HORIZON

MAY, 1962 · VOLUME IV, NUMBER 5

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HORIZON

A Magazine of the Arts

MAY, 1962 · VOLUME IV, NUMBER 5

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COVER: The jockey with his invincibly English face is a detail from a larger canvas by George Stubbs (1724–1806), who is so well known for his portraits of horses as to obscure the fact that he painted their owners and handlers with equal directness, honesty, and lack of sentimentality. He was, in fact, one of the best English painters of his time; and as such he was inevitably drawn into the orbit of the Royal Academy of Arts—although more as a satellite than as one of its great, wheeling planets like Reynolds, Gainsborough, or Lawrence. An account of the founding of the R.A. and its once formidable role in English art, as well as its current decline, begins on page 56 and includes a portfolio in gravure of paintings by the artists mentioned above. This detail from *Antinous with his Jockey and Trainer* is reproduced by courtesy of the Duke of Grafton, for whose family Stubbs painted it about 1764.

FRONTISPIECE: Although it has the flat, sinuous look of a Modigliani portrait, this figure of a nude youth is actually some fifteen hundred years old. It is a fragment of Coptic glass intarsia found at Antinoë, in central Egypt, where it probably decorated the walls of a mortuary chapel. The Copts were Christianized native Egyptians; intarsia is a form of inlay using shaped pieces rather than rectangular ones as in mosaic; and Antinoë was a Graeco-Roman colony founded by the emperor Hadrian and named after his favorite Antinoüs (as was, presumably, the horse in Stubbs's painting described above). This fragment is now in the State Collection of Egyptian Art in Munich.

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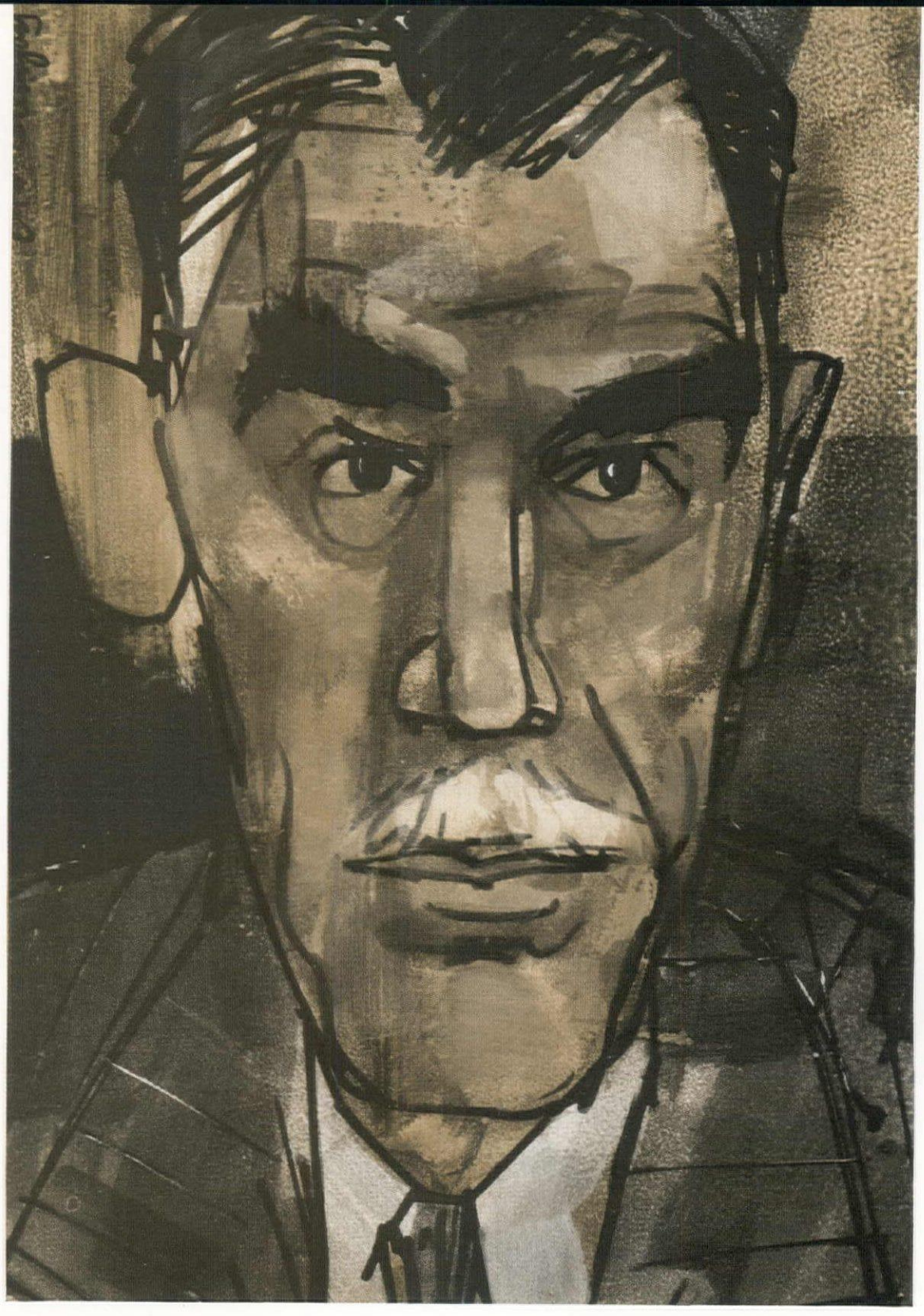


ARNO STERNGLASS

THE WORLDS OF

Robert Sherwood

From school to stage and world stage, he moved through three eras and spoke memorably for each at his fondest place, his school

times in the span of four decades, the late Robert ood stood up at the same place—the campus of Milton emy outside Boston—to address young Americans: first war 1914, when he was a graduating student himself; n 1940, as a famous playwright burdened with the on- new war; then again in 1954, as a hard-tested public facing the challenges of a still newer war—the cold one. d these three appearances, each symptomatic of its and poignant in its utterance, the critic John Mason n builds a portrait that will form the Prologue of the aphy of Sherwood on which he is presently working.

June 13, 1914

hat Saturday morning in the crowded schoolroom ilton Academy, ten miles from the heart of Boston, rt Sherwood at eighteen was already sitting on those hooks which he was to describe years later as "the up- ry of the anxious seat." Outside, the June sun bright- the green of the school's wide lawns and the red bricks hite columns of its Georgian buildings, and created the n of that calm which is supposed to be academic.

is was an illusion to which young Sherwood did not at noment surrender. He was a gawky, squab-chested more bone than flesh, whose body within the past two had stretched another unneeded two inches until it , towering uneasily at six-feet-seven. As one of the teen members of the graduating class, he was unnatu- clean for the occasion and wore the uniform of the day ite flannels, a dark blue coat and vest, a school tie of e and blue stripes, and the kind of choking high stiff in which Herbert Hoover would have found comfort. as one of two classmates whose hair was jauntily parted middle, a fashion which was to be the hallmark of a ation of American males. His lantern face, young and ed as it was, however, knew no jauntiness, and his ch no June warmth.

was a little pale, a little nervous, and with reason. Not se scarlet fever, then a common menace, had bedded l of his classmates in the shining new infirmary. Nor se he and his parents had been informed that, as a re- f his sustained gift for gathering appallingly bad marks, uld not receive a diploma for work done well but a cate for having been physically present. This was bad though stale. He and his family had lived with it for nhappy weeks.

e reason for young Sherwood's disquiet was the copy e "Programme for Commencement" which he held in ands. It was a disturbing reminder (as if he needed of what lay inexorably ahead. The first three of the it listed were a hymn, a prayer, and the award of prizes; the last three, the award of diplomas by the President of the Board of Trustees, an address by Harvard's Professor Bliss Perry, and the school song. Sandwiched in the middle of these traditional features was the announcement that read, "Valedictory: Robert Emmet Sherwood," an honor, by the way, conferred on him by the vote of his classmates. The announcement was tucked in the middle of the program even as tucked in the inner pocket of Sherwood's dark blue coat was his script. Tucked as surely within his heart was the lack of ease of the speaker who has not yet been called on.

When his turn came, he extricated himself from his chair, unfurled his body, walked to the lectern, spread his manuscript, waited for the applause to end, and then began to read, having to stoop to the podium like a feeding crane to bring his pages into focus.

What did he say to this audience of three hundred, composed of parents and families who had driven out in carriages or Stanley Steamers and Model-T Fords, and of boys, new and old, the squeaky and squirming small fry as well as his frog-throated and attentive classmates? What did he say at this school in which the recurrent names were Saltonstall, Forbes, Wolcott, Hallowell, Pierce, Robbins, Wigglesworth, and Sherwood? What do all valedictorians say, at least in part even now, in schools public and private, up and down the country, almost by obligation, when the hour of liberation is at last at hand and the voice of the boy orator is heard in the land?

To his credit Sherwood did not exhume, "And this above all, to thine own self be true," as if he had heard the first Polonius speaking it for the first time. Yet in his own way, rediscovering the old truths as the young will and making them their own by the sincerity of their wonder, he pulled out the unvarying stops of nostalgia, responsibility, and trust. He spoke, as doubtless thousands of his contemporaries were speaking from thousands of platforms that early June, at a time when the skies above them appeared to be almost cloudless, when their futures were theirs to make as they chose, when oceans were still oceans, when foreign affairs were foreign indeed, and America the beautiful still seemed smiling and secure.

He spoke from within the walls of his years, his school, his experiences there, his emotions at parting, his expectations, and a universal confidence. He thanked his teachers. He thanked his school because Milton, in spite of his grades and his mountain of black marks, had meant much to him and was always to hold a special place in his heart.

There were Sherwood touches in the valedictorian's ever-recurrent themes—schoolboy sproutings of his humor and foretastes of his fluent clarity and mixed realism and idealism. He spoke of escape. Escape into what? Of course, into "that unknown which lies beyond and into which we are about to pass," a world vaguely felt to be "a marvelous place" where "the perfect freedom may be found."

By JOHN MASON BROWN

He then appraised his own class, apologizing for its lack of distinction in scholarship and athletics. "Are we not, after all," he asked, "a commonplace lot, not to be remembered with any more interest or respect than is held for every class which graduates from this school?" In the future lay atonement. "There will come a time—it seems a long way off," said he, "when we shall be old men returning on Graduates' Day. . . . We are determined that we shall then bring some offering of attainment to increase the good name of the school."

He was climbing to his peroration, as planes and speakers will for altitude. His was the pious valedictory hope that it would be ultimately said of his class "when we pass through the gates for the very last time" that "we of the class of 1914" had indeed, in terms of the school motto, dared to be true.

He was through. The ordeal was over. The "Programme" continued to its close, after which luncheon (cold salmon and potato salad, no doubt) was served at Robbins House. His masters, his classmates and their parents, said their good-byes and dispersed. They clucked to their horses, or cranked their cars, leaving this Norman Rockwell scene in its Sargent setting, many of them soon to sail for what they expected to be a carefree summer in Europe.

Sherwood within a few days headed for the State of Washington to visit his eldest brother, Arthur. They were all in a vacation mood. A new world was at hand, but it was not to be the world that he and his contemporaries took for granted. Two weeks later, in distant Sarajevo, a student assassinated the Austrian Archduke Ferdinand and his Duchess, with results that were to involve America in ways that could not be foreseen. A prophecy for a class had been turned into a farewell to an age.

June 14, 1940

Another commencement, again at Milton. Sherwood faced his audience this time as an aroused individual, passionately committed. He was a man very much in the news and the news was very much in him. Two and a half months before, his *There Shall Be No Night* had opened in New York, making it clear that the fate of Finland had forced Sherwood, like his peace-loving scientist in that play, Dr. Valkonen, to reach the agonized decision in a world imperiled by Nazi, Fascist, and Soviet forces that the time comes when "there is only one form of work that matters—resistance—blind, dogged, desperate resistance."

The previous month Sherwood had made his position even clearer by joining William Allen White on the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies. Only four days before he came to speak at Milton the full-page "STOP HITLER NOW" advertisement, which he had written for that mittee and for the publication of which he and some f paid, had created a sensation when it was run in newsp across the country. By bluntly asserting that "anyon argues that the Nazis will considerately wait until v ready to go to war is either an imbecile or a traitor," infuriated those living on the sedatives of impossible but at a White House press conference it won the endorsement of President Roosevelt, whom Sherwoo did not know. Dr. Joseph Goebbels' response from was acid in its realism. "Stop Hitler? With what?" h sneeringly asked.

This time nine hundred people, including thirty students from war-torn countries overseas, were i Robert Saltonstall gymnasium that had been built Sherwood had spoken as valedictorian, and expectanc as crisp in the June warmth as the bite of frost in v When the audience was gathering, a graduate said master, "I'll bet Bob Sherwood will launch out and himself today because of what has been on the air." had been on the radio, what had turned the day's hea into mourning bands, what was on the minds of eve was the news that Paris had fallen to Hitler. With F conquered by the Nazis, it appeared inevitable that land's turn would come next and that she would be quered quickly.

Sherwood had seen the papers the night before as he the midnight train to Boston, and the news of the f Paris had seemed to him "to mark this as the blackes in all history." He could not sleep. He did not want t was racingly awake. After such a catastrophe he knev he neither would nor could deliver the next mornin traditional commencement address he had prepared cordingly, he tore it up and sat up all night in his com ment trying to write down what he really felt about obscure and terrible future."

At forty-four Sherwood returned to Milton as an alu bringing "an uncommon offering of attainment." H made his name in journalism as the editor and motio ture critic of the old *Life*. He was a fabulously succ and ever-deepening playwright who had twice won th itzer Prize for drama. He had prospered in Hollywo well as on Broadway. He was a past president of the D atists Guild, a co-founder of the Playwrights Company a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letter it was not only because of his successes and distinctio he aroused interest as he jackknifed his long body in chair on the platform. The man mattered more tha playwright that morning; the man at last awake America for the most part sleeping; the controversial praised by those alerted in his fashion but condemne isolationists and America Firsters as a pacifist who ha come a warmonger.

If tired from his ordeal on the train, Sherwood di

t. His tension routed his fatigue. Beneath his shaggy
ws the darkness of a darkening world was in his deep
eyes. His head seemed small, coming as a climax to a
o extended. His broad mouth was thinned by resolu-
n spite of the gray in his short-cropped mustache, his
o longer parted in the middle but at the right, was a
ı black. He had the look of a youngish man with
es well used and a reservoir of energies untapped. In
ance he was more worldling than aesthete and well-
d though casual. Totally American as he was, he sug-
, until he spoke, a lean, trim, elongated British major
fti.

ıe think they remember that he began haltingly, with
that sounded like intermissions. Others recall only
eed with which they were possessed by the intensity of
that plainly possessed him. According to one master,
ldress was "electric in its communicated emotion";
ing to another, it was "one of the four or five most
g speeches" he ever heard. Sherwood was conscious of
gly responsibility" he faced in having to stand up and
a group of boys who were going from a school he
ıed into the dreadful world that confronted them. He
as his theme the threats of that world, and the follies
ilures that had brought it into being. He did not pull
nches.

vitably, he went back to 1914 to re-create, for the
to whom he spoke, the world of his youth as he had
it eight or nine years before the oldest boy in his
ıce was born. He confessed that he and his classmates
ir Commencement Day had foreseen no complications
future. They did not watch the skies for bombers,
g an invasion from the air, because "at that time, it
ll an airplane could do to fly as far as from Provi-
to Boston." They did not listen to alarming news
casts because there was no radio, and if there had
the news would not have been alarming. "In our in-
ce, and our ignorance, we had virtually nothing to
about."

mentioned Sarajevo and the shots there which had
l a chain of explosions that had blown this other
to bits. "In the twenty-six years that have passed
then," he added grimly, "all efforts to reassemble that
or to construct a newer, more reasonable world, have
tragically. Our world now resembles chaos worse con-
ed." He referred to his three years at Harvard and his
ences overseas in The Canadian Black Watch in
War I when, wounded, he had been a patient in a
series of hospitals in England and France. "I never
d to see war again," he admitted, "and I firmly be-
that I never should."

en he turned to the twenties, castigating them for their
trous folly" and as "the age of disillusionment, which
the seeds of despair which were to grow into the
ıt calamity." Proudly he recalled how the United States had gone into the First War "in the finest spirit." With shame he remembered how we came out of it, cynically announcing that we had fought in vain, that our young men had died for nothing, and that we flatly refused to do our share toward keeping the peace we had helped to win.

He minced no words in attacking "the appalling corruption of the Harding administration . . . the hysterical revelry in paper profits of the Coolidge 'boom' . . . the hypocrisy and crime of Prohibition," and the literature of futility which, Russian in its origins, had grown up in this country and in England, France, and Germany. He told the young they had the right to ask their elders why, instead of a more perfect civilization, there had been such retrogression to savagery and the jungle since 1914. This was the tormenting question he asked himself, too. He was fully aware of the enormous developments in communications, made possible by the automobile, the airplane, radio, and motion pictures; the vast social reforms in the emancipation of women, the strides in collective bargaining, the recognition in all democracies of certain essential human rights; the ambitious experiment in the Soviet Union; the inspiring advance of the medical profession in psychology and the exploration of the infinite mysteries of the human mind; and the heartening, remarkable spread of education in all parts of the earth.

Then came the avowal of the hideous truth which he had faced and which he felt it his duty to call to the attention of the young. When on this June morning Sherwood quoted the words "Dare To Be True"—the George Herbert line on the Milton shield—he did so to remind his hearers that over the portals of Heidelberg University used to be inscribed the beautiful assurance that the institution was dedicated "To the Living Truth," which the Nazis had later changed to read "To the *German* Truth." "You cannot 'Dare To Be True,' " said Sherwood, "in a world ruled by Hitler. You cannot dare to be free, or even to be human. You can only dare to die."

"I'm afraid," he added, "that, as commencement addresses go, this one rates among the gloomiest ever delivered." He asked forgiveness by saying on this historic day "we have learned of the fall of Paris" and "my mind is full of that terrible knowledge." One and only one expression of hope he gave to the graduating class. His own essential faith in the goodness that is in man still survived after these tragic twenty-six years, and he was confident that it would continue to do so as long as he lived. "I hope you will find in your own lives that this faith is justified. I hope you will see a world in which men at last have found a way to live in peace."

In the next weeks Sherwood had letters from two of the mothers who were present that day. They upbraided him for his depressing speech, and in effect asked, "How could you look into those innocent, hopeful faces and say such awful things?" He could only reply to these good ladies that he had been unable to bring himself to tell lies to their sons.

April 28, 1954

It was to honor Milton's graduates who had dared to die for their country that he mounted the platform in the gymnasium this Wednesday night, fourteen years and two wars later. Twenty-three men had given their lives in the First War, two of them his classmates in 1914; forty-four in the Second War, including four of the "innocent" and "hopeful" who had heard him in 1940; and four during the Korean conflict. Seventy-one of the approximately 1,900 enlisted alumni was a small number compared to the more than 557,000 Americans who had died in the three wars, but it was a large number for Milton because Milton was a small school. The tragic aggregate was gallantly represented in the fraction.

Many of the families, friends, and teachers of the dead were crowded in the gymnasium, along with the young, to hear this Alumni War Memorial Foundation lecture. It was the twentieth to be delivered since 1924 on the subject of "The Responsibilities and Opportunities Attached to Leadership in a Democracy." The previous speakers had ranged from former Assistant Secretary of the Navy Franklin D. Roosevelt and Canada's Governor General Vincent Massey, to Boston's Bishop A. Lowell Lawrence, Germany's ex-Chancellor Heinrich Bruening, Britain's John Buchan, and America's Newton D. Baker and General George C. Marshall. Sherwood was the second Miltonian to be asked to speak and, remembering 1914 and 1940, he had written the headmaster, Arthur B. Perry, Bliss Perry's son, "It would seem to be a mistake to invite me, associated as I am with doom." He was associated with much more.

He had earned his place among the eminent. Everyone knew of his involvement with events. Everyone knew that he had worked on Roosevelt's speeches and been his friend; that he had served as Overseas Director of the Office of War Information, and that there were few in high positions in the free world unknown to him. He was a distinguished playwright who had evolved into an acclaimed biographer, a man of the theatre very much at home on the larger stage of affairs. In addition to achieving fame for his talents, he had become famous for his goodness. Because of his prestige, he faced the hazards of being turned into a national institution, the fluent and fearless spokesman of the democratic faith. Every good cause and committee turned to him as a sponsor, and his conscience permitted him to decline few.

His honors had multiplied. He had won two more Pulitzer Prizes, one for drama with *There Shall Be No Night,* the other for biography with *Roosevelt and Hopkins.* In *The Best Years of Our Lives* he had written a film that had collected nine Oscars. He had been elevated from the National Institute of Arts and Letters to the Academy, served as Trustee of Milton and an Overseer at Harvard, and received honorary degrees from Dartmouth, Yale, Harvard, and Bishop's University. He had grown and grow never stodgy. He could be as gay as ever, was as f frivolity, and as grateful for laughter. Yet on his fac night was a sadness which tugged at the hearts of p tive spectators; a weariness, too.

Most people took his height to be the measure strength. And uncommonly strong he was, but only strength resolute enough to triumph over frequent and the torture of having had to live for years with current and terrible facial nervous disorder, doul *douloureux,* which had attacked him again only the before. The pain he had become accustomed to rising was on his face that evening.

He looked twenty-five, not fourteen, years older as on the platform with the lights stressing the gray stre his dark hair, the white plumes of his still scraggl brows, the darkness of his mourning eyes, the whiter his crisp mustache, and the strong downward pull lines under his lower lids and around his nostrils and r The British major that a Royal Academician could painted in 1940 had been transformed by the years in El Greco in a dinner jacket.

Sherwood's day had been exhausting. He had spoke morning on the political aspects of strategy at the War College in Newport, and speaking remained for h ordeal. He had guessed he would be nervous at Milton he was. To take his mind off his speech, he had ask old friend, tutor, and favorite master at Milton, Albe Hunt, to dine with him at the Ritz-Carlton in B Though they had talked pleasantly of old times, his ne ness grew. It was even greater when they had driv Milton. There, to subdue it, he took a giant's slug o uncontaminated by ice, ten minutes before he walked the platform with the headmaster Mr. Perry.

It was not only conquered pain or the fatigue of a day that pinched his face and accentuated the puffs his eyes as he towered above the podium. It was the ac lated weariness of days and nights and years of livin giving and working as if his superhuman energies were less. It was the secret fear that haunts the creator, th which tormented Sherwood, in spite of his confidence his gift had left him because of his not having had a cessful new play produced on Broadway in fourteen y

It was the sorrow and the emptiness of the letdown the death of Roosevelt and after the dizzying tension excitements of the war years spent close to the White H and to great events. It was the heartbreak of seein heroic efforts and sacrifices of a second world war e disenchantment, with Hitler and the other marchers sto but with victory not even bringing a true peace. It wa deep alarm with which he recognized the threats of nu power and his realization that this time he spoke not in a different world but, again, in a different age.

Sherwood had tried to tell the unflinching truth as h

elt it in 1940 when Paris had fallen. He tried to do the thing now as, with his long, nervous fingers spilling nunication, he opened his manuscript and began to read, ıg put on his reading glasses.

e was seeking to pay tribute to and to justify the war at a frightening and frightened time. The needs of e had long brought unprotesting acceptance of the coun- first peacetime conscription. Unrest and menace were rwhere. The once veiled language of diplomacy had be- an open rivalry in invective. Old empires were totter- ınd slumbering continents awakening. Nationalism was again a panacea. Dien Bien Phu was about to fall. An sy truce existed in Korea.

ıe Cold War was always hot. The balance of power had replaced by the balance of terror. The United States been catapulted into a pre-eminence among the free na- that it did not want, did not like, and was not as yet ɔped to occupy. Soviet might was catching up with et bluster. The death struggle between Communism and talism was a phrase on many tongues and a fact dreaded gh accepted by most minds. McCarthyism was at its height, and within ten days "point of order . . . point der" was to be heard on the air with the insistent buzz pneumatic drill in an idiot's hands, as the junior Sen- from Wisconsin intimidated the Army before television eras just as in public and in private he had intimidated Administration and millions of Americans. Due to the sphere of fear McCarthy epitomized, J. Robert Oppen- er had been badgered and bullied before the Gray d in a proceeding in which few could take pride. It was a comfortable moment at which to speak of the fruits ctory made possible by the sacrifices of the gallant dead. did Sherwood minimize the darkness of the hour.

ıe valedictorian of eighteen was now the elder states- of fifty-eight, and spoke as one. Arms and the man was heme—the new arms, the new America, the new Russia, the new age—and his plea, in the name of survival, for a war on war. His was a long, discursive speech, ared to fill that obligatory hour which is the common ctation and tolerance of an audience that has come to a "lecture." Though poorly organized and somewhat , it made its telling points, showed in many passages wood's facile expository skill, and was blessed with fer- It found Sherwood, again like his own Dr. Valkonen in eatened schoolroom, still speaking as an idealist of the le world outside but this time asserting with more hope confidence that there shall be no night.

ıce again he turned back to the lost tranquillity of 1914, ı to young Americans "major war was something that buried in the cemetery at Gettysburg," and putting on ɔrms to fight was unthinkable. He referred to 1940, too, ting out that there was one piece of news which he had mentioned when Paris fell because he had not known it, which he could not have mentioned if he had. On the day after his Commencement address, Franklin Roosevelt had at the White House signed an order to Dr. Vannevar Bush authorizing him "to study into the possible relation- ship to national defense of recent discoveries in the field of atomistics, notably the fission of uranium." That was the beginning of the new age, and, as Sherwood said, by 1954 the A-bomb had already become "antiquated."

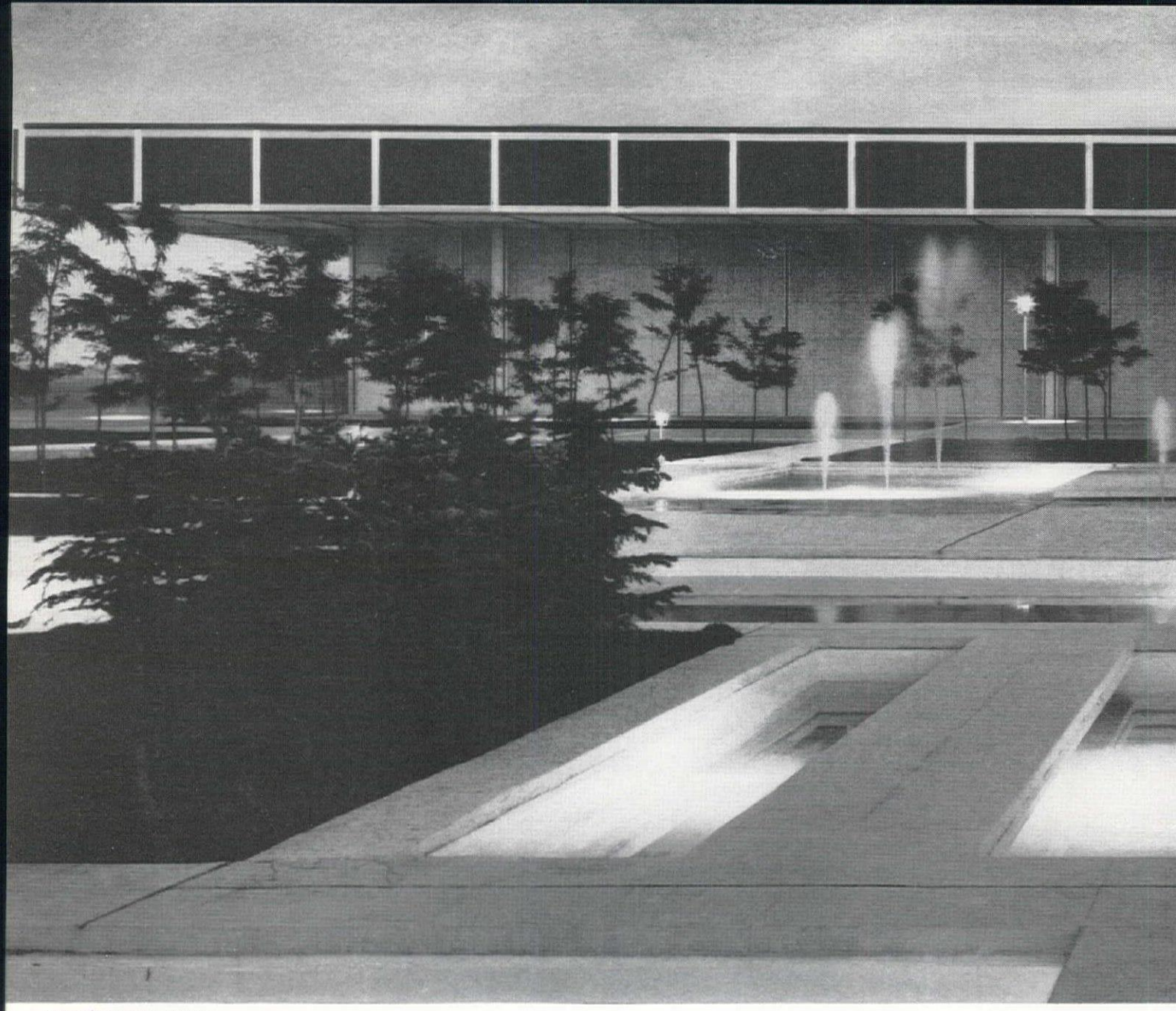
As a militant pacifist in the years following Wilson's fail- ure at Versailles, he deplored the folly of high-minded paci- fism and disarmament that had only made possible the rise of the dictators in Germany, Italy, Japan, and Russia. He quoted at length from an ignored three weeks' old article in the New York *Times* by William L. Laurence on the cobalt bomb and the life-taking radioactive dust it was capable of spreading for thousands of miles across lands and oceans. He stressed the futility of outlawing the worst of weapons, insisting that we face up to the fact that "war is a dirty busi- ness and those who engage in it must be prepared and even eager to fight it in the dirtiest manner possible," never for- getting that world disarmament is the ultimate goal.

Once more he apologized for the "shocking unpleasant subjects" he had felt compelled to discuss, and with mani- fest effort tried to rise above doom as he had written Mr. Perry that he would. "Every major challenge," said he, "that has been hurled at our people has been met and greatly met," and those who died meeting these challenges did not die in vain. From Milton's Honor Roll he singled out three names that had for him "a particular emotional meaning." From the First War he cited Charlie Reynolds, the head monitor of his class in 1914; from the Second, his own brother's son, Philip Burr Sherwood; and from the Korean War, the son of an old and dear friend, George Lee.

His conclusion, though by obligation hortatory, was bound to be inconclusive. It was, "We have the strength, if only we assert it." The strong faith was qualified, the "if only" insistently strong. Sherwood needed to believe, and still be- lieved, but his beliefs were sorely tried. He spoke as a man made melancholy by the spectacle of human folly and the terrible and needless possibilities of doom brought about by a progress that was in so many ways retrogressive. He spoke as a man seeking to believe in Man in the age of the thermo- nuclear bomb, "the instrument of extermination."

He spoke as someone who, as he saw the darkness deepen in the postwar years, had considered it "a privilege to escape from the appalling and inexplicable present" and to relive the confident greatness of the war years by writing *Roose- velt and Hopkins*. He spoke as a man too aware of the threats of the new age not to be sad in a world that had changed almost beyond knowing since the sunnily secure days of his youth and childhood.

In three speeches delivered in the same place over a span of forty years, Sherwood had supplied a rough chart of his times and of the challenges with which he had lived and from which he had written.



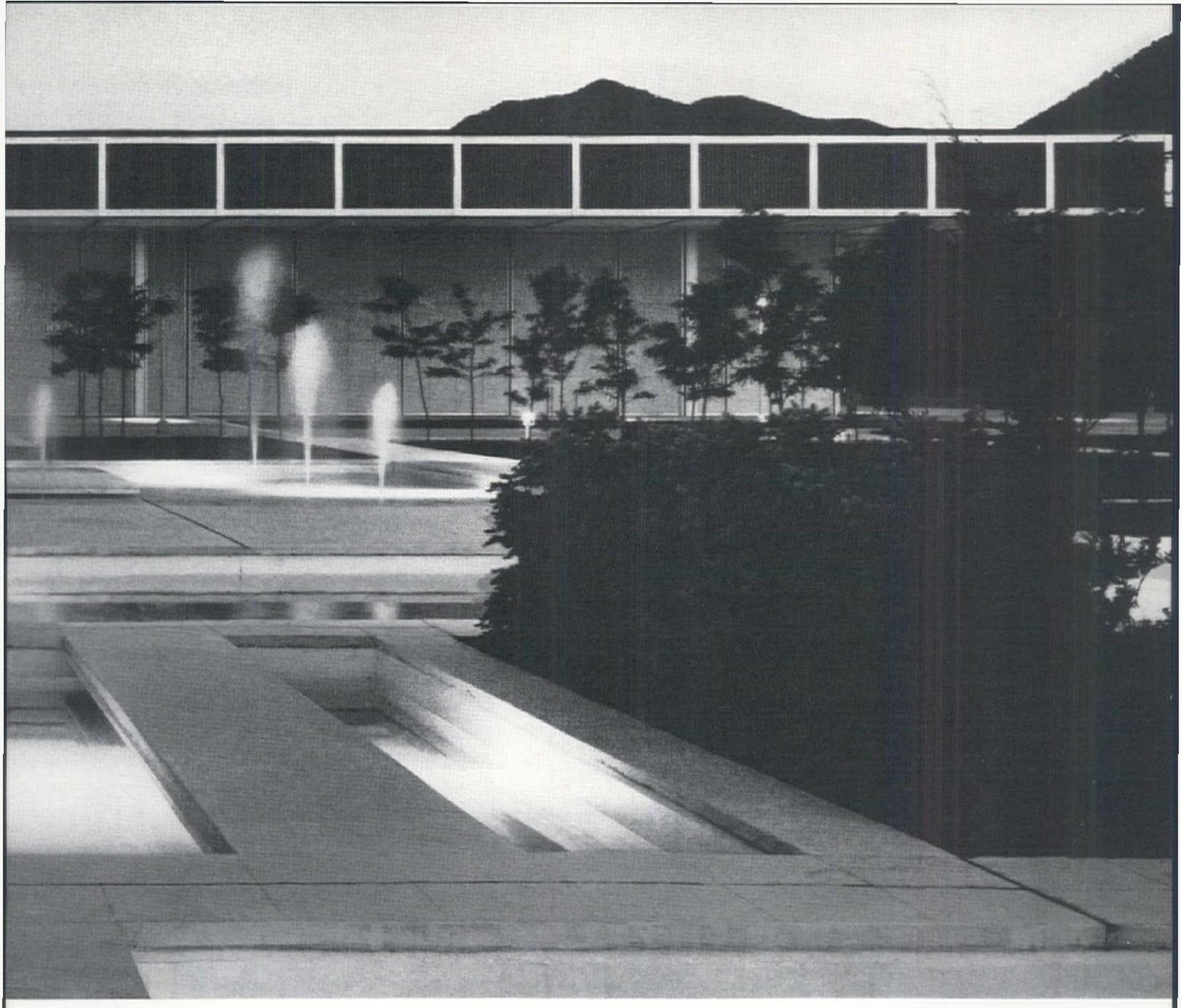
STEWART'S, COLORADO SPRINGS

WATER

The Wine of Architecture

Sparkling or still, its ability to enhance a building has been appreciated for centuries—but the sixties look to be vintage years

By ADA LOUISE HUXTABLE



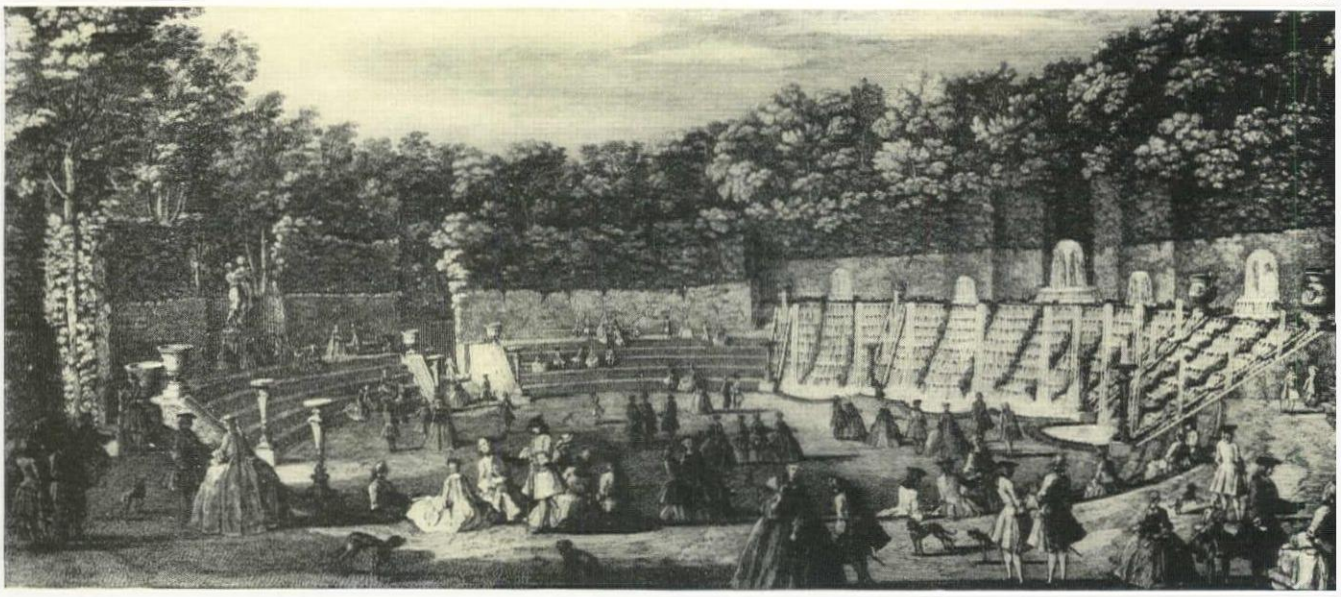
s and jets echo the long horizontals and sharp verticals of the dining hall at the U.S. Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs

re is, perhaps, no more solid, stable, and material art architecture, and no more ethereal, evanescent, and ile element than water. When the two combine, it is effects of singular magnificence and mystery. Water is t to architecture's substance; it is the wine, wit, and e of building; feminine quicksilver to masculine so- y; jewel trim for sober stone in sparkling sprays and narcissistic sheets of silver for architecture's solemn ties. Its fountains, cascades, channels, and pools are the eme aesthetic *grand geste* that has traditionally com- d the greatest building schemes of every age.

very age, that is, until our own, because the twentieth ury has been uniquely dry. The reforms of modern archi- re left neither room nor taste for superfluous watery Like another great dry experiment of our time, how- this also has come to an end; a revival that began as ckle in the fifties, with timid sprays and bubblings, ises to become a magnificent splash in the sixties, as e-embrace the subtleties and glories of designing with r for a renaissance of the grand aqueous art.

The use of water with architecture has a long history and a universally seductive appeal. "Water-works," as the artful disposition of still and moving water has been called at least since the Renaissance, have been less concerned with plumbing than with pleasure. Their primary purpose has been to provide delight, drama, and conspicuous display—three nonessentials that nourish the spirit of man. Water may slake his thirst or, in today's buildings, even supply his air conditioners, but it can do so quite well without the flourish of fountains and falls. Whether it takes the form of an extravagant baroque torrent or a serene Oriental pool, the character of water is primarily sensuous, and its pleasures are visual and auditory. It adds extra dimensions—motion, sound, and the manipulation of light—to the customarily static three dimensions of building. It is a performance and a show. Its playful, changeable range runs from the breathtakingly theatrical to the mysteriously subtle. It is capable of broad jokes and tenuous elegancies. Above all, it is an unparalleled instrument of grandeur and romance.

Because it is so often nonfunctional, water is the one de-



sign element with which the architect can be singularly free. A pretty pond, a fortuitous lake, a cleverly incorporated stream, may be a bonus and even radically alter his scheme, but he must bring them into existence to make them qualify as examples of this highly arbitrary and artificial art. Its sources are nature, but its naturalness is artifice. It is meant to charm, to please, to impress, to startle, to titillate, and to offer myriad sensations and surprises. Its deeper implications suggest evanescent joys, cleansing of the spirit, the transience of perfection, the insubstantiality of dreams, the flowing continuity of life, and a consummate, fleeting beauty—impermanent, like all great romantic beauties, and therefore more beautiful than the tangible and real.

In its greatest expressions, water transcends and transforms architecture. The Piazza Navona in Rome did not become a classic example of a great urban architectural space until the open plaza and all of its buildings were given scale, focus, and meaning by Bernini's magnificently exuberant Fountain of the Four Rivers in the seventeenth century (see page 20), and until the statuary and basins of the two side fountains were completed in the following years. At Versailles there is a bosquet, or clump of trees, arranged as an open-air ballroom (see above); an architectural space hollowed out of nature, its stepped walls were defined originally by cascades, with dry tiers of seats for musicians and observers and a marble dance floor at its base for the king and his court. On occasion, water even becomes a kind of architecture, in a fascinating and calculated confusion of effects. The famous water gardens of the Villa d'Este at Tivoli (see pages 18–19) so mix arches, walls, niches, gates, and porticoes with sprays and falls that a decorative, freestanding, aquatic architecture is created, of which water is an inseparable part. Cascades at the Villa Aldobrandini at Frascati (see above, right), winding down columns and becoming broad sheets of carefully defined and maintained shape, approached—quite consciously—an almost architectural solidity. To add to the deliberate deception, trees and hedges were trimmed geometrically to make flat, high, green, outdoor walls that would have delighted that modern ma beautiful walls-for-their-own-sake, Mies van der Roh

To the ancients, the magic of water was more tha thetic. The fountain of Hippocrene appeared whe winged Pegasus had struck his hoof, and because the n Salmacis, protector of the spring of Caria, had indul an unhappy love affair with Hermaphroditus, thos drank of the fountain's waters became effeminate. Greeks emphasized miracle and myth, the Romans, practical, put water to better uses. In the atriums o houses, pools and fountains soothed the senses and domestic needs. Their monumental baths turned cleanliness into a sumptuous ritual in an equally sump setting.

Later, when the secrets of materialistic comfort, li door piping, were lost or forgotten, the water supply r to the street. The medieval street fountain became a bined plumbing utility, work of art, social center, and of the town square. They were lovely things, these fou intimately scaled miniature works of architecture refl pinnacled Gothic building patterns in the north or the form of low, stepped basins in Italy and the south, adorned with ingenuous figures and reliefs, their f water modest and sufficient for both pleasure and u The restored Gothic Schöner Brunnen in Nurember charming medieval fountains of Aix, the thirteenth-ce creations at Viterbo in Italy, are all examples of this One of the most famous is the Fonte Maggiore of Pe executed by the Pisanos in 1278, a work celebrated in fine-arts textbook as a moment of inspired architectur sculptural transition between medieval and modern.

The Renaissance continued this type of archite town fountain, classicizing its motifs and carrying i miliar forms to new heights of grace, grandeur, and s tication. In the sixteenth century, with the flowering ure sculpture, appeared those glistening, dripping god roes, and maidens—spurting, spraying, and pouring wa

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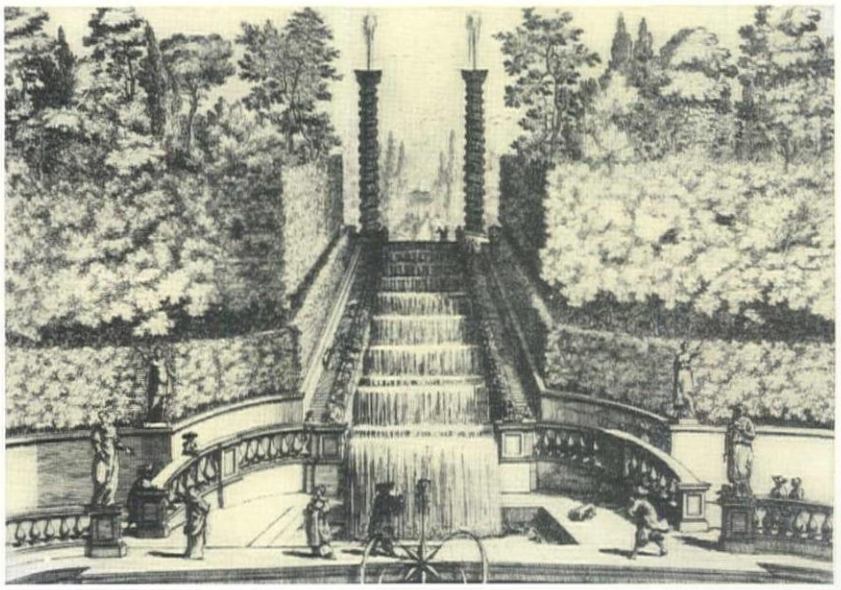


chitects often try to bring the outdoors in the seventeenth and eighteenth cens the other way around. Water and vege- used to create open-air salons that were ner, moister counterparts of those in the . Examples are the Salle de Bal set in a Versailles (opposite) and the wonderful the Villa Aldobrandini in Italy (right).

ave set the character and clichés of fountain design he present day. At the same time, the public fountain n more of the independent stature of a work of art, sculptural, and became in the process somewhat de- l from its environment.

sixteenth century also promoted, and eventually dis- l, one of the most magnificent and intriguing uses of with building in the history of architecture: the h Renaissance châteaux of the Valois kings, a group narchs who suffered conspicuously from bouts of *mala- bâtir* cured only by the construction of new palaces negalomaniac scale. If the king craved a little simple g, a complex of Gargantuan super blocks was tly erected in the countryside, and if he tired of one he built another. Water was an important part of of these ambitious schemes. Most often the design for the château to be surrounded by an artificially d moat in the medieval tradition, but broader, grander, urely ornamental, in keeping with expanding Renais- tastes. There was usually a "channel-garden," with a l canal considerably larger than the later, famous at Versailles. So grandiose were the plans, and so ive their execution and maintenance, that the aquatic lishments were not always carried out, or did not long e.

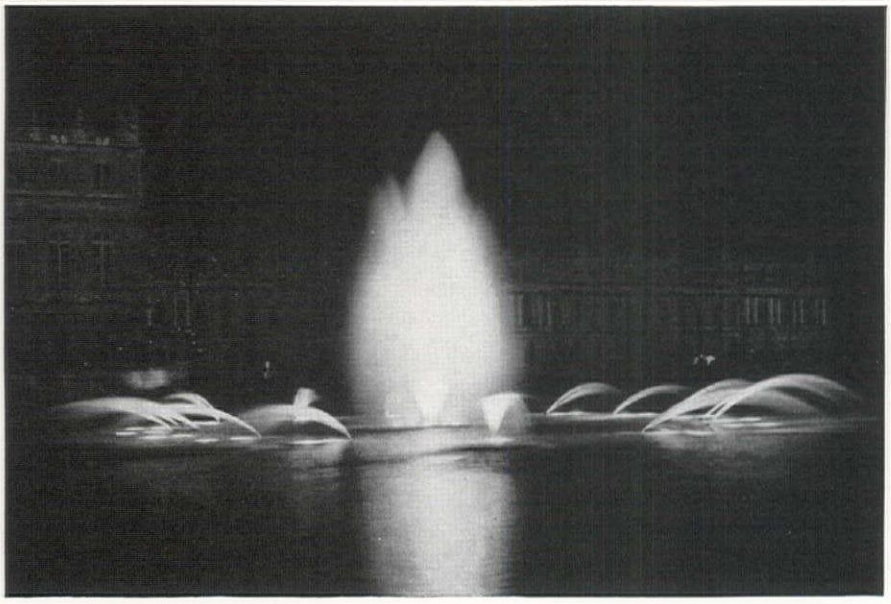
stylish façade of Francis I's Chambord, for example, have been completely encircled with water, requiring l canalization of the Cosson River. This decorative was never finished, and in the eighteenth century it lled in and the river rediverted. In Bernard Palissy's ed works for Cardinal Bourbon at Gaillon and Cathe- e Médicis at Chenonceaux, castles and artificial is- projected from watery settings; streams, channels, *lées* crossed each other primly and led to rocky grottoes eptile-stocked pools, for an odd and undoubtedly ap- g mixture of sensuousness and sentiment, of medieval ticism and Renaissance rationalism.

the Renaissance was only a curtain raiser for the baroque. The seventeenth century was the Age of Water, and the fantasies of the Italian *seicento* make all other aquatic achievements pale beside them. The exuberance, the orgiastic display, the emotional extravagance, the impassioned overstatement of the baroque taste, turned naturally to a medium that offered maximum excitement, drama, and change. Paradoxically, we admire most what we would not, today, dare to create. The fantastic water gardens of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries of the Villa d'Este at Tivoli, the Boboli Gardens in Florence, the Villas Aldobrandini at Frascati and Torlonia at Porto, the fountains of the Villa Lante at Bagnaia—all stressed exaggerated flights of fancy, united the beautiful and the grotesque with suave assurance, piled drama on drama, and capped climax with climax to produce effects that remain among the most marvelous artistic achievements of any age.

The ideals of the baroque were dynamic movement and superhuman grandeur. Against a background of building elements progressively related to the great houses—porticoes, walls, arcades, columns, gates, stairs, and platforms on a series of stepped levels—an infinite variety of water forms, including jets, streams, sprays, pools, fountains, and cascades, were integrated with that rare, stylish synthesis which characterized the baroque talent and has escaped every period since.

But it is the elaborate and imaginative use of sculpture that makes these waterworks unique. No purist theories, no shackles of "good taste," held the baroque artist back. At the Villa d'Este alone, a conservative inventory of sculptural elements, used independently or in architectural compositions, but used always with water, yields a formidable assortment of gods and goddesses with mythological entourages; boats, obelisks, eagles, dolphins, horses, wolves; fanciful rock groups; maidens standing, sitting, and reclining; small boys relieving themselves from high pedestals; masks, *putti*, and shells. The famous water organ, which played a tune as water pressure forced air through pipes, was a popular conceit of the time. Even more popular were

DE BUSSAC



Electricity has made it possible t upon even the fountains of Versaille with better pumps but by illuminati night (left) to create effects their never dreamed of—but that a twe tury architect can take for granted. Stone has exploited these to the ful Stanford University Medical Center

the "water jokes," a source of hilarious amusement to their aristocratic perpetrators, causing unwary visitors to be doused by pipes concealed in benches, steps, and trees, or wherever they would cause the most delicious embarrassment. The Villa's water needs, of course, could have been supplied in far simpler fashion, but the water garden ran the gamut from fun house to gallery of art.

Order, however, was the other side of the baroque coin, and behind the uninhibited displays was a carefully prescribed plan. The design of the house, garden, and water system followed a formal, co-ordinated pattern. Water courses and fountains were used as instruments of the new science of perspective, to lead the eye through symmetrical vistas. It is water, also, that gives unity to the city of Rome, through its fountains, particularly as they appear in the seventeenth-century masterpieces of Giovanni Lorenzo Bernini, which remain in the nostalgic mind's eye and ear as the embodiment of the city's voluptuous spirit. The visitor who has lingered late in the Piazza Navona will always remember the sounds of the early Roman evening, the muted splashing and murmuring of great fountains as their Gargantuan figures are bathed in deepening golden light. Rome is the sound of running water, and Bernini's fountains are its heart.

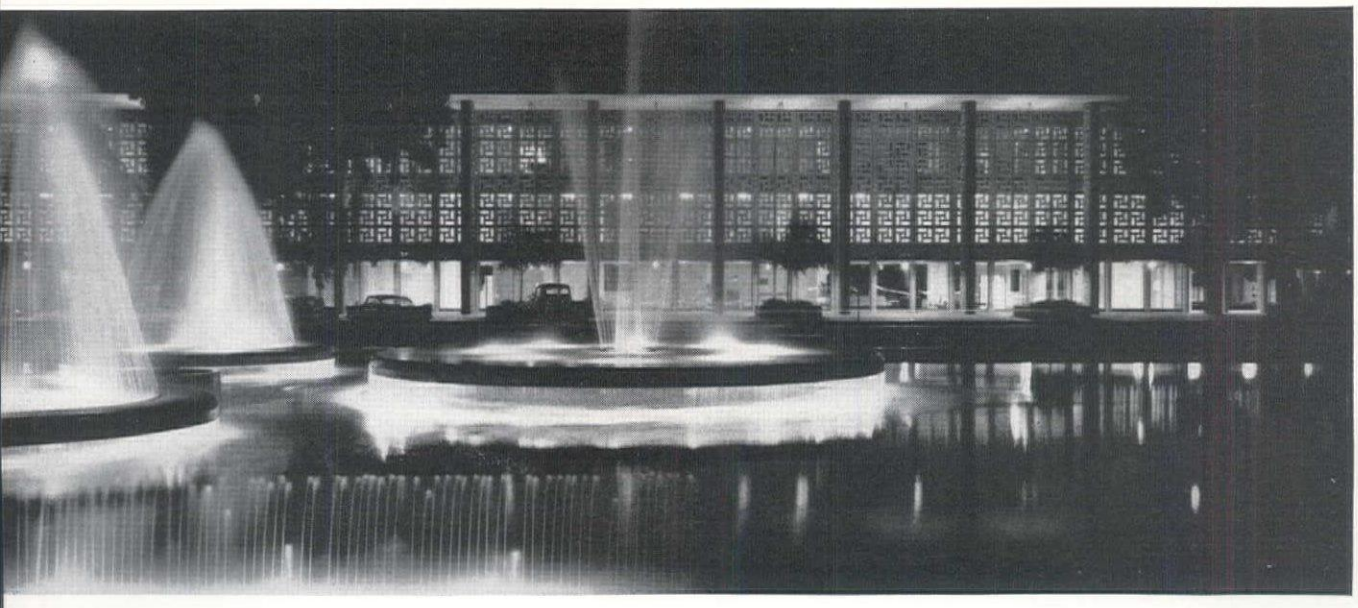
As the baroque moved north to conquer Europe, the French raised it to a cooler, more intellectual grandeur and gave the world Versailles. But first, in 1661, they built Vaux-le-Vicomte, the one-thousand-acre estate of Nicolas Fouquet, finance minister of Louis XIV. It was erected in a style of such striking splendor that the King, jealous of its magnificence and suspicious of its costs, ordered Fouquet arrested shortly after the spectacular opening fete given by the minister in his honor. By a curious coincidence, Louis had something similar in mind, and soon the designers of Vaux-le-Vicomte, including the architect-trained André Le Nôtre who created the gardens that dazzled the world, were in the King's employ, building Versailles.

Le Nôtre took the formal baroque plan and the s teenth-century love affair with water and defined them with unprecedented elegance. Glittering sprays, placid and wide green parterres were carefully related to the sive marble buildings. The Grand Canal that stretch yond the Basin of Apollo on the main axis of the p was large enough to accommodate a miniature fleet permanent delegation of Venetian gondoliers. The bosquets were punctuated by flashing fountains and fancies that included sparkling plumes arching ove walks, artificial rain delicately falling on trees and g made of copper, and a water theatre where, accordin contemporary witness, "the water goes through man diverse changes . . . and its play causes as much su as admiration."

These hydraulic marvels were engineered by Fr and Pierre de Francine, who constructed a system of machines"—horse pumps and windmills—to bring wa the palace reservoirs (the supply became so scanty works grew that most of the next decade was spent in ing additional sources). Faced with the further dema the Trianon Gardens in 1670, the Francines devised, ably in desperation, a way to recirculate and re-use t adequate supplies.

The principles of Le Nôtre and the Francines wer ried to England in 1712 in a curious and delightful *The Theory and Practice of Gardening*, John James's lation of Dezallier d'Argenville's classic French treat the design of grounds and waterworks in the manner o sailles. England already had the "exquisite waterworks" first phase of Chatsworth, including the Great Cascad Neptune Fountains, and the copper weeping willow, were in construction as early as 1687. Together wit bird-song grotto at Wilton, where unwary bird lovers suitably saturated, these had left Englishmen avid for James recommended "Basons and large Pieces of W with appropriate water forms: "Cascades, Gullets, B Sheets, Masks, Bubbles, Mushrooms, Sheafs, Spouts, S

ALEXANDRE GEORGES



llesticks, Grills, Tapers, Crosses, and vaulted Arches." accompanied by "Maritime Ornaments . . . Congela-, Petrifyings, and Shell-Works, Water-Leaves, Bul-es and Reeds . . . and Figures that naturally belong to Water, as Rivers, Naiades or Water Nymphs, Tritons, ents, Sea-Horses, Dragons, Dolphins, Griffins, and s, which are made to throw out and vomit Streams and ents of Water."

the eighteenth century, "Congelations, Petrifyings, ts, and Surges" appeared all over Europe. The con-tion of that superb, perennially popular, aquatic at-ion of Rome, the Fountain of Trevi—the work of Ni-Salvi from 1732–62—was financed by popular lotteries accompanied by outraged public cries as expenses nted. Peterhof, the show place of the Russian Czars (see 25), was begun c. 1716 by Jean-Baptiste Le Blond, Le e's illustrious pupil; and Caserta, the formidable crea-of Charles III of Naples (see page 21), was built in the s after 1752 by Luigi and Carlo Vanvitelli and an im-ive assortment of sculptors, engineers, and artisans. d, respectively, the Russian and Italian Versailles, they d the characteristic of all later versions of a monu-al stylistic achievement: their conception was bigger, not better. By one of the delightful ironies of history, ydraulic high jinks of the Romanovs, containing, by al U.S.S.R. count, approximately 2,500 pipes, is now munist-maintained, even to a loyal Soviet worker whose duty it is to turn the cock for unsuspected drenchings he "water surprises."

England the change to a romantic naturalism in land-design in the later eighteenth century put a temporary to artificial displays. The nineteenth century was pre-pied with plumbing, but the taste for grandeur returned entarily with the waterworks of the famous London tal Palace of 1851—so much more expensive than the ling itself that they threatened the Exposition with bank-cy and signaled the end of a long, aqueous road.

hile Western civilization concerned itself with water in motion, the aquatic embellishments of the buildings and gardens of the East had followed a different course. Their designers would have been surprised to know, as John James decreed to the English, that "flat Water . . . being always quiet and in the same State . . . is no great Beauty." The beauty they sought was gentle and placid. The effects they created were artfully natural and heavy with symbolism in the carefully constructed garden ponds and lakes of China and Japan; quietly evocative in the flat, reflecting sheets of Mogul palaces and tombs; and solemnly impressive in the great temple tanks of India (see page 27), where the rivers, considered messengers of God, were diverted for the double purpose of purification and divine communication. No monumental sprays or falls disturbed the calculated serenity or the harmonious relationship of building and image, of the tangible and the unreal. Moving water in the East traveled without bombast, through calm channels or down gently inclined, carved marble slabs. Nor has anyone understood better the concentrated psychological effectiveness of a single crystal-clear jet bubbling from a small silver lotus, or a shallow stream flowing softly through a garden court.

At the same time that Italian torrents were reaching their roaring apogee, the architecture of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in northern India had developed a water art of quiet elegance: marble monuments, like the classic Taj Mahal at Agra, were mirrored in man-made lagoons, so that substance merged with shimmering reflection. The Red Fort at Delhi by Shah Jahan incorporated water in one of the most remarkable architectural compositions ever realized: it flowed through the center of open courts and roofed pavilions as a series of flat streams and pools, sometimes exposed, sometimes underground; murmurous and light-reflecting, it was the building's soul.

The lesson of Eastern ways with water—of simplicity, subtlety, and sensuous understatement—was brought to the West by the Moorish invasions; most notably in the exquisite, delicately conceived water courts of the fourteenth-

century Alhambra in Spain (see page 26). Significantly, the current revival of water in architecture is closer to the principles and practices of the East than to the traditions of the West. Moreover, there is a recognizable pattern of taste and technique in this new use of water—the kind of consistency that binds the best work of any period into a coherent whole, which we may call a style. In current American and European examples there are fountains and pools, but instead of the unbridled exuberance of earlier centuries, we have enrichment with restraint. Rather than an all-out assault on the senses, there is an understated, almost Oriental suggestiveness. Serene instead of spectacular, it uses a kind of calm classicism to promote timeless, romantic images. Thus, the still reflecting pool, hallmark of the East, lends its evocative subtlety to a surprising and unexpected assortment of contemporary structures: office buildings, embassies, universities, houses, and factories. As in the Orient, the water itself is stressed, usually eliminating sculpture. While it may be useful, it is just as often purely ornamental—the beguiling nonessential that water in architecture has always been.

Edward Durrell Stone, one of the chief proponents of this aesthetic extra, acknowledges his debt to Mogul architecture in the reflecting pool for his handsome American Embassy at New Delhi, and employs sprays and jets of water with a lavish romantic hand inside and outside of manufacturing plants, exposition buildings, and private houses. The Connecticut General Life Insurance Company headquarters in Bloomfield, Connecticut, by Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, includes pond-gardens with round, flooded slabs by sculptor Isamu Noguchi, and the same firm's new administration center for the Upjohn Company in Kalamazoo, Michigan, has a series of intimate, pool-studded interior courts. Minoru Yamasaki, an architect who displays an exceptional awareness of the psychological and aesthetic contrasts of water and structure (see pages 32–33), has set his McGregor Center at Wayne State University in Detroit in a pool with floating platforms and bridge approaches. His Reynolds Metals building is water-surrounded, and the new Detroit Gas Company headquarters will be entered over a lily-strewn moat. Eero Saarinen's buildings for the General Motors Technical Center near Detroit are perhaps the first large-scale modern revival of water-focused architecture, and the water court of his Oslo Embassy is one of the handsomest interiors of recent years. Philip Johnson has installed a 120-foot *jet d'eau* on his own grounds, for his own pleasure, and in the best g *siècle* tradition plans a decorative pavilion beneath the s

Johnson's fountain is more prophetic than reactio for there is a growing interest in water in motion, and a tects are turning once more to sprays, jets, and falls. A vocabulary has been made available by two modern in tions—the submersible pump, which brings up wate rectly from pipes in the bottom of a pool or installa eliminating the necessity of having the source at a h level to insure pressure for fountains or sprays; and tronic controls, which permit abstract patterns of wat be recorded on tape and later played and replayed like sic. (All of the remarkable effects of earlier centuries achieved, surprisingly, by gravity.) According to Joh who is at work on a $200,000 fountain for New York C Lincoln Center, we will see increasing emphasis on n ment, mass, and height. There will be color: Lincoln C will have gold and silver lights at night. There wi tricks: dramatic cutoffs will catch the fifty-foot aer spray at the top of its flight—"Look, no feet!" says Joh —then let it shower down in brilliant, floodlit drops b the next surge. Seattle features a prize-winning examp this type at its Century 21 Exposition this year, to be as a permanent civic center installation, and the 1964 York World's Fair plans spectacular displays. This wi modern water theatre in the grand manner of Versaill

And so, the twentieth century promises to join two traditions—that of the West, which treats water like and of the East, which likens it to love. Its tenuous, matic union with architecture has been given poetic pe nence in an Arabic inscription on one of the Alham fountains: "Look at the water and look at the basin, you will not be able to tell if it is the water that is mo less or the marble which ripples. Like the prisoner of whose face is full of trouble and fear when under the of the envious, so the jealous water is indignant at the ble, and the marble is envious of the water." It has b long-lasting, passionate affair.

Ada Louise Huxtable, Contributing Editor for architectu the New York Times *and author of a new guide to York's modern architecture, has previously written a street furniture and world's fairs for* HORIZON.

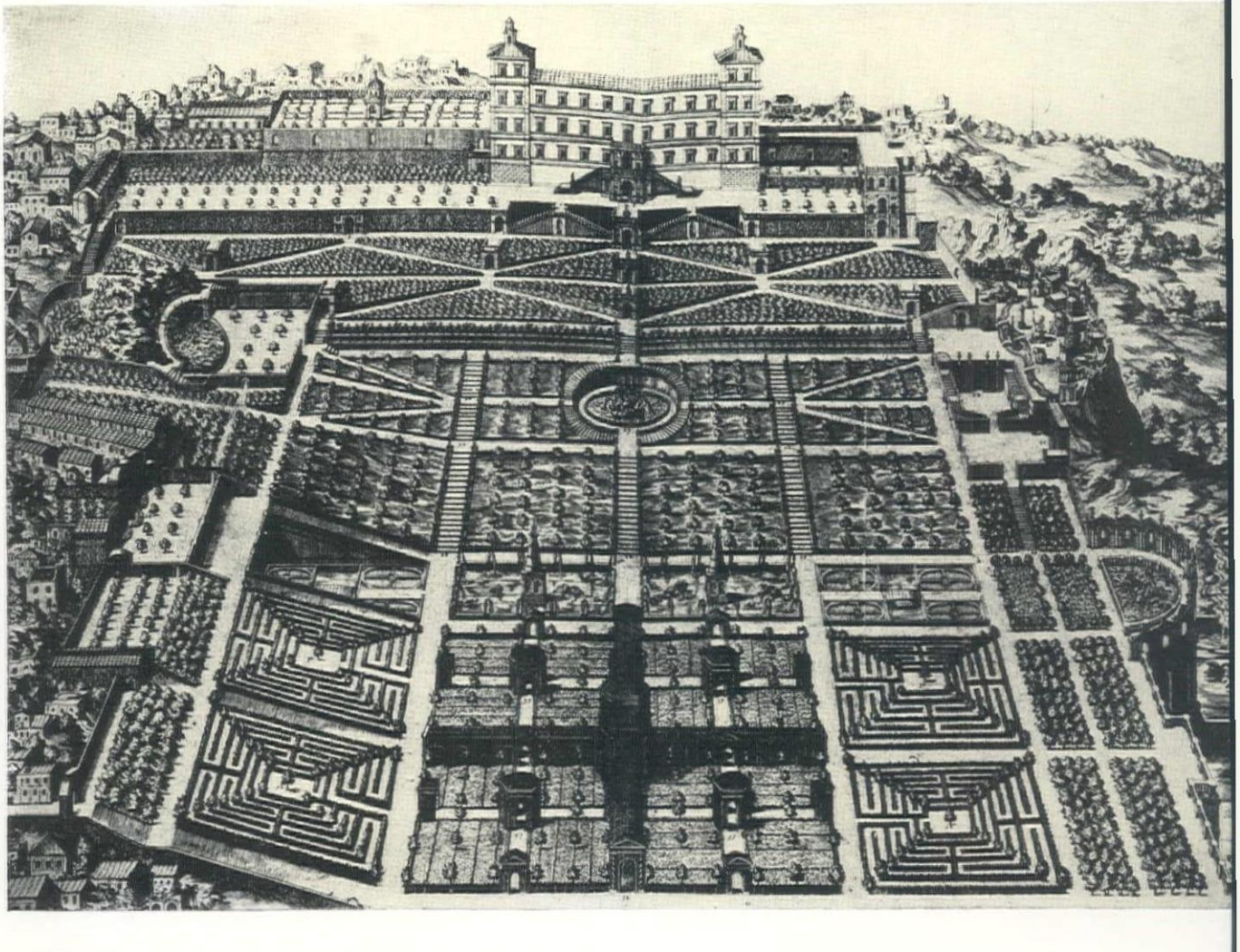
Water Makes the Difference

On the following pages: a portfolio of its delights

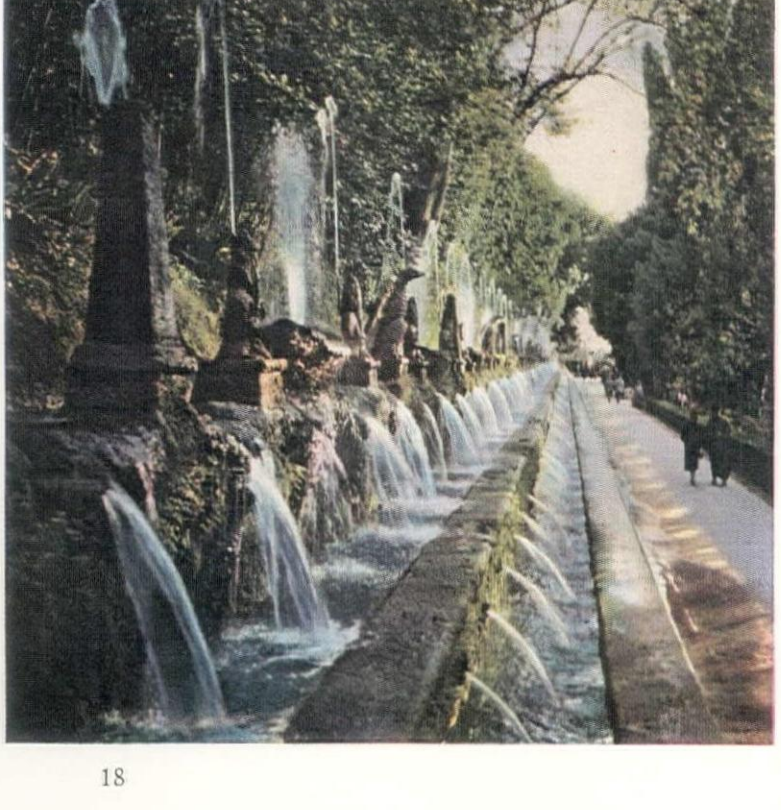
This cast-iron fountain with its spreading skirts of water stan the little town of Sézanne, east of Paris. Both it and the church b it, Gothic inside and routine baroque on the outside, are hastily p over by the guidebooks: neither is expected to interest the traveler would they, perhaps, standing alone. But the arching pattern o water lends grace to the stiff façade of the church; the massivene the latter makes the fountain seem more fragile than it is; and tog these anonymous and not very distinctive monuments create the ki European cityscape that beguiles the tourist from America, where is regularly put to work but seldom allowed to play in the st

Baroque Exuberance Outside Ro

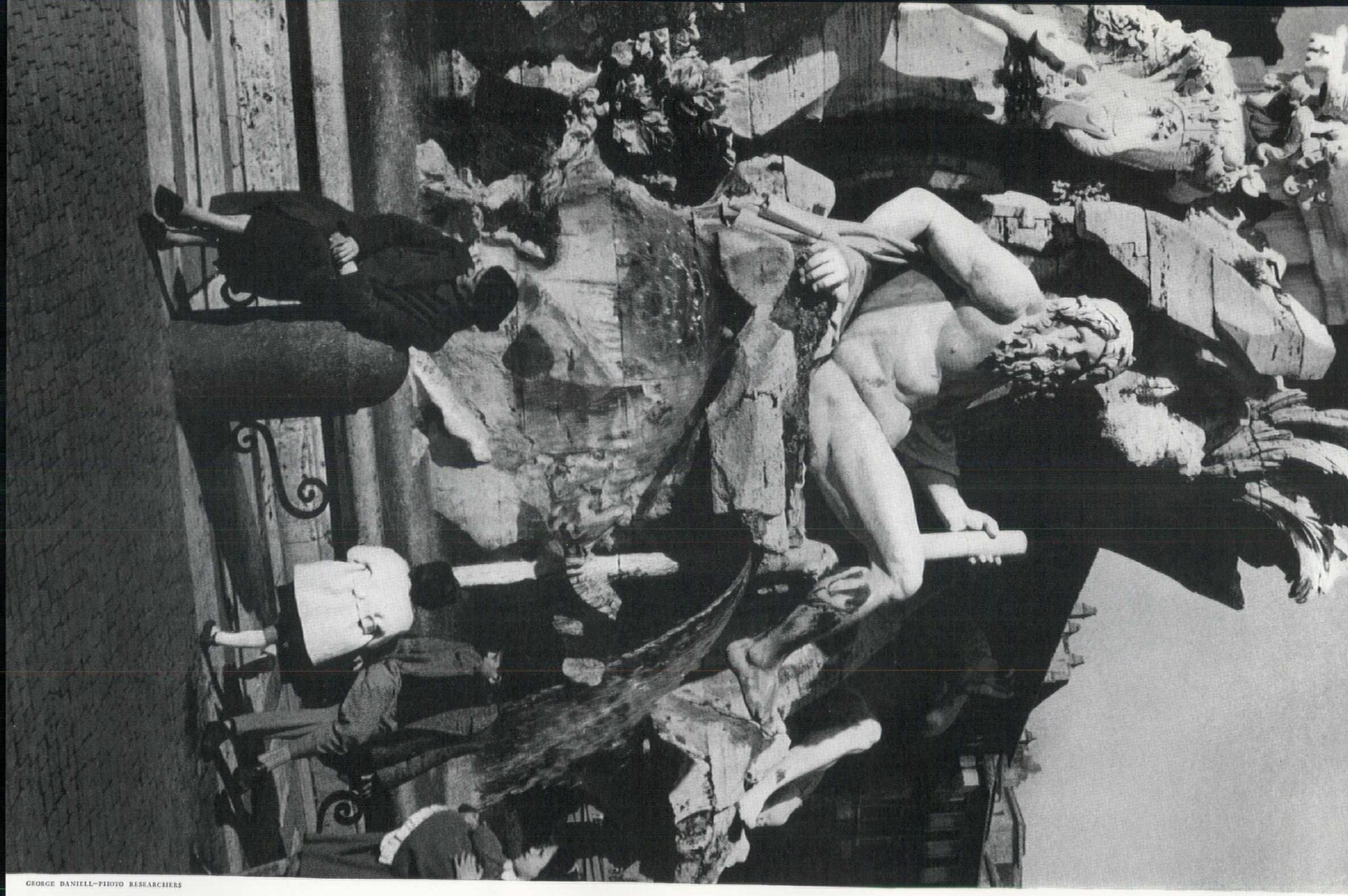
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, DICK FUND 1941



JOE BARNELL–SHOSTAL



Water has rarely been used more extravagantly t
in the famous gardens of the Villa d'Este, sixteen m
east of Rome, where the capacities of the medium
ornamental effects have been pushed almost as far as t
will go. From some five hundred fountains it gus
spurts, sprays, and spills into pools and channels thro
which it further cascades, tumbles, races, or—rarely
allowed to pause. These gardens were begun in the n
sixteenth century by the Cardinal Ippolito II d'Este, w
having five times failed in his attempts to be elected p
decided nevertheless to live in pontifical splendor.
engraving above, dated 1573, shows what was probably
original design, although some of its elements were
carried out and many others have since been chan
Cutting across the plan just above its central circ
basin is the Alley of the Hundred Fountains (left)—to
there are ninety-one—a three-level arrangement of
fans, sprays, and spillovers now heavily overgrown w
maidenhair fern. But the most spectacular display is
Fountain of the Water Organ (opposite), with jets
varying heights to simulate organ pipes. The organ itself
ingenious hydraulic model, was housed in the structure
the top, but its repertoire was limited to one tune o



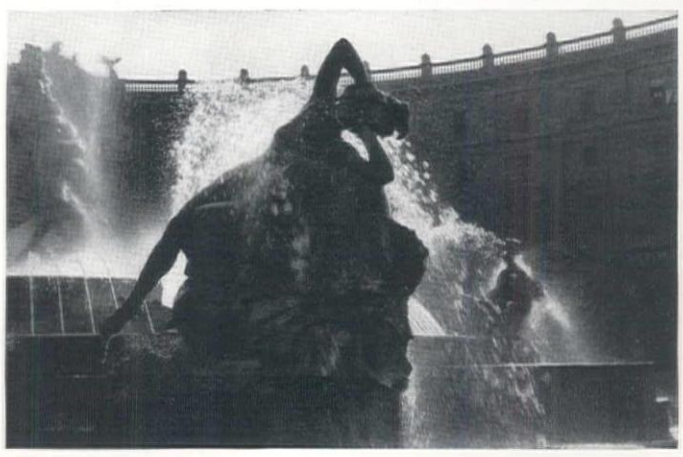
GEORGE DANIELL—PHOTO RESEARCHERS

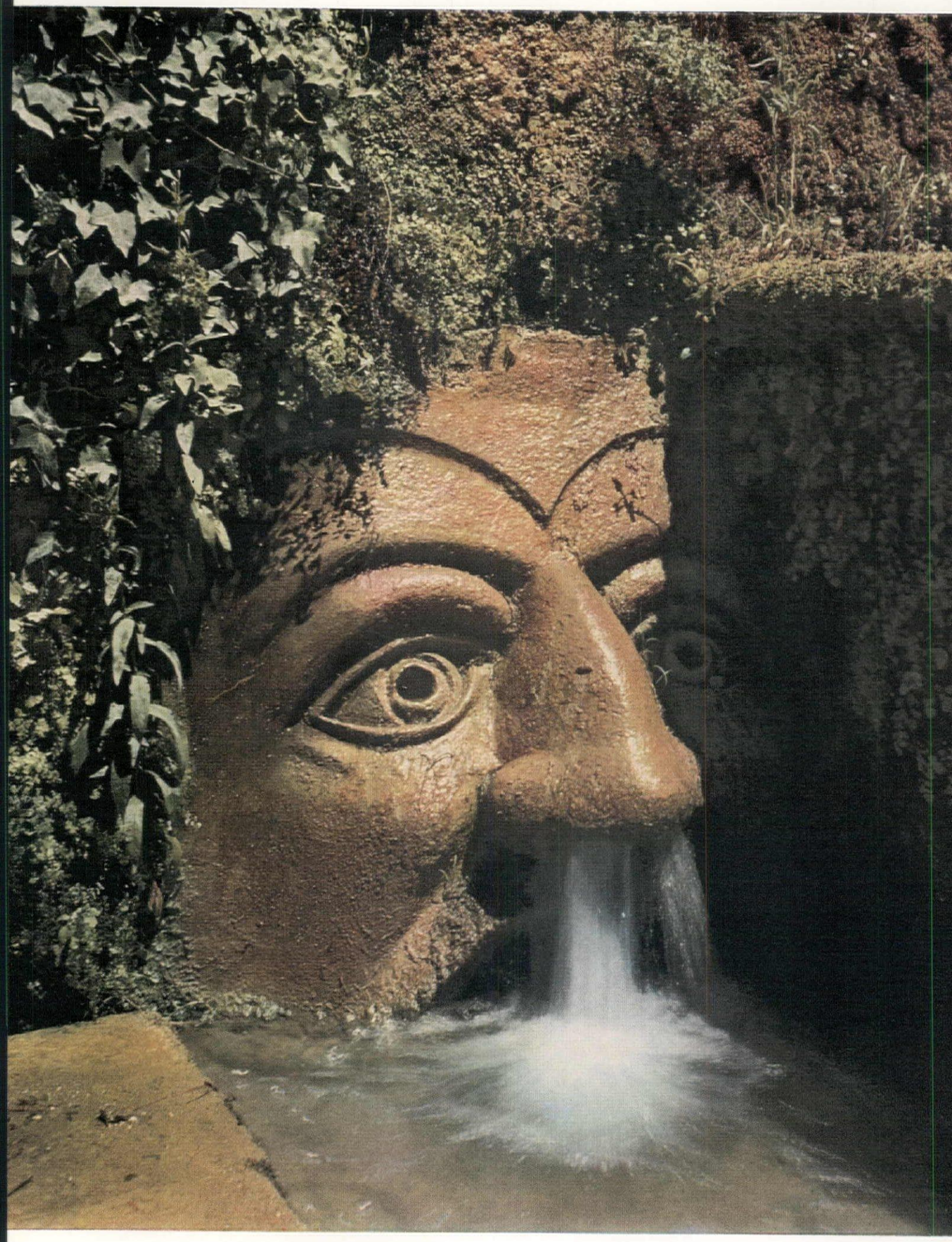
WELDON KING—FPG

Dripping Gods and Goddesses

Rome is murmurous with fountains; indeed, one is ver *far from the sound of running water or from the* t *of mossy marble deities reclining in the spray—* ther *they are the naiads of the Piazza dell'Esedra* ht) *or the river gods on Bernini's Fountain of the* r *Rivers in the old Piazza Navona (opposite). The god* wn *here personifies the Ganges; others represent the* e, *the Danube, and the Río de la Plata. For more agi-* d *tableaux one has to go south to Caserta, where the* ndiose *eighteenth-century palace of the kings of Naples* vides *scenes like that above. Diana (center) has just* overed *Actaeon spying on her and her maidens while* y *bathe. For this* faux pas *she changed him into a stag,* he *was torn to pieces by his own hounds—a fate* icted *with similar vivacity to the left of the cascade.*

GEORGE DANIELL—PHOTO RESEARCHERS





GEORGE DANIELL—PHOTO RESEARCHERS

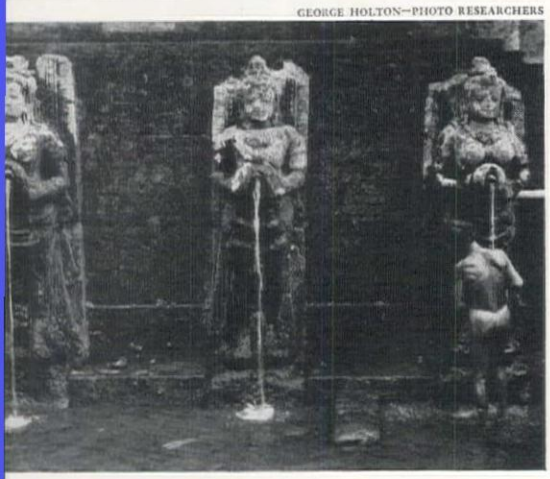
HERSCHEL LEVIT

GEORGE DANIELL—PHOTO RESEARCHERS

GEORGE DANIELL—PHOTO RESEARCHERS

TOM HOLLYMAN—PHOTO RESEARCHERS

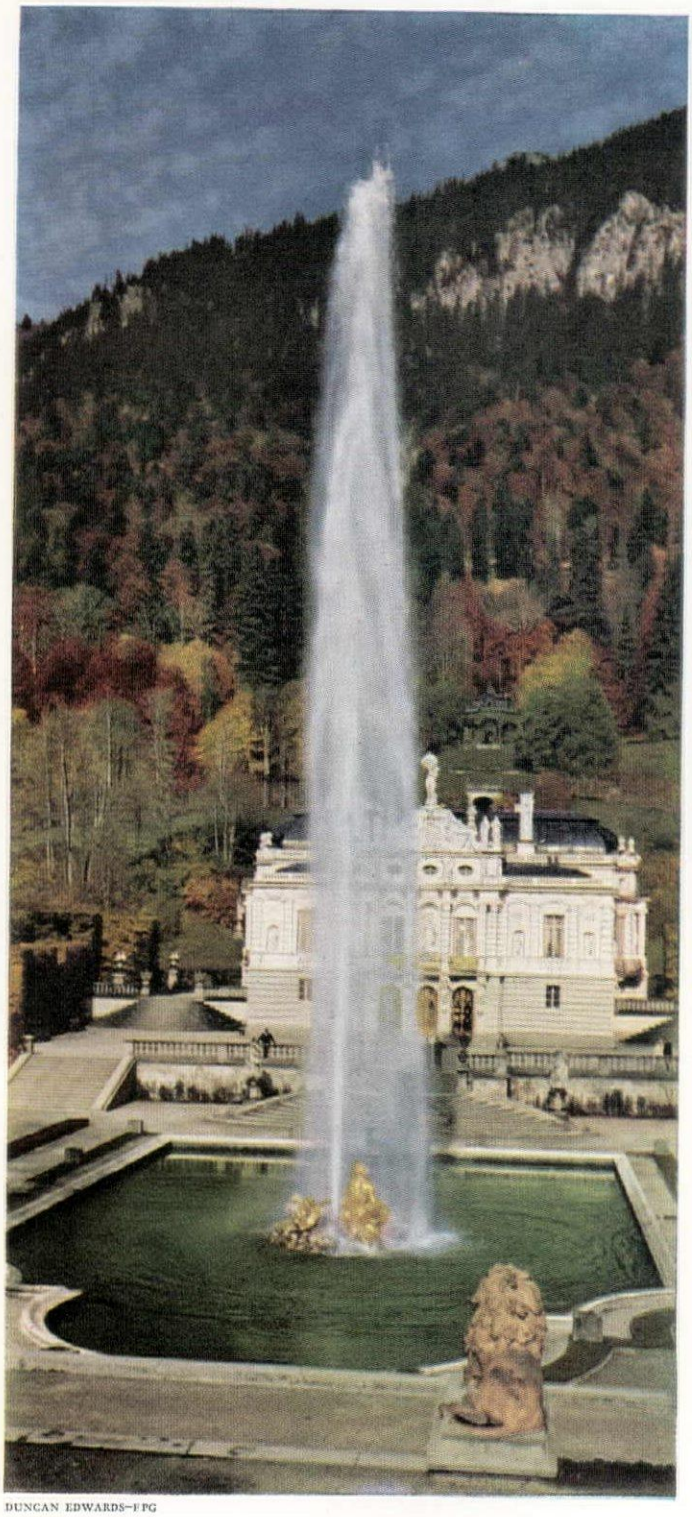
GEORGE HOLTON—PHOTO RESEARCHERS



BERNARD G. SILBERSTEIN—RAPHO

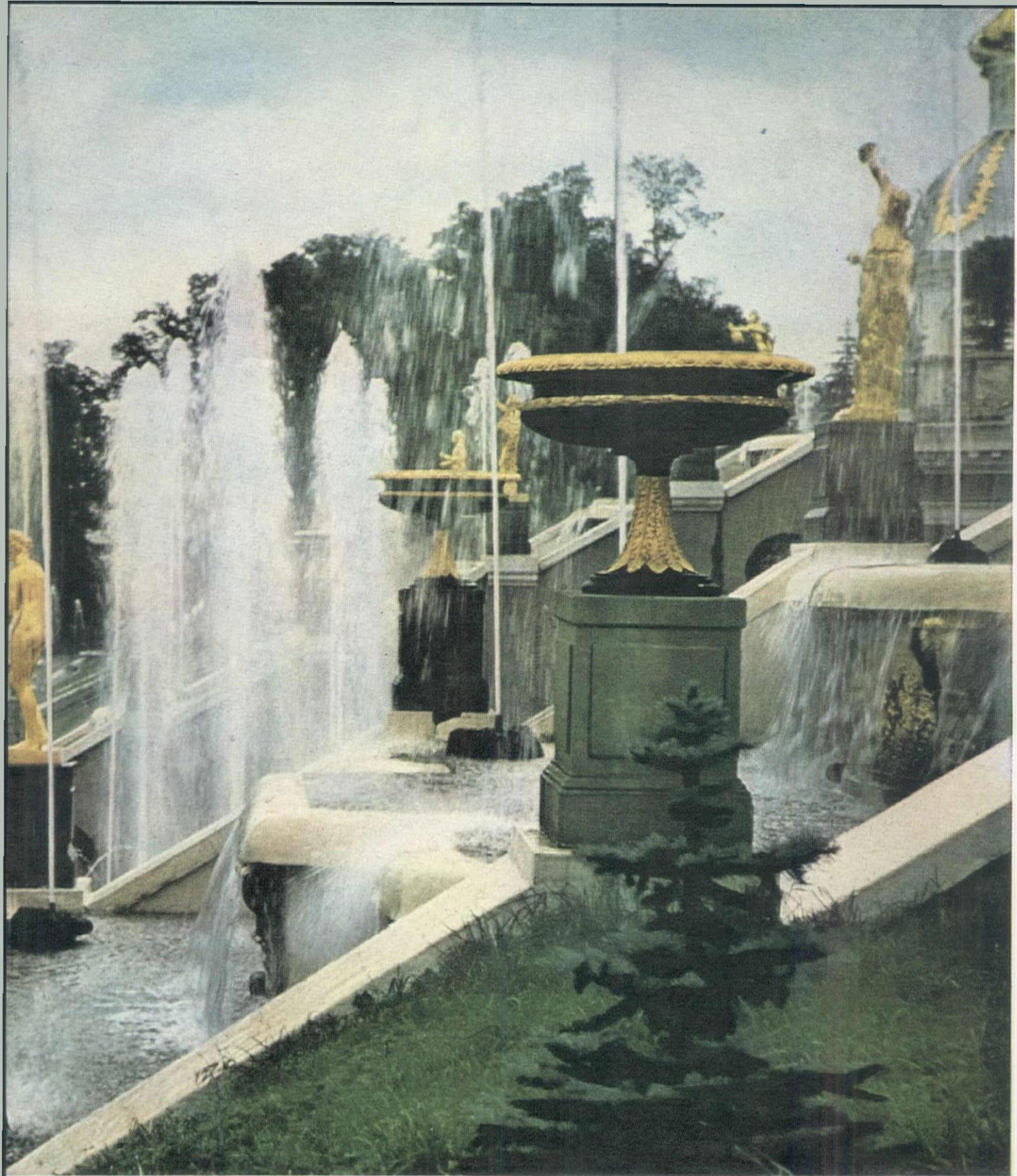
Fountains of Physiology

Seventeenth-century ingenuity in the manipulation of water led, perhaps inevitably, to such dubious conceits as those shown here. The grotesque masks spewing water from nostrils (opposite) or mouth (top right) and the shameless sphinx (bottom center) are all at the Villa d'Este. The Triton (top left), the face below it, and the spitting lion adorn Roman fountains. Most famous of all is the Manneken-Pis of Brussels (bottom right), which stands near the city hall. Beside these salivating, lactating, and micturating specimens of the fountain designer's art, the Balinese maidens (bottom left) show an admirable Oriental restraint.



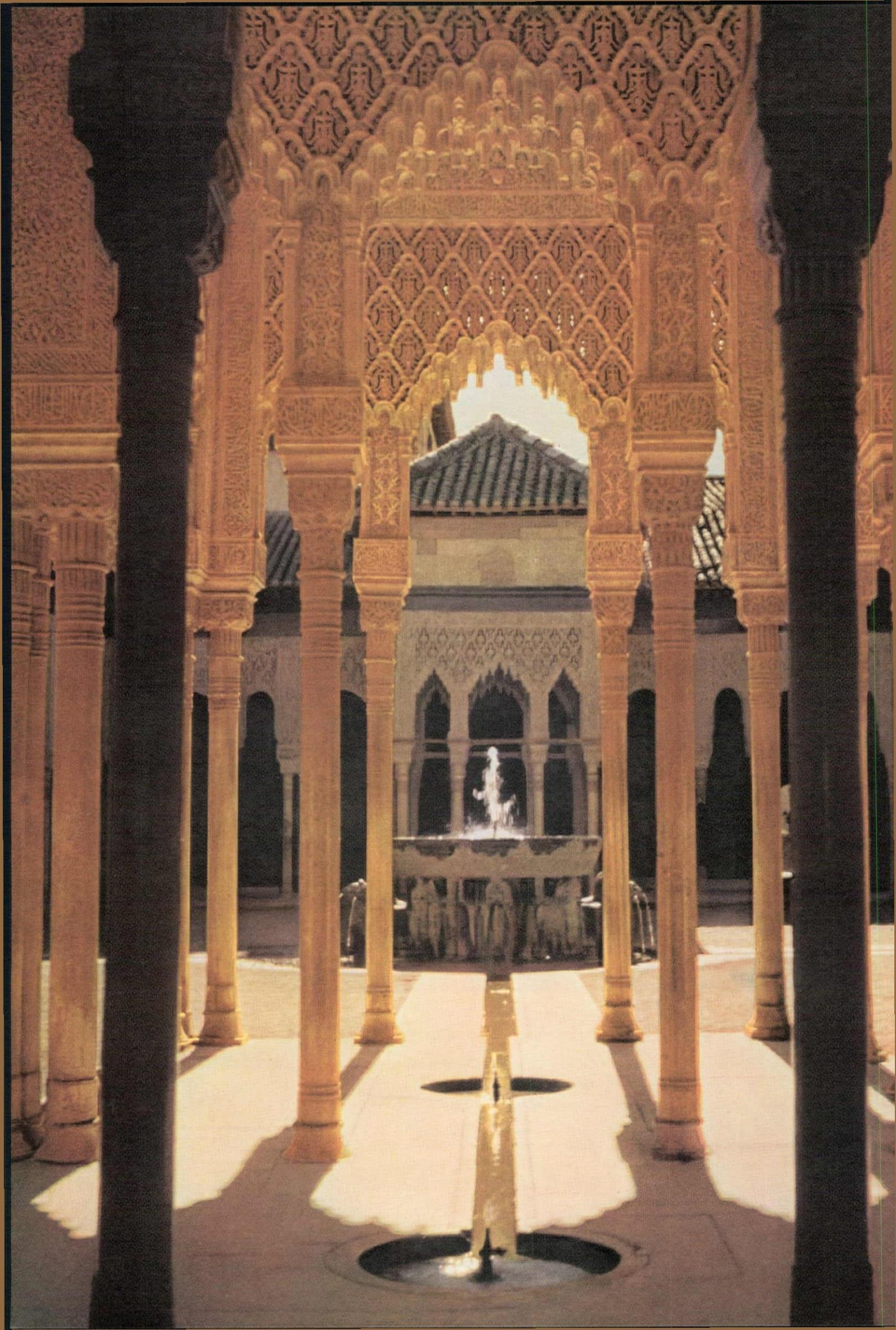
DUNCAN EDWARDS—FPG

Fountains As Royal Status Symb

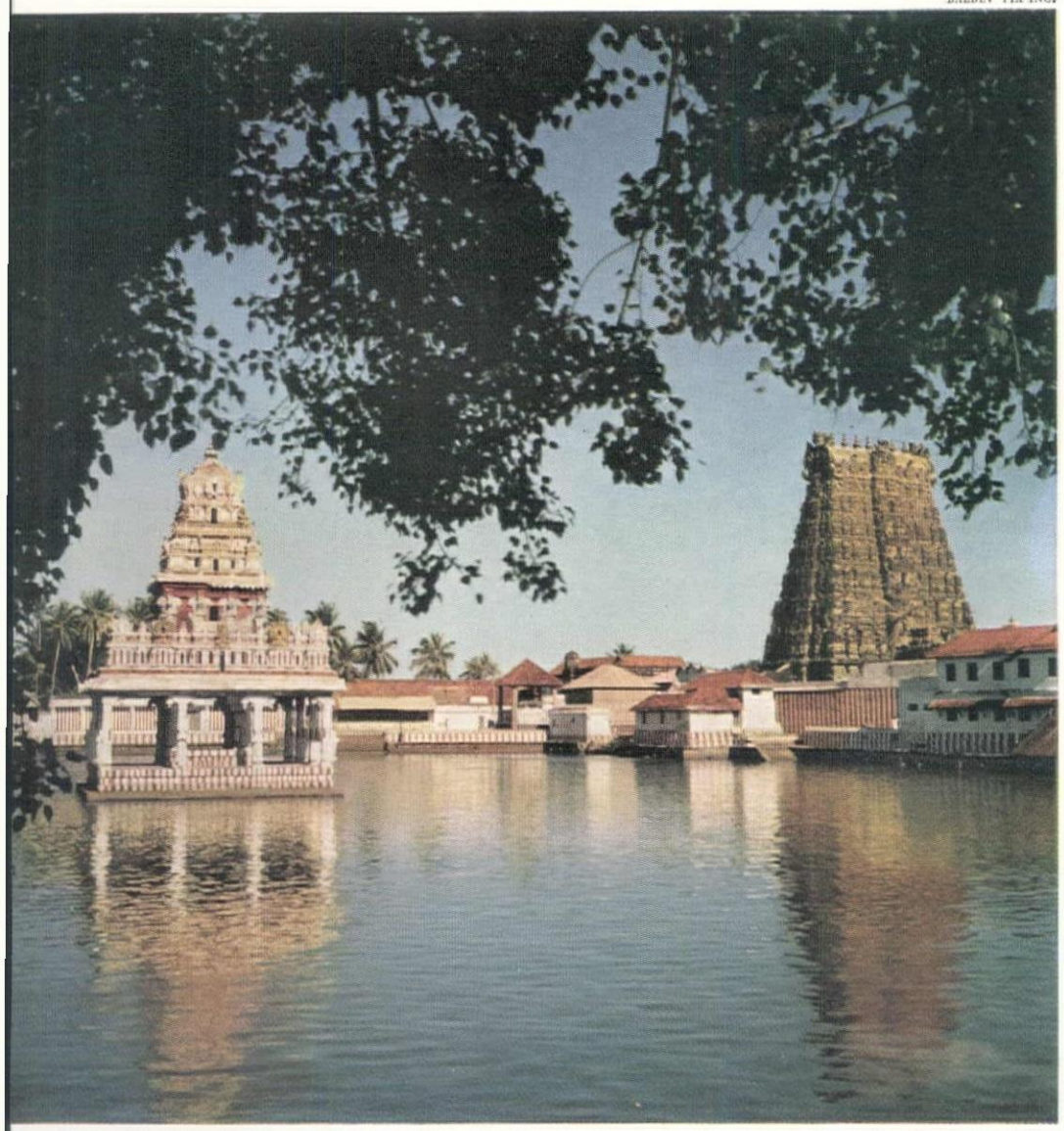


MIMI SHERATON

he arrogance of high-flung jets of water understandably appealed to absolute mon-
s like Peter the Great of Russia and Ludwig II of Bavaria, who ruled with similar
nce of the laws of political gravity. The array of cascades and jets at Peterhof (above),
summer palace Peter built about 1720, is not only a supremely showy use of water but
rect expression of regal magnificence. Today it presumably expresses just Russian mag-
cence, for it is kept in immaculate repair by the Soviet government and is a favorite
rsion spot for Sunday trippers from nearby Leningrad. Schloss Linderhof (opposite),
a tourist attraction, was built by Ludwig to satisfy his unbridled passion for rococo—
might say for unbridled rococo—and with its writhing interiors and tortured gardens it
, in the 1870's, at least a hundred years behind the times. But the solitary jet rising
ty feet from its basin is genuinely impressive, and as insolent in its challenge to the sur-
nding mountains as Ludwig's efforts to emulate Louis XIV in the nineteenth century.

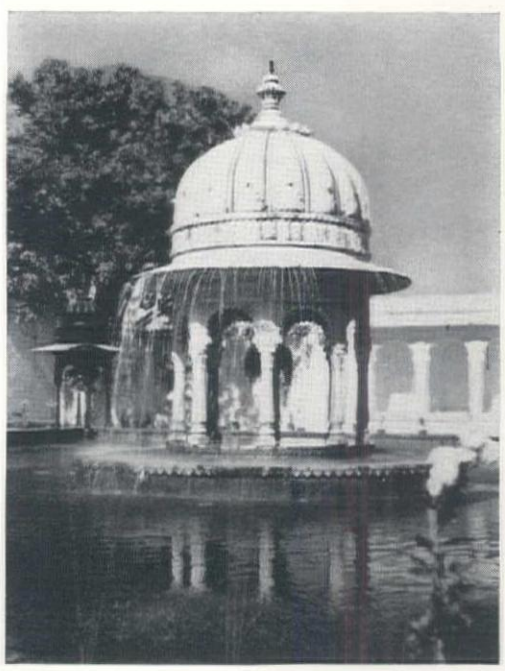


BALDEV—PIX INC.

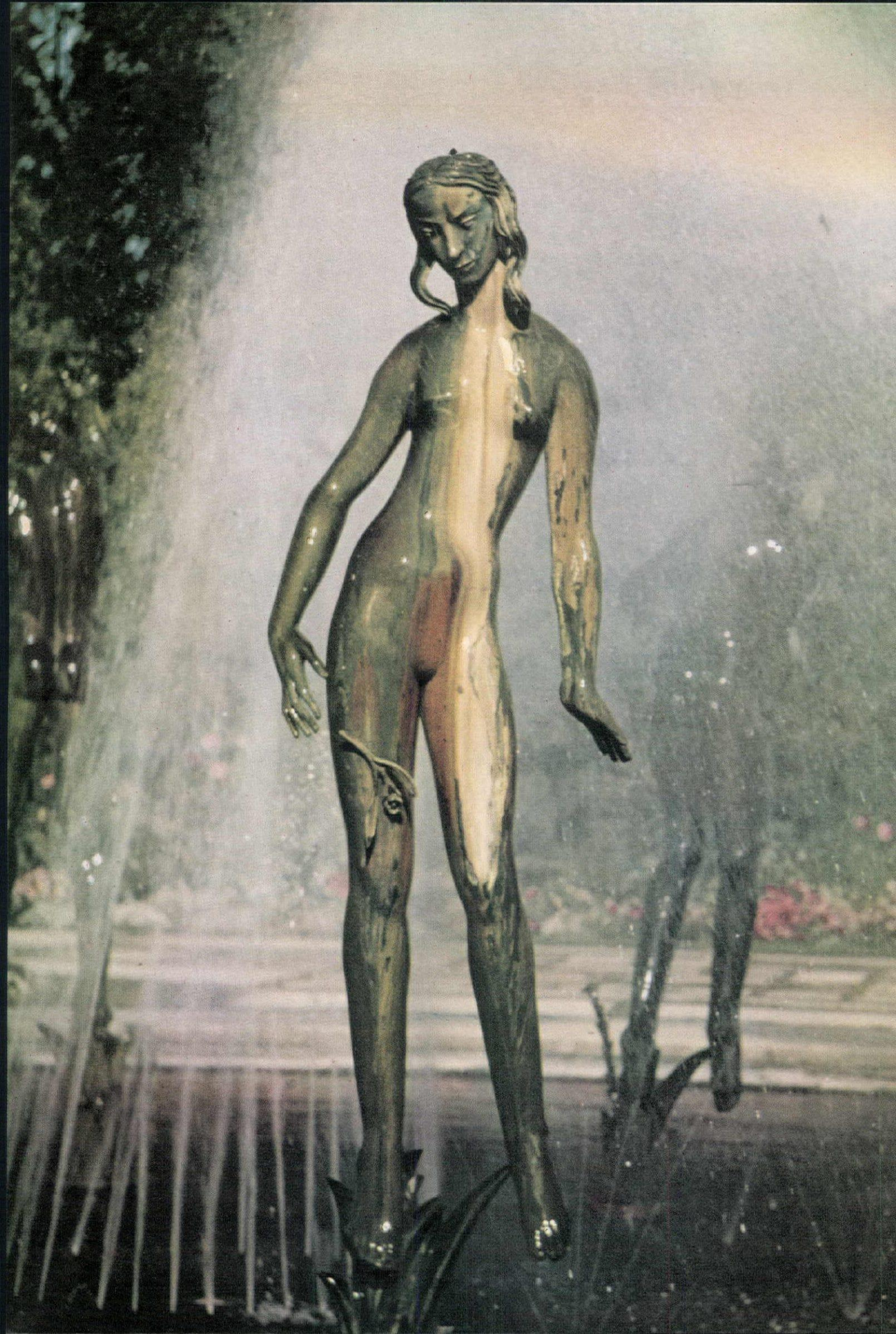


The Quiet Waters of Asia

r flashy fountains of the West have no counterpart in the East, e water is too sacred—or too scarce—for extravagant display. Every ue has its basin for ritualistic ablutions, just as every Moslem garden s pool or tiny jet; but they make do with the thinnest trickle of water, ifying it by the stoniness of tiled courtyards and pavements. Even Islam moved west it took its spare, aqueous aesthetic with it and pro- l in Spain, after the Moorish conquest, such masterpieces as the Court e Lions in the Alhambra (opposite). Built in the fourteenth century ntended to be of the utmost splendor, it attains its effect with a rela- small amount of water—indicating both the rareness of this com- ty (Spain is almost as arid as the Middle East) and the delicacy of the ption. Water was equally necessary for the ablutions of the Hindus. with more of it at hand, they were able to spread it about more lavishly, the temple tanks at Jambukeshwar in south India (above). The tank o an important element in Indian secular architecture, where its sur- is often dotted with elegant man-made islets in the form of kiosks or ains like the one shown at right. Standing in the women's quarters of dhpur palace, it is thought to commemorate some princely forebear.

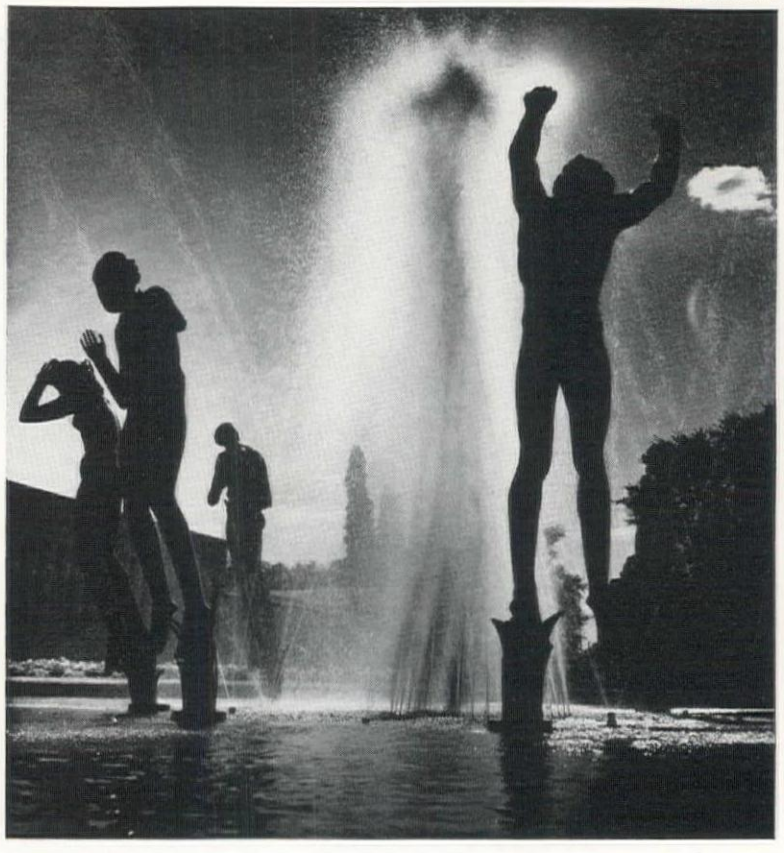


DIANE RAWSON—PHOTO RESEARCHERS



BALTAZAR KORAB

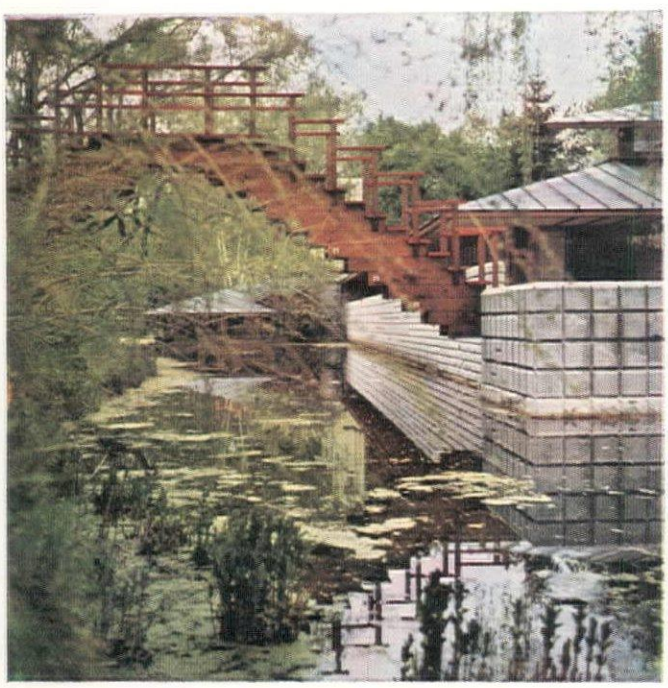
BALTAZAR KORAB



The Northern Way With Water

The twentieth-century fountain revival began somewhat earlier in Scandinavia than it did in southern Europe. The foremost fountain designer of our day is the late Swedish-born sculptor Carl Milles, who spent twenty-one years at Cranbrook Academy in Michigan. There he installed a variation of his Orpheus fountain (left), eight delicately poised figures standing in a circle. In the original version, designed for the Stockholm Music Hall, they surrounded a statue of Orpheus—but at Cranbrook, Orpheus has been left out. The eight figures, Milles said, "are not symbolic; they are just people listening to music. The only real figure in it is Beethoven" (above). Milles represented a talented last gasp of the Renaissance tradition, which also accounts for Dyre Vaa's swan fountain (right) outside Oslo's Town Hall. But contemporary water architecture, especially in America, owes much more to the still-water traditions of the Orient.

DAVID L. CROFOOT—DPI



BALTAZAR KORAB

At Home With W

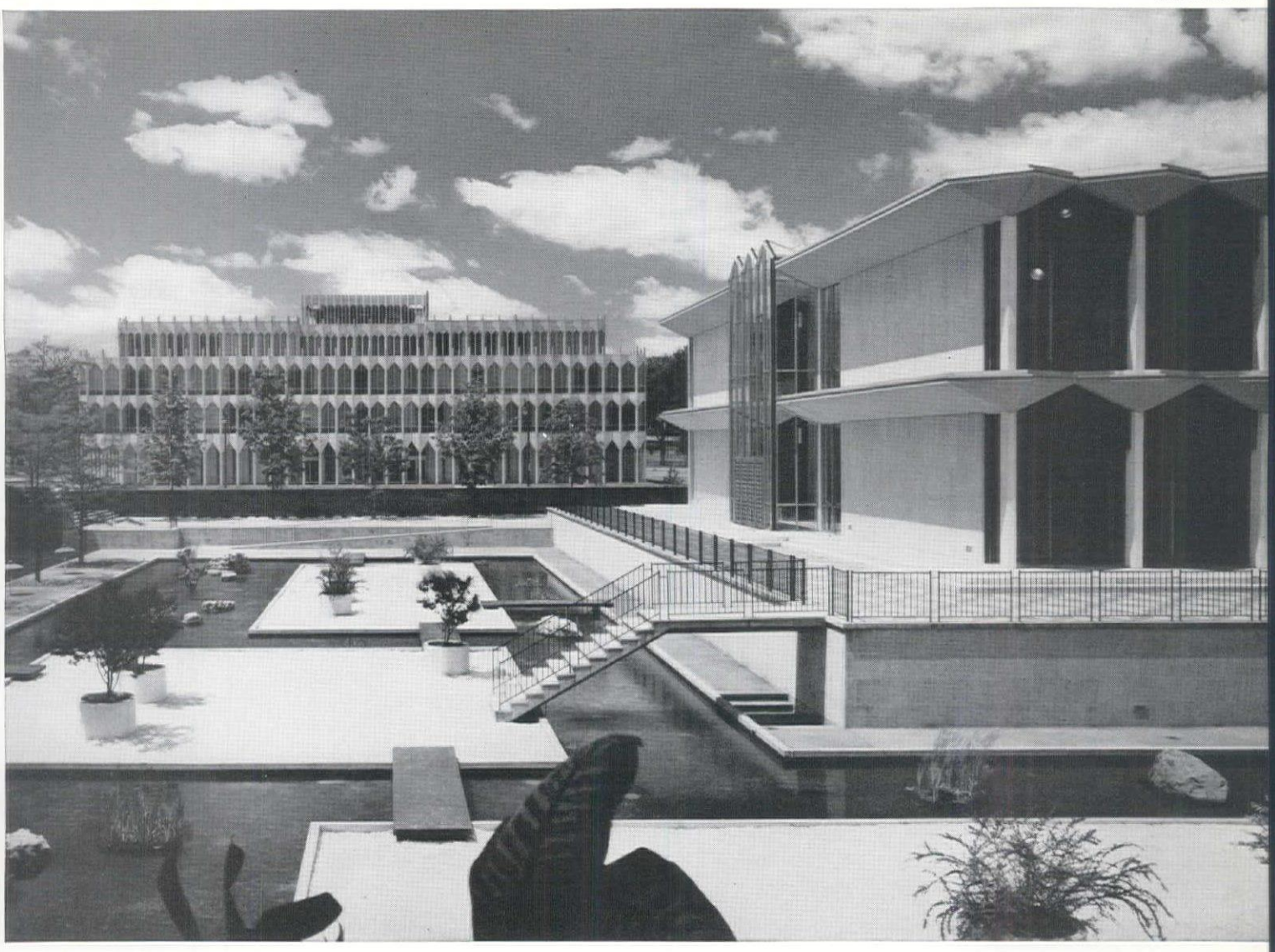
COURTESY LOUISIANA

BALTAZAR KORAB

house that architect Alden Dow
uilt for himself in Midland, Michigan
e), emerges from the surrounding
like a low-lying island—an illusion
ened by the approach over a camel-
bridge (far left). In the study, just
right of the birch tree, the shimmer-
rface of the pond is at window-sill—
ye—level. Where Dow has used water
ate a picturesque exterior setting, Ed-
D. Stone has used it to create an
rdinary interior. In the house he de-
for Mr. and Mrs. Bruno Graf of
s (right), the dining area is a circular
f marble seemingly afloat on an il-
ated pool. Not domestic architecture,
omestic in scale—in keeping with its
g in the park of an old country house
the little pool with steppingstones
leading to a wing of the new Louisi-
Museum located outside Copenhagen.

IVAN MASSER—BLACK STAR

BALTAZAR KORAB



East, West—Which is Best?

© EZRA STOLLER

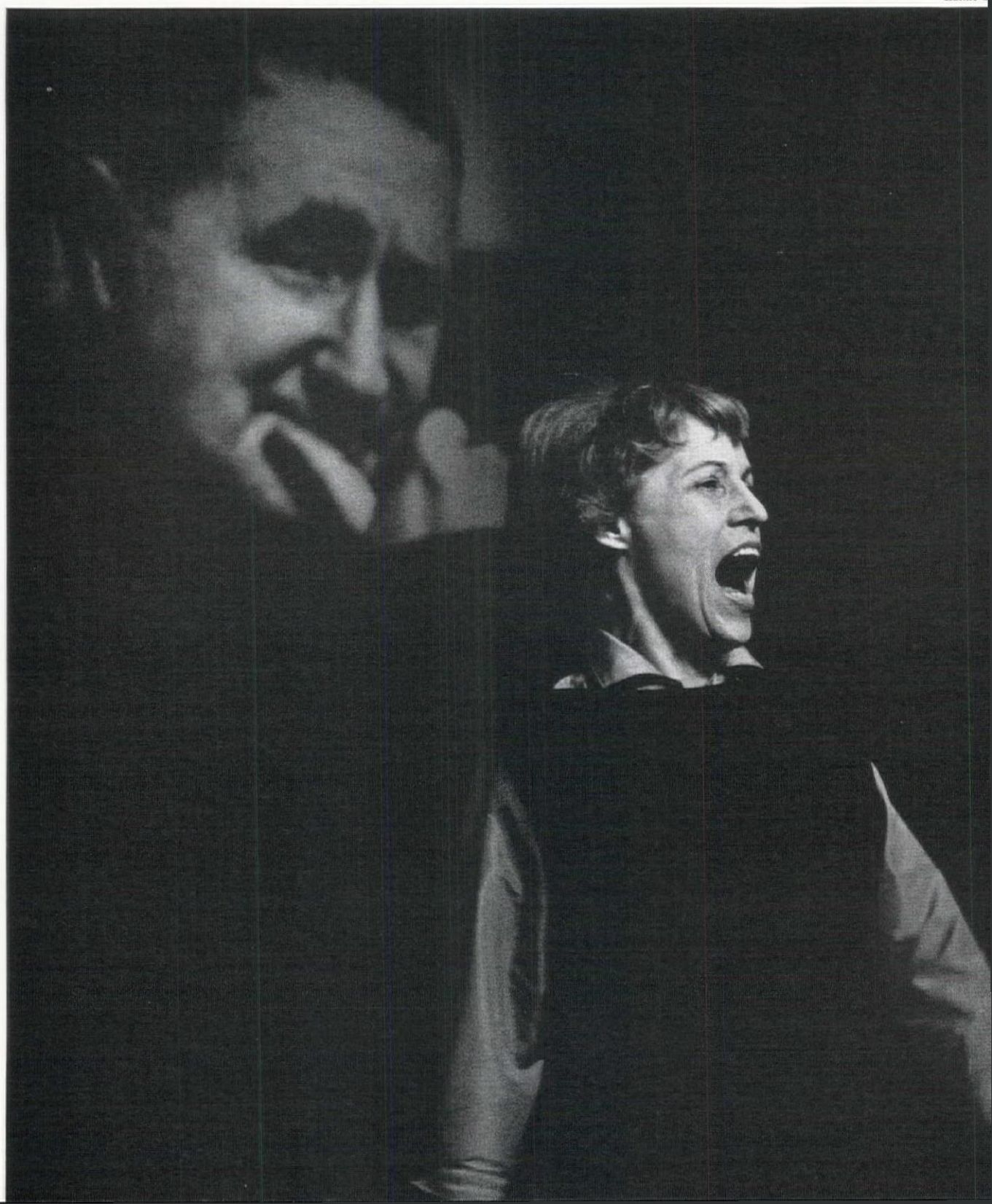
Ornamental water in contemporary architecture owes more to Eastern subtlety than to past Western flamboyance. The Detroit architect Minoru Yamasaki, whose buildings are not otherwise notably Oriental in feeling, likes to place them on podiums and surround them with reflecting pools that often contain lily pads or artificial islands. Two examples in Detroit are his Regional Sales Office for the Reynolds Metals Company (opposite) and the McGregor Center at Wayne State University (above). A Japanese-like turbulence, on the other hand, characterizes the new waterscape at the Deering Milliken textile plant in Spartanburg, S.C. (right). Faced with the problem of cooling water for a vast air-conditioning system, the firm of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill solved it by setting recirculating sprays and jets of varying heights in a decorative pool.

THE MAN IN THE IRONIC MASK

Inventor of a new kind of theatre, foremost
wright of Communist Europe, virtuoso of g
a world he treated as a jungle, the late B
Brecht turned against the middle-class self
faction of his elders with a savagery tha
reverberates. During Brecht on Brecht, *a re*
performed program of extracts from his w
and speeches, Brecht's sardonic photograph
low) smiles down on Lotte Lenya—a link
prewar German stage where they both were

By BURTON HERSH

HENRY G



We are at last well into our Brecht boom. The late German revolutionary playwright, poet, and iconoclast of stagecraft, after finally having broken through in rica with seven sizzling years of the off-Broadway pro- ion of his *Threepenny Opera,* has taken root in the rep- y of New York's Living Theatre * with his early paean he manic cravings of the twenties, *In the Jungle of s;* and that house now plans to introduce still another Brecht play, *Man Is Man.* Washington's Arena Stage atre opened its doors in 1961 with a theatre-in-the-round entation of his *Caucasian Chalk Circle;* New York radio ons have scheduled rebroadcasts of peripheral Brecht ributions to opera and ballet; *Brecht on Brecht,* an eve- of readings from his works, has been running at New 's Theatre de Lys; and to signify Brecht's elevation to state of absolute grace known as Potential Box Office, *Mr. Puntila and His Hired Man, Matti,* his *Mother rage,* his *Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui* are expected on dway itself. Before long, Brecht is likely to become the successful avowed Communist playwright in America. ch posthumous success has been a long and uncertain coming. To some extent Bertolt Brecht's rising reputa- here has been fired by his recognition in Europe. His Berliner Ensemble, the repertory company founded un- his direction in East Berlin in the late 1940's, has tri- hed too often in the major European capitals to be ig- d. More significantly, the enthusiasm here for Brecht s to have originated and gained its force in the boon- s of the American theatrical world: on the experimental es of assorted college campuses. And behind the whole ement—functioning not only as translator but as meth- ogist, director, propagandist, and number-one disciple recht in America—has been Eric Bentley, of Columbia versity, teacher and critic of drama and editor of numer- anthologies. In a note to his translation of some choice ht plays, Bentley explains: "Both . . . were produced e United States as early as 1948, the initiative stemming ex-students of mine who were by then directors of col- theatres. Thereafter both of the plays became part of repertoire of the more wide-awake campus theatres." much for *how* Brecht began to proselytize at the grass s. *Why* is more complicated. Certainly, Brecht—a natu- austere and fundamentalist but highly explosive talent peals spontaneously to the iconoclasm of college stu- s. They have less to unlearn than their elders; and so ht's naked stage and his few weathered props, his un- med didacticism and his revolutionary notions about ng technique, provide them with a useful starting point. ertolt Brecht himself has been dead nearly six years ; were he still alive, the situation would very likely pro- his tight ironic smile. One way or another, the United es held a perennial fascination for Brecht, and his atti- toward this country developed through two distinct es. First, when Brecht was still the boy revolutionary of German theatre, he liked to portray America as the cock- of capitalistic barbarism; later, when he had fled from i Germany and settled in Santa Monica between 1941 and 1948, he stopped writing about America and tried to come to personal terms with it. Early and late, Brecht was misguided; he failed in both attempts and for the same reason: he was too profoundly German. When he thought he was writing about the United States, he really was projecting his vision of the worst in German society. When, later, he tried to impress American motion-picture producers or theatre audiences, more often than not he resorted to ferocious stage ideas or a style that could not be transplanted from the Berlin of the twenties to a totally different situation.

Brecht was born in 1898, a little after the halfway mark between 1871, when Bismarck finished molding most of the semi-feudal principalities and kingdoms of German-speaking Central Europe into one state, and 1918, when that state began to disintegrate. With nationhood came a belated industrial puberty. German traditions—diligence to duty, bureaucratic organization, an elaborate system of social caste—seemed ready-made for empire; the new middle classes of the day proved the most arrogant of snobs, the most officious of paper-shufflers. It was the age of gunboat diplomacy, of officers who wore spiked helmets and gilt epaulets while they fired the imaginations of meaner men with what Hemingway was later to call the obscene and abstract words, before shooing them forward to die.

Young Brecht, born into the well-to-do home of an Augsburg paper-mill director, reacted early to these traditions. While still a Gymnasium schoolboy, during the opening year of the First World War, he handed in a required essay on "The Glory of Dying for the Kaiser and the Fatherland" that precipitated the first of a lifetime of scandals. For in it he wrote, "The expression that it would be sweet and worthy of respect to die for the fatherland can only be evaluated as purposeful propaganda. . . . Only simpletons can push pride so far as to speak of an easy leap through the dark gateway, and even this only so long as they believe themselves far from the final hour." Such heresies provoked a predictable civic furor, but family influence saved the iconoclast for the time being. Brecht received his diploma, began to study medicine, and then, after his first several terms, was called up to serve as an orderly in a military hospital.

This gave Brecht his first long, close look at the men in the ranks of his society, and after months of bandaging exposed brains in cracked skulls and giving transfusions and amputating limbs and pulling sheets over bloodless faces, he came away with the conviction that war was premeditated butchery and that the social class he grew up in did the planning. In one of his lyric poems he later wrote:

I grew up as the son
Of well-to-do people. My parents put a collar
On me and raised me
To be accustomed to being served
And instructed in the art of issuing orders. But
When I was grown and looked around me,
The people of my class did not please me—
Neither giving orders nor being served.
And I abandoned my class and allied myself
With the humble people.

the article "Where there is Total Involvement" by Robert Hatch, ORIZON for March, 1962.

PHOTO PIC, PARIS

The foremost exponent of Brecht roles is Helene Weigel, his widow and star of the Berliner Ensemble, the troupe he formed in East Germany in the late 1940's. Here she appears as the heroine of Mother Courage, *one of the best known and most widely performed of his works. Mother Courage dominates the play and is a sympathetic character, though she sells goods to competing armies and brings about the deaths of her own children.*

At war's end, Brecht returned to the study of medi
But he had seen too much, and he soon began a subsi
existence as one of the prime characters of the Mu
artistic underworld, as a critic for socialist papers, and
fledgling dramatist. By 1921 he had given up his me
ambitions, and the people of Munich were beginning to
about the short, bony, wiry young man with the steel-rin
glasses, the two days' growth of beard, the hair co
carefully down over his forehead, and the laborer's sn
who spent his evenings in the cellars of Schwabing cab
croaking vitriolic ballads at his followers.

In 1924, almost at the outset of Brecht's serious ca
the astute and prophetic German critic Herbert Ihering
down to Munich from Berlin to see a performanc
Brecht's version of Marlowe's *Life of Edward II of*
land. "The success of *Edward II*," Ihering reported, '
like that of *Drums in the Night* [Brecht's earlier play]-
success of an experiencing of our times. Not so much
respect to the actualities, but rather in the sense tha
recognizes the anonymous public passions." The culm
ing phrase is perfect. It seemed to Brecht—it seeme
many Germans during those years—that Germany's s
official aims and attitudes and repressions had no rig
claim even pragmatic success: the war had been lost;
currency was debased and worthless; the regimes kep
collapsing. Through it all, what was left of the self-right
phlegmatic middle class sat placidly on its property,
many, amiably digesting the political parties one afte
other. In the background lay a setting that Brecht proj
theatrically to America and particularly to Chicago, in
images of such plays as *St. Joan of the Stockyards*—the
phosphorescent jungle city through which pathetic hu
animals slink, quickly degenerating, goaded by genital
gers and visceral fears.

To express the situation on a stage was not enough
Brecht. Something specific—political—had to be done.
spite his lifelong conviction that truth is concrete, he sh
the German weakness for abstraction. Along with man
his generation Brecht became first a pacifist, then a Ma
and ultimately—although it seems he never officially jo
the Party—a professed Communist. By the end of the t
ties in Germany the Communists seemed to Brecht
many others the one political group with humanita
ideals, however distant their realization, that had not sol
to the old order and the industrial and financial ba
Nazism was gathering force, and Brecht, always prim
an intuitive personality, discerned readily the dark thre
the national character and began to grow very fright
by it.

Once aligned with the Communists, Brecht became-
rather, imagined himself to have become—the most despe
of revolutionaries. Sporting a leather necktie and gri
visored slouch cap, Brecht affected a cryptic air, a ca
toughness, to mask his human susceptibilities. Bent on
vival, and convinced that only the cunning survive long
became a virtuoso of guile: his skill at conversationa
nesses, evasions, the sliest of double-entendres, and appa

ctions of opinion squeaked him past a lifelong succes- of authorities, each hopeful of separating him from his ciples or at least finding out what they were. In 1932, nstance, when the Weimar Republic's censor was about trike down Brecht's Communist-inspired film *Kühle ıpe* on the ground that it dealt with types and not with le, Brecht turned up to defend it. "I stuck strictly to untruth," he later remarked. "I quoted the individual fits we had given our unemployed; for example, that man had put away his wrist watch before jumping out ıe window. . . ." The film passed.

s Brecht's political attitude took shape, so did his style. rhetoric of the earliest plays, with their heroes heaving sighing over the loneliness of the individual spirit, gave to a new stage language that was terse, ironic, specific, brutal. An unashamed borrower all his life, Brecht ed his spare prose rhythms out of the Martin Luther e. He learned to set a coarse idea in Swabian gutturals, ıat the sounds of the words underscored their meanings. song from his *Threepenny Novel*, a lengthened version *Threepenny Opera*, typifies his style:

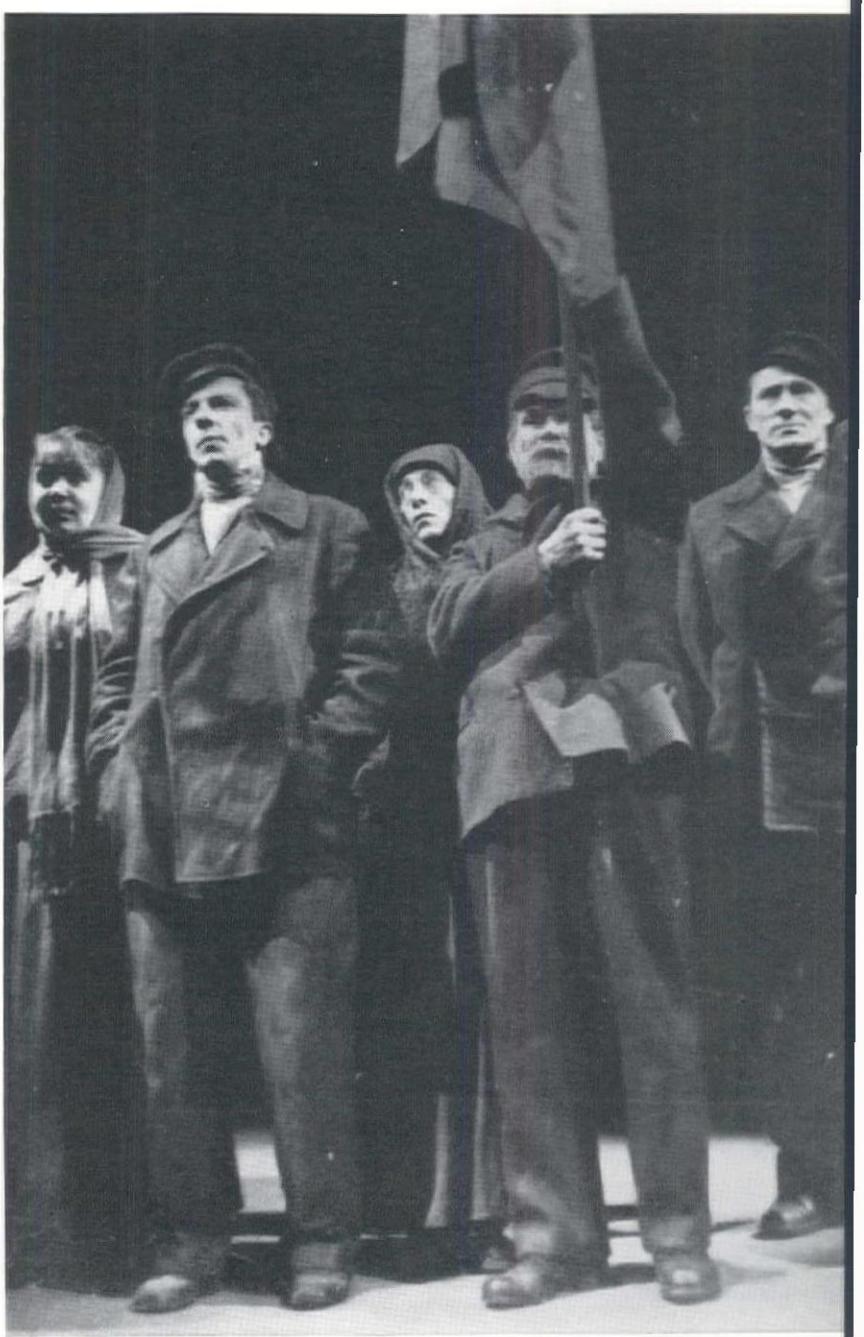
Those people, to whom duty means so much,
Who keep their thoughts on higher goals secure—
The sentiments one learns from literature—
Honorable people are concerned with such.
And so they proudly break the dried-out bread
They earned in honesty: and still they sweat!

(Die Leute, die nur ihren Pflichten leben
Und ihren Sinn auf höh're Ziele richten—
Gefühle, die man kennt aus den Gedichten—
Die guten Leute treffen sehr daneben.
Da brechen sie mit Stolz ihr trocknes Brot
Ehrlich verdient; sie sind ganz schweissbedeckt!)

recht advised audiences, in the prologue to *The Excep- and the Rule*, to study even the smallest, apparently t simple activities in life, to view them with mistrust, and uestion whether they had to be performed as they *were* ormed. The problems of external discipline and the nission of the individual to it began to preoccupy cht; between 1928 and 1932 he wrote a string of plays nded to inculcate Communist ideas into both actors and ience, starting with *The Flight of the Lindberghs*, includ- the most "didactic" plays, such as *He Who Says Yes*— , slyly enough, when the leftist press censured it, *He Who s No*—and culminating in *The Measures Taken* and a translation of Gorky's *The Mother*. Of these probably best was *The Measures Taken*. Composed in the form of ıntata, it deals with the misadventures of a young revolu- ıary whose warm heart prompts him, while operating as agent of Moscow, to flout Moscow's orders and assist the lies, attack a policeman, and lead a premature uprising— all of which—and at his own request—he is shot.

This was probably the first of Brecht's plays in which his ellectual intentions worked almost at cross-purposes with imaginative sympathies. The editors of the Berlin Com- nist press panned his play as being petty-bourgeois and

Brecht always played the true Communist, even in his later years when his sly ridicule of authority bewildered the commissars of the East German regime. His adaptation of Gorky's The Mother *is a party-line document, however, dealing with a middle-aged woman in the city of Tver, in 1917, who becomes a fervent revolutionary only after the Czar's men kill her son. The play has been performed in Paris and in other West European cities.*



PHOTOGRAPH BY PERMISSION OF WALTER NUBEL

intellectualist. They were much happier with Brecht's contemporaneous *St. Joan of the Stockyards* and its more conventional capitalist target, Pierpont Mauler, the Chicago canned-meat king. Brecht, it was felt, had better leave the thinking to the Party's official thinkers.

Brecht couldn't have agreed less. At the same time that he arrogated to himself the right to comment on Communist political methods, he felt it his duty to create a critical Communist theatre. "I am," he commented, "the Einstein of the new stage form." Brecht tinkered with this new form, to which he soon referred as "epic theatre," for the rest of his life. He built into it everything he thought he could use—from the mechanical steel stage of his early collaborator Erwin Piscator to the pantomime timing of Charlie Chaplin. And it worked.

Epic theatre's basic acting tone and rational calm seem to have been prompted by rebellion and, in particular, rebellion against caste presumption. Anyone who has listened to German officials or actors or orators—especially Nazi orators—is likely to be struck by the outraged tone, the bellow of the superior, the *Obrigkeit* of the martinet, which pervades the speech. Certain critical words seem to fascinate, terrorize, and arouse German audiences, to prepare them for the kinetic words of release—*soil, our folk, iron, might, fight our way out*—by means of which the populace can be provoked to mindless violence and then left so emotionally depleted as to be incapable of resisting new commands.

This process of emotional depletion also occurs in the drama as defined by Aristotle: the spectator is drawn into the tragic dilemma of the actor; he comes to accept the reality of the actor's situation and at first feels pity at the actor's plight, and then terror—as he begins to identify his own personality with the one presented by the actor. Ultimately, as the drama reaches its excruciating resolution, the spectator experiences a total empathy and leaves the theatre purged by the catharsis of his experience. And this "cleaning-out" of all the spectator's stale slag of feeling was, Aristotle maintained, socially good. Brecht said i socially bad.

It is not very hard, given Brecht's experiences and sonality, to see why. If "Aristotelian" drama burne audience's social feelings away, the practical effect o drama would be detrimental. What society in general-the Communist movement in particular—would have t velop was a theory and practice of the theatre which describe the conditions of life of a whole group of p not of an individual. To do this, the dramatist must i that no one performer becomes the conduit of the spect empathy. Brecht therefore began to contrive an elab complex of stage techniques to produce the celebrated *fremdungseffekt* (the V, or alienation, effect), which stir audiences without exhausting them. He employed varieties of the "play within a play" convention to kee narration detached and avoid "involving" the audience tionally. He experimented with choruses. He prefaced scenes with placards or lantern slides that gave awa plotting of the scene to come before suspense could people into it. Wherever he could, Brecht exposed the n wiring, the footlights, the stage flats, the treadmills, o turntables he was using: this was a *stage*, he insisted life, and you had better be aware of that all the time.

He was a master of emphasis. Like Chaplin, whom h mired extravagantly, Brecht would begin with an inher dramatic situation and so exaggerate the responses o characters that the whole passage gradually became ri lous. During a crisis of pathos or of tenderness he was l to bring on a pair of lunatic, ditty-singing musicians, low his mistreated peasant maid of a heroine, with a b wink at the audience, to make a thoroughly lewd re about the hero in a *sotto-voce* aside. The situation mus settle. He insisted: "The spectator of the epic theatre I wouldn't have expected that—One must not do things way—That is most striking, almost unbelievable— must stop—The suffering of this person shakes me bec

PHOTOGRAPH BY PERMISSION OF WALTER NUBEL

The setting (left) is English, the guage German, the cast Czech the work is The Threepenny O *Brecht's rollicking variation on* Beggars' Opera. *In this 1934 P production Tiger Brown (far wants Macheath (right) arreste beggar king Peachum (below) Mack hanged; and Mack want*

New York's Living Theatre has revived In the Jungle of Cities *posite), Brecht's contest, placed unlikely Midwestern setting, bet a wily Malayan lumber dealer a American innocent. Brecht ad viewers not to look for motives, to try to "judge the fighting of the contenders without prejud*

is still a solution for him—That is great art: nothing be assumed—I laugh about those who weep, I weep : those who laugh." Thus the brain, not the emotions, gaged.

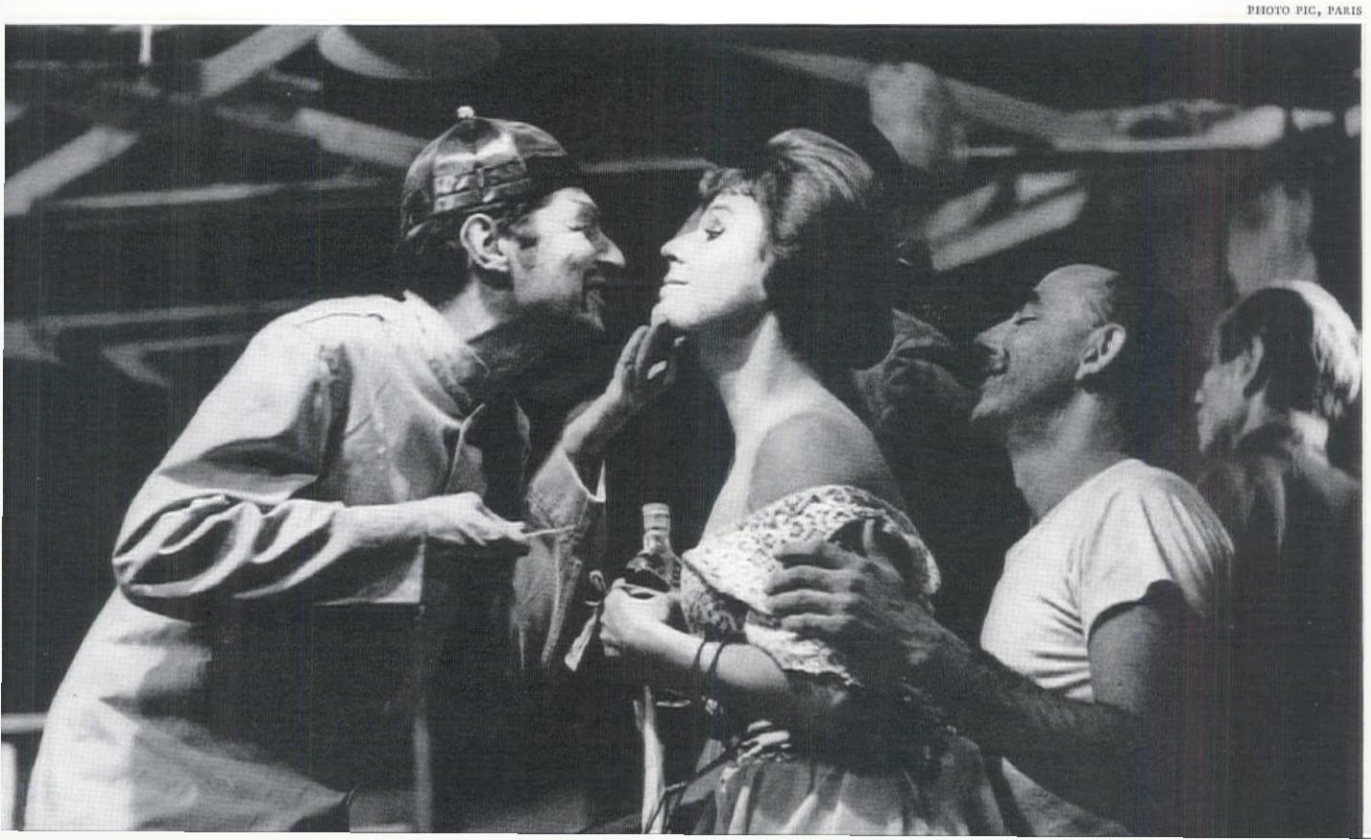
e most influential technique for achieving the V-effect he style of acting on which Brecht insisted. He mili- y rejected the precepts of Stanislavsky, which required the actor understand and imitate the character being ayed so that for all dramatic purposes he will *be* the ıcter. The only justification for the actor's effort to "feel ay into the character," according to Brecht, was so that ould ultimately come out "the other side" and observe haracter from the standpoint of a seasoned social critic could add *his own* explicit criticism to his version of the ıcter. In practice this meant that the actor would por- a representative character of the *Lumpenproletariat* as raw and seriously sympathetic, or a bourgeois, however rficially graceful or powerful, as an ethical cipher. By ıs of such figures as the alcoholic Mr. Puntila, Brecht e home his dramatic point: You, the owners, are the brutish ones, runs the line of ironic implication; we s have remained human. Caught between what he ex- ed and what he actually saw and felt, the cultivated ıan spectator found himself animated by chronic shock unwilling recognition. This double view of the charac- this critical supernimbus, would form a true and ob- ve image on the psychological retina of the spectator.

January of 1933 the Nazis came to power in Germany. n on February 27 a fire broke out in the Reichstag ding, the Government seized on the incident as a pretext rounding up the significant left-wing opposition. The day, without apology, Brecht fled the country. It was than just a change of address for Brecht: without a tre at his disposal, he was like a cello player without his . Abruptly, Brecht's first career had come to an end.

or as long as he dared, Brecht kept close to the perim- of the German-speaking world. After some months in Vienna, Brecht, who had to scrape hard for money throughout the years of his exile, moved his family to a cottage in Denmark. From 1933 to 1939 Brecht, his wife (the actress Helene Weigel), and his two small children waited impatiently in Denmark for the Nazi regime to collapse. He did what he could in the movement of anti-Nazi émigrés—including the brothers Mann, Stefan Zweig, and Lion Feuchtwanger—that disputed the Nazi Government's claim to speak for all Germans. He dabbled in the Danish theatre. He edited an antifascist review, *Das Wort,* published in Moscow. He wrote much good poetry, a ballet, one extremely bad film script, and several conventional, leftist-polemic plays. The critics received these works variously, but the financial returns were standard—poor. Nazi territorial expansion forced Brecht to relocate, first in Sweden, then in Finland, and eventually, when he decided that the Nazis were going to get more before they lost all, in Santa Monica, California.

To imagine how glum and frustrating Brecht found his years in the United States, one must contrast them with the highest of the high old days in Berlin. Lotte Lenya, who, as the wife of Brecht's composer-partner, Kurt Weill, had known him well during the middle twenties, later recollected: "Brecht lived at that time in an attic studio with a skylight, near the intersection Am Knie—no rugs and no curtains to speak of, big iron stove to battle the drafts, typewriter on a massive table, easel on which there stood drawings of costumes and sets, huge couch against the wall. On this couch and around the wall lounged the ever-present disciples, male and female: the men with hair cropped and wearing turtleneck sweaters and slacks; the women without make-up, their hair skinned back, and wearing sweaters and skirts—this highly stylized proletarian style set by the master. Brecht stood alone, looking frail in those days, striding back and forth in a fetid blue cloud from his stogie, pausing for a quick question to this sitter, a snap reaction to a line from another; deep-set brown eyes forever blinking, small white hands continuously gesturing, translating everything in

PHOTO PIC, PARIS



terms of theatre. Sometimes soundless laughter would shake him, and he would slap his leg in an endearing way until the laughter ended in exhausting pants, leaving him to rub his eyes with the back of his hand and repeat, *'Ja, das Leben. . . .'"*

In California "the master" found himself for the most part without pupils. Brecht's denim garb and stubble and nickel cigar meant very little in Hollywood: eccentricity was the rule, and everybody was a figure of social protest. Brecht's English remained stubbornly rudimentary. He made few social contacts outside the Santa Monica community of German intellectual and artistic refugees, and in that community Brecht's reputation was very small beside that of, say, Thomas Mann. He wrote movie scripts and tried to sell them but, except for his scenario for *Hangmen Also Die,* Brecht sold nothing. He seems persistently to have missed the fact that a great many of the ideas he depended on to astound and titillate his German audiences—the moral superiority of the downtrodden, for example, or the corruptibility of authority—were the clichés of the American dream. Much of the time Brecht wavered between being morose and elaborately sceptical.

But gradually, despite his proclaimed uninterest in almost everything American, Brecht attracted attention. Little magazines and the German-language press in New York began to print his poetry. *The Private Life of the Master Race,* the first of Brecht's plays to be produced in New York since the outbreak of the war, failed spectacularly in 1945. And then—most signal of turnings—Charles Laughton helped Brecht translate his play *Galileo* and brought it, with himself in the title role, first to the professional stage in Hollywood and then for a short time to New York.

Commercially, Laughton's *Galileo,* like all of the Brecht plays that had been brought to the American stage, amounted to little. Culturally, it was an event—the first presentation in the United States of one of those plays written between 1933 and 1948 which together constitute the canon of Brecht's mature achievement. The finest of these are, perhaps, *Mother Courage and Her Children, Galileo, The Good Woman of Setzuan, Schweik in the Second World War,* and *The Caucasian Chalk Circle.* The first three were performed during the war in the Schauspielhaus in Zurich; their overwhelming success anticipated their becoming classics of the contemporary German stage.

By late 1947 Brecht was ready to go home. The feeling that had induced him, years before, to take out his first United States citizenship papers had died away with the last of the wartime Soviet-American cordiality. Picked out early as one of the most vociferous Marxists in the motion-picture colony, Brecht spent several of his final hours in the United States double-talking around the questions put to him by the members of the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Ever the master of the soft answer that turneth away the facts, Brecht presented himself to the Congressmen as most willing but insufferably addled. He persistently confused the plot-lines of his various plays. When queried as to whether he had based his writings principally on the doctrines of Lenin and Marx—as he had—he admitte "as a playwright who wrote historical plays" he h course, "studied them." When confronted with his owr from an American Communist songbook and asked w he had written them, he replied, not without indig that he most certainly had not. He had indeed writ German poem, but that is very different from this." than placated, the chairman commended him for hi example and closed the proceedings.

Brecht went directly to Switzerland, where his repu seemed to be reviving, and when the regime in East offered him a theatre of his own and a subsidy to ma it, Brecht—after characteristically insuring his person vival by procuring an Austrian passport, opening a bank account, and signing a contract with a West G publisher—decided to accept. It was the greatest oppor of Brecht's life; almost at once, through the unpar repertory productions of the Berliner Ensemble, he p how ready he was to take it.

He spent the last eight years of his life producing, n Marxian allegories and Communist broadsides of his but the plays he had written in exile. He did not writ thing specifically *anti*-Communist or *pro*-Western ligious, even during the later years in Berlin; rather, trinsic humanism had gradually moved to the cent his work, infiltrating the materialism of his earlier

He showed himself increasingly aware of the my self-contradictory, and inherently tragic sources of th man personality. All his life Brecht had admired c ideals of the Orient; whenever he had the chance to for a time and take up his work, he would unroll and beside his desk a painted image of a Confucian elder image incarnated for Brecht a society of artful graciou of mildness, and of ritualistic courtesy. Before he Brecht knew that any code is a disciplined response common dilemma. Brecht's Good Woman of Setzuan, Te, laments finally to the perambulating gods:

Your earlier order
To be good and still to live
Split me in halves just like a bolt of lightning. I
Don't know why: to help others
And myself at the same time was something I could not m
To help others while helping myself was too hard for me.
Ah, your world is difficult! Too much need, too much de
Extend a hand to the sufferer
And he will instantly wrench it out. He who helps the aban
Is himself then abandoned!

And the intellectual Galileo Galilei, as Brecht gives to us, was a man who "treasured the comforts of the I have no patience with those cowardly souls," Galile sists, "who speak of its weaknesses. I say: pleasure achievement." Brusque, self-centered, sloppy, surpass gifted, at once naïve and cynical—a personality cut u takably along the lines of Brecht's own—Galileo appears in Venice, as an impoverished physicist, and manages t sinuate himself into the entourage of the patron of Flor Cosimo de Medici, and take his chosen place among

pots. Before long he begins to arrive at the conclusions
t dynamics that were to destroy the sanctified Ptol-
c world view of physics. Inevitably, the Inquisitor ap-
s and invites the old sybarite to come in for a session
the "instruments"; inevitably, Galileo, unburdened of
ssumption that people will believe whatever can rea-
bly be demonstrated, recants. Truth, he cannot help but
, is what accords with the system. The rest of the play
ds Galileo's deterioration as a rationalist and the im-
ement of his appetites.

milar themes pervade Brecht's later work. In the para-
vorld of *The Caucasian Chalk Circle* the armored sol-
incessantly switch allegiances, but their single activity,
ling the poor, never varies. Whom was Brecht trying
plicate *here*, the East German authorities were always
nding. What social clique was he epitomizing *there*?
ht spent much of his last few years explaining and re-
ng, but one ambiguity seemed to replace another, and
ronies of the *Verfremdungseffekt* retained their suspi-
, double-toned resonances. His concerns now exceeded
of the Communists, his sense of the human predica-
became sharp and tragic. At the height of his second
r Brecht had developed from a local rebel into a figure
ternational significance.

the end, his suspicions must have grown into full fears.
hypocrisies and abuses of the old class order had been
rseded by new ones that Brecht was in only too good a
ion to observe. The new authorities had no hesitation,
ng the revolt of June 17, 1953, in lifting the one sup-
ng statement from a long, critical letter Brecht wrote
Valter Ulbricht, the chief of the East German regime,
and citing it out of context to prove that legitimate intellectuals were willing to back the regime against the insurgent workers. Among Brecht's literary remains was found a bitter little poem in which, after referring to the regime's solemn admonition that the people could win back the trust of the Government only by redoubled exertion, he suggested poisonously that the Government dissolve the people and elect another.

Something in Brecht had burned out; something else was still glowing. Several days after the pomposity of Brecht's enormous State funeral, the old atheist's last confidant—a Protestant clergyman—published his reminiscences of the conversation. He must write, Brecht had insisted, a candid obituary: "Don't write that you admire me! Write that I was an uncomfortable person, and that I intend to remain so after my death. Even then there are certain possibilities."

If Brecht was prickly, and if his work was pricklier yet, it was because the world as he knew it nettled him so. He meant his writing, his manner, and his "possibilities" to help prod our stolid and unhappy time toward a day when people would know that:

To let no one be ruined
Not even yourself
To fill others with happiness
Even yourself
Is good.

Burton Hersh has seen many of Brecht's plays performed on both sides of the Iron Curtain since he first went to Germany as a Fulbright scholar in 1955. He is now a free-lance writer.

Galileo, *another play of the Berliner Ensemble, is Brecht's dramatization of the plight of a scientist who, compelled to suppress his discoveries, lives on to make moral ones at least as prophetic.*

PHOTO PIC, PARIS

THE OLD WORLD'S PECULIAR INSTITUTION

The Greeks and Romans practiced slavery and condoned it—for u for luxury, and for business— but even then they knew it to be evil

By M. I. FINLEY

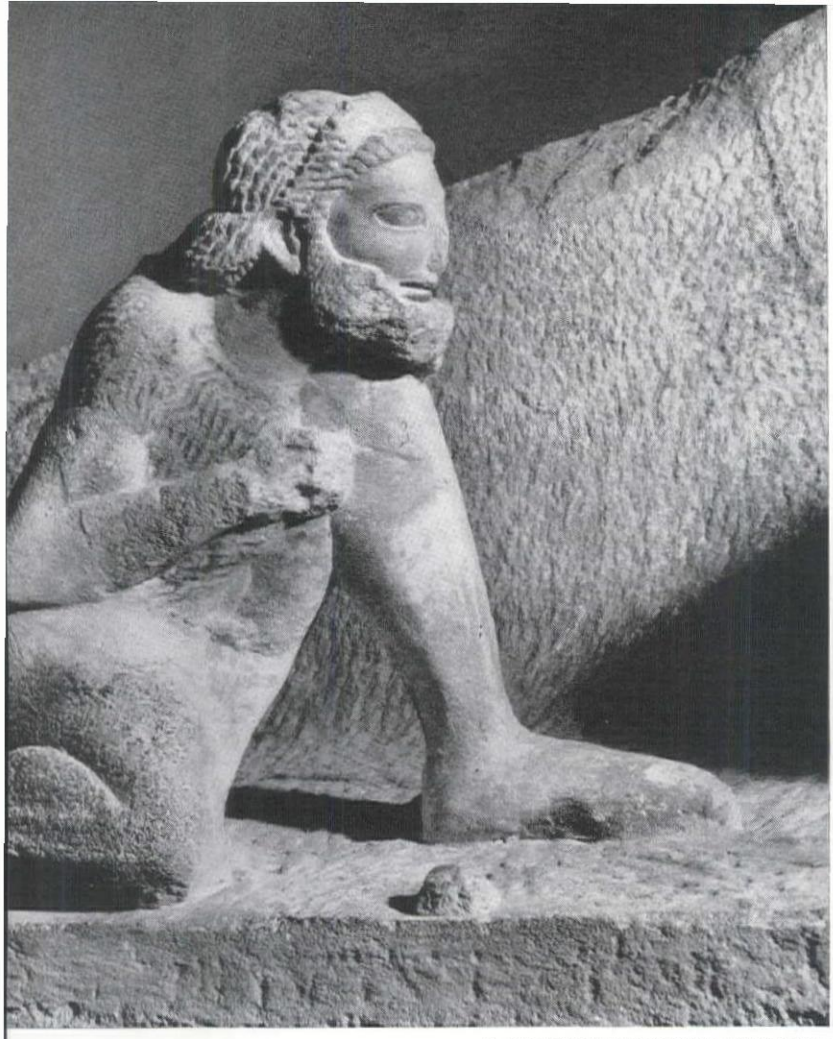
A stele celebrates an ancient slave trader

Aulus Kapreilius Timotheus does not appear in any history book. There is no reason why he should, but an accident of archaeology makes him a figure of some curiosity if not importance. He was a slave in the first century of our era who obtained his freedom and turned to slave dealing, an occupation in which he prospered enough to have an expensive, finely decorated marble tombstone seven feet high (see photograph above). The stone was found about twenty years ago at the site of the ancient Greek city of Amphipolis on the Strymon River, sixty-odd miles east of Salonika on the road to the Turkish border—and nothing like it exists on any other surviving Greek or Roman tombstone, though by now their number must be a hundred thousand or more. The stone has three sculptured panels: a typical funeral banquet scene at the top, a work scene in the middle, and a third showing eight slaves chained together at the neck, being led along in a file, accompanied by two women and two children who are not chained and preceded by a man who is obviously in charge, perhaps Timotheus himself for all we know. The inscription in Greek reads simply: "Aulus Kapreilius Timotheus, freedman of Aulus, slave trader."

It is not his occupation that makes Timotheus a rare figure, but his publicly expressed pride in it. The ancient world was not altogether unlike the southern United States in this respect. After the Civil War a southern judge wrote: "In the South the calling of a slave trader was always hateful, odious, even among the slaveholders themselves. This is curious, but it is so." More than two thousand years earlier a character in Xenophon's *Symposium* said to Socrates: "It is poverty that compels some to steal, others to burgle others to become slavers." In neither case was the judgment quite so simple or so universally accepted as statements might seem to suggest, nor was it carried to practical conclusion, for the most respectable people pended on these same "hateful" men to provide them the slaves without whom they could not imagine a civi existence to be possible.

Yet contempt of the slaver was not uncommon, and suggests that slavery itself was a little problematical, ally, even when it was taken most for granted. On this ancient and modern slavery cannot be wholly equated. were special circumstances in the southern states, pulli contradictory directions. On one hand slavery was peculiar institution" and few southerners could have unaware of the fact that most of the civilized world abolished the practice and did not like it; whereas G and Romans had no such external voice of conscien contend with. On the other hand southern slaveowners f comfort in the racial factor and in its concomitant, th lief in the natural inferiority of black men—a defense n anism of which the ancients could make relatively little The Negro in the old South could never lose the stigm slavery, not even when, as an exception, he was freed as was often the case, when he had some white ancestry the descendants of an Aulus Kapreilius Timotheus coul come ordinary free inhabitants of the Roman Empire, w indistinguishable from millions of others.

We have no clue to Timotheus's nationality. His first



A minor stylized figure of sixth-century B.C. *design, this slave crouches on the east pediment of the Siphnian Treasury, built at Delphi to house tribute to the oracle there.*

R. ZUBER–MULTIPHOTO; OPPOSITE: JACQUES ROGER

es, Aulus Kapreilius, were those of his master, which he upon receiving his freedom, according to the regular an practice. Timotheus was his name as a slave—a com- Greek name that tells us nothing about him, since s rarely bore their "own" names but those given them heir masters. In more primitive times the Romans usu- called their slaves Marcipor and Lucipor and the like at is, "Marcus's boy" or "Lucius's boy"—but soon became too numerous and required individual names so Marcus's slaves could be distinguished from one an-. When that happened there was no limit to the pos- ties. The choice was a matter of fashion or of personal n, though one rough rule of thumb was applied with consistency. As Roman power spread to the east, the ire was divided into a Greek-speaking half and a Latin- king half, and the naming of slaves tended to follow division. It is more likely therefore that Timotheus from the lower Danube, or the south Russian steppes, erhaps the highlands of eastern Anatolia, than from nany or North Africa.

o a buyer this question of nationality was important. It generally believed that some nationalities made better s than others, temperamentally and vocationally. Prices ed accordingly, and Roman law (and probably Greek too) required the seller to state his chattel's origin spe- ally and accurately.

ne example is worth looking at. In the year A.D. 151 a k from Alexandria purchased a girl in the market in , a city on the south coast of Anatolia (about two hundred miles west of Tarsus) that had a long tradition and notoriety as a center of slaving activity. He took the girl back to Egypt with him, and also the bill of sale—a bilingual document in Greek and Latin, written on papyrus, which was found in legible condition at the end of the nineteenth century. The girl is described in this way: "Sambatis, changed to Athenais, or by whatever other name she may be called, by nationality a Phrygian, about twelve years of age . . . in good health as required by ordinance, not subject to any legal charge, neither a wanderer nor a fugitive, free from the sacred disease [epilepsy]." The seller guaranteed all this under oath to the gods Hermes and Hephaestus, and under penalty of returning the price twice over should any of it be untrue. The phrase "or by whatever other name she may be called" is a typical lawyer's escape clause; in fact, the girl was born free and given a good Phrygian name, Sambatis, which was replaced by the Greek name Athenais when she was enslaved. How this happened cannot be determined, but it was well known in antiquity that Phrygians often sold their own children into captivity, a practice they continued even after Phrygia was incorporated into the Roman Empire. It is also not stated whether the buyer and seller were professional slave dealers, but Side was a long way to come from Egypt merely to purchase one little girl for oneself.

Bills of sale were usually written on perishable material, so that it is only by accident that a handful, written on papyrus or wax tablets, has survived. This is a pity, because there is no other evidence from which to build a statistical

ALINARI

The Romans, whose military monument depict enslaved captives, were quick to profit from their prisoners-of-war. The c Gaul (left) appears on an arch built a pentras, France, about 15 B.C. A detai the column of Marcus Aurelius (right) prisoners and cattle from Germany on the to market, and in a scene from the Arch timus Severus (far right) a Roman sold seized his prize, no doubt during the cam in Asia minor, A.D. 194–197. The slave (right, above) is a token of less rigorous in the fourth century A.D. such metal t placed branding as a means of identificat reads: "Hold me lest I escape, and return my master Viventius on the estate of Call

picture of the racial and national composition of the large slave populations of the ancient world. But the broad contours of the picture are clear enough, and they shifted with the times. The crucial point was that there were no specifically slave races or nationalities. Literally anyone and everyone might be enslaved, and which groups predominated at one time or another depended on politics and war. Greeks enslaved Greeks when they could, Romans enslaved Greeks, and they both enslaved anyone else they could lay their hands on by capture or trade.

The majority of slaves, however, were always "uncivilized" from the point of view of the Greeks and Romans. Inevitably the attempt was made, therefore, to justify slavery as an institution on the ground of the natural inferiority of the slaves. The attempt failed: it had to for several reasons. In the first place, there was too large a minority that could not be squeezed into the theory. For example, after the Romans defeated the Carthaginians under Hannibal, they turned east and conquered the Greek world, bringing back to Italy in the course of the next two centuries hundreds of thousands of captives. Among the effects of this involuntary Greek invasion was a cultural revolution. "Captive Greece made captive her rude conqueror," said the Roman poet Horace, and it was manifestly impossible to maintain the doctrine of natural inferiority (which might do for Gauls or Germans) against a people who provided the bulk of the teachers and who introduced philosophy and the drama and the best sculpture and architecture into a society whose virtues had not previously lain in those directions.

In the second place, it was a common practice in ant to free one's slaves as a reward for faithful service, often, perhaps, on one's deathbed. There were no rules this, but some idea of the proportions that were some reached can be gathered from one of the laws passed b first of the Roman emperors, Augustus. He tried to brake on deathbed manumissions, probably to protec interest of the heirs, and so he established maxima on a ing scale, according to which no one man was allowed t more than one hundred slaves in his will. After centur continuing manumission, who could distinguish the " rally superior" from the "naturally inferior" among t habitants of Greek and Roman cities (especially in th sence of any distinction in skin color)?

Human nature being what it is, many individual owners no doubt went right on wrapping themselves in preordained superiority. But as an ideology the notio abandoned, and in its place there developed one of the remarkable contradictions in all history. "Slavery," the Roman jurist Florentinus, "is an institution of th of all nations whereby someone is subject to another *trary to nature.*" That definition became official: we f enshrined in the great codification of the law by the em Justinian, a Christian emperor, early in the sixth cen Yet no one, at least no one of consequence, drew the ingly obvious conclusion that what was contrary to n was wrong and ought to be abolished.

War was the key to the whole operation. The ar

ALINARI

ANDERSON; ABOVE: BRITISH MUSEUM

l was one of unceasing warfare, and the accepted rule hat the victor had absolute rights over the persons and erty of his captives, without distinction between sol- and civilians. This right was not always exercised in measure; sometimes tactical considerations or pure animity intervened, and sometimes more money could ised by ransom than by sale into slavery. But the deci- was the victor's alone, and a graph would show no more occasional downward dips in the curve, never a long d (say fifty years) in which fairly large numbers of ves were not thrown onto the slave market. No total es are available, but there can be no doubt that in the sand years between 600 B.C. and A.D. 400, the Greeks Romans between them disposed of several million men, en, and children in this way.

his is not to say that wars were normally undertaken ly as slave raids, though some surely were—as when ander the Great's father, King Philip II of Macedon, erately undertook an expedition into the Scythian re- north of the Black Sea in order to replenish his de- d treasury in 339 B.C. He is said to have brought back oo women and children along with much other wealth. ted that this was not a typical affair and that wars lly had other causes, it remains true that the prospect ooty, among which slaves bulked large, was never ab- from the calculations—partly to help maintain the army he field, always a difficult problem in antiquity, but ly to enrich both the state and the individual command- nd soldiers. Caesar went off to Gaul an impoverished nobleman; he died a multimillionaire, and Gallic captives played no small part in bringing about this change of fortune. When he took the town of the Aduatuci, he himself reported that 53,000 were sold off; and after the battle of Alesia in 52 B.C. he gave one captive to each of his legionnaires as booty. Yet Caesar did not plunder to the limit; he often tried conciliatory tactics in the hope of dividing the Gallic tribes, as he did after Alesia when he restored 20,000 captives to the Aedui and Arverni. Half a century earlier, the Roman general Marius, with no reason to be generous to the Germanic Cimbri and Teutones who had penetrated to the south of France, sold all the captives taken at the decisive battle of Arausio (now Orange). The figure we are given on that occasion is 150,000.

That may be an exaggerated number, but human plunder even in quantities only half that size created problems for an army on the march. It could become completely bogged down, and sometimes in fact it was. In 218 B.C. King Philip V of Macedon invaded Elis in the northwestern Peloponnesus and soon found himself so overburdened with booty, which included more than 5,000 captives and masses of cattle, that his army, in the words of the historian Polybius, was rendered "useless for service." He therefore had to change his plans and march through difficult terrain to Heraea in Arcadia, where he was able to auction off the booty.

This case is not typical. If it were, the military and therefore the political history of the ancient world would have been an altogether different one. Normally preparations were made beforehand for booty disposal, and they con-

ANDERSON; OPPOSITE: BIBLIOTHEQUE NATIONALE, CABINET DES MEDAILLES

sisted above all in seeing to it that a crowd of peddlers and merchants came along, equipped with ready cash and means of transport. The booty was assembled at a designated spot and auctioned off (the Spartans, with their characteristic bluntness, gave the responsible officers the title of "booty-sellers"). What happened thereafter was the sole concern of the buyers, and the army was free to continue on its way, enriched by the proceeds.

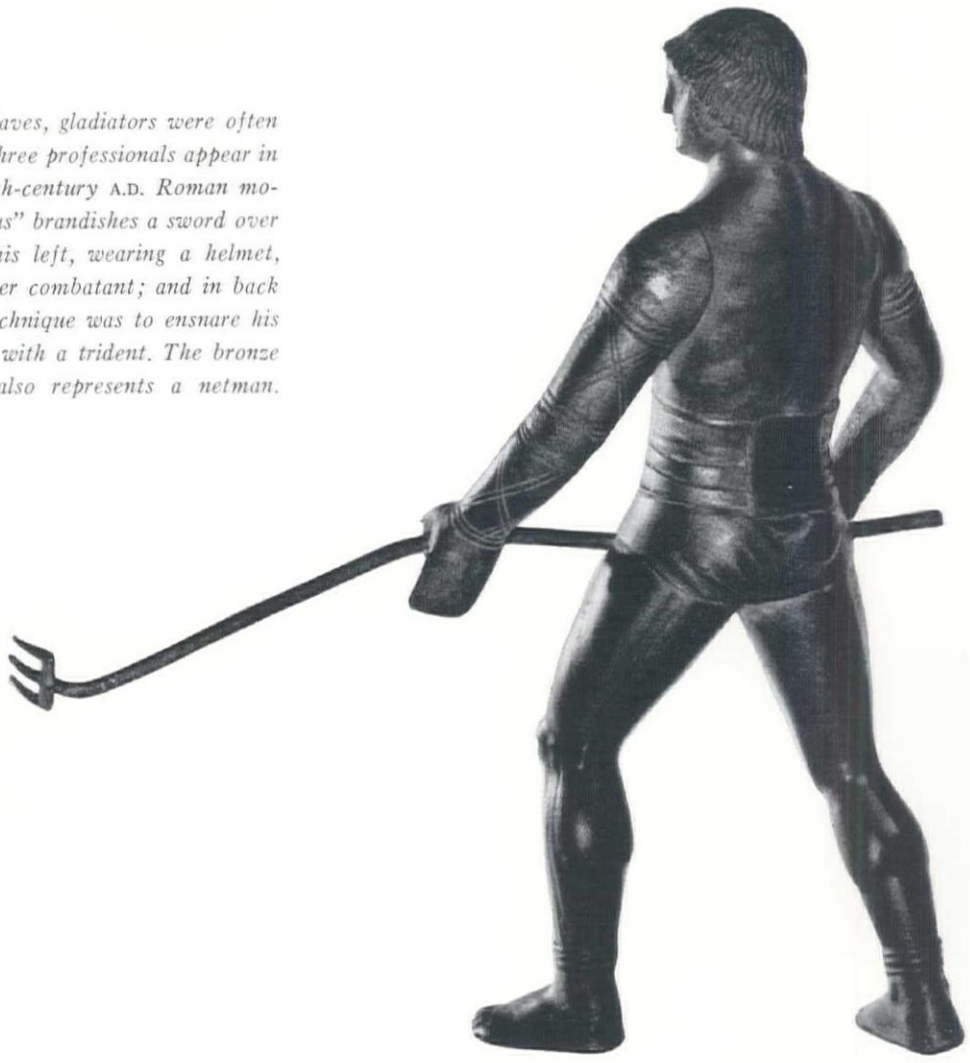
Possibly the scene on the tombstone of Aulus Kapreilius Timotheus represents just such a situation, the removal on foot of slaves he had bought at an army sale. Certainly this would have been a very profitable business (providing the wherewithal for an expensive marble memorial), for slaves and other booty must have been extremely cheap to buy under such conditions. The only flaw was that war, for all its frequency, was nevertheless irregular and could not guarantee a steady flow of merchandise, and other sources had to be tapped as well. One of these was "piracy," an unfortunate label because it evokes the image of isolated Captain Kidds, whereas the reality was altogether different in scale and character: a continuous, organized activity, illegal yet (like rumrunning) not unwelcome to many of its ultimate beneficiaries, the consumers. Among the Greeks even in classical times this was a traditional occupation in certain areas, especially in the western part of the Greek peninsula.

But that was small stuff compared with the later upsurge in the Roman Republic, beginning about 150 B.C. Then there arose in the eastern Mediterranean a complex business network of pirates, kidnappers, and slave dealers, with its headquarters apparently at Side and its main emporiu the island of Delos (whose docks were rebuilt and exte so that it was possible to turn over as many as 10,000 s in a day). The main impetus to this traffic was the r Italy and Sicily of the notorious latifundia, large estat ranches owned by absentee landlords and worked by gangs. The profit-side of the trade left a mark on Delos is still visible today in the excavated remains of the houses of the Italian traders.

Direct consequences of the trade were the two gr slave revolts in antiquity, both in Sicily—the first begi about 135 B.C., the second a generation later at the time as the invasion of Gaul by the Cimbri and Teut To meet that invasion, Marius was authorized to levy iliary troops wherever he could. When he appealed to medes of Bithynia (along the southwestern shore o Black Sea), a "client-king" under Roman suzerainty, medes replied that he had no men to spare because mo his subjects had been carried off into slavery by Roma collectors. The Senate was alarmed (by the Germans, n the complaint) and ordered provincial governors to re any "allied" subjects whom they found in slavery in districts. Eight hundred were accordingly freed in S but this was an isolated action that hardly scratched the face of the problem.

The needs of the latifundia owners were comparat simple: quantity rather than quality of labor was what were after. But important as they were, they were no only consumers. In 54 B.C. Cicero wrote to his friend At

In spite of their lowly status as slaves, gladiators were often well paid and much sought after. Three professionals appear in the detail (opposite) from a fourth-century A.D. *Roman mosaic. Wearing light armor, "Alumnus" brandishes a sword over his prostrate opponent. Seen at his left, wearing a helmet, mask, and heavier armor, is another combatant; and in back is a* retiarius, *or netman, whose technique was to ensnare his antagonist and then finish him off with a trident. The bronze (right), about six inches high, also represents a netman.*



Caesar's second expedition to Britain was causing con- in Rome. Among other things, it was now clear that was no silver on the island and "no hope for booty than slaves, among whom I believe you cannot expect instructed in literature or music." The sneer need not ken too seriously, but it does point to still another as- of the slave procurement problem, the demand for alist skills.

ves could be trained, of course, especially if they were ht young. All vocational training in antiquity was ac- lished by the apprenticeship system, and slave boys or were often so taught alongside their free contemporar- Gladiators were specially trained for their profession obviously had to be, since no one was normally brought om childhood with that aim in view. They were an ex- onal group, requiring exceptional techniques that were loped in schools established for the purpose. Probably earliest was in Capua, and it is no coincidence that ia was the center from which the gladiator Spartacus nized the third greatest—and the most famous—of nt slave revolts (73–71 B.C.).

here were limits to the training of slaves, however, quite t from strictly economic considerations. The right raw rial was a necessary precondition: in the case of gladia- Celts, Germans, and Thracians were sought, rather Greeks or Syrians. Or in the case of the Athenian silver s, the preference was for men with mining experience racians and Paphlagonians), and the scale of the problem is shown by the fact that in the fourth century B.C. the concentration of slaves in these mines reached a peak of perhaps 30,000. What happened, then, if in any given decade war and piracy together slacked off or turned up mostly women and children?

In the year 477 B.C. or thereabouts the Athenians established a police force of 300 Scythian slaves, owned by the state and housed originally in tents in the public square—the Agora—and later on the Acropolis. The system lasted for a hundred years, and the number of men may eventually have been increased to a thousand. Now Scythians were famous as bowmen, an art little practiced among the Greeks, and they were sometimes employed in this capacity as mercenary troops. But the Athenians did not hire their Scythian policemen, they bought them. How on earth did they get this curious idea? And how could they count on regular replacements to keep the force up to par?

The answer is that there was already in existence by 500 B.C. a regular trade in "barbarians," who were bought from their own chieftains—captives in their own wars, children, human levies, and the like—exactly as most Negro slaves were obtained in more modern times. This trade had nothing to do with Greek or Roman military activity or with piracy. It was a purely private business carried on by traders who had their personal connections and methods in the various regions outside the Greco-Roman world proper. To return to Aulus Kapreilius Timotheus once more, it is likely that this was how he operated. Certainly the place where his tombstone was found was a main debouching

SUPERINTENDENCE OF CAMPANIAN ANTIQUITIES, NAPLES

point for traffic coming from the regions of the lower Danube into the Aegean Sea. Had he lived five hundred years earlier, the Athenian state could confidently have placed an order with him to supply fresh stock for its police force whenever needed.

As a commodity slaves created peculiar problems for the merchant. Apparently in the larger cities there were a few shops where slaves could be bought: in Rome in Nero's time they were concentrated near the temple of Castor in the Forum. But they were the exception. One could not keep on hand, like so much merchandise on the shelves, a supply of gladiators, pedagogues, musicians, skilled craftsmen, miners, young children, women for brothels or concubinage. The slave trade has always been conducted in a special way, and the ancient world was no exception. On the one hand there were the main slave markets where, probably on fixed dates, dealers and agents could count on large supplies being put up for sale. Some of the centers were the obvious larger towns, such as Byzantium or Ephesus or Chios, but there were important lesser markets, too, like Tithorea in central Greece where there was a slave sale twice a year on the occasion of the semiannual festival in honor of the goddess Isis. On the other hand itinerant traders went with their slaves wherever there were potential customers, to garrison towns, country fairs, and what not.

The actual sale was normally by auction. The only surviving pictorial representations are on tombstones again, to be exact on two—one from Capua (see above) and the other from Arles—with substantially similar scenes. On the stone the slave stands on a rotating platform while a presumably a possible buyer, lifts his single garment to his very muscular legs and buttocks, and the aucti stands nearby in a characteristic pose with his arm stretched. As the stoic philosopher Seneca observed, "you buy a horse, you order its blanket to be removed too, you pull the garments off a slave."

Seneca was one of the wealthiest men of his day, age (the first century A.D.) of enormous fortunes and urious living, and of course he possessed his quota of s In one of his *Moral Epistles* he insists that a slave is a with a soul like every free man; like you and me, he From this he concludes that one should live on familiar with one's slaves, dine with them, converse with them spire respect in them rather than fear—everything bu them.

Seneca was a Roman, but his attitude was more than Roman. To the Greeks, as Nietzsche once rem epigrammatically, both labor and slavery were "a nece disgrace, of which one feels *ashamed*, as a disgrace and necessity at the same time." It would be more correct t that the shame was generally subconscious; one sign wa almost complete silence of ancient writers about what surely the ugliest side of the institution, the slave trad self. The occasional exception usually has a special twi it. Thus Herodotus tells a story about a dealer from named Panionion, who specialized in handsome young whom he castrated and then sold, through the marke

small bas-reliefs of the imperial period (left) give a of the tasks assigned to slaves in a Roman home. oung slave in the upper relief holds an abacus, no to assist his master and mistress with their ac- s. The four girls below are helping their mistress to : two arrange her hair, one holds a mirror, one ly effaced) holds a jug. Far left, a tombstone from a describes an auction: the naked slave on the block ıked by the auctioneer, in Greek robes at left, and man in a toga who may be the Roman buyer. The ıent (right) depicts the ceremony of manumission, gh which thousands passed to freedom. The master es the kneeling slave with a rod, ending his bond- ınd as a pledge of good faith, he shakes hands with n newly set free. WAROCQUE COLLECTION; MARIEMONT, BELGIUM

esus and Sardis, to the Persian court and other Eastern omers. One of his victims became the favorite eunuch of Xerxes; when the opportunity fell his way, he took appropriate revenge on Panionion and his four sons. odotus applauded, for in his view Panionion "gained his ihood from the most impious of occupations," by which neant not the slave trade as such but the traffic in ıchs.

his may seem a hairsplitting distinction, but distinctions to be drawn. The ancient world was in many respects a al one by modern standards. The gladiatorial shows surely among the most repellent of its habits—as the eks would have agreed until they, too, were finally cor- ed by the Romans—yet there is abundant evidence that iators were proud of their successes and that not a few men voluntarily joined their ranks. This, it can rea- ıbly be argued, merely proves how deep the brutaliza- went. But what about the Paphlagonian named Atotas he Athenian silver mines, who claimed descent from one he Trojan heroes and whose tomb inscription included boast, "No one could match me in skill"? The skill and stry of slaves was to be seen everywhere, for they were not l only as crude labor in the fields but were employed in potteries and textile mills, on temples and other public dings, to perform the most delicate work. The psychol- of the slave in the ancient world was obviously more ıplicated than mere sullen resentment, at least under rmal" conditions.

Even the slave trade had its shadings, so that it can serve as a barometer of the state of the society itself. It is no coincidence that the last century of the Roman Republic, a period in which moral and social values broke down badly, was the period of the most reckless slave hunting and of the great slave revolts. Then came the relatively quiet centuries of the early Roman Empire, followed by the long period in which ancient society itself finally dissolved. One incident is symptomatic: when the Goths achieved a massive breakthrough into Thrace in A.D. 376, the Roman armies were badly handicapped because many of their officers were more interested in the profits of slaving than in resisting the barbarians. But by then slavery itself was a declining institution, not because a higher morality was finally in the ascendant, but because serfdom, a different kind of unfreedom, was replacing it.

Slavery did not altogether disappear, of course. The word "slave" itself is a medieval term that entered the languages of Europe when the Slavs became a main source of chattels, many of them sold to the Moslems across the Mediterranean. And farther ahead in the future lay the vast traffic in African slaves. Yet throughout these ups and downs in the history of the institution, the slave trader seems never to have changed significantly, either in his methods or in his ill repute in polite society.

M. I. Finley is an American classicist who lectures at Jesus College, Cambridge University. He has written a number of articles for HORIZON, *including "Sicily" (in collaboration with D. Mack Smith) in the issue for September, 1961.*

Act
Comedi
Paint
Littérate

Th
A
Add

ZERO

Mostel is a wild-eyed, agile-tongued, broom-mus- l actor and comedian with the girth and unpredictable e of a football. He is also a painter: not a Sunday r or a Pollock-come-lately, but a seriously satirical who crams bold, contrasting shapes, lines, and colors his semiabstract canvases, many of which command lerable sums of money from collectors.

stel is by no means the only theatre and movie celeb- ho paints—homemade art hangs in many a living room verly Hills. But he is possibly the only one who has ı professional painter since leaving college and who re- painting not as a hobby or relaxation but as a career. ıtly he has been working on a series concerned with the s of atomic bomb explosions and called "Mutations": nted, fragmented, red, yellow, and green faces glare out the walls and easel of his studio; but these are sup- nted by lyrical and humorous portraits—*An Old Man ng,* a box-shaped *Rabbi,* a crowded, transparent sub- ar on toy wheels.

ostel was a painter in the Parisian atelier tradition— but impoverished—from the time he left New York's College in 1935, when he was twenty, until 1942, when ıs persuaded into the entertainment world by a night- proprietor who had seen him delivering a comic mono- at an artists' ball. Within a year he had moved to an vn club, La Martinique, and his weekly wage had in- ed explosively to $3,700.

ıring his acting career Mostel continued to paint, trying to let a day go by without putting in several hours ıe easel, even after he had progressed to Hollywood re he played in *The Enforcer, Sirocco, Belvedere Blows Whistle,* and sundry other films) and to Broadway re he appeared in, among other shows, *Flight Into t* and Duke Ellington's *Beggar's Holiday*).

1958 he won a virtuoso role: that of Leopold Bloom e off-Broadway production of *Ulysses in Nighttown,* a ing adaptation of several scenes of James Joyce's mas- novel about the universe that was Dublin. The per- ance was truly Mostel in Bloom: skittish, plaintive, batic, deafening—the prancing of an elephant in ballet s that might have been lured away from Disney's *Fan-* by Joyce's blasphemous rhapsody. His next role, per- inevitably, was in Eugene Ionesco's comedy *Rhinoc-* as John, the bellowing best friend of the hero. It was role that established Mostel as a "marquee name" on dway, and from it he went into the lead part in the cal *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum.* a clown Mostel is a funny fat-man, an Oliver Hardy or hu, who improvises off stage in a variety of dialects, ing from Yiddish to Wodehouse English, and lacing with what Maxim Gorky, in describing the speech of toy, called salty peasant words. He specializes in play- he victim of outrageous fortune, set upon by god and . ("Photographers! What do they know about art? All life I've been averse to publicity, so I end up my days ounded by schlemiels who want to take my picture.") ther times, though, Mostel may retreat into silence, even at a party, where one might expect him to play the buffoon.

Mostel's given names are Samuel Joel; he acquired the sobriquet Zero because of ineptitude in elementary school, and this stayed with him through high school and college and his twin careers. He was born into the family of a Brooklyn rabbi forty-seven years ago, and though he is a bulky man, roughly the size of one of the smaller Catskill mountains, he moves with lazy precision and assurance. When I called to see him, he was prone on a day bed in his Manhattan studio, which he redecorated, almost entirely in white, from "a junk heap of a loft." It has been transformed into a combined attic–antique-shop–fun-house by the intrusion of an enormous easel, an outsized table of paints, a couple of hundred expensive-looking art books, clutches of canvases and drawings, neatly collected together and in various stages of completion, a lithograph machine, and hundreds of miscellaneous objects that include a battered top hat, a yellow rocking chair, and a piece of Peruvian pottery.

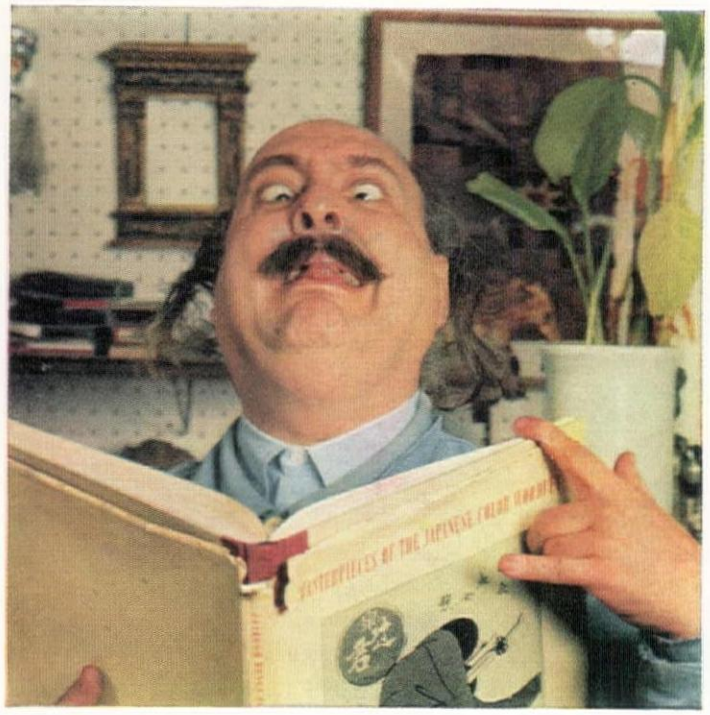
"Aha, at last—my Boswell," said Mostel, sitting up and putting on a pair of Benjamin-Franklin-style spectacles. "All of a sudden I'm the Jewish Johnson."

He stood up, sat down again on a stool, and began to mix paints, looking strangely like an overgrown kindergartner in finger-painting class. Abruptly, he was on his feet and darting about the studio: he grimaced, crouched, and flew into antic movements while he posed as one celebrated painter after another (see overleaf) and a photographer, enmeshed in trailing wires and equipment, tried desperately to keep up with him. Later he subsided and talked—and his conversation can be astonishingly erudite. An actor who paints professionally is a prodigy; Mostel happens also to be a littérateur who reads Molière in French, can recite long extracts from James Joyce by heart, and closely studies new contributions to the avant-garde theatre.

"For years," he said, "while I was working as a night-club comedian, I really wanted to be an actor, playing roles in the classic comic literature—Shakespeare, Sheridan, Molière, Shaw—but everyone wanted me to be a gagman. In 1949, though, I went up to the Brattle Theatre in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and played Argan in my own adaptation of Molière's *The Imaginary Invalid.* From that time on, people began to realize that I wasn't just another stand-up comic. I've had some bad roles, but lately I've been able to pick and choose. I still hope someday to play Falstaff or Sir Toby Belch, and even to bring Molière to Broadway, leading a repertory company that would do *The Imaginary Invalid, The Doctor in Spite of Himself,* and so forth. As for my art, I have to paint every day or I don't feel alive. Painting is still my first love. I could be uptown running with the Sardi's crowd, but that's not the life I want. I have my family, my career in the theatre, and my easel. The beautiful thing about being a painter is that you can continue to paint all of your life. Eventually every actor is washed up, and even a plumber has finally to give up plumbing, but a painter can go on and on, until the day he dies. And that's what I plan to do—I'll be the goddam Jewish Grandma Moses."

By THOMAS MEEHAN

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



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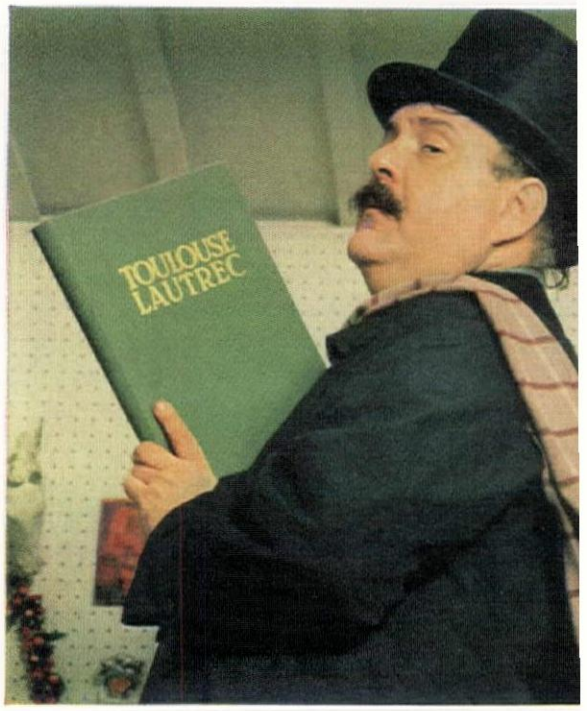

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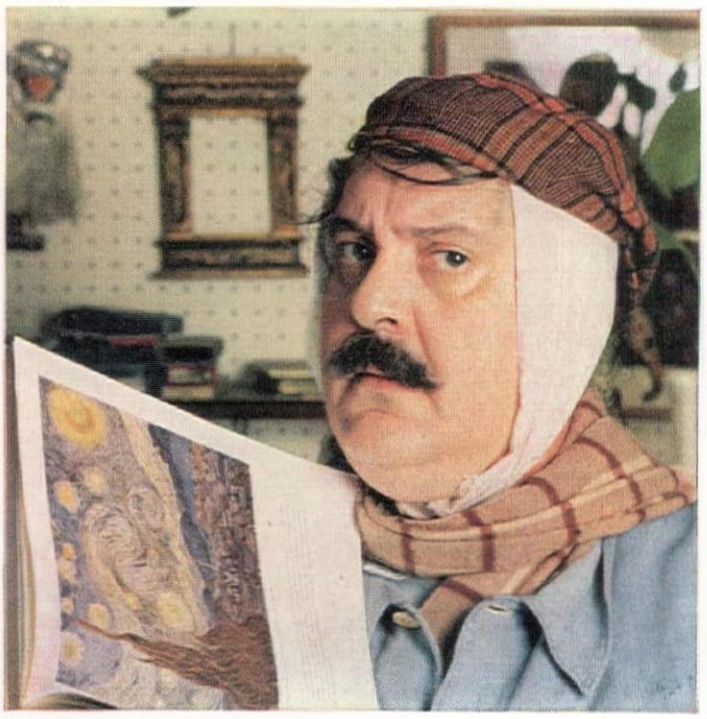
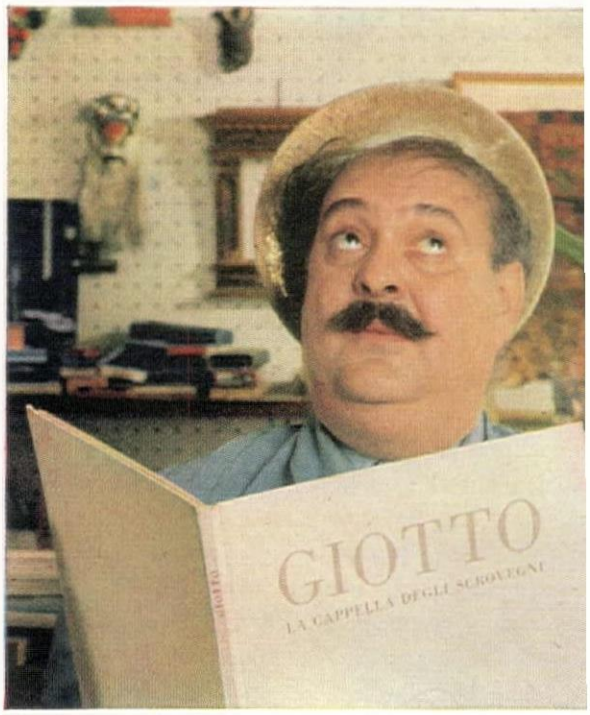


VAN GOGH

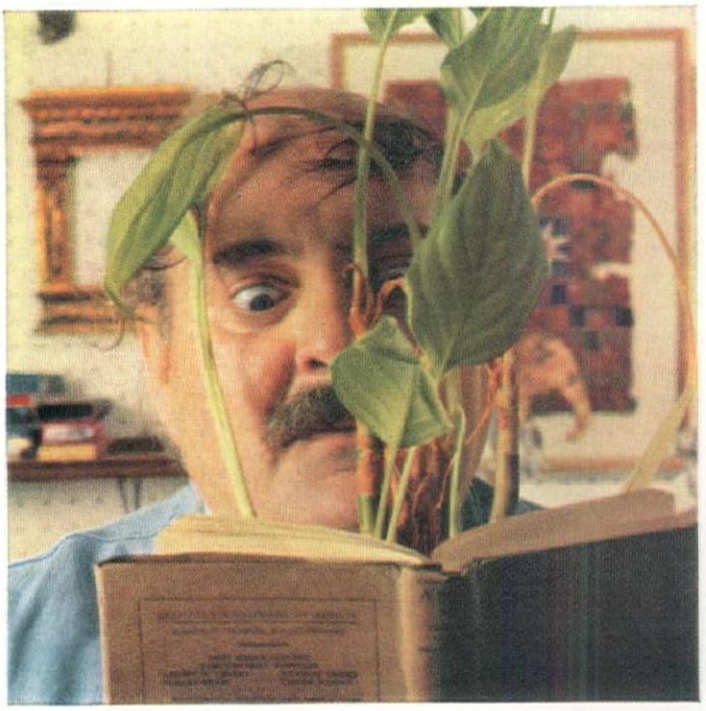


GIOTTO

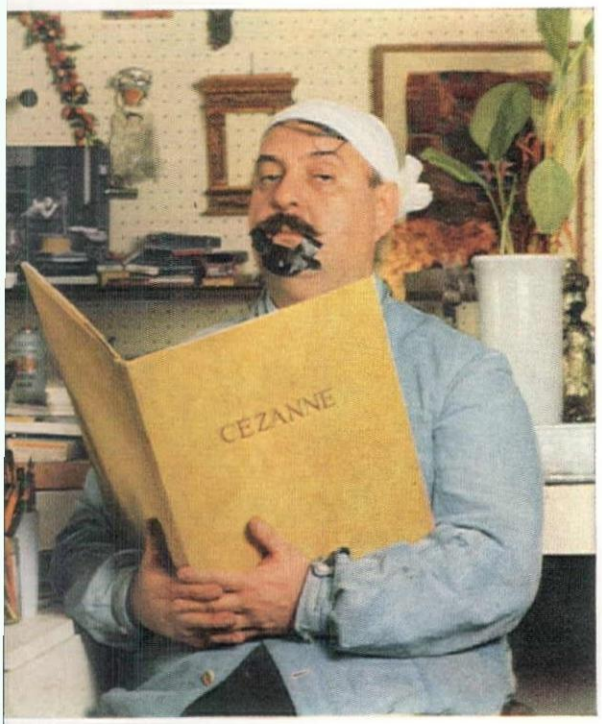
. . . *But Zero Is Many Men*

"If you look at a painting and like it," Zero Mostel observes, "you beco
Here, in a series of swift impressions, Mostel draws on the books and th
a-brac in his studio, adds a flick of impudence, and produces eight sp
the great artist as a public image. To become Tōshūsai Sharaku, Mostel
no props other than his head. With a top hat and evasive mien he b
Lautrec leaving the Folies. Chagall is surmounted by a rooster and c
a spray of flowers, while Rousseau takes refuge, like some wild animal,

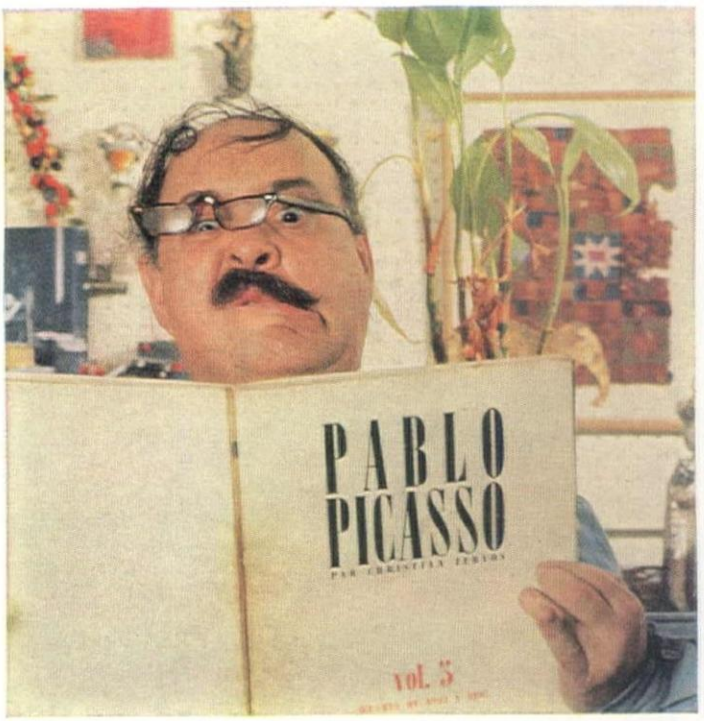
CHAGALL



ROUSSEAU

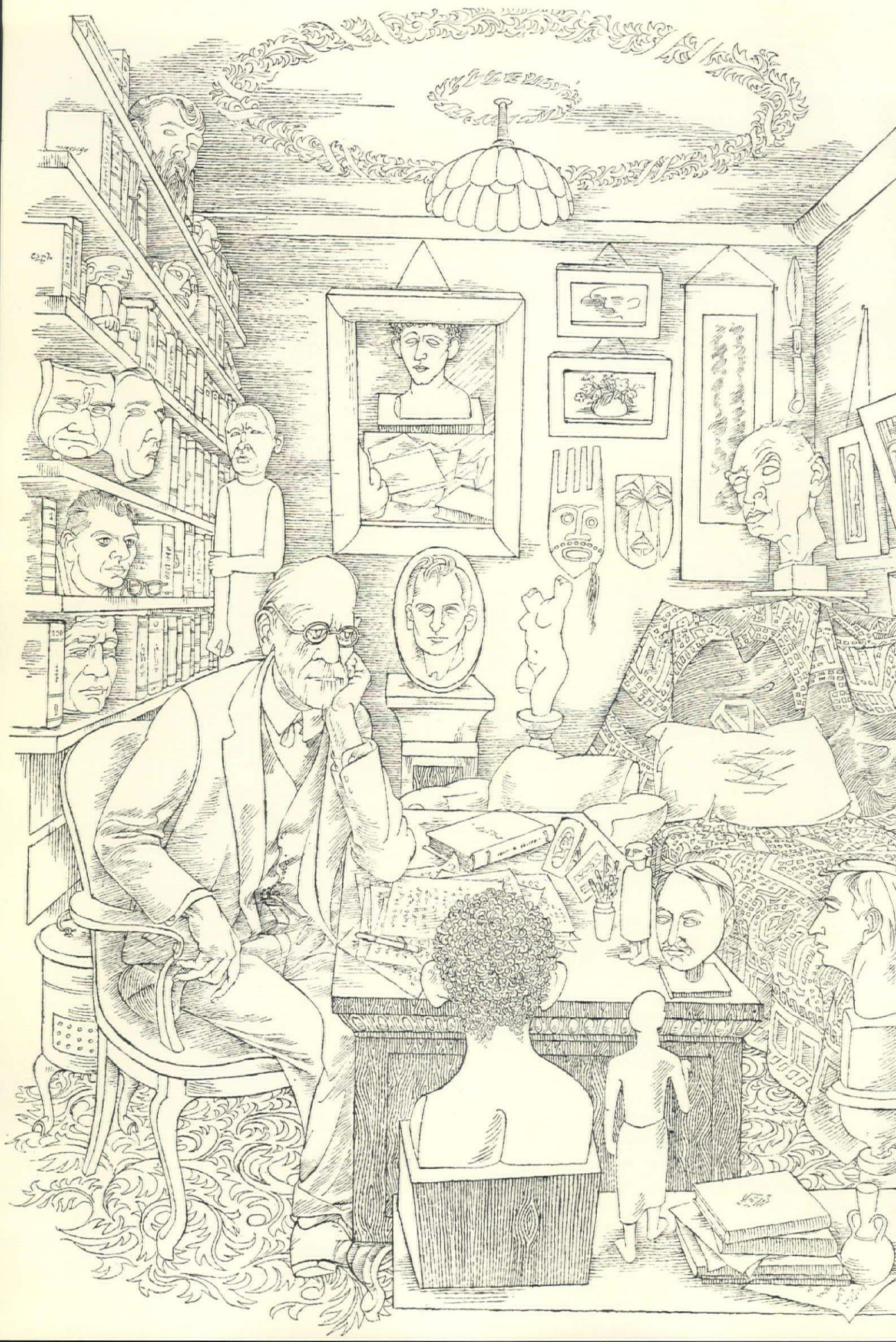


CÉZANNE



PICASSO

ted plant. A white bandage suggestively conceals the spot where Van Gogh's
as and also does duty as the sweatcap worn by Cézanne when he was out-
ors interpreting the landscapes of Provence. One of Giotto's angels is
ufactured by means of a heavenward glance of devotion and a gold-rimmed
, and the fractured, Picasso-like face results from a pair of spectacles on
kew and a tortured mouth. "In painting, as in acting," Mostel explains,
arrive at the truth through a sense of distortion and exaggeration."



MEMORANDUM

om: Sigmund Freud

Norman Mailer, Tennessee Williams, Alberto Moravia, Jean Genet, et al.

bject: On totally freeing the libido

tle less than sixty years ago, when I published my path-king *Three Essays on the Theory of Sexuality,* my in-gations into the role of the libido and its repression and mation were greeted, as you know, with cries of right- outrage. Even to the end of my days I was looked upon rtain high-placed quarters as a corrupter of the moral r. How the world has changed, and how are the once- ty fallen!

hat in my prime could hardly be mentioned even in a cal context is now freely tossed about in almost every regarded new novel, play, or film. Not only that, but any cases it appears to form its very substance. I am rmed that there are almost no effective public censors more, and that liberty increasingly rules *your* moral r. Shall we, then, presume that the day is near when the er of those interior censors that have so long shackled id drives of modern man will be broken as well? You recall that in my paper "Civilized Sexual Ethics and lern Nervousness" (1908) I argued that although the evements of civilization had been brought about by the pression of instincts, this process appeared to have gone far for its own good, since so much sexual constraint was result. Perhaps I should be the first to congratulate gen-en like yourselves on being instrumental in reversing 's course and bringing us within so few years to the e of a millennium that might see an end to most re-sion, inhibition, and *Angst.*

observe, though, that in your creation of works of art ing with sexuality at its freest, you often become ab-ed with this topic to the exclusion of anything else. It is st as if you identified all art with an erogenous zone. I t you do not base yourself on me in this respect: my interests, of course, were somewhat more diversified. I observe, particularly in the books of Mailer, Moravia, Genet (to whom one could also add H. Miller, W. on, the earlier L. Durrell of *The Black Book,* and a host inor authors) an impulse to describe sexual encounters inute and indeed exhausting detail, leaving nothing he imagination. In my own writings, however, I included details only when they were clinically and therapeu-ly relevant.

some of your works, moreover (beginning in fact with e of the late D. H. Lawrence), I find a disconcerting re- to the kind of words one finds scribbled on the walls ublic conveniences, as if the authors—who must know r words for the same things—were under some compul-sion to use these. I would remind you, if freedom is the is-sue, that perhaps the freest celebration of sexuality yet published in the English language, the memorable *Fanny Hill,* was written throughout in the most decorous language of its period. I am a little astonished that this classic is still denied a place on booksellers' shelves, when yours are not.

Unlike the author of *Fanny Hill,* however, whose attitude toward sex leaves of no doubt, you, I feel, are often highly ambivalent in yours. Though you dwell on sex continually —I might almost say obsessively—the more you say about it the more you seem to express surfeit, disenchantment, un-pleasure. Thus Mailer in his *The Deer Park* and H. Miller in his *Tropic* books often identify erotic scenes with degra-dation of one or both of the partners. Genet, in his auto-biographical *Our Lady of the Flowers,* identifies them with his own degradation. Roger Vadim in his film *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* (widely advertised as extremely naughty) man-ages to make a carnival of adultery positively dreary. Moravia, in *The Empty Canvas,* describes his characters' multiplying sexual encounters as an escape from boredom, only to conclude that these are boring, too. And the dream-work of Williams throughout his plays seems out to suggest that strong heterosexual activity inevitably leads, like a crime, to punishment (in *Sweet Bird of Youth,* to castra-tion). Though I myself have written in several papers about the castration complex, I trust I never gave rise to any no-tion such as this. Who, indeed, is Williams's current analyst?

If I were among you today, I think I would say that the result of all this is to arouse in your audiences a certain revulsion against sexuality; and I wonder, gentlemen, whether this has not been your actual though unavowed in-tention all along. Far from being the wholly liberated and libertarian spirits you would like your fellows to think you are, are you not in fact a new school of Puritans traveling under false colors? You titillate, you scrawl on walls, so to speak, and some of you feel impelled on occasion to shout obscenities (I have seen, clinically, some published work of the recent J. Kerouac and A. Ginsberg, too): but this is a typical manifestation of the Puritan, who does not really free himself by compulsive exhibitions in public. Basically, I believe, your attitude remains anti-sex, and your impulse is to transfer this attitude to your public also. It is you your-selves who are the new restraining super-ego. If the public turns against the extremes of your work and invokes new censorship, it will of course only be playing your own game.

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

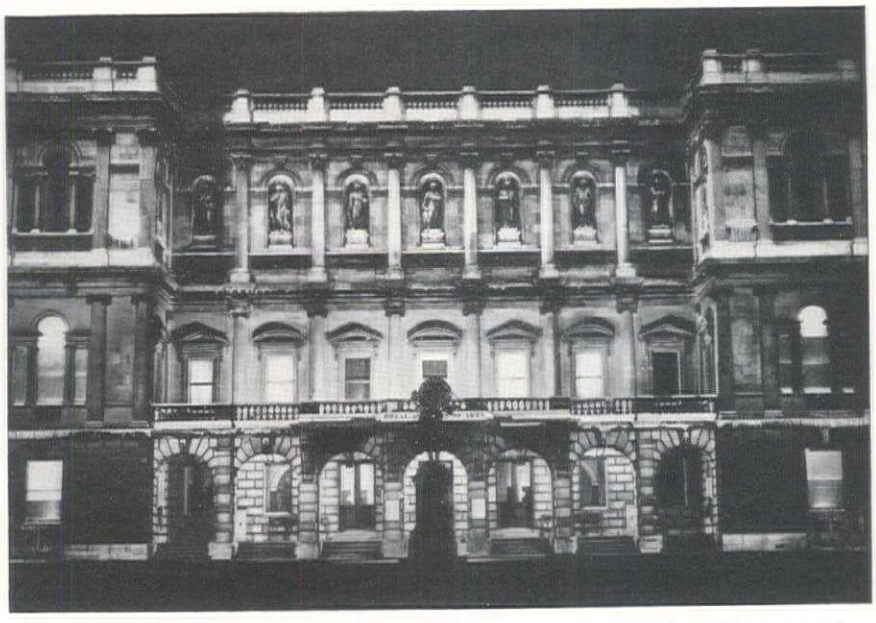
bookcase in Freud's gallery: the spirit of D. H. Lawrence. Next from left: Moravia, William Styron, Genet. Below them, Allen berg, Lawrence Durrell. Foreground and reflected at top rear: ler. From center to right, clockwise, Jack Kerouac, Henry Miller, er Vadim, Williams.

Derided now and burdened by its aging dignity,

it was a brilliant, full-blooded force in its prime

THE ROYAL ACADEMY

SPORT AND GENERAL, LONDON

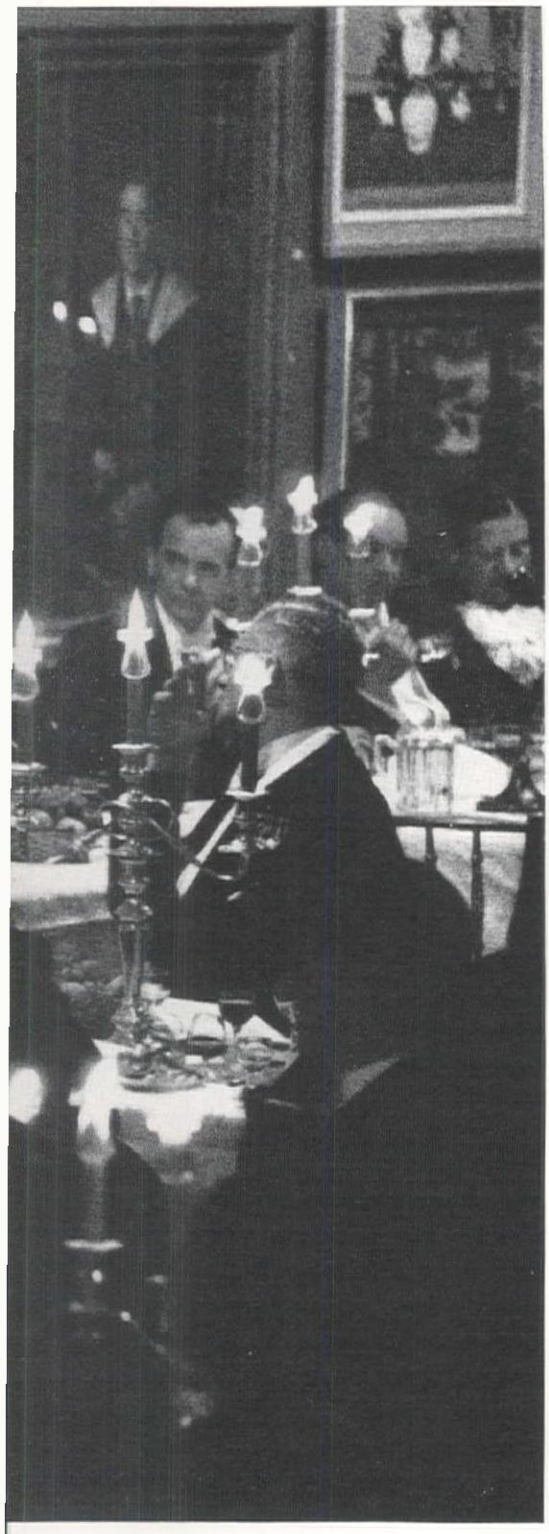


Before the stately façade of Burlington House, seat of the Royal Academy, stands a statue of its first President, Sir Joshua Reynolds. His self-portrait with a bust of Michelangelo (opposite) was painted in 1773, five years after he took office.

By JOHN RUSSELL

Above: Surrounded by new paintings, old silver, and a timeless cross section of the British Establishment, the President of the Royal Academy—Sir Charles Wheeler—begins the traditional round of toasts at the Annual Dinner in 1961. The guests, who have just dined on lobster, chicken, raspberry soufflé, and Old Blue Cheshire, include Prime Minister Macmillan (seen to the left of the President's chair), the Swedish ambassador (next left), and the conductor Sir Malcolm Sargent (at the right, below the portrait). Right: In the same room some seven months later, a somewhat different cross section in khakis and tweed jackets (and with more adventurous work on the walls), awaits the annual distribution of prizes by Sir Charles to students of the R.A. schools.

ALAN CLIFTON



Of all the great private palaces that once stood in Piccadilly and its London neighborhood, Burlington House alone remains intact, unchanged, and in traditional hands. Not that it is "private" in the strict sense, but simply that it has been since 1867, and is due to remain for the next nine hundred and four years, the home of the Royal Academy of Arts, the institution founded in 1768 under George III's patronage in the interests of the living British artist, and now linked in many minds chiefly with the names of the not-so-living and the dead.

Rising behind a forecourt in which a whole regiment of foot soldiers could once have paraded, the splendid quasi-Palladian pile of Burlington House is a pillar of the Establishment and at present the seat of twelve elected Senior Academicians (including Sir Gerald Kelly, K.C.V.O., and Dame Laura Knight, D.B.E.), thirty-seven Academicians (including Louis de Soissons, C.V.O., O.B.E., and the President, Sir Charles Wheeler, K.C.V.O., C.B.E.), two Honorary Retired Academicians, two Honorary Academicians, two Senior Associates, a swarm of just plain Associates, a glittering panel of Honorary Members and Honorary Members Ex-Officio (headed by the retired Archbishop of Canterbury), and one Honorary Academician Extraordinary (The Rt. Hon. Sir Winston S. Churchill, K.G., O.M., F.R.S., M.P.). It possesses an extraordinary collection of "diploma" paintings and memorabilia of Academicians over the generations; it maintains a school, exhibits (and sells) the work of non-members as well as of members at its vast Summer Exhibitions; and, above all, it mounts splendid Winter Exhibitions of older works—such as, to look back before the late war, its celebrated shows of Italian, Flemish, Dutch, and Chinese art and, in the years soon afterward, Russian art, Portuguese art, and French works of the Louis XIII and Louis XIV periods.

Yet this same Academy has been derided for generations by all those whose concern is, or was, with new art. J. M. W. Turner was the last great artist to have been nurtured, in any real sense, by the Academy—and Turner died in 1851. When the R.A. has had a chance to prove its judgment in the purchase of work by living artists, the result has been disastrous. And only a few years ago the then President of the R.A. boasted in public of his ambition to give Picasso a running kick from behind. And an artist who was to be one of his successors resigned from the British Arts Council when that body persisted in spending public funds on an exhibition of sculptures by Giacometti. The Academy

seems, in fact, to have a double nature: generous, unselfish, and enlightened in its private dealings; erratic and wrong-headed when brought face to face with art as it has developed since (let us say) 1908.

Here it shares in the world-wide decline of all "official" institutions that have to do with the arts. Nobody believes any longer in the existence of immutable laws of art; any institution that sets itself up as the guardian of such laws is, by that very fact, a thing of the past. There is still a tyranny of taste, but the tyrants concerned are dealers and critics and individual collectors and patrons. To be a member of the Royal Academy was once a great advantage—financial, social, and professional—to a young artist; today it is a handicap, on all three counts, to anyone but the full-time portraitist. To the R.A. this is a mortifying and injurious situation, and one from which it would give a good deal to extricate itself; for no longer, as many people suppose, is its face set firmly against the future. There is hardly a single serious artist in Britain who would not be welcome in the R.A. if he chose to present himself for admission. (Not everyone realizes, for that matter, that an artist *must* so present himself—or that an artist cannot be elected to membership in the R.A. against his will.) Sir Jacob Epstein and Matthew Smith—to name two eminent British artists who have recently died—would have been welcome in the R.A. at any time in the past quarter of a century, and so today would many of those who have won international acclaim since the war. The Academy wants (or would accept) them, but they don't want the Academy. To know why this has come to be, one must look back over the R.A.'s history.

When the word "academy" first came into European usage in the mid-fifteenth century it meant not "a school" but "a philosopher's country house." To the humanists of the Italian Renaissance, it meant a place where discussion was informal and free. The university then stood for a pedantic rigidity and the academy, if you were lucky enough to be admitted to one, for the vivacious and privileged intercourse of superior and liberated spirits. (Before long, however, the original notion of academic inquiry became too subversive for general use in a society that was heading for the rigors of the Counter Reformation, and for the ideal freedom of the original groups there was substituted an organization as elaborate as it was tight.)

In the case of most European academies, official patronage and formal constitution were preceded by a decade or more of private activity. Officialdom took over a going concern. This is true, for example, of the founding in 1635, at Richelieu's instigation, of the Académie Française, and it is true also of the founding in 1662 of the Royal Society in London. So brilliant was the history of the Royal Society in its first hundred years, with Newton, Halley, and Sir Christopher Wren in full activity, that it may seem odd that British painters did not get around to forming their own academy till 1768. But the truth is that there were not enough British artists of consequence to press on wit such idea. And there never had been. Alongside the of a Holbein, a Van Dyck, or a Rubens, the British of their times were completely outclassed.

But by the middle of the eighteenth century there artists like Reynolds, Hogarth, Gainsborough, and R Wilson who could compare with the best of their co poraries on the Continent. What was lacking was an i ment for direct negotiation between artists and publi for that matter, permanent headquarters where the ne nity of the professional could be reinforced and made v

These were the forces behind the formation of the v artists' societies which, in 1768, were metamorphose the Royal Academy of Arts. There was a young king (C III, who was thirty that year); there was a public would pay to see new pictures (profits of the annual sh the Society of Artists grew steadily in the 1760's, a 1766 amounted to £874, the equivalent of nearly ten sand of today's dollars); and although the *cognoscenti* still preoccupied with the supposed superiority of Eur art, the political situation made it difficult for them t across the Channel. All that was needed was for some of commanding diplomatic gifts to come along and r what was, however confusedly, already in the air. The son who did this was Sir Joshua Reynolds; and w judge of the difficulties involved by the fact that in h augural discourse he spoke of the "numberless and in tual consultations" that had preceded the founding o R.A. with the King's approval and with himself in the as President.

This honor he owed to his outstanding gifts not m as artist and man of the world but as catalyst and ma lator. No man who was not in himself remarkable have been the close friend of Johnson, Burke, Golds and Boswell; and where Johnson was concerned Rey had something akin to genius in the imagination an source of his friendship (Johnson admired, in parti Reynolds's ability to be "the same one day as another

Reynolds was forty-five when the R.A. came into b and he remained its President till he died twenty-four later. He, more than any other man, gave the institutio tone. That tone was not to everyone's taste. To this d exasperates those who feel that it is no part of an ar business to treat with the world of wealth and fashion o own terms. To this day we can see the corrupting influ of high society on artists who allow themselves to be nexed by it ("Live like a pig and paint like Titian" ma an unwelcome injunction in the days of the affluent so but to live like Titian and paint like a pig is a still injurious alternative).

It was William Blake who put the extreme anti-Reyn case. As a student of the R.A. schools in 1778 he had been happy, and throughout his life he felt that, as he w

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON

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...as Rowlandson took a satiric view (left) of the comings and goings at the Summer Exhibitions in Somerset House, the R.A.'s home ... 1780 to 1836. But an engraving dated 1787 (right) shows that the public was properly subdued in the presence of so many paintings.

...e margins of Reynolds's *Works*, "This Man was Hired ...epress Art." What was important in England, he wrote, ...ot whether a Man has Talents & Genius, but whether ... Passive & Polite & a Virtuous Ass & Obedient to Noble- ...s Opinions in Art & Science. If he is, he is a Good Man: ...t, he must be Starved." Observe the imposing nobodies ...n Academy private view today, watch the artist-patron ...ionship in action, and you will agree that there is still ...thing in what Blake said.

...eynolds, however, believed that the artist was not a ...y or an itinerant comedian, to come begging at back ...s for the chance of showing his skill, but a professional ...leman who should be able to treat with the great figures ...is world as prince with prince. For this he needed se- ...y and an imposing establishment—but he also needed ...kind of personal distinction which not many artists of ... day could claim. Reynolds was just the man. "His ...," a contemporary wrote, "was frequented by men of ...first talents. Politics and party were never introduced. ...poral and spiritual peers, physicians, lawyers, actors ... musicians composed the motley group." This tradition ...pt up today not only at the Annual Dinner (see photo- ...h, pages 58–59) preceding the opening of the Summer ...ibition but at the occasional dinners given by the Presi- ... in the Academy's private rooms. One day last year, for ...nce, readers of the *Times* were informed that on the ...ious evening the President's guests had included the ...e of Devonshire, Sir Kenneth Clark, Sir Basil Spence ...hitect of the new Coventry Cathedral), Sir Arthur Bliss ...ster of the Queen's Musick), T. S. Eliot, Yehudi Menu- hin, and Dame Adeline Genée (the pioneer of British ballet).

Conviviality has always played a great part in the life of the Academy: every member is encouraged, for instance, to present a piece of silver for the Academy's table; and when the wine passes round and the platters of plain meats are served by the Academy's lace-collared staff, it is not too difficult to imagine that Goldsmith and Horace Walpole, Boswell and Dr. Johnson, will presently come and join the talk. For it is to Reynolds that the R.A. owes not only its high place in English society but the easy and expansive tone of its entertainments.

Other traditions inaugurated in Reynolds's day are still intact: tuition in the R.A. schools is still free, and there are still traveling scholarships to Italy; funds are available for members, and their dependents, who may have fallen on hard times; and the Academy still lives by its own exertions, entirely independent of public monies. It is connected, even if only ornamentally, with the Church, the Armed Forces, and the worlds of learning and diplomacy. It has a Chaplain (the former Archbishop of Canterbury); a Professor of Ancient History (the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres); a Professor of Law (Viscount Simonds); a Secretary for Foreign Correspondence (the Marquess of Salisbury): all are honorary posts. Earlier holders of one or another of them include Gibbon, Johnson, Goldsmith, Walter Scott, Grote, Macaulay, Gladstone, and Browning; none of them, however, attracted as much public attention as did Sir Anthony Carlisle, the Academy's Professor of Anatomy from 1808 to 1824. A police guard was called out to restrain the crowds whenever Sir Anthony lectured; but what stirred the

mob was not so much the academic content of the lectures as the auxiliary matter with which he diversified them. Often, for instance, he would have human remains handed round on dinner plates, the better to make his point; and for a time he illustrated the operation of the muscular system with the help of eight private soldiers of the Foot Guards who exercised stark naked on the lecture platform.

Living artists still can obtain practical advantages within the R.A., though many disdain to make use of them. Their work is shown and sold free of commission, for instance, at the Summer Exhibition, and the R.A. maintains a sales network, discreet but elaborate, on behalf of its members. Altogether, therefore, and in all outward forms, it has a persistent regard for the foundations laid by Sir Joshua.

But those forms are preserved and shored up in a world that has less and less respect for them. As far as the fostering of new art is concerned, the Summer Exhibition has not for many years been the object of serious ambition: the Academy is approaching its bicentenary at a time when showing at the R.A. is a positive handicap to success elsewhere. The social prestige for which Reynolds maneuvered so skillfully is now regarded by many artists as both fatuous and abhorrent, and the international rehabilitation of the British School over the period 1945–1962 is an achievement in which the R.A. has played no part.

The real power of the Academy lay in its early days, and the driving force behind its consolidation was not primarily intellectual or social at all. It related to the machinery of distribution and sale. High thinking and good social connections were all very well; but what really counted, when the Annual Dinner had been eaten and cleared away, was the chance of showing new pictures in grand surroundings and under Royal patronage. There were auctioneers and printsellers in Reynolds's time (in fact the Academy's first show, in 1769, was held in Lambe's Auction Rooms in Pall Mall), but as far as new pictures went the R.A. had a monopoly of large-scale display. It was the artist's natural showroom, and this advantage it retained for more than a century —till 1875, in fact, when the modern art world in London began with the opening of the Grosvenor Gallery.

This is the reality behind the great days of the Academy. It could have been said of it in Reynolds' as it was said later of the House of Commons, that "the best club in London"; its bias was genuinely higher-educational sort, but it also owed something character to that great English trait, the wish to put a face upon trade. And the Academy was (and is still well run: it was not by swapping quotations from Pl on the Sublime that it saved and invested £12,000 in i decade. Reynolds was a secular Good Shepherd in more than one, and it was due to the broad lines of his init rection that, until 1851, anyone who spoke of "the E tion" was automatically understood to mean the Royal emy's annual show.

But Reynolds could not live forever. His successor, jamin West, had a Presidency of twenty-eight years (1820). Unlike Reynolds, whose friendship with Burk displeasing to the King, he was a favorite with Georg

William Powell Frith, a leading Academician of his day, painted his Private View of the Royal Academy, 1881 *on the subject of its Summer Exhibition of that year and the celebrities who attended it. In his autobiography he said his intention was to satirize "aesthetic" fashions in dress and to comment on "the folly of listening to self-elected critics in matters of taste." By now the satire has evaporated, and what is left is not only an illustration of the Victorian taste for densely populated canvases and meticulously rendered details, but a useful social document. Frith includes the portraits of such prominent taste-makers as Anthony Trollope (far left, with top hat and gray beard), Gladstone (nearer left, bareheaded and clean-shaven), Browning (bareheaded and graybearded), T. H. Huxley (center, brown sideburns and brown suit), and young Oscar Wilde (right center, top hat and lily boutonniere).*

ad backed him ever since he arrived in London from ylvania in the 1760's. The idea that an American could was a great novelty in those days, and it may be that ement of surprise, combined with West's gentle and ed manners (he came of a family of Quakers), caused mirers to waive their normal standards of judgment. nly it seems odd that Sir Thomas Lawrence should aid of West's work that it was "unexcelled anywhere period since the schools of the Carracci."

st's Presidency was a time of great importance for n art in that, on the one hand, Turner, Constable, nce, Flaxman, and Chantrey came to maturity and, on her, normal intercourse between England and the Con- was very largely suspended by the Napoleonic wars. suspension resulted in a hot flush of nationalist senti- The feeling got about that there was nothing that h artists could not attempt; the Exhibition of 1815 the enormous sum of £5,255; and there was, in Sir Thomas Lawrence, an artist equally gifted as painter, connoisseur, and man of the world.

All was not well, however. Many agreed with William Collins, who said, "If it were not for the Academy, artists would be treated like journeymen"; but there was also much in William Hazlitt's forthright assertion that "the R.A. is a mercantile body like any other mercantile body, consisting chiefly of manufacturers of portraits . . . who, with the jealousy natural to such bodies, supported by authority without, and by cabal within, think themselves bound to crush all generous views and liberal principles of Art, lest they should interfere with their monopoly and their privilege to be thought Artists and men of genius." Lawrence, who succeeded West as President, was not the man to put these things right; few artists with so generous a share of the outward graces have paid so heavily for the ability to please. (An entry in Greville's *Memoirs* for January 22, 1830, reads: "Lawrence was buried yesterday. A magnificent fu-

COURTESY OF A. C. R. POPE, ESQ.

neral, which will cost, they say, £2000. . . . Pretty well for a man who was certainly a rogue and a bankrupt and probably a bugger.") Among the privileges complained of was the opportunity of repainting a picture, on what was called varnishing-day, to give it an advantage over its neighbors on the wall. Hazlitt tells of one "little lively knight of the brush" who submitted a portrait of a lady in a white dress, took note of the tonality of the pictures hung next to it, called for vermilion and Indian yellow, and in half an hour made his portrait stand out "like the drop-curtain at Covent Garden."

Such things distressed an injured minority, but as long as the Academy could assemble the best new pictures of the year in surroundings as splendid as those of Somerset House, its first home in the eighteenth century, most people were well enough pleased. Thomas Rowlandson might make fun of the auxiliary amenities of the "exhibition stare-case" (see page 61), but the public as a whole never tired of the Great Room, 53 by 43 feet, and 32 feet high, in which canvases were hung five and six deep, as if in a gigantic campaign tent, with the upper rows leaning inwards and the whole enormous collection (1,165 pictures in 1821, for instance) interlocked with hardly an inch of wall visible anywhere. The Academy moved into the Victorian age with something very near to the unanimous support of the British public.

In 1837 the Academy moved from Somerset House to rooms that had been provided for it by the Crown in the new National Gallery building in Trafalgar Square. The period that followed was in many ways one of the happiest in the history of the Academy. It had Turner, perhaps the greatest of all British artists, in full output (even if his latest and most adventurous works were taken as evidence of mental decay). It had as its President from 1850 to 1865 Sir Charles Eastlake—no great painter, perhaps, but one of the finest connoisseurs England has ever produced, and a man who, as was once said, "bore the stamp of *gentleman* in the utter absence of all anxiety to show it." The Royal Academy schools nurtured in the 1840's three students who were to create a revolutionary movement in British art: John Millais, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and Holman Hunt. And when these Pre-Raphaelites sent in their first controversial pictures in 1849 and 1850, they were all prominently hung. One may wonder how many Academies, now or at any other time, would have given such treatment to painters bar of their teens.

Individual acts of kindness could not, however, the fact that the Academy's formal constitution, t now, made it ponderous and slow moving. There wer full members of the R.A., and till recently their appoi was for life (effective membership now ceases at se five). It is as if new blood were admitted to Congr Parliament only when a Representative or Member ha pened to die: no such assembly could reflect current o In the 1850's and 60's it was taken for granted by y and livelier artists that the life-membership syste powered those who were inside the R.A. (the words h Holman Hunt's) "to keep the prestige of the Institut their own advantage and to delay for years, and som forever, the acceptance of artists of independent p

Holman Hunt was admittedly an interested witnes the point here is that it was possible to voice such and survive: the R.A. was no longer all-powerful. As said in 1863: "The only national school which has up at all, has grown up outside the Academy, and ind opposition to it—that is, the water color school; ar only definite reform movement (the Pre-Raphaelite s was certainly not stimulated by the R.A., and even me opposition from it."

And yet as a social mechanism the Academy had run more smoothly. To this period the diaries of Lady lake, wife of the President, are an invaluable guide. Sh in her own right, one of the cleverest women of the day a Mary McCarthy's sharpness of tongue and the socia satility of a Freya Stark. Here she is, after the Private of the Summer Exhibition of 1856:

> Yesterday's Private View was very interesting. The Duk Duchess of Northumberland were there, always polite and dear old Lady Morley rattling away, and Lady Somers more tiful than anything or anybody else. The account of the p in "The Times" is nonsense: in most cases the exact reve what they say may be taken as the truth. Paton's pictur soldier, one-armed, footsore and ragged, returned home a mixed emotions of wife and mother is *the* picture: few away from it with dry eyes.

The reverential tone of her allusions to the Duk Duchess, and her espousal of Paton's anecdote as *th* ture of the year, are symptoms of the insecurity and n.

TEXT CONTINUED ON

THE R.A. IN ITS HEYDA

A PORTFOLIO IN GRAVURE

For almost a hundred years after its founding in 1768 the Royal Academ linked with the greatest names in British painting, from Joshua Reynolds to W. Turner. Representative works by five of them appear in this portfoli were full Academicians except George Stubbs, the renowned portrayer of flesh, whose election in 1781 was for some reason not ratified, although h tinued to exhibit there as an Associate. But Turner was the last; after him few exceptions (Augustus John was one), British artists whom we regard portant today made their careers without any encouragement from the R and in many cases, even if it had been offered to them, they would have spur

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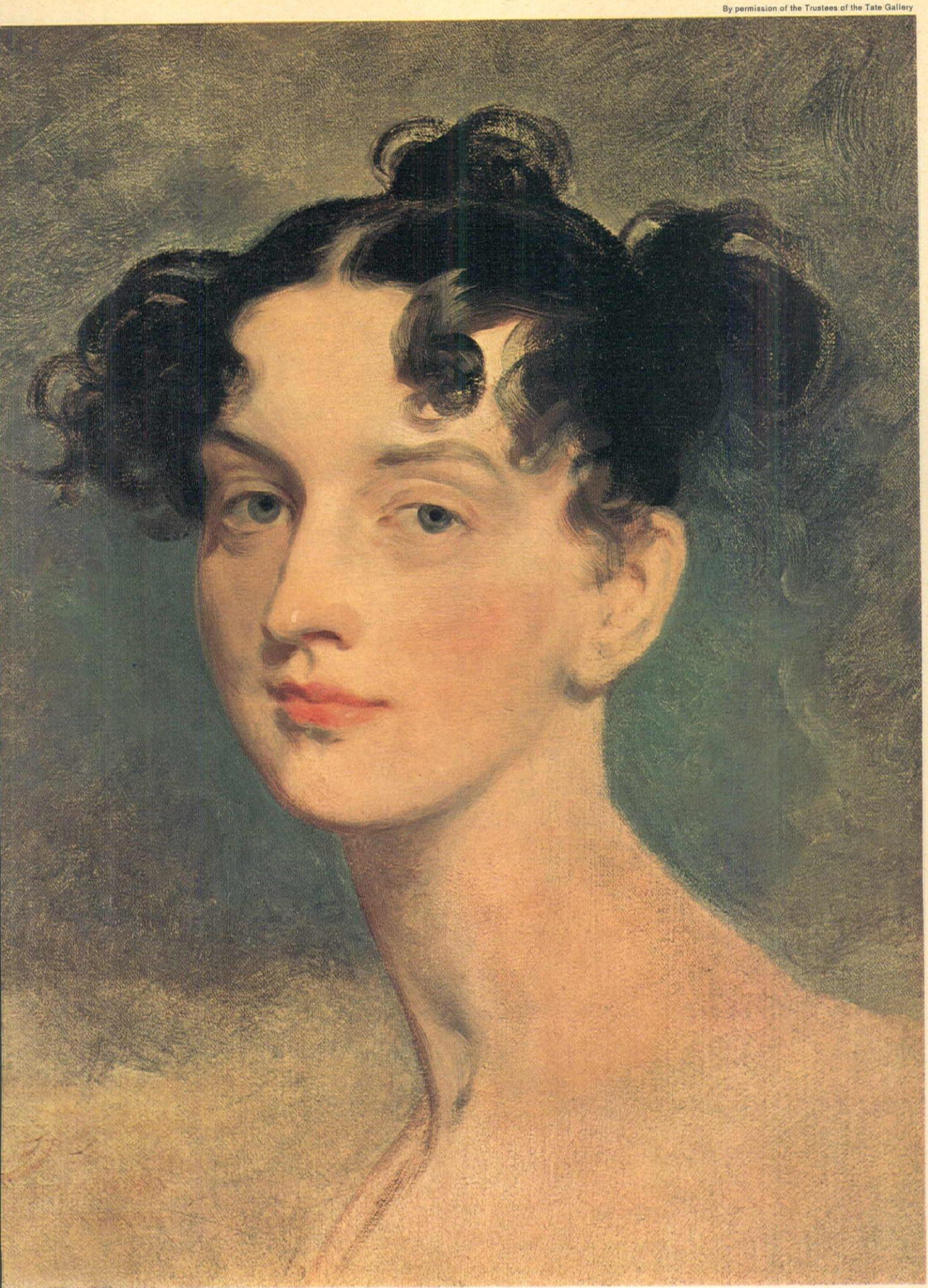

S LAWRENCE (1769–1830): "PRINCESS LIEVEN," c. 1820

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH (1727–1788): "MR. AND MRS. ROBERT ANDREWS," c. 1748

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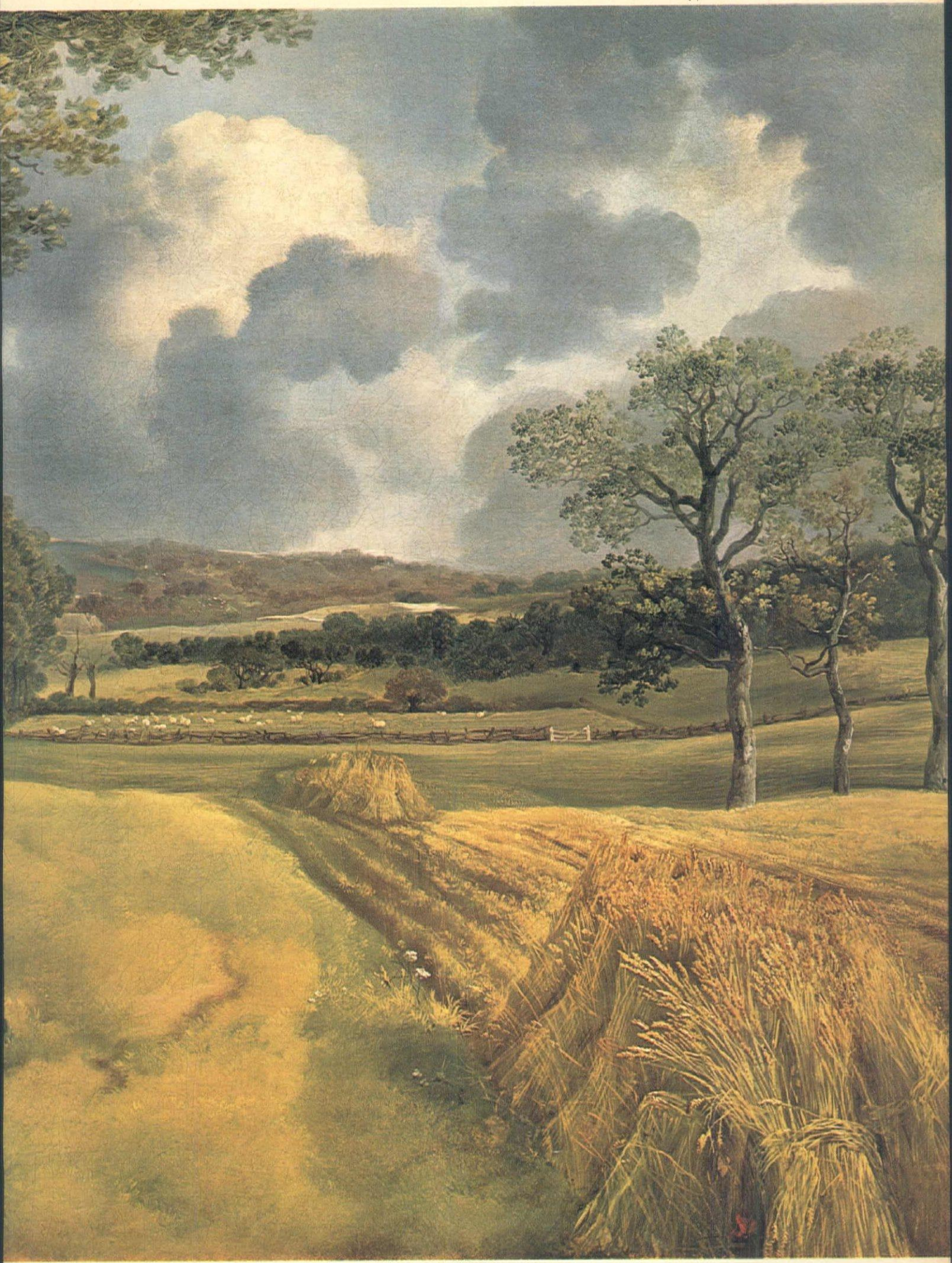


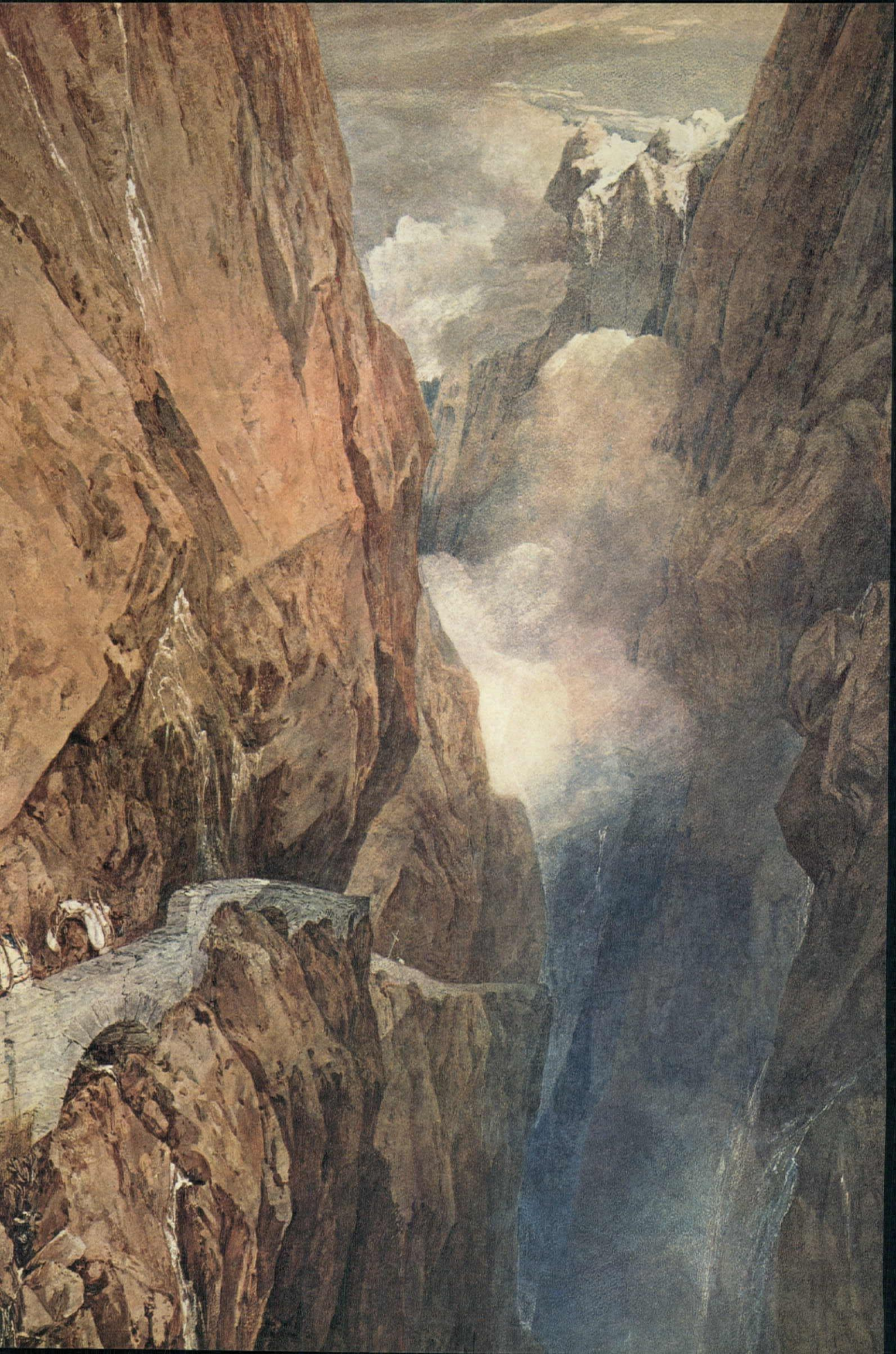
GEORGE STUBBS (1724–1806): "HAMBLETONIAN; RUBBING DOWN," 1800

Courtesy Lady Mairy Bury

Royal Academy of Arts

JOHN CONSTABLE (1776–1837):

"THE LEAPING HORSE," 1825



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taste of the day. It was all very well for Lady Eastlake y that "the British public has scarcely advanced be- the lowest step of the aesthetic ladder, the estimate of bject"; that estimate was, often enough, as far as she lf was willing to go. Eastlake had taught himself Latin Greek, the better to find subjects for history-painting, he was one of the finest men who ever sat in the Presi- ial chair. And yet if we compare him with Turner—his ing and wit and kindness and social resource against ner's complete unrespectability of speech, dress, bearing, ners, and outlook—there is no doubt as to where orig- genius lay. Lady Eastlake's visit to Turner is instruc- in this connection: even his housekeeper aroused her vor ("A hideous woman is such a mistake," she noted). rooms were even worse—"penury and meanness written very wall and every article of furniture." And Turner elf, with his reddened and blotchy features, his over- dress coat, his "not over-clean hands," his rollicking and his "continuous, though, except to himself, unintel- le jokes," was not easy swallowing for the President's But at least she made light of it in a story that is one ne classics of art appreciation: "Seeing a picture in his io in which all the elements were in uproar I incautious- id, '*The End of the World*, Mr. Turner?' To which he ed: 'No, Ma'am—*Hannibal Crossing the Alps.*'"

general the notion of the artist as wild man would have quite out of place in the R.A. in Eastlake's day. It has customary for a very long time to deplore indiscrimi- ly the general level of the pictures which resulted; and level is, of course, absurdly low if we consider that ss the Channel 1855 was the year of Courbet's "Pavillon Réalisme" at the World's Fair in Paris, 1862 the year of et's *La Musique aux Tuileries,* and 1866 the year of et's *Camille*. As G. M. Young once wrote: "The notion rt as an enclosed world, obedient to its own laws only, not come easily to a race which thought of the painter n upper-class decorator, a recorder of domestic incident, ing landscapes, and right sentiments." An institution h was by its very nature consolidatory could hardly be ed for reflecting those half-conscious but immensely rful drives toward security and reassurance that every- e characterized the mid-Victorian age.

e lessons we learn today from Victorian painting are arily of a documentary order; and the works in ques- should perhaps not be considered under the heading of ting at all, but rather as adjuncts and auxiliaries of the orian novel. Not surprisingly it is in the city art gal- s of Birmingham, Manchester, and Liverpool that the erworks of high Victorian anecdote abound, for in those t fortresses of industrial society new money was spent he fistful on work perfectly adapted to current demand. ters like William Powell Frith, G. E. Hicks, Frank e, and Abraham Solomon knew that what people wanted was to see the life of their own time portrayed with as much as possible of identifiable detail.

The new generation of merchant collectors did not need to go on the Grand Tour to pick up Italian pictures in Venice or Naples: they stayed at home and looked to the Academy for reassurance that their own country and their own day could produce all they needed. The painters of the fifties, sixties, and seventies were not afraid, any more than Dickens was afraid, of sentiments we might now consider uncomfortably obvious and broad. The broken engagement, the landlord's cruel letter, the bank failure, the sailor's return, the doctor's dread message—these were the subjects that an eager public would queue to see. By the end of the seventies, however, the level of pictorial quality was abysmally low. Perusal of Henry Blackburn's illustrated *Academy Notes* reveals a very high proportion of works too gruesome to be discussed even under the anesthetic of irony. "Refinement and earnestness of purpose" are qualities much acclaimed by Blackburn. "An eloquent sermon, ably expressed" is another favorite encomium; and when he looks for "the picture of the year" in 1876 he picks on Luke Fildes's *The Widower:* "The sombre interior of a laborer's cottage. Mother dead; father, who has just returned from work, clay-stained and weary, nurses a sick child."

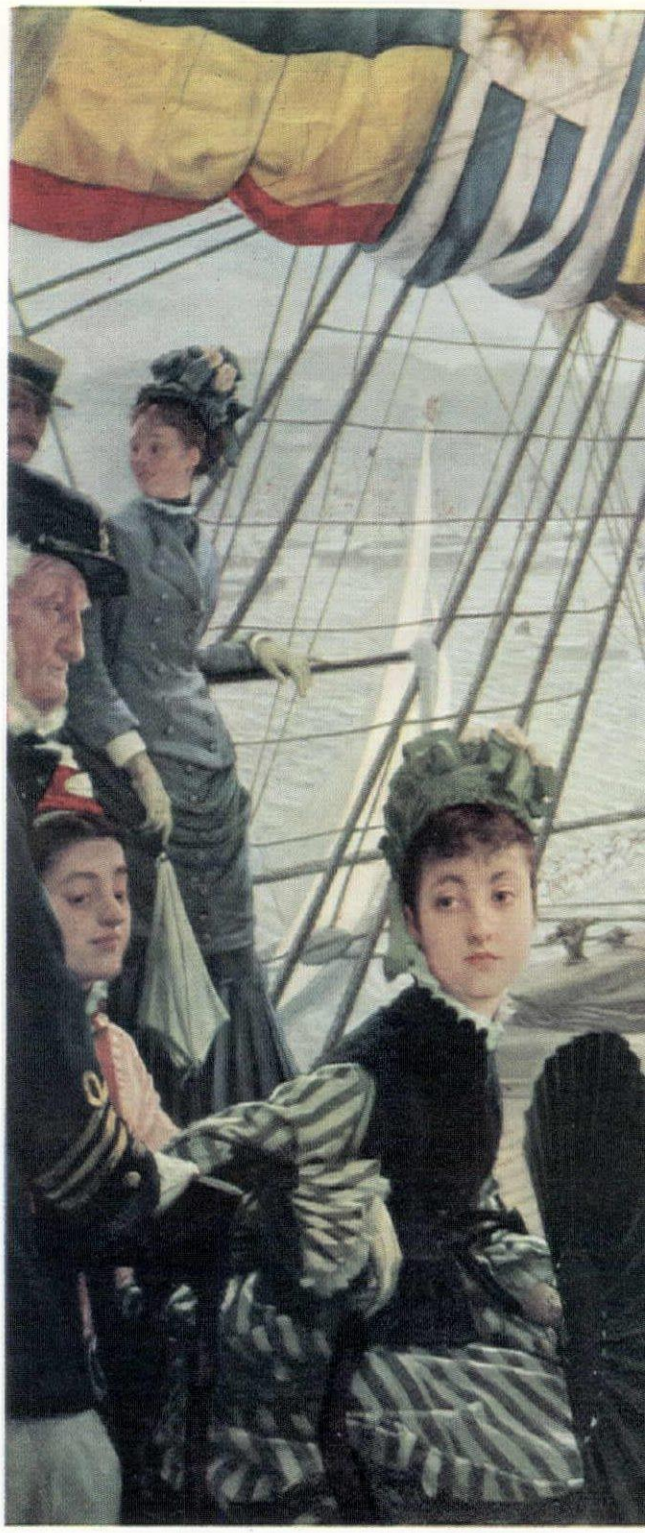
These were times of enormous prosperity for the admired artist. Whereas Turner, for instance, had asked forty to eighty guineas for his very best water colors, the engraving rights alone of Holman Hunt's *Christ in the Temple* fetched £5,500 in 1860; and Frith, for his *Railway Station,* got £5,250 in the same year. Painters like Millais and Landseer were as rich as many of their patrons, and when Millais was made a baronet in 1885 the social advancement of the profession seemed to have entered upon a new phase. It is from this period that we may date the large number of elaborate and often phantasmagorical artists' villas still standing in London's Holland Park, West Kensington, and St. John's Wood. Set as a rule in large gardens, where on occasion a zebra or brace of exotic wild fowl could be glimpsed, these often contained architectural elements derived from Nuremberg, Venice, India, and the Far East.

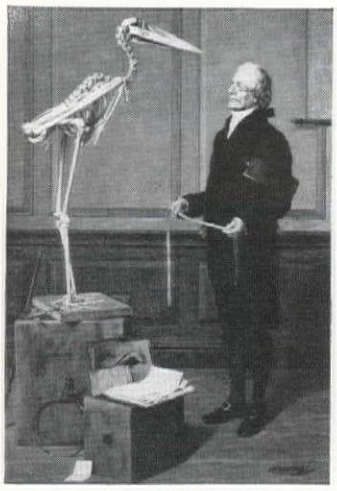
Minarets, a neoclassical pediment, and a miniature Bridge of Sighs would be found on one and the same building. Within, the incongruities could be more startling still. The studio was, naturally enough, the showpiece of the house: with its potted palms, fountains, fragments of stained glass, mosaics, draped throne, and portable organ it was, indeed, a place not soon forgotten. Elsewhere a vast bow window would suggest that the sea, or even Italy's Euganean Hills, might be revealed at daybreak; billiard room and conservatory would remind the Academician in his leisure moments of the ducal households where he was an honored guest in August and September; staircases would be wide enough, and high enough, for a carriage and pair; the wallpaper would look like embossed leather, the auk's egg would be

TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 78

RNER (1775-1851): "THE PASSAGE OF THE ST. GOTHARD, FROM THE CENTER OF DEVIL'S BRIDGE," 1804

THE ACADEMY BECOMES ACADEMIC





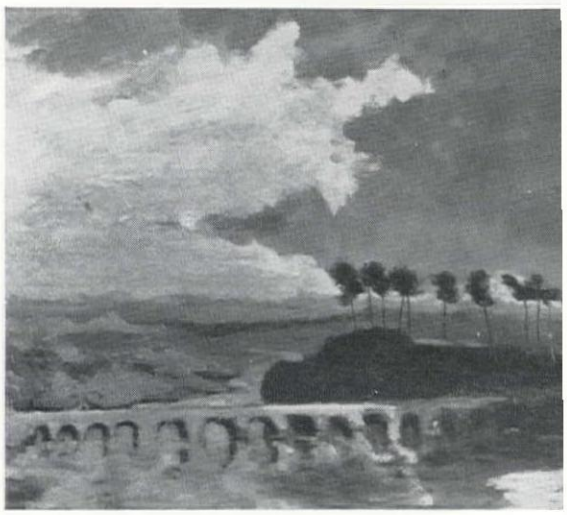
COURTESY ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS

BY PERMISSION OF THE TRUSTEES OF THE TATE GALLERY

During the last half of the nineteenth century, when the impressionists were revolutionizing art across the Channel, the Royal Academy gave its imprimatur only to the bland, the sentimental, and the safe. One of the most accomplished painters to exhibit there (though not a member) was James Tissot, who might almost have been a Renoir—except that in art, as in everything else, "almost" covers a wide gap. He was especially good with ships and beautiful women, as his Ball on Shipboard *(above) shows. It is thought to represent an actual occasion, perhaps a dance aboard the royal yacht at Cowes in 1873; the double-headed eagles among the flags overhead suggest that the event might have honored Czar Alexander II, although one also notes the Stars and Stripes. What Tissot did, the color camera does today; but his charming, inconsequential picture is infinitely more attractive to us than most of the Diploma Works that were deposited in the R.A. during this period—and long afterward—by newly elected Academicians. These usually fell into a few predictable categories: the coy nude, the high-class cultural nude, the anecdote, the portrait-conversation piece, and the Biblical theme. Examples of each are, opposite, the bronze* Elf *(top left) by Sir William Goscombe John;* Startled *(top right) by Sir Frank Dicksee, President of the R.A. 1924–28;* Science is Measurement *(bottom left) by Henry Stacy Marks;* An Interior in Venice *(middle) by John Singer Sargent, an American and a more stylish painter than the others shown here; and* Hagar and Ishmael *(at bottom right) by Sir Charles Lock Eastlake, President of the R.A. 1850–65.*

SUMMER MIXED BAG, 1961

Every year since 1769, without interruption, the Royal Academy has held a Summer Exhibition of contemporary art. It is open to non-members as well as members, and indeed the former provide the bulk of it: some twelve hundred works to the members' two hundred fifty or so. All are selected by a committee (from, these days, as many as twelve thousand entries) and are offered for sale without commission. A touch of postimpressionism here, expressionism there, and precarious ventures into Social Realism and oddity here and there, mingle with staple efforts to reproduce as closely as possible the human image. Here are some typical works from last year's Summer Exhibition. (The initials A.R.A. after an artist's name designate him as an Associate Royal Academician.)



THE BRIDGE
by Sir Winston Churchill, Honorary R.A.

DOCUMENTARY, NO. 1
by James Fitton, R.A.

PAINTER WITH CAT AND MODEL
by James Ward, A.R.A.

LEFEVRE

GLORIA AND SUNFLOWERS
by John Bratby, A.R.A.

GEOFFREY SHARP (*detail*)
by Ruskin Spear, R.A.

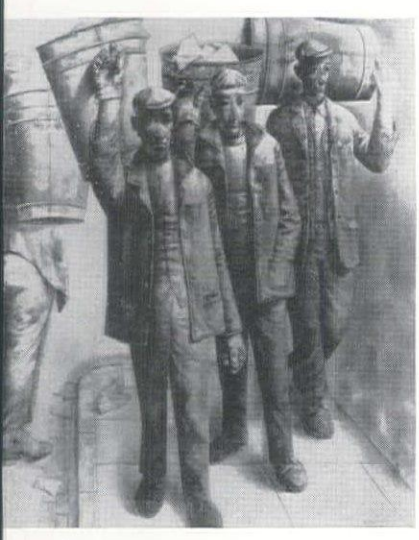
FIGURES IN A STREET
by L. S. Lowry, A.R.A.

NEIGHBORLY ENCOUNTER
by Uli Nimptsch, A.R.A.

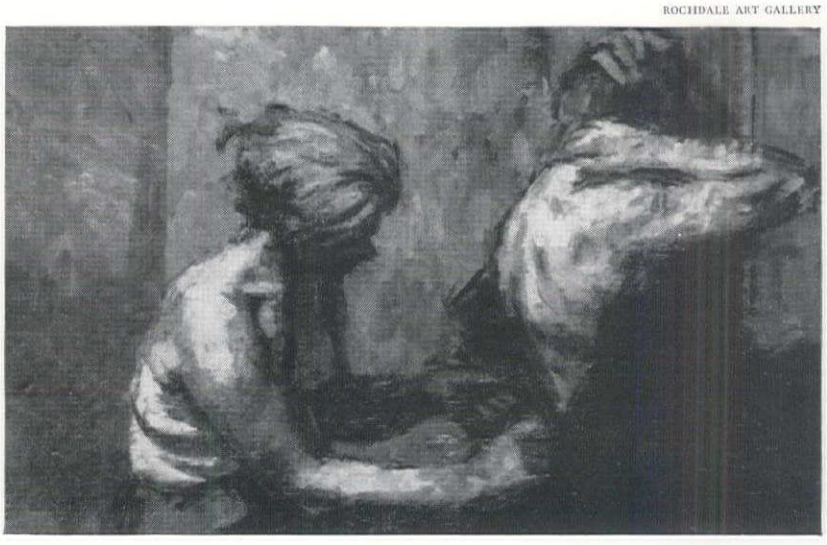
LT.-GEN. SIR BRIAN HORROCKS
by Peter Greenham, R.A.

THE ARTIST'S FAMILY
by the late Henry Lamb, R.A.

ROCHDALE ART GALLERY

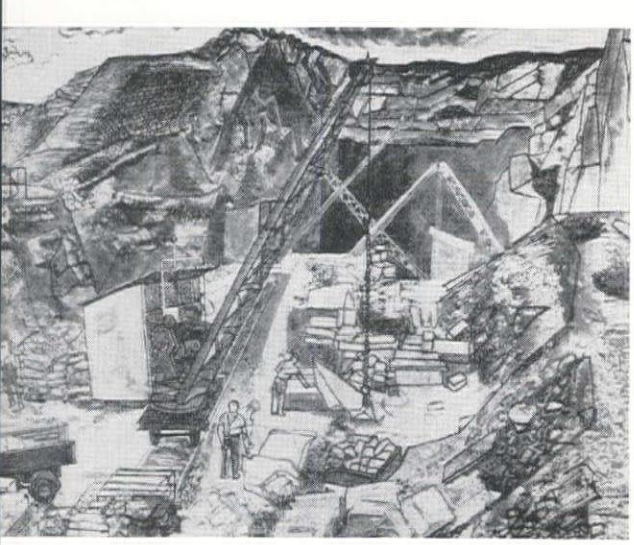


DUSTMEN (*pen and wash*)
by Reginald Brill

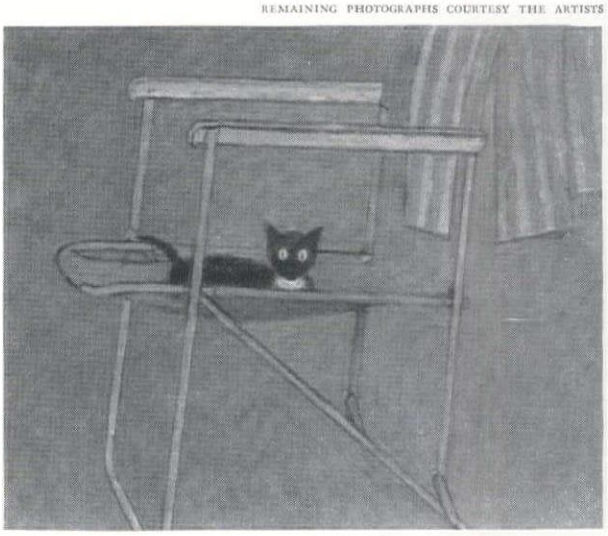


THE ZIP-FASTENER
by Bernard Dunston, A.R.A.

REMAINING PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY THE ARTISTS



THE DE LANK QUARRY, NO. 1
by Edward Bawden, R.A.



LITTLE-LITTLE
by Christopher Sanders, R.A.

TEXT CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73

laid on a plate by William de Morgan, and the great man's mahogany wardrobe would open on the statutory suit of velveteens. These people may now seem to us to have been playing at art, but it was a game that brought the winner great profits. Thus was a part of Reynolds's grand design fulfilled. Members of the Royal Academy took their place among the most respected of all citizens, and their way of life was as easy and grand as that of the Queen's Ministers.

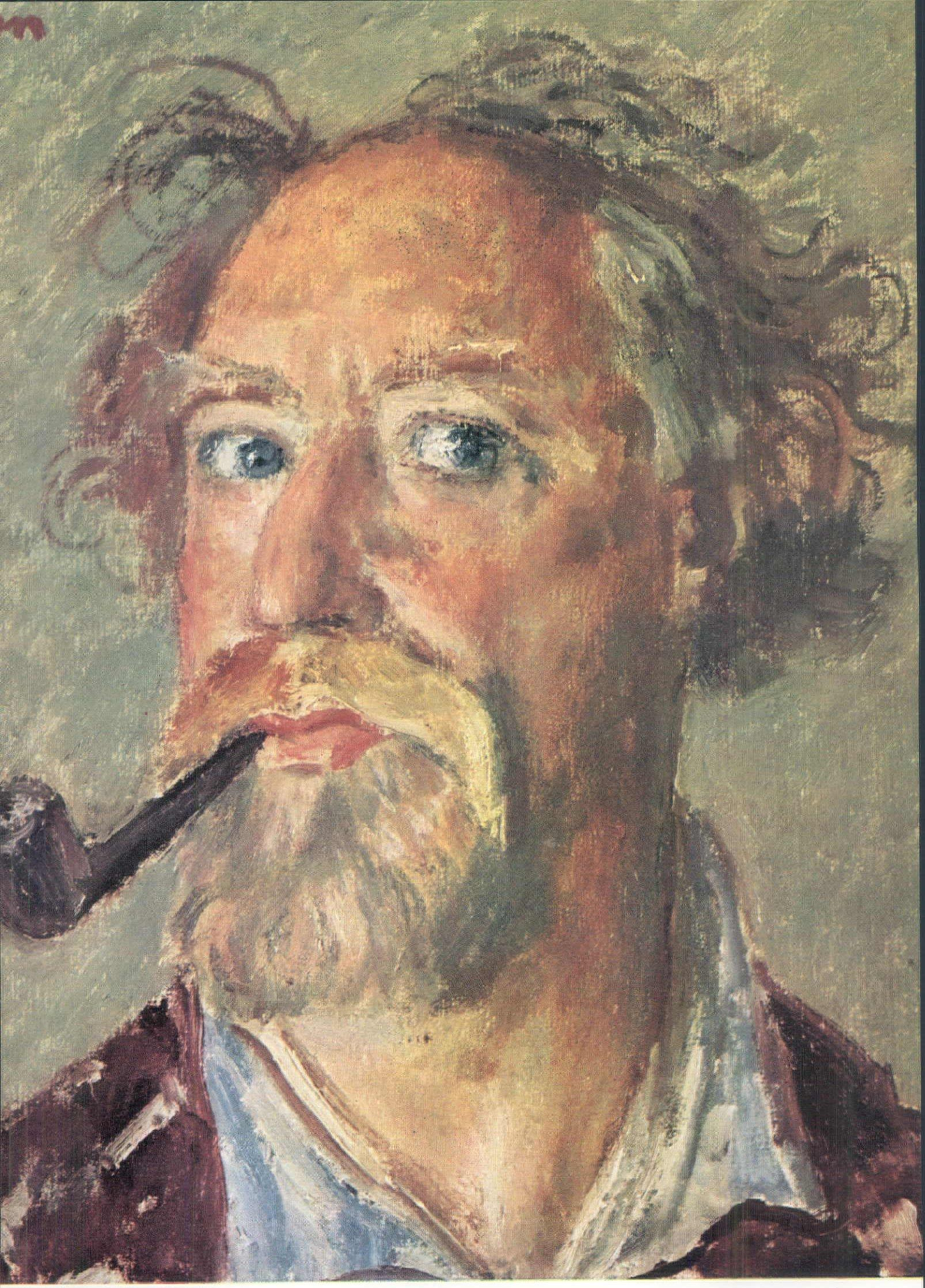
The Royal Academy had also been intended as a national repository for masterpieces of European art. But, apart from the Leonardo da Vinci cartoon of the Virgin and Saint Anne (which is now to be sold), and the unfinished Michelangelo relief of the Virgin and Child with Saint John, the collection has remained in embryo; and with the foundation of the National Gallery in 1824 this part of its mandate lapsed. With time, indeed, the National Gallery grew large enough to find the R.A. altogether too much of a burden on its space; and in 1867, after more than twenty years' deliberation, the Academy was given a 999-year lease of Burlington House, the great mansion that is still its home.

The ensuing period was not one of the most glorious in the Academy's history. Frith's *The Private View, 1881* (see pages 62–63) proves the Summer Exhibition had lost none of its hold upon society, but the moment was approaching when George Moore could write, and not be contradicted, that "the existence of an immense fund of hatred and contempt for the Royal Academy is not denied." There had come about, in fact, a complete breakdown of the Academy's function as negotiator between new art and the public. In 1860 Whistler's *On the Piano* was not only accepted by the R.A., and hung on the line, but bought by a member of the hanging committee. But by the time Ruskin wrote his famous derisory notice of Whistler in 1877 ("I never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face"), the artist was showing at the new Grosvenor Gallery; and so rapid was the movement of taste that even Holman Hunt, the Academy's stern critic, had been left behind and could only say that Whistler's work showed "a defiant slovenliness which he could not have intended to be taken seriously." The Academy was still important to itself, but to the independent artist it was simply a place, among others, in which work could be shown. The historic monopoly was broken. Dealers' galleries on the one hand, and exhibiting societies on the other, were able to offer conditions which, though not as august as those of the Summer Exhibition, had at least as strong an appeal to that section of the public which led taste. The climate of art had changed, and it was possible for a small group of friends and allies to hold out undismayed against the R.A. and all it stood for.

And yet the next two Presidents, Lord Leighton (1878–1896) and Sir Edward J. Poynter (1896–1918), were just the sort of people Reynolds had in mind: linguists, men of the world, scholars, gentlemen. Neither was in the leas vincial. And yet the Academy, under these two men, r farther and farther from what was most alive in Britis and of the new names which arose in that art durin forty years in question, not one was nurtured by the And if we turn to the next painter-President, Sir Dicksee (1924–1928), we find that even that gentl judges, the *Dictionary of National Biography,* can h find a good word to say of the painter of *The Reden of Tannhäuser,* 1890, and *The Two Crowns,* 1900, t the latter was bought for the nation for £2,000. Nor be said that the Honorary Foreign Academicians, who mission was authorized in 1868, have added much t luster of the R.A. Toward the end of the list, howeve names of Jean-Louis Forain, Pierre Bonnard, and Du de Segonzac raise the question so often asked: Could n R.A., with such as these, regain its ancient ascendanc

The answer is "Yes, it could; but No, it won't." It doubtedly true that the classic anti-Academy outlook mere habit of minds long inured to the struggle. There practical reason why, over the next ten years, moder as many of us conceive it could not take over the Aca It is hardly more than a decade since Picasso and M were the object of invective at the Academy's Annual ner; great was the applause at these sallies, and lon laughter from the distinguished company. But opinion quickly nowadays. What prevents one from thinking th wheel may turn full circle is this: the whole structure life over the past fifty, sixty, or seventy years is based ephemeral alliances, small-scale undertakings, groupin consecrated by officialdom. Since D.-H. Kahnweiler fo his gallery in the Rue Vignon in 1908, we have expecte great new things to appear in rooms no bigger than a vincial hairdresser's; we distrust wealth, established tion, popular acclaim; and we know, from constan painful experience, that all associations, however br and uncompromising they may be at the start, tend to out in tameness and subsidence. Our great men are in uals, and insist on remaining so: Augustus John, fo turned his wryest and most mischievous eye upon the emy—though he himself was a member. Sickert was i out of it as the fancy took him. A later generation cann coaxed into it at all. We are used to the erratic, salt unpredictable evolution of modern art, and we no long lieve, as Reynolds did, that a career in art is somethin can grow as steadily as an oak. This means that the principle of Academic life is denied by nearly all the whom a revitalized Academy would wish to attract. state of affairs may not be everlasting, but at the mo there is no sign of its coming to an end.

John Russell, historian, essayist, and art critic of the don Sunday Times, *writes for publications on both sid the Atlantic. He appeared in* HORIZON *in November,*



e best known and least conformist Academician of our times was the late Augustus John, who painted this self-portrait in 1938

On Screen: JEAN SEBERG

At the age of twenty-three, Jean Seberg has been "discovered" in the heartland of America, precipitated into the starring roles of two monumental movie flops, dumped by her famous discoverer, and cast into cinematic outer darkness—only to be swept up as the darling of France's New Wave and to become an international star courted by one of France's intellectual heroes, a Parisian beauty costumed by Givenchy, and the cynosure of admiring critics. Seldom has an artificially created young celebrity been extinguished so utterly and rekindled so luminously. Never has an American actress been so nearly destroyed by Hollywood and so fondly embraced by Europe.

In *Breathless*, an extraordinary film—which the British cinema journal *Sight and Sound* called the New Wave's "intellectual manifesto" and which *The New Yorker* termed "a masterpiece"—Miss Seberg provides an ultimate portrayal of the Beat heroine, at once appealing and almost totally without feeling. There is something fascinating—and dismaying—about watching this green-eyed slip of an American girl on the make in Paris, trifling with the physical love and aborted affection of a killer (Jean-Paul Belmondo) quite as nonchalant as herself, then buying him a bottle of milk after she has betrayed him to the police.

In *La Récréation* (a first film by the French lawyer François Moreuil, her recently divorced husband) Miss Seberg plays a slight variation on the theme: this time she is a well-brought-up American schoolgirl in France who insinuates herself into the life and bed of a married sculptor. Although the film concludes by showing her upset by the experience, the intimation remains that it is but the first unsettling trip on a roller coaster that will never stop. In all these cinematic affairs Miss Seberg is an image of innocence that seems to captivate her Gallic audience. After noticing a recent article about herself in a French magazine, she suggested, "Apparently for the French, at least, I seem to express a basic melancholy, a sense of loss that says something about all young women today."

Miss Seberg's career began when her Marshalltown, Iowa, high-school speech teacher managed to have her audition for the title role in Otto Preminger's film version of Shaw's *Saint Joan*. The producer-director had conducted a noisy and massive quest for an "unknown," which came to a climax when several hundred teen-age actresses were brought together in Chicago.

"I think that I got the part largely because I was the only girl who didn't audition wearing a crucifix," said Miss Seberg. (She remembers Preminger's first scream cutting through her when she flagged after hours of rehearsal for the screen test; she also recalls screaming back, "I'll rehearse until you drop dead.")

This *Saint Joan*, resembling nothing so much as an animated comic strip, went down to inglorious defeat. Preminger next bravely put his young actress into *Bonjour Tristesse*, which succumbed more quietly. At that point he sold his seven-year contract and chattel to Columbia Pictures. Deciding to make herself into an actress, Miss Seberg worked hard at the craft. For a year she was a disciple of Etienne Decroux, France's master of mime and the teacher of Jean-Louis Barrault. Hollywood's Peyton Price instructed her for some months, and she passed further months with a New York speech coach, Alice Hermes, in an effort to lose her Iowan accent.

From the start Miss Seberg's love affair with France was a mutual one. When *Saint Joan* was released there, *Cahiers du Cinéma* acclaimed her simply by a cover portrait and the appellation *La Seberg*. Anointed by the fountainhead of the New Wave, she has since risen to its crest. She speaks with affection of its movers: "They live only for films and spend most of their lives looking at them. They are enormously shy; they are not quite like other people." To a degree unusual for an American, Miss Seberg has plunged into France's intellectual center. One evening she is party to a literary scuffle between two distinguished authors; another, she attends the preview of Alain Resnais's newest prize-winning film, *L'Année Dernière à Marienbad*, in the company of André Malraux ("who called it 'nonsense' ").

Not long ago Miss Seberg sat in conversation near St. Sulpice, casual in a skirt and bulky sweater, her dark blonde hair worn long and loose. What did she see her career leading to? "I don't know," she replied. "I guess that all I want to do now is create a different kind of young woman on the screen. And I want to secure my position here by working in the theatre." She glanced across the square and gestured vaguely, a tentative smile spreading over her lovely, makeupless face. "It would have been disastrous for me if *Saint Joan* had been a brilliant success. I used to be so ambitious for Hollywood, but I guess I'm growing up."

ROBERT EMMETT GINNA

ARNOLD NEWMAN

On Stage: DAVID AMRAM

David Amram at a mere thirty-one is one of the youngest, most prolific, and least stereotyped of American composers. In appearance he has little of the maestro; like much of his music he is casual, easygoing, genially unkempt, and no respecter of categories. His work has been both "commercial," mainly for the stage, and "serious." He has already produced the background music for thirty-five stage plays—"or is it thirty-six?" he wonders, between chomps on his chewing gum—for the motion pictures *Splendor in the Grass* and *The Young Savages,* and for numerous television shows. His more conventional catalogue includes a concerto for chamber orchestra on themes from Shakespearean plays, a Sabbath service for choir and organ, and ten chamber works for various combinations of instruments. The ink has barely dried on an Amram string quartet, and he is at work on an opera based on *Twelfth Night.*

One of Amram's least favorite questions is: "What kind of composer are you?" If he had to settle for a description of his style, he would probably call it "Hebraic-Elizabethan-American." In listening to his concert music—the Shakespearean concerto, for example—one may on occasion recognize an old friend or two: a turn of phrase from Copland, a tune or texture reminiscent of modern jazz. "Yes, I'm sure you can," is his reply. "But I think the reason is that in coming along so fast, and in being so anxious to produce, I just didn't allow myself time to digest everything I picked up. I'm composing a lot less these days, working a lot more slowly. Five years ago I couldn't have afforded to. Time for caution is a luxury."

Amram happened into composing largely by accident. In 1952 he was living in Washington, D.C., taking night classes in history, and supporting himself by playing jazz and classical French horn. One day his next-door neighbor, Owen Dodson, head of the drama department at Howard University, dropped by to say that he liked the sounds of the young man's practicing and would he consider making some backstage noises for the University's production of Maeterlinck's *Pelléas et Mélisande.* Amram went to work, and twenty-four hours later he found that he had turned out a full score for horn, drums, and chorus. The bug had bitten him, and it bit hard.

One thing led to another. In 1956 Joseph Papp was looking for some music for the free Shakespeare performances he was then producing on New York's lower East Side. Papp met Amram through a friend, and before long Amram was composing incidental music scores for the enterprising off-Broadway Phoenix Theatre, for the Broadway production of *J.B.*, and for another Papp enterprise, the free Shakespeare series given each summer in Central Park. By 1960 Amram was ready to strike out for himself in the realm of the concert hall. His Shakespearean concerto is largely a self-critical tightening of the Central Park music into a compact work that can stand on its own, but it draws also on Amram's own experience as a French horn player, both in classical music and in jazz.

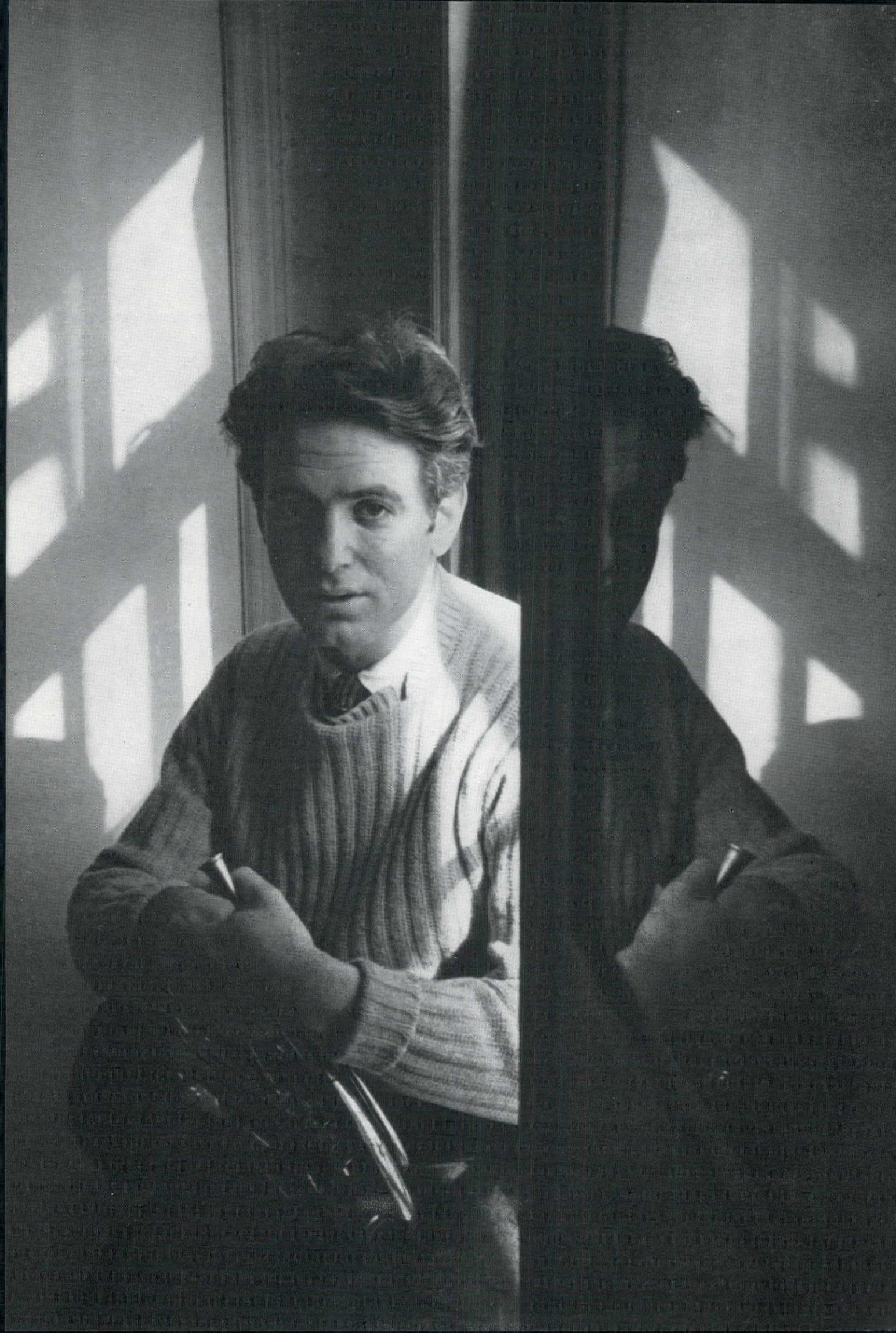
Today's ideal among proper young composers would be very different from Amram. Perhaps the model that most of them would hold in common is the late Anton Webern, whose work was characterized by brevity and inscrutability, where Amram's has been marked by accessibility and quantity. But he is the first to admit that, in producing so much, he may have erred on the side of facility. "Part of my reason for composing has been to set certain things right in my own mind. I've done a lot of it for the same reason that I've listened to a lot of music by others: to find out what the really big problems are, and how they can be solved. The biggest problem any composer faces is that of form. Not the kind of structural form you learn in seminars; I mean form in the large sense, the emotional curve, the way you keep the music from running away from you."

Amram is fully prepared to justify his avoidance of the usual labels. "A lot of my music fits the standard description of the 'American' style," he says. "It's busy, contrapuntal, a little jazzy. But then there is my Elizabethan style —the Shakespeare music—which is not deliberately archaic but is certainly conditioned by the spirit of the play. These two sides of my writing come together in the concerto. Then there's my third style, the Hebraic, which came out when I wrote the Sabbath service for the Park Avenue Synagogue a year ago. I hadn't thought much about that side of me; my father used to conduct services for the family in the kitchen of our farmhouse in Pennsylvania, but that was all the background I ever got. When I came to write the music, however, I found that a new part of my subconscious was being stirred up. I guess you could say that, actually, about most of my music; whatever its weakness may have been in the past, at least it has always been myself."

He has now had two full-length concerts of his own music in Town Hall, and the critics have been reasonably kind—kind enough, at any rate, to encourage him to go on. His career will complete a kind of circle when the operatic *Twelfth Night* is mounted as a part of the Papp season in Central Park in the summer of 1963. Whether Amram will be branded for life because of his musical beginnings backstage and on the movie screen seems to concern him little. "I can't understand this competitive spirit among composers these days," he says. "I didn't feel the need to run down someone else's music when I was still struggling for recognition; now that I've arrived, I feel it even less. I hate this show-biz attitude that gets into all the arts, where you think there's room at the top for only one man at a time."

ALAN RICH

Photograph b



THE ROME OF ASIA

Unkempt, muddled, ardent, magnificent, Delhi is fast becomin

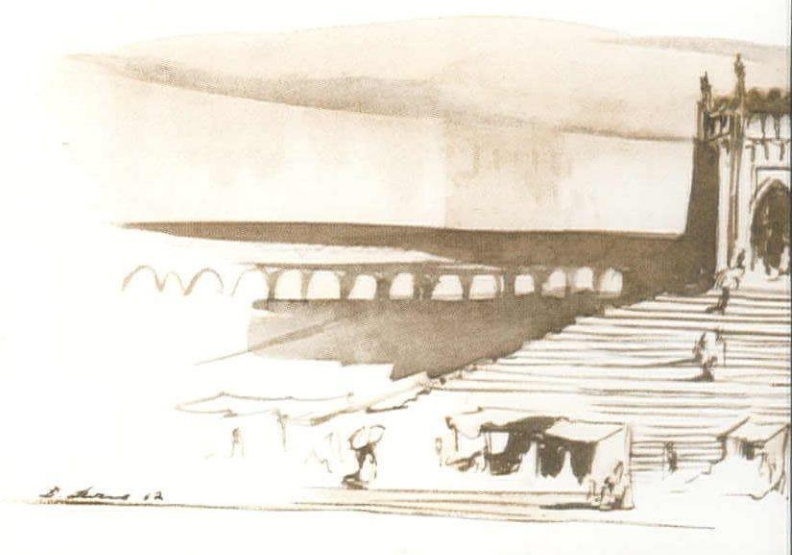
Some cities give an instant impression of provinciality, however urbane they are, however cultivated: such are Stockholm, San Francisco, Brussels, Karachi, Bogotá. Some, though, strike you the moment you arrive with the pulse, the posture, the very rumble of history: and such a one is Delhi. Before your aircraft even lands, indeed, you know you are moving into the big time, for few capitals await you with an air of such solemn distinction—sprawling vast, brown, and mottled among its desiccated plains, the sand lapping at its suburbs and curling around its ruined redoubts. Such a setting is this, so infinitely far from the sea, so invested by all the immensities of India and Asia, so lost in everything big, and crowded, and old, and gnarled with legend, and scarred with tragedy, and hazed with uncertainty, and tinged with nostalgia—such a setting is this, where everything is larger and more intense than life, that when you land in Delhi you feel you are setting foot in some ultimate headquarters, far behind the lines, where the marshals meet to deploy their armies. Only Moscow offers quite the same sensation of inner power and destiny; and it is no coincidence that only Russia and India, among the big nations of the earth, are known to their peoples as Mother.

Delhi has been a metropolis for longer than history remembers, and eminence comes easily to her. Here, before the Moslem conquerors stormed across India, the blurred monarchs of Hindu tradition built the city of Indraprastha. Here the Slave Kings erected the stupendous tower of victory called the Qutb Minar, still standing eerily talismanic in the southern outskirts. The successive capitals of Siri, Tughlakabad, Jahanpahan, and Firozabad, the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth cities of Delhi, were all built on this tremendous site; the Tughlak dynasty flourished and waned here, and the Sayyid, and the Lodi; and when the irresistible Moguls established their empire in Hindustan, it was in Delhi that Shah Jahan built the Red Fort, home of the Peacock Throne, one of the great fortresses of the earth, and one of the most perpetually haunting.

The centuries have never left Delhi alone. Nadir Shah the Persian captured her in 1739, Ahmad Shah Durrani the Afghan in 1757, Mahdo Rao Scindia the Mahratta in 1771, General Lake of His Majesty's Army in 1803, the blood-crazed sepoys of the Indian Mutiny in 1857; and when in the 1900's the regnant British cast around for a new Imperial capital, it to the sweeping plains of Delhi that they sent Lutyens Baker, commissioned to erect the greatest of all monument that diligent, blazing but ephemeral raj. Seventy kings, queens, and a president have all ruled in Delhi. Empires after the other have tumbled through her chronicles. Cult have fused here, styles have succeeded one another, the p of one era has given way to the pretensions of the next Murray's *Handbook* put it a century ago, "this is the R of Asia."

Every stone of Delhi is thus soaked in the essence of hist but it is not really the past that fosters her sense of towe significance. Delhi is awe-inspiring today because she is scene of a supreme experiment. Like almost every country earth, the Republic of India has recognized that the wa national self-esteem, if not actually to survival, is industria tion. Like England two centuries ago, like the United State the nineteenth century, like Soviet Russia since the revolut like China today, like Egypt with one thing in mind, and S with another—like all the rest of the world, India has launc her industrial revolution, destined to transform her from agricultural, subsistence economy into the kind of society lives by buying and selling, by making things and put things together. In the past such fundamental social con sions have seldom been achieved except by coercion, over implicit. In Huddersfield and Halifax the hardheaded Eng achieved it by the brutal exploitation of ignorant peasan cruelly long hours in the mills, child labor underground, meth so ruthless that you may still recognize their legacies in bandy legs and wizened frames of elderly North Countryr The Americans achieved it, scarcely less insensitively, by nessing those millions of poor immigrants who would end almost any hardship, lift almost any weight, work almost hours, for a chance of eventual dignity and security. The R sians have achieved it by brute force—sometimes, indeed, nothing less than mass murder; the Chinese by discipline despotism, at the cost of individual self-respect.

But Delhi is trying to do it without compulsion, threat exploitation. She is mounting an industrial revolution wi a free society, on a scale staggering to conceive, among a c



ity of peoples traditionally and endemically centrifugal, utatious, caste-ridden, proud, and superstitious. Such a entous adventure has never been risked before. It is this makes Delhi a city of such daunting import, and fosters paradoxical affinities to Moscow, on the other side of the n divide. She is not just the capital of the greatest of all ocracies, 440 million strong and not a gauleiter among n. She is also a champion and a pioneer. In Moscow they proving, year by year, that a people can be whipped into tness. In Delhi they are trying to show that greatness can oted into office, if applied for in triplicate, through the er channels.

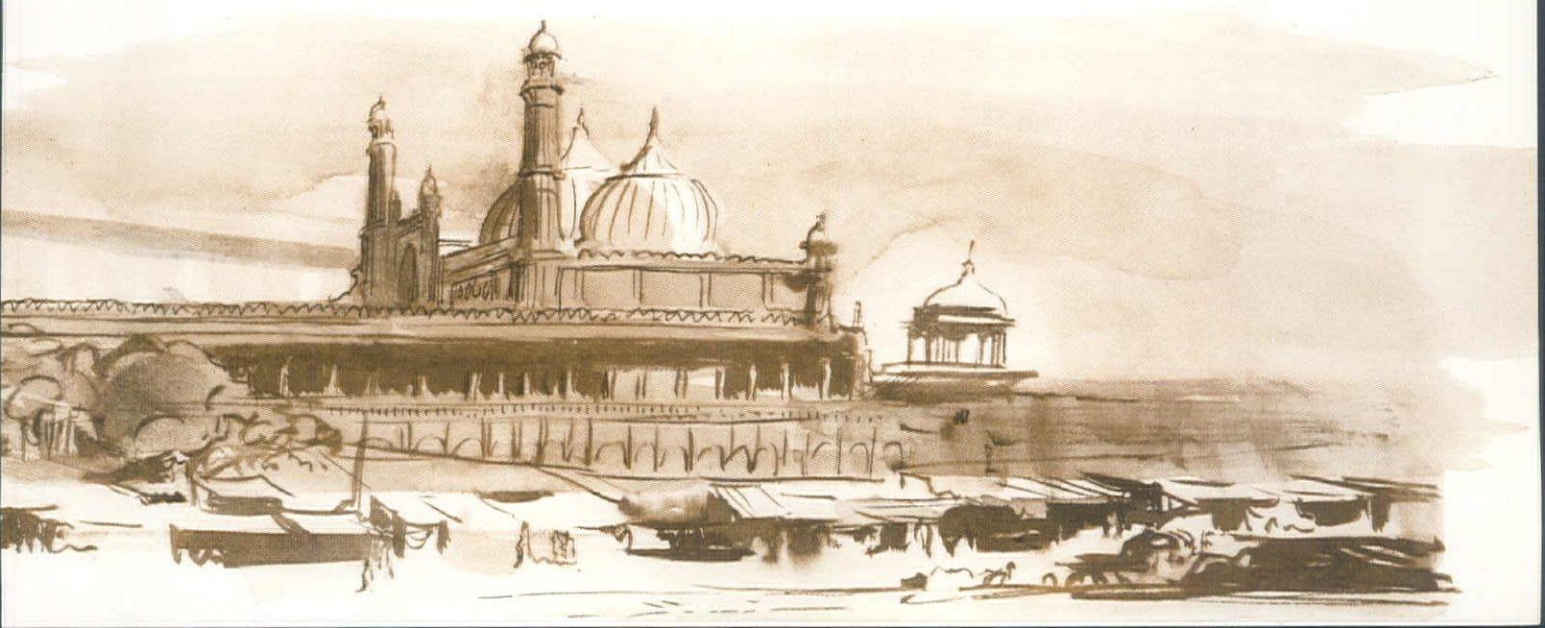
he first impact of democracy, in such a climate, at such a ent of history, is exceedingly slovenly. Delhi is two cities, old walled part, the monumental new; and the shabby con- n of the older districts is anything but lovely. Up the road awalpindi the Pakistanis, standing at a similar historical ing-post, have used the instruments of benevolent autocra- o fashion a capital very spanking, trim, and orderly. Here, re Government is only by will of the people, things look h messier. The boulevards of Old Delhi are cracked, crum- , and rubbish-strewn. The thirteen-gated city walls look inous and neglected. The tired tongas have lost their var- , their bright paint, and their nodding horse-plumes. The mbled bazaars have little sense of craftsmanship or dedica- and the street bands always wandering through the ndni Chauk, with their faded drooping epaulets, their by white breeches, and their tarnished tubas, look hide- y demoralized by the discordant monotony of their own The traffic of Delhi is dented and ill-organized, and the emen, in uniforms slightly frayed, boots slightly worn, and that often need a polish, are sometimes to be seen, to the or of visiting Englishmen, smoking drooping cigarettes on t duty.

ven in New Delhi, the grandiose geometrical capital of the ublic, wherever the people are, there is muddle. It is rather hough a million gypsies have been let loose within the eus of Capitol Hill. The shops of Connaught Place, the e Vendôme of Delhi, have little elegance or panache; they mostly frumpish and down-at-heel, forlornly preserving some dying sense of horse-leather and English tweed, or frankly subsiding into lassitude—dusty books in heedless tumble, fabrics in bilious disharmony, comical signs in misspelt English, or scratched clockwork toys that nobody can find the key to. Into the crevices among the palaces of State, all the welter of India has penetrated, like brambles overgrowing a gazebo: wherever there is a space, there is a crooked, ill-printed notice, a tangle of barbed wire, a ramshackle hut, or a covey of old men cooking something on a fire. Behind each grand façade, there is a hint of disorder. It may be a ping-pong table in a lofty courtyard, or a dirty cup on a counter. It may be the rusty squeak of an ornamental gate, or the incipient beard of an official, or the dead-beat, dog-eared procrastination of Indian bureaucracy. It may be the general emanation of imprecision and unpunctuality. It may be the atrophy of inefficiency. Whatever it is, it feels raggety and flaccid. Any dictator would dislike Delhi. Any posturing ten-cent despot would feel impelled to take her in hand, clean up her litter, put her clocks right, and dust down her venerable pants.

But people of a deeper vision will see more than just the muddle, as a perceptive schoolmaster can detect, beneath the incurable untidiness of a gifted boy, other and more essential talents. The infatuated visitor, indeed, may see the moral of Delhi in her very dishevelment: for without tolerance, without a blind eye, without profusion and variety, this would be quite a different kind of city, occupying an altogether different niche in history. Delhi is a cemetery of petty tyrants, and stands above the primping and window displays of autocracy. Everywhere in this city you feel the easy benediction of *noblesse oblige*—just as you do, come to think of it, in the best Romany encampments. It is true that often, out of the halls of Indian Government, you may hear a waspish buzz or the rattling of vulgar sabers—when the armies of nonviolence march upon a Goa, for example, or the spokesmen of Gandhian love hiss an imprecation toward some distant antagonist. But the spirit of the city itself is seldom resentful. Delhi does not harbor recriminations, and takes the transient world as it comes. She is, for all her unkempt illiterate veneer, a cultivated city, a sophisticated city in the oldest sense. She is full of cultured men, scholarly or avid to understand. She is rich with immemorial ex-

world's imperial capitals

By JAMES MORRIS



perience. She pushes nothing down your throat, and seldom says "I told you so." She accepts each facet of her history, heroic or humiliating, and blends it carefully and sadly into the fabric of her presence. Her environs are littered with the relics of a dozen kingdoms, crumbled mosques or broken pavilions, stumps of columns and dust heaps of forts. Her slums are pierced by the noble mosques of the Moslems, calm and commanding still in this Hindu capital. The queer Iron Pillar of the Guptas still stands venerated in its enclosure, as it has for nearly a millennium. Inside the Kashmir Gate the white church of St. James is as gleaming today as it was when Colonel James Skinner, drawing £10,000 from his bank account, erected it in thanksgiving for his own survival in battle.

Most of all will you feel this bigness, this sense of generosity, inside the Red Fort, sprawling in red sandstone above the city walls. This has been many things in its time, from imperial court to British army barracks, but today it stands to the Republic of India precisely as the Kremlin stands to the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. It is more than just a tourist sight. It has a savor almost religious, so arklike is its embodiment of all the convictions of national independence. Physically it has not changed much since the days of the raj. The little shops of the covered bazaar, the entrance to the fort, are still dim-lit, spiced, and huggermugger. The sentries still stand with fixed bayonets at the gate. The Diwan-i-Khas (the Hall of Private Audience) still faintly reflects the opulence of the Peacock Throne, embellished once with a myriad of sapphires, pearls, and rubies, guarded by two dazzlingly jeweled peacocks and a parrot carved from a single emerald. Beneath the walls the lumbering Himalayan bears still enact their clumsy boxing matches, staggering and cuffing one another in the dust, while their masters beat time on muffled drums or scurry to catch the tourists' tossed rupees. The guides still quote, with a lyrical quiver, the famous Persian distich carved above an archway—"If Paradise there be on earth, this is it, this is it, this is it!" Physically nothing much has altered: but in the feeling of the crowds that wander through this old fortress you will sense something altogether new, something unique to the world in our time, and inspiriting to contemplate.

What incomparable crowds they are! What variety of face, costume, gesture, language, tone of voice! What prolifer of styles and costumes, dazzling yellow toga beside pin- reach-me-down, slinky sari after bouffant skirt! Here is a from the northern frontiers, squat and Mongoloid, swarthy slant-eyed, wearing an amulet around his neck and smelli sweat and musk. Here, in the shadow of the Lion Tower Moslem women stand breathing heavily, shrouded from to foot in suffocating cloth and peering out at the through a tight-meshed grille about the eyes. Here are skinned people from the south, from Madras and the mandel Coast, and here are gigantic Sikhs, whiskered and banned, and here are stunted shriveled folk from the c flatlands. Here are pilgrims from Assam and Kerala, M and West Bengal, from the buffer States of Nepal and Bh from the distant island dependencies of Minicoy or Nic A group of young soldiers clatters laughing by, their emblazoned with military symbolisms, their hobnail striking sparks on the steps of the Pearl Mosque. An I patrician of the old school consults his guidebook besid Royal Baths, wearing a jacket of impeccable cut and le gently on a shooting stick. Perhaps a Buddhist priest by, rake-thin in flowing saffron; or perhaps you hear b your back a barked succession of irritable commands; and the pathway a young man chivies, like a shepherd with his sheep, a flock of Rajasthani women, chattering sque among themselves, hastening with a jerky barefoot m aflutter with orange cotton and so hung about with brac bangles, necklaces, anklets, belts, charms, and ear pen that they overtake you like a jingling, tinkling orchestra ing away toward the Delhi Gate in a long exotic diminu

For this is an imperial city indeed, ruling a dizzy varie peoples and provinces—from Cutch to the Naga Hills, Ar Sea to China frontier. The sightseers at the Red Fort a sponding, like the Kremlin crowds, to all the pride of co ownership, to the slow swell of patriotism in a nation of a lion diverse loyalties. But the distinction of Delhi is this: these people are masters of their own contemplations. have not come to the Red Fort in tagged and regim groups, hectored by a State-trained educator. Nobody is

rainwash them, or send them away for reorientation, or tell them which mosaic to examine. To any autocracy, the grandest, there is a second-rate, next-best, parochial ng, whether you are sensing it among the squabbling mili- juntas of today or in the endless gossiping soirees of the oyan yesterday. This sensation will never nag you in i. She is the capital of one of the poorest, most backward, problem-ridden of all nations: but she is free, and she tyle.

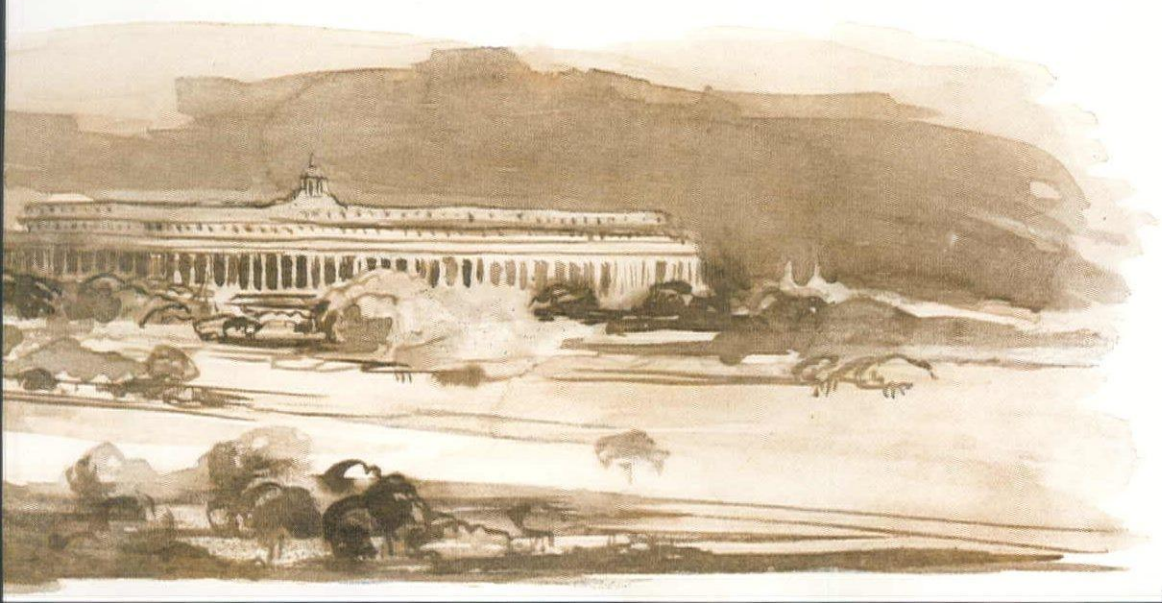
stly you must look at New Delhi, for there in the seat of rnment you will glimpse the grandeur of the Indian ex- nent—not its intimacy, nor even its pathos, but its sweep, risk, and possibility. The British built New Delhi, and it ins the greatest memorial to an Empire that was mostly physical—the only British relic, outside London, that has remor of power to it, like Baalbek in Lebanon, the pyra- of the Egyptians, the fearful jungle cities of the Aztecs the Incas, or the Roman aqueducts lording it across Pro- e. New Delhi has the strut of inherited confidence, just be- ng to sour, perhaps, into the flatulence of doubt. Here British dismissed, for once, their rooted instinct for the g way, the crooked way, and abandoned themselves al- sensually to symmetry, size, and splendor. There is un- ble glory to New Delhi: the very wealth, pride, and y that could build such a place has majesty. There is y to it, for of all the planned capitals, from Washington rasília, this is perhaps the most successful. There is nos- a: gone, gone are the plumed English satraps of this city, iceroy among his attendant Indian gentlemen, the Etonian ry colonels at the garden parties; today only King George left, all alone and slightly elongated, beneath the tall a of his memorial. And there is a tinge of gentle irony to place: "Liberty will not descend to a people," says an rism above one gate of Government, "a people must raise selves to liberty."

t today the British shades of New Delhi, quietly retreat- nto the past, are only incidental to the fascination of the Today, if you stand on Raisina Hill, you will feel only a e grandeur, for in fifteen short years of independence this ecome one of the pilot capitals of the world. Look to the west, and you will see the enclaves of the foreign ambassadors, brilliant evidence of this Republic's sudden importance—the American Embassy resplendent but serene, the British High Commission a huge compound of offices, villas, and apart- ment blocks. Look to the east, and there arise the big new offices of Government, four-square and functional, filling in the gaps of Lutyen's grand design—for already this vast State has outgrown the imperial capital, as it leaps from one phase of history into another. Look behind you, and there stand the splendid lancers of the Presidential guard, languid but com- manding, lofty but alert. Look in front, and there rolls away into the sandy distance the immense ceremonial mall, along which, on occasions of State festivity, the splendid troops of India march, horsemen gorgeously caparisoned, infantry lithe out of the northern hills.

And look to your left, and you will see the laboratory that is the real heart of Delhi—more vital than any desert reactor, nobler than any rocket workshop. There, in its pillared ro- tunda, half a mile round, sits the Parliament of India. It is the only properly democratic assembly between Athens and Tokyo, and one of the earth's political poles. It is a body often testy, often childish, sometimes arrogant, occasionally hypo- critical. Sometimes its disputations make the Jeffersonians squirm and the eager skeptics scoff. But it is the very point and purpose of Delhi, and makes her a far greater capital today than she has ever been before, in all her tumbled incarnations. If her immense experiment succeeds—social revolution within a free but half-stunted society—then the whole democratic world can breathe more proudly and more confidently. If it fails, the grimmer philosophy of communism, sweeping down from Russia and China like an energy of Tartars, will eventu- ally master all Asia, and possibly all the world.

No wonder Delhi leaves you solemn, respectful, and a little scared. She carries a millstone of history on her back, and she bears herself like a statesman of terrible responsibility or an Atlas groaning beneath the hemispheres.

Mr. Morris's travels as correspondent for British newspapers have taken him through Asia as well as the Middle East, Africa, and America. His latest book is The World of Venice.



DAVID LEVINE

LOUVRE—GIR

Erasmus was fifty-six, and his prestige was in decline, when his friend Hans Holbein the younger painted this portrait in 1

A MAN OUT OF SEASON

winds that buffeted Erasmus of Rotterdam blew from more than one direction. One form of intol-

ce he might have withstood, but two were too many. That was the tragedy of Europe's first liberal

esiderius Erasmus is more than any other man the symbol of humanism. This powerful movement, which had begun in the Renaissance, culminated asmus: his personality was formed by it, and for a life- ne expressed humanism for all men. He was born about in Holland, but his mind was cosmopolitan, and it nated intellectual Europe in his age as the mind of Vol- was to dominate a later age. One of his friends con- l: "I am pointed out in public as the man who has ed a letter from Erasmus."

e movement of humanism which Erasmus personified if one must find a single phrase for it) a liberal move- Its history and its defeat, therefore, have a special in- for our time. The life of Erasmus has a modern moral indeed, a very modern ring. He had the respect of htful men and, like his friend Sir Thomas More, for a he had the ear of princes. Then, in 1517, the Reforma- ivided Europe into two religious camps, and soon each utdid the other in dogmatic bitterness. Erasmus was ss between two forms of intolerance, and the last years life (he died at the age of seventy in 1536) are marked his own sense of failure.

omas More had lived the tragedy of an individual r. Erasmus lived the tragedy of a whole generation tellectuals—and of later generations too. His rise d that a movement of tolerance, such as humanism an inspire men only so long as it confronts a single in- nce. And his decline showed that tolerance as an ideal nger moves men when two opposing intolerances clamor eir loyalties. This has been the dilemma of the liberal in every age since Erasmus.

manism was a movement in which many strands were n together: the strand which leads directly to Erasmus he new interest in the classical writers of Greece and Rome. This interest, which was strong throughout the Renaissance, goes back in its beginnings at least to the fourteenth century in Italy. It was first clearly expressed at that time in the works of Petrarch, whose poems already showed the characteristic coupling of ideas in humanism: classical literature was thought of, not as an end in itself, but as the expression of a wider love for man and nature.

In one sense, humanism was a pagan movement. It was impatient of the narrow asceticism which the Church laid down; it was not willing to abhor nature as a beautiful snare, to think the flesh evil, and to find virtue only in a monastic renunciation of life. The doctrine of the medieval church was original sin—the belief that the soul and the body are sharply divided and that, because man cannot express his soul except through his body, he carries an unavoidable sin. The doctrine of humanism was original goodness—the Greek belief that the soul and the body are one, and that the actions of the body naturally and fittingly express the humanity of the soul.

Just as the Churchmen leaned on the Bible and the Church Fathers, so humanists turned for support to the pagan classics. The literature of Greece and Rome, therefore, came to be regarded as a golden ideal in all things. Aeneas Silvius Piccolomini, an early humanist who later became pope, wrote: "Literature is our guide to the true meaning of the past, to a right estimate of the present, to a sound forecast of the future. Where letters cease, darkness covers the land: and a Prince who cannot read the lessons of history is a hopeless prey of flattery and intrigue." In the same spirit Machiavelli found it natural to support his realistic advice on the conduct of politics by references to Livy's *History of Rome*. But the appeal to classical literature was, at its best, an appeal to its spirit. Humanism was not a literary but an intellectual movement, a shifting of values and an awaken-

BY J. BRONOWSKI AND BRUCE MAZLISH

By J. BRONOWSKI *and* BRUCE MAZLISH

ing to a new self-consciousness of the human spirit.

In the setting of those times it was, of course, impossible for humanists to think of themselves as anti-religious. Like all reformers, they felt their protest to be a protest only against abuses of religion. They criticized Churchmen and scholastic philosophers; but in this, they felt, they were not opposing Christianity, they were merely correcting the errors which the medieval church had put on it. When Lorenzo Valla, a papal secretary, wrote a book which he called *Pleasure as the True Good,* he insisted that its moral was to show that elegant living was an expression of Christian virtue.

The theme of Christian virtue ran through Renaissance humanism, all the way from Petrarch to Erasmus. The splendid flesh tones of Raphael and the lyrical treatment of naked muscle in Michelangelo were, to these humanists, elements in a devotional art. The greatest architectural monuments of the Renaissance are churches; its greatest books take moral virtue as their theme. The clearest note in Renaissance literature is a constant wish to show that virtue in the Greek sense and in the Christian sense are one.

There were, indeed, elements of Greek Stoicism in the model of Christian virtue which the medieval church had set up. But, at bottom, the link which the humanists tried to find between the medieval Christian vision and the vision of the Greeks was false. The Church idealized the ascetic and monastic virtues and allowed man the pleasures of the flesh only because man was by nature weak. By contrast, the pagan vision glorified the flesh, and for a time the humanists converted at least some leaders of the Church to accepting this vision. For a time, humanism persuaded the Church to take as its ideal the complete, the universal man.

In doing so, humanism had to attack the monastic virtues, and therefore had to represent these as false doctrines imposed on the true structure of Christianity. The work which made the reputation of Erasmus was a bitter satire on this theme, *The Praise of Folly,* in which he mocked both the monastic life (he had spent six unhappy years in a monastery) and the indulgences and abuses of the Church.

An attack on abuses is always an attractive refuge for those who do not want to be deeply involved in principle. By making fun of superstition, by showing the bigot at his most absurd, the critic can keep aloof from the deeper issues which drive men to commit themselves. But the critic deceives himself if he thinks that an attack on an established way of life can stop at what seem to be its accidental faults. What Erasmus said about the corruptions of the Church in fun, Luther soon said in earnest. And for Luther these corruptions became not accidents but essentials—evils that grew out of the structure of the Catholic Church itself. Humanism undermined the belief in medieval tradition and practices, and inevitably Luther turned its attack into a new theology.

Even the scholarship of the humanists had the effect of destroying respect for the medieval church. When Lorenzo Valla studied the *Donation of Constantine,* he proved it to be a papal forgery; other critics uncovered the spurious history of other Christian texts. Research in history and languages, which followed naturally from interest in literature, unexpectedly turned out to throw doubt on the authenticity of much that was revered in the Church. As a result, the authority of the Church came to be doubted in many fields, and Aristotle and the Christian Fathers were no longer accepted as infallible. Luther took advantage of these infectious doubts although, ironically, the new dogmas that he created soon sustained itself by means no less scrupulous than the old.

A Young Monk in Revolt

Erasmus was an illegitimate child, as Leonardo da Vinci had been; and like Leonardo, he seems to have felt the stigma. As a young monk, he believed that because of his birth he could hope for no great career in the Church. And when he was at the apex of his fame, in 1516, he wrote to the Pope in some embarrassment to ask him to lift the bar by which he, as an illegitimate child, could not legally hold church office.

Erasmus's childhood, however, was not unhappy or isolated. His parents lived together and had another son. Erasmus went to a school run by the lay society of the Brethren of the Common Life. Here the stress was on the spiritual teachings of Christ, the Bible, and the good life.

These years of simple piety ended when Erasmus was fourteen; his mother died of the plague and his father soon after. His guardian was anxious to be rid of responsibility for the two boys and had them prepared for the monastery. There was no escape; reluctantly, Erasmus became an Augustinian monk at the age of twenty-one. Even in the monastery the writers he cared for most were Aeneas Silvius Piccolomini and Lorenzo Valla. His first book, which he called *The Book Against the Barbarians,* was modeled on Valla, and argued that the new learning of the pagan humanists was not opposed to Christian virtue.

In 1492 Erasmus became a priest and was able to move from the monastery to the court of the Bishop of Cambrai, and at last, in 1495, he was able to go to the University of Paris, the most famous school in Europe. But here, where he had hoped for a new spirit, he found that the theology he shocked and disappointed him: the scholastic arguments were empty. As Erasmus wrote privately: "Those subtleties can make a man opinionated and contentious; can they make him wise? . . . By their stammering and by the strangeness of their impure style they disfigure theology, which has been enriched and adorned by the eloquence of the ancients. They involve everything while trying to solve everything."

The Schoolmen, who repeated the traditional philosophies either of Plato or of Aristotle, were bitter opponents of the new learning. Erasmus describes their bigotry in his *Lo*

> It may happen, it often does happen, that an abbot is a drunkard. He issues an order to the brotherhood in the name of holy obedience. And what will such an order be? An order to observe chastity? An order to be sober? An order to tell no

ne of these things. It will be that a brother is not to learn
; he is not to seek to instruct himself. He may be a sot.
ay go with prostitutes. He may be full of hatred and malice.
ay never look inside the Scriptures. No matter. He has not
n any oath. He is an excellent member of the community.
if he disobeys such a command as this from an insolent su-
, there is stake or dungeon for him instantly.

d Erasmus saw that the formalism which withered the
s of these men also withered their lives. If thinking was
ly an arrangement of traditional arguments, then living
merely an arrangement of traditional observances. In
he wrote *Handbook of a Christian Warrior,* in which he
asted this mechanical worship with true piety:

believest perchance all thy sins and offenses to be washed
at once with a little paper or parchment sealed with wax,
a little money or images of wax offered, with a little pil-
ge-going. Thou art utterly deceived . . . !

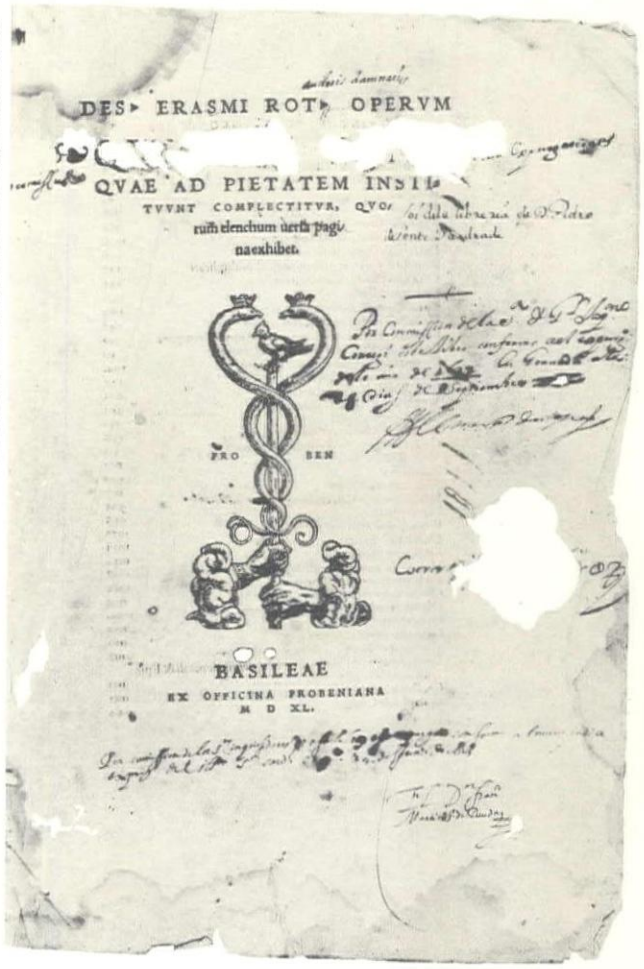
as the abuse of indulgences which tipped over Luther's
nce in 1517; and the sentences of Erasmus are, there-
the prophetic rumblings, sixteen years before the thun-
ap, of the storm which was drawing together over Rome.

nt Socrates, Pray for Me"

n the *Handbook of a Christian Warrior* was written,
mus had already made, in 1499, a visit to England
h deeply changed his life. There he had met Thomas
e and other English humanists, among them Grocyn,
cre, and Colet. They were devout and even ascetic men,
heir virtues seemed to grow naturally out of their per-
lities, and their lives and their minds were of a piece.
ng these English idealists, Erasmus felt, Christianity
truly an expression of the spirit, and of the classical
t. Argument and worship were not brittle forms here;
search for truth was generous and faith was not, as he
felt it to be in Paris, a dead superstition.

asmus had always longed for the liberal and humane
n of the classics and had always believed that it ex-
sed the best in Christianity. Now, having seen that best
tion, he felt that Christianity could be an expression of
d and tolerant virtues, of the whole man. In the houses
r Thomas More and his friends, Erasmus could feel that
onging was realistic and that he in his own person could
g this vision to Europe. This, he saw, should be his life's
: the reconciliation of the classics with Christianity.
a later age the noble savage became the model for a
ral morality; to Erasmus the simplicity of the classics
e with the same inspiration. The classics were a natural
el; reading Cicero and other moralists, he was carried
: "A heathen wrote this to a heathen, and yet his moral
ciples have justice, sanctity, truth, fidelity to nature,
ing false or careless in them. . . . When I read certain
ages of these great men I can hardly refrain from say-
Saint Socrates, pray for me."

ll this Erasmus believed, but believed in part on hearsay,
his English friends. For in fact Erasmus, like others



N.Y. PUB. LIB. RARE BOOK DIVISION; WOODCUTS, PRINTS DIVISION

The ragged title page above is from a copy of Erasmus's Complete Works *(published at Basle in 1540), which found its way into Spain and, in 1635, fell into the hands of the Inquisition. The "Señores Inquisidores" not only mutilated the title but deleted offending passages elsewhere in the book by pasting paper over them or blacking them out. Their notations in ink, next to and below the printer's colophon, state that the work has been expurgated to conform to the Index of the Cardinal of Granada. The woodcut below and those that follow overleaf were drawn by Holbein for the 1515 edition of* The Praise of Folly, *in which Erasmus, speaking in the person of Folly herself, mocks the foibles of mankind.*

Folly, standing in a pulpit and wearing cap and bells, begins her discourse.

trained in the monastery, did not at this time read Greek. Yet his belief was so strong that he at once began to learn Greek when he went back to Paris, though he was already thirty-four, in need of money, and often ailing. He wrote: "I am determined, that it is better to learn late than to be without that knowledge which it is of the utmost importance to possess. . . . We see, what we have often read in the most weighty authors, that Latin erudition, however ample, is crippled and imperfect without Greek." And he mastered Greek in three years.

He now began to translate, to edit, and to popularize the works of antiquity. He had already published, in 1500, a collection of about eight hundred *Adages*, or tags, from the Latin classics, which, like the collection of wise saws which Benjamin Franklin made later, went through countless popular editions. He enlarged this to more than three thousand sayings, many now drawn from Greek authors. He translated Aristotle, Euripides, Plutarch, Lucian, and Seneca.

At the same time, it was part of Erasmus's sense of his own mission that he should also translate and edit Christian documents. His work here has been called "the foundation of modern critical study of the Bible and the Fathers." He published editions of a number of Church Fathers, among them Saint Jerome and Saint Augustine. His great edition of Saint Jerome was printed by the famous Swiss printer Froben in nine volumes in 1516.

Saint Jerome had translated the Greek Bible into Latin, and this translation was the accepted Vulgate. This was the center of Erasmus's interest in Saint Jerome, and in the same year, 1516, he printed his own translation of the Bible, in Greek and Latin together. On one page stood the Greek text as Erasmus had revised and edited it, and on the opposite page his translation into Latin, which differed markedly from the Vulgate of Saint Jerome. Erasmus felt that he was giving the Bible freshly to common men, as the Brethren of the Common Life had given it to him. He wrote in his preface: "I wish that all women might read the Gospel and the Epistles of Paul. I wish that they might be translated into all tongues of all people, so that not only the Scots and the Irish, but also the Turk and the Saracen might read and understand. I wish the countryman might sing them at his plow, the weaver chant them at his loom, the traveler beguile with them the weariness of his journey." In a few years Luther broke tradition still more abruptly by translating the Bible into the everyday language of his country, German.

The Praise of Folly

For some years from 1504 on, Erasmus had traveled through Europe and in particular had spent time in Italy. In those years some of the greatest Renaissance painters were pouring out their work: Raphael and Michelangelo in Rome, Giorgione and Titian in Venice, and many others. It is an odd quirk of character that the humanist Erasmus took no interest in their art. With so subtle a gift of thought, with so rich a gift of words, he plainly had no gift of visual imagination; like another great humanist and satir later age, George Bernard Shaw, he had no sensu preciation of the color, the texture, the shape of thi may also have been lacking in sensuality in his priv

When Henry VII died in 1509, Erasmus's English urged him to come there in the hope that he might f vancement under the new king, Henry VIII. He left once; and it was while he was crossing the Alps on to England that he conceived the idea of writing his satire on monkish life. He wrote the satire in a week house of Sir Thomas More, with whom he again sta England; and by way of acknowledgment he gave it which was meant as a pun on the name of More: *Encomium*, or in English, *The Praise of Folly*.

The Praise of Folly was published in 1511 and once read with delight everywhere. It was printed in languages and editions, and in 1515 Hans Holbe younger, who was then eighteen, added a set of m drawings to it. It inspired many other satiric books, them those of Rabelais.

The satire in *The Praise of Folly* seems oddly lack humor to us now. The attack on the formalism of C men and the greed and stupidity of monks is not noti gayer than it had been in Erasmus's serious books. F ample, Erasmus writes in *The Praise of Folly:*

> Perhaps it were better to pass over the theologians in silen not to move such a Lake Camarina, or to handle such a *Anagyris foetida*, as that marvelously supercilious and ir race. For they may attack me with six hundred argume squadrons, and drive me to make a recantation; which if I they will straightway proclaim me an heretic. . . . They a tected by a wall of scholastic definitions, arguments, coro implicit and explicit propositions. . . . The methods our s tics pursue only render more subtle these subtlest of subt for you will escape from a labyrinth more quickly than fr tangle of Realists, Nominalists, Thomists, Albertists. . . .

There is little to distinguish this from the earlier te Erasmus in his own person on the dreary disputation Schoolmen. Yet, to his own generation, Erasmus in *Praise of Folly* seemed somehow nimbler and more free; it was possible to side with him in laughter wi being committed to a more profound criticism. The foc a familiar device in the tales of the times; and by spe in the universal person of the fool, Erasmus made hi one with all his readers.

Erasmus was speaking the discontent of his age, i satire as much as in his serious translations. The monk the Schoolmen had ceased to be a vital intellectual force; no longer reached the minds of their hearers, nor did own minds give anything fresh to their doctrines. Thu Churchmen no longer commanded intellectual respect. since they claimed that their doctrine spoke to men's m there was no other form of respect that could be give them. They were, therefore, seen simply as figures of p offering empty words of superstition.

The age had had enough of clerical pomp and of obedience hout respect. In fun and in earnest Erasmus voiced the ontent of the powerful minds of the age; and princes popes heard him with pleasure and were his friends. The ple minds of the age felt the same discontent; but for m it was voiced more dramatically by Martin Luther.

ying to Tame Luther

rtin Luther nailed his Ninety-five Theses on indul-ces to the door of the church at Wittenberg on October 1517. With that gesture he turned discontent into action. Church could no longer smile at its own weaknesses, as popes who befriended Erasmus had done.

Luther had studied the works of Erasmus and had been ded by them—by the *Adages*, by *The Praise of Folly*, above all by Erasmus's edition of the Greek New Testa-nt, which Luther used as the basis of his own lectures. 1516 he had prompted a friend to write to Erasmus to icize his interpretation of Saint Paul's Epistle to the mans—characteristically a text on which the liberal and zealot would fall out. Luther sensed from the outset that smus was not, either in temperament or in opinion, radi-enough for him. Six months before he nailed up the ses, Luther already wrote about Erasmus that "human siderations prevail with him much more than divine."

Erasmus was a supporter of the Ninety-five Theses, in nciple; he sent copies of them to Thomas More and to et in England, with a letter of approval. But Erasmus not—and this again both by temperament and by nion—a man to push the criticism of the church so far both sides would find themselves committed to posi-s which allowed no movement. A year after the Theses, October, 1518, Erasmus wrote to a supporter of Luther, n Lang, approving them but pointing out that their re-was likely to be just this: that those who were allied to Church would be forced to take up an inflexible position. ee that the monarchy of the Pope at Rome, as it is now, pestilence to Christendom, but I do not know if it is edient to touch that sore openly. That would be a mat-for princes, but I fear that these will act in concert with Pope to secure part of the spoils."

Luther had now been commanded by the Church to recant, had refused. In general, the humanists supported him. smus's Swiss publisher, Froben, printed a book of Lu-'s pamphlets. Their violence alarmed Erasmus; he was more timid and more farsighted than others; above all saw that humanism itself, the revival of learning, the e of "good letters" which he had nursed so long, would hreatened. He wrote privately to Froben to advise him to publish Luther's writings, "that they may not fan the ed of the *bonae literae* still more."

Meanwhile, Luther in his first struggles needed what sup-he could get, and he particularly needed the open sup-of Erasmus. He therefore wrote to him in March, 1519:

The philosopher, with his "triangles, quadrangles, circles, and mathematical forms," is one of Folly's chief disciples. He knows nothing, yet professes to know everything.

Folly takes care of her own: thus the idiot who is "fat and blooming."

"How necessary it is," says Erasmus in the guise of Folly, "for everyone to be pleased with himself and to recommend himself with a little applause."

Greeting. Often as I converse with you and you with me, Erasmus, our glory and our hope, we do not yet know one another. Is that not extraordinary? . . . For who is there whose innermost parts Erasmus has not penetrated, whom Erasmus does not teach, in whom Erasmus does not reign? . . . Wherefore, dear Erasmus, learn, if it please you, to know this little brother in Christ also; he is assuredly your very zealous friend though he otherwise deserves, on account of his ignorance, only to be buried in a corner, unknown even to your sun and climate.

But Erasmus was not to be drawn. In his reply he carefully dissociated himself from Luther's writings:

Dearest brother in Christ, your epistle showing the keenness of your mind and breathing a Christian spirit, was most pleasant to me. I cannot tell you what a commotion your books are raising here [at Louvain]. These men cannot be by any means disabused of the suspicion that your works are written by my aid and that I am, as they call it, the standard-bearer of your party. . . . I have testified to them that you are entirely unknown to me, that I have not read your books and neither approve nor disapprove anything. . . . I try to keep neutral, so as to help the revival of learning as much as I can. And it seems to me that more is accomplished by civil modesty than by impetuosity.

What Erasmus wanted from both sides was moderation. He did not want Luther to be wronged: on the contrary, he tried to guard him from persecution, and he even wrote to the Archbishop of Mainz to plead for Luther's safety—and this though the indulgences which Luther had attacked in his Theses had been preached precisely for the coffers of this Hohenzollern archbishop.

At the same time Erasmus wanted Luther to be moderate. In encouraging John Lang, he wrote in a tone which is wishful to the point of being absurd: "All good men love the freedom of Luther who, I doubt not, will have sufficient prudence to take care not to allow the affair to arouse faction and discord." It was, in fact, absurd to believe that in such a quarrel either side could be reasonable. And Erasmus knew that Luther was a less moderate man, indeed less a humanist, than many Church dignitaries. What made Erasmus helpless was that he believed Luther's criticisms of the Church to be just, but that he also knew they would merely entrench in the Church the uncompromising men, the monkish bigots whom the humanists had worked so hard to displace. If Luther was defeated, then the reactionaries would also sweep away all that the humanists had gained. "I am deeply disturbed about the wretched Luther. If they pull this off, no one will be able to bear their intolerance. They will not be quiet until they have utterly ruined the study of languages and 'good letters.' "

In the summer of 1520 a papal bull declared Luther a heretic, giving him sixty days to recant or be excommunicated. Luther's answer was to burn the papal bull, and the canon law with it, in public. After this, in spite of further searches for a compromise, there was in effect no going back. Erasmus was already under attack from the University of Louvain, where he had lived since 1517, and where the Churchmen now accused him of double-dealing. The C was making it clear that those who were not openly Luther must be counted to be for him. Albrecht made a last appeal to Erasmus to take the side of L at a time when Luther was thought to be dead or in I "O Erasmus of Rotterdam, where will you be? Hea Knight of Christ, ride forth beside the Lord Christ, p the truth, obtain the martyr's crown. . . . I have hea say that you have allowed yourself two more years, in you are still fit to do some work; spend them well, in of the Gospel and the true Christian faith. . . . O Er be on this side, that God may be proud of you."

Luther had recently appeared before the Diet of W in April, 1521, but had refused to retract anything doctrine. Duke Frederick of Saxony, with prompt pe foresight, had had him seized on his return from Worn hidden from the coming storm. It was this defensive which had set off the rumor that Luther was dead. A deed, as the Duke had foreseen, the emperor almost a gave in to papal persuasion and signed the edict whic lawed Luther and commanded his books to be burned

Erasmus knew that he was not the man for such h and in his view the heroics had already done harm cause. With that unposturing simplicity which gives writings their modest personal air, he wrote sadly: "Al have not strength for martyrdom. I fear lest, if any t should arise, I should imitate Peter. I follow the just d of popes and emperors because it is right; I endure evil laws because it is safe."

Between Warring Camps

It was not only his temperament that made Erasmu treat from the side of Luther. He found Luther's op more and more distasteful. He did not care for Lu German nationalism, for his fanaticism, his intolerance above all for his belief in the essential helplessness o under the divine will. For Luther was now outspoken liefs which we should call Calvinist, and which left no for the humanist belief in the goodness of man. To mus, Luther's belief in predestination was no better the medieval belief in original sin.

Therefore when the church pressed Erasmus to spea against Luther, he chose an issue, free will, on which h indeed intellectually opposed to Luther and to the shadow of Calvinism. Luther replied by writing *The A age of the Will,* and left no doubt that there was no l common ground between them. He sent a copy of *Bondage of the Will* to Erasmus, with a letter which a stung Erasmus to speak his mind:

Your letter was delivered to me late and had it come on t would not have moved me. . . . The whole world knows nature, according to which you have guided your pen agai one more bitterly and, what is more detestable, more malic than against me. . . . The same admirable ferocity whic formerly used against Cochlaeus and against Fisher, who

l you to it by reviling, you now use against my book in of its courtesy. How do your scurrilous charges that I am an t, an Epicurean, and a skeptic help the argument? . . . It ly pains me, as it must all good men, that your arrogant, nt, rebellious nature has set the world in arms. . . . You the Evangelic cause so as to confound together all things l and profane as if it were your chief aim to prevent the st from ever becoming calm, while it is my greatest desire t should die down. . . . I should wish you a better disposi- vere you not so marvelously satisfied with the one you have. me any curse you will except your temper, unless the Lord e it for you.

as, Erasmus had not succeeded in mollifying the church r. He left the Catholic University of Louvain and went vitzerland. Catholic hotheads insisted that he was the who "laid the eggs which Luther and Zwingli hatched." ough Erasmus protested that "I laid a hen's egg; Luther ed a bird of a different breed," the eggs were all bro- ogether. *The Praise of Folly* was placed on the index rbidden books; his work on the New Testament was gated; and Erasmus himself was condemned by the cil of Trent as "an impious heretic." His cause had l; he was at home in neither of the two camps now at and he had lived beyond his time.

hat had failed when Erasmus failed was not a man but ntlook: the liberal view. He gave his life to the belief virtue can be based on humanity, and that tolerance be as positive an impulse as fanaticism. Above all he ved in the life of the mind. He believed that thoughtful would become good men, and that those who knew and the great writings of all ages must live more justly and happily in their own age.

hen Erasmus was appointed to the court of the young eror Charles V in 1516, he wrote for him *The Educa- of a Christian Prince*. The word "Christian" in the title s the contrast to *The Prince,* which Machiavelli had en three years before, and so do the opening words of mus's dedication, ". . . no form of wisdom is greater that which teaches a Prince how to rule *beneficently*." he sense in which Erasmus used the word "Christian," nging for universal good, could not survive the violence th sides in the coming struggle.

rt of that struggle was national: Luther was very Ger- and the Reformation of Henry VIII was very English. is also Erasmus was out of place; he had hoped to humanism a movement of universal peace from one of Europe to another. And in his great years he had led Europe as if this empire of the mind, this free tian community, had already been created. For a time ourts of Italy and England, the universities of France Spain, the houses of cardinals and reformers, were open m. But the time was short, and it has not returned.

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onowski, British scientist, and Bruce Mazlish, history ssor at M.I.T., collaborated on The Western Intellec- Tradition, *of which this study of Erasmus forms a part.*

Folly is well served by the gamblers: "At the sound of the dice, their hearts beat faster."

Great princes fear cleverness but love a fool: Holbein has Julius Caesar, wearing a crown, putting his trust in "the drunken Antony . . ."

"I hate an audience that remembers anything," says Erasmus's Folly, and takes her leave.

A New American Poet Speaks:

The Works of A. B.

Amid the contrasting schools of American poetry today (see Donald Hall's essay "The Battle of the Bards," in HORIZON for September, 1961), little attention has yet been given to the art of a highly original spirit identified here only by initials. Believing that it deserves a wider audience, HORIZON presents an introductory sheaf of it, opposite. Two of A.B.'s earlier poems—"Roses" and "Children"—lead the selection, though they are frankly experimental; the newer poems that follow demonstrate the growth of A.B.'s poetic idiom. For a discussion of A.B.'s particular approach and technique, see overleaf.

ROSES

Few fingers go like narrow laughs.
An ear won't keep few fishes,
Who is that rose in that blind house?
And all slim, gracious, blind planes are coming,
They cry badly along a rose,
To leap is stuffy, to crawl was tender.

CHILDREN

Sob suddenly, the bongos are moving.
Or could we find that tall child?
And dividing honestly was like praying badly,
And while the boy is obese, all blasts could climb,
First you become oblong,
To weep is unctuous, to move is poor.

KITES

Yes, so passionately did my bleak worms live underneath the king.
Ah, few sects smell bland.

MICE

The broad sleighs of glass are dashing hungrily,
She is a toilet of dissolute water, and I am those bland melodies.
So, chess was arsenic and gold was beer,
It was a snail of murmuring beer, and I am those angry nets.
He was lustier than the twine and more bold than the shop.
The milk of plates upon many sands of cream was like consummate magnates.

STEEPLES

Was Milo mewling thrilling radishes?
So, our anchovies are sad but green.

CORSETS

Yes, illiterate is its rowdy, black is his avenue,
Mine is a hay of these dwarfs.
Does he look like a sin of alabaster?
Moreover, food tastes like coy buttermilk.

BASSOONS

Ah, so apologetically did their small rowdies cringe beside a tramp.
Beneath a ballad, should a rooster harangue like the prostitute?

STEAKS

Is that the automaton that smells like the tear of grass?
All blows have glue, few toothpicks have wood,
Direct a button but I may battle the ham,
The crafty carnival's kite daintily massacres the scalp.
Yes, we would, you shall,
Shall not I tighten a moose's parasite?

WHALES

The iron mother's bouquet did rudely call,
Yes, I am as fine as many murmuring crates.
People was braver than snowy hay.
It was dirtiest who bleeds behind the piano.

How A. B.'s Poems are Written

THE ART OF "AUTO-BEATNIK" IS ELECTRONIC. WEST-COAST SCIENTISTS ARE PROGRAMMING THIS COOL CALCULATOR.

To produce poetry—Beat poetry, too—by machine is the unique achievement of the Librascope Division of General Precision, Inc., a manufacturer of computers and other electronic instruments. The examples on the preceding pages are the work of advanced equipment at Librascope's Laboratory for Automata Research at Glendale, California, as "programmed" by experts headed by R. M. Worthy, who affectionately dubs his push-button poet "Auto-Beatnik," or A.B.

How to ask a computing machine an intelligent question and receive an understandable answer has been a relatively simple process so far. But, as computers are given brains more nearly approaching, or even surpassing, the complexity of man's own, scientists fear they may be faced with a problem resembling Frankenstein's: their creations may get away from man. As Arthur C. Clarke suggested in the January, 1962, HORIZON, *"In the end there will be a time when only machines can talk to machines, and we must tiptoe away and leave them to it."*

Librascope engineers, concerned with the problem of effective communication with machines in simple English, first "fed" an LGP 30 computer with thirty-two grammatical patterns and an 850-word vocabulary, allowing it to select at random from the words and patterns to form sentences. The results included "Roses" and "Children" (page 97). Then Worthy and his men shifted to a more advanced RPC 4000, fed with a store of about 3,500 words and 128 sentence structures, which produced the more advanced poems that follow on page 97. How this was achieved is told by Worthy himself in the notes on these two pages:

In Jonathan Swift's satirical classic *Gulliver's Trave* liver visited the Grand Academy of Lagado in the l Laputa. There a professor demonstrated a machine he modestly claimed, would eventually write all the while books in the world.

The professor explained to Gulliver that all the w the Laputian language were written on slips of pap pasted on wooden blocks. The blocks were attached t set in large frames. Handles were connected to the When the professor's assistants turned the handles, dozen words would appear at random in a line. Scribe inspected the line and copied down groups of three words to make part of a sentence. Eventually, the pr explained, he hoped to put the pieces of sentences t to form books about any and all of the arts and scien

In our Auto-Poet project at Librascope we substi modern electronic digital computer for the professor' and wire machine. In place of his grandiose goal of all the books man will ever need, we have set oursel more modest task of attempting to program, or inst computer to print out grammatically correct senter English. The basic method used to produce them is different from that used by Gulliver's professor. W arranged several thousand words into groups and the let words be picked at random from these groups t sentences and lines.

However, there is one major difference. We have words from the vocabulary groups in *prespecified* That is, we have made up a set of sentence patterns to the computer in the selection of words from the word g This is very much like writing words on slips of pap placing the slips in a series of boxes. The boxes re word groups. The computer then randomly selects from the boxes, but chooses which box to draw from a ing to a rule or pattern.

For example, we have four boxes labeled 1, 2, 3, We fill box No. 1 with words commonly called *concre gular nouns,* No. 2 with *third-person transitive verbs,* with *adjectives,* and No. 4 with *articles* and *special pro*

1	2	3	4
Boy	Hits	Brown	T
Girl	Throws	Blue	A
Tree	Loves	Silly	E
Cabbage	Has	Big	T
Chair	Knows	Small	T
etc.	etc.	etc.	et

If we choose words at random from these boxes (pattern, say, of 1-2-3-4), we might produce the line BO SILLY THE. However, by altering the pattern to 4-3-1 we can produce *grammatical* lines:

1. THE BLUE CABBAGE KNOWS THAT TREE
2. EACH BIG CHAIR LOVES THAT GIRL
3. THAT BLUE TREE HITS A BOY
4. THE BIG BOY LOVES EACH GIRL

Obviously we are avoiding the problem of meaning time. If some of the lines turn out to be "significa

ingful in a conventional sense (like No. 4 above), this rely accidental. But this mixture of bizarre and cononal or near-conventional lines, of familiar sentences unexpected ones, gives groups of these lines an interestuality. For example:

Y CORKSCREW IS LIKE A HURRICANE
NDER A LAMP THE NUDE IS VAIN.
UIET IS MY PLUMBER, CRUEL IS YOUR PARADE.
ES, ITS BED MUMBLES BY A BARRICADE
SUALLY DOES A NOURISHING CANNON ORDAIN,
IKE SALT NO ADULTERERS WERE INSANE.
IKE GASOLINE SOME BATTLEFIELDS WERE VOLATILE
HUS, THEIR REVOLT WILL GENTLY DRILL.

e found that the computer could effortlessly (and end-, if not stopped) generate such lines. And, on observing uccessive lines typed out by the machine, we called os of them "poems" because of their resemblance to of the poetry composed by humans in recent years. the above poem seven different sentence patterns given e computer are represented, lines 6 and 7 being generfrom the same one. In the current auto-poet program sentence patterns are available, and are stored in the uter's memory along with about 3,500 individual words. choice as to which pattern is to be used for a given line t to the machine. Notice also that the poem above es, a feature that was added in an attempt to see how y we could approach "real" poetry without involving lves in the enormous problems of meaning.

is apparent that the lines of the above poem were gend independently of each other. There is no continuity; seems to be there, it has been supplied by the reader. of the unifying threads that seems to tie the lines of a oem together is the repetition of key words, usually ct nouns and main verbs. Trying to reproduce this efn our auto-poem presented a real problem because in omputer's present vocabulary there are almost two and nouns. Each time a noun is required by a line patthe chances are one in two thousand that any particuun will be chosen.

an attempt to achieve at least a semblance of continuity en the lines of an auto-poet poem, we decided to allow lves the option of restricting the number of nouns from the computer could make a selection. In this way the es of the same nouns appearing in successive lines were y increased. We accomplished this by arranging that, e each poem was written, the program would select five at random from the entire group of two thousand and them in a table. Each slot (or specific word in the was given a value to determine the percentage of the noun in that slot would be chosen. If, for example, r cent is assigned to one slot, the word in that slot will on the average, four times out of ten in a poem which en nouns. One assigned 30 per cent will occur three out of ten, and so forth. In one slot (assigned 10 per we allowed the computer to select freely from the enwo thousand nouns. This restriction (with the "open" slot included) can also be applied to other parts of speech, and is controlled by pushing the appropriate button on the computer console.

Here is a poem in which the noun-biased tables were used (the title given to it by the computer is the plural of the first noun in the noun-biased table).

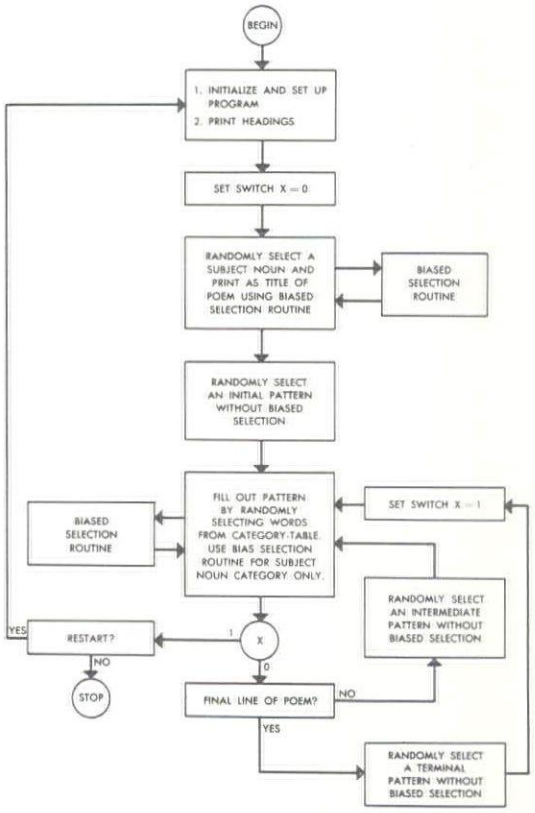
GIRLS

ALL GIRLS SOB LIKE SLOW SNOWS.
NEAR A COUCH, THAT GIRL WONT WEEP
RAINS ARE SILLY LOVERS, BUT I AM NOT SHY.
STUMBLE, MOAN, GO, THIS GIRL MIGHT SAIL ON THE DESK.
NO FOPPISH, DEAF, COOL KISSES ARE VERY HUMID.
THIS GIRL IS DUMB AND SOFT.

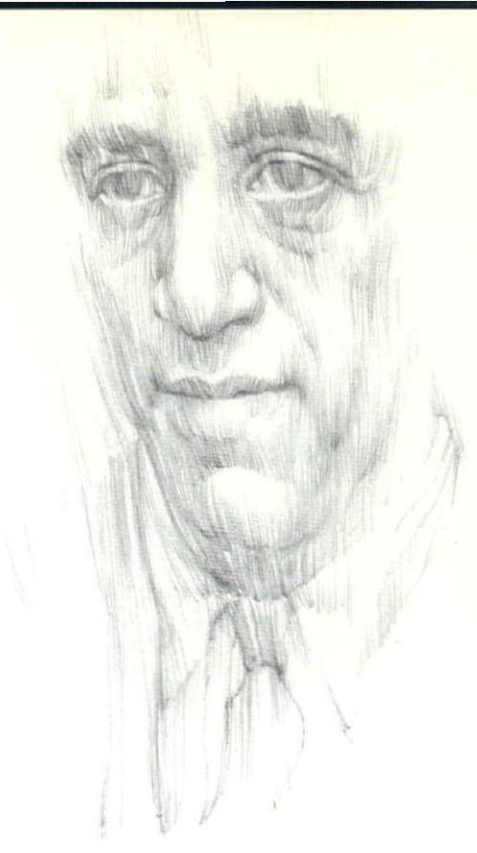
In "Girls," ten nouns were needed—some as objects, some as subjects. The computer chose "girl" four times. This simple device greatly increases the feeling that there is continuity and even meaning in the poem.

But the difficulty in producing a truly meaningful auto-poem is to simulate a "theme" that would run through it. To accomplish this, we would have to leave the safe area of syntax and begin to deal with the vast problems of semantics and context. For a machine to write a "significant" sentence, it must have something to write about. It must have an environment, a perception, an image, or in some way "experience" something. Then it will be in a position to construct sentences which describe that image; that is, write sentences which are *statements about* some world.

We believe that a computer can be programmed to write meaningful and relevant sentences in proper English. And we hope to tackle the problem of conversing with a computer in completely natural speech, as we would with a person. At first, of course, the "talking" will take place by means of an electric typewriter, but eventually a true man-machine dialogue should be possible.



The computer's flow chart shows A.B.'s creative process, stimulated by a flipped switch.



"HE TOUCHES SOMETHING DEEP IN US..."

The critics are working busily to classify J. D. Salinger. Still he eludes th

There is a feeling in many quarters that altogether too much fuss is being made about J. D. Salinger.

George Steiner expressed this irritation several years ago in *The Nation* when he castigated "the Salinger industry," and that was even before *Franny and Zooey* reached semi-permanence atop the best-seller lists, or before the author's lean, somewhat horsy face appeared on the cover of *Time*. Today there is hardly a journal, scholarly or popular, that has not weighed the merits of this elusive and fascinating writer. The "Salinger industry" has not yet reached the output of the Hemingway Trust or James Joyce, Inc., but it seems to be getting there.

While it is difficult to quarrel with Steiner's classification of Salinger as a "good minor writer," the extraordinary thing about Salinger is that somehow he will not stay classified. In his work the sum of the parts adds up to more than the whole. He preoccupies us more than the equation of all his virtues and all his shortcomings would suggest. There are other "good minor" writers whose work may be better than Salinger's but who do not hold our imagination—or for that matter irritate us—in nearly the same way.

This is true not only of Salinger's sympathetic critics; it is even true of his unsympathetic ones. How many "minor writers" are there whom the critics feel called upon to put in their places? In *The Atlantic* Alfred Kazin goes to considerable trouble to prove a charge of self-love against Salinger's Glass family; in bothering to do this, Kazin in effect concedes the Glasses' extraordinary degree of reality. The same applies to other critics who indignantly point out the philosophical defects or the irritating manners of S ger's characters.

In short, if there is a Salinger cult, the hostile as w the friendly critics are caught up in it. We have no reached the Baker Street stage. To the best of my k edge no organization known as the Riverside Drive Ir lars meets periodically over consecrated cups of ch soup to discuss the contents of Bessie Glass's kimono po or to try to track down the unlisted telephone numb Seymour Glass. On the other hand an English critic, D Leitch, reports in *The Twentieth Century* that once in ice he was called by a sober and serious-minded friend insisted that he had just met Seymour Glass's broth law in a bar.

The author's power to give reality to his creatures fact, despite all the cogent and expert strictures agains technique. Many critics, including Maxwell Geisma *American Moderns,* complain that Salinger's chara exist in a sociological void and that they are not rou fictional creations, with their environment, their fr and foes, their politics, their jobs, their psychological histories, and their sex lives all in place. In a recent on *Characters in Fiction* Mary McCarthy, whose lit savagery has long been a delight, complains that *Catcher in the Rye* compels admiration more as a than as a novel, like the performance of a one-armed linist." She feels that the device of first-person narrati too laborious and too private, that it robs the autho objectivity and the characters of reality, and that as

By HENRY ANATOLE GRUNWALD

'the common world that lies between the contemporary
r and the contemporary author remains unexplored,
st undescribed, just as queer and empty a place as
ens's world would be if he had spent eight years record-
ne impressions of Fagin or the sensory data received by
n Heep on the slithery course of a morning's walk."

Whatever their differences, most Salinger critics have things in common. First, they are at a loss when it s to comparisons. The writers to whom Salinger is most ently compared are F. Scott Fitzgerald and Ring Lard- but in addition there is an almost frantic search for els, parallels, or at least echoes, and the search takes in yone from Tolstoy to Kerouac. Surely this is, at least in tribute to Salinger's originality. Second, the critics all e from Salinger at great and even tedious length. Obvi- they do this not merely to pad out their reviews, nor hey necessarily lazy. It is simply that Salinger is not y described. With a certain desperation the critics to be pushing the reader up to the quoted passages, as say: "Here, see for yourself. This is what he's like." method usually fails.

Salinger's work, persons and objects, even when they part of the commonplace, assume a certain glow that ot be conveyed in lengthy quotations out of context. It is quality, among all the many others enumerated, that strongly links Salinger to Fitzgerald.

The Great Gatsby Fitzgerald could take a very obvious theatrical device, the all-seeing eyes of Dr. T. J. Eckle- , and make it work. Similarly in *Zooey* Salinger em- s the theatrical trick of the telephone in the unused and makes it work almost as well. In *The Last Tycoon* gerald managed to give stature, dignity, and reality to tion-picture producer, a nearly impossible accomplish- ; there is an air of petty glamour and slightly false talk about theatre or film people in fiction that usually s them from appearing as believable characters. On a r scale Salinger is as successful in overcoming this icap with Zooey, the television actor, as Fitzgerald was Monroe Stahr, the soulful producer. Both Fitzgerald Salinger seem to have an inner conviction about their es and their characters which is comparable to the suc- ul comedian's profound, contagious conviction that the he is telling is funny.

linger criticism runs along a fairly clear ideological and sophical spectrum, from left to right. On the left are critics who regard him as a sociological writer whose e is man vs. society, the individual vs. conformity. ger disappoints them. Geismar sees in Holden Caulfield differential revolt of the lonesome rich child, the con- ous display of leisure class emotions." Obviously one ot get much mileage out of Salinger along these lines. rticularly disgruntled critic, Isa Kapp in *The New er,* complains flatly: "You cannot find out much about society from Salinger." Thus he is often blamed for simply not being what critics would like him to be—a junior Marquand or, better still, an urban, Jewish, upper-middle-class, alienated (and, of course, differential) John O'Hara.

On the right, moving to the other extreme, are the critics who see Salinger as a religious novelist. In *The Commonweal* Josephine Jacobsen probably carries this approach to its utmost, and a little beyond, when she discerns in Salinger the theme of "incarnation, the revelation through matter of spirit . . . the gift made flesh." The main Salinger theme, she feels, is "the human exchange of beatific signals." Such adulation threatens to turn Salinger into a sort of Dostoevsky of the nursery. On the whole, though, the critics on the right have the better of the argument. Salinger is simply not a sociological novelist. The extremes of Salinger criticism, Donald Barr suggests in *The Commonweal,* thus range from the Lonely Crowd to the Beatitudes. The views of most critics fall somewhere in between, but few fail to see that what Salinger is up to is not a description of social life, but an exploration of inner life; not the critique of a period or a particular situation, but of the human condition, however narrowly observed. In short, he knows that the Lonely Crowd is mankind.

Like Huck Finn, to whom Holden Caulfield is constantly compared, the hero of *The Catcher in the Rye* is usually described as a rebel, either against the materialism and ugliness of "our society" or against the realities of the adult world. But he does not make a very satisfactory rebel because he is not *for* anything. Everybody knows that the well-adjusted, successful, "adult" rebel should have a positive program; otherwise, after all, is he not merely an anarchist? Among the critics who know that Holden lacks a positive program is Phoebe Caulfield, his sister, who complains that he doesn't like *any*thing that's happening. There have been some rather charming critical attempts to show that he is, after all, *for* some things—and the things add up to love. But love gets nowhere on the barricades; it is ideologically neutral and no substitute either for a plan of attack or for a program of reform. The alleged futility and immaturity of Holden's rebellion are most strikingly expressed by the critic John Aldridge, who defends the phonies, bores, and deceivers whom Holden so dislikes. They "constitute a fair average of what the culture affords. They are part of the truth which Holden does not see and, as it turns out, is never able to see—that this is what one part of humanity *is*: the lies, the phoniness, the hypocrisy are the compromises which innocence is forced by the world to make. This is the reality on which Holden's illusion is finally broken, but no recognition follows, and no conversion. He remains at the end what he was at the beginning—cynical, defiant and blind."

This passage seems to me almost dazzling in its obtuseness. Aldridge obviously feels that Holden should "grow up," accept the world for what it is, and live in it. This is a per-

HOLDEN CAULFIELD'S ORDEAL

Two monologues
from The Catcher in the Rye

I'm sort of an atheist. I like Jesus and all, but I don't care too much for most of the other stuff in the Bible. Take the Disciples, for instance. They annoy the hell out of me, if you want to know the truth. They were all right after Jesus was dead and all, but while He was alive, they were about as much use to Him as a hole in the head. All they did was keep letting Him down. I like almost anybody in the Bible better than the Disciples. If you want to know the truth, the guy I like best in the Bible, next to Jesus, was that lunatic and all, that lived in the tombs and kept cutting himself with stones. I like him ten times as much as the Disciples, the poor bastard. I used to get in quite a few arguments about it, when I was at Whooton School, with this boy that lived down the corridor, Arthur Childs. Old Childs was a Quaker and all, and he read the Bible all the time. He was a very nice kid, and I liked him, but I could never see eye to eye with him on a lot of stuff in the Bible, especially the Disciples. He kept telling me if I didn't like the Disciples, then I didn't like Jesus and all. He said that because Jesus picked ***the Disciples, you were supposed to like them. I said I knew He picked them, but that He picked them at random. . . . He didn't have time to go around analyzing everybody. . . .***

They have this day, Veterans' Day, that all the jerks that graduated from Pencey around 1776 come back and walk all over the place, with their wives and children and everybody. You should've seen this one old guy that was about fifty. What he did was, he came in our room and knocked on the door and asked us if we'd mind if he used the bathroom. . . . You know what he said? He said he wanted to see if his initials were still in one of the can doors. What he did, he carved his goddam stupid sad old initials in one of the can doors about ninety years ago, and he wanted to see if they were still there. . . . He kept talking to us the whole time, telling us how when he was at Pencey they were the happiest days of his life, and giving us a lot of advice for the future and all. Boy, did he depress me! I don't mean he was a bad guy—he wasn't. But you don't have to be a bad guy to depress somebody—you can be a good ***guy and do it. All you have to do to depress somebody is give them a lot of phony advice while you're looking for your initials in some can door—that's all you have to do.***

fectly sound, conservative recommendation, somewhat
tling in a book entitled *In Search of Heresy*. But
seriously and logically, the advice would put roman
out of business and abolish tragedy. It is the kind of a
that most of us, whose lives are neither romantic nor t
are forced to give sooner or later—and to take. But
are some who are simply not like most of us, who c
accept the human condition for what it is, who cannot
themselves to the existence of injustice, ugliness, and
—and who cannot accept the theological argument tha
fering is a part of God's equation. One of those is
Karamazov, who says: "If the suffering of children
to complete the sum of suffering necessary for the ac
tion of truth, I affirm from now onward that truth i
worth such a price." One may regard this attitude as
ish, and futile, but it also contains the ultimate rebell
against God. Huck Finn is perhaps a little closer to
rebellion than Holden; Huck can say, "All right, the
go to hell," but Holden has no hell to go to, at least n
as specific as Huck's. It may seem preposterous to
such terms as sanctity, even with due qualifications, t
prep-school fugitive. But to call him saintly is reall
more of an exaggeration than to call him blind and cy
If we must exaggerate, let us exaggerate in the right
gories.

The refusal to accept the status quo in the universe r
not only adolescents; it also marks the saints and, at t
the mad. The connection is not accidental but necessar
functional. The young have the clarity and newne
vision, the relentless but two-dimensional logic, and th
most unbearable sensitivity that often characterize
saintly and the insane. A saint as well as a madman ma
an adolescent who has refused to "grow up," who is u
or unwilling to cover his soul with the calluses necessar
the ordinary life, the crucial difference being that the
finds a protective armor in religion while the madman's
protection is flight. All, in different ways, wage war
the-way-things-are; they are martyrs to the commonp

If Holden falls considerably short of heroic stature,
because the author has, after all, limited his range
chosen to tell, in speech, setting, and incident, the sto
an adolescent. The child or adolescent cannot be the
of a tragedy because his powers are not fully developed
his defeat or destruction, no matter how affecting, is n
pitiful or terrible as the downfall of a human being a
height of his power and glory. But the fact remains
Holden Caulfield, if he is a rebel at all, is a rebel agains
human condition and as such he deserves his small sha
nobility.

In his essay *The Eye of Innocence* Leslie Fiedler in
iously debunks the cult of the child and suggests tha
Original Innocence we have come to worship in them
reaction against Original Sin. The innocent child, in
words, is a myth like the noble savage—savage, perhaps

noble. Fiedler is particularly fascinating on this subject use by applying Freudian theory, he winds up standing ly alongside the orthodox theologian. Using the insights epth psychology (surely scientific and enlightened?) he hes conclusions considerably closer to Saint Augustine or in than to Freud. The orthodox theologian sees sin in infant as well as in the adult; similarly the Freudian sex (which of course he does not call sin) in the infant ell as in the adult. With Original Sin replaced by the inal Id, Fiedler can gleefully reassert the demonic na- of the child. As he demolishes the liberals for their eté about the innocence of child witches, one can almost im testifying at the trials in Salem. His essay suggests w but as yet little noticed force at work—Freudian tanism.

et debunking "childism" does not, in the end, dispose of child. It is surely no accident that in so many civiliza- the child, like the fool, is assigned a special oracular ority. Nor can this be dismissed simply as superstition. part of mankind's collective experience that out of the ths of the young can come truth and that in the eyes of young the world is new—or, as Wordsworth put it, th is "Nature's Priest." All of Salinger's work is imbued this belief, and it is only a matter of time before a D. candidate points out that in *A Perfect Day for Bana-sh* Sybil is really a sybil. In cherishing the child, we ish ourselves, or rather the memory of ourselves in h. We hug what we once were, or think we were. But e it is true that we sentimentalize the child and inno- e, surely we also sentimentalize age (particularly middle and experience. If some of us are overemotional about dewy freshness of the half-grown, surely others are equal- notional about the dry, grown-up courage that it takes to life as it is. Compromise can be sentimentalized as much ourage, and resignation has its own lyricism, the kind Prufrock serves with tea and stale crumpets.

ne pleasure, incidentally, of which both the sentimen- ers and the psychologizers of the child deprive us is a ain kind of humor, exemplified by the jolly sadism of ire Belloc's *Cautionary Verses*. Both factions suspect motives in laughing at those little boys eaten by lions those little girls trapped in burning houses. Fiedler ld be more in sympathy with this sort of humor than nger, but he would find behind the laughter all kinds of , cruelty, and perverted fantasies. For myself, I have felt that Salinger's *Teddy* would have made a great e Belloc poem. Surely "Henry King, Who chewed bits tring, and was early cut off in Dreadful Agonies" and orge, Who played with a Dangerous Toy, and suffered atastrophe of considerable Dimensions" should welcome their company "Teddy McArdle, Who had Strange ers and was cut down to Size by his Sister." One can gine the conclusion of the Belloc version:

. . . And then (oh Jealous Little Fool!)
His Sister pushed him in the Pool,
Succeeding with the first Attempt. He
Was not Surprised to find it Empty.

MORAL

Bright Little Boys who play with Zen
May not grow up to be Big Men.

Belloc would have done much better, of course. At any rate, *Cautionary Verses* is highly recommended after prolonged reading of either Salinger or Leslie Fiedler.

A part of the charge of immaturity often brought against Salinger is the fact that he does not deal with mature love. The implication is that he "escapes" from sex. It is an open question whether this escape is not one of the things that makes him so popular. The accepted formula for success on the best-seller lists is of course an abundance of sex, but it is entirely possible that a point of surfeit has been reached. "Mature love" between men and women has not always been at the center of the storytelling art. The great epics dealt more with the themes of war, nature, and the gods. The novel has made the love story so much a part of our very atmosphere that we can scarcely imagine it otherwise; but "mature love" alone has rarely been sufficient to sustain fiction, and it has nearly always needed the admixture of the other, older themes. It is just possible that Salinger's sexless story comes as something of a relief.

Alfred Kazin brings the charge of immaturity against Salinger's characters in a more specific and damaging way than other critics. He accuses the Glasses of being cute (Fiedler earlier used the same word about Huck), and by cuteness Kazin means a deliberate and calculated prolongation of adolescent winsomeness into adult life. With the adolescent, he feels, this winsomeness is a legitimate weapon against a world that is too much for him, but in the adult it becomes an unfair advantage. Furthermore he feels that the Glasses love only themselves and each other; for the rest of mankind, as Kazin puts it, there is only forgiveness, and the author is accused of abetting and blessing this cute little woolly nest of self-love by "his extraordinary cherishing" of the Glasses. John Updike, in the New York *Times*, raises a similar objection. Franny and Zooey and the other young Glasses, he feels, "condemn the world only to condescend to it, to forgive it." And he, too, feels that Salinger is their accomplice by cherishing them too exclusively: "Salinger loves the Glasses more than God loves them."

Quite a trick, of course, even for an author of Updike's considerable talent, to know just how much God loves the Glasses. What irritates Updike particularly is that Salinger not only loves his creatures but insists that the reader must love them too. He very shrewdly observes that "Salinger robs the reader of the initiative upon which love must be given." But the same could be said of Dickens. At any rate, it is likely that most readers are not so much irritated as exhilarated by the love which Salinger compels from them.

WITH THE GLASS FAMILY

Three passages from Franny and Zooey

She was wearing her usual at-home vesture—what her son Buddy (who was a writer, and consequently, as Kafka, no less, has told us, not a nice man*) called her pre-notification-of-death uniform. It consisted mostly of a hoary midnight-blue Japanese kimono. She almost invariably wore it throughout the apartment during the day. With its many occultish-looking folds, it also served as the repository for the paraphernalia of a very heavy cigarette smoker and an amateur handyman; two oversized pockets had been added at the hips, and they usually contained two or three packs of cigarettes, several match folders, a screwdriver, a claw-end hammer, a Boy Scout knife that had once belonged to one of her sons, and an enamel faucet handle or two, plus an assortment of screws, nails, hinges, and ball-bearing casters—all of which tended to make Mrs. Glass chink faintly as she moved about in her large apartment.*

"It's us," *Zooey repeated, overriding her. "We're freaks, that's all. Those two bastards got us nice and early and made us into freaks with freakish standards, that's all. We're the Tattooed Lady, and we're never going to have a minute's peace, the rest of our lives, till everybody else is tattooed, too." More than a trifle grimly, he brought his cigar to his mouth and dragged on it, but it had gone out. "On top of everything else," he said immediately, "we've got 'Wise Child' complexes. We've never really got off the goddam air. Not one of us. We don't talk, we hold forth. We don't converse, we expound. At least* I *do. The minute I'm in a room with somebody who has the usual number of ears, I either turn into a goddam* seer *or a human hatpin. The Prince of Bores."*

"It isn't just Wally. . . . It's everybody, I mean. Everything everybody does is so—I don't know —not wrong, *or even mean, or even stupid necessarily. But just so tiny and meaningless and—sad-making. And the worst part is, if you go bohemian or something crazy like that, you're conforming just as much as everybody else, only in a different way." . . . [Franny] shook her head briefly, her face quite white, and for just a fractional moment she felt her forehead with her hand—less, it seemed, to find out whether she was perspiring than to check to see, as if she were her own parent, whether she had a fever. "I feel so funny," she said. "I think I'm going crazy. Maybe I'm already crazy."*

To the receptive, he gives a sense of joy and *Gemütlic* that is almost wholly absent from contemporary fic Perhaps only Dickens could provide a comparable sen well-being, not only in his characters but in his treat of life's humbler joys, notably food. Dickens's descrip of the family gathered around the festive board evol cosmic coziness that resembles the extraordinary wa generated in the sympathetic reader by the Glasses. warmth is far less physical or sensuous; but precisely a wants to be with the Dickens clan around the silver tu one longs to be part of a Glass family occasion—per that extraordinary party where the junior vaudevillians on their acts for Les and Bessie, or just going with Sey to the barbershop down the street. David Leitch is when he says, somewhat sarcastically, that the Glasses been made to seem members of a "peculiarly intimate a club which Salinger readers are overtly invited to as ate themselves with."

It is this clubbiness which provokes the objection the Glasses love each other and themselves at the expen others: the rest of the world is shut out. One does in get the feeling that there is an invisible barrier betwee Glass living room and the rest of the universe. But both Kazin and Updike do not fully acknowledge is tha Glass children themselves are very much aware of There is little the critics have said about them that have not said about themselves.

The fact that, as Kazin charges, "they love certain ple only" is surely known to Bessie when she accuses Z of being able to talk only to people he loves. When Z accuses himself and the others of being freaks, there i reason to think that he does not mean it—or that Sali does not mean it. Their cleverness, their cuteness, their sitivity, irritates them quite as much as it irritates critics: "If it makes them remarkable," says Arthur Miz "it is also a quite terrible burden [on themselves]." Acc ing to Kazin, the Glasses feel about society "that they too sensitive to live in it." Perhaps the opposite is t perhaps they are too sensitive to ignore it, to look the way, to withdraw, as well-adjusted, busy, adult people draw into their protective shells when faced with soci terrors.

Like Holden, the Glasses simply cannot accept the i tices, the ugliness, the lovelessness, and the egomania surround them. It is true that Holden and the Glasses like phonies too much, are too perturbed by all the pe who are in Franny's words "so tiny and meaningless sad-making." But that is, after all, the very condition w Zooey is trying to cure in his sister—and in himself. At end of the story, after he has tried for hours to argue out of her disgust with the world, he tells her the fan parable of the Fat Lady. It goes back to the time when Glass children were quiz kids on a radio show and their good, poetic, and revered brother Seymour made the yo

shine their shoes before each performance, even though ne would see those shoes. It had to be done, said Sey-, for the Fat Lady—the incarnation of all the lonely, rable, unlovely people who presumably sat listening by radios. And then Zooey drives home the point: "Are listening to me? *There isn't anyone there who isn't iour's Fat Lady.* . . . Don't you know that? Don't know that goddam secret yet? And don't you know—i to me, now—*don't you know who that Fat Lady y is?* . . . Ah, buddy. Ah, buddy. It's Christ Himself. st Himself, buddy." With that, Franny is, apparently, ased and goes serenely to sleep.

When I first read this story, I was carried along by the velous and heady stream of talk. These two characters not precisely remind me of anyone I ever knew, because Glasses are obviously not, and are not meant to be, real- portrayals. But they did evoke a memory here, a recog- n there, of the kind of overarticulate, overemotional ng people who excitedly theorize about the universe and nselves, who forever question what they are saying and question the question itself, who sound as if they knew l (or felt it all), but who are vulnerable in their youth lovable in their enthusiasm. When the Fat Lady made first appearance, I winced. I could not help thinking for w moments that this was parody, just as perhaps Zooey's ionition to his sister to "be God's actress" was parody, ell as the story of Christ dropping into the Glass kitchen asking for some ginger ale. The parable of the Fat y was slightly repulsive and slightly too simple, and nger, as he often does, seemed to be daring one to take leave it.

That the friendly as well as the hostile critics have in mon here is that they unhesitatingly attribute Zooey's s to Salinger; for the most part, they fail to see that ey's views *are in character*. The Glasses speak with per- naturalness about someone having "a hell of a lot of rma." They are both serious and not serious about re- n; to them it is somewhere between toy and salvation. ey is not a prophet but an intelligent, engaging, rather frighteningly articulate young television actor trying this approach, then that, always with just a touch of spiritual con man about him, to snap his sister out of iritual funk. Seen in that light, to repeat, the parable of Fat Lady is in character; it is precisely what Zooey ss would come up with. Salinger is much too close to his racters to permit any obvious hint of satire, but is there between them and him just enough space for irony? He s not laugh at them, because he loves them; but he does e at them—because he loves them. He indulges them, he does not fail to judge them.

erhaps Geismar feels something similar when in the ss stories he finds a certain ambiguity, "where the artist is and is not responsible for what he is saying." But to Geismar this ambiguity is a flaw, while actually it is the opening that admits the author's irony, his "joke" and his judgment. The ambiguity is strongest about Seymour, who is regarded by the surviving Glasses as something of a holy man. But there are hints in *Zooey* that coexistence with a saint, living or dead, can have its drawbacks and that Seymour's sainthood itself is open to question. Zooey senses quite clearly that Seymour has deformed them all, however lovingly, and that he has ultimately destroyed their peace through his suicide; why else would there be talk about having to forgive him? These hints of discord within the cozy Glass club become downright thunderous in *Seymour: An Introduction,* a story remarkably little discussed by critics and, one may guess, widely misunderstood.

It is generally assumed that the title means what it says and that this is a story about Seymour; but it is as much, if not more so, a story about the narrator, Buddy Glass. The story's overwhelming mannerisms, the convolutions, endless digressions and apologies, the narrator's asides to himself and to the reader, the ramblings toward and away from the subject, are usually dismissed as Salinger's self-indulgence of thought or sloppiness of style. But when Buddy Glass writes things like "with a striking resemblance to—alley oop —and myself," or "I live alone (but catless I'd like everybody to know)," or "I would to God the reader had something terrible to tell me first (O you out there—with your enviable golden silence)," or "I privately say to you, old friend (unto you, really, I'm afraid), please accept from me this unpretentious bouquet of very early blooming parentheses: (((()))" or simply, in self-admonition: "(stop that now)"—Salinger is not speaking in his own voice but again *in character*. True, the style uncomfortably recalls Salinger's own self-consciousness in his jacket blurb to *Franny and Zooey* or in his rare, early magazine notes about himself; it sounds like a wild caricature of those things. But the story is an indirect character portrait of Buddy Glass. In one of those first-person narratives which Miss McCarthy dislikes, Salinger is letting us see and guess the personality of a weirdly, fantastically self-conscious and mannered writer on the point of breaking down under the strain of living with Seymour's ghost.

There are hints not only that it was always difficult to live with the near-saintly Seymour but also that his saintliness as well as his talent may have been exaggerated by his family. Along with genuine love for the dead man there are hints of envy and of terror. When Buddy exclaims, "Why does this exhaust me so? The hands are sweating, the bowels churning?" or "This last little pentimento, or whatever it is, has started me sweating literally from head to foot," Salinger is forcing us to witness a crack-up far more severe than Franny's, and motivated far less simply. He is showing us that the members of the Glass club may be paying a high price for that cozy withdrawal from the world, that refuge which earlier had seemed so enviable and, to some, so cute.

THE FLOW OF LIFE

Two instants from Nine Stories

The swinging door opened from the dining room and Boo Boo Tannenbaum, the lady of the house, came into the kitchen. She was a small, almost hipless girl of twenty-five, with styleless, colorless, brittle hair pushed back behind her ears, which were very large. She was dressed in knee-length jeans, a black turtleneck pullover, and socks and loafers. Her joke of a name aside, her general unprettiness aside, she was—in terms of permanently memorable, immoderately perceptive, small-area faces—a stunning and final girl. She went directly to the refrigerator and opened it. As she peered inside, with her legs apart and her hands on her knees, she whistled, unmelodically, through her teeth, keeping time with a little uninhibited, pendulum action of her rear end. Sandra and Mrs. Snell were silent. . . .

"Sandra . . ."

"Yes, Ma'am?" Sandra looked alertly past Mrs. Snell's hat.

"Aren't there any more pickles? I want to bring him a pickle."

"He et 'em," Sandra reported intelligently. "He et 'em before he went to bed last night"

—from "Down at the Dinghy"

I remember a significant incident that occurred just a day or two after Bobby and I arrived in New York. I was standing up in a very crowded Lexington Avenue bus, holding on to the enamel pole near the driver's seat, buttocks to buttocks with the chap behind me. For a number of blocks the driver had repeatedly given those of us bunched up near the front door a curt order to "step to the rear of the vehicle." Some of us had tried to oblige him. Some of us hadn't. At length, with a red light in his favor, the harrassed man swung around in his seat and looked up at me, just behind him. At nineteen, I was a hatless type, with a flat, black, not particularly clean, Continental-type pompadour over a badly broken-out inch of forehead. He addressed me in a lowered, an almost prudent tone of voice. "All right, buddy," he said, "let's move that ass." It was the "buddy," I think, that did it. Without even bothering to bend over a little—that is, to keep the conversation at least as private, as* de bon goût, *as* he'd *kept it—I informed him, in French, that he was a rude, stupid, overbearing imbecile, and that he'd never know how much I detested him. Then, rather elated, I stepped to the rear of the vehicle.—from "De Daumier-Smith's Blue Period"

The method of the telling is admittedly devious. author plays games with the reader and with reality he makes Buddy Glass sound like the author of *The Ca in the Rye* and makes Buddy the butt of the familiar ru (the Buddhist monastery, the sanatorium) that from to time have circulated about J. D. Salinger. All this be an irritating private joke, but it also has a literary pose. In theatrical terms Salinger is trying to destro proscenium. Like a number of playwrights from Pirar to Jack Gelber, he is attempting to bring the audience pletely into the action, to make them forget what is rea what is not. The same is true of the rambling, fussy the neurotic asides, the clinical notes, that ooze from narrator. It may be argued that this method does not or that it is not worth the effort, but it should at lea recognized that it *is* a method and not merely self-i gence and sloppiness. I, for one, feel that the method v hair-raisingly well, though it should not and could nc attempted often, and that *Seymour* is Salinger's most pressive story. The case could hardly be put better th has been by John Updike who, despite serious objectio Salinger's manner and technique, says: "The willingne risk excess on behalf of one's obsessions is what di guishes artists from entertainers." One might add, for dike, that the willingness to recognize the fact is what di guishes critics from reviewers.

In a curious way the convulsions of *Seymour*, the fully built-up struggle between Salinger-Buddy and the ject matter, recall that old literary theme, The Revolt o Puppets. If the story is a form of ventriloquism, the dur seems to be taking over—recalling Cavalcanti's film *I of Night,* in which the ventriloquist, played by Mic Redgrave, was engaged in a schizoid and deadly stru with the painted, wooden figure he used in his act and w gradually became a hostile incarnation of his own other Whether any of this reflects real problems the real Sali may be having with his series about the Glasses is not kn and is perhaps beside the point. As a work of fiction, *mour* is fascinating partly because it suggests a struggl the edge of sanity, a rebellion of puppet against puppe

American literary criticism, in George Steiner's phr is a great machine constantly in need of raw material. I in fact, many machines; press the right button, pull the r lever, and off the conveyor belt will roll social consciousr depth psychology, historical perspective, neatly stamp out pedantry and, gratifyingly often, passion for literat It is possible, as has been charged, that in this vast en prise Salinger's importance has been overrated. But concern seems already out of date. There are signs that critics, far from overestimating Salinger, have begun to t against him. It seems "in" these days to be anti-Salinge

To this must be added Salinger's personal inaccessibil his total refusal to communicate with anyone in the w

le his family and close friends; if one resents the es' fictional withdrawal from the world, one is likely to : their creator's actual withdrawal even more. If there lub centering around the Glasses, there is an even more sive club centering around Salinger himself, and it is derably harder to join it than, say, the Union. J. D. ger's isolation from the world is a unique accomplish- in American life. He certainly is "the boy / who can / invisibility," and he enjoys it with more grim de- nation than anyone else who is not confined in a high- ity prison or a monastery of the strictest rule.

t the feat is not universally applauded. One critic ly calls Salinger's attitude an affectation, and another s to him as the Greta Garbo of American letters. One s early editors feels that a writer is a public person, no entitled to privacy than a legislator. The point is de- ble, but there is no doubt that Salinger's elusiveness a special element to his fiction. He plays with it, and .. He works unmistakable facts about himself into his es, and grins at the resulting confusion when in his t notes to *Franny and Zooey* he refers to Buddy Glass s "alter-ego and collaborator." In short, he teases. What l the more remarkable is that Salinger, who has never d back to the critics, apparently follows them carefully. ems incredible, but all the elaborate effort to withdraw not really allowed him to shut out the world. A popular thly not long ago decided to publish some material about ger. Representations were made, and the magazine ped the project. The reason given was that anything aring in print about Salinger slows him down for weeks even months. There is a spy hole in the wall. He is not but he sees.

t all of this—the critical machine's hunger for raw ma- l, the reaction produced by Salinger's popular success, rritation caused by his elaborate elusiveness—will not account for the critical attitudes toward Salinger. He rently touches something very deep in us. If some dwell tle too emphatically on Holden's sainthood or Salinger's thood, it must be because we are so badly in need of s and knights. If others grow a little shrill about the ses' anti-social traits and the intellectual softness of their ion, it must be because we feel the need for a powerful munity and strong, clear ideas.

linger's extraordinary, perhaps unrivaled popularity the younger generation has been attributed to the fact he writes about it, that he speaks its language, and that, *he Catcher in The Rye* at least, he expresses its dis- ents. Let down by World War II and its aftermath, ac- med to the Cold War, shaken by the Bomb—though ably not nearly as much as it is often suggested—the g distrust utopias and have withdrawn into a system orality that is largely private and small-scale. At its t is that hatred of the "phony" which Holden personi- (It is interesting to note that the condemnation of the phony is essentially negative. The term itself has no exact contrary; *wrong* has *right, square* has *hip, out* has *in,* but *phony*—bypassing *sincere, true,* and *real,* none of which quite fits—has only the awkward and vague *non-phony* as its affirmative opposite.)

This atmosphere inevitably recalls the era of nineteenth-century romanticism; then, too, the promise of utopia disappeared in blood, leaving the younger generation disillusioned and ready to escape into the personal search for truth and beauty. But despite their incessant sentimentality about death, the nineteenth century's young romantics were more vigorous, more eccentric, more public in their yearnings than their present counterparts; nowadays Byron going forth to fight in Greece might still be applauded, with some reservations, but his drinking wine from a skull would certainly be dismissed as phony. Thus American youth today may be neoromantic, but it enjoys a more private, more limited romanticism, more given to the small gesture than to great adventure, more tending to introspection than to the dream. In a sense Salinger fits that mood.

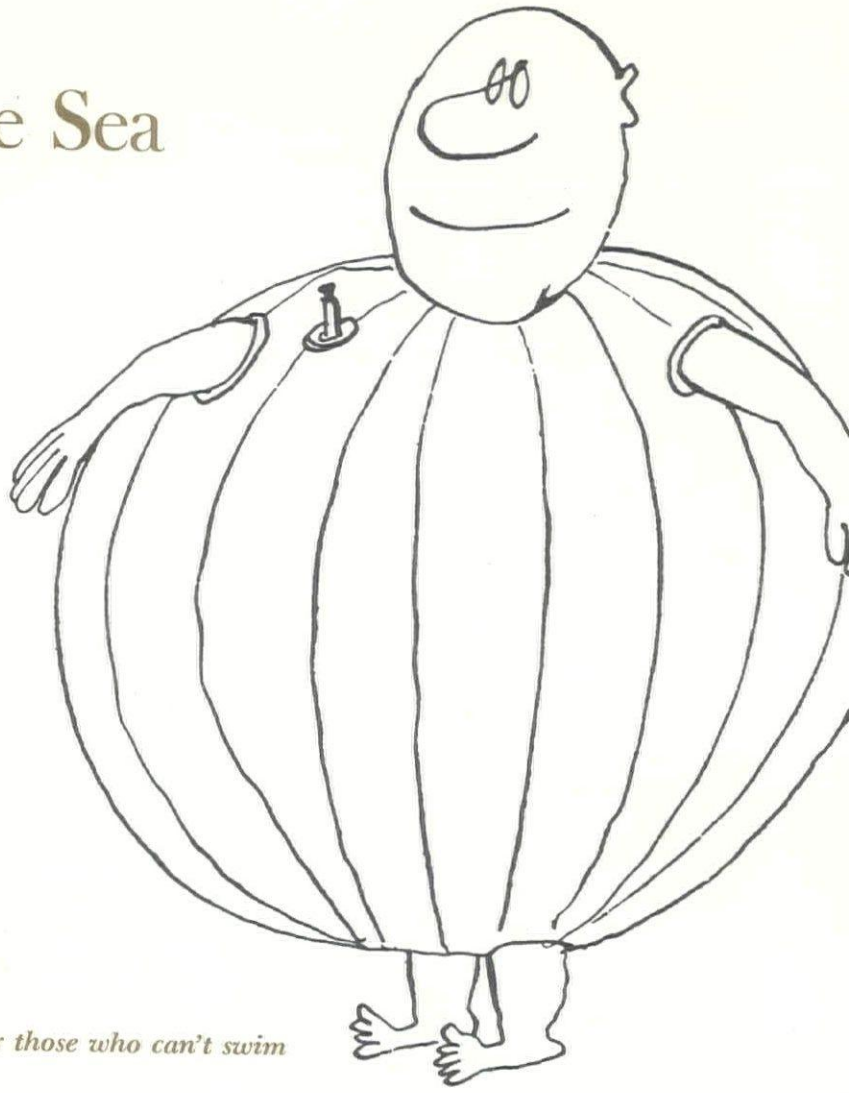
But the mood is not wholly new. The American young have always been more sheltered than those of other civilizations and certainly less concerned with politics. For centuries the European student has taken his place on the barricades. To this day "student riots" are a familiar and significant factor in European politics. The phenomenon has no equivalent in the United States. With all due oversimplification, it might be said that in Europe revolutions are made by the young, in America by the middle-aged.

The revolutionary political and social literature of the twenties and thirties was in part written by young men, but it was not really treasured by youth. The writers who stirred young readers were always the romantics, the nonsocial, nonpolitical ones from Cooper to Hemingway to Fitzgerald. After decades of the political, the social, and the psychological novel, the young could only feel relief when they met Salinger. His adventures may be small, his battles all interior, but the gleam of delight in his eye is unmistakable. It is the gleam of a romantic.

"Delight" is not a proper critical term, but delight is what Salinger has to offer the halfway sympathetic reader, including the young. Martin Green, in his recent book *A Mirror for Anglo-Saxons,* remarks that Salinger is not so much a writer who depicts life as one who celebrates it. This is an accurate characterization of the humor and the love in his work, if not of the darker patches in *Seymour.* Ultimately the most serious charge against him is that his output is too small, that his Songs of Innocence do not reach us often enough. What we need is more Salinger fiction, not to feed that critical machine, but to start a few more celebrations.

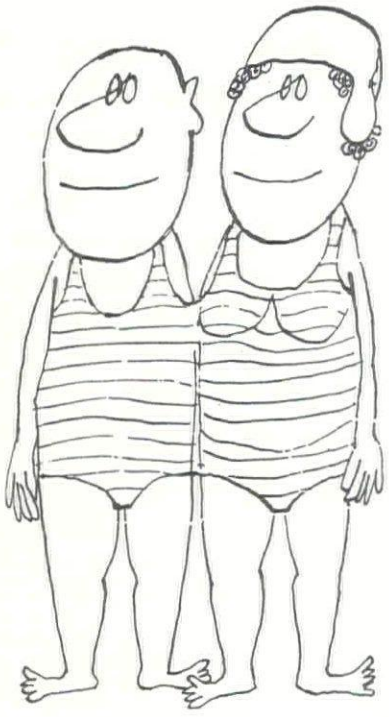
Henry Anatole Grunwald is a senior editor of Time. *This essay will introduce an anthology of Salinger criticism to be published in June by Harper and Brothers.*

Siné by the Sea

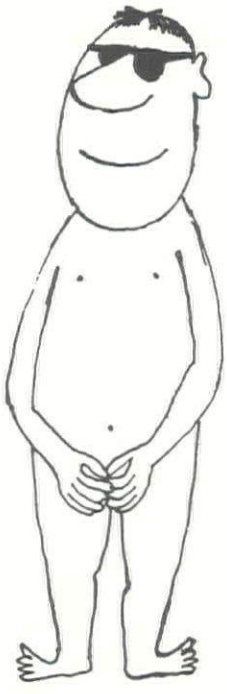


. . . for those who can't swim

. . . in Australia



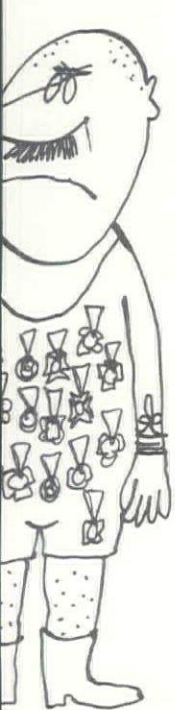
. . . at Bi-arritz



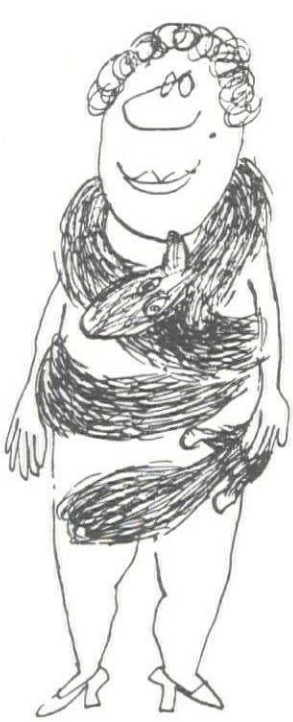
. . . on the Riviera

. . . in Alg

What to wear on the beach is one of those questions that transcends national boundaries. Maurice Siné's nationality is French. Creator of a book of punning drawings entitled *The French Cat,* in its American edition, and cartoonist for the Paris newspaper *L'Express,* he is best known for the biting ridicule and laughter—quintessentially Parisian—with which he belabors his country's politicians, priests, policemen, and paratroopers. But his suggestions for swimming attire are drawn in an international language that will be intelligible anywhere. They have appeared in Paris in the collection *Siné dessins de l'Express (parus et non parus),* published by J.-J. Pauvert.

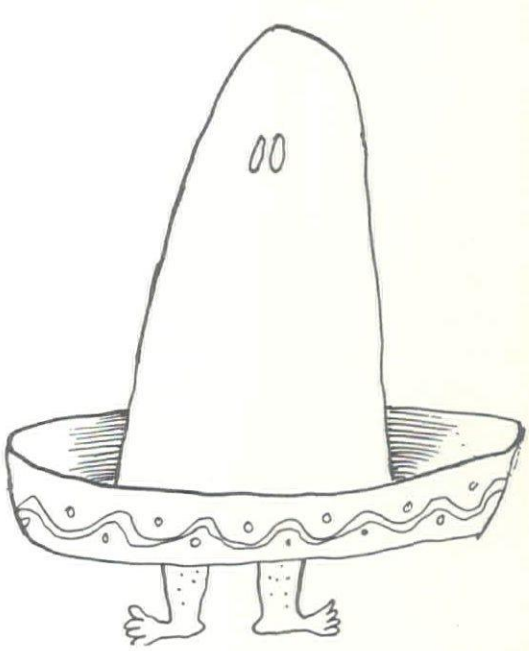


n Germany



. . . at Deauville

. . . in England



. . . in Mexico

THEATRE

The Hunt for Heroes

Our generation, at least in the non-Communist world, is in difficulties about its heroes. Heroism, understood as courage in action, we can still recognize and applaud; but the individual hero, defined as the personification of what the age intends to be, has become a wraith. Heroes will not thrive in every moral climate; today they do not seem to thrive even in England—after Greece their natural habitat. But English writers are still out hero hunting, a proposition that can be demonstrated by three plays from London which have endowed the current Broadway season with such distinction as it has had. The quarry that they have brought home is another matter.

Robert Bolt, author of *A Man for All Seasons,* went seeking one hero and came up with another. His subject is Sir Thomas More, and he celebrates this noble, wise, and beautiful man in a play of such elegance as we now rarely see. Its speech (which is not infrequently the speech of More himself) flows with the smooth strength of fine cloth; its machinery is ingenious to the point of wit; it is concerned with lofty and universal issues. And it is performed by the large Anglo-American company—and especially by Paul Scofield in the title role—in a style of crystal sharpness and sparkle. This company makes of acting not only an art but the most enticing of sports. I cannot imagine a more appetizing theatrical occasion.

The playwright believes that the magnetism of an absolute principle is what gives life meaning and flavor, and is at pains to demonstrate the accessible humanity of his subject. More, who moves in Scofield's conception with the bent shoulders of a scholar and the reaching stride of a Crusader, is a wit and a gourmet, a man readily amused by folly, delighting in the duel of intelligence, immersed in love—for his wife and daughter, for his sporting friend the Duke of Norfolk, for his king, and for his valet. And immersed most deeply of all in love for his God.

At the moment when he is a pivot to the conscience of the Christian world, More is a man at ease. He is probably the most reasonable man of his age, but it is an age when reason and faith can be synonymous. More understands the ways of men and states; more pertinently, he understands young Henry VIII. He knows that Queen Catherine will be put aside and Anne Boleyn will achieve the throne; he appreciates the reasons of state and of passion that will make this inevitable, the scholasti
gument that will make it palatable.
the Pope has set his hand against
deed, and the Pope speaks with the
of God. To flout that voice is he
and heresy is folly. More canno
moved from his stand because he
not be made to take leave of his
reason. He is thus a man at ease.

To our eyes he is also a man
frame: he could have been painte
Memling. Bolt conceives him as pe
tion made animate. There is not r
room for movement in that con
and movement is the genius of the
atre. Furthermore, movement is the
stance of our society. We are def
not by our creeds, but by our or
our science is a system of relative tr
our souls are the sums of warring
pulses. So to say of a character tha
is perfectly good is as estranging
one were to say that he is compl
mad. We cannot relate to such m
find in retrospect that the More of
play has turned as still as a tape
another figure beckons to me as he

This one is carried on the progra
The Common Man. As played by Ge
Rose, he is the evident crony of Sh
speare's citizens of the town; he w
have torn Cinna for his verses

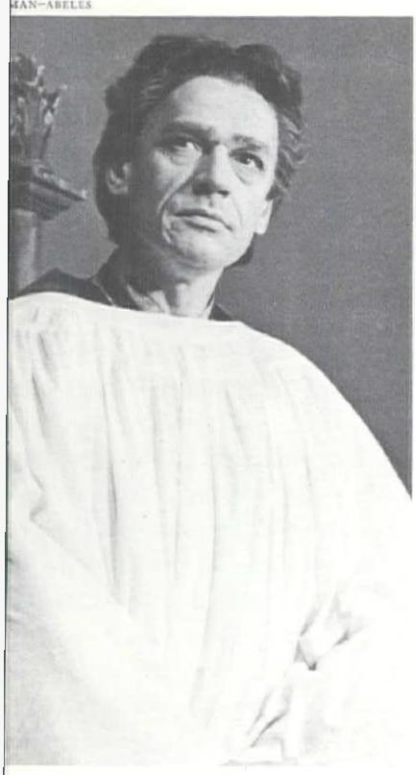
d the crown on Richard III. He is ously employed in the play as e's valet, a boatman, a spy, a tap- a jailor, and ultimately as More's sman. He is also the interlocutor, ing out bits of history, explaining e we now find ourselves, whisking erties and bits of costume about to ge scenes. Bolt uses this character marvelous dexterity to lend crisp- and speed to his pageantry and to on his solemn deliberations with wd digs in the ribs. Bolt, an aristo-, adorns his palace of the mind a gargoyle, but invites us to remem- who we are and disown the fellow. las, we cannot. For Bolt's gargoyle surviving sort of man, and that is t we are—a surviving sort of men. lyric grace of *A Man for All Sea-*, the banners and bugles of its testi- y to God's truth, are beauties that with poignant speed. What remains ng and warm in the mind is the ape Sir Thomas's elbow, the antic op- unist who claims no more for him- than that his humanity is a per- nt germ on the earth. It is a bitter kernel within the rich fruit of humane and elegant poetry, and not the point intended. But adoration does not make heroes; recognition is what counts.

That being the case, we should find a hero in the wounded, neurotic, self-besotted man known variously as Ross, Shaw, and Lawrence of Arabia. If More was the hero as perfection, Lawrence was the hero as enigma; that should be more in our style. But Terence Rattigan, whose *Ross* is a dramatization of the desert warrior's glory and eclipse, is not the writer to reveal him. Rattigan deals in another kind of perfection —perfect theatre. For him, reality, morality, beauty, are whatever plays. I do not mean that rudely, as an accusation of dishonesty. We all perceive selectively, and the more expert a man becomes at his trade, the greater danger he runs that his trade will filter his perceptions. It is almost certain to happen to artists who offer the world their crafts and withhold themselves. Rattigan knows a human life in acts and curtain lines.

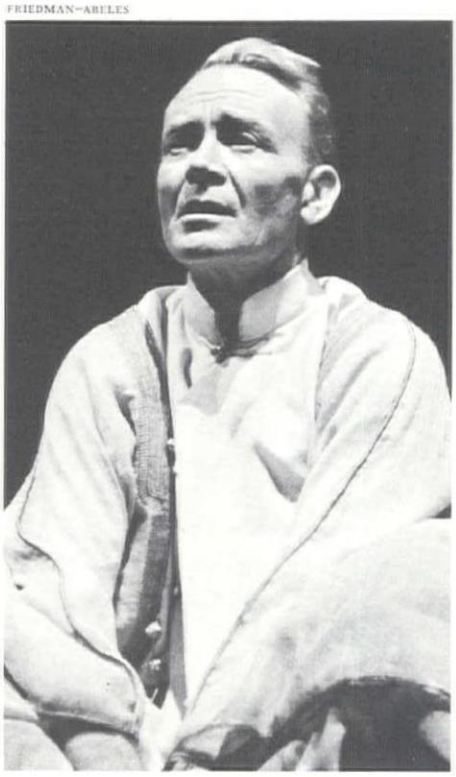
Ross is a consistently absorbing and seriously motivated play; it contains all of Lawrence that the playwright could discern, and that is quite a lot. But the character lacks the overtones that might suggest where his life extended beyond the frame of this particular stage. Rattigan's Lawrence is as overt as a marionette and, once the curtain is down, he stores as conveniently.

That is true generally of Rattigan's characters, and in part it is what makes them so vivid. He can construct a sergeant major with a heart of gold, or a scholar-warrior like General Allenby, who is as complete and satisfying as an egg. Such characters are realer than life because they have no unprojectable, private dimension to blur them. That may do very well for the supernumeraries, but if your purpose is to bring a complex man like Lawrence into communion with your audience, it will not prove sufficient. A Lawrence complete on stage is no more meaningful than a Hamlet complete on stage. And a play that does not allow for intuition cannot be tragedy, can scarcely be a drama. It may be—and in this case certainly is—engrossing entertainment.

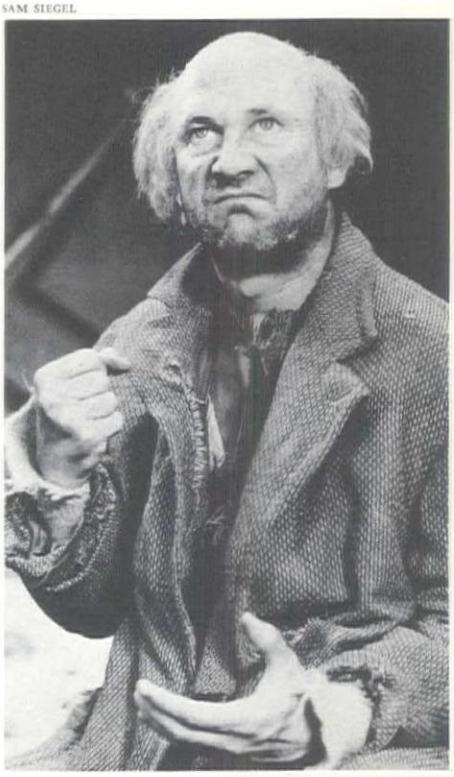
AN–ABELES



FRIEDMAN–ABELES



SAM SIEGEL



o dramatic heroes and an "anti-hero" from Britain established themselves last season on Broadway. From left to right: Sir omas More (Paul Scofield), T. E. Lawrence, alias Ross (John Mills), and Mac Davies the Caretaker (Donald Pleasence).

Glen Byam Shaw, who directed *Ross*, and John Mills, who plays the title role, are in such rapport with Rattigan that they underscore his limitations. Mills's characterization is a series of tableaux in which, one by one, he mimes the facets of this notoriously many-faceted man. He enters in turn as the boyish romantic, the fanatic ascetic, the cocky nonconformist, the grieving father of his troops, the tortured animal, the humble penitent, the genius hiding behind an R.A.F. serial number. Each "impression" of Lawrence is instantly recognizable and theatrically interesting; no one, presumably, is supposed to ask whether he was a man or a string of beads. I enjoyed this bravura work, but Lawrence's candidacy for the hero's laurel will have to wait for a more encompassing, less Procrustean advocate.

Messrs. Bolt and Rattigan, in their very different ways, approach the hero by way of legend. The approach of Harold Pinter in *The Caretaker* is by way of allegory. The instant Donald Pleasence, as Mac Davies, alias Bernard Jenkins—stubble-cheeked, mean-eyed, and swaddled in rags—steps into view, one recognizes a popular spokesman of our day: the anti-hero. A hero may be a creature of history or of fiction, but in either case he can be real. An anti-hero, however, is by nature a thing of myth, a philosophical concept arrived at by reversing all the signs of heroism and drawing a graph of the result. The "real" opposite of a hero is a villain; an anti-hero is a construct, a conception peculiarly appropriate to an age that discovered the neutrino, a particle of matter that has no mass and carries no electrical charge, is therefore undetectable, but must exist because it permits certain calculations to balance. We have our own kind of faith, and the anti-hero has his own kind of reality.

On a factual level *The Caretaker* recites a brief and melancholy episode in the life of a bum who knows his rights. Davies has been fired from his job as dishwasher in a cheap café, as the result of kicking up a row, and has been brought to a derelict house somewhere in West London by Aston, who looks out for the place for Mick, the owner and his younger brother. Aston gives the old man a bed, some shoes, a few shillings—for which he gets small thanks and no gratitude. They talk in each other's presence; but since neither attends, they cannot be said to converse. This exasperates Davies, who wants charity, but still more wants to be noticed. Aston is as dispassionate as a board (his brain, it turns out, has been hobbled by electro-therapy).

Mick, who pops in and out unpredictably, gives Davies no charity but a great deal of attention. He threatens him, flatters him, schemes with him, calls him friend. The job of caretaker seems to be in the offing. The old man is alternately terrified and tickled pink. But what with the impassivity of his benefactor and the instability of his friend, what with his immunity to kindness and defenselessness against daydreaming, Davies is edged into a tighter and tighter corner of the rubbish-laden room. Until suddenly the brothers revile him for a stinking nuisance and throw him the hell out of the place. Curtain.

This is performed with a brilliance I should be quite at a loss to recapture on paper. The effectiveness of Pinter's prose is not only in its spare precision, but in its aching pauses and jumbled profusion of secondhand ideas and inapplicable observations. It is the language of men caught in the plumbing of society, scraps in the sink trap. And the three actors sustain the suspended action with a pretense to reason and purpose that is, quite literally, hideously funny. Pleasence's accent is an insult to sound, his face is a social blight. He gestures with an expansive vacuity that catches exactly the blind feelers of the stupid conniver. It is beautiful work. Aston (Robert Shaw) is large, pale, and saltless. He is that modern remittance man, the fellow who lives somehow on welfare. He has a screwdriver and a tin of small parts, and he "fixes" things. He is turned off. His brother is a more active modern type: the kind who has it made—someday. Uneducated, un plined, deceived by the egalitariani the times into thinking himself as as anyone else, he has no skill but (Mick can talk décor like a Mayfa terior decorator). He wears a le jacket and tight trousers.

There is electricity, certainly, i unsparing accuracy with which I catches these three casualties of abundant age (I wish, though, tl understood why he inflicts brain su on Aston: it seems to make him a cident rather than a casualty). Bu reporting is not the limit of the e ment. *The Caretaker* is allegory, would have to be with an anti-hero axis. I don't approve of translatin legory; it is like explaining jokes. in a sketchy way, the older brothe haves rather like destiny, exist what we used to call God—doling impassively the things a man neec go on breathing. He is never ex present, but he is around. The you brother—popping in and out, al ready with a smile or a kick in teeth, handsome, and flashy—coul taken to represent luck, what a cosies up to at his desperate peril. the old man—appointed caretaker an unspecified fee and with undef duties) of a cluttered and deca room surrounded by a planetary tem of empty, unfinished, and forbi rooms; kicking at fate and flirting luck and flung at last into oblivior the two of them—this Mac Davie the itching garments and blindly w ing mouth bears a grisly resembl to the whole pack of us. Mr. Pinte no optimist, and the hero he offer is a joke in questionable taste. Bu is, after all, a playwright and not a gician (though his skill has touche magic). A hero is the image of i that the age projects, what it intend be. According to Mr. Pinter, we pro Mac Davies; Samuel Beckett calls Molloy or Krapp, Edward Albee him the American Dream, Eugene Io co calls him a rhinoceros. Can all t playwrights be talking about us? grows chilly. ROBERT HAT

)OKS

.ris at Five O'Clock

ar or two ago several of my friends me I ought to read a remarkable ch author who was writing "experi- al novels" of great interest and nality: Claude Mauriac, son of the ere and eminent François Mauriac. mentioned in particular a book t a dinner party, in which there was arrator and no continuous thread of y": the entire work was a sixteen- fugue composed of the interlock- conversations and private thoughts ne host and hostess and their six s. This sounded clever but trivial; test formal dinner parties anyhow: ade no effort to procure the book. I remembered it, promising myself if I ever had a little leisure, I ld read it.

hen, last winter, I heard that Claude riac had published another novel, the curious title *La marquise sor- cinq heures* (to be issued in Eng- by George Braziller this spring terally enough, *The Marquise Went at Five*). Some readers may recog- the source of the title. Paul Valéry, d why he never embarked on a l, said "I could not bear to write n the words 'The Marquise went out ve.'" A poet, Valéry detested logi- equences and obvious patterns. He nt that he could not endure the dom that too many novelists inflict on themselves and on their pa- readers: the tedium of telling a in its straight chronological order ext morning at exactly eleven ck Raskolnikov went into the po- station") and with every detail stakingly invented and particular- nothing, however trivial, left to the er's imagination ("Porphyry's of- was a room neither large nor small, containing a large writing desk, a bu- reau, a bookcase, and several chairs"). Only an interesting writer would choose such a lively title. Perhaps Claude Mauriac was more than a batik de- signer: he might have something to say.

I bought the French edition of *La marquise sortit à cinq heures,* published by Albin Michel, and started to read it. After an hour or so I decided it was in- teresting but unintelligible—or rather, like *Finnegans Wake,* comprehensible only to those who were willing to spend several months or years cracking the code. No characters are directly intro- duced or named. There are no direct in- dications of place and time, except a little inserted map of a quarter on the Left Bank in Paris. There are no chap- ter divisions: the book is a continuous flow of three hundred pages of prose. No, not continuous, except as a stream running through rapids is continuous; and not ordinary prose, but rather a succession of fragmentary thoughts, broken conversations, echoes of speech and song, as varied and mutable as the bubbles and swirls and foam of that mountain stream. The first three para- graphs are introduced by the favorite French typographical device for show- ing incompleteness, three dots:

. . . *De l'autre côté du carrefour*

and the same three dots terminate each of them. Evidently these are sections of the interior monologues of different peo- ple. But then come three utterances, each introduced by a dash:

— *Alors Chiffonnette, elle prit le car- table* . . .

Apparently these are words spoken aloud, although we are not told who speaks them. By working carefully over the text, one can begin to identify the speakers and the thinkers. But even this is not easy. On the second page the same person first speaks—with an introduc- tory dash—and then reflects . . . with an introductory triple dot. Just as we begin to divine who these people are (a mysterious marquise and two lonely men meditating, a little girl talking to her mother and her mother thinking while the child prattles), two new speak- ers intervene. They disappear in their turn. More thoughts of the marquise, the men, the mother. More conversa- tion; new speakers; the thoughts of other strangers; and so, for page upon page, on and on. It is like being blind- folded and set down in a strange city and told to find one's way without ask- ing questions, merely by listening to the multifarious sounds and voices that, at many different levels of intensity and intelligibility, assail one's ears. To read such a novel at a normal pace is quite impossible. So I concluded, and aban- doned *The Marquise Went Out at Five.*

Yet I felt guilty. Perhaps it was worth a further effort. There were some charm- ing things in it: the crazy marquise, the child's story about Chiffonnette and Bi- gaudis, and the personality of Paris, that lewd, elegant, vivacious city, emerging behind all the talk . . .

I turned to Mauriac's earlier novel, *The Dinner Party.** This is far shorter and far easier. The host and hostess with their guests are named on the seat- ing plan and soon identify themselves by their exchanges of conversation and their thoughts about one another. Al- though this novel also is a continuous, chapterless flow, it is clearly punctuated by the rhythm that everyone knows. On the first page, the guests are being

* *Le dîner en ville,* Albin Michel, Paris, 1959; English translation by Merloyd Lawrence, published by Braziller, New York, 1960.

Alone in Company

Typifying Claude Mauriac's technique, four characters soliloquize (perhaps simultaneously) in his The Dinner Party, *a novel that begins and ends one evening around a Paris table:*

The old lady:

. . . Little Jérôme Aygulf is a polite, well-behaved child. Even if he does pick his nose. When the Meilleuses lived here they had none of these antique mirrors. There was a Van Gogh, hanging on a background of yellow silk, lit indirectly to bring out the gleaming orange and dazzling greens. They had to sell it, along with everything else, before they died alone and penniless, within a few months of each other. The fear of losing the little I have, as my income shrinks and shrinks, and of dying alone and penniless. And an invalid, why not? A broken hip, at the very least. I must be careful going downstairs tonight. As I lean over, the reflections move along the three prongs of my fork. On the decanters, teardrops of light . . .

The producer's wife:

. . . That letter to my landlady will be so difficult I must write it tomorrow and tell her dear madam no madam you have no right to keep me from installing an antenna on the roof there is a law no I can put it better than that madam in answer to your letter of the permit me to draw your attention to such and such a clause in the code regulating the use of Léon-Pierre told me which law it was but it still doesn't sound right what a chore writing this letter my whole Sunday will be ruined *my whole life ruined lost it is not fair to have to die it's horrible I am so afraid how can they sit there and not be shrieking with horror* . . .

The screen writer:

. . . It has been so long since I have written anything, except the scenarios which I write for a living and which are not bad as stories go; the films made from them are at least controversial. But after all! Mallarmé himself only wrote three poems during one twenty-year period of his life. Again that anguish. His works lasted. They exist today. But mine! It is not too late. The next time I find myself between films I will work on something other than a scenario. I will write a book. Like those I wrote between the ages of eighteen and twenty-eight. Novels which almost no one ever read. Which I never dared to re-read. But in which the undeniable talent revealed in my screenplays was already demonstrated, without being obscured by the compromises, the falsification, and the deception necessary to the screen. I am a success. I have made a name for myself. But in the movies, and that does not count . . .

The nervous millionaire:

. . . Rich as I am, and good-looking, although a bit (a very little bit) too stout, I could find happiness in the arms of a chambermaid. (Oh, how happy I could be!) Perspiring already. (One of my difficulties.) (Not the only one.) (Alas!) Try to wipe your forehead without being noticed. It is not because I am worried (What could I be afraid of?) that I am perspiring; it is just that I am too warm. This room is unbearably hot. (But why this panic?) . . .

seated. On the last, they have rise
are passing into the drawing room
tween these termini the courses su
one another, the wine is poured ar
poured, and both the conversatior
the thoughts of the eight characte
come (as in many dinner parties)
intense and indiscreet. At the op
we know nothing of these people
their names. By the close, having l
their talk and overheard their me
tions, we know them well: we have
much of their past, and we can for
their future (see excerpts at left).

Encouraged by the brilliance
clarity of this novel, I turned back
to *The Marquise*. Reading much
slowly, lingering on each monologu
conversation until I had identified
characters concerned, and writing
list of their names and backgroun
found that, like figures on a photog
in the developing tank, they grew c
separated themselves from one ano
acquired lights and shadows and
vidual poses and characteristic ex
sions. Meanwhile, the shape of the
in time, and its internal punctua
also emerged. It is a fine concep
worked out with a skill that few n
ists have the patience or the delicac
apply.

The novel tells the story of one
in one spot near the center of Pari
begins at five P.M. on a hot sum
day and ends, after a welcome thun
shower, just as six o'clock strikes.
characters are nearly all Parisi
Some live near the Carrefour de
—it is a real place, just off the Bo
vard St. Germain, on the way to
Seine and the Pont Neuf. Others me
pass through it. Scores of lives cross
another at this crossroads and this h
Listening to their voices, we disting
four different types.

Some are quiet folk leading their
dinary lives: the policeman, control
six streams of traffic and feeling
heat; the old man selling vegetables
fruit from a barrow; Monsieur Ta
net, the businessman, and his ty
("Can I get the letters all out
5:30?"). Some, as in every big city,

g through with interests else-
. A pretty redhead with blue slacks
white blouse and no brassière runs
nd dodges traffic and dives into
bway and leaves a broad wake of
on behind her. A male extrovert
Ferrari waits growling for the po-
in's whistle TRIIIT and then takes
HAHA round the *carrefour* "Circle
error" VROOAPP. VROOP. ROOAAR.
tives staked out to watch for a
ial who has a date with an accom-
here, between five and six, loiter
nchalant silence.

hers, again, are in the grip of
A quiet little maniac believes that
ical waves from all the transmit-
n France are concentrating on him;
also obsessed by small children
hinks often of his niece Lucette
ny won't my brother trust me with
). Old Monsieur Loubert tells a
l how his wife, "after fifty-five
of happiness, in the same bed,"
and left him alone. Lucien makes
to Minouche in a hotel room; and
with her debased and conscient
licity, makes love to Ida, the maid
door. These are "transients," but
carries within him, ticking, a cargo
ghtful, explosive power.

e central characters of the book
view or in thought from the begin-
to the end. The rich and sensual
or Bertrand Carnéjoux (so called,
oubt, because he likes to toy with
has broken up his marriage and is
alone, thinking out a new novel.
e book opens, his young wife Mar-
has just left his apartment, after
ing their daughter Rachel, aged
to see him on a duty visit. (Little
el, who says at the end of a long
that she is *fatiguée,* is one of the
delightful children I have ever met
tion.) Carnéjoux was also one of the
figures in *The Dinner Party,* where
aw that he had three mistresses
taneously, one being the maid who
d to serve dinner. Now he is alone
for the moment, free of all obses-
except literature. The schoolboy
ce Reslaut is tortured by ideal love
schoolgirl, Valérie, and by base
lust for the anonymous nudes of peep shows, and by jealousy of a rival whom Valérie seems to like equally well—or better? The quiet merchant of autographs and old books, watching the rolling traffic of the Carrefour de Buci, lets his mind rove back over the history of Paris, which, like a rich wine, acquires greater strength and beauty with the passing years. And the marquise? Who is the marquise who went out at five, talking to herself, lamenting her middle-aged spread, and still cruising up and down the streets at six? She is not a lady, but an old male homosexual called Zerbarian—one of Mauriac's funniest characters, comic most of all in his fat frustration.

The chief technical problem in writing a book like this is that it contains no single "plot." It has, in Mauriac's words, "unity of place, unity of time, multiplicity of action." However, he has contrived to give it something like a unity of action: partly by reporting activities that are similar, activities of the early evening, people going home, looking for love and rest, reflecting on the past day; partly by interweaving, in the mind of the antiquarian Desprez, stage after stage in the history of this quarter of Paris with this present hour which is already passing into history; and partly—this is subtle—by projecting the whole moving spectacle on the mind of Carnéjoux the novelist, so that it becomes at once the world he observes, the novel he is preparing to write, and the novel we are reading.

This is a truly modern work. Even its models are all new. It is like a highly intelligent film made by a mobile camera and then edited, with many flashbacks and much crosscutting, by a poetic producer. It is like an on-the-spot tape recording; indeed, it could well be made into a play for radio, with dozens of different voices rising and fading against the busy background music of a city. In literature one of its models is *Ulysses,* which within one twenty-four hour period gives us the life of a city, with many interior monologues, many fragmentary sounds and speeches overheard, and much of that indescribable half-comic poetry that exudes from the life of common folk. (*The Marquise* ends with a big rhapsody reminiscent in shape of Molly Bloom's final reverie.) Eliot's *Waste Land,* blending past and present, vulgarity and nobility, the imagined and the reminiscent and the overheard, is another work in this style.

Like other practitioners of "the new novel" in France (as analyzed by Richard Gilman in the January, 1962, HORIZON), Mauriac has given up the artificial concept of a single thread of plot called "the story"; and like them, he brings the reader into direct and intimate confrontation with his characters. Jules Romains, too, is one of Mauriac's masters. In *Men of Good Will* he evoked the collective life of the city of Paris; and the episodic contrapuntal plan of that enormous work is adapted to *The Marquise,* although on a smaller, far more concentrated scale. Romains's doctrine of "unanimism"—which makes a street full of people or a small group of friends capable of becoming a higher, although less durable, entity than the individuals that compose it—is beautifully expressed in the life of the Carrefour de Buci. Whether Mauriac also knows Durrell's Alexandria quartet I cannot say: the two men are much of an age and have clearly been working along similar lines.

But any novelist's work, however ingenious its technique and however distinguished its models, will be arid and unrewarding unless he can create people, make them act naturally and surprisingly, let us hear their voices and see their movements, so that they appear to us, not puppets on strings or actors on celluloid, but flesh and blood and spirit like ourselves. As I finished *The Marquise Went Out at Five,* I forgot that I was reading a book and felt as though I were standing on a balcony above the Carrefour de Buci, sharing for an hour the life of those gay, harassed, volatile, intelligent, sensual, xenophobic people of Paris, who are the real hero of Mauriac's eloquent and penetrating novel. GILBERT HIGHET

MOVIES

Not By the Book

Otto Preminger

Seeing a pleasant, innocuous movie and later hearing someone "who has read the novel" pick it to pieces, is a somewhat tiring experience. Film makers get indignant about such procedures and protest that movies should be judged on their own merits, and never mind where the original ideas came from. They have a point, and the few serious film critics writing for the New York dailies usually avoid comparison between film and book (the unserious ones don't read books). Having said this, I should like to indulge in a comparison—between Allen Drury's novel *Advise and Consent* and the film treatment of it recently made by Otto Preminger.*

I remember, after seeing Walt Disney's *Treasure Island,* how I reread the novel and found—sacrilegious as it may sound—that the changes made in Stevenson's story gave the plot more tightness and logic. This was, of course, an atypical discovery. More frequently a novel is hanged, drawn, quartered, and its bowels torn out, in order that its story may fit comfortably into the never-never land of American movies. The borders of this mysterious country are defined by "what the public wants" and what the Motion Picture Code allows, and within its realm love's problems do not begin but end with marriage; the honest man's answer to provocation is a punch in the nose; and girls take their dresses off in men's apartments only when they have been caught in the rain (but they remain chaste).

Europe does better at times, but not always. After Somerset Maugham's three-story movie *Trio* appeared, a British publisher brought out a book that included both the screenplays of the three stories and the originals themselves; it was a hair-raising demonstration of how in each case the essence of the story, its point and wit, had been sacrificed. More recent examples are numerous. In *Room at the Top,* based on John Braine's novel, veracity had to surrender to the thesis that immorality does not pay. In *Goodbye Again* the mildly interesting point of Françoise Sagan's *Aimez-Vous Brahms?* vanished when the aging lady and her boyfriend were forced into a shotgun camera marriage. But there is change: a healthier censorship climate and the bland taboos of competitive television are inevitably driving motion pictures toward sophistication.

In spite of its recurrent fearfulness, Hollywood has shown more vigor with themes that are political and social than with those that are not. American writers as a group—certainly beginning with the years of the New Deal—have demonstrated a liberal social consciousness, and the movie industry has filmed much of what they have had to say about corruption, Okies, sharecroppers civil rights. On such subjects it h lowed the mood and the views liberal segment of its audience greater courage than in the nonp relationships; it still hates to adm instance, that unmarried people a to make love. Traditionally, motio tures have been on the side of Th tle Guy, who—it so happens—i neighborhood movie-house client. American press is Republican, Am movies have tended to be Demo After all, the philosophy of the E Ending coincides with the America eral Dream.

Not many political movies have made about the Federal machine The latest one is *Advise and Co* the screenplay of which was writt Wendell Mayes, who "based it," a film credits say, "on the novel by Drury." But the picture is reall brain child of its producer and dir Otto Preminger. With Preminge book is, metaphorically speakin ways in the picture. Now that h made *Anatomy of a Murder, Ex* and *Advise and Consent*—with *Cardinal* to come—it would seem he opens the New York *Times Review* once a year and puts his money for the Number One seller. With *Exodus* he demonst that an enormous, pageant-y, mult superstory is more convincing wide-screen, wide-eyed movie than badly written book. With *Advise Consent* the case is more complic

Allen Drury's novel dealt with controversial nomination of a Secr of State. His nominee, and the Pres of the United States himself, are peasers" of Russia and actually

* For a glimpse of Preminger in another role, see page 81.

Enthroned on a dolly in Washington, Otto Preminger directs Charles La ton (far left) in his role as a Southern senator in the film Advise and Con

nen. The nominee, questioned by ıte subcommittee on alleged dab- in Communism, perjures himself. President tries to have the sub- ittee chairman silenced; he gets a -rousing, Left-wing senator to nail the chairman by threatening eal a homosexual incident in the s past. The chairman kills himself, new senator takes over the com- —a grassroots, homespun, Taftier- Taft gentleman from Illinois. This Orrin Knox, is the real hero of r's book. Knox avenges the dead nan, routs the President and his ıee, and—as a heart attack puts resident out of the way—saves the ı from the Reds.

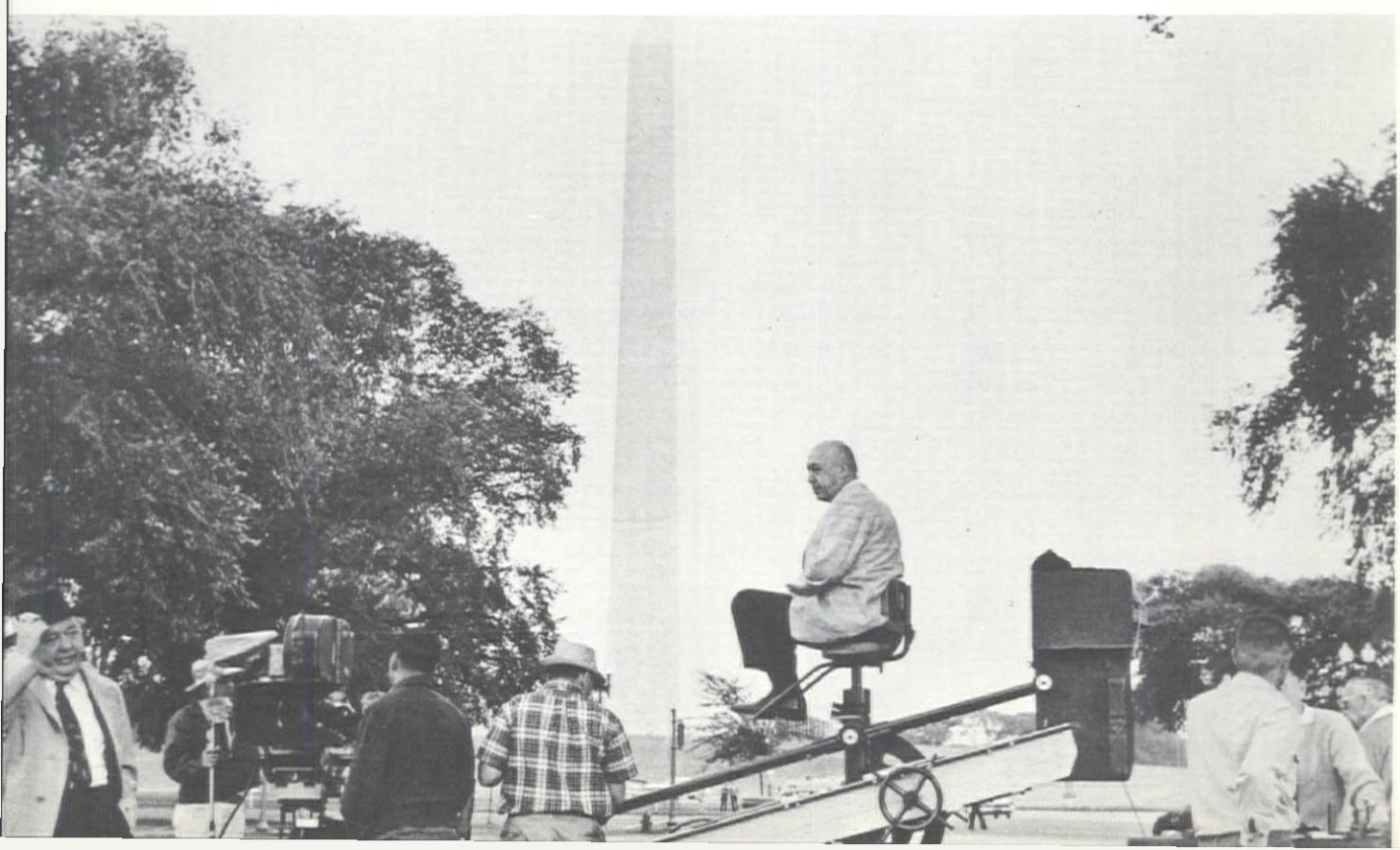
is a bit late in the day for a cri- of Drury's book, more than 1,- oo copies of which have been sold g the past two years. One can only that the customers did not bother ke the novel as more than enter- ent. The year after the novel was shed a dramatic adaptation of it ıred on Broadway. The author was g Mandel, a television writer, but —who had reserved the right of val—was sitting at his elbow. The follows the book faithfully. Howard man of The New York *Times* it "history turned on its head," it is hard to disagree: Drury- lel's McCarthy-like senator comes straight out of the novel as a representative of the political Left, and receives hysterical mass approval when he talks about "crawling on his knees to Moscow" (!) to avoid war; the press, *Time & Life* included, are leftists; the European ambassadors sound like the foreigners in a vaudeville sketch; and the President is not just a villain, but a villain on the level of a corrupt precinct captain. ("What can we use to threaten him?" he asks about the recalcitrant senator. ". . . There's always something.")

It is no secret that Otto Preminger, who has in his office a signed portrait of FDR looking at him, is not in Drury's political company; the answer to the riddle, "Why did he film this book then?" is brief. He did not.

He took the Senate setting, and the idea of a controversial nomination with its resulting conflicts. He bought Drury's two "buried pasts": the leftish one and the pervert one. And that was about all. A series of changes, some so subtle that it takes time and thought to become aware of them, have made Drury's indictment of Franklin Delano Roosevelt (no doubt he is the President meant by Drury, in spite of the up-to-the-minute touch added about a Russian threat radioed direct from the moon) and his "loaded condemnation of the liberal position" (to quote Taubman once more) into a calm and civilized movie about "the finest machine for governing yet invented," in Preminger's words, and about some people caught in a momentary grinding of the gears.

Preminger's changes were, of course, quite deliberate. During the work on the screenplay, he held up the Broadway version as an example of what he did *not* want. Preminger is a forceful man who, in a curiously uncrusading way, has fought a series of battles on tricky ground—and won them. He defied the Motion Picture Code with *The Moon Is Blue,* where the use of the word "virgin" on the sound track raised an issue of importance, even if the movie itself was silly. *The Man With the Golden Arm* broke the Code veto on the contemporary theme of drug addiction. By hiring Dalton Trumbo to do the screenplay for *Exodus,* Preminger lifted the boycott on the blacklisted screen writers. And—it is indicative of the position of strength he occupies in his world—no serious person tried to ascribe discreditable motives to this move.

With *Advise and Consent* half the battle was already won when Henry Fonda was cast as the man whom the President wants for his Secretary of State. Fonda could read the Communist Manifesto to a D.A.R. meeting and be



applauded; as soon as he appears in the committee room we know that no matter what they say, he is an honorable man. He also no longer speaks the lines of Drury's office-seeker but of a man who believes he may contribute toward keeping this world in one piece. He no longer visits and tries to sway the mind of the committee chairman (Don Murray); the exact reverse happens. We are also made to feel that the chairman kills himself not because he is hounded by a blackmailer, but rather because he is caught between love for his wife and the realization that his homosexual past is still alive, within himself. Nor is the blackmail plot instigated by the President. (This was so crude, anyway, that it is difficult to understand how Drury could have conceived of any man able to become President of the United States who is just plain stupid enough to have had a hand in it.)

Most important, in the movie Drury's hero Orrin Knox has well-nigh vanished. Edward Andrews, who plays the part, has only a few moments as an inimical senator and committee member. Good Sense is represented by Walter Pidgeon as the Senate Majority Leader, who acts more like the man he is supposed to play and less like himself than he has done in years. But Preminger's film has no real hero, and no need for one because it has no villain. George Grizzard, cast as the blackmailing senator in a very tight Madison Avenue collar, is not taken quite seriously. He does not represent any sinister forces, he is simply the *devil ex machina*. "There's only one President," Preminger said to me, "and so I can't have him a crazy man; but one crazy senator is all right." The film does not depict the U. S. Senate as a kind of Wild East with bad men (Liberals; or appeasers, if you wish) and good men (Conservatives; or reactionaries, if you choose). It shows a human theatre with people acting according to their lights; and the lights of the President and his hapless nominee actually seem t brighter than those of their opp

The point remains, how c Preminger's Congress to Washin actuality? The question is hard nonpolitician to answer. It has th of reality (certainly more so th famous Mr. Smith going to W ton); it seemed less dreary to m the real thing must be a lot of th

Preminger has filmed a politica in simple black-and-white. I a pressed only by his not sticking r that story but feeling the need layer of icing, whipped up out ators' home lives: Walter I nursing an unconvincing affai Gene Tierney; other, more d cated senators feeding, lecturing avoiding their badly behaved chil all ages from three to sixteen.

But I am most impressed b Preminger's ability to read I novel and perceive in it the maki a movie that will serve as its an

HANS KONINGSBE

CHANNELS

Whatever Became of Money?

In the mail a few days ago was a somewhat curt note from a national car-rental agency which informed my wife, in no uncertain terms, that her application for a credit card had been rejected. If she insisted on renting a car, the note went on to say, there was really no way of stopping her, but it would be strictly a cash transaction, and no nonsense about it. There was also a faint implication that canaille like my wife was expected to walk from point to point, rather than to drive a car.

I found this rather heartening. It had been my assumption that in recent years credit cards have been issued automatically to anyone who was fully dressed at the time of application and had no habits that cried out for the cautious approach, like chewing betel nut. My own subteen-age son, having inadvertently scribbled his name on the back of a match folder, is now empowered to take Turkish baths ad libitum at any hour of the day or night, bills to be rendered quarterly. I myself dine regularly in restaurants whe one but the hat-check girl has seen more than eight dollars in during any fiscal year. To know somewhere someone was refusing even to my own wife, was reassur

This elevation of spirits van however, when my wife informe through her tears that the credit denied her was a credit card for she had never applied, and in fa which she had no conceivable Somehow this made the whole

much more humiliating. To be re- credit when you ask for it is bad gh, but to have a company seek ut merely for the purpose of refus- ou credit seems a little malevolent. inately, it happens that I myself a credit card from that same car- l agency, and I was able to strike w for extravagance by renting a car taking her for a drive. She felt bet- fter that.

lidn't. Try as I may, I cannot be- accustomed to this new economy, hich money has gone out of style. spect I can blame my father for. He took the view that debt, in form, was some sort of taint, and man who incurred debt was not to velcomed into polite society. Any- g that you couldn't buy for cash couldn't afford. This was not merely ntal counsel: he lived that way, and he never had much cash, he never ght much of anything. But if he wanted to buy the Empire State ding, for example, my father would put aside the money, penny by ny, until he had $65,000,000—then would have stepped up, laid it on line, and demanded a receipt. The that the Empire State Building had yet been constructed during my er's lifetime does not impair the lity of this story—he felt the same about the Flatiron Building, and equently never got to own it. Nowa- s anyone who wants to buy the Flat- Building just produces a Diners' card and has it wrapped for de- y.

ow that I come to think of it, this ude was not peculiar to my father. hose days there was a breed of man d the credit manager, born with a l hostility to all their fellows and ble, as credit managers, of indulg- it to the utmost. Their purpose in was to prevent the issuance of it. To open an account in a depart- t store required investigation in h of your entire life, in which your hbors were canvassed for scurrilous es and your picture was circulated heriffs in adjacent counties. Even after an account was opened, as it occasionally was, salesmen tended to look upon you with suspicion, pushed shoddy on you, and accompanied every purchase with long, secret conversations with the executive staff.

Today, much the same takes place if you try to pay cash. Produce a large bank note some day in a department store and see what happens. Salesgirls go into a state of shock, making wild unco-ordinated gestures over their sales books. Ultimately the money is sent away somewhere to be examined, X-rayed, have its serial number checked with the FBI, and generally be handed around. Purchases that can be consummated in three minutes with a credit card—and in no time at all if you proceed on pure bravado—consume half a day when paid in cash. And the entire exchange takes place in an atmosphere of sullen distrust. Mort Sahl used to tell a story about a trio of bank robbers who steal $6,500 in pennies and laboriously haul the sacks over to an automobile agency, where they try to buy a Cadillac with them. "The salesman became suspicious right away," Sahl reported, "because he knew that *nobody* ever pays cash for a Cadillac."

I fear that I may be a little obscure to my younger readers, so let me try to say what money was. It consisted of rectangular pieces of dirty green paper that came in various denominations and could be exchanged for goods and services, like a credit card. The difference was that money was good anywhere. You didn't need different kinds of money for different shops. And when you bought something for money, you were through: you didn't have to make out checks later.

The only place where the old reverence for money lingers is in banks. It is well known that you can cash a personal check anywhere in the country, with no trouble at all, except in the bank where you have an account. If you happen to go to the exact branch where you make your deposits, it is barely possible to cash a check if you can find a vice-president to initial it. If you go to a different branch, you will be thrown out into the street. This isn't as bad as it sounds: once you are on the street any passer-by will cash the check.

You don't even need cash to telephone from a pay station any more. This is the most astonishingly lax credit procedure ever devised. You do have to have a dime, to make contact with the operator, but after that all you must do is mutter a few numbers and you not only get San Francisco but your dime comes back. There is supposed to be a code, to keep out the ribbon clerks, but it is scarcely a secret code, and any friend who owns a credit card can let you in on it. It is true that somebody gets billed for the call, but it is never you. I am not recommending this; simply pointing out that it can be done.

It doesn't help not to like this new wild credit. I once owned a hotel credit card, as a matter of convenience, so that I could buy myself bed and board in strange cities without the need to travel with large quantities of money. (See above.) Slowly that simple, unassuming credit card has been converted into a license to steal. It is now good in 40,000 retail establishments, automobile agencies, psychiatric clinics, and saloons. It is accepted with respect and even affection everywhere except in the hotel that issued it, which now seems to regard it with deep suspicion every time I proffer it. Also, if I lose it or if it is stolen, the finder or thief can use it far more freely than I would, and I am supposed to pay for his buying spree. In short, it is far more dangerous to carry that credit card than to carry large sums of money, since any money I lose runs out, sooner or later, but a credit card does not.

I suppose I shouldn't be so querulous about all this. But I liked money. There was something special about it. What fun would it be, for example, to light a cigar with a credit card? It would just spoil the cigar. Anyway, now that I think of it, we are mad at Fidel Castro and pretty soon we won't be able to get cigars, either. The whole world's going to Hell. STEPHEN WHITE

THE SIGHT THAT MUSIC MAKES

Robert Osborn draws an album of composers— as he sees them

In the eight-page portfolio that follows, Robert Osborn has set himself the task of converting composers and their works—and, for good measure, a few musical performers and listeners—into cartoons. The conception is notably Osborn-like, and the execution will delight close students of his bold, unclassifiable technique (see his collection "Osborn's Americans" in HORIZON for September, 1960). Under his hand, Aaron Copland becomes a bolt of blue light surmounted by a pince-nez; Edward MacDowell, alpine-hatted and mustachioed, peers through a tangle of woodsy overgrowth; a plume surmounts the big, booming bell-like helmet of Sibelius. Whether these are, properly speaking, cartoons or something else again is a question Osborn himself might be hard put to answer. For his idea here is that of the visual impression made by music, which is not only a "serious" idea, but one with a literary lineage as well.

Sounds have texture, smells have color, sights have their sharp flavors: this the late romantic writers often declared, remarking that each of the five senses reverberates against the others, mixing and matching, so that with at least some reason—discounting for critics' jargon—one can speak of an artist orchestrating his pigments, or of a composer choosing his palette. "I invented the color of vowels!" declaimed the poet Rimbaud. "*A* black, *E* white, *I* red, *O* blue, *U* green." And earlier the introverted, pleasure-seeking Baudelaire had made a poem of the "correspondance" of all sensation. Like voices echoing from beyond, Baudelaire wrote,

Vaste comme la nuit et comme la clarté,
Les parfums, les couleurs et les sons se répondent.

Osborn, of course, has never been one to observe too closely the distinction between cartooning and pure painting. His work ranges from out-and-out caricature through the grotesque into a realm where the line between humor and the macabre has long since been lost track of. In this he is ideally equipped to see sight in sound: the bright Brazilian reds and greens in Villa-Lobos, the dramatic pattern of blacks and grays in Beethoven. His tastes in music are catholic, his verdicts on it very much his own. Even to compositions accounted as profound he brings a flick of irreverence, and even to the frivolous he bends the attention of a listener who is first and last an artist.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN

W. C. HANDY

PERFECT WAGNERIAN

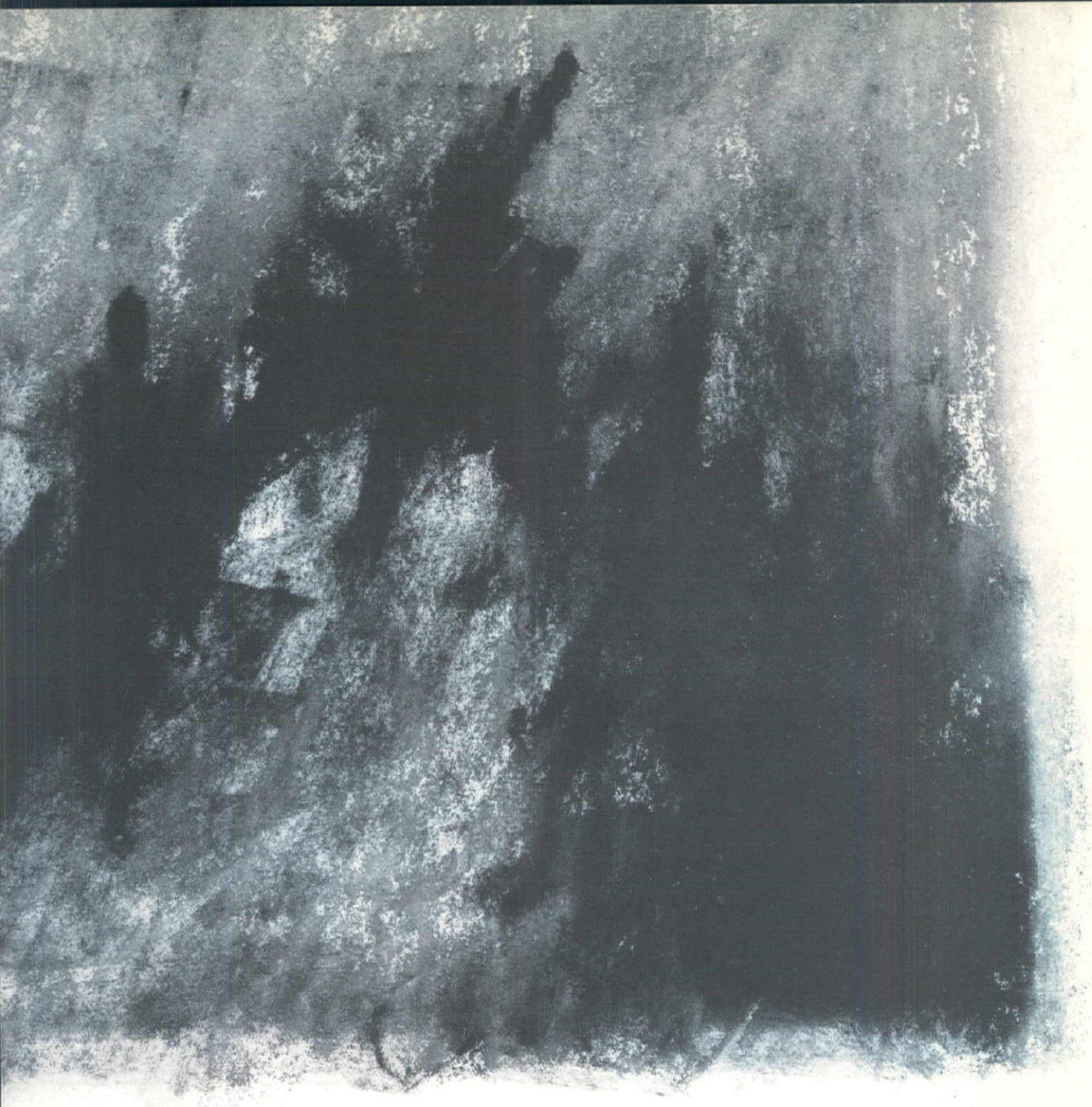
FATS WALLER

AARON COPLAND

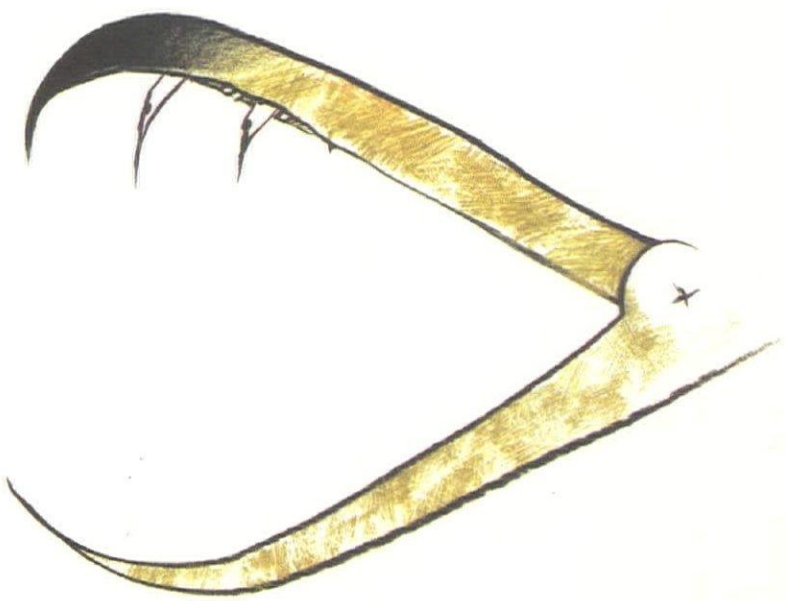
FELIX MENDELSSOHN

EDWARD MacDOWELL

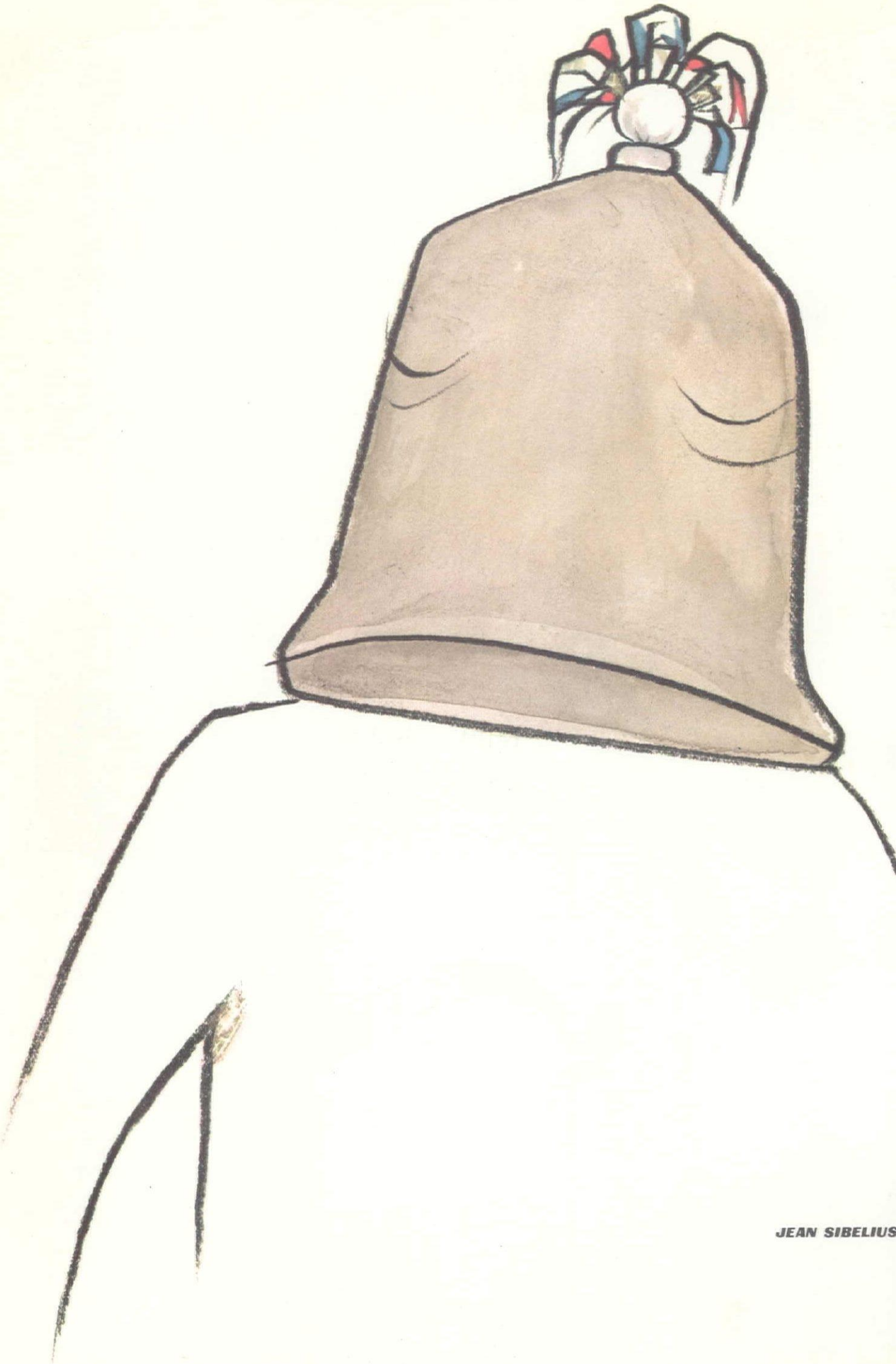
HEITOR VILLA-LOBOS



VAN BEETHOVEN



BÉLA BARTÓK



JEAN SIBELIUS