then in the midst of a transition in musical thinking that would leave a mark for decades to come.

Studies with Schoenberg in harmony and counterpoint were rewarding. “But,” Serkin recalls, “to play Mozart sonatas



A 1927 photograph recalls Serkin's rise as the close associate of violinist Adolf Busch and cellist Hermann Busch.

for Schoenberg was an experience nothing else could replace. He knew them better than anyone." The harmony, as well as the counterpoint, that prevailed in their relationship was shattered when Schoenberg proposed to the seventeen-year-old Serkin that he play some of his piano pieces. "I had to tell him I didn't like them," said Serkin, still half-apologetic forty years later. "He looked at me as if I were a soldier who had deserted."

However, Serkin soon found a new commander to follow. It was just about this time that the violinist Adolf Busch, searching for a sonata partner, heard about Serkin. According to family lore, Serkin was about to be sent to France in a group with other young people who had suffered war hardships, when a message from Busch reached him. "Come to Berlin," invited Busch, then twenty-nine and solidly established in the capital. "I had to tell him I didn't have any money," Serkin recalls, "and he told me: 'Here is the fare, and here is the key to the house. I will be back in a few weeks.'" When Serkin reached the house in Berlin, he discovered it had two inhabitants: a housekeeper, and Busch's youngest daughter, aged three. She was Irene, whom Serkin married fifteen years later.

Thus, in 1920, Serkin began his lifelong association with the remarkable Westphalian family that included, in addition to violinist Adolf, his brothers Fritz, the conductor, and Hermann, the cellist. It was with Adolf that Serkin moved in 1927 to Basel, Switzerland, where he met a little-known emigré from Russia named Vladimir Horowitz ("I had never heard anything like his Chopin," Serkin recalls. "It was like a fireball exploding") and from which he often traveled to Italy to hear the reigning conductor Arturo Toscanini—little

imagining the relationship that was eventually to develop between them.

Blond, blue-eyed, Protestant, the Busch tribe was, if anything, more Aryan than the archpriest of Aryanism who took over Germany in 1933. But they were decent people—and loyal to Adolf's son-in-law, Serkin, who is Jewish. In the very first year of Nazi rule Adolf renounced his German citizenship; there were attempts to persuade him to return, including the offer of a rank of "honorary Aryan" for Serkin. To the last emissary who approached Busch in Basel and asked the conditions on which he would return to Germany, Busch replied: "Hang Hitler. Hang Goering." The question was never raised again.

In addition to finding a benefactor and a future wife, Serkin had found in the Berlin of the twenties a musical life antithetical to that he had known in Vienna. No less intensive, it was more rigorous, not so easygoing. Whereas post-war Vienna might be associated, pianistically, with the spirit of Moriz Rosenthal and, violinistically, with the art of Fritz Kreisler, Berlin was typified by the more intellectually probing pianist Artur Schnabel, or the reflective artistry of violinist Carl Flesch. It soon became the home of Schoenberg, whose visionary musical theories won more respect in Berlin than in Vienna.

Serkin met Schnabel (then the center of a devoted coterie in Berlin) soon upon arrival. "After I gave my first recital in a little hall, he came back and introduced himself," Serkin recalls. "How he happened to come, I don't know; there were less than a hundred people there. His comments were not critical, more like: 'Why did you play such and such a passage this way? Why not this way?' After that he came almost every time I played."

It was also the Berlin of Busoni, with whom Serkin had hoped to do serious work. "But he was old, and tired, and soon died. I remember that when I played for him, he said, 'Don't play so clean, and press down the pedal more.'"

Serkin also came into contact with Pablo Casals, then conducting as well as concertizing. They fell into an intense discussion of the opening *tutti* of the fourth concerto of Beethoven, with Casals arguing for a *ritardando* at a point where Serkin thought none was required. When they met again twenty-five years later at Prades, Casals's first question to him was: "How do you play Beethoven No. 4 now?"

As Serkin's association with Busch lengthened, the tie became stronger, leading to such an occurrence as that at a Leipzig concert of the later twenties, in which Adolf Busch was soloist with Wilhelm Furtwaengler conducting. Serkin arrived not long before concert time and was met at the station by a friend with a car. "Come quick," he was told, "Busch needs you." On the way, as Serkin changed into evening shirt and tie, the friend elaborated: "Busch doesn't like the tempo Furtwaengler takes in the slow movement of the Bach concerto, and there's nothing he can do about it. But he has arranged for you to play the *continuo* in the or-

chestra, and you should follow Busch no matter what." When the moment came, Serkin proceeded at the measured pace Busch preferred, which meant that the ensemble followed his tempo rather than Furtwaengler's. "It turned out well," said Serkin. "Busch was happy. But Furtwaengler hardly ever spoke to me after that."

All of this was preparation for what Serkin was when he came to America—an ardent disciple, an inspired collaborator in sonatas (or in trios with the cello-playing Hermann Busch), and, as a soloist, an exemplary exponent of certain works of an intimate, musically rarefied character. His aptitude in this area, which began to manifest itself in the late twenties with appearances in Switzerland and Italy, became known to a larger public through his interpretations of such works as the Mozart B flat concerto (K. 595) and the Beethoven G major (No. 4), both of which he played in his brilliant New York debut with Toscanini in 1936, as the final piano soloist of the maestro's final Philharmonic season.

I have a sharp recollection of Serkin as he was in those days: a diffident figure trailing Busch to the keyboard, his bespectacled, slightly inclined body and lean figure suggesting one of the New York *Times's* Hundred Neediest Cases. Once at the piano, however, he left nothing to be desired. I have combed through notice after notice I wrote in the next half-dozen years without finding one which took serious issue with a Serkin performance. But I could not find one to suggest what Serkin has since become—a power on the platform as well as a personality who can dominate the biggest, most complex works of Beethoven or Brahms, then sit down and treat Richard Strauss's "Burleske" with an insight and a charm equally astonishing.

This has been one of the most gratifying evolutions among public performers in the last two decades—and one of the most surprising. Perhaps, like the most famous pickaninny in literature, Serkin "jes' grow'd." But the satisfactory answer seems to me to involve something more fundamental and profound.

In some performers, the kind of temperament that commands mass appeal is the product of inner tensions which find, in the matter they communicate, the fuel to their flame. Understandably, it tends to burn brightest in youth and middle age. Others find in an art they love deeply the challenge which drives them beyond any readily recognizable "personality traits."

In the first instance the outcome results from the virtuoso's effect *upon* the composer's work. In the second, it is the player who is acted upon *by* the composer. The latter transformation is longer in the making and most often characterizes interpreters who may be lesser prodigies in youth, but whose artistry grows steadily in middle age and later.

"I got a great deal from my four years with Rudolf Serkin," says Eugene Istomin (the first pupil assigned to Serkin at Curtis), "but the most important thing I got from him at a very impressionable age [fourteen] was the idea of

music as a devotion, an object of a life's endeavor, without thought of quick results or striving toward an immediate material objective. It was something to which one applied a sustained effort, over years."

My conclusion about Serkin's extraordinary upsurge in the last ten or fifteen years, his ever-expanding domination of the repertory that interests him, his attainment even of a status as "box office," is simply that he lives the art as he teaches it, and he teaches the art as he lives it.

Unconsciously, perhaps, as he listens to a fifteen-year-old Montana girl play the D minor sonata of Prokofiev, Serkin falls into the bodily attitude he assumes on the platform—alert, intent, body slightly bent forward as if to hear better from his position a dozen feet from the keyboard. No comment while the movement is in progress, then some specifics: "More accompaniment in the left hand at the beginning; accent the top note of the melody; bring up the inner voice the next time"—an example at the keyboard as he demonstrates with his right hand what he has in mind—"more *dolce* the second subject, as it is marked," and so on. This is not so much dictation from master to pupil as it is talk from musician to musician—that blessed sense of identity, no matter how disparate their ranks, which every acolyte yearns to enjoy with the object of his worship, but too seldom does.

This time the scene was the second-floor rear of the Delancey Place house, which serves Serkin as laboratory, study, workshop, retreat. Ordinarily he teaches at Curtis, a few blocks away on Rittenhouse Square. But he preferred that an observer look on at home rather than disrupt school routine. "Here I can play twenty-four hours a day," he said, leading the way through double doors and a short foyer which insulated the big room with the bay window from the outside hall and the main stairwell of the house.

A glance through the big bay windows (which comprise the rear wall of the room) showed why. Not only does it jut out from the back part of the house like the poop deck of a freighter; the area it occupies is paralleled on either side by spacious yards. And, by the blessed preservation in this part of Philadelphia of that Victorian amenity, a wide back-alley, there is, in effect, a nameless street between Delancey Place and Pine. Here deliveries are made, refuse is collected, and the sound of the Serkin piano is dissipated.

This sound may be heard early or late, for the piano is a hard taskmaster for Serkin, a relentless sweetheart who must be wooed constantly. The sleight of hand one associates with Horowitz, the lordly command of Rubinstein, the poised detachment of Casadesu—none of these keyboard attitudes is in the slightest suggestive of Serkin, whose victories must be won in hand-to-hand combat. By comparison with those whose skills on this level are of virtually superhuman dexterity, Serkin's mechanical faculties are of a humanly fallible sort, over which—to the audience's eye, at least—constant control must be exercised. By now the even-

tual outcome can safely be predicted; but there remains an area of doubt which may dramatize the effort expended, establish that identity of human-to-human which magnetizes the artist-listener relationship.

It also fertilizes the soil in which the seed of a good student may be cultivated. That afternoon the girl from Montana was followed by another from Philadelphia, several years older, more conscious of what she was about, and troubled by self-critical tendencies as yet unknown to the fifteen-year-old. It was fascinating to hear, in the rise and fall of the Rachmaninoff preludes she was auditioning, the surging rhetoric of Serkin himself—his vivid sense of the musical phrase, sentence, and paragraph. With her, his advice dealt less with the conception, which was valid and mature, but more with the means of achieving it pianistically—pedal, touch, how to make a string vibrate without seeming to strike a key, fine points of resonance and release. When she had gone, Serkin remarked on the girl's musicality (her father is a member of the Philadelphia Orchestra) and said with a sigh: "Her problem is the same one we all have—discipline, discipline, discipline." That "we," in its comity, was comparable to the statement by Arnold Schoenberg in the preface to his famous treatise on harmony, "I have learned what is in this book from my students."

Serkin's performance repertory is dominated by the Viennese composers—Beethoven, Brahms, Schubert, Mozart—but he enthusiastically teaches the works of such moderns as Prokofiev and Rachmaninoff. Similarly the sonata manu-

script of a young composer named David Amram, propped on the piano rack, was expressive of Serkin's breadth and curiosity. So, in a way, was a tuning wrench which lay nearby. "I suppose it is useful in an emergency to be able to use one of these," I said. "Yes," replied Serkin, "I learned about it when I went on a tour of the Far East and took along one of my Vermont neighbors, a tuner by profession. There's one secret to tuning a piano—you have to make a quick pull, like this." And he demonstrated with a decisive yank of the wrist. "Otherwise the pin gets loose, and as soon as the string is struck hard, it goes out of tune again."

Among Serkin's most prized possessions is the manuscript of the Brahms piano quartet in A major, a legacy from a Viennese admirer. Ordinarily, it is kept at the Library of Congress in Washington, but for this "off year" it had been shipped back to Serkin, for browsing at leisure. There it sat, in a suitably stanch covering, just as the master had left it. "I chose this one," said Serkin, "rather than one of the other manuscripts in the collection because it had the most corrections. It gives a marvelous insight into the way Brahms thought, musically. Like over here where he added these notes on the upbeat to give the right accent to the beginning of the next phrase."

Though Serkin has no ambitions to rival the Rosenbach Collection (housed in a neighboring building on Delancey Place), he is aware that many insights into a creative process can be found in the afterthoughts by which an "inspiration" is amended. "Look here at this facsimile of Chopin's 'Barcarolle' manuscript," he suggested. "First he wrote *accelerando*; then he put in, over it, *poco* because he was afraid it would be performed too fast."

Years ago in Berlin, Serkin acquired at auction a copy of Bach's "Goldberg Variations," made by a pupil of the master. He was surprised to discover that it was the nearest thing to authentic evidence of Bach's intentions in existence: earlier copies had been lost or destroyed. "There are tempo indications only on the variations in minor," he observed, explaining that Bach took for granted a contemporary understanding of how the variations in major would be played, but that some guidance would be desirable in the more expressive variations, which is to say, those in the minor mode.

Just prior to the beginning of his "off year," Serkin spent six weeks on a concert tour of the Far East—Japan, Hong Kong, Thailand—at the invitation of the State Department. And when he resumes public appearances this fall, it will be first of all in Israel, where he will appear alone and in a Mozart two-piano concerto with Istomin at a national music festival for which Pablo Casals will make his first journey to the Middle East. Then he will play a series of engagements in Europe before resuming his American appearances in October—but none in Germany, where he has not played since April 1, 1933.

I asked Mrs. Serkin, who had joined us downstairs at that moment, "Do you go with your husband on these trips?"

Three friends and fellow devotees of chamber music collaborate at a Marlboro, Vermont, festival. Serkin (right) and violinist Alexander Schneider (center) listen to Pablo Casals.



CLIMENS KALISCHER

"Oh no," she replied, "I am busy with the baby, and the house. Anyway, I have no desire to go to Europe. But Vermont—that is different."

Having myself visited last summer the Music School and Festival at Marlboro—not far from Brattleboro, but a world removed from the commercial music-making one hears most of the year round—I could understand why. There Serkin has the opportunity to express a side of his musical nature which might otherwise be sacrificed to the demands of the concert schedule—the chamber-music inclinations of his early years. In a sense, Marlboro is an inheritance, a continuing legacy of the activities established at nearby Guilford in the late forties by Adolf Busch on behalf of the Chamber Music Players, the organization he had formed after becoming established in America.

What has evolved from it in a dozen years reflects clearly enough that music is for Serkin a year-round preoccupation. Marlboro is different from any place of its kind in the world. It is a school, and it is also a festival; but even more than these things, it is a restorative to the spirit, a refreshment to the mind as well as the body of those who participate.

These may be grouped in three categories: a nuclear core composed of Serkin and such senior associates as the eminent violinist Alexander Schneider and the noted French flutist Marcel Moyse, the students who come to work with them, and "others"—mainly men and women whose winter occupation as symphony-desk violinists or cellists may, in a strict musical sense, be all work and no "play."

At Marlboro they are exposed to an even better therapy than applause: the opportunity to pursue musical interests of their choice—the sonatas, trios, quartets, and other forms of chamber music which for most instrumentalists are the best of all justifications for having learned how to play. Those who can, pay the cost of room and board; for those who can't, provision is made out of funds whose source—aside from donations by friends—was suggested by Serkin's remark: "This year it is going to be extra hard because I haven't played any concerts."

Students come to Marlboro from all parts of the world, and their mingling of colors is a symphony in itself. An additional brightness was added last year by the enlivening presence of the octogenarian Pablo Casals, who spent part of the summer working with Marlboro's cellists, conducting its chamber orchestra, sitting in with its chamber-music groups, and shedding the radiance of his being all about.

It must be no small satisfaction to Serkin that among those who benefit from these surroundings in his fourteen-year-old son Peter, a more-than-talented pianist. During the winter he does not study directly with his father, but with Lee Luvisi, a Serkin pupil and an associate at Curtis. But parental participation can hardly be far away. Along with the books, music, and pianos in the Delancey Place house there were evidences of the interests of an average fourteen-year-old—for example, a recording of the sound track from



Serkin's intense concentration at the keyboard and his wiry, rigorous pianistic attack are suggested in this recent glimpse of him practicing alone in his summer studio at Marlboro.

the TV program *77 Sunset Strip*. But there was, also, in a glass case on the other side of the room, an autograph letter which Mrs. Serkin identified with pride. "It was sent by Johannes Brahms to my grandfather" (Hugo Grütters, a conductor at Bonn, with whom Adolf Busch studied composition and whose daughter he married in 1908). "We have many such letters and change them every so often, so the children may learn from them."

Also on display was a placard announcing the appearance, in a few weeks, of Peter Serkin as soloist with an orchestra in Reading. Half-jokingly, I asked Serkin, "Are you going?" And, half-seriously, he answered: "Somebody has to be chauffeur."

Irving Kolodin is an associate editor of the Saturday Review, in which his music criticism appears regularly. His books include The Composer as Listener and The Musical Life.

Andrew Wyeth

"A magazine article once described me as a 'master of mood.'"

I said, God forbid, if I ever become a master of mood, I ought

to be shot. You can't master a mood. If you do, it's hokum."

The artist Andrew Wyeth's struggle for public recognition ended with his first exhibition, which he did not care for, in 1937, when he was just twenty; and since that date his reputation has grown as firm as his avoidance of it. In those days a Wyeth drawing went for seventeen dollars; last year a Wyeth painting sold for thirty-five thousand dollars at M. Knoedler and Company, his dealers, who send a truck down to Chester County to fetch the artist's work when he is ready for them.

Born in Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania, the last child of a serious-minded family, Wyeth suffered illnesses of the lungs which inhibited his participation in the usual history of boys. He was drawing early, however, and before reaching sixteen he began a long tutorial with his famous father, the illustrator N. C. Wyeth. Andrew Wyeth's only other youthful activity besides illness and art was long, lonely rambles over his beloved countryside. Now he is forty-four, married, with two children. He still lives at Chadds Ford, passing summers in Cushing, Maine. He prefers to paint these communities in their bare bones—in times of snow and post-harvest, when the bloom is off, so to speak—and these two places and their environs provide him with enough to keep him working in the recurring tradition in American art which, for want of a better name, goes as realism.

His interviewers found him at the end of a streamside road, standing on a dark, green lawn between his mill and his new

studio-home, a reconditioned eighteenth-century Chadds Ford barn. He was dressed in gray cuffless trousers, orange jodhpur boots, a turtle-necked gray shirt, and a striped cotton jacket. His manner was relaxed and courteous, his voice thin and high, his gray eyes opalescent. The afternoon in that part of Chester County was hot, and a buzz saw could be heard whining in an orchard across the tiny Brandywine. In the living room of Wyeth's barn it was cool. A few paintings hung on the antique plaster walls. Wyeth pointed to a stain on the wainscoting, explaining that the Brandywine flooded its banks every once in a while, and that was why the furnishings in the room looked so spare. He passed out drinks and began talking. He spoke fluently and softly, laughing often, stamping the floor hard with his right foot.

WYETH: If what I'm trying to do has any value at all, it's because I've managed to express the quality of the country which I live in. Not the historical quality, I don't mean that, but rather such things as the color of these walls in the wintertime for example. All this has had a strong influence on me as a painter, not looking at Cézanne or going to Paris, but actually having been born here and having spent all my life around these hills. I happened to be not very healthy in my childhood—perhaps a complicated form of hooky—so I wandered over these fields, knowing the neighbors here and the farmers, and being part of them. So what is important

about my pictures, I feel, is a sort of organic thing of country . . . being able to find something which expresses it symbolically, not just a scene of a beautiful countryside with a rainbow effect or a storm coming up. That doesn't particularly interest me. It's the symbolism that I want to realize.

INTERVIEWER: Could you give an example?

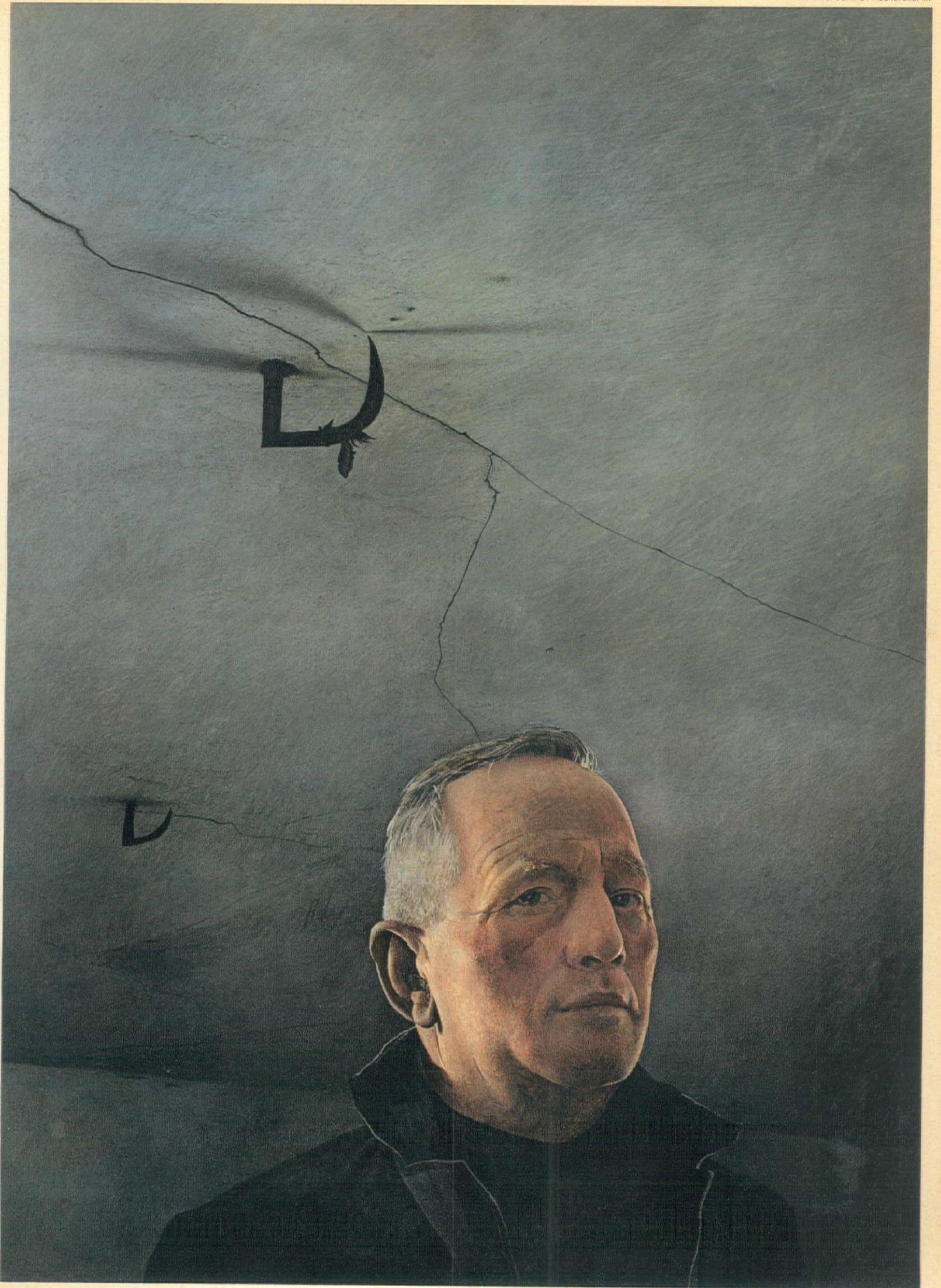
WYETH: Take that picture of the deer hanging from the willow tree [*Tenant Farmer*, reproduced in the portfolio which accompanies this article]. I happened to see that scene three or four days before Christmas. I didn't think a great deal about it. But it was snowing and I had a strange feeling in me, and when I went home and went to bed it kept lingering in my mind. I kept seeing the deer swing around under the willow tree, and he seemed almost to have an affinity with the building, almost, well, as if he'd lived there. And it became more than a deer shot by some damn hunter. It became a symbol to me. Then I had a dream in which hundreds of deer kept racing around that brick building. Finally, I had to do the painting just to get it out of my mind.

INTERVIEWER: Does the idea of a painting occupy your mind for a long time?

WYETH: Yes, oftentimes. But it may come to me in a flash. It may come the moment I see it, or it may come weeks later . . . a strange, almost abstract excitement taking place in me, through tonality and shapes.

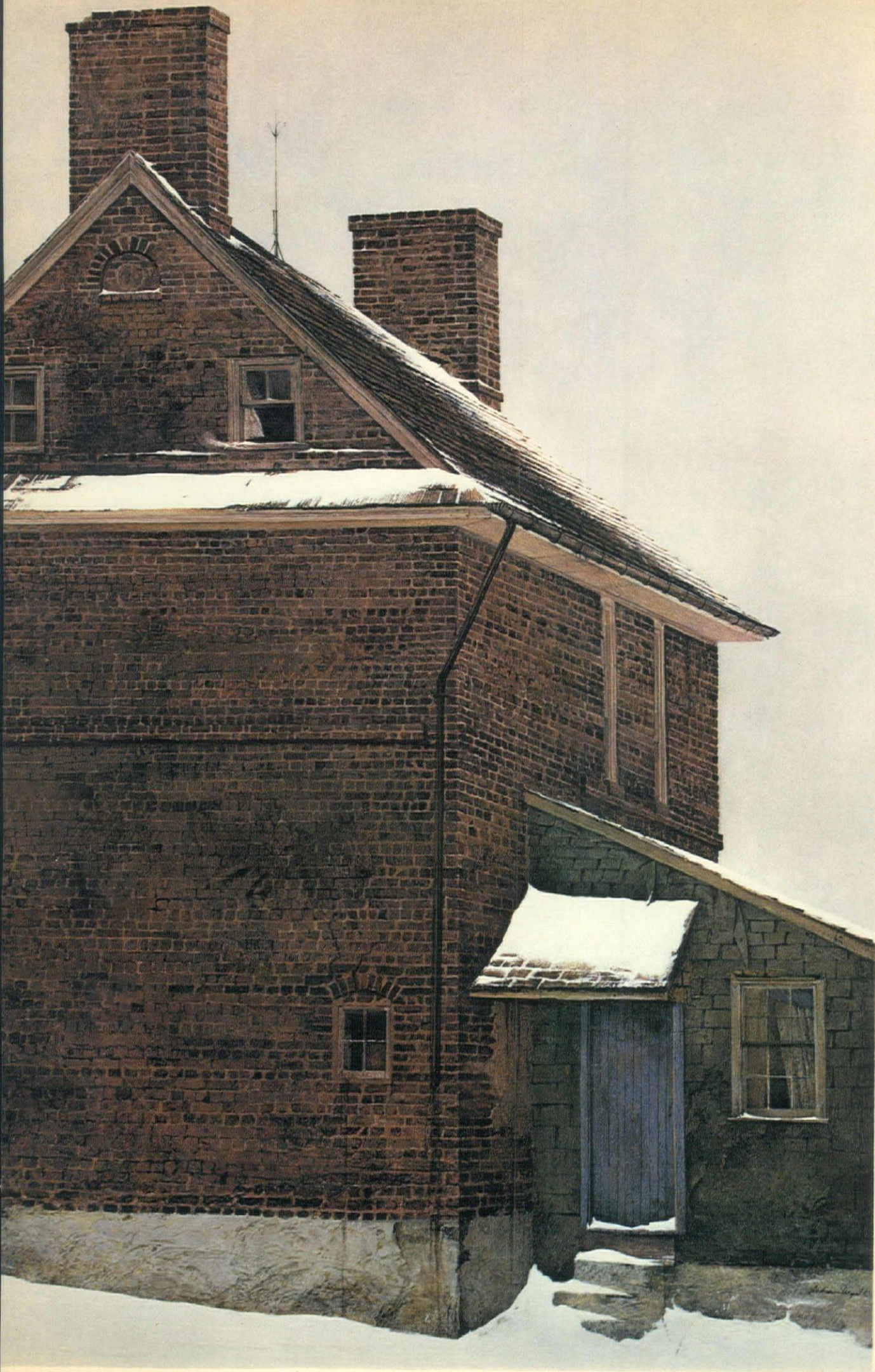
INTERVIEWER: Does this original con-

TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 97





TENANT FARMER, 1961





GROUND HOG DAY, 1958

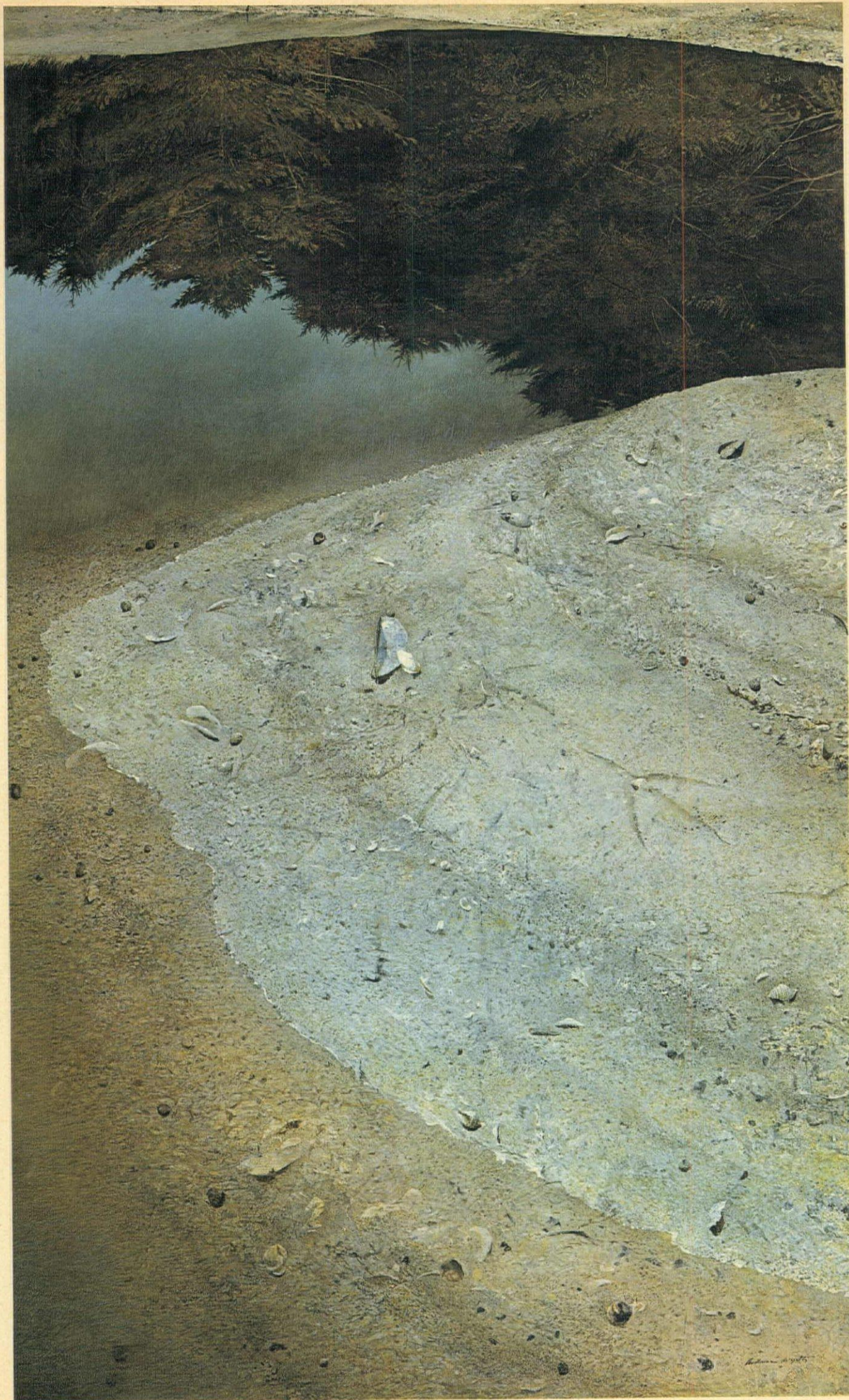


NICKY, 1960



YOUNG AMERICA, 1950





RIVER COVE, 1958

cept often change—so that the painting in its final form bears no apparent relationship to it?

WYETH: Only in that the painting becomes *more* the essence of what I was after than what I started with. Once I was working on a winter landscape of brown hills here in Pennsylvania, and I felt the age of the hill, and I was working, just throwing paint, just trying to tell the thing. I had worked on it for about a month and a half. Then one day, Nicky, my son, came into the studio, as he often did on getting home from public school, went over in a corner and sat down with his outdoor jacket on—sat there lost in thought. He's a boy who dreams a great deal. And I looked at him. Suddenly his head expressed more than those hills. They are here forever. But here's a child, I thought, only momentary, who's going to be gone, and the beauty that's here will be gone; and I started painting his portrait right over those hills, despite the fact I'd worked on them for weeks. [Another painting of Nicky appears in the portfolio.]

INTERVIEWER: So inspiration—the sudden view—is something you rely on . . .

WYETH: Don't *talk* to me about inspiration. Waiting for it I go through agony for months, and I don't paint at all. They say, "Well, why don't you serve on juries? Why don't you travel?" I don't, of course. I turn down everything. If I'm not open to the thing when that moment of inspiration happens, I mean, God help me. I wouldn't be able to catch it if I tied myself up with commitments. You have no idea how some of my best pictures have happened, just by accident. Take *Karl* [see portfolio], for instance. I had been working for weeks on a profile of him, a couple of months actually. I was interested in his face, down in the lower part of his nose. It wasn't particularly good. I knew it wasn't very good, but there was something underneath I was struggling for. One day he said, "Andy, come on up in the attic. I've got some smoked meat and some cider up there." So I went up there, and we sat there, underneath the beams with the iron hooks in them, and

opened up his hard cider and ate some of his blood sausage. Just sitting there talking to him, laughing, all of a sudden—this sounds melodramatic—we heard a strange sound downstairs. I saw him listen, and I said, "What's that?" He said, "That's my wife, you know." I knew she was crazy, off-the-beam every now and then. In the picture you'll notice the emphasis is on the ears. Almost listening. It was just a moment there. If not for that it would have been just a dull portrait of a very interesting-looking man.

INTERVIEWER: Is it possible to catch such moments artificially—by posing your subjects, for example?

WYETH: I never arrange anything. People think I hunt around to find the right arrangement. I never do that. I never change a thing to make it—well, *better*. Once the thing clicks in my mind, I follow it as closely as I can. If I bring in things or take them out, I do it unconsciously. You can't help but eliminate.

INTERVIEWER: What technique do you use?

WYETH: Egg tempera. I learned that medium from Peter Hurd, my brother-in-law. He taught me everything I know, technically, about the medium: mixing the emulsion and adding the dry pigments.

INTERVIEWER: What surface do you use?

WYETH: I paint on masonite panels—pressed wood—which have been coated with four or five coats of gesso, a mixture of Permalba and gelatin glue, and then sanded. It's the same surface the Florentines used, except they used live boards, which aren't really as good as what we have, since they dry out eventually and crack. The tempera itself, the pigment, takes about six months to dry, so that its adhesion to the coated panel, as you can imagine, is really tough. You know the way egg sticks on a plate if you leave it for a while? Well, that's

why we use it, except that the egg color disappears. It's a remarkable medium. Not for everyone, of course. I wouldn't call the medium particularly suitable for the black, say, that Jackson Pollock or Rembrandt gets, which is like looking into pools. Tempera's more the quality of the walls of this room, or a hornet's nest, or a beehive—almost a dusty beauty.

INTERVIEWER: It's a more exacting medium than oils, isn't it?

WYETH: I wouldn't say it's harder, but it takes a great deal of patience to build up the weight of the thing. You just can't do it as you can with water color—in one stroke. It's too thin.

INTERVIEWER: What is it that tells you when a painting is done?

WYETH: It's trial and error with me. People think of my draftsmanship. Well, I consider myself a lousy draftsman. I have to struggle at it. I paint hundreds of pictures but let very few of them out. Most of them don't come off. I've never really felt completed about a painting. I would love to work longer on it, or wish I'd done it another way . . . until finally I'm just exhausted. I get so exhausted I don't want to look at the picture. Can't stand to see it.

INTERVIEWER: That must make it somewhat easier to have them leave your studio. Do you miss your paintings?

WYETH: I can't say I do. The way I *feel* about things is so much better than the way I've been able to paint them. The image I had in my head before I started is not quite—*never* quite—completely conveyed in paint. There are certain feelings I would like to enjoy again by seeing the paintings they inspired. But usually I'm disappointed. I end up wishing I had just kept the feeling as a dream. The other day a water color was sent back to me to be signed—when they reframed it, they'd gone over the signature. I looked forward to seeing it. It had been done many years before, but I'd always remembered that at the time I painted it I thought I was getting somewhere. Well, if I still had that picture here, I'd burn it up. It was awful! I was telling my wife this morning,

Another in the HORIZON interview series
THE ARTIST SPEAKS FOR HIMSELF
under the editorship of George Plimpton



Andrew Wyeth in the setting he likes best: the autumnal fields near Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania

"God, I'm losing faith in my judgment. I thought it was good, and it's awful!"

INTERVIEWER: Did you sign it?

WYETH: I had to! But I must say I considered signing it in a shaky hand.

INTERVIEWER: Did you come to Pennsylvania when you were very young?

WYETH: I was born here. My father used to paint around this mill. It was running as a mill then, and we used to go swimming in the water below the falls. I was painting some hound dogs in front of the mill one day, and that was how I found out the place was for sale.

INTERVIEWER: Is that the painting called *Raccoon*?

WYETH: Yes. Except there aren't any raccoons in it. I'd been raccoon hunting a lot with those dogs. I used to come up here at night and drive by in the moonlight, and the dogs would start howling, almost a sound like "raccoon."

My title was purely abstract—maybe stupid. Titles don't mean a great deal.

INTERVIEWER: They don't mean anything to you?

WYETH: Well, I try to make them express the painting, but I don't know. It seems to me some paintings shouldn't be titled, and yet I know that certain titles have given interest to my work: *Christina's World*, for example. It's a

true title. I mean it *was* her world, and I think the title opened it up to people.

INTERVIEWER: Everybody wonders about that painting. Did you see her lying in that position, in that field?

WYETH: I was working on another painting down the road in Christina Olson's house, up in one of those dormer windows, working on a little thing called *Seed Corn*, corn hung up and blowing in the wind. I was just about finished with it when something made me look out the window, and I saw Christina crawling across the fields. She's a cripple, you know. And I looked at her, this marvelous, strange shade of pink she had—it looked like one of those lobster shells dried out on a New England beach, and what I had seen kept in my mind when I went back to work. I think that night I made a pencil drawing, rough.

INTERVIEWER: Could you suggest what the appeal is in that painting that has made it so popular?

WYETH: Well, what I felt was the loneliness of that figure—perhaps the way I felt myself as a kid. So it's as much an experience of mine as it was hers, do you see? That's the point. After all, you're expressing your own emotion. Take the painting of the boy standing by the barn door [reproduced on the cover of this

issue]. It's really a self-portrait of me as a kid. We used to play in the barn a great deal. And I saw this boy standing there one foggy night when I was coming back from Cushing. He was standing in the door as I drove by, and I looked up in the rear-view mirror of the car and saw him. I drove on up into my yard, half a mile away, and dropped off my wife and sons, grabbed some paper, and rushed back. The boy was still playing around. I said, "Would you pose for me?" I'll tell you something strange about painting that boy. He was one of a large family whose mother had died not long before and whose father had taken to the bottle. They were on hard times, those boys, working it out for themselves. Back in the barn there, lying in the hay—though I didn't know it at the time—was the father, sleeping-off drink, and suddenly I saw him rear up out of the hay. Seeing him over the boy's shoulder, looming from the darkness with his mouth open, toothless, and straw sticking every which way from his hair—a terrible apparition.

INTERVIEWER: People often speak of your paintings as having moods of melancholy, of the macabre, of loneliness. Do you consciously apply that mood in your painting, or is it simply inherent in

the subject matter that you use?

WYETH: Most people think my work is severe. This last picture of mine, the one of the deer, horrifies people. One person was all set to buy it, but his wife wouldn't consider it unless I painted out the deer! Of course it is the object that makes the mood. I'm very doubtful of mood painting that's consciously mood painting. A magazine article once described me as a "master of mood." I said, God forbid, if I ever become a master of mood, I ought to be shot. You can't master a mood. If you do, it's hokum. Charles Addams is wonderful in what he does, which is building up a very obvious *caricature* of mood. But mood itself is a very subtle thing, and I don't think it can be manufactured. It is true that each painting I do is wrapped up in mood—in the sense that I'm completely absorbed in my work. This whole winter was, to me, that deer-hanging painting. It pervaded the winter with me. People often ask how I remember the date of such and such a painting. I can't forget. After all, if you stay with a picture for three or four months, you don't forget it.

INTERVIEWER: When you approach a picture, what do you like least about putting paint to canvas?

WYETH: The most difficult thing, of course, is to keep up the white heat of excitement after you've started. After all, a painting in tempera takes a long time. First, I work it as you would a water color and then carry it on into depth, and that's where the real struggle comes in—to retain that original fire and yet work simplicity and power into the painting, without it being just cleverness. I mean really getting the meat of it. I think that's the most difficult thing. That's why—particularly these days—many painters feel after two days on a picture, well, God, they've spent *months* of work on it.

INTERVIEWER: How much time did you put into the painting of the deer?

WYETH: Almost four months. That painting was started on the day of the Kennedy Inauguration, oddly enough, and we were having a snowstorm here.

That was all part of the mood of the thing. I didn't see much of the Inauguration on television. In fact, I was supposed to be down there in Washington, but I refused. I should have gone, but I got much too excited about the picture. I had hundreds of sketches all over the floor, different positions, looking down, looking up, just purely imaginary.

INTERVIEWER: What actually tells you whether this or that sketch provides the key to the eventual painting?

WYETH: Purely an abstract sensing, I think. I don't know what it is. I can't always rely on it, but it's usually there. I can put the picture against the wall upside down and tell by the shape. It might be just one line on a blank piece of paper. I can sense whether that line is right, whether it excites.

INTERVIEWER: Do you ever use photographs as a guide?

WYETH: My painting has nothing to do with photography. People ask, "Don't you use a camera?" I despise cameras. I can't run one. The last time I took a picture, all I got was the person's foot!

INTERVIEWER: During the early stages of painting do you ever accept advice from anyone?

WYETH: I never show anything while I'm working on it. No one knows what I'm doing. When I've got a thing under way, my wife comes in the studio, but I don't let anyone else see it. When a lot of people see my work, to me it's like a curtain coming down. It stops all spontaneity. I always want to be able to rub the whole picture out, to feel free to get rid of it. But if someone breaks into the studio and says, "I love this," then you become hesitant, paint around what they like, and save it.

INTERVIEWER: Have you always worked that way—in relative secrecy?

WYETH: Well, since I stopped painting with my father and started working by myself.

INTERVIEWER: When you were young, was the house full of painters?

WYETH: My father, of course, was an illustrator, and he knew painters and a great many writers: Sinclair Lewis, Hugh Walpole, people like that were in

and out of the place. But I didn't pay too much attention. My father was strongly influenced by the trends of the twenties—Scott Fitzgerald and that group. Personally, I was too young—the youngest in the family—to be too much influenced by that. What I wanted to do was get out to know the country that I loved.

INTERVIEWER: How old were you when you started with crayons and brushes?

WYETH: I started drawing at a very early age, probably around ten. I think I was sixteen when I started studying. Up to that time I painted and drew for myself—water colors mostly.

INTERVIEWER: Did you show any ability at all?

WYETH: Of the five children, my work showed the least talent of any of them. My oldest sister, Carolyn, did drawings far superior to mine.

INTERVIEWER: Was your father a stern taskmaster?

WYETH: Very severe. He believed in sound drawing, not mannerisms. He never taught his own method of painting, which is why my work doesn't particularly resemble his. "I don't give a damn what you do in the future," he used to say, "but I want you to know fundamentals—how to draw a figure in action, horses and animals, and to have that vocabulary very clear in your mind." He was right, of course.

INTERVIEWER: Did your father criticize your painting as you went along?

WYETH: I never let him see anything I was doing until it was completed. I'm glad I did that, because I wanted to see how far I could go on my own. He was a very strong personality, and I think it *did* bother him that I wouldn't let him criticize things. But I had to know how far I could go without him. Of course I respected his judgment. One painting I did—which he didn't like—was of a pair of turkey vultures. I was looking down on them from above with the fields of a farm far below. As a kid I used to lie on my back in the fields in March and April, when you get those turkey vultures here, and find myself looking up and wondering how it would look look-

ing down. I did the painting long before I went up in a plane. But my father disliked it. That picture was used as a backing for my son's electric trains for five years. Tack marks all over it.

INTERVIEWER: What did he think when he came in and saw these things which were completely your own? Did he ever express envy?

WYETH: No. He wasn't that sort of man. He often said, "If you're not better than I am, I'm a rotten teacher."

INTERVIEWER: What was his main criticism of your work?

WYETH: Well, he was bothered sometimes by my tone of color. You must get more color in your pictures, he would say. Of course, I wasn't working for that. That's what they make you do if you do a portrait commission: "Very nice, but couldn't you put more pink in the cheeks . . . can't you give him some color?"

INTERVIEWER: Is it that sort of interference which has kept you from doing more portrait commissions?

WYETH: Partially. But mainly it's because I've been asked and have been forced into a corner and *have* to do them. That's why the few times I've done portrait commissions, they've been godawful. I feel like I'm in a cage.

INTERVIEWER: You did one of President Eisenhower for a *Time* cover . . .

WYETH: Yes. Well, there you are. I couldn't very well get out of it. But I'll never do anything like that again. I don't mean I don't admire him. I was with him for five days, really a wonderful time, and he was very interested in my work. He has a head that's very penetrating, and I'd like to have done a good portrait. I've been asked to do a portrait of Robert Frost. I love his work—he's certainly one of the great poets in America, or the world—but I begged off. I told him I thought I'd expressed more clearly in some of my landscapes of New England the way I felt about him, his work, than if I painted his features, his gray locks of hair. Other people connected with him were furious at me, but he understood perfectly.

INTERVIEWER: Do you think the artist

has a certain period of creative work?

WYETH: There's a certain amount I hope I can do, and feel I'll *have* to do. After that's over, maybe I'll become a completely different person. Think of Joe Hergesheimer, for example—a remarkable man, nothing bitter about him, a man who was the cream of the writers of his period. Now, of course, he's completely forgotten. I talked to him once. I said, "Joe, when did you stop writing?" He said he woke up one morning, said he would never write again, and never did. It was all over.

INTERVIEWER: Do you feel that might happen to you?

WYETH: I don't think so. But it's interesting. Joe was very definite about it. Sometimes I think if painters realized it was over, as he did, it would be better for them.

INTERVIEWER: As an artist do you feel any obligation to a public?

WYETH: There's a certain type of picture that, if you get any reputation at all, people *want*; but I'm perverse enough not to paint that kind of picture. There's no point in repeating a thing. I've had people ask me to put them in a painting like *Christina's World*—put their house in the background, their figure in the field, that sort of thing. To me, that's sacrilegious.

INTERVIEWER: Do you follow the careers of your contemporaries at all? How about the abstract expressionists?

WYETH: I like their vitality, that's the thing I get out of them. Actually, I don't care whether a painting is representational or purely abstract in its form. It doesn't matter. Either it's good or it's bad. The reason I work the way I do is that I think abstraction is fine up to a point, but finally I find it boring after looking at a whole show of them. Why can't we have something more? Can't we look at something and get the abstract excitement but also something else, too? I mean, I love the *looks* of Gertrude Stein on a page, but I can't get much more than that from it half the time; whereas a writer like, oh, Tolstoy, with *War and Peace*, provides a rich tapestry which is not only exciting

but has meaning within it. I feel that painting has to have something more in it than the sort of texture you find in the old walls of this room we're sitting in. In the fifties abstract painting won the day. But I can't imagine people four hundred years from now looking at some of these abstractions and bowing before them, really. Now, I'm talking about the ones that just live on texture. There are good ones—ones that have quality.

INTERVIEWER: Which would they be?

WYETH: Well, I like Braque's work very much. I think he has beautiful color—wonderful greens—a fresh feeling about him. I like Picasso's things, particularly some of his early work. And then, Franz Kline. I like his excitement in blacks. Jackson Pollock has a wonderful tapestry effect. His interweaving of color reminds me of those beautiful woven rugs I've seen. A good Pollock, a really good one, is quite conservative in its beauty. I think his things have to do with the past.

INTERVIEWER: As you progress as an artist, do you sense improvement in your work?

WYETH: Well, putting it another way, I think the great weakness in most of my work is subject matter. There's too much of it. If I ever develop into something really worthwhile as an artist, it will be when I have no subject at all.

INTERVIEWER: But what sort of painting would that be?

WYETH: There'd be no props. I don't mean there wouldn't be objects in the painting, but there'd be no props. The less props the artist needs, the better he's likely to be.

INTERVIEWER: What do you mean, exactly, by a painting having "props"?

WYETH: Take *Christina*. That painting lives on a very dramatic plane—one that makes you feel as I did when I painted it. I was lost in it. But I think perhaps it would have been possible to have painted just that field and have you *sense* Christina without her being there. Now that's going far, but it's the sort of thing I'm after. Rembrandt's helmeted officer isn't a great painting because of the subject, but for something else—a



"Chicken Wire" (1952) shows Wyeth's uncommon mastery of classical drawing techniques

quality of light—something which makes the difference between illustration and real painting. I don't mean that the object shouldn't be important, but I think my pictures are apt to be overfed and the objects overexpressed. Being very severe and honest about them, I'm afraid that's why they have appeal, of course, because they appeal particularly to those many people who have no understanding of painting at all and enjoy seeing objects that look like real objects—a hound dog that looks as though it could bark and run around, eat bones and coon meat. I don't mean objects are dead to me. But I think you can look into a blank sky, and there'll be a great deal there. An artist can paint a perfectly white surface—now this is really going far—and get a quality in it, made by the subtlest qualities of shift in the white.

INTERVIEWER: Mark Rothko is up to that now.

WYETH: Yes! And every moment he's got to be sensing that thing. Another person will come along and have no feeling at all—it'll be a blank.

INTERVIEWER: Have you yourself tried to get completely away from the object? Have you experimented?

WYETH: Oh, yes. There's one big tem-

pera of mine, *Snow Flurries*, that's just a field with clouds moving on it. That's all it is—shadows.

INTERVIEWER: But you've never done what could be called an abstract painting?

WYETH: Well, the first time one of my water colors was shown, it was hung upside down! And I've had abstractionists come to me and say, "Mr. Wyeth, I love your work." One of them went on to say, "But when I got up close to it, I realized they were *real objects*." Well, of course, I believe that's wrong, because why shouldn't we recognize an object?

INTERVIEWER: The painting called *River Cove* [see portfolio] seems almost devoid of objects.

WYETH: Yes. A case in point. In fact, though, I started out trying to paint a heron, one of those tall, wonderful herons we get in Maine. I'd get out there by the cove and stand and wait for hours on end; I'd have Betsy, my wife, come with me, or one of the boys. Supposedly those birds can't count, and if two people come and one goes back, they think they've *all* gone. Isn't that interesting? But I never could get near enough. If I moved, they'd take off. And I kept dreaming about this thing. I'm a mental case when it comes to painting, as I've

told you, because I have this idea, *want* it out, and can't get it, I felt like a bird myself, trying to get away, and finally I took wing and looked down. I got down to the simplest thing—just those bird tracks—looking down at what *they* saw. Do you see what I mean? What I ended up with was more the essence of the object than the object itself. The birds themselves finally weren't necessary.

INTERVIEWER: Would you find it extremely difficult to set up an easel in New York City?

WYETH: Yes, very. That's something very hard for me to explain. Perhaps it's nuts on my part—a weirdness probably. I'm asked why I don't go to Italy, where there are stone walls twice as good as the ones here in Pennsylvania. But that isn't it to me. I know there's much more effective country up in Lancaster County. But it doesn't have any meaning to me. I could look at it and say it's beautiful, but that would be all. It's probably my great lack. But then I would hope it is a virtue. I don't know. I wouldn't know.

Donald Stewart, who collaborated on this interview, is a staff writer for The New Yorker and the author of a novel, Crow.

By JEAN-LOUIS BARRAULT

The leading actor of France explains his
countrymen's addiction to a poet whose
work they know only in mutilated form

WHY THE FRENCH NEED Shakespeare

The contemporary French theater has no more brilliant figure than Jean-Louis Barrault (above, in a recent portrait), who—as principal actor, director, and theoretician—guides and illumines the distinguished repertory company he founded in 1946 with his wife, Madeleine Renaud. Known here from his company's two tours and his role in the film Les Enfants du Paradis, he will soon be represented by a new book, The Theatre of Jean-Louis Barrault (published by Hill and Wang), in which this article will appear.

Since the second half of the eighteenth century, Shakespeare's plays have been performed regularly in France. Voltaire is supposed to have been one of the first French admirers of Shakespeare; we shall see later how his admiration was shaken by critical doubts. The more recent admirers of Shakespeare have been Antoine, who produced practically every play, including *Titus Andronicus*; Gémier, who was apparently a stupendous Shylock; Charles Dullin, who produced *Richard III*, followed by *Julius Caesar* and *King Lear*; and Gaston Baty, who produced *Macbeth*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, and *Twelfth Night*. (Jacques Copeau's production of this last was also a great success.) Then came the Pitoëffs, who appeared in *Hamlet* and *Romeo and Juliet*; and the Comédie-Française itself, which in 1937 presented *Coriolanus* and in 1945 *Antony and Cleopatra*

[directed by Jean-Louis Barrault]. More recently still, Jean Vilar's production of *Richard II* set the precedent for many new, young, spirited companies which have been tackling *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, etc. (I am speaking only of Shakespeare as played regularly on the French stage and in the French language.) There is no question about it: Shakespeare is a necessity to the French. He is performed in France nearly as much as Molière, and more than Racine. Yet Shakespeare's arrival in France begins with a crime. While crossing the Channel, he is forced to undergo surgery that smacks of vandalism: he is shorn of his verbal style.

For the heady smoke of his art—ultra-realism bathed in an atmosphere of criss-crossed, iridescent patterns—is cruelly dissipated by its first clear, sharp contact with our uncompromising language, whose grammar and syntax laws are so deliberately rigid. Shakespeare, who is all art and whose ideas are more often revealed through his poetry than through his reason, finds his wings pitifully clipped by our logic. Gone are the rhythm, the music, the mist; gone even are those dark unexplored corners so jealously guarded by lovers of Shakespeare the poet. The thoughtful passages of speech, which range from the most commonplace prose to jewel-like lyricism, become less striking, less thrilling.

Many French lovers of Shakespeare are deterred by this





LAROUSSE

SHAKESPEARE

TRADUIT

DE L'ANGLAIS,

PAR M. LE TOURNEUR:

DÉDIÉ

A U R O I.

Homo sum : humani nihil à me alienum puto. Tétr.

TOME TROISIÈME.



A P A R I S,

Chez { L'AUTEUR, rue de Tournon, hôtel de Valois.
MÉRIGOT Jeune, Libraire, quai des Augustins, au
coin de la rue Pavée, maison neuve.

M. D C C. L X X V I I I.

Avec Approbation, & Privilège du Roi.

Despite Voltaire's early enthusiasm for him, Shakespeare was little known in France before Pierre Le Tourneur made the first complete translation of his works in 1776-82. Its appearance provoked bitter controversy: though the edition was dedicated to Louis XVI, as the title page above shows, it was denounced as "anti-French" because Le Tourneur's introduction praised Shakespeare at the expense of the classic dramatists of France.

serious handicap. Stripped of his poetry, they see him only as the representative of a barbarous age—with his grab bag of ghosts, murderers, pimps, and plotters. Such has been for many centuries the view of French purists, and such should logically be the opinion of most Frenchmen, usually so sensitive to style. Yet the children of Malherbe, La Fontaine, Boileau, Voltaire, and Chénier devour Shakespeare—even though he is crippled by translation.

At my bedside I always keep my three favorite books, the ones I would take with me if I had to leave suddenly and abandon my library—as during the Occupation, when those people would come at dawn to fetch you, giving you ten minutes to pack your belongings. They are the Bible (our source), Racine (beauty), and Shakespeare (life).

Indeed, Shakespeare is always ready to give us a new lease on life. He is our best "blood donor." He revitalizes us. At times we need it. How? I shall try to answer.

France's intellectual life resembles an impassioned argument, both bitter and brotherly, between three people. A wonderful trio! Imagine the fiery Pascal attacking Descartes's brilliant logic, with Montaigne as a smiling referee. Or La Fontaine caught between the fires of Ronsard and Malherbe (the dates do not matter). Or, still closer to us, André Gide encouraging Paul Valéry to infuriate Paul Claudel. These are three points of view which, through the gen-

erations in France, have never ceased to clash and are actually the basis of all French thought. Yet to the foreigner the Cartesian viewpoint is the one which will always reflect the characteristic (I shall not say conventional) image of France. One says "France, the land of Descartes," and "What is well thought out is clearly expressed," and that sentence which governs most French art: "Art separates that which Nature has mingled."

Indeed, what strikes one first in France is the blinding clarity of those minds which push logic and pure common sense to the highest possible level. If the French temperament is particularly noted for its logic and common sense, French art prefers to be recognized by its taste, its sense of proportion, and its discrimination. These have in fact been our particular gifts through the centuries. Doubtless this is due to our geographic position: our temperate climate and exceptionally varied landscape. From North to South, from East to West, in sun, in rain, in different temperatures, in the mountains or the rivers or the forests, we have no opportunity to worship excess. Everything is varied, temperate—the lot reserved for us by God. So the French artist goes about with an eraser between his fingers to delete and delete, a file in his hand to polish and polish incessantly. Ours is the land of thrift. ("Thrift, thrift, Horatio!")

Is this why France is one of the rare countries in which



Shakespeare's tragedies, too violent for audiences of the Grand Siècle, were adapted for them by Jean François Ducis, seen above recomposing King Lear in stately Alexandrines. Ducis loved the Bard devotedly but—hélas!—could read no English. Not until the Revolutionist actor Talma (right, as Hamlet, c. 1800) began using more natural speech and costume and greater expressiveness did a recognizable Shakespearean hero emerge through the errors and disguises of translators and adaptors.



a Racine could have been born—Racine, who cultivated taste, proportion, and discrimination to the point where his vocabulary contained no more than fifteen hundred words; Racine, of whose work not a single Alexandrine can be improved? (Valéry once tried and gave it up.)

Admirable control indeed—but inexorable, too. France's special talent can become her mortal flaw. Our tyrannical passion for taste is the crack through which we can slide to ruin. We erase, we file down, we economize, we keep narrowing the focus of our lens to study details. And in the process we rub ourselves smooth, we become thinned-out and blunted, until we resemble worn-out coins. Excessive fastidiousness, fear of ridicule, exaggerated refinement and selectivity can dry us out. And this is when we turn to Shakespeare: to his boiling life, his abundance, his genius.

France was worn out after the *Grand Siècle*: she needed to be rejuvenated; her blood had become too blue. The French garden had been too well trimmed—its trees had lost their sap. So Shakespeare was avidly welcomed by those who, later, would lay the foundation of the Romantic revolt. They fell upon him as on a loaf of rich bread.

Voltaire was overwhelmed. Then his enthusiasm turned to misgiving. The powerful, fertile, natural, sublime genius he had first discovered he later reproached for lack of "the least spark of taste and knowledge of the rules." From then

on, in his eyes, Shakespeare's tragedies were merely monstrous farces—with, admittedly, some beautiful scenes and some grandiose, awesome passages. He felt Shakespeare had not known how to separate the dross from the gold. Now the door must be quickly shut on the mediocrity, the triviality, the tedium and improbabilities that had been revealed. Once again the classical strait jacket tightened over a chest which, for an instant, had sought to breathe—and which now repented its deification of the "drunken barbarian." Voltaire's tormented behavior was repeated by following generations, oscillating between enthusiasm and withdrawal.

The Frenchman is less a gardener than a horticulturist. When he sees too many gravel paths in his well-arranged garden, he longs for a simple English lawn again. So he seeds; but as soon as the grass appears he loses no time in slicing it up with geometric flower beds *à la française*. There is his eternal dilemma: good taste at his right hand, genius at his left. And he batters his head against both.

The truth is that taste preserves what genius begets. Taste is the common sense of genius. But there are only certain moments, and during those moments certain nations, in which taste and genius harmonize. Then, neither commits sins of omission or excess. And then we see our masterpieces burst forth. We see the creation of *Andromaque*, *Hamlet*, *Britannicus*, *Macbeth*, *Bajazet*, *Antony* and *Cleo-*

COMEDIE-FRANÇAISE



In 1827 Paris "discovered" Shakespeare in English, performed by a visiting London company whose sensation was a young actress named Harriet Smithson. Her haunting portrayals of Ophelia and Desdemona—depicted above (in white) and at left in contemporary lithographs—moved playgoers to distraction. Among the young romantics who fell in love with her, and with Shakespeare, was Hector Berlioz, who later became her husband.

patra, *Phèdre*, *The Tempest*. Then, Racine and Shakespeare revolve together high in the heavens in complete control of everything. Shakespeare's delicacy is often as elegant as Racine's—who need not envy Shakespeare his cruelty.

Even so, an international competition would award the prize for good taste to Racine and the prize for abundance to Shakespeare. The world is conventional; it has a mania for classification. Yet, it is still true that when we are worn out from our search for the uncommon, it is Shakespeare who helps bring us back into the mainstream of life. He revives our hearts and turns our eyes again toward humanity.

But, you may say, your French heritage includes another man in whom taste and genius harmonize, yet in whom (like Shakespeare) the scale tips more toward abundance and strength, toward life: Molière. Why do you prefer Shakespeare to him?

I do not prefer Shakespeare to Molière. Molière is ourselves. From the time we are born his words echo within us. But I admit that for the present I find Shakespeare more nourishing; conditions in his world are closer to our own than to those of Molière. Shakespeare lived amidst murders, revolutions, and catastrophes as we do—"between two ages," one may say. Molière lived in a rich age, a period of glory and prosperity. Over him reigned order and absolute authority. Richness, glory, prosperity, order, authority—words,

alas, that are remote to us! Molière is stability. Do we still know what stability is?

So if I had to choose, I would pack Shakespeare instead of Molière to take with me (obviously I would rather take both). For Shakespeare just now is more "modern" than Molière—and I mean just now; he will not be so in fifty years.

Shakespeare steered a course between the religious revolution already launched under Henry VIII and the political revolution about to take place under Charles I; he watched the Middle Ages, the era of faith, recede; he took part in the flowering of a modern world. He thrashed about in that valley of murders and catastrophes where, in the light of honor, all values were challenged.

At only twenty-six he had Henry VI saying:

*O! pity, God, this miserable age!
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!*

To us whose hearts still remember Buchenwald, Auschwitz, the retreat from Dunkirk, the horrors of Coventry and even Hiroshima, dictators strung up by the heels, lampshades of human skin—do you not find that this cry of pain sounds a familiar, cruel echo in our souls? Surely we are a long way from the *Femmes Savantes* and the somewhat out-



Among the many French romantic works inspired by Shakespeare were Eugène Delacroix's thirty lithographs of Hamlet, completed in 1843. His rendering of the grave-diggers' scene (left) reflects the Shakespearean qualities most admired by men like Delacroix, Hugo, and Berlioz—vivid contrasts, strong passions, and sympathetic insight into men of every class and condition. Late in the nineteenth century Sarah Bernhardt, herself a figure of contrasts and passions, created memorable characterizations of Lady Macbeth (near right, in an 1884 photograph) and Hamlet (far right, as she appeared at her own theater in 1899).

dated common sense of the good-natured Chrysale.

What, then, does Shakespeare do? What example does he set for us? What behavior does he, as an artist, prescribe for us? Does he divorce himself from his world? Does he retire to an ivory tower to devote himself to art for art's sake?

No. He mingles with the crowd. He restores to the poet his true function, that of observer. It is he who is "the abstract and brief chronicles of the time." Drawing his themes from real life, he sets the style for his age.

If he had just lived through the Second World War as we have, if he were a witness to our present international malaise (with two great powers fighting over the peace), would he need to change many words of Enobarbus's speech in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

*Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the one the other.*

"What we should imitate in this great man," said Stendhal, "is the way of studying the world we live in, and the art of giving our contemporaries exactly the kind of tragedy they need (but which, intimidated by custom and their mania for taste, they are not bold enough to ask for). It is not so much that we should write plays like Shakespeare's. But we should, I repeat, study our world the way Shakespeare studied his.

We too have our factions, our conspiracies. A man whose laughter is heard in a drawing-room today will be in prison in a week; another who laughs with him will appoint the jury which condemns him."

Stendhal's age, like ours, was also in tune with Shakespeare's. And that, after a fashion, is Shakespeare's social message. From it we could conclude that Shakespeare is the patron saint of the engaged, committed artist. He is, to a small degree, but we must be more specific. Granted, he mingles with the crowd—but he is content with the role of observer. He takes no sides, and this is of supreme importance. Even in times like ours, with the political virus so widespread, who could place Shakespeare in any political party?

We can recall the controversy caused by the Comédie-Française production of *Coriolanus* in 1937 during the Popular Front, when Shakespeare was close to being considered a fascist. But Shakespeare is an apolitical artist, an artist pure and simple. When in *Henry VI, Part II* he introduces Jack Cade, the representative of the insurgent masses against the privileged classes, he himself remains above both. In one moment he seems to cater to the privileged classes, when he has Jack Cade say, comically, "But then are we in order when we are most out of order." Yet a moment later he pays homage to the eternal grandeur of oppressed peoples, when Jack Cade, dying in the wise Iden's garden, murmurs, "Fam-



ine and no other hath slain me." He shows us that loathsomeness is a corollary of politics. Did not Stendhal himself say that "any intrusion of politics in a work of art is like a pistol shot during a concert"?

Despite the few undeniable bits of chauvinism which can offend a few overticklish Frenchmen, Shakespeare's art always knows how to remain above politics. Even in his most "official" historical plays he can avoid vulgar propaganda. He never swerves from his steady lucidity. No politics, no propaganda, no moral lectures. He answers only to justice. And this is the main reason why this poet is a great playwright from whom we can learn.

Draw upon topical themes; look for the style of our age; mingle with the crowd; remain an observer; avoid political militancy; resist all propaganda pressures; restore morality to the rank it deserves; and serve only justice. This, if you like, is Shakespeare's social message.

But it is not the only way in which he regenerates us. He presents us, too, with a new hero. He endows the gallery of dramatic heroes with one of his own, one whom neither antiquity nor the Middle Ages could conceive—the ideal Renaissance hero: the hero of Doubt, of lofty hesitation, weary of life's mediocrity, tortured by villainous deeds, a man of scruple who questions everything. He is chaste, pure, admirable, fascinating. He is Richard II; he is Henry VI; he

is, finally, Hamlet. He is the hero who fails to save Macbeth and who destroys him; who partly takes possession of Antony; who is the sensual victim of the Sonnets.

If he is not Shakespeare himself, he is, at any rate, the most typical hero of any Renaissance age—whether Shakespeare's or our own. Shakespeare bequeaths us his hero's experience. Once more paradise is lost: the paradise of Faith. Faith itself has disintegrated. All must be questioned anew. It is the drama of Belief, the trial of Doubt. But Shakespeare's hero retains a chaste character, a conscience, "a noble heart." His soul remains pure. And we see him, on the threshold of action, debating the necessity for action. To act is to encourage mediocrity, cupidity, injustice. All is coarse, vulgar, and dirty; all, whether dead meat or living flesh, is threatened by the worm. Everything is an assault on decency, pure love, total friendship. How, then, can one go on to act without being tainted? The great problem:

*. . . howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy mind . . .*

That is the question.

The moment the consequences of the act become questionable, the moment one asks oneself whether the action is not merely useful but also good and "just"—then everything breaks down. As soon as a man becomes lucid, as soon as he



ceases to plunge ahead unthinkingly to act on faith alone, "even for an eggshell," even if there be "no cause why the man dies"—everything blurs. There is no more day or night. It is the hour between dog and wolf, when Nature herself seems to hesitate ("to be or not to be"), a prey to the gloomiest twilight, to the harbinger of night. It is the triumph of ambiguity, as we see it in our own day—an eminently dangerous position in which the hero becomes conscious of his dilemma and suddenly renounces action. "Thus conscience does make cowards of us all . . . and enterprises . . . lose the name of action."

Then follows the weariness of life, the attraction to suicide (individual or collective, it is the same), the melancholy or frantic acceptance of despair.

*How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world.
Fie on't! O fie!*

His despair confirmed, nothing remains for the Shakespearean hero but to "his quietus make with a bare bodkin."

But the hour of cowardice soon passes. Beyond the deepest despair there reappears the untouched depths of his soul. Then the Shakespearean hero, a temporal victim, wins his metaphysical victory. His soul has remained pure. He is still upright. He has pressed his nose too long against the window

on the invisible not to discern, deep in his blind eye, a sudden glowing spark, ablaze with the Infinite Presence.

Suicide has been impossible for him. He has, indeed, accepted death, with a kind of relief. But he has glimpsed grace, he has sighted the solution, he now prophesies the beginning of action in the new faith. The trial of Doubt is ended. The hero has passed close to the void and come away again, truly reborn. He has sacrificed himself in complete possession of his faculties. He has been our martyr-guide through the most tortuous labyrinths of Doubt, so that at the end he may reveal to us a renewed awareness of Faith.

This, at least, is how I choose to interpret the complex and spellbinding Shakespearean hero whom I like to call the hero of lofty hesitation, and who for me is personified in his most pure and chaste state by Hamlet.

So the great and universal William has a social message and a spiritual message for us, as Frenchmen and as men, despite our amputation of his style. Can we decipher another?

Indeed yes: his artistic message.

Shakespeare drives his art to the point of apparent confusion to render it even closer to Nature. Nearly all Shakespeare's works are written like symphonies. One of the most musical, perhaps, is the *Antony and Cleopatra* that so excited me not long ago. On this alone we could spend many delightful hours. I shall submit it to you as a game.



In present-day France Jean-Louis Barrault is the pre-eminent exponent of Shakespeare. His acting and direction of Hamlet, in the André Gide translation, were received triumphantly at home and abroad; his most recent production was Julius Caesar, in which he appears opposite as Cassius (with back to camera), facing his company at the Théâtre de France. Before World War II the Russian-born Georges and Ludmilla Pitoëff, shown above as Romeo and Juliet, gave Paris imaginative interpretations of Shakespeare. More recently actor-director Jean Vilar—seen at right as Macbeth, with the witches—has, as head of the Théâtre National Populaire, brought the Bard at budget prices to both Paris and the provinces.



PHOTOGRAPHS LIPNITZKI

And, speaking of games, could not yet another book be written on Shakespeare: about his brilliant plays on words; the play on words pursued to its most joyous limits—even the vulgar pun, which stems from the very roots of our words, from the raw materials of speech.

But what Shakespeare offers us artistically, among so many other things, is his ultra-realism. This deserves a brief explanation. Shakespeare's poetry soars only when it attains the limits of reality. Let us take as example *King Lear*, the play which moves me the most. Each time I hear "O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven . . ." I weep. Sir Laurence Olivier's portrayal of the role some time ago was magnificent. To me, that evening was a revelation. When Lear came on crowned with flowers, I noticed that Olivier had pushed realism to the point of daubing his feet with a make-up of blood. And suddenly I understood that what looked like a real presence of blood released Laurence Olivier from having to act out the realism of his bruised feet. He could then devote himself entirely to the sublime serenity of Lear's great poetry. Such realistic detail actually frees the actor from having to portray the realism of the situation and liberates him poetically. In France, Lear's feet would not have been bloody. The actor would have had to create the impression of bruised feet at the expense of the turbulence in his soul—a stylization which runs counter to pure poetry.

The great French theater began only in 1636 with *Le Cid*, but Shakespeare brings us, before that, the whole drama of the Renaissance. His own theater began in 1590 with his Henry VI trilogy. He thus gives us fifty extra years.

Shakespeare is one of the three or four great universal abodes of the human mind. He hovers high above the nations. To make him ours, therefore, it is natural for us to stress his universal side. So, when we present him, we tend to strip him of his whole historical wardrobe. We in France incline instinctively to denationalize him. For you in the English-speaking world, it is just the opposite. This is as natural for you as for us. For you, he is of course universal—but, what luck! he belongs to the British Isles. Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern are less students at Wittenberg than at Oxford. You guard Shakespeare fiercely in his national uniform.

Each of us pulls him our own way. We, in France, take away from Shakespeare all his accessories and battlements. We change his course deliberately, toward the abstract. We surround him with curtains and costumes that belong to no special period. You hold him back, and despite yourselves, you prevent him from crossing the Channel. You guard him jealously in the bosom of your knighthood.

It is you, moreover, who are right. But are we to be blamed so very much for drawing him a little bit toward us?

MOVIES

The Sour Truth About the Sweet Life

An increasingly popular topic with movie makers is the sickeningly sweet life of the amoral, jaded, murderously bored upper classes. The first film which came seriously to grips with this problem was Jean Renoir's masterpiece, *The Rules of the Game* (1939), but the censorship it provoked and the war it so closely preceded squelched any immediate influence it might have had. Recently the theme has been picked up again in such French films as Louis Malle's *The Lovers*, Marcel Carné's *The Cheaters*, Claude Chabrol's *The Cousins*, and Roger Vadim's *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* 1960. Some American films have also addressed themselves to the topic, but in timid or sanctimonious terms; the only one worth mentioning, perhaps, is *Butterfield 8*. Now two very important Italian films have come along that face the problem of the decadent upper—or, at least, idler—classes with unrelenting honesty. They are Federico Fellini's *La Dolce Vita* and Michelangelo Antonioni's *L'Avventura*.

It would be tempting to distinguish between these somewhat similar movies by saying that Fellini's comes mainly from the heart, whereas Antonioni's comes chiefly from the head. But this would be a lamentable oversimplification. Very briefly, *La Dolce Vita* is the story of Marcello, a Roman newspaperman, who writes yellow journalism and talks about his serious book; who lives

with a devoted, silly, possessive mistress, and yearns for *the* woman to love. He gets more or less involved with a variety of women, from a wistful, nymphomaniac millionairess to a dizzy but pitiful Hollywood star, whose brain recedes as strenuously as her bust protrudes.

In other episodes of the film he covers an alleged appearance of the Virgin to a couple of lying children, which turns into a tragic stampede of the gullible; has a bitter fight with his mistress (who previously tried to commit suicide); entertains unsuccessfully his businessman father on a brief visit to Rome; and attends various parties. These consist of an "intellectual" one at the house of Steiner, a man of taste and culture (who subsequently kills his two winsome children and himself because of a deep mistrust of the world); an absurd and effetely lecherous one among the aristocracy; and finally, a gross, wearily orgiastic one among the *nouveaux riches* and their hangers-on. In the end Marcello, in flashy dress and flabby face, has become a press agent without illusions of being either a writer or a man. We leave him and his fellow debauchees on a beach at dawn where a huge, dead manta ray stares at them reproachfully. "A monster!" they cry; but it is they who are the true freaks.

What makes these seemingly disjointed scenes snap together with alarming neatness is, to begin with, a number

of connecting visual refrains. One of them is the writhing Via Veneto; another, the vicious breed of free-lance photographers whose flash bulbs sting the eye, shutters whirr, and Vespas buzz—ghastly, overgrown insects pursuing their preposterous but pitiable prey. A more important device is the threefold irony which provides, aside from flavor, cohesiveness.

The basic irony simply comments on the action: thus, in a scene of *La Dolce Vita* an ostensibly respectable paterfamilias, mildly amused by the heartbreaking antics of a clown in a night club, is unaware that the gallivanting old clown is his own pathetic alter ego, enacting a playlet that would catch the conscience of any king who still had a conscience left.

There is secondly the connective, transitional irony, which ties together scenes or parts of scenes. Thus, in the prologue (based, like several subsequent episodes, on actual happenings reported in the newspapers) a helicopter carries a large, foolishly dangling gilt figure of Christ toward St. Peter's. A quick cut, and we are in a night club and stare into the gilt masks of Siamese dancers. Their resemblance to the statue of Christ is further emphasized by their rhythmic swaying. Two of the main themes of *La Dolce Vita* are herewith established: that the more things change, the more they are alike; and that nothing is sa-

cred because of its intolerable similarity to, or imitation by, something profane or downright vulgar.

Thirdly, and most frequently, there are echo-ironies which hark back from one episode to another. At the intellectual gathering a young British gigolo seems moved enough, as he plays back on a tape recorder some sounds Steiner recorded from nature, to recite a verse from his national poet, Shakespeare: "Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not." Lovely, but these

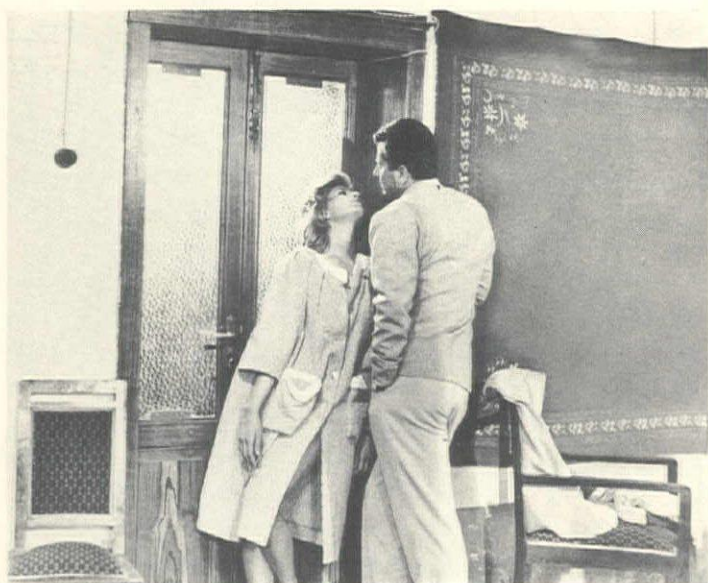
words in *The Tempest* are spoken by Caliban, the monster. In a later scene Marcello's father visits a Roman night club with his son; they meet a chorus girl who is a friend of Marcello's, and the old man decides to seduce her. Showily, he quotes from his national poet, Dante: "*Disperato dolor che il cor mi preme.*" But this line about the desperate grief that clutches at his heart is spoken in the *Inferno* by Count Ugolino, the father who, to assuage his hunger, ate his son. It emerges that Mar-

cello was utterly neglected by his father.

Gradually, ineluctably, *La Dolce Vita* establishes its most important point: there is no cure for human insufficiency and unhappiness. Too much money destroys as surely as too little; the loving woman is as much of a bore as the intelligent one is a whore; the intellectual life and the life of the senses are only different façades erected before the identical void. "One would have to live detached," says Steiner, and immediately adds, "Let us rejoin our company."



La Dolce Vita depicts the jaded life in mordant episodes: in one a film star (Anita Ekberg) arrives at Rome (left) and, after a night of childish abandon, is joined in the Trevi fountain by the quasi hero (Marcello Mastroianni).



L'Avventura documents the developing passion of Claudia and Sandro (Monica Vitti and Gabriele Ferzetti, left), which is severely strained when he succumbs to an American trollop (right) working "international society."

Antonioni's *L'Avventura* concerns a group of socialites on a pleasure cruise off Sicily. All of them are profoundly addicted to, and excruciated by, their respective partners in sex or sexlessness. Anna, a rich, neurotic girl, is exasperated by her lover, the prosperous society architect Sandro; suddenly, during a stay on a small, deserted island, she vanishes. Her best friend, Claudia, the only vaguely moral member of the group, joins Sandro in the search across Sicily for Anna. They never find her, but Claudia succumbs to Sandro, fights off her guilt feelings, and happily plans for their future. Sandro promises to become a self-respecting architect again. But that night Claudia discovers him in the arms of a fancy American floozie. Deeply shaken, Claudia nevertheless manages to forgive the remorseful Sandro. But will things ever be any better? Earlier, when Claudia complains that having an affair with her missing girl friend's fiancé is totally absurd, Sandro replies, "Good! If it's absurd, it means we can't do anything about it." And when at one point the uneasy Claudia refuses to make love again to someone who still seems to her a stranger, Sandro retorts, "You should be glad—it's a new adventure then." And, indeed, it is that same night that Sandro seeks out the only possible new *avventura* remaining to him.

To emphasize the vacuity of these lives, Antonioni makes his images and sounds so beautiful that by contrast the happenings become even more drab. Every frame of his film is a work of art: Bonnard and Matisse would have envied him his sense of composition. The way two heads in a close-up fill or do not fill the rectangle of the screen becomes a matter for breathless wonderment. People walk in and out of the field of vision in the most elegantly choreographed ballet. Crickets, birds, distant trains or cars, thunder or sharp intakes of breath, an occasional footnote's worth of astringent music: What soundtrack was ever more poetic? Buildings and landscapes are either sumptuous or, at least, rich in texture. Antonioni never runs

out of cake, never lets us eat bread. But enveloped by such beauty, things remain negative: museums are not open when they should be; a brand new town is mysteriously uninhabited; after three months a marriage is already a gladiatorial fight; if a wife is faithful, she is so out of indolence; a teen-age painter paints only to be able to sleep with his models; and so on and on. The plot itself is a giant shaggy-dog story: Anna, the beautiful, disheveled bitch, disappears, and in the end, instead of being told what happened, we are made not even to care.

If Fellini is not all emotion, neither is Antonioni all intellect. Consider the highly-charged use of black and white in *L'Avventura*. Now this is not the *chiaroscuro*, the gradual intermingling of light and dark, that seventeenth-century painters were so fond of; this is a juxtaposition of the sharpest whites and blacks, that for all their jostling each other, remain achingly distinct. Antonioni, who is also a Sunday painter, gives us a pictorial Manichaeism: good and evil, black and white, are pitted against each other. Significantly, Claudia is so light a blonde that her hair photographs close to white; all the others in the film have darker hair, and that of Sandro, the hero, is black. Shortly before Claudia yields to Sandro, she is playfully trying on wigs and covers her luminous hair with a black one, to emerge for an instant as a glossily sinister dressmaker's dummy. The climax of the picture is the moment of forgiveness, when Claudia, discovering her lover's intransigent unfaithfulness, brings herself to lay her hand on the sobbing Sandro's head: the whiteness of that hand blessing the black hair is both stunning and meaningful. Similarly, when Sandro, the architect who has sold out to crass commercialism, chances on a younger man's architectural drawing, he deliberately knocks over a bottle of India ink standing on it: the miniature black lava spreads malevolently across the innocent whiteness of the paper. The next moment, a group of priests ushers out of a church, a phalanx of little sem-

inarians in black garb, and an identically spreading black mass spills across the screen. (This seems to me a much stronger anticlerical touch than anything Fellini is supposed to have perpetrated.) Such a black-and-white view of the world is as childlike and emotional as is the charmingly naïve explanation which Antonioni gives for Claudia's innocence: an impecunious childhood.

Under the surface calm of *L'Avventura* the hostilities and ennui are all the more rampant. In *La Dolce Vita* Fellini makes his point by whirling us around from bright color to bright color at such a speed that everything resolves itself into a pathetic gray; Antonioni shows us such inertia, pettiness, insignificance in people's lives that they become submerged in boredom and move awkwardly as if under water, as if at the bottom of their own heavy discontent.

Ultimately, both Fellini and Antonioni overshoot the mark. Antonioni's picture conveys boredom so minutely that it becomes boring itself. Fellini surrounds what he hoped would be images of hope with so much gloom that they, too, become suspect: Steiner's intellectual crowd seems phony and pretentious; Paola, a little girl who beckons Marcello away from his degenerate companions, looks like an Umbrian angel but suggests a Roman nymphet. Yet both these movies are works of art. (Neither would, like *Butterfield 8*, end in a cowardly about-face, and prove the slut's heart pure gold under her pilfered mink, and the playboy so purified by adultery as to be actually willing to do some honest work.) Fellini's is the more successful one, especially in such superb scenes as those between Marcello and his mistress, and Marcello and his father. Both films, however, imply, with equally unforgettable images, the impossibility of loving. "Love, as it exists in society," wrote the eighteenth-century French moralist Chamfort, "is only the exchange of two fantasies and the contact of two outermost layers of skin." Not so in these movies. Even the fantasies have atrophied; only the epidermis remains.

JOHN SIMON

TELEVISION

Culture in the Wee Hours

On those occasions when I wish to know what goodies are available on my television set (by the way, don't leave chocolates on a television set—they melt), I customarily leaf through *TV Guide*. This is better than the daily paper because *TV Guide* gives brief synopses of the programs, usually making it unnecessary to turn on the set at all, in which case you can leave chocolates on it.

Recently, however, I have come across a perfectly splendid program guide issued by the Philco Corporation for the personal use of the Federal Communications Commission, and dealing with cultural programs transmitted at regular intervals over Channel 3, Philadelphia. It is in this fashion that I discovered, for example, that NBC has available a program called *Opinion*, which is stated to have a twofold purpose: "(1) an effort to restore perceptive conversation as a tool of communication and 2) using spontaneous conversation as a tool of communication to probe more deeply into the social, psychological, and philosophical meaning of everyday things and ideas." I am also in a position to call to your attention *Lifeline Unlimited*, described (again by NBC) as a series that "took the viewer to the campuses and classrooms of ten American colleges and universities. It revealed the facilities, work, faculties, and responsibilities attached to university life." (I don't know where NBC buys its syntax, but it is getting a low-quality product.)

Philco is not making all this known out of affection for NBC. Quite the contrary. Philco has been trying to get the FCC to deny NBC's application for renewal of its Philadelphia television license, which Philco would like to have for its very own. The quotations above are from NBC's application and were intended to show the FCC what grand folks they are up at Radio City. Philco's share in the game was to advise the FCC

of data that the applicants, inexplicably, had neglected to include: *Opinion* had been scheduled at 1 A.M. Tuesdays, and *Lifeline Unlimited* at 1 A.M. Mondays. In all, Philco cited nineteen highfaluting programs, telecast by the good people of NBC between the hours of 12:30 A.M. and 7 A.M., and intimated that while NBC might be doing a real service for erudite night watchmen, the rest of culture-minded Philadelphia wasn't profiting very much from the programming.

Well, there was once a prize-fight referee in Texas who presided over the allotted ten rounds and then announced, "They both lose." That's my view of the squabble between Philco and NBC. Programs like the ones mentioned above should not be produced at all, and if they are produced, about 3:30 A.M. is a good time to transmit them.

Programs of this sort are merely a limp gesture in response to the stated obligation of a television station to do something worthy from time to time. Nobody looks at them, and nobody is expected to look at them, any more than customers in saloons were expected to eat "Raines Law sandwiches" back in the days when the statutes required saloons to have food available. By and large, people in saloons don't want sandwiches; and people with television sets feel no deep desire to learn the problems of university professors. This is sad, and perhaps deleterious, but that's the way it is.

Battles have been waged recently over the statement by the new chairman of the FCC characterizing television as a "vast wasteland." Of course it is. That was determined a generation ago, when the American air waves were turned over to advertisers. There has been ever since an economic compulsion on a station or a network to deliver to the mass advertiser a mass audience, and the mass

audience wants *The Untouchables* and *Mr. Ed*. It has never been otherwise. Once upon a time mass audiences wanted to see Christians thrown to the lions, and a little later they clamored for bear-baiting and more recently for Rudolph Valentino and the short stories of Octavus Roy Cohen—and that's what they got. *The Untouchables* represents real progress.

It is astonishing that the networks have done as much as they have. Both NBC and CBS pillage the corporate treasury from time to time to produce programs like *CBS Reports* and *White Paper*, at an unrecoverable cost of millions of dollars a year. They even bludgeon stations to put them on the air, which is not easy. But nobody watches—not even the people who scream for more programs like *CBS Reports* and *White Paper*, because those people prefer to boast that they don't own television sets. The real television audience is snuggled down cozily watching the mayhem on ABC.

The cry for "quality television" rends the air, but it isn't clear what is meant by it. If it is an attempt to force quality programs on people who don't want quality programs, it won't work. It might be possible to get laws and regulations requiring all networks to schedule, and all stations to carry, programs of artistic merit a certain portion of the time. Such regulations would also have to require that the networks spend adequate sums of money on such programs (which are very expensive) and that all stations carry them simultaneously—say from 7 to 10 P.M. Tuesdays. This would go a long way toward saving minor-league baseball and the movies—it might even bring back Mahjong—but it wouldn't help television any.

Perhaps the idea is to provide quality programs for the handful that wants them. But it is pointless to try to effect

this through commercial networks and stations because it is asking them to commit economic suicide, and they don't want to. Any network or station in a competitive situation that honestly attempts quality programming will lose its mass audience and go out of business.

If there is any recourse, it lies in creating a situation in which television stations can survive in the absence of a mass audience, or can at least make the effort with some hope of success. This is by no means impossible. The air waves are ample enough, with present technology, for hundreds of channels.

With channels to burn, television would be in much the position of magazine publication. Anyone who doesn't like the mass magazines can start his own and look for support wherever he likes. There is no guarantee that his magazine will be very good, but he does no harm and, who knows, may turn out

a good one. Television should, and can, offer the same opportunity.

This brings up, by way of the back door, the subject of Pay Television. The proponents of Pay TV assure us that once their hands get into our pockets, there will be T. S. Eliot on the air until Hell won't have it. I am by no means sure of this, but I am willing to concede that Pay TV opens the door to T. S. Eliot, if that's what you want. Whether there will be enough people who want T. S. Eliot to pay the freight is something I tend to doubt. But with a plentiful supply of channels, there seems to be no reason why anyone who wants to try shouldn't try.

The trouble is that like the quality magazine back in the days when magazines ruled the roost, quality television is likely to be pretty terrible because all the capable television people are out making large gobs of money in the world

of commercial trash. Then, too, there is the warning from history, which offers no reason to believe that the deep thinkers who howled about the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Reader's Digest* rushed out every month to buy copies of *Poetry*.

If you are looking for entertainment, the best is exactly what it has been for several thousand years: working at a job you enjoy; sitting and talking with people; reading an author who has something to say. For the most part, that is what the people who complain about television enjoy most, and that is what they will prefer to do no matter what is on television. Those are refined tastes, and it is a shame that more people don't share them. But the job is one for the school system, not the advertising media, and if you want to bring pressure on someone, leave the FCC alone and drop a note to the Office of Education.

STEPHEN WHITE

BOOKS

Uncommon Thoughts in a Common Place

On my bookshelves, some of the most amusing and interesting volumes are commonplace books.

—I hear a chirp of laughter, a little groan of protest. There are so many books devoted to the commonplace: Why trouble to collect them?

True, alas. Anyone who reads contemporary literature regularly and professionally often feels he is drowning in Ordinary Ocean, suffocating in Mediocrity Marsh. But commonplace books, in the true sense, are far from being average, routine, predictable, and quotidian. Their name is a mistranslation, their nature misunderstood.

They are books of useful wisdom. A "common place" is a general theme, a universally applicable idea. When the Greeks were developing the art and craft of oratory, they discovered that a good speaker in law courts and political meet-

ings, although he handled each subject differently, would develop a group of arguments which could come in handy on many different occasions, and which were part of his reserve capital as an orator. For instance, every able Athenian statesman was ready with a well-rehearsed discussion of the meaning of patriotism, illustrated by trenchant examples from the history of his city. A confused lawsuit, an intricate political issue, could be clarified by the orator who knew how to illuminate it with such widely applicable and easily comprehensible discourses. These intellectual weapons the Greeks called *koinoi topoi*, "general points." The Romans, learning oratory from the Greeks (as we learned it from the Romans), translated the phrase as *communes loci*, "general areas (of discussion)," and some tasteless fellow Englished this as "common places."

First of all, then, a commonplace book is a speaker's collection of topics which he can introduce into many different speeches. He may extract them from his own experience, or compile them from other speakers of the present and past, or both. Then, in a wider sense, a commonplace book is an anthology of wise and witty utterances, heard or read, which are too good to forget. Detached from their original context, they live with a life of their own. They possess, or acquire, a wider significance.

Many distinguished men have created commonplace books of their own, usually with no thought of publishing them: Robert Burns, for instance, made one as part of his laborious self-education. Indeed, I believe that every young man and woman who has a good mind and wants to improve it ought to build up a personal anthology of this kind. To re-

view it as you grow more mature, to smile at some flimsy whimsy which formerly seemed a dazzling paradox, to discard a hollow profundity, and to discover new meanings in a simple aphorism—this is both to observe and to assist the growth of one's own mind.

Sometimes you should put something down because you do not understand it. In modern times only Friedrich Hegel and Bertrand Russell have believed themselves capable of understanding all general statements made by intelligent men. Hegel was wrong, and it is possible that even Russell may be. It is a healthy form of mental exercise to try to force open a tightly clamped aphorism or, within a patch of thick darkness, to strain to see intelligible forms. Both in Oriental and in Western philosophy, wise men at certain times have sought not to expound but to conceal their meaning, so that only the fittest of their followers could enucleate it. "The dry soul is wisest," said Heraclitus. "True words are like their reverse," said Lao-tse. "Hoist all sail and escape from culture," said Epicurus. We cannot understand these sayings at the first, perhaps not at the twentieth reading. We are not supposed to. We are meant to assimilate them as slowly and steadily as a bone grows in our skeleton.

Sometimes, again, it helps to write your own comment on a wise axiom or a pungent epigram. This was the plan of one of the most intelligent American collectors, Charles P. Curtis, an eminent lawyer who died two years ago. His *Commonplace Book*, published in 1957, contains one hundred and nine quotations from thinkers as diverse as Jesus, Joan of Arc, and Justice Holmes; most of these are illustrated by parallel utterances from thinkers whose minds traveled along the same trails. Examples:

- The truth may be defined as the system of my intellectual limitations.
- If I am not in the grace of God, may God please to put me in it; and if I am, may God please to keep me in it.
- Be ye therefore wise as serpents and harmless as doves.

These are not "commonplace" remarks. They are universal themes for meditation. On each, after his own crisp self-confident fashion, Curtis meditated; and, with the authority of a jurist and the elegance of a stylist, he set down his meditations. They are the meat and muscle of the book, if the original citations are the bones. Since Curtis was a lawyer, the most sinewy are his disquisitions on the meaning of law, a problem which few jurists and far fewer laymen ever elucidate. Thus, he cites a brief conversation between a barrister and his client, from an English novel:

"What a lot of time and money it has cost to arrive at the truth."

"The truth? No one in Court said anything about arriving at the truth."

Then he goes on to observe: "Truth . . . is only an ingredient of justice, which is something larger than truth and far more difficult to attain." Later he gives us an excellent statement of the meaning of scientific method (as defined by a physicist) and comments:

"If a scientist had clients to serve and rules to follow, the scientific truths he pursues would turn out to be more just than true. If a lawyer were to owe no duty to his clients and if he were free to do his damndest to find the truth, what he found would be the more true and the less just. . . . The difference between scientific methods and legal procedure lies in the difference between truth and justice. If they were one and the same thing, we could not have both."

In 1945, with his friend Ferris Greenslet, Curtis published a commonplace book which became famous among the intelligentsia. Its title, *The Practical Cogitator*, is a misplaced bit of Yankee whimsy, modeled on that illustrious manual for sailors, Bowditch's *Practical Navigator*. If you do not sail, and take this title seriously, you may believe that all the ideas collected therein will help you to attain some immediate aim in practical daily living; and you will surely be disappointed, perhaps indignant. The subtitle, *The Thinker's Anthology*, more accurately describes this valuable book, whose 550 pages give us Keats

likening the imagination to a spider, Cromwell beseeching the extremists "by the bowels of Christ" to bethink them that they might be mistaken, Spengler on the four seasons of art, a Chinese story about the man who worried that the sky might fall down (with the comments of three philosophers on his neurosis).

The latest of these interesting books is being published this month by Simon & Schuster. This is the commonplace book of a poet. Helen Bevington, who has a deft hand with lyrical verse, introduces us to her library, her friends, and her fancies in *When Found, Make a Verse Of*. The comically awkward title resets a grotesque curio from many anthologies. Old Captain Cuttle, in Dickens's *Dombey and Son*, pulls out his notebook whenever he hears something important, and (with a typically English postponed preposition) says, "When found, make a note of." Helen Bevington makes a note of hundreds of apothegms, proverbs, solidities and graces, chats and soliloquies, reminiscences and observations, in a delightful anthology. On many of them she writes, not a prose meditation, but a poem of her own. Some of them need no comment. Such is her story of the British bird watcher, a retired naval officer, who invited her up to his room one morning, saying benignly that he could show her a perfectly splendid tit. Some are introductions to people you and I might never meet, like Jules Renard, who said, "Every ant is like the figure 3. And there are so many of them . . . 333333333-333 . . . to infinity." Some again are charming oddities. Since she is a poet rather than a prose logician, her comments are usually in the form of intimate personal reminiscences, or of poems of her own, inspired by the sparkle of the little jewels in her collection. In the same way, musicians have been haunted by themes until they composed variations upon them. To collect is to sympathize with art. To make one's own commonplace book is a good way to become a thinker—perhaps even a poet.

GILBERT HIGHET

THE BATTLE OF THE BARDS

The quarrel between Palefaces and Redskins is as old as American poetry. What is new today is that the two sides are attacking each other's vices as much as their verses

By DONALD HALL

Recently one of the most elegant of postwar American poets, an Eastern professor who looks like a television cowboy, read his poems to an audience in San Francisco. The poet who introduced him was an old-time anarchist, sometimes confused with his juniors in the Beat Generation, and he introduced the Easterner as a leader of "the conservative reaction in American poetry." The young poet, who does not admire Senator Goldwater, took this charge as an insult. He protested that his private life was as disordered as anybody's.

They enacted a ritual as old as American literature: East against West, the salon against the frontier, sophistication against ruggedness, learning against experience, the literary life against the life of the bum, Henry James against Mark Twain. Of course these contraries have been valuable to American literature, partly because so many of our writers have commuted from one camp to another. Philip Rahv invented a good phrase for it with his essay "Paleface and Redskin." The professor-poet and the anarchist-poet might have been Longfellow and Bret Harte at some improbable Chautauqua. When Melville said that the whaleboats of the Pacific had been his Yale College and his Harvard, he was joining a side. Now a poet's private disorder is more apt to include heroin than heroics.

Melville was an Easterner to begin with, like most Westerners. Sometimes it seems that the West is a place created for Easterners to go wild in. The Beat Generation is a group of New Yorkers who came to light in San Francisco in the late fifties. Columbia College is the alma mater of Jack Kerouac, novelist of *On the Road*, and Allen Ginsberg, whose most famous poem is "Howl." I think that the cosmopolitan intellectualism of Columbia is exactly the fuel which powered their drive across the continent; they looked for an opposite irrational enthusiasm on the opposite coast. And the attack on the Beat Generation comes from the place they left. Probably the best-known young American critic is Norman Podhoretz, editor of *Commentary*, *New Yorker* reviewer, and another recent Columbia graduate. In an article called "The Know-Nothing Bohemians" in the *Partisan Review*, Podhoretz says that "the primitivism of the Beat Generation serves first of all as a cover for an anti-intellectualism so bitter that it makes the ordinary American's hatred of eggheads seem positively benign." He sees a connection between these writers and the street gangs with their switchblades and zip guns.

From one point of view, poetry has separated into two warring camps—the Academics and the Beats. The labels of the opponents are inaccurate, but there is real evidence of warfare. In 1957, I co-edited an anthology called *The New Poets of England and America*, in which we included thirty-six Americans under forty. Now Donald Allen has edited *The New American Poetry: 1945-1960* and included forty-four poets. Not one poet appears in both volumes! Donald Allen's selection includes Ginsberg, Gregory Corso, and other

Beat poets, as well as many experimental writers who have nothing to do with the Beat Generation. My anthology includes more poets like Richard Wilbur and Robert Lowell who write in rhyme and meter, and most of them teach for a living—though they don't think of themselves as professional academics. In a pair of anthologies published in 1920 I suppose there might have been a split between practitioners of the magazine sonnet and of free verse. The camp of Amy Lowell would have included Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot; the other side would have boasted forgotten poets like Richard Watson Gilder. If you called the two splits similar, you would decide the question in advance, since in the 1920 anthologies almost all value would have resided in the more experimental volume. One could try to defend the reverse today and argue that the current experimentalists are the real conservatives, since they are only repeating the actions of their fathers in the twenties. But really the split now is different in type: value resides in both camps.

Modern American poetry began in the second decade of this century. Ezra Pound recalls that Conrad Aiken told him, when they met in London, that there was "a guy at Harvard doing funny stuff. Mr. Eliot turned up a year or so later." Harriet Monroe founded *Poetry* in Chicago in 1912 and had the extraordinary luck to find Mr. Pound on her neck encouraging her to print Eliot, Frost, and Yeats. The poets of the monthly magazines—the reigning American poets—paraded dull thoughts in a dull language, a monotonous enumeration of pretty objects. When Eliot wrote the first two lines of "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock"—

*Let us go then, you and I,
While the evening is spread out against the sky*

—he was playing on a stock response, like a song which makes you expect a dirty word for a rhyme. His Bostonian readers might have expected for a third line:

Like veils of ancient gossamer on high.

What Eliot gave them instead was a comeuppance so abrupt that it has the effect of broad humor:

Like a patient etherised upon a table.

It is no wonder that it took Ezra Pound some time to convince Harriet Monroe to print "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock."

The conservative citadel fell. Amy Lowell, a third-rate poet herself, was the public-relations expert who sold modernist poetry to America. Later in the twenties the modernists split into two camps. And it is this split which has reassorted itself today.

When Eliot published *The Waste Land* in 1922, the followers of Pound went in one direction and those of Eliot in another. Pound's old friend William Carlos Williams, a Red-skin though an Easterner, led the reaction against Eliot. Williams was not an expatriate but a physician practicing in Rutherford, New Jersey. He had always been skeptical of

Pound's cosmopolitanism, and his own desire was to make a new indigenous poetry out of the American idiom. He wrote in his *Autobiography* that *The Waste Land* "wiped out our world. . . . Eliot returned us to the classroom. . . . If with his skill he could have been kept here to be employed by our slowly shaping drive, what strides we might not have taken . . . if he had not turned away from the direct attack here, in the western dialect. . . ." In the use of language Eliot seemed bookish and artificial to William Carlos Williams. His distance from colloquial American was never greater than in the last lines of *The Waste Land*:

*London bridge is falling down falling down falling down
Poi s'ascose nel foco che gli affina
Quando fiam uti chelidon—O swallow swallow
Le Prince d'Aquitaine à la tour abolie
These fragments I have shored against my ruins
Why then Ile fit you. Hieronymo's mad againe.
Datta. Dayadhvam. Damyata.
Shantih shantih shantih*

When Eliot took out English citizenship later in the twenties, it seemed to some Americans merely a symbol of the desertion which had been consummated earlier.

The great majority of American poets and critics followed Eliot into the library, which gave them, as they felt, a vantage point from which to view their age and the equipment with which to embody it. They followed Eliot's criticism—with its emphasis on the tradition and its praise of the poetry of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—more than they followed his poems. Their poems resembled John Donne more than *The Waste Land*. Most of the interesting American poets from 1925 until very recently—John Crowe Ransom, Allen Tate, Yvor Winters, Hart Crane, Stanley Kunitz, Delmore Schwartz, John Berryman, Richard Wilbur, Robert Lowell—have emerged from this set of influences, writing under the influence of these dead centuries.

Meantime the partisans of Pound and Williams lived in a sort of poetic underground, writing for the most part poems in a short-lined free verse out of immediate experience and a colloquial American vocabulary. But their work was hard to find in the literary magazines. The annual *New Directions* printed them, and the rest of their poems were printed in very small magazines, or mimeographed, or collected into books on presses in the basements of friends. In 1951 Cid Corman started to publish the magazine *Origin*, where he printed much of the best experimental poetry being written. In San Francisco a group of pacifists, anarchists, and poets gathered around Kenneth Rexroth. Black Mountain College in North Carolina served as a center for a number of the underground poets, among them the purest seekers of the American idiom and the most adroit technicians of the poetic experimentalists.

For many years after the war *Time* magazine had been calling for wild poets—by which they seemed to mean a

T. S. Eliot:

from "Mr. Eliot's Sunday Morning Service" (1918)

Look, look, master, here comes two religious caterpillars.

THE JEW OF MALTA

Polyphiloprogenitive

The sapient sutlers of the Lord

Drift across the window-panes.

In the beginning was the Word.

In the beginning was the Word.

Superjettation of τὸ ἔν,

And at the mensual turn of time

Produced enervate Origen.

The poets take sides: in the academic camp

Formidably entrenched on the poetic battlefield are the Academics—long the dominant party but now, in fact, the besieged. They derive in part from T. S. Eliot, and their work, like his, is characterized by learning, sophistication, respect for tradition, and concentration on form. Among the poets who write in this vein, two of the most polished are Robert Lowell and Richard Wilbur.

Robert Lowell:

"Children of Light" (1944)

*Our fathers wrung their bread from stocks and stones
And fenced their gardens with the Redman's bones;
Embarking from the Nether Land of Holland,
Pilgrims unhoused by Geneva's night,
They planted here the Serpent's seeds of light;
And here the pivoting searchlights probe to shock
The riotous glass houses built on rock,
And candles gutter by an empty altar,
And light is where the landless blood of Cain
Is burning, burning the unburied grain.*

Richard Wilbur:

"Parable" (1950)

*I read how Quixote in his random ride
Came to a crossing once, and lest he lose
The purity of chance, would not decide
Whither to fare, but wished his horse to choose.
For glory lay wherever he might turn.
His head was light with pride, his horse's shoes
Were heavy, and he headed for the barn.*

FROM *Collected Poems 1909-1935* BY T. S. ELIOT, © 1936 BY HARCOURT, BRACE & WORLD, INC.; *Lord Weary's Castle*, © 1944, 1946 BY ROBERT LOWELL; *Ceremony and Other Poems*, © 1948, 1949, 1950 BY RICHARD WILBUR. ALL REPRINTED BY PERMISSION OF HARCOURT, BRACE & WORLD, INC.

combination of long hair and loud noises, with a sprinkling of dope, drink, and depravity. Equally, *Time* blamed the current crop for being "wrapped in the cocoon of teaching." When Allen Ginsberg, Gregory Corso, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Peter Orlovsky, and Jack Kerouac came into view, *Time* made obeisance, sneering. The journalistic success of the Beat Generation—starting with Kerouac's novel *On the Road*—was enormous. Its notoriety led to the emergence of the whole underground of experimental poets. Publishers could afford to print them now, and the Black Mountain Group found itself emerging into prominence. Also a New York group of poets associated with abstract expressionist painting—Kenneth Koch, Frank O'Hara, and best, John Ashbery—came up with a third sort of experimentation. They wrote poems which derived from Gertrude Stein and French surrealists, often comic and colorfully absurd. The Beats themselves had learned a little from Williams and a little from Whitman and a little from the French. But it became quickly obvious that the Beats mattered less, poetically speaking, than the other poets whom their breakthrough uncovered. An orthodoxy was attacked which had become stiff enough to resent anything that did not resemble itself. The invaders established beachheads, and the battle of the poets ensued.

The silly attacks in the battle of the poets have concerned behavior. One side accuses the other of teaching, living in ranch houses, and having children; the other side accuses the first side of taking heroin, seeking publicity, and parading sexual divergencies. Really, *all* criticism of the life of the artist is irrelevant—whether you blame him for being too tame or for being too wild. Just as a man may have written a good poem though guilty of arson, rape, dope addiction, and vanity, another may write a good poem though guilty of Rotarianism, membership in the Diners' Club, executive status, or an Associate Professorship. Dylan Thomas's outwardly noisy life did not make his poems good; nor did the outwardly calm life of Wallace Stevens affect the value of his poems. There is a puritanism in American thought, among both Palefaces and Redskins, which demands adherence to a code of behavior and judges poems by the actions of the poet.

Serious differences in the battle of the poets concern language and form. William Meredith, a young professor and author of three books of verse, attacked formlessness in a poem called "To a Western Bard still a Whoop and a Holler away from English Poetry," which begins,

*I read an impatient man
Who howls against his time,
Not angry enough to scan
Not fond enough to rhyme.*

Meredith's examples of the right way to do things are Gerard Manley Hopkins, William Blake, and W. B. Yeats:

*Cupped with the hands of skill
How loud their voices ring,
Containing passion still,
Who cared enough to sing.*

A contrary voice comes from James Schuyler, one of the New York group, who mentions "the campus dry heads who wishfully descend tum-ti-tumming from Yeats out of Graves with a big kiss for Mother England." William Meredith is a teacher, but this is merely behavior. His poem *does* tum-ti-tum in iambic, and his title *does* oppose "Western" to "English," and the poets he mentions *are* English or Anglo-Irish.

Another New York poet is Kenneth Koch, and he has written a poem called "Fresh Air," which is a document in the battle. Its relaxed long line provides Koch with a vehicle for his lively satire. The poem starts out:

*At the Poem Society a black-haired man stands up to say,
"You make me sick with all your talk about restraint and mature
talent!
Haven't you ever looked out the window at a painting by Matisse,
Or did you always stay in hotels where there were too many
spiders crawling on your visages? . . .
I am afraid you have never smiled at the hibernation
Of bear cubs except that you saw in it some deep relation
To human suffering and wishes, oh what a bunch of crackpots!"
The black-haired man sits down, and the others shoot arrows
at him.*

The poem is seven pages long, and it is very funny. There are covert references to the poems of many academic poets:

*Where are young poets in America, they are trembling in publishing houses and universities,
Above all they are trembling in universities, they are bathing the library steps with their spit,
They are gargling out innocuous (to whom?) poems about maple trees and their children,
Sometimes they brave a subject like the Villa d'Este or a lighthouse in Rhode Island,
Oh what worms they are! they wish to perfect their form.*

Later Koch invents a mysterious avenger, the Strangler: "He is going to get that one there, who is on his way to a poetry reading. / Agh! Biff! A body falls. . . ." Toward the end of the poem the poet sees "the Strangler, reading the *Kenyon Review*! Good luck to you, Strangler!"

The quarterlies have been the home of academic poetry for years. On the acknowledgment page of his new book *Kaddish*, Allen Ginsberg writes, "Acknowledged, the established literary quarterlies of my day are bankrupt poetically through their own hatred, dull ambition or loudmouthed obtuseness." Kenneth Rexroth has a name, *The Vaticide Review*, which he appears to use collectively. It was *The Hudson Review* which printed the greatest academic counterattack against the Beats proper, and perhaps the profoundest criticism of Allen Ginsberg's "Howl." (That poem

William Carlos Williams:
"To Waken An Old Lady" (1921)

Old age is
a flight of small
cheeping birds
skimming
bare trees
above a snow glaze.
Gaining and failing
they are buffeted
by a dark wind—
But what?
On harsh weedstalks
the flock has rested,
the snow
is covered with broken
seedhusks
and the wind tempered
by a shrill
piping of plenty.

Denise Levertov:

"An Ignorant Person" (1959)

Way out there where words jump
in the haze
is the land of hot mamas.

Or say, in the potato patch
a million bugs glittering green and bronze
climb up and down stems
exchanging perceptions.

I in my balloon
light where the wind
permits a landing,
in my own province.

The poets take sides: enemies of tradition

The insurgent party in American poetry currently wears the Beat label, but not very comfortably. Besides the genuine article (Corso), it includes rugged pre-Beats like Williams and post-Beats like Miss Levertov. What they have in common is chiefly their derision of the Academics—that, and the old American tendency to value experience over learning and experiment over tradition.

Gregory Corso:

from "Death" (1960)

Witch pickles dilled in broomsweat
Werewolf hair from Transylvanian bathtubs
Ho! the rosebee from its skeptical let
eyes me as being unscientific—
O tail of Italian workhorse!
O abandoned farms!
Hear my formulae!
I have the way to bring back the dead
I have I have and love me for it
O I the KNOW of Death!
I dark mad ah solace dreams grace miracle quack awful O!

FROM *The Collected Earlier Poems of William Carlos Williams*, © 1951
BY WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS; *With Eyes in the Back of Our Heads*, ©
1959 BY DENISE LEVERTOV GOODMAN; *The Happy Birthday of Death* BY
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begins: "I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness, starving hysterical naked, / . . . who passed through universities with radiant cool eyes hallucinating Arkansas and Blake-light tragedy among the scholars of war, / who were expelled from the academies for crazy & publishing obscene odes on the windows of the skull . . ."). Louis Simpson, one of the best American poets to emerge in many years, was reviewing a group of books in an ordinary omnibus review. But he ended with a rather different device: Last, I wish to add my voice to the chorus of praise of the new Californian school of poets, located in Los Angeles. . . . It is true they have not written much poetry as yet, and most of what they have written is unreadable, but they have the right attitudes; they look like poets. And their solitary, supreme masterpiece, "Squeal," cannot be criticized. It has to be heard:

Squeal

*I saw the best minds of my generation
Destroyed—Marvin
Who spat out poems; Potrzebie
Who coagulated a new bop literature in fifteen
Novels; Alvin
Who in his as yet unwritten autobiography
Gave Brooklyn an original lex loci.
They came from all over, from the pool-room,
The bargain basement, the rod,
From Whitman, from Parkersburg, from Rimbaud
New Mexico, but mostly
They came from colleges, ejected
For drawing obscene diagrams of the Future.
They came here to L.A.,
Flexing their members, growing hair,
Planning immense unlimited poems,
More novels, more poems, more autobiographies.
It's love I'm talking about, you dirty bastards!
Love in the bushes, love in the freight-car!
I saw them fornicating and being fornicated,
Saying to Hell with you!*

*America.
America is full of Babbitts.
America is run by money.*

*What was it Walt said? Go West!
But the important thing is the return ticket.
The road to publicity runs by Monterey.
I saw the best minds of my generation
Reading their poems to Vassar girls,
Being interviewed by Mademoiselle.
Having their publicity handled by professionals.
When can I go into an editorial office
And have my stuff published because I'm weird?
I could go on writing like this forever . . .*

Ginsberg has returned the general academic compliment with "A word on the Academies: poetry has been attacked by an ignorant and frightened bunch of bores who don't understand how it's made, & the trouble with these creeps is they

wouldn't know poetry if it came up and buggered them in broad daylight."

Such are the communiqués from this hot war. But the lines of battle, as they have drawn themselves, are crude. If poet X had not been accepted originally by *The Sewanee Review*, might he not have been published in *Origin*, and might we not be calling him a Black Mountaineer? The issue of language—the colloquial against the learned—is serious, but only a few poets write at one extreme or another. Yet many poets find themselves in one camp or the other merely by accident or behavior. Though Robert Duncan is learned and polylingual, he is associated with the Black Mountain group because of his interest in the same older writers and because of the magazines in which he has published. James Wright, a young Ohioan who teaches at the University of Minnesota, is simple and colloquial for the most part; yet he is associated with the Academics. It is a matter of the company one keeps. Through all the attacks and counter-attacks, one sees much that is common to both sides as American writers. All American writers, in one way or another, are obsessed with their techniques. This is true of William Meredith, when he regards form as necessary to strong statement; it is true of Allen Ginsberg—presumably the poet who "howls" in Meredith's poems—who is concerned with creating a new prosody.

The kind of language from which a poet chooses his vocabulary is a serious matter. The tradition of Paleface and Redskin gives us the contrary poles of American thought and feeling. Each has its own characteristic vocabulary. It is important that each of these poles should be as good as it can be. We should be able to make discriminating judgments of poems composed entirely in slang and of poems composed in seven languages. These polar attitudes can provide the American poet with an enormous range within which to move. American poetry is full of possibility. The variety of it begs for synthesis, for the genius who will be both paleface and redskin, who will combine all virtues of all schools.

In the meantime it is best to see through the battle of the poets, to see beyond it to the point where the best poems of contrary schools have their contrary excellences. The real issue is the discovery of good poems. Some people have been above the battle, all along. The editor of *Origin*, despite his position as advocate of Black Mountain verse, printed Richard Wilbur and other academic poets. William Carlos Williams himself once praised an iambic poem by a young American and compared it to a poem by Edmund Waller. Perhaps the greatest example to remember is that of Ezra Pound, who had the sensitivity to recognize the genius, not only of T. S. Eliot and James Joyce, but of Robert Frost.

The poet Donald Hall is at least nominally in the academic camp: he teaches at the University of Michigan. He has interviewed Archibald MacLeish and Henry Moore for HORIZON.

MEN INTO MONUMENTS

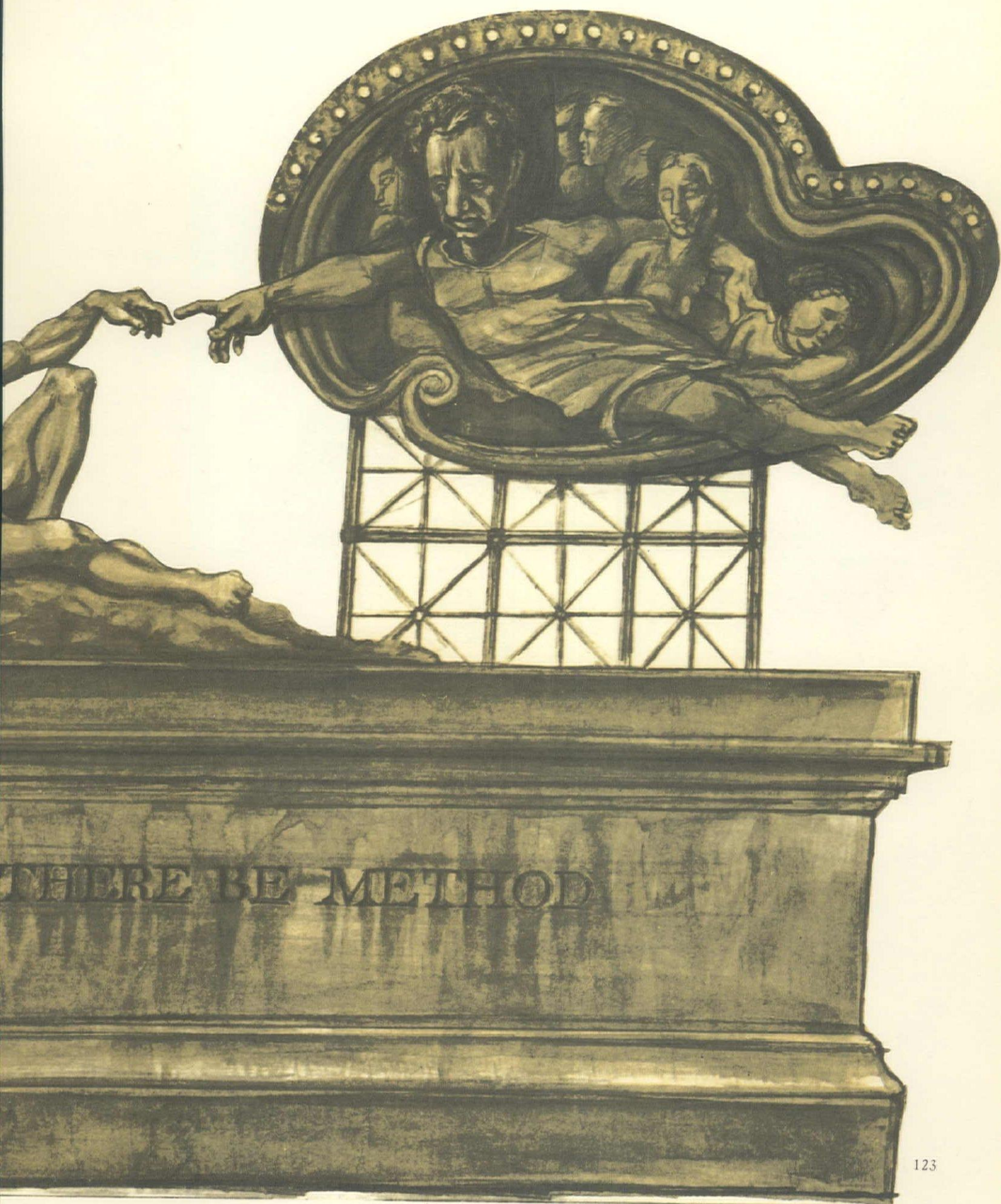
A GALLERY BY EDWARD SOREL

The young American artist Edward Sorel has long been addicted to monuments. So, reflecting upon certain eminent figures of our time who may be thought deserving of them, he has anticipated an eventual need with the results shown on these pages.

Mr. Sorel set himself certain guiding principles in his project. First, as to subjects, he selected persons who were already monumental and representative of archetypes: the master director, the masterful administrator, the mass entertainer, the dramatist of depravity and *the* conservative. Second, in choosing an appropriate architectural style, he has adhered to a free quotation of classical precedents: anyone who has viewed Michelangelo's Sistine Chapel ceiling will recognize Sorel's monument to Elia Kazan; the figures that adorn his tribute to Tennessee Williams recall Giovanni da Bologna's *Rape of the Sabine Women* and not a few other famous works of sculpture.

The artist looks upon his work as a public service and has remarked that if the City of New York wishes to celebrate the era of Robert Moses with a suitable statue, he would be willing to provide his design for it gratis.



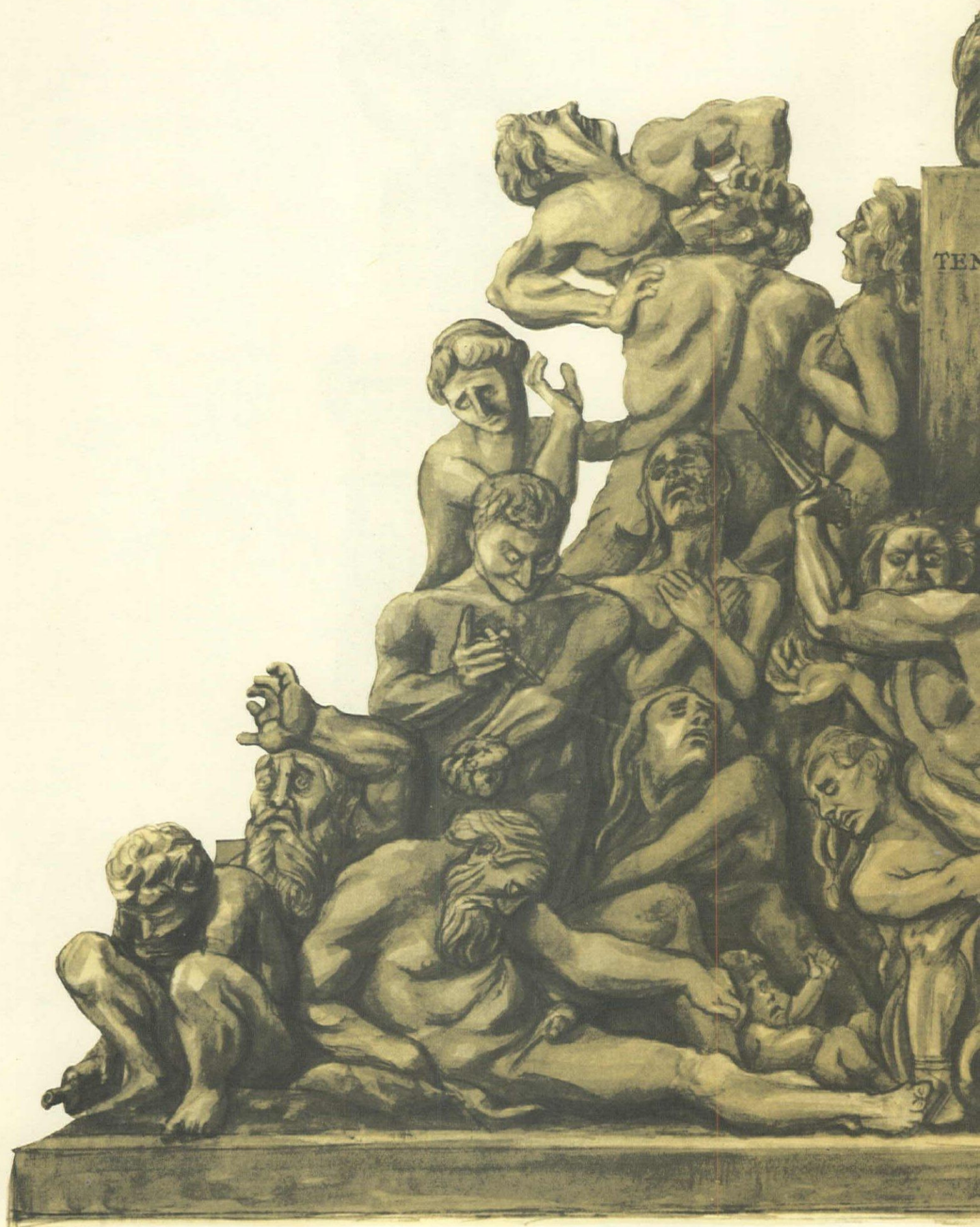


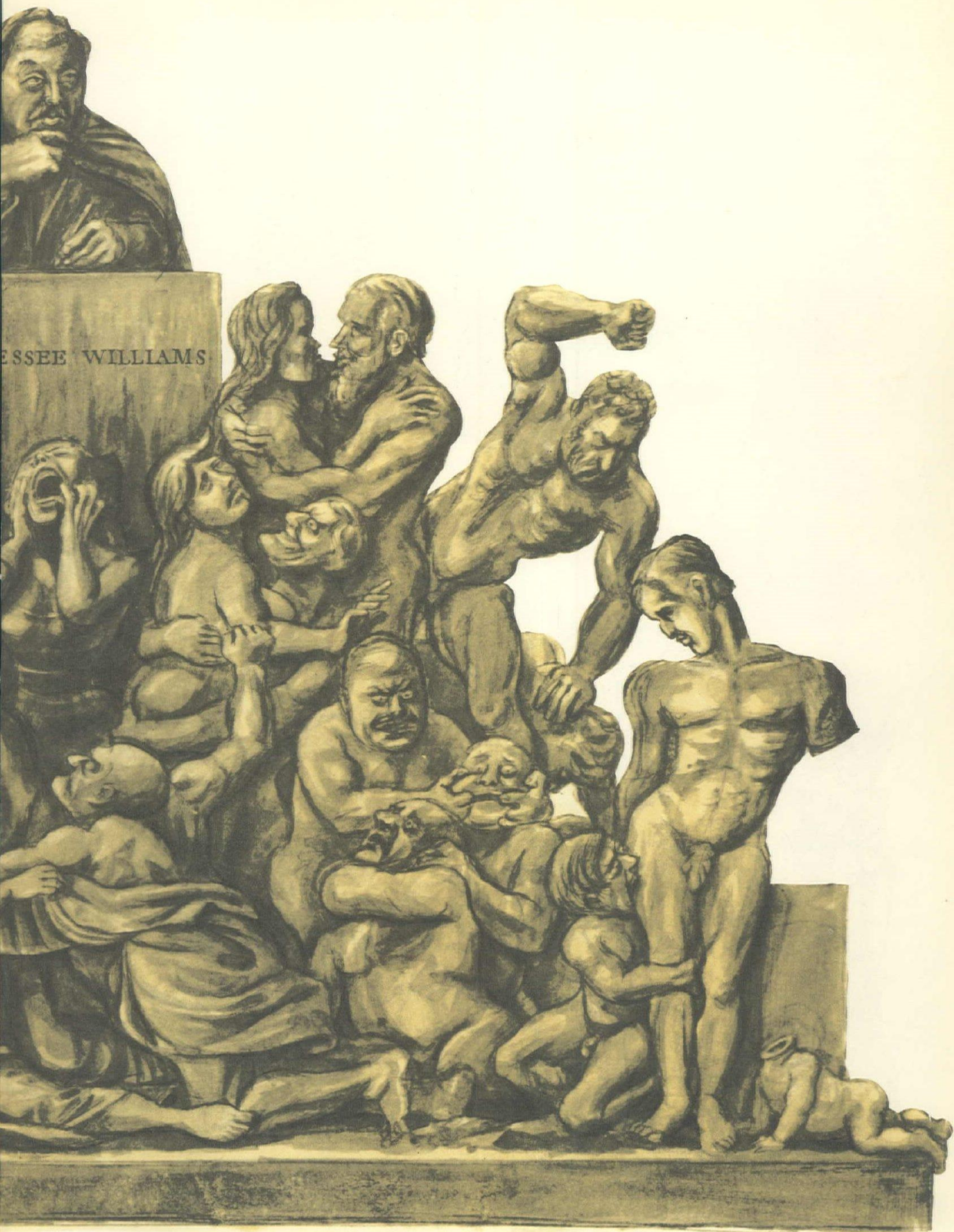


A latter-day Moses pronounces his ten commandments



Television's Narcissus, Jack Paar, mirrors himself before millions





Broadway's master of horror broods over characters resembling his own



A knight out of the West rides ahead on crusade