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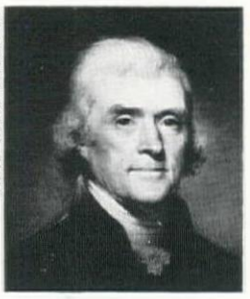


HORIZON

WINTER, 1970 · VOLUME XII, NUMBER 1

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The Attack on History



WHITE HOUSE COLLECTION

Thomas Jefferson

It is seldom that alarming news emerges from learned journals of education and the decisions of educational committees. Such, however, is the case today, and the news is well worth pondering. It is simply that the teaching of history is being seriously undermined. Attacked by teachers, by educational leaders, and by academic scholars, the history curriculums in the nation's schools are in the process of being cut to the bare minimum prescribed by state laws. It is high time to say something in history's defense.

Of criticism, the teaching of history suffers no lack. Most of the criticism is harsh and curiously contradictory. On the one hand, history courses are accused of being mere compilations of dead facts. On the other hand, they are criticized for being mere packages of "pieties," designed to teach "obedience, docility, humility," according to one distinguished American educator, Edgar Bruce Wesley. The famous Harvard historian Oscar Handlin says that history should be taught only in college because it is too difficult for the average student. Mr. Wesley, on the other hand, faults history precisely because "any reasonably normal student can learn any kind of history at any grade level." Lastly and most significant, history is scornfully compared to the social sciences, with their "exacting standards." Indeed, it is looked upon by many educators as a sentimental relic that must be replaced by the more "relevant" social sciences. Dr. Charles G. Sellers, a member of a California panel charged with drawing up a program of social studies for the state public schools, reported recently that only a few panel's historians "saw much value in retaining history in the curriculum at all."

Can the study of history be defended—to quote Dr. Sellers—"in the face of the teachers' hard-headed insistence on precision in defining behavioral objectives" of teaching history? We think it must be, and must be. Far more is at stake than the outcome of an academic squabble.

The study of history, Thomas Jefferson long ago insisted, is the very heart of education. History, broadly speaking, is our record of the actions taken by men in the past that have made us what we are today. It is the record of men deciding and aspiring, using power and abusing power, in their ceaseless attempts to achieve their purposes. History thus reveals the ways of men when they are free, for freedom, in its most profound sense is the capacity of men to shape their own world.

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HORIZON

A Magazine of the Arts

WINTER, 1970 · VOLUME XII, NUMBER 1

If history is taught as dead facts, it is being badly taught. If it is taught to inculcate "obedience" and "docility," it has been perverted into propaganda.

As for the social sciences themselves, the one thing they can never do is replace history. By their very nature, the social sciences show us men when they are not free. Psychology describes us insofar as we are bound by behavioral "laws." Sociology describes us insofar as we are bound by social "forces." Anthropology describes us insofar as we are bound by inherited "custom." These sciences do depict mankind, but it is a partial picture. If all we knew of ourselves were derived from social science, men would know themselves only as passive creatures of ironclad laws and circumstance. Only the study of history can rectify a view of man so dangerously one-sided; can show us not only as passive creatures, which we are, but as active creators and lawmakers, which we also are.

To answer the teachers' demand for a precise "objective" in studying history, defenders of history might well turn to Jefferson's words. In a republic, he said, the purpose of history is to "enable every man to judge for himself what will secure or endanger his freedom." Surely that is "precise" enough and "relevant" enough to satisfy anyone.

W.K.

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HORIZON is published every three months by American Heritage Publishing Co., Inc. Editorial and executive offices: 551 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Treasurer: George W. Breitkreuz. Secretary: John C. Taylor 3rd. All correspondence about subscriptions should be addressed to: HORIZON Subscription Office, 379 West Center St., Marion, Ohio 43302.

Single Copies: $6.00; Subscriptions: $20.00 per year in the U.S. & Canada; elsewhere, $21.00

Cumulative indexes for Volumes I–V and VI–X are available at $3. HORIZON is also indexed in the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature*. The editors welcome contributions but can assume no responsibility for unsolicited material. Title registered U.S. Patent Office. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices.

COVER: Seldom if ever in the history of art has an elderly painter in failing health made his physical weaknesses such a source of aesthetic strength as did Henri Matisse. Matisse's exuberant *Blue Nude with Flowing Hair* exemplifies the direct, uncomplicated joyousness of his later works—works executed in a new medium that enabled the artist to synthesize the results of a lifetime of grappling with the problem of finding the most direct and the least ambiguous way of representing light and space. This problem and its brilliant solution by an old man who might have rested with honor on previously won laurels are analyzed in an article by Richard W. Murphy that begins on page 26.



MUSEUM OF MODERN ART: FILM STILLS ARCHIVE

The Weimar Resemblance

Students in revolt, cities in turmoil, morals in transition, values in doubt, elites in conflict, society in fragments, art in isolation, and above all, violence everywhere, in speech, in manners, in schools, in politics, in the theatre—this catalogue is a portrait, partial but recognizable, not of America in the sixties but of Germany in the twenties. It is easy to take the one for the other. The parallels between Weimar then and America now seem evident, and parallel conclusions are tempting. But while the parallels exist, are they real, in-

Its nervous, alienated (and often brilliant) culture seems uncomfortably like our own. But the sickness that killed the



In The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari, *the expressionist film of 1920, the deranged doctor watches police examine his victim.*

structive, applicable? We know America sufficiently well; the roots of its malaise are exposed. But we do not know Weimar well enough. Before we judge the familiar by the unfamiliar, then, let us look at the unfamiliar.

In February, 1920, the film *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* had its première in Berlin. Germans were hardly in a holiday mood. Less than two years before, they had lost a great war, a war they had been assured they would win quickly and cheaply. The defeat had been bitter almost beyond endurance. In addition to losing nearly two million men and suffering another four million wounded—many of whom, hideously mutilated, roamed the streets as pathetic beggars, perfect models for George Grosz's mordant drawings—the country had been subjected to civil war and political assassinations. Even worse, perhaps, it had been compelled to accept the Versailles Treaty. This shameful "Dictated Peace" left Germany truncated and quite literally divided: Versailles drove the corridor of West Prussia, granted to Poland, between East Prussia and the rest of the country; handed Upper Silesia and Posen to the Poles and converted Danzig into a free city; returned Alsace and Lorraine, which the Germans had acquired in the War of 1870, to France; restored Belgian territories in the south; deprived Germany of her colonies; imposed military occupation on the Rhineland; and

German Republic is not the sickness that afflicts America now

By PETER GAY

insisted that the Germans and their allies accept "responsibility" for their "aggression." The economic losses were enormous and incalculable: the ceded territories contained irreplaceable raw materials and indispensable skilled personnel. Beyond this, there was political isolation and moral humiliation. Thousands of Germans clamored for revision of the treaty and privately hoped for revenge.

One could hardly expect that the statesmen who had proclaimed a republic, chased away the German emperor and minor dynasties, and signed the "intolerable" Versailles Treaty would establish an order that many would respect. In August, 1919, after long and often vehement debate, dominant political groups had indeed written a democratic constitution. But while many supported it passively, few loved it, and many more hated it. The Peace of Versailles and the Weimar Republic fused in people's minds. Those who wanted to preserve the latter appeared to be apologists for the former; those who longed to destroy the former hoped to destroy the latter at the same time. The future was uncertain, but this much was clear: the republic had fewer friends than enemies, and its enemies, far more purposeful than its friends, were entrenched and secure. The socialists, democrats, and liberal Catholics who created the Weimar Republic had swept away the empire and monarchies; they had even laid hesitant hands on the army—although they had used units of that same army to put down left-wing rebellions in Berlin and Munich and elsewhere and had permitted the old bureaucrats and the old judges to remain in their posts. Nearly all these political survivors were monarchists; many of them were on friendly terms, or in secret alliance, with the paramilitary bands of terrorists that practiced vigilante justice against the Left across the land. Early in 1920, when *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* was playing to full houses, it was almost certain that the violence would continue, that the value of the mark would drop, and that the Allies would go on squeezing as much out of the Germans as they could.

The atmosphere of *Dr. Caligari* was as somber as the atmosphere of young Weimar Germany. The film opens with a young man, Francis, sitting with a companion on what appears to be a park bench; a lovely young woman, Jane, moves by slowly, as if in a trance. Francis tells his companion that he has been through some strange experiences with the girl. Much of what follows is a record of these experiences. Francis, it appears, is a student in love with Jane. One day, with his friend Alan, he visits a fairground and drops in at the booth of a hypnotist, Dr. Caligari, who exhibits a somnambulist. The sleepwalker, Cesare, an emaciated young man who lives in a coffin-shaped box, supposedly can foretell the future. The aura of terror that pervades the scene is in no way mitigated when we learn that a city official who had snubbed Caligari the night before was found murdered in the morning. Then, when Alan asks Cesare to predict his future, he is told that he has only until dawn to live. The prediction proves grimly correct: in the morning Alan is found dead.

Francis seeks to unravel this terrifying mystery; that night he steals into Caligari's booth and finds Cesare asleep in his box. But he is misled; the sleeping figure is a dummy. Cesare is really off in pursuit of Jane, whom he nearly stabs but instead carries away. The police follow the pair across a weird, deserted landscape, until an exhausted Cesare drops the girl and dies. Clearly he has been in the sinister Caligari's power, nothing else; he has committed his crimes under the influence of hypnotism. Exposed, Caligari flees to an insane asylum, but Francis discovers him there and then makes another terrifying discovery: the murderous hypnotist and the director of the asylum are one and the same. Dr. Caligari, it seems, had become fascinated with hypnotism and with the story of a vicious eighteenth-century mountebank, and had abused his powers as director of the asylum to experiment with the inmates. He had found Cesare the somnambulist too good a subject to pass up, and so, his fascination degenerated into obsession, he had induced Cesare to commit murders—as a medical experiment. When Francis attempts to wring a confession from Caligari by showing him Cesare's corpse, the mad doctor loses all control and is put into a strait jacket.

The film does not end here, but cuts back to the opening scene, which now turns out to be a frame for the story. Francis, finished with the telling of his tale, walks into a courtyard filled with outlandish personages. Many of them, including Jane and Cesare, are familiar from the film's central episode. Obviously Francis himself is a madman and has transformed the inmates of the



KUNSTSAMMLUNG NORDRHEIN-WESTFALEN, DÜSSELDORF

A response to postwar violence, The Night *by Max Beckmann, depicts brutal murder in a candlelit attic. It was based on the slaying of two radical German socialists in 1919.*

In Gray Day, *1921, George Grosz savagely epitomized German society*



asylum into characters in a fantasy. Indeed, the director soon appears; he is a benign version of Dr. Caligari—a kindly man who has seen through Francis's delusion and is ready to cure him. It is an improbably cheerful end to a terrifying tale.

Part of the film's power lies in its bizarre scenery: the walls of Caligari's booth and of a police station are not parallel, but elongated and pointed, like a distorted cathedral. The streets zigzag like strokes of lightning, and the floors of rooms, the sidewalks, and the walls of buildings are marked with irregular lines. It all looks like a drawing by Lyonel Feininger, although Feininger had nothing to do with the making of the film and had no influence on its designers. Yet the resemblance is not merely coincidental; it testifies to the dominance of expressionism over German art in these early postwar years. Expressionism—that passionate, melodramatic, deliberately antinaturalistic vision that brought yelling to the stage, extravagant metaphors into poetry, and strident, outlandish colors to painting—had been born before World War I but reached its apogee in postwar Germany, a country as extravagant as the art it spawned and supported for some time. Politics, it seemed, was imitating art. *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* was the ideal expressionist film in an expressionist age.

But the meaning of *Dr. Caligari* goes beyond this. While it is always risky to impose too heavy a burden of significance on a single work of art, this film tells us much about the prevailing temper and insoluble problems of the early republic. The authors of the script, Hans Janowitz and Carl Mayer, had intended their fable to be an antiwar tale. In their original version Caligari, the mad doctor, was in fact the director of the insane asylum. He stood then for unchecked authority, and his hapless patients, for the sheeplike people who follow their leaders down the road to perdition for sheer love—or from the sheer habit—of obedience. In this sense *Dr. Caligari* represented a widespread, if in the long run impotent, protest against the madness of war. Janowitz and Mayer did incorporate into their tale some youthful experiences, but the real force behind it, without which the story would have been little more than an anecdote, was World War I. It was an attempt to remind the film-going public of past mistakes, so that it might avoid similar mistakes in the future.

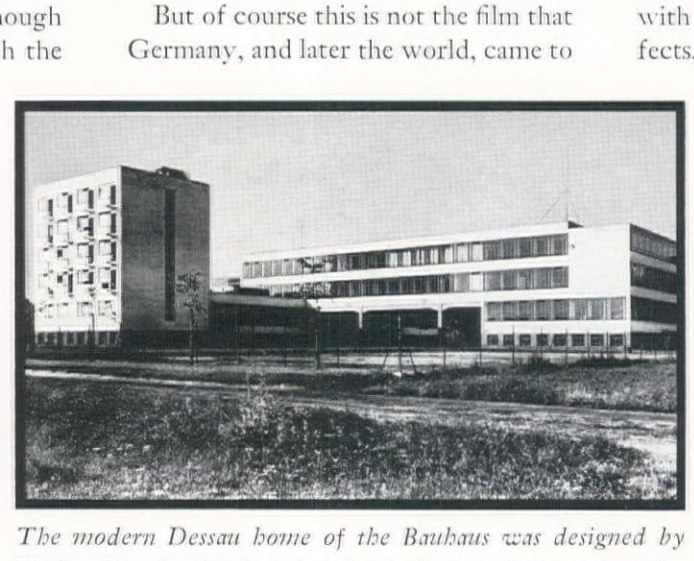
But of course this is not the film that Germany, and later the world, came to see and admire, and this, too, is significant. Much to the extreme but helpless annoyance of its authors, the producer and director destroyed the polemical intentions of the original tale by placing it within a frame. The chief protestor, Francis, is a madman; the villain, the mad doctor, is not really cruel, but kind; the attack on authority thus springs from a delusion. "A revolutionary film," as the German critic Siegfried Kracauer observed in *From Caligari to Hitler*, "was thus turned into a conformist one."

It is hard to estimate what the audience would have made of the fable unaltered—expressionism was often as murky in its message as it was fervent in its proclamations—but the imposition of a frame upon the original sto remains interesting for its own sak It was less a symptom of some cr desire for box-office success than the desire to avoid the issues that t defeat and fall of the German empi had raised. Throughout the 1920's th evasion of harsh realities would rema characteristic of the German scer Expressionism in the film, the theat and painting began to fade in the mi 1920's, and a new, cooler objectivit the *Neue Sachlichkeit*, took its place

The art that had been domina changed with, and through, the tim By late 1923 the inflationary perio with its fantastic peaks and ruinous e fects, was at an end. Political u rest let up for a time. Tru one Adolf Hitler tried an u successful *Putsch* in Muni in November, only to be a rested and imprisoned. But a sassination, that favorite for of political expressionism, a peared to be on the war Between 1924 and 1929 t republic seemed to be on saf ground. Even political isol tion receded before the co ciliatory foreign policy Gustav Stresemann, and 1926 Germany was at last pe mitted to join the League Nations. The enemies of th republic were relatively quiescent, friends more optimistic.

They had some reason to be; the were the brief years when Germar basked in the comfortable legend the "Golden Twenties," while th forces of destruction—the Caligaris were as busy as before, though le noisy. Hitler was soon out of jail, ar his party was active again. Yet the was a good deal of evidence to whic a professional optimist might appeal.

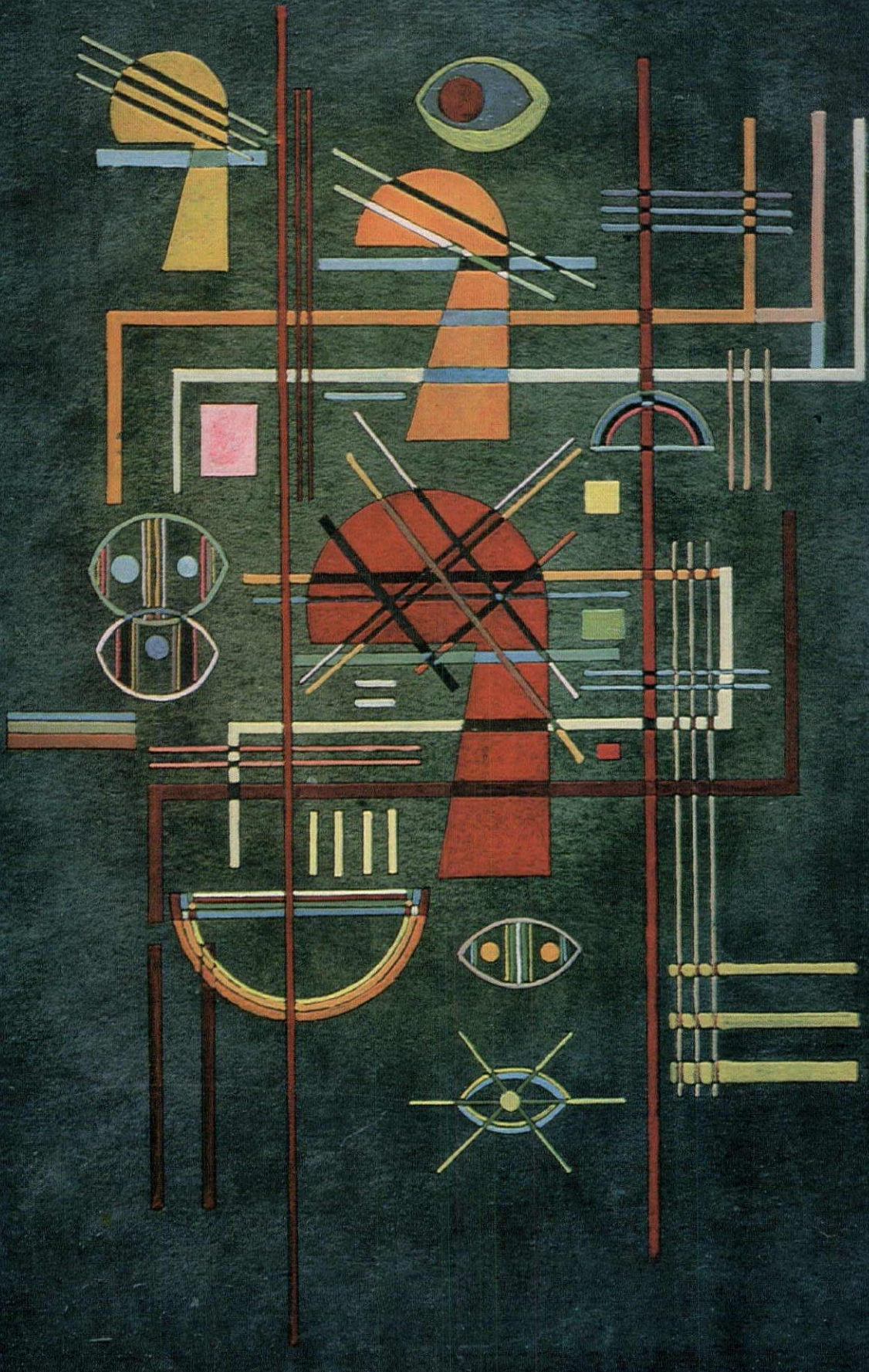
The most impressive piece of ev dence, certainly the most visible, w that enormously influential school design, the Bauhaus. Founded in 19 by Walter Gropius, the Bauhaus ha an early, struggling existence, definin its program and defying its detractor



The modern Dessau home of the Bauhaus was designed by Walter Gropius, head of the school where students and faculty attempted to refashion everything from coffee cups to cities.

As the decadent, compulsive temptress Lola in the 1930 film Th Angel, *Marlene Dietrich symbolized rightist elements in Weimar Ge*





in Weimar. Then in 1925 right-wing politicians, aided by reactionary architects—men who proved by their very actions that the gold of the Golden Twenties was tarnished—drove the Bauhaus out of the city for which the republic was named. It moved to Dessau, and there it flowered for a few precarious years. Its philosophy, articulated by Gropius and his associates in broadsides, pamphlets, and exhibitions, was the merging of aesthetics and craftsmanship in the service of "total architecture." The famous school buildings in Dessau, which brilliantly exemplified this philosophy, were designed by Gropius himself. And he was seconded by a staff as brilliant as he was: Lyonel Feininger, Wassily Kandinsky, Paul Klee, Josef Albers, László Moholy-Nagy.

This group, dedicated teachers all, ventured into the farthest reaches of abstract art and practical design. They designed chairs and lamps and rugs that remain striking today, with their handsome simplicity, their freedom from clichés, and their sheer utility. The Bauhaus, which included some of the most memorable artists of our century, tried to marry function and beauty, ideology and practicality, the machine and freedom. This last—the marriage between the machine and freedom—was perhaps the most daring and the most important of all. Gropius and his associates accepted modernity; they wanted to master the industrial age, not to flee it. As long as the Golden Twenties were, or seemed, golden, the Bauhaus succeeded; when depression and the rise of right-wing extremism threatened the fragile republic, the Bauhaus faded. In 1932 it left its buildings in Dessau and moved to Berlin, where it vegetated for a final year or so in shabby quarters.

The history of the Bauhaus—its stormy beginnings, splendid but short maturity, and pathetic end—mirrors the course of Weimar culture as a whole. And there were other, subtler bits of testimony from the arts that all was not well. In 1930, the year that later historians were inclined to think of as the last year of truly republican existence, the playwright Carl Zuckmayer adapted for the movies a widely read novel by Heinrich Mann, first published in 1904. The film, *The Blue Angel*, would make Marlene Dietrich, her voice and her legs, world-famous. It was the story of a strait-laced high-school teacher, filled with resentful rage against his jaunty, often well-to-do students, who takes up with a cabaret entertainer. In the novel, mordant and hilarious, the improbable pair drive many respectable townspeople to ruin by running a gambling hall; the two are arrested in the end, but even in the police van they seem to have triumphed over bourgeois respectability. But the film de-emphasized satire and instead became lachrymose; in a new ending the high-school teacher, acted to the hilt by Emil Jannings, goes mad with jealousy, lumbers back to the classroom—scene of his most humiliating defeats—puts his head on the desk, and dies. Heinrich Mann was a highly political writer whom some radical journalists considered a good prospect for the presidency of the republic. Strangely enough, he made no objection to Zuckmayer's changes in his satirical creation. Yet, however blandly Mann accepted these changes, the shift from satire to pathos was significant, and in its own way, ominous.

The year 1930 was pregnant with meaning and disaster. It was the year that Erich Maria Remarque's best-selling antiwar novel *All Quiet on the Western Front* (hardly good literature, but powerful pacifist propaganda) was made into a movie that aroused a storm of opposition from right-wingers. Goebbels mobilized the dregs of Berlin to riot in the theatres, and finally the film was banned. And it was also the year that Thomas Mann published his prophetic story *Mario and the Magician.*

Mann was a belated but energetic convert to democracy and to the republic. In the First World War he had championed the values of the old "cultural aristocracy" and disdainfully dismissed those of the West—of France and England—as mere commercial "civilization," infinitely inferior to the *Kultur* of the Germans. By the early 1920's he had outgrown this view, and now, in 1930, he put his convictions, long since expressed in speeches and articles, into fiction. *Mario and the Magician* suggests the difference between early and late Weimar, and at the same time, the continuity of the dangers. *Dr. Caligari* looked back to the authoritarianism of the past; *Mario and the Magician* looks ahead to the totalitarianism of the future. The story is a perfect companion piece for the film—both are about hypnotists, both clothe warnings against the perils of unreason into fabulous garments, both are ridden with the uncanny, both are heavy with death.

Mann carefully sets the stage for trouble by placing the dramatic time of the story in the 1920's; obviously it is the time of Mussolini's fascist dictatorship. Briefly, this is the story: a German couple vacationing in an Italian resort town, take their two young children to a well-publicized evening performance of one Cipolla, announced as a magician, but actually a hypnotist. While many of the Italian hotel guests and proprietors are cordial to the German visitors, the couple and their children have an unpleasant encounter with a hyperpatriotic, supremely offensive Italian fascist. The couple are ready to leave, but stay; they are unwilling to see the magician, but the children, who have never seen one, win out over the parents' better judgment. The whole village is there, including Mario, a young waiter at one of the hotels, whom the German children know and like.

Cipolla turns out to be repulsive in every respect; he is misshapen, arrogant, quick to take offense, a fascist who lectures his audience on Italian greatness. But he is also enormously effective, guessing cards and numbers

In abstractions like Mild Harshness No. 404 *Wassily Kandinsky brought to painting the severe, geometric functionalism of Bauhaus design.*

with phenomenal accuracy. Above all, he can compel members of the audience to do what he wants them to do; his hypnotic powers are incredible. Cipolla concentrates his demonic powers on the strapping young locals on whose supposed prowess with the girls he comments aciduously, with unappeased envy. As the evening goes on, he brutally humiliates some of these handsome, muscular young men. He compels one of them to stick out his tongue at the audience, and finally, as the climax of an exhausting and sinister evening, he makes young Mario see him, the hypnotist, as the young girl he loves, makes Mario, in this delusion, kiss him; then he wakes up his victim. As he laughs at Mario, the young man whips out a pistol and kills the magician. "An end of horror, a fatal end," the narrator concludes. "And yet a liberation—I could not, and cannot, but find it so!"

The moral of *Mario and the Magician* is obvious; the narrator clearly speaks for Mann himself. There are evil hypnotists in the modern world who make men think things that are not true, see things that are not there, do things they would reject if they had their reason about them. But then, they do not have their reason about them; it is the main purpose of all great modern political hypnotists to keep men from using their reason. This, their seductive charm, is the basis of their power, and the only way to destroy that power—a destruction, Mann tells us, that is true liberation—is to destroy the hypnotist himself.

This is not an extravagant reading of a harmless tale. In the elections of September, 1930, the Nazi party, which was taking advantage of growing unemployment in the country, got more than six million votes and nearly a quarter of the available seats in the Reichstag. Perceptive and sympathetic observers thought that the end of the republic had come, or must soon come. Mann had published his story in April of that year—it was a prophetic tale. He told an acquaintance in June that the adventure with the magician was based on a real event—except that the fascist interlude early in the story and the death of Cipolla were both inventions. "Indeed," Mann wrote, "in the course of the telling, something critical-ideal, moral-political grew within me, something that was at first private and insignificant." A vacation interlude had become an appeal to reason in an irrational age.

The appeal, as we know, was in vain. As the economic crisis fastened its grip on Germany, as middle-class parties and moderate political opinion rapidly lost support, as the students in the universities and the privileged high schools vented their frustrations, anxieties, and sense of emptiness and purposelessness on professors they disliked, rational solutions receded into the background. And what economic and social dislocation did not accomplish, political intrigue brought about: on January 30, 1933, Adolf Hitler was named chancellor of Germany. A great war and many millions of deaths later, the greatest of all modern hypnotists—the most powerful and the most deadly—was finally brought to his doom.

Different diseases may show the same symptoms. To insist that the analogy between Germany in the 1920's and America in the 1960's is mainly an analogy, interesting but in few respects helpful—permitting us neither to understand the one nor to rescue the other—is not to deny that America is sick. It is to insist that the two sicknesses are different.

One instance of this, a very important one, is the student movement. In Germany—even in Weimar Germany, despite brave efforts by educational leaders—university students and their younger colleagues, students in private high schools, represented a fiercely self-conscious elite. In their fraternities, many of them notorious dueling brotherhoods, they developed, or kept alive, a corporate sense of their own superiority over mere outsiders, over Jews, over miserable merchants who had never fought a duel. To bear a dueling scar on one's face was a mark of honor, a badge of bravery, an opening to future preferment. There were exceptions, to be sure: students who studied, and Jews who either formed their own fraternities, or in contrast, rejected the military mentality that in any case had rejected them first. But these exceptions were not frequent enough, or powerful enough, to moderate the right-wing tone of students everywhere in Germany. These young brutes were rebels only in the sense that they were *ready* to rebel, and then only against the republic.

They were not very rebellious in other respects. In their right-wing extremism—which was more extreme, and came earlier, than the right-wing mood in the rest of the country—they were obedient followers of their professors. The German professoriate had developed into a closed, highly conservative, extraordinarily patriotic caste during Bismarck's days and retained its convictions—a mixture of unpolitical servility and reactionary chauvinism—through the end of the empire and the Weimar Republic.

As Franz Neumann, trade-union lawyer, sophisticated Marxist, and historian of Nazi Germany later remembered: "When I came in the spring of 1918 to the University of Breslau, its celebrated economist—in his very first lecture—denounced the Peace Resolution of 1917 (peace without annexation and indemnities) and demanded the incorporation of Longwy and Brie, the transformation of Belgium into a German protectorate, the German colonization of large stretches of Eastern Europe and overseas colonies. The still more celebrated professor of literature, after having paid homage to Kantian idealism, derived from that philosophy the categorical imperative of a German victory, a Germany monarchy, and substantially the same peace terms. When I came to Leipzig in the fall of 1918, the economics professor thought

The representatives of the New Left found on American campuses today bear little resemblance to Weimar's duel-scarred rightist students

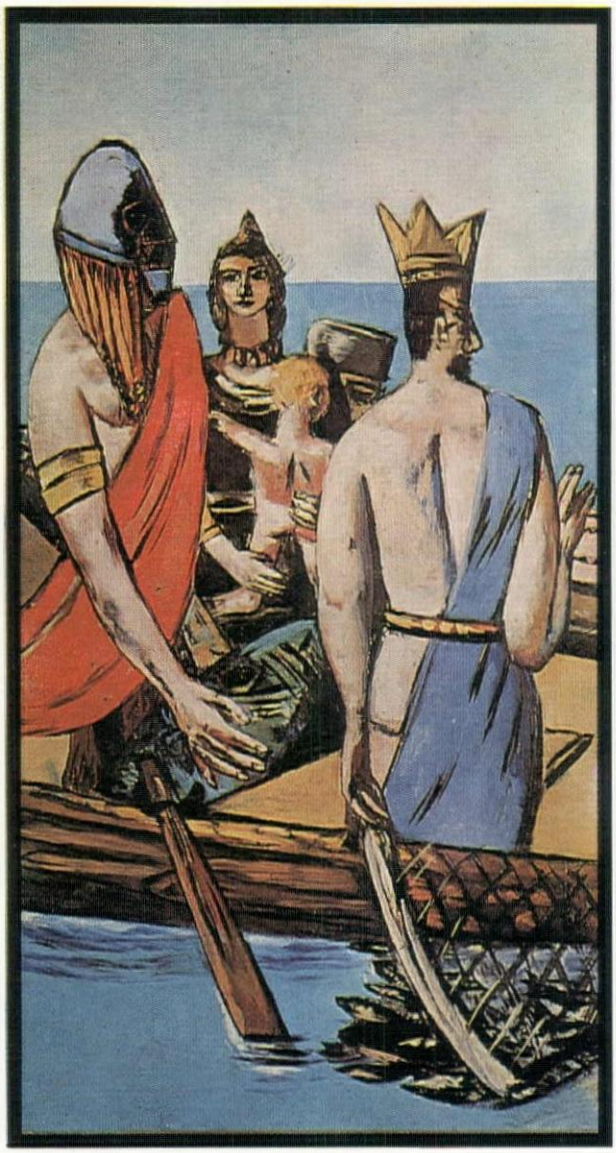


it necessary—in October, 1918—to endorse the peace terms of the Pan-German Union and of the General Staff, while the historian proved conclusively that democracy was an essentially non-German form of political organization, suitable for the materialistic Anglo-Saxons, but incompatible with the idealism of the German race. When I transferred to Rostock in the summer of 1919, I had to organize students to combat anti-Semitism openly preached by university professors. When I finally landed in Frankfurt, the very first task with which I was faced was to help protect a newly appointed Socialist university professor from attack—political as well as physical—by students secretly supported by a considerable number of professors."

Of course, once again there were exceptions, and the Weimar Republic, by founding some new universities and some new chairs, gave opportunities to democrats, socialists, and Jews that the empire had denied or begrudged them. Yet these professors, like the more liberal students, remained a distinct minority. In Weimar, as before, professors and students supported, inflamed, and richly deserved one another.

Student extremism took many forms. Most students agreed only on what they detested: socialism, equality, republicanism, Jews. In their hunger for certainty, they swallowed the novels of writers like Ernst Jünger, who celebrated war as a glorious experience, or the plays of those among the expressionists who preached violence, any kind of violence, as an essential explosion of one's feelings. These feelings, it is worth remembering, were rarely ones of rage against militarism or exploitation. And they were rarely direct bids for power. They were, often enough, masks for social and economic conservatism, or still more often, a pathetic anti-intellectualism—a woolly-mindedness fed on intoxicating poetry, the aristocratic teachings of a half-comprehended Nietzsche, and an ineradicable sense of Germanic superiority. Hence the riots against Jewish professors, the cheering of Nazi doctrinaires—of racists, preaching the biological supremacy of the blond Aryan, who came to infest the universities in increasing numbers after 1930. In the long run, and in view of their fate, these youths arouse pity: they went to their deaths with incomprehensible verses or swinish slogans on their lips, corrupted by those who should have enlightened them. This is not the place for a c tailed examination of the stude movements in the United States in t 1960's, but one thing should be ob ous: whatever one's own final co sidered opinions about Americ students, neither in their social co position nor in their ultimate air neither in their rhetoric nor their rage, are the Americans any way comparable to th German counterparts.

In Germany, then, Caligaris a Cipollas held judgeships and u versity chairs. These were t hypnotists who painted glorio portraits of past greatness a drew caricatures of domes "traitors"— Jews and Communi —who had lost the war behi the back of the brave Germ army; who told seductive tales magnificent comradeship in w the *Kriegserlebnis*, when men we men and killing was fun. In t midst of the visions that th German hypnotists conjured for their fascinated and willi audiences, the real sources of m ery were neglected and deli erately obscured: the war h been prolonged and then lost bemedaled butchers whom t public now was invited to wo ship and obey. The republic w discredited by the respectab bankers and judges who talk of honor and objectivity wh they meant partiality and treas The Weimar Republic was ways fragile, but it was n doomed from the start—that w another part of the hypnotis tale. We too are haunted; Weim Germany and our America—bo haunted republics. But our ghosts a not the same.



THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

In The Departure, *part of a triptych completed in 1933, Max Beckmann may very well have foreseen his own departure from Germany. He fled the Nazis in 1937.*

Peter Gay, himself a refugee from H ler's Germany, is Professor of Co parative European Intellectual Histo at Yale. He is the author of The E lightenment *(1966) and of* Weimar C ture: The Outsider as Insider *(196*



Rising in a series of terraces and circular platforms, above, the thousand-year-old shrine of Borobudur

BOROBUDUR

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELIOT ELISOFON

"The Greatest Collection of Transplanted Intellect, Talent, and Scholarship the World Has Ever Seen"

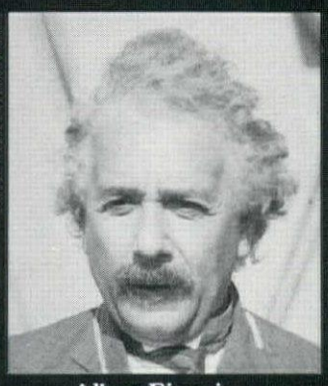
So Professor Gay describes the refugees from Hitler's Germany, some of whom appear in the gallery below. Through them, he says, the spirit of Weimar found its true home in exile

WIDE WORLD



Otto Klemperer
CONDUCTOR

UNITED PRESS INTERNATIONAL



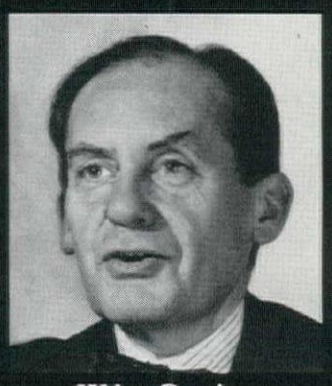
Albert Einstein
PHYSICIST

UTS NEWS BUREAU



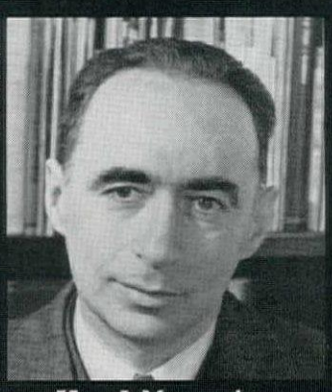
Paul Tillich
THEOLOGIAN

WIDE WORLD



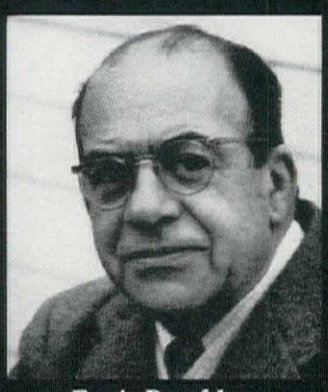
Walter Gropius
ARCHITECT

PICTORIAL PARADE



Hans J. Morgenthau
POLITICAL SCIENTIST

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY PRESS



Erwin Panofsky
ART HISTORIAN

WIDE WORLD



Kurt Weill
COMPOSER

PICTORIAL PARADE



Erich Fromm
PSYCHOANALYST

WIDE WORLD



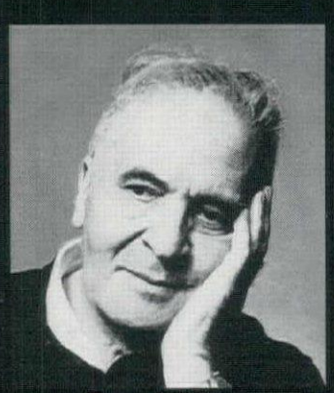
Arnold Schoenberg
COMPOSER

UNITED PRESS INTERNATIONAL



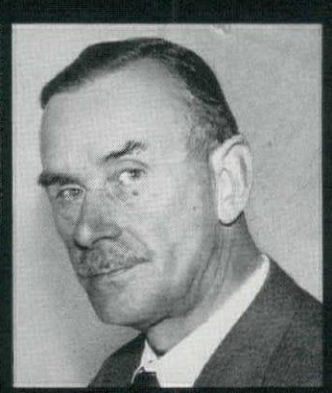
George Grosz
ARTIST

WIDE WORLD



Bruno Walter
CONDUCTOR

UNITED PRESS INTERNATIONAL



Thomas Mann
AUTHOR

UNITED PRESS INTERNATIONAL



Bertolt Brecht
PLAYWRIGHT

WIDE WORLD



Hannah Arendt
POLITICAL SCIENTIST

WIDE WORLD



Erich Maria Remarque
AUTHOR

UNITED PRESS INTERNATIONAL



Ludwig Mies van der Rohe
ARCHITECT

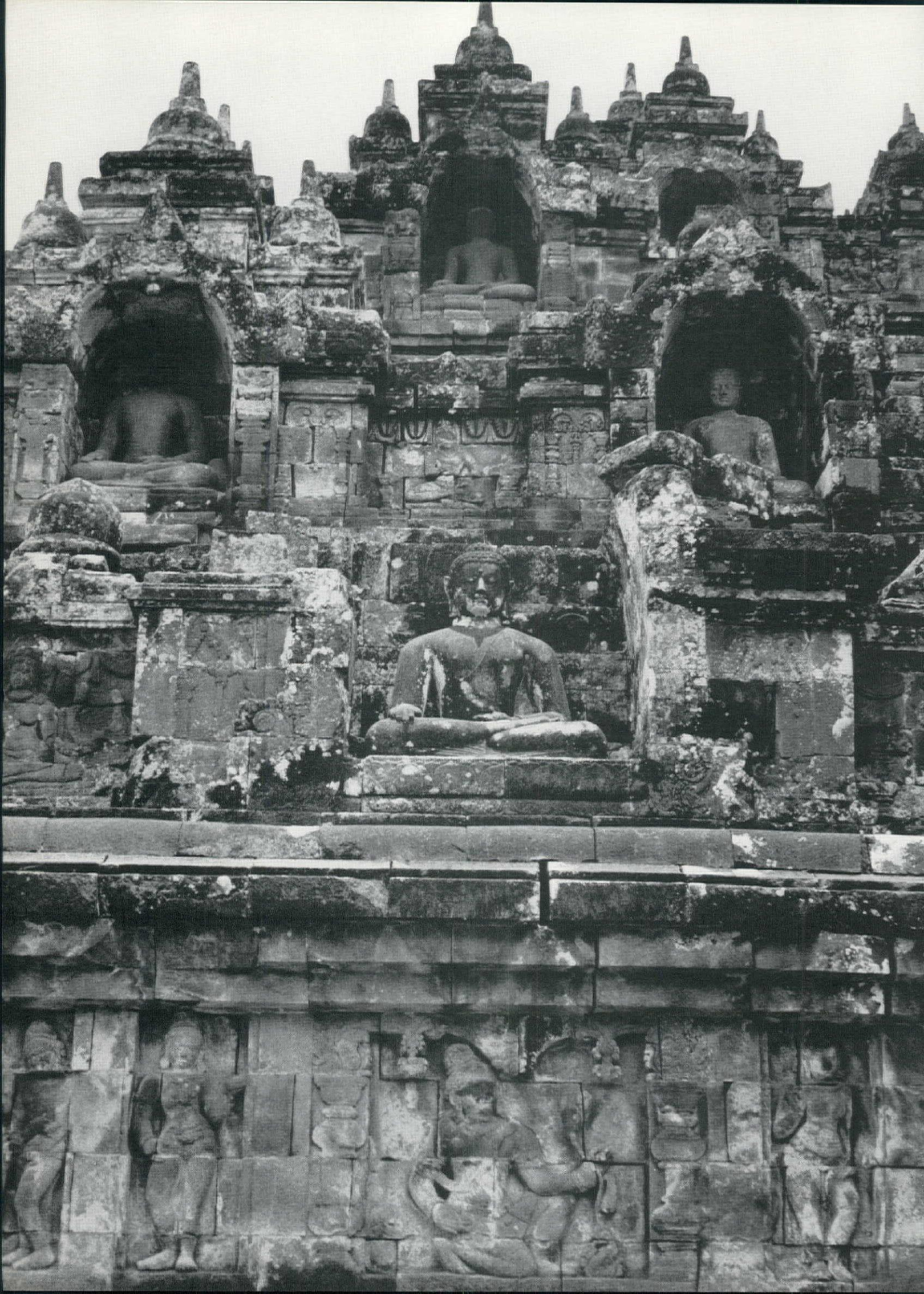


Java forms nearly three miles of sculptured stone pathways for the Buddhist pilgrims to ascend.

It would take a pilgrim months or years

to study all the stone sculpture on this terraced

mountain of Buddhist art in Java



These magnificent photographs by Mr. Elisofon carry me back, as if by magic, to Borobudur itself. When in 1956 my wife and I started out on a journey round the world, we decided that, whatever else we might miss, we would make certain of seeing Angkor in Cambodia and Borobudur in Java. We did see both, and ever since, these two monuments of Southeast Asian art have been treasures of beauty in our memory's store. They hold their own against all comers: the Parthenon, the Taj Mahal, the Church of Hagia Sophia in Istanbul, the Sainte-Chapelle in Paris, Giotto's frescoes at Assisi, the Mausoleum of Galla Placidia at Ravenna, the Temple and Altar of Heaven at Peking.

From the beginning of the Christian Era navigation was active in the Indian Ocean and in the China seas. The Greek mercantile community at Alexandria had learned how to use the monsoons to make a direct passage from the mouth of the Red Sea to the west coast of India and back. They also established an entrepôt on the east coast of India, at Arikamedu, a few miles south of Pondicherry; and at least once in the second century a Greek ship reached China. Meanwhile, the coastal peoples of India were starting voyages across the Bay of Bengal that carried Indian trade and Indian religion and culture and art as far east as the Southeast Asian countries now known as Vietnam and Indonesia. The ship that appears among the sculptures on the stupa at Borobudur, and that is reproduced in the photograph on page 23, is of a Greco-Roman build. At this stage in the history of shipbuilding, the Indian Ocean seems to have borrowed from the Mediterranean. At a later stage the Indian Ocean repaid this debt (if there was a debt) by providing the Portuguese with some of the elements of the caravel—the ship designed in the fifteenth century that rapidly mastered the Seven Seas.

The art of Southeast Asia is Indian in its inspiration. It would never have come into existence if Indian navigators had not brought their culture with them to these distant lands. At the same time these monuments of Indian art outside India have a character of their own; indeed, each Indianized Southeast Asian country adapted Indian art to suit its own local genius. The masons and sculptors must have been natives, not Indians; but they seized upon, and developed, the Indian style as avidly as the peoples of Middle America made themselves adepts in sixteenth- and seventeenth-century western European styles after the Spanish conquest.

The flowering of Indian art in Southeast Asia is more remarkable, however, considering that there was no military conquest here. The Indian penetration of Southeast Asia was peaceful. The Indians came as traders and as missionaries, first of Hinduism and then of Buddhism. There is no reason to think that their numbers were large, but the monuments they inspired show that their cultural influence was profound. This Indian tradition of peaceful conversion persisted. Islam, in its turn, was propagated peacefully in Indonesia and Malaya by Moslem traders in the fifteenth century, and Islam did not extirpate Buddhism and Hinduism in Indonesia. It was content to overlay them with an Islamic veneer. The culture of Java today is Moslem on the surface but Hindu beneath. The culture of Bali—the next island to Java toward the east—is still Hindu on the surface as well. Islam has passed Bali by, though it has made a lodgment as far to the northeast as the southern fringe of the Philippines.



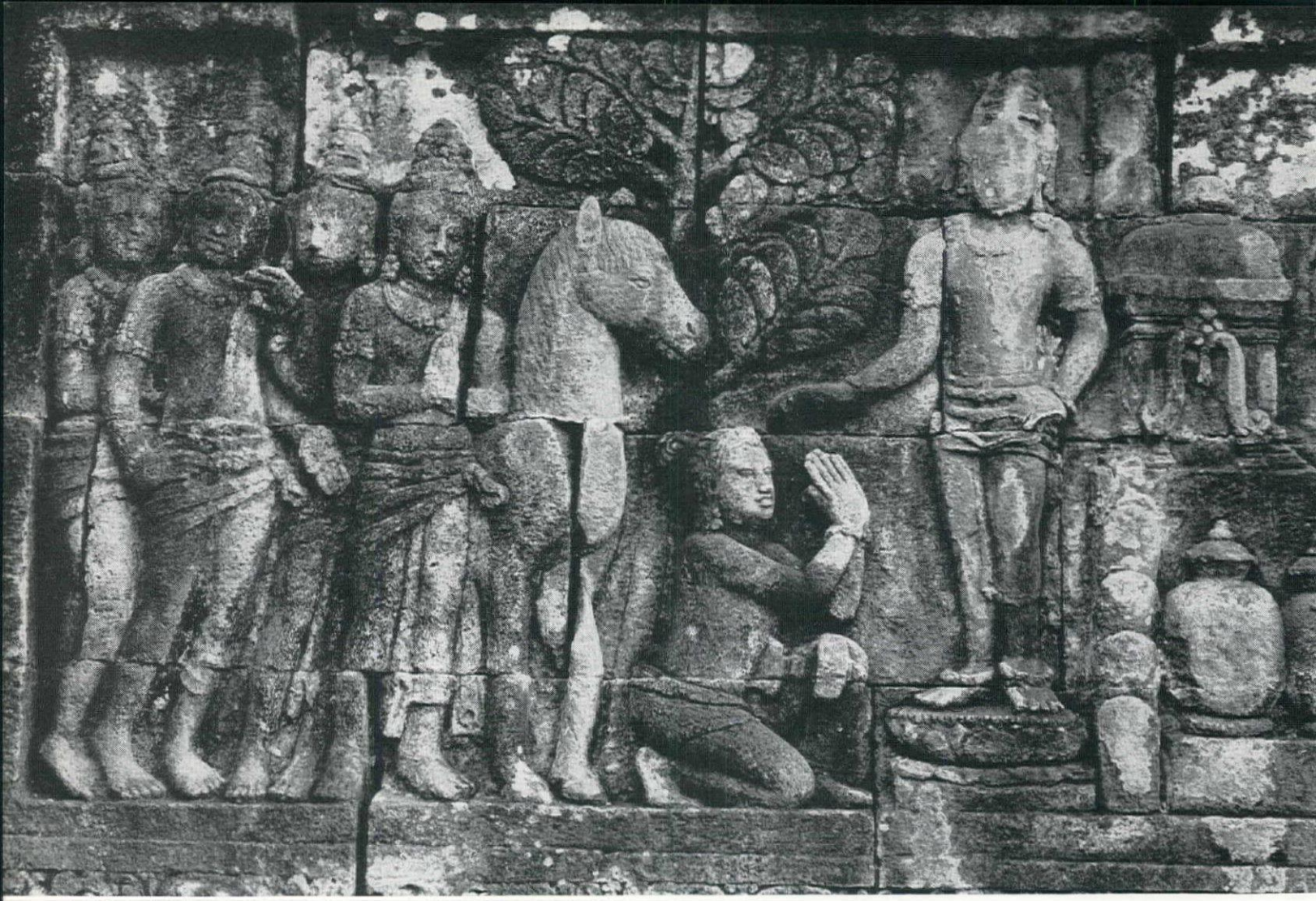
The unique, terraced structure of Borobudur is a variation of the traditional solid, hemispheric form of Buddhist stupas, or shrines.

Borobudur, the outstanding monument of Buddhism in central Java, was built, so the archaeologists reckon, in the first quarter of the ninth century of the Christian Era. Built? Carved? Shaped? All three words are apposite.

The stupa at Borobudur has been shaped in the sense that here human art has co-operated with the beauty of nature. The shapers of the stupa at Borobudur in Java, like the shapers of the Acropolis at Athens, picked out for the nucleus of their masterpiece a hill that was beautiful in itself and with its natural beauty enhanced by its setting. The stupa and the Acropolis have this feature in common, and it has been the making of each of them, though the contrast between the two landscapes is, of course, extreme. The beauty of the Mediterranean and Near Eastern landscape lies in its stark sim-

Life-size meditating Buddhas incased in ornamental niches line each of the four principal terraces. Each side of Borobudur is adorned with ninety-two dhyani *Buddha images, each seated in the appropriate pose of one of the Four Directions. The right hand with palm below the knee indicates that these Buddhas face East.*

By ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE

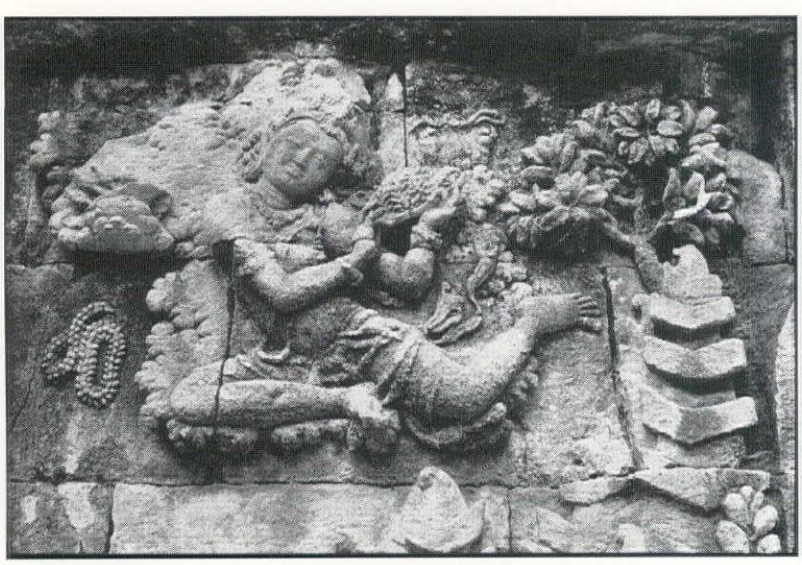


Scenes from Buddha's life are carved on Borobudur's lower terrace walls. Above, the Buddha-to-be leaves his palace to search for truth. Below, he sits in meditation with his first disciples on the Gaya-mountain, another episode from the historical Buddha's life.



Above, the Buddha-to-be, sitting under the Bo tree, resists the sexual blandishments of the daughters of Mara, evil god of sensual desire. Below, in one of a series of other Buddhist tales depicted at Borobudur, a rich man, right, kneels before Cakra, king of the gods.

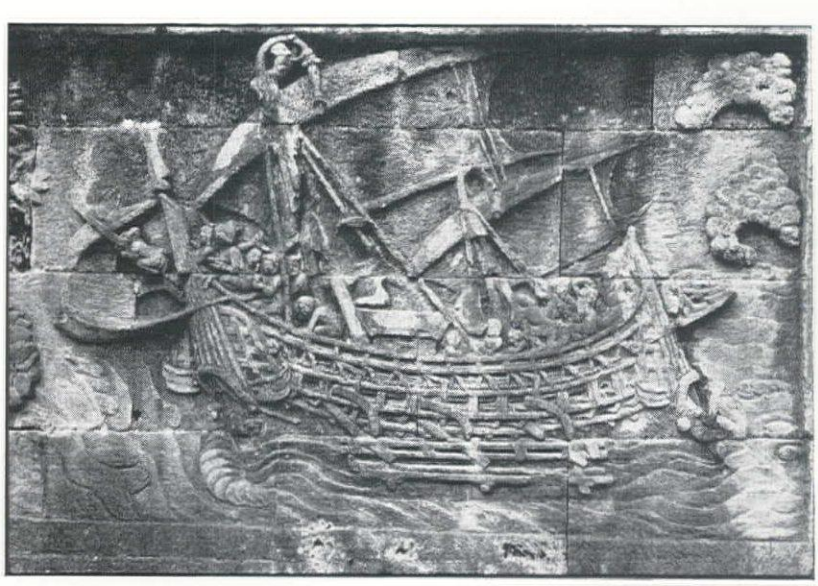




PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN STONE

Above Borobudur's square terraces lie three circular platforms, one atop the other. They support dozens of oddly perforated domes found only at Borobudur. Each contains a Buddha seated in a pose of meditation. At this point the pilgrim has passed four levels of galleries, seen walls and balustrades carved with some of the finest relief sculpture in all Buddhist art—reliefs with the suppleness of the floating goddess at left or the delicate realism of the sailing ship, right, whose

real-life counterparts sailed the Eastern seas early in the Christian Era. Reaching the circular platforms, however, the pilgrim will see no more carvings such as these. They were but preparations for his enlightenment. Now, under an open sky, he has left legend, history, and theology behind. Lying before him is the stark central dome of Borobudur, at once the emblem of transcendence, the architectural crown of the shrine, and the completion of the long journey for the pilgrim.



plicity. The mountains are bare, their skylines are clear-cut and highly individual, the colors are few and pure. The quintessence of this type of landscape is conveyed in the backgrounds of pictures of the Umbrian school of Italian art. The tropical landscape is soft, its outlines are blurred, its colors are more brilliant, more varied, and more subtle. Both Javanese and Attic architects and artists knew how to bring out the beauty that the local landscape had offered to them.

The stupa at Borobudur is a round hill that has been shaped, but it is a building, too; for here the whole hill has been incased in masonry. The Javanese landscape is more pliant than the Attic landscape. The rock at Athens, like the hill at Borobudur, has been fenced with masonry and has been crowned with it. The Parthenon on the summit of the Acropolis competes with the Taj Mahal for the prize of ranking as the most famous building in the world. On the Acropolis at Athens, however, the imposition of the architect's pattern on nature's craggy caprice has been a tour de force—the more so because the style of Ancient Greek architecture is ultra-geometrical. Here man has challenged nature, and he has been only partially victorious. The casing of the Acropolis's flanks is incomplete, and the naked jagged rock still asserts itself defiantly between the symmetrical buildings. At Borobudur the landscape and the architecture are not contending with one another; they are in harmony. Here the builder has completely hidden the hill, from its flanks to its crown, but in hiding it he has reproduced it in a man-made medium. The masonry is as luxuriant as the jungle-clad mountain that rises above the platform on which the stupa stands, and as abundant as the rice fields in the valley toward which the ground falls away on the opposite side. But is "masonry" an adequate word? The hill at Borobudur has been made into a building, but it is a building that is also a piece of sculpture.

Here, again, the contrast between the stupa and the Acropolis is illuminating. At Athens the natural rock, the buildings with which it has been crowned, and the sculptures with which these buildings have been decorated are separate components of the grand ensemble. The decoration of the masonry is sparse, and most of it is as formal as the architecture itself. Pediments, frieze, metopes, and caryatids, in which the human figure comes into its own, are accessories, lovely though they are. The Parthenon remains itself, in spite of the theft of its frieze. At Borobudur sculpture, masonry, and hill are all one.

The sculpture is overwhelming in its profusion. It extends in banks, tier upon tier, and a pilgrim could spend months and years in circumambulating the sculptured hill and in identifying the events delineated on it in bas-relief and in the round. Is this a myriad of separate pieces of sculpture, or is it a single piece with myriad facets? This second way of describing it is nearer to the truth. There is a unity in the multiplicity, and this unity is both visual and representational. This gigantic piece of sculpture that is also a building and a hill is at the same time a drama. It is the drama of Buddhism: the life of the historical founder; moral tales of Buddhism; previous incarnations of the Buddha—all present a cosmic drama whose acts are aeons.

Religious art is the child of illiteracy. The three great missionary religions—Buddhism, Christianity, and Islam—all have their scriptures, but of the three, Islam alone has relied solely on the written and spoken word for making its beliefs and its story known to mankind in the mass. All three religions have been propagated among populations in which only a tiny minority could read and write at the time when they were converted, and Buddhism and Christianity have therefore used representational art to expound themselves to people who could not easily be reached through any other medium.

Opposite: Against a backdrop of watchful figures carved in the wall, a life-size Buddha reposes in timeless contemplation on the time-scarred stones of Borobudur.

If you enter a church in Ethiopia today, you will find the walls covered with paintings that depict not only the Bible story and the exploits and ordeals of the martyrs and the saints, but also contemporary events, such as the resistance to the Italian invasion in 1935. In Greece, in the fifth century B.C., literacy was perhaps more widespread than it is in Ethiopia today, yet the Athenian playwright Euripides, in a tragedy in which the scene is laid in the sanctuary at Delphi, presents his chorus of pilgrims making the rounds of the temple of Apollo and identifying in the bas-reliefs one after another of the famous incidents of Greek mythology. Here we have the key to the stupa at Borobudur. It is "a sermon in stone"; and the unity of the sculpture that is part and parcel of the architecture and of the stone-incased hill is not only an artistic unity for the eye; it is a mental unity for the mind and for the heart.

When once the pilgrim has entered that entrancing labyrinth, it is hard for him to tear himself away. He is drawn onward and upward by figure after figure, scene after scene, terrace after terrace; and when at last he leaves, he cannot take his eyes off this lovely fruit of man's harmonious co-operation with nature. When the same pilgrim leaves Athens, the Acropolis, crowned by the Parthenon, stands out clearly until it is suddenly blotted out by the intervention of the spur of a mountain; when the pilgrim leaves Borobudur, the stupa gradually fades away into the landscape like a grove of stone trees between forest and field.

Arnold J. Toynbee, whose Study of History *is a modern classic, has recently written a series of books combining travel and history. The latest, published by Oxford University Press, is* Between Maule and Amazon (*1967*).





Matisse's Final Flowering

Ever simplifying, ever synthesizing,
younger at eighty than at thirty, he sat in his wheel chair,
put aside paintbrush for scissors,
and filled his sunset years with patterns of pure color

When the latest works of Henri Matisse were exhibited in Paris in the spring of 1951 and again in 1952—two years before the artist's death—the public was baffled, but the young painters with whom Matisse continued to show were attentive, excited, and frequently awed.

What drew them in large numbers was not the promise of Matisse's reputation, great as that was, but the disclosure of a new visual reality, born of a fusion of painting and sculpture. Matisse was nearly eighty when he turned from oil painting to colored paper cutouts, and he soon produced in this new and more simple language some of the richest, most daring, and most youthful works of his long career. The finest fruits of that career will be on display in Paris next spring, in a retrospective exhibition honoring France's greatest modern classic painter in the centennial of his birth.

Neither advanced age nor confinement to a wheel chair prevented Henri Matisse from working on the brilliant paper cutouts of his last period. He is shown opposite at work in his studio in Nice about a year before his death in 1954.

"Carving in color," is what Matisse called his cutout technique, and he added that he wanted to do "the same thing in color that Michelangelo did in stone." And indeed, there was much of the sculptor's art in his new method. His practice was to have large sheets of paper covered over with *gouache* by his assistants and then, taking scissors, to cut directly from these colored sheets—from the very flesh of color, as an admirer remarked—his supple and dynamic forms.

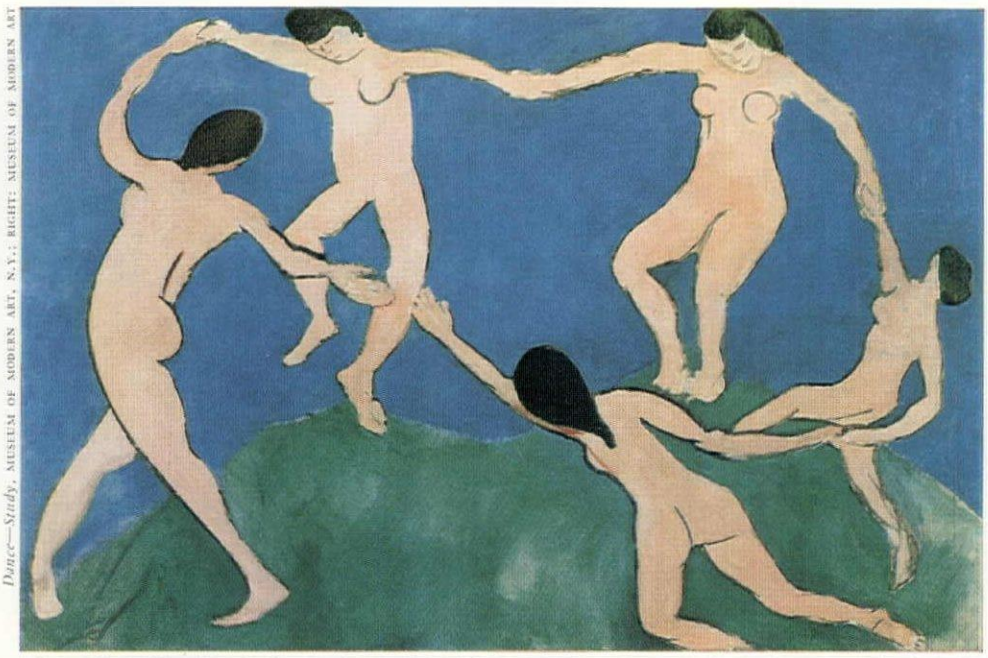
He was largely bedridden during the last seven years of his life, the period to which the paper cutouts belong, and visitors to his apartment in the old Hotel Regina in Nice recall him sitting up in bed, fully and meticulously clothed, with his scissors, his colored papers, and the brushes and ink with which he made his late, magnificent black-and-white drawings arranged on a table that fitted over his knees.

The forms he carved from his sheets of *gouache* were ranged in a blaze of color across the walls of his bedroom and of three adjacent studios, and when wall space gave out, they were pinned or pasted to large sheets of paper, from which they were finally transferred to board panels or canvas. But before that final transfer, which marked the completion of the composition, Matisse, from his bed or wheel chair, directed his assistants in an infinitude of arrangements and rearrangements of the forms, until they at last stood in that ideal harmony that must (he remarked) move an observer to say: "Matisse, it is precisely so!"

The early cutouts—those of 1947–49—were somewhat stiff and mostly decorative; geometric designs on a small scale. About 1950 Matisse began to expand the dimensions of his cutout compositions, displaying again that taste for the mural that was characteristic of him throughout his career.

The linkage of forms became looser, the forms themselves more sinuous, the rhythms stronger, the colors more audacious. With his jewel-like colors Matisse celebrated flowers of the field, fruits, birds, creatures of the sea, the arabesque of the female body, the iridescence of those Polynesian lagoons that he had looked upon in won-

By RICHARD W. MURPHY



Dance—Study, MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, N.Y.; RIGHT: MUSEUM OF MODERN ART



Jeannette V *was the last in a 1911 series of five increasingly abstract heads.*



After including a circle of dancers in his great "pagan mural" of 1906, Joy of Life, *Matisse returned to the theme three years later in his monumental panel* Dance *(above).*

der during a trip to the South Pacific many years earlier and that he remembered ever after as a "Paradise of painters."

The best of the cutout compositions convey a feeling of grace, of lightness, and at the same time of monumentality. There is the tall *Negress* of 1952 (a particularly productive year), with its dancing figure surrounded by wheeling black birds so that the entire vibrating space seems to rotate about the loose, flexible body. There is the magnificent *Sorrows of the King*, suggested by the Biblical story of King David and brilliantly combining floral motifs, allegorical figures, and broad color registers of royal blue, raspberry, and green.

There are, from the same year, the astonishing series of horizontal panels, *The Swimming Pool*, in which figures frolic like dolphins in a narrow white band set in a larger rectangle of unbleached canvas. There are, again from 1952, the *Blue Nudes*, whose coiled and contracted forms seem saturated in the blue of the sky; nowhere else did Matisse so brilliantly analyze the figure, first breaking it down into its constituent parts (head, trunk, arms, legs) and then combining these according to his own injunction to "fit your parts into one another and build up your figure as a carpenter does a house."

There are the more abstract studies, depending for their movement on the action and interaction of color—the *Souvenir of Oceania*, for example, and *The Snail*, with its chromatic spiral of unequal rectangles expanding outward from emerald to violet and orange-red.

Finally, and most impressive of all, there is the immense (about 33′ × 11½′) wall of multicolored leaves, petals, and pistils called *Large Decoration With Masks* (1953), a composition so simple and symmetrical in design and yet so inventive in its profusion of botanical forms that the critic Jean Leymarie compared it to "a modern Versailles, whose leafy groves are precisely trimmed by the shears of the greatest gardener in France."

That Matisse would abandon oil painting and adopt a new technique so late in his career was a surprise to many people, although it need not have been. Paper cutouts were, of course, convenient for a semi-invalid, but Matisse had always been an extremely experimental and unpredictable painter, and he had a lifelong fear of stagnation. "An artist," he said, "must never be a prisoner even of himself, a prisoner of a style, a prisoner of a reputation, a prisoner of good fortune."

His paramount concern, ever since he had found his way in the early years of the century, had been composition by the pure confrontation of colors, and in colored sheets of paper he had a medium that provided him at last with the ultimate in color—flat, unmodulated, unvariable. "Only when one has reached complete maturity and mastery of color," he once explained, "is it possible to do anything like these." He denied that the cutouts represented any break in continuity, saying simply that they were "the result of my long career."

Matisse is believed to have painted more than two thousand pictures, not to mention his cutouts, sculptures, brush-and-ink drawings, etchings, lithographs, linoleum cuts, ballet sets, and textile and glass designs. Because his production was so large and so varied, it is sometimes forgotten that, unlike Picasso, he matured slowly, and in the early years, hesitantly.

It is true that when he arrived in Paris in 1891 from his home in the Picardy region of northern France, he quickly displayed considerable technical skill in the life class of the painter Gustave Moreau. But he knew little of what was going on in the Paris art



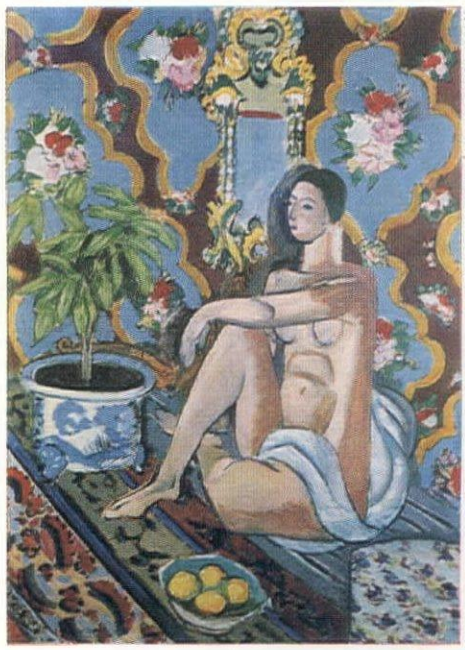
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, N.Y.—MRS. SIMON GUGGENHEIM FUND

Drastically simplifying his forms, Matisse painted Piano Lesson *in 1916 or 1917.*



MUSEE NATIONAL D'ART MODERNE, PARIS

The sensuous Odalisque in Red Trousers *was painted in 1921.*



MUSEE NATIONAL D'ART MODERNE, PARIS

Ornate, yet severe, is Decorative Figure on an Ornamental Background (1927).

world outside of the academies, and for several years he painted thoroughly conventional, dark-hued still lifes and interiors.

He came variously under the influence of Cézanne, Gauguin, Van Gogh, Redon. The first two, in particular, taught him much about the importance of stressing the flat, two-dimensional picture surface, the orchestration of colors (Cézanne had made him realize, he said, "that tones are the force in a picture"), the expression of nature through "emotional transpositions."

In 1899 he purchased a Cézanne masterpiece he could not afford—the small *Three Bathers* of around 1880, one of the strongest of the more than one dozen Cézanne compositions on the bather theme. Matisse kept the painting until 1936, when he presented it to the Petit Palais in Paris, remarking in a letter to the director that after thirty-seven years he knew the painting "fairly well, I hope, though not entirely; it has sustained me spiritually in the critical moments of my career as an artist; I have drawn from it my faith and my perseverance."

Important as Cézanne and Gauguin were to him, Matisse's real, and rather belated, liberation must be dated from the summer of 1904, when he encountered the neoimpressionist painters Signac and Cross in Saint-Tropez and started experimenting with their technique of rendering light in flecks of primary color. That road quickly led to the theories and practices that established Matisse as a leader of the only artistic movement to which he ever belonged—namely, Fauvism.

The Fauve ("wild beast") painters treated their pigments, according to Derain, one of the group, "like sticks of dynamite, exploding them to produce light." More prosaically, what Derain, Matisse, Vlaminck, Friesz, Dufy, and Braque (the principal Fauves) wanted was to use color not only to express light but also to construct space.

When they spoke of "expressing light" by color, the Fauves meant that they did not want simply to copy light but to render it chromatically. This, of course, had been a prime concern of the impressionists in the nineteenth century, and the Fauves (particularly Matisse) freely acknowledged their indebtedness to impressionist researches in the field of light. Gauguin, who was also deeply indebted to the impressionists, expressed the problem succinctly: "I have observed," he wrote, "that the play of light and shadow by no means creates a color the equivalent of light. . . . What, then, could be the equivalent? Pure color!"

The Fauves were quite ready to follow the impressionists in their use of pure color, but they deplored (as had Cézanne) the lack of form and structure in impressionist painting. Gauguin, in the course of making "the first thoroughgoing organization of impressionist methods" (Matisse's words), avoided the impressionist tendency to formlessness but failed, according to Matisse, "to construct space by means of color, which he uses excessively as an expression of feelings."

Because the Fauves, like Cézanne and Gauguin, had rejected the use of a traditional, linear perspective, they relied heavily on the space-building power of color, which depends on the tendency of cold colors (blues and greens) to recede and warm colors (reds, oranges, yellows) to advance.

In practice, the Fauves produced a painting characterized by very shallow depth, heavy bounding lines, thickly rolled impasto, distortion of contour, and explosive color juxtapositions. There was a certain amount of bravado in all this, and in general Matisse remained more orderly and constructive than his colleagues.

His greatest painting of the period—and a landmark in the history of

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, N.Y.—MRS. SIMON GUGGENHEIM FUND



Matisse's series of four reliefs called The Back *were done over a twenty-year period.*

MUSÉE D'ART MODERNE DE LA VILLE DE PARIS



Matisse finished this monumental decoration in 1932, only to learn that he had been slightly misinformed about the size of the wall it was to occupy at the Barnes Foundation. Refusing to alter the composition of Dance I *the least bit, he painted another version.*

modern art—was that pagan mural, the *Joy of Life* (1906), which combines Fauve color (yellow ground, pink sky, flame-red trees) with the echoing, curving, fluid forms (in this case, of trees and dancing bacchantes) that would in time become almost a signature in Matisse's work. The picture was a watershed in Matisse's career, for in it he abandoned the realistic tradition for the first time since leaving Moreau's studio. His fascination with the bacchanalian round of dancing figures in *Joy of Life* was so great that he later made it the central theme of his panel *Dance*, which was commissioned in 1909 by the Russian collector Sergei Shchukin and which is probably still Matisse's best-known work.

The Fauve movement lasted a very short time—scarcely more than three years (1904–07) in its most active phase—but it left Matisse, at least, with an appetite for color that was never appeased. He yearned for "the beautiful blues, the beautiful reds, the beautiful yellows, the materials which stir man's basic sensuality." He advised the students of the famous school he conducted in Paris from 1908 to 1911 to "order, above all, in color." And in *Notes of a Painter*, which appeared in 1908 and which remains one of the most lucid statements ever made by a painter about his own art, he explained that color relations were so basic to him that he would willingly distort—"change the shape of a figure or transform my composition"—in order to maintain what he regarded as "an impelling proportion of tones."

No painter of his time made more intelligent use of the traditions of other cultures. At exhibitions and in his travels to Italy, Algiers, Morocco, and Tahiti he studied and collected and went home to assimilate.

Near Eastern ceramics, Japanese prints, Chinese brush-and-ink paintings, figurines from the Ivory Coast, Persian miniatures, Algerian pottery and textiles—all contributed in their various degrees and ways to that style of controlled extravagance, or sublimated sensuousness, by which Matisse is most generally known.

Most characteristically, it is a style combining fresh, singing color with flat, unmodulated surfaces, a flattened pictorial space, emphatic design, and a taste for an active all-over arabesque or floral motif that animates the entire canvas. By these means Matisse achieves not only unity of surface but also a decorative, almost architectural quality reminiscent of Romanesque frescoes.

The subject matter follows the style: Matisse treats of flowers and vines; Oriental silks and sumptuous rugs; Persian tiles and precious glass; richly furnished interiors and partly glimpsed, floridly subtropical exteriors; girls posed as odalisques against patterned surfaces.

To the whole he gives a remarkable sense of freedom. Partly this is because he was a master draftsman, whose sensitive, musical, but controlled line ("there is no madness in my curve") was unequaled by any artist of his time and was often compared to the finest Oriental calligraphy.

Partly the sense of freedom results from the fact that in his best paintings Matisse followed the advice he once gave to a young painter: "isolate your color"—give it room to breathe. Accordingly he favors large, mosaic-like



This portrait of Baudelaire appeared in 1932 in an edition of poems by Mallarmé.



COLL. OF MRS. JOHN WINTERSTEEN; LEFT: *Poésies de Stéphane Mallarmé*, MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, N.Y.

Achieving the simplicity of Lady in Blue *(1937) was no simple matter. Matisse repeatedly reworked the canvas.*



MUSEE NATIONAL D'ART MODERNE, PARIS

Later, in 1947, Matisse was painting complex pictures like Large Red Interior.

planes, or zones of color, that work to create, simultaneously, space, form, and light.

And it is Matisse's light, finally, that strikes us when we examine one of his typical paintings. Not only does the entire canvas seem flooded with light, but light seems to inhere in the very fabrics, the flesh of the models, the leaves of the plants.

The man who created this exotic and compelling art was not easy to know. In 1913 *The New York Times* dispatched Miss Clara T. MacChesney to interview "The King of the Fauves" in his home outside Paris. Aware that Matisse's work was revolutionary and "abnormal to the last degree," Miss MacChesney was scarcely prepared for the "ordinary, healthy individual" who greeted her as she walked into the studio. "I found not a long-haired, slovenly dressed, eccentric man," she wrote, "but a fresh, healthy, robust blond gentleman, who looked even more German than French." Matisse, sensing her surprise, exclaimed: "Oh, do tell the American people that I am a normal man." More sophisticated observers than Miss MacChesney, then and throughout Matisse's life, often sensed a discrepancy between the art and the stout man with clipped beard and rimless professorial glasses who created it.

He was a man, wrote Leo Stein (who with his sister Gertrude was one of Matisse's earliest patrons) who demanded "a place for everything and everything in its place, both within his head and without." He was "the type of the great master," wrote Picasso's mistress Fernande Olivier. "Clear, of an astonishing lucidity of spirit, precise, concise, intelligent." And, she added shrewdly, "perhaps much less simple than he wished to appear." To the mercurial Picasso, Matisse was simply an enigma: "North Pole" and "South Pole," he used to say of Matisse and himself.

Few painters have lived more completely in and for their art, few have been capable of such concentration and such unremitting effort. Younger artists liked to cite Matisse's trials with his Barnes Foundation mural, *Dance I*, which he labored on for more than a year, only to discover that through no fault of his own it had been painted several inches shorter than the space assigned to it. Characteristically, he refused to make minor adjustments, but instead spent another eight months developing and executing an entirely new design. Looking into his "interested rather than interesting eyes," Gertrude Stein sensed this stubborn power in him; one always had the feeling, she wrote in characteristic prose, "that he was greatly expressing something struggling."

Visitors who saw him before his easel, meticulous in tweed jacket and tie, sensed neither the struggle nor the joy he took in his work. He was a courteous, contained, intense man who could so little imagine diversion away from his studio that he could remark: "It has never amused me to amuse myself." Aside from his trips, taken always in connection with his work, he moved for fifty years, with migratory regularity, between his various studios on the Riviera (winters) and those in Paris and at suburban Issy-les-Moulineaux (summers), where his wife and children usually remained.

His whole career, said Matisse, could

be thought of as a progress toward clarity and simplification—"a constant struggle for complete expression with a minimum of elements." Actually his career had many meanings, as any great artist's must, but the progress toward simplicity was certainly one of its central themes.

Yet "progress" is perhaps not the right word, unless with it is understood an almost continual fluctuation between the simple and the complex, the active and the static, the decorative flat pattern and the modeled "realistic" forms. The final Matisse—the Matisse of the paper cutouts and the ink drawings—was of course the most simple of all; but even more than most great artists Matisse was inconsistent, and it is not impossible to believe that he would have turned again toward elaboration if he had lived beyond his eighty-fifth year.

What we do know is that in the second decade of the century he turned away from the flat, high color and the sinuous arabesque that had characterized his style since *Joy of Life* in 1906 in favor of more simplified, geometric forms and a more somber palette of blacks and grays or deep, resonant colors.

It was the most structural and monumental period of his career—and perhaps the most fertile. It was marked by a succession of powerful works, among them, *Music*, *Piano Lesson*, *The Moroccans*, *Moorish Cafe*, *Mlle Yvonne Landsberg*, *The Riffian*, *Interior With Goldfish*, *Bathers by a River*, and the five remarkable and progressively abstracted bronze heads of *Jeannette*.

In the 1920's Matisse turned toward softer, more relaxed, more opulently colored, and more realistically three-dimensional paintings, a move that contributed greatly to his popularity among art collectors but not to his reputation among artists. In 1929 he practically gave up easel painting in order to concentrate on drawings, prints, and sculpture.

When he returned seriously to oils in 1933, it was to pursue (in paintings like *Lady in Blue*) a flat, decorative, semiabstract style that culminated, shortly before the war, in a series of two-dimensional studies of mannequin-like women whose high-fashion charm only added to the growing impression that Matisse was past his prime.

Yet no summary can accommodate Matisse's career, for he was a man constantly and passionately in motion. It was in the "relaxed" 1920's, for instance, that he painted such violent and garish canvases as *Decorative Figure on an Ornamental Background* (1927) and sculptured such vigorous, angular, and nonnaturalistic bronzes as the *Seated Nude* of 1925 and the two versions of *The Back* of 1928–29. It was in the 1930's—in what has been called his "chic" period—that he spread, after three years' work, his monumental friezelike mural *Dance II* beneath the vaulted ceiling of the Barnes Foundation in Merion, Pennsylvania, designed his strikingly abstract sets for Léonide Massine's symphonic ballet *Rouge et Noir*, and produced, in the design and illustration of Mallarmé's *Poésies*, one of the great classic expressions of his career.

For all that, at the beginning of World War II he was in a sense a major painter without a following. Although his earlier works were still looked at with great respect by the younger painters, he had not had the impact on the young, in the years 1920 to 1940, of a Picasso, a Braque, a Mondrian, a Léger, a Miró, or a Rouault.

One of the reasons was doubtless that he did not, at any time after his Fauve period, belong to an influential or easily identifiable school. Then, too, in his abrupt and often confusing changes of stylistic direction, Matisse seemed to some of the younger generation to be retrogressing when he should be advancing. Finally his subject matter was criticized as irrelevant to its time: in 1937 Picasso's savage *Guernica* seemed a more pertinent painting than Matisse's elegant *Lady in Blue*.

During the war years Matisse lived first in his apartment in Nice and later in a rented villa in the ancient hill-town of Vence, recovering slowly from the abdominal operation of March, 1941, that left him a semi-invalid for the rest of his life. Formally separated from his wife, and with his daughter and two sons scattered by the war, he was cared for by Lydia Delectorskaya, a blonde Russian woman who had been his model since the early 1930's. TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 41

Matisse Cutouts: A Portfolio

Although the materials Matisse used during the last years of his life were basically the same as those used years earlier, when Picasso and Braque invented the cubist collage, Matisse was working in an altogether different medium. The collage was (and remains) essentially a *painting*, into which certain "ready-made" textural elements were introduced after being cut to fit a prefigured space. Strictly speaking, collage was a device that added an occasional note of conventional realism—the weave of a caned chair or the grain of a board—to an otherwise abstract composition, and there was no real reason why these textured elements could not have been hand-painted. Matisse's cutouts, on the other hand, *are* the medium, and there is no place in them for the kind of serendipity exploited by the cubists, or the kind of accident permitted by them. That pieces of cut newspaper might discolor with age, for example, thereby altering the appearance of certain parts of their pictures, seems not to have bothered the cubists; a comparable mutation in one of his cutouts would have been in effect an act of vandalism to Matisse, who calculated the interaction of his flat, unmodulated colors with absolute precision in order to create a unique space and light. Just *how* precise Matisse's calculations were can be seen in the portfolio of vivid, shimmering works that follows.

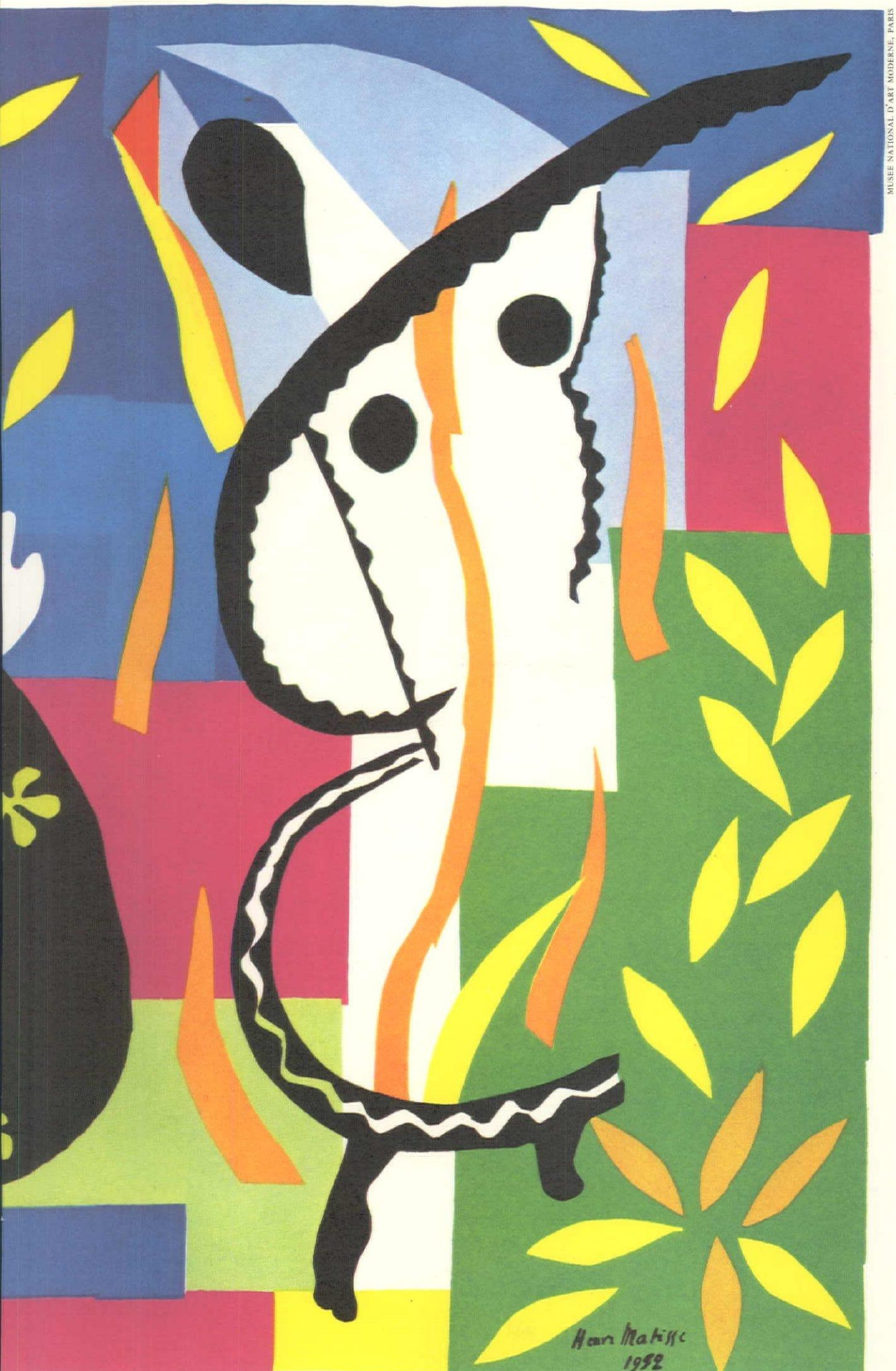


FROM *Jazz*, COURTESY EDITIONS VERVE

ICARUS, 1947



Sorrows of the King, 1952



MUSEE NATIONAL D'ART MODERNE, PARIS



MATISSE MUSEUM, NICE



MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, N.Y.; MRS. SIMON GUGGENHEIM FUND

SOUVENIR OF OCEANIA, 1953



SWIMMER IN POOL, 1947

FROM *Jazz*, COURTESY EDITIONS VERVE



SEATED BLUE NUDE, NO. 2, 1952

TEXT CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

Despite his slow convalescence and his age (he was in his seventies), he produced a remarkable quantity of increasingly abstract oil paintings during the war, together with hundreds of crayon and ink studies, marking a "*floraison* after fifty years' effort."

He also began work on four of his most important illustrated books: the collected poems of Henry de Montherlant, of Pierre Ronsard, and of Charles, Duke of Orléans, and the beautiful volume of cutout compositions aptly, if somewhat enigmatically, titled *Jazz*.

Although *Jazz* represents Matisse's first large-scale utilization of paper cutouts, it was prepared for by several earlier experiments. In 1937, at the invitation of the editor E. Tériade, he had made a cutout design for the cover of the first issue of the magazine *Verve*, and he had done other cutouts for the magazine in 1939 and 1943. Even earlier, from 1931 to 1933, he had used pieces of cutout paper while working out preliminary designs for the complex spatial relationships of his Barnes Foundation mural.

Jazz, also suggested by Tériade, goes considerably beyond these experiments. Its twenty color plates (two of which, entitled *Icarus* and *Swimmer in Pool*, appear in our portfolio) were reproduced by the stencil process from Matisse's original cutouts. They treat of circus themes and of poetic abstractions, and are interspersed with philosophic and artistic reflections by Matisse in his own, very large handwriting.

Matisse regarded the function of the text, however, as "purely visual." What mattered to him was the interplay (akin to jazz improvisation) of the acidly intense colors and the audacious and vibrant forms. The shape and movement of objects were rendered with great economy. "One has to study an object for a long time to know what is its symbol," he had said, and the results of the study are nowhere more stunningly displayed than in *Jazz*, which led directly to all the magnificent later cutout compositions.

Matisse emerged from the war with a reputation among living painters second only to that of Picasso. The fresh interest in Matisse was stimulated by a brilliant late flowering in many phases of his art—drawings (collected and published in 1943), book designs, and oil paintings—which culminated in seven large and youthfully turbulent interiors painted in 1948, the most successful and daring of which is the *Large Red Interior*, painted in Vence.

When *Jazz* appeared, and as Matisse began to work more and more with paper cutouts, there was a new appreciation of his stature as one of the master craftsmen of his age. The physical substance of his art had never ceased to fascinate him: his ballet costumes for *Rouge et Noir* had been adroitly designed both to abstract the human figure and to emphasize its silhouette; his tapestry designs, to exploit the qualities of wool; his book illustrations, to enhance the visual qualities of the type.

Aside from the paper cutouts and the brush-and-ink drawings, the last major work of Matisse was the design for the new Chapel of the Rosary of the Dominican Nuns of Vence. That enormously ambitious project took him three years (1948–51), and when it was completed, he had designed not only the structure itself but everything inside and outside it, including the candlesticks, the priests' chasubles, and the pattern of ivy planted in the chapel garden.

He wanted a chapel that would speak of joy rather than of penance, lifting and exalting those who entered it. The walls he kept white, and across them he spread three major mural drawings—*The Stations of the Cross*, *The Virgin and Child*, *St. Dominic*—on glazed tiles.

Age, according to those who watched him at work, had made him no less a perfectionist than he ever had been. He made preparatory studies over a period of two years, sometimes producing as many as three thousand sketches for a single mural, practicing unceasingly, until, as he said, "I am able to let my pen go with confidence." When he was satisfied, he transferred the design full-size to paper tacked on the wall of his studio in Nice, using as a giant pencil a ten-foot bamboo pole with a crayon attached.

Against the black of the mural drawings and the white of the walls he played the splendor of his stained-glass windows, designed with vegetal patterns instead of Biblical or sacred scenes. His most inspired notion was to omit red from the windows, thus abolishing the fiery glow that suffuses so many medieval cathedrals. Instead, he used lemon-yellow, sapphire-blue, and emerald-green, flooding the chapel with a Mediterranean radiance.

Looking now at the bare splendor of the chapel, the radiant simplicity of the cutout compositions, the sheer concentrated force of the great murals, sculptures, and oils, we see Matisse not as the merely "tasteful" painter that in the 1930's he sometimes seemed to be but as a great classic artist, in the line of Poussin, Chardin, and Cézanne. "I dream of an art of balance, purity, tranquillity," he had written, and that, finally, was what he achieved.

Technically his distinction was that he was as great a draftsman as he was a colorist, a man in whom were reconciled the traditions of Ingres and Delacroix. Line and color were alike in their functions, he insisted, for line should be used not primarily to define contours but to "express light and differences of value corresponding to color." And "differences," to Matisse's shrewd and discriminating eye, were the very essence of creation: "I do not paint things," he told the poet Louis Aragon, "only the difference between things."

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FREUD ON THE COUCH

"The world owes a great deal," says our author, "to Freud's basic insecurity"

And if something of the autocratic pose,
The paternal strictness he distrusted, still
Clung to his utterance and features,
It was a protective imitation

For one who lived among enemies so long;
If often he was wrong and at times absurd,
To us he is no more a person
Now but a whole climate of opinion.

Of course W. H. Auden is right. Freud, like Marx and Darwin, those other destroyers of nineteenth-century preconceptions with whom his name is so often linked, is no longer merely a person; he is a point of view, a way of thinking, an attitude to life, and above all, a continuing force to be reckoned with, one who can be neither dismissed nor ignored by anyone concerned with the human predicament. His ideas have become so ubiquitous that it is difficult to imagine how men thought before he formulated them.

Before World War I our grandfathers would have considered themselves as being governed chiefly by reason, although subject to deplorable spells of irrationality. Freud reversed the picture, claiming that reason's voice, though persistent, had but a very small influence upon human conduct. Freud also made us regard both virtue and conventional morality with suspicion. In 1900 the man who displayed altruism and self-sacrifice would have been regarded as simply "good," and if he was celibate, would have been congratulated upon his self-control and spirituality. It would not have occurred to the Victorians to suspect that unselfishness might be self-punishment; that kindness might conceal a patronizing superiority; that altruism could be a mask for self-centeredness, or celibacy an ignominious flight from woman.

Darwin shook man's self-esteem by demonstrating his humble origins and his kinship with other animals. Freud shattered it by showing that man's proudest spiritual achievements were rooted in primitive instinct. Not even children were allowed their "innocence," and the cozy, comfortable love of the Victorian family was shown to be based upon violent sensuality.

Freud tore down many façades, leaving us naked and ashamed, but more realistic. Since his revelations, Western man has become incapable of taking any form of human behavior at face value. It is impossible to think of any other individual who has so affected the way we look at our ordinary daily pursuits.

Sigmund Freud was born on May 6, 1856, in Freiberg, when his father, a Jewish wool-merchant, was over forty, though his mother was only twenty-one. Although Jakob Freud was a kindly man, a middle-aged father often appears formidable to a small boy; and it may be because of this that psychoanalysis in its pristine form was more concerned with the child's reaction to paternal authority than later developments would lead one to expect. Carl Jung's psychology, for instance, is far more mother-based. Freud's mother, who lived to the age of ninety-five, seems to have been a warmhearted, gay person, who gave Sigmund, her eldest son, so much love, and regarded him with such pride, that he developed an inner confidence that proved unshakable. When Sigmund was four, the family moved to Vienna;

DRAWING BY CHAS B SLACKMAN

By ANTHONY STORR

and for seventy-eight years Freud continued to live and practice in this city, which he never ceased to talk of with distaste, but which he was extremely reluctant to leave. In 1938 he was forced to do so when he took refuge from the Nazis in England. In September, 1939, he died, having survived just long enough to witness England's declaration of war on Nazi Germany.

During his long years in Vienna his outward way of life changed very little, although he progressed in the world's estimation from ignominious rejection to worldwide renown. He died as he had lived, patient, stoic, independent. Although his discoveries had an enormous influence on Western man's view of himself, Freud disdained the trappings of conventional success. The man who wrote that what men desired was "honor, power, and the love of women" was himself honored only late in his life after years of rejection, and had little power and but a meager experience of sexual love.

In his autobiography Freud writes: "At the 'Gymnasium' I was at the top of my class for seven years; I enjoyed special privileges there, and was required to pass scarcely any examinations." At school, anti-Semitism seems not to have been a problem; but it was a different story when Freud entered the university. "Above all, I found that I was expected to feel myself inferior and an alien because I was a Jew. I refused absolutely to do the first of these things." But in old age he was able to see that his nonacceptance by society had had some positive results. "It was only to my Jewish nature that I owed the two qualities that have become necessary to me throughout my difficult life. Because I was a Jew I found myself free of many prejudices that restrict others in the use of the intellect: as a Jew I was prepared to be in the opposition and to renounce agreement with the 'compact minority.' "

Freud's intellectual precocity was an important part of his character structure. He told Jung that if he had been neurotic, his neurosis would have taken an obsessional form. In a paper written in 1913 he says: "I do not know if it will seem too daring if I assume from the clues at our disposal that a premature advance of the ego-development ahead of the libido-development contributes to the obsessional disposition." Already one can discern hints that in the young Freud there was something of a split between reason and emotion, a split that led to his topographical conception of the mind as a divided structure. Originally, Freud thought chiefly in terms of "conscious" and "unconscious"; later, in 1923, he published *The Ego and the Id* and introduced the concept of the superego. His own superego must have been a powerful one, which kept him at work and denied him a good deal of pleasure.

It is still sometimes alleged that Freud discovered the unconscious mind. It is no disparagement of his achievement to point out that this, in fact, is not the case. As L. L. Whyte puts it in his book *The Unconscious before Freud*, "the idea of unconscious mental processes was, in many of its aspects, conceivable around 1700, topical around 1800, and became effective around 1900." Both philosophers and physicians had realized that man was governed less by reason and conscious deliberation than he liked to believe. What Freud did was to *apply* the idea of the unconscious and make it operational.

Freud's early work at Ernst Brück's physiological institute in Vienna was ill-paid and held little promise of advancement. Moreover, he wanted to get married, but could not afford to. In 1882 he abandoned research work and went into hospital residence as a specialist in nervous diseases.

At that time the separation of psychiatry from neurology had not taken place; but as Freud himself points out, no one could make a living from the treatment of the comparatively small number of patients with organic neurological diseases. Like other neurologists, Freud depended for his livelihood on the treatment of neurotics; and his principal therapeutic weapon was that of hypnosis—a subject on which Freud had more knowledge than most of his contemporaries, for he had studied its use in Paris at the clinic of the famous neurologist Jean Martin Charcot, who had demonstrated that hypnosis could produce and remove all kinds of physical symptoms at the will of the physician. Three years later, Freud studied for a brief period with Bernheim, founder of the Nancy school of suggestion. Of this period he says: "I received the profoundest impression of the possibility that there could be powerful mental processes which nevertheless remained hidden from the consciousness of man."

It was the observation made by another physician, Josef Breuer, that first showed Freud that hypnosis could be used as a tool of investigation and not merely as a technique for suggesting cure. Breuer's case, now world-famous, was that of a young girl who was taken ill while nursing her father and who underwent a number of paralyses, mental confusion, and other hysterical symptoms. What Breuer noticed was this: if, instead of merely suggesting hypnotically that she might lose her symptoms, he made her tell him each time what was oppressing her mind, she would produce connections between her symptoms and her emotions—connections that would not have been made in an unhypnotized state. Her symptoms originated in feelings and thoughts experienced while caring for her sick father. Many of these were unacceptable, and she had therefore tried to banish them from her mind; but no sooner did she do this than some hysterical symptom appeared. When Breuer put her into a state of deep hypnosis and made her recall the banished connections and thoughts, her symptoms disappeared. Breuer's observations gave Freud the key he was looking for. Instead of

using hypnosis as a direct way of influencing neurotic symptoms, he used it as a tool for investigating them.

Although hypnosis proved a useful tool for investigating symptoms, Freud finally abandoned it. There seem to have been two chief reasons. One was that many patients simply cannot be hypnotized, or at least cannot be put into the deep trance necessary. Secondly, Freud began to realize that many of the cures brought about by hypnosis remained stable only as long as there was some positive emotional relationship between the patient and the physician. Freud felt that if he was really to understand what he called "the mysterious element" at work behind hypnotism, he would have to abandon hypnosis entirely. He then remembered that during his studies Bernheim had maintained that even though a patient might seem to have forgotten everything that had transpired during a hypnotic trance, the memory was nonetheless present. Therefore, if the doctor strongly urged the patient to remember, it was often possible to recapture the missing memory even in the waking state. Freud soon found that all he had to do was tell the patient to say exactly what came into his head without keeping anything back and without evaluating whatever occurred to him. In this way the practice of free association was born, and a new technique was invented for the investigation of mental processes.

The importance of this discovery can hardly be overestimated. The term itself is actually a misnomer, based on a mistranslation of the German *Freier Einfall*. *Einfall* does not mean association but "sudden idea" and refers to spontaneous thought. The use of free association depends upon several assumptions, one of which is that if a person says what comes into his mind without let or hindrance, he will inevitably be driven toward revealing what is really significant. Of course, no patient talks of what is significant all the time, but the use of free association allows the analyst to detect and interpret underlying patterns and preoccupations. The patient generally is unconscious of these patterns, which cannot be altered or controlled. But when analysis reveals them, they become accessible to the patient's ego and, therefore, modifiable to a certain extent.

In my view, however, this is not really the vital feature of the discovery of free association. What is revolutionary is that the use of this technique implies a change in status and relationship between the patient and the doctor. Hypnosis is essentially an active, authoritarian method that depends largely upon the prestige of the physician, upon the confidence with which he utters his suggestions, and upon the compliance of the patient. The use of free association transforms the physician's role from that of an active persuader to that of a passive listener who confines his activity to interpretation, that is, to helping the patient understand his own mental processes without attempting to persuade, cajole, or bully him into health. This is a most remarkable abrogation of the traditional role of the physician.

In conventional medical practice the good patient is the one who believes implicitly in his physician, who does exactly what he is told to do, and who never queries his doctor's authority. Exactly the opposite is true of the successfully treated neurotic. Although friendly co-operation between analyst and patient is essential, and although there are patients who are so rebellious, so aggressive, or so unco-operative that they cannot be treated, most neurotics have suffered in their past lives from accepting too readily the authoritarian ideas that have been impressed upon them in childhood. During their time on the couch they have to find out that it is safe to express resentment of authority and to question it, and thus they learn to make progress toward freedom and autonomy.

There is a real difference between making interpretations and issuing instructions. Psychoanalysts are not particularly modest in their public utterances, but in the privacy of the consulting room they are notably less assertive than any other group of trained professionals. There has always been, and always will be, a plethora of people who are sufficiently sure of their own superior knowledge to tell people exactly how to behave in every conceivable circumstance. Indeed, the ordinary person finds it very difficult to imagine how a psycholoanalyst can listen so long and say so little. But Freud, who was both patient and persistent, realized that a person's emotional problems can never be finally solved by any external authority and that the main task of the psychoanalyst is to help the patient help himself, not by giving him advice, but by making him more conscious of what his problems really are.

Much of psychoanalytic theory is still the subject of controversy and debate. But even if none of Freud's original conclusions were to remain unmodified, the technique of investigation that he discovered, and its consequences, cannot be disregarded; for it was Freud who taught psychotherapists how to listen.

Freud's passion for investigation into origins soon led to his exploring the childhood of his patients. Breuer's case had convinced him that some neurotic symptoms were concerned with the suppression of painful memories and that the recovery of these memories was accompanied by the disappearance of the symptoms. Pursuing this idea, Freud soon discovered that many of the distasteful incidents that his patients recalled and that seemed to have caused their illnesses were sexual in nature. Both Breuer and Charcot had, in Freud's hearing, dropped hints that the secrets of the marriage bed were connected with neurotic symptoms. But Freud, who was easily shocked and puritanical in temperament, did not take these remarks seriously and dismissed them from his

mind. When he came to investigate his own patients, however, he discovered that a great many of their anxieties and painful memories centered around the facts of sexuality. Moreover, he established that the primary cause of neurosis was the sexuality of childhood.

Today this is taken so much for granted that it is difficult to realize the shock and surprise with which Freud's first announcements about infantile sexuality were received. Indeed, it was somewhat naïve of him not to anticipate that people would be shocked, especially in view of his own primness. But Freud the conventional, bourgeois family man and Freud the relentless seeker after truth were two very different people. If neurosis in adult life was, as seemed probable, the result of trauma in early childhood, and if these traumata were chiefly sexual in nature, then it was Freud's duty as a doctor and a scientist to say so, however unpalatable these truths might be. Freud, like many another Jew, had little expectation of being generally popular in any case, and abuse made him all the more obstinate. Instead of modifying his tone, he interpreted the inevitable attacks as further evidence to support the psychoanalytic view that men are intensely reluctant to face the truth about themselves. For by this time Freud's early belief that neurosis was due to traumatic incidents was gradually becoming modified. Although traumata could and did occur, what neurotics repressed was not simply the memory of such incidents but whole aspects of the primitive and instinctive parts of themselves.

Among Freud's early cases of hysteria were a surprisingly large number of patients who reported incidents of seduction by one or the other parent. At first Freud took these stories literally, but later he came to realize that what a patient told him was largely phantasy and wish-fulfillment, not an account of a real incident. This discovery was at first distressing to Freud, because he thought it represented a failure in his technique. However, he persisted with his investigations, and what finally emerged from this was the importance of the patient's inner world of phantasy. Instead of concentrating on actual childhood traumata, important as they may be, it became more and more a part of psychoanalytic technique to investigate the patient's inner world: that world of hopes, daydreams, fears, loves, and hates that originates in infancy, persists into adult life, and is only tenuously related to the hard facts of the real world.

Freud soon discovered that as the lengthy analysis proceeded, he himself became increasingly important in the patient's inner world. He wrote: "In every analytic treatment there arises, without the physician's agency, an intense emotional relationship between the patient and the analyst, which is not to be accounted for by the actual situation. It can be of a positive or of a negative character and can vary between the extremes of a passionate, completely sensual love and the unbridled expression of an embittered defiance and hatred." Around 1892 Freud began to be aware of the importance of this. The delineation of transference is the second important innovation for which every psychotherapist, Freudian or not, must acknowledge a debt to Freud. When Jung first visited Freud in 1907, Freud asked him, "What do you think of transference?" Jung replied: "It is the alpha and omega in treatment." "You have understood," said Freud.

Transference is, of course, a universal phenomenon. When we enter a new situation in life or are confronted by a new person, we project upon him the prejudices of the past and our previous experience of people. Indeed, getting to know a person is largely a matter of withdrawing projections, of dispelling the smoke screen of prejudice and replacing it with the empirical data.

Thus, when a patient comes into an analyst's consulting room, he brings with him all his past anxieties, fears, prejudices, and hopes. If he is habitually dominant, he will tend to be dominant toward the analyst. If he is submissive elsewhere, he will be so in analysis. Freud's discovery was that if these ingrained (and generally unrecognized) attitudes and prejudices can be made conscious, they can be modified.

No psychotherapeutic treatment of any thoroughness can bypass a repeated discussion of the relationship of the patient to the analyst, and of the changes that take place in this relationship as treatment progresses. Once again, we owe the discovery of a powerful therapeutic weapon to Freud's reluctance to become too personally involved with his patients. I do not think that transference would have been so clearly delineated if Freud had been of a warmer, less controlled temperament. Because he developed a technique in which he said very little, sat behind the patient, and did not obtrude his own personality, he was more of a blank screen than an active doctor would have been. He therefore tended to be more receptive to his patient's projections than a conventional doctor would have been. It is the unknown person upon whom we project our phantasies, and Freud discovered that being an enigma to his patients produced material of psychological interest from them.

The opening of the inner phantasy world of patients led to the exploration and investigation of all kinds of psychological data that had previously been dismissed as meaningless. The delusions of the insane, the irrational fears with which many people are burdened, and the whole realm of dreams were opened to analytical investigation.

Freud himself regarded dreams as the royal road to the unconscious. His book *The Interpretation of Dreams* was first published in 1900. To the end of his life he continued to regard it as

his most important contribution to the understanding of the human mind. Ernest Jones reports that Freud's two favorite books were *The Interpretation of Dreams* and *Three Essays on the Theory of Sexuality*. Of these books he said to Jones: "It seems to be my fate to discover only the obvious: that children have sexual feelings, which every nursemaid knows; and that night dreams are just as much a wish fulfillment as daydreams." *The Interpretation of Dreams* is largely concerned with Freud's own dreams. In October, 1897, during an extended period of self-analysis, he wrote a letter to Wilhelm Fliess in which he describes the basic elements of the Oedipus complex: love for the parent of the opposite sex and jealousy of the parent of the same sex. In his preface to the second edition of *The Interpretation of Dreams* Freud writes: "For me, of course, this book has an additional subjective significance, which I did not understand until after its completion. It revealed itself to me as a piece of self-analysis, as my reaction to the death of my father, that is, to the most important event, the most poignant loss, in a man's life."

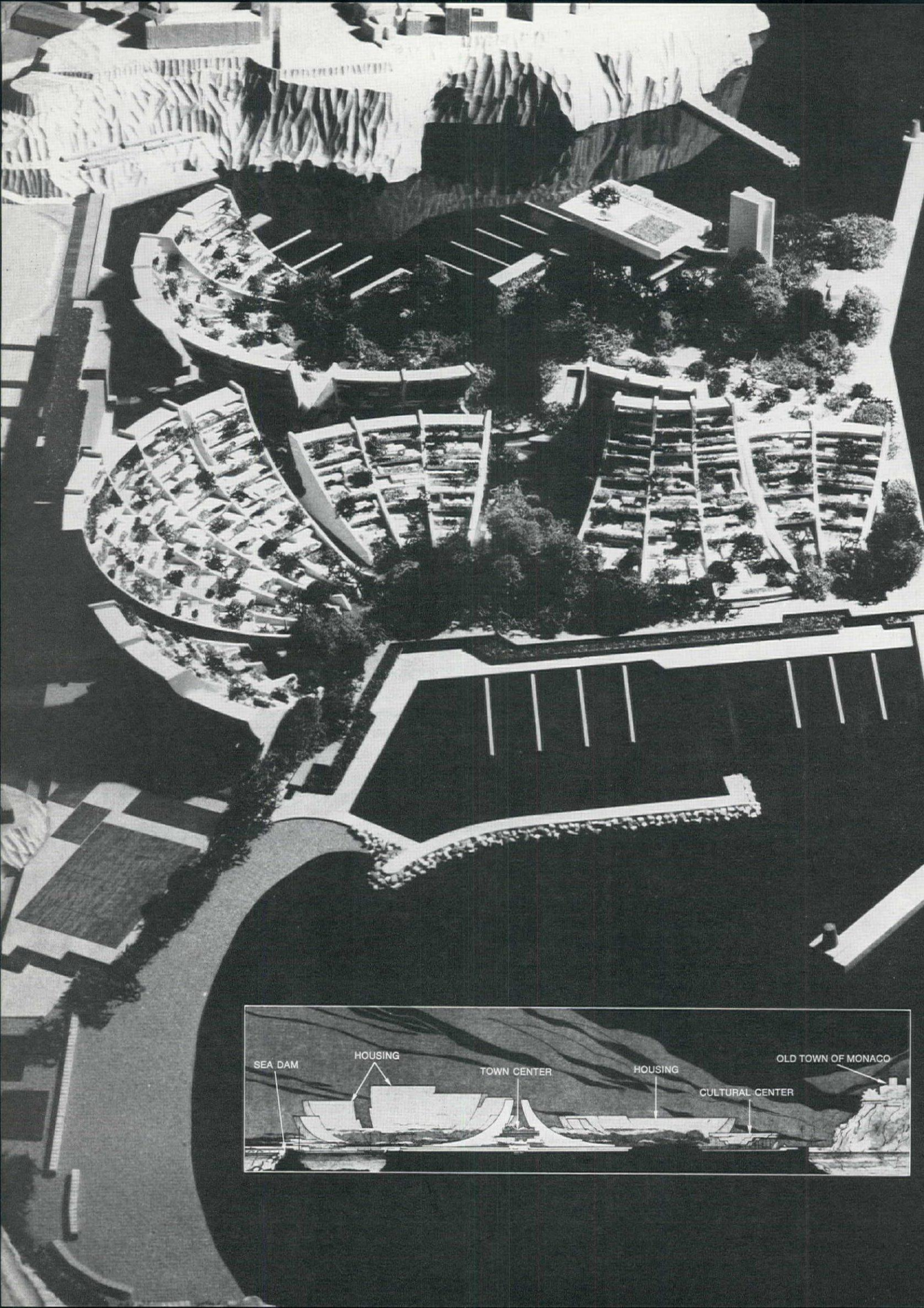
This is by no means so for every man, and Freud's assumption underlines the point made above: that psychoanalysis in its original form was a father-oriented psychology. Freud, like many other people who become concerned with the treatment of neurotics, had his own share of neurotic symptoms. He suffered from anxiety attacks in which he had a fear of dying, and he was also overanxious about traveling. In addition, he suffered alternations of mood, being sometimes profoundly distressed, depressed, and unable to work, and more rarely, full of excitement and self-confidence. During the time of his engagement he was tortured by doubt about whether his fiancée really loved him. For a long time he could not tolerate any differences between her opinions and his own, and he demanded that she completely identify with him. This may seem odd in a man so outspokenly opposed to current thought, but it is surely endearing and a sign of Freud's basic humanity that in his private life he certainly did demand support, both from his wife and later from his pupils. The world owes a great deal to Freud's basic insecurity.

Like other men of genius, Freud possessed a personality compounded of many opposing strands. Perhaps its oddest and most interesting feature was his invariable inclination to reduce everything to the lowest common factor. Freud's psychology has often been criticized by other people—notably Jung—on the grounds that it leaves little room for human aspiration, or even for human goodness. On analytical investigation even the most self-sacrificing action tends to be interpretated as distorted self-interest. Indeed, Freud seemed to take an almost masochistic delight in reducing the whole of human endeavor to aggressive or sexual drives of a most basic and primitive kind. Psychoanalysis is a discipline that allows little room for altruism, romance, or spirituality. In this connection it is significant that Freud was so fond of Jewish humor, which often depends upon the deflation of pretension and the reduction of sentiment to self-interest.

If ever a man was a living example of his own theories, it was Freud. His creative energy and his great capacity for work were sublimations bought at the expense of inhibiting more primitive drives. The expression of both his sexuality and his aggression was severely inhibited. It is said that the most shattering discovery in his self-analysis was his deeply buried hatred of the father he thought he had admired and respected. Throughout his life Freud was particularly patient, tolerant, and kind. He always denied being a genius on the grounds that geniuses were intolerable in the home, and his family, he said, would confirm that he was unusually easy to live with. This was undoubtedly true, but it is probable that it was at the price of a certain lack of playfulness or vitality of a more ordinary kind. Freud seems to have been a markedly controlled man, controlled to a point where he revealed very little of himself, either to his patients or to his acquaintances. In 1909, when his work was first beginning to reach a wider audience, he was asked to lecture at Clark University, Worcester, Massachusetts. He traveled across the Atlantic with two colleagues, Jung and Sandor Ferenczi; and the three men spent a good deal of their time analyzing one another's dreams. While in New York, Freud apparently confided in Jung to the extent of telling him about some of his personal difficulties. An intimate dream came up for discussion, and Jung asked for further associations. But Freud refused to give them, saying, so Jung reported: "I can't give you any further associations, for if I did I might lose my authority." Jung's retort was, "Analysis is excellent, except for the analyst."

Even those who were closest to him, like Ernest Jones, felt that there were secrets about Freud that they would never know. Jones says of him: "He was beyond doubt someone whose instincts were far more powerful than those of the average man, but whose repressions were even more potent." He also says, "Everything points to a remarkable concealment in Freud's love life." Although aspects of Freud's self-analysis appear in *The Interpretation of Dreams*, there is a great deal about him that we should like to know but that we shall never know. The man who spent his life investigating the secrets of other people more intimately than any man had done before, was very reluctant to reveal his own.

Anthony Storr, a practicing psychotherapist, has written several books, including Human Aggression *(Atheneum). His psychological study of Sir Winston Churchill appears in* Churchill Revised, *published by Dial Press.*


SEA DAM
HOUSING
TOWN CENTER
HOUSING
OLD TOWN OF MONACO
CULTURAL CENTER

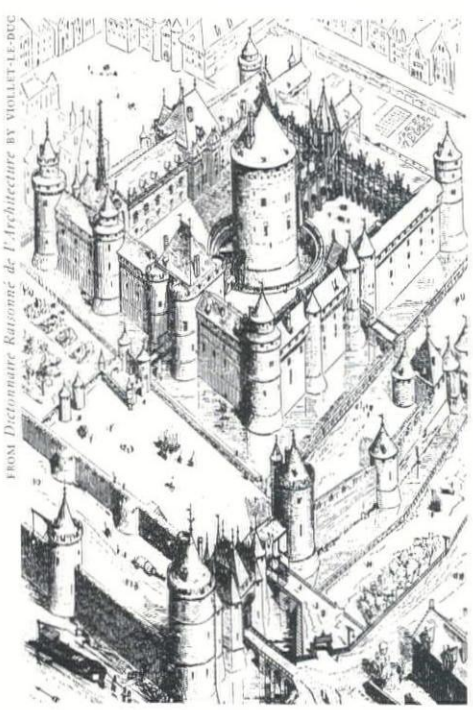
OMNIBUILDINGS

Architects are now designing structures almost as elaborate as independent cities

The curious structure shown opposite looks like a prefabricated coliseum waiting to be assembled. In fact it is a scale model of a Mediterranean town soon to be built on a man-made spit of land extending out from the shores of Monaco. The curved sections are towering artificial hills into which townhouses, shops, offices, and cafés will be inserted when the "hills" are completed in a few years' time. The cross section shows what the entire structure will look like from the sea. Monaco's satellite town is a prime example of perhaps the most striking endeavor in contemporary architecture: the designing of "omnibuildings," a kind of structure that defies our sense of what a "building" is.

A building, we suppose, is an individual container, housing an office, a factory, a school, or a residence. When several of these containers—each with its own independent arrangements—spring up in one place, we have a town, an aggregate of "buildings" separated by open spaces called "streets." Suppose, however, that the factory, office, residence, and school are components of a single continuous structure, with each part "plugged" into a centrally organized system of transportation, plumbing, heating, and so forth. Then, in a word coined by *Progressive Architecture*, you have an "omnibuilding," a kind of building in which the street becomes an internal part of the structure, and a house a "unit" slotted into the system the way a cabinet is fitted into one's kitchen.

The omnibuilding is not entirely without historic antecedents. A luxury liner, with its unified system of residences (cabins), public commons (decks), work places, offices, dining quarters, vertical and horizontal interior streets, is an omnibuilding of sorts. On land an even closer approximation was the multipurpose castle, such as the Louvre, below, of Charles V. Like other castles, the Louvre combined in one structure a royal residence, court, fortress, military garrison, village, and governmental offices. Like the contemporary omnibuildings, too, many castles had streets that were integral parts of the structure, namely the footpaths atop walls and parapets.



FROM *Dictionnaire Raisonné de l'Architecture* BY VIOLLET-LE-DUC

Early omnibuilding: the Louvre c. 1380

Both the luxury liner and the castle lack essential features of the ideal omnibuilding, however. One of these is what some architects call "open-endedness"—the capacity for change. In the ideal omnibuilding new units can be integrated into the system—sometimes called the "armature" or "infrastructure"—as the need for them arises. An omnibuilding, in other words, combines the planned organization of a rigid, conventional building with a town's flexible capacity for growth.

In addition, no ancestor of the modern omnibuilding can approach it in sheer complexity. The luxury liner, after all, performs the limited function of transportation, whereas Monaco's

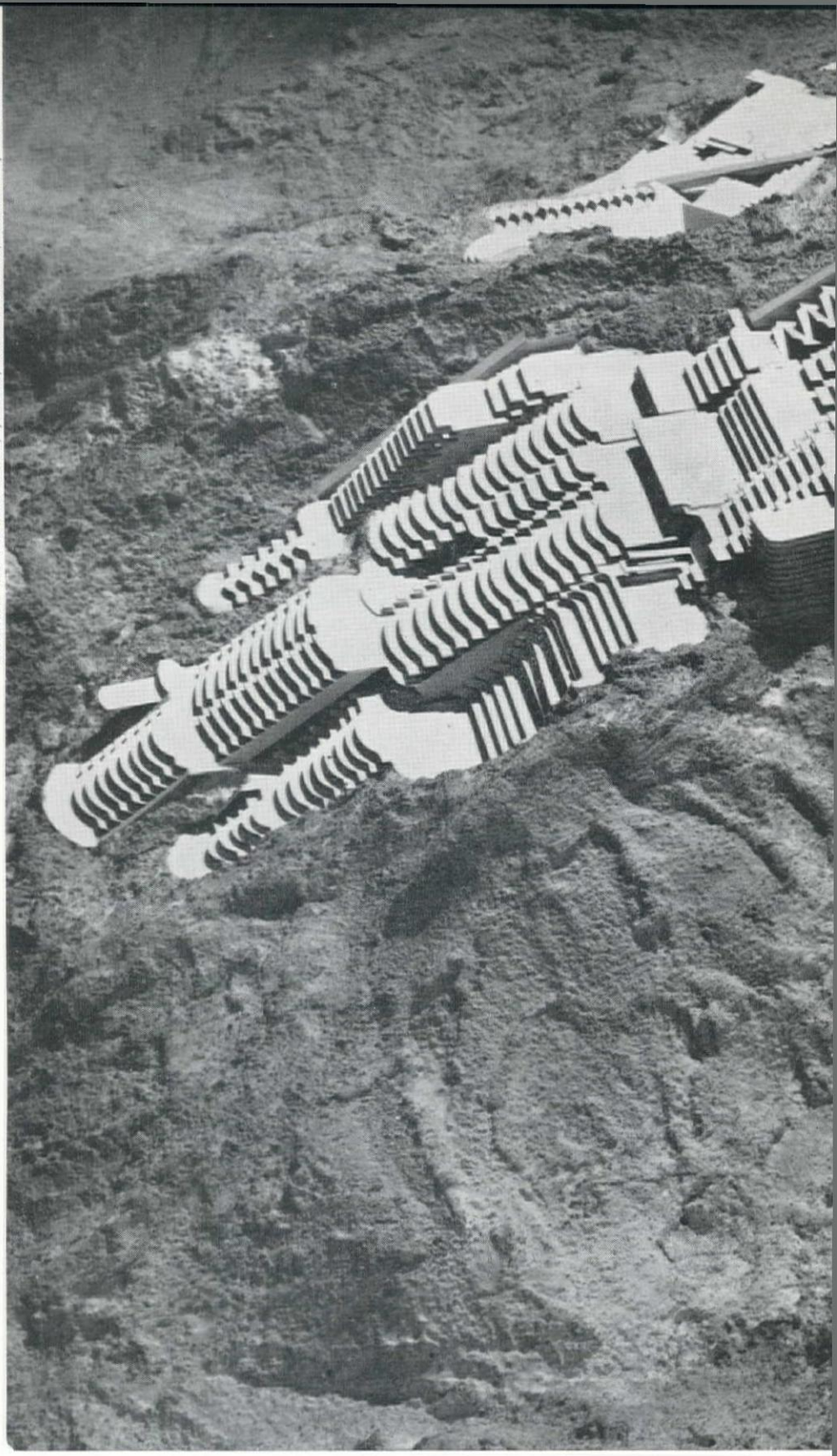
By WALTER KARP

omnibuilding-by-the-sea is a real town in which people will live permanently and whose needs, propensities, and convenience are, in consequence, many times more complicated and pressing. The Louvre combined a great many functions, but it did not have to include, for example, the integration of central heating, plumbing, automobile traffic, and storage into its design.

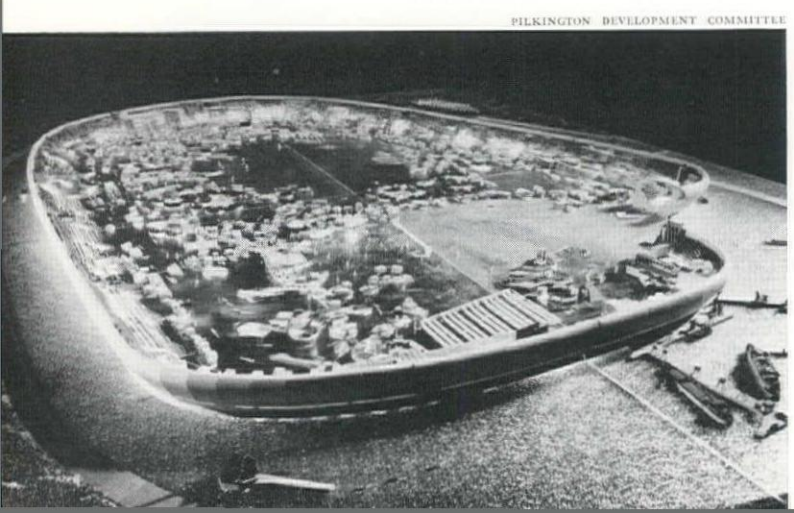
There is one other key feature of the omnibuilding, the one, perhaps, that is most difficult to grasp. That is its quality of being a three-dimensional system. Taken as a group, a cluster of ordinary buildings functions in two dimensions. People using one building reach another by moving horizontally across non-building space called a street. In the concentrated world of an omnibuilding people might just as easily pass between units by aerial footbridge or rooftop walkway; they may be able to drive their cars "upstairs." The omnibuilding designer, therefore, must conceive his entire design with all these varieties of spatial interconnection in mind and arrange them in the most efficient, harmonious, and sociable way, a task that stands to ordinary building design as three dimensional chess stands to the flat variety.

Indeed there are critics who suggest that the chief charm of omnibuildings is precisely the awesome challenge they provide for their designers. As one architect has said, present omnibuilding designs "are more indicative of technological feats than of emerging spatial institutions." However that may be, the designers of the structures shown on these pages have risen to the challenge and wrought spectacularly.

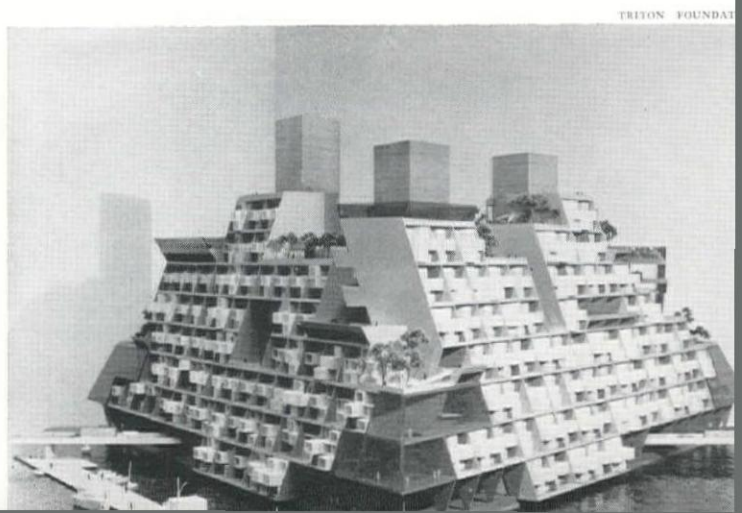
ARCHITECTS AND PLANNERS: DANIEL, JOHNSON, AND MENDENHALL; CESAR PELLI, DIRECTOR OF DESIGN

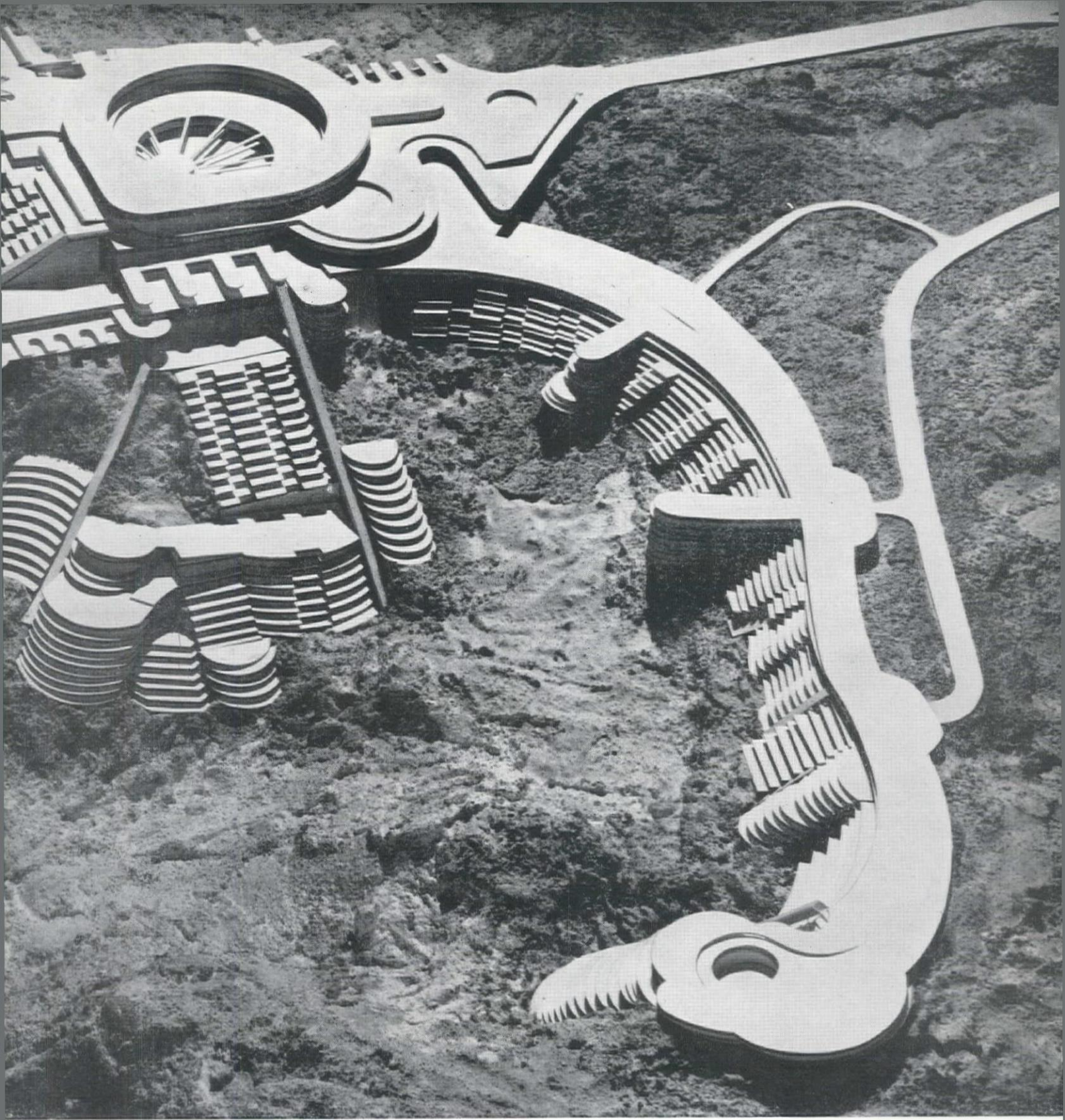


PILKINGTON DEVELOPMENT COMMITTEE



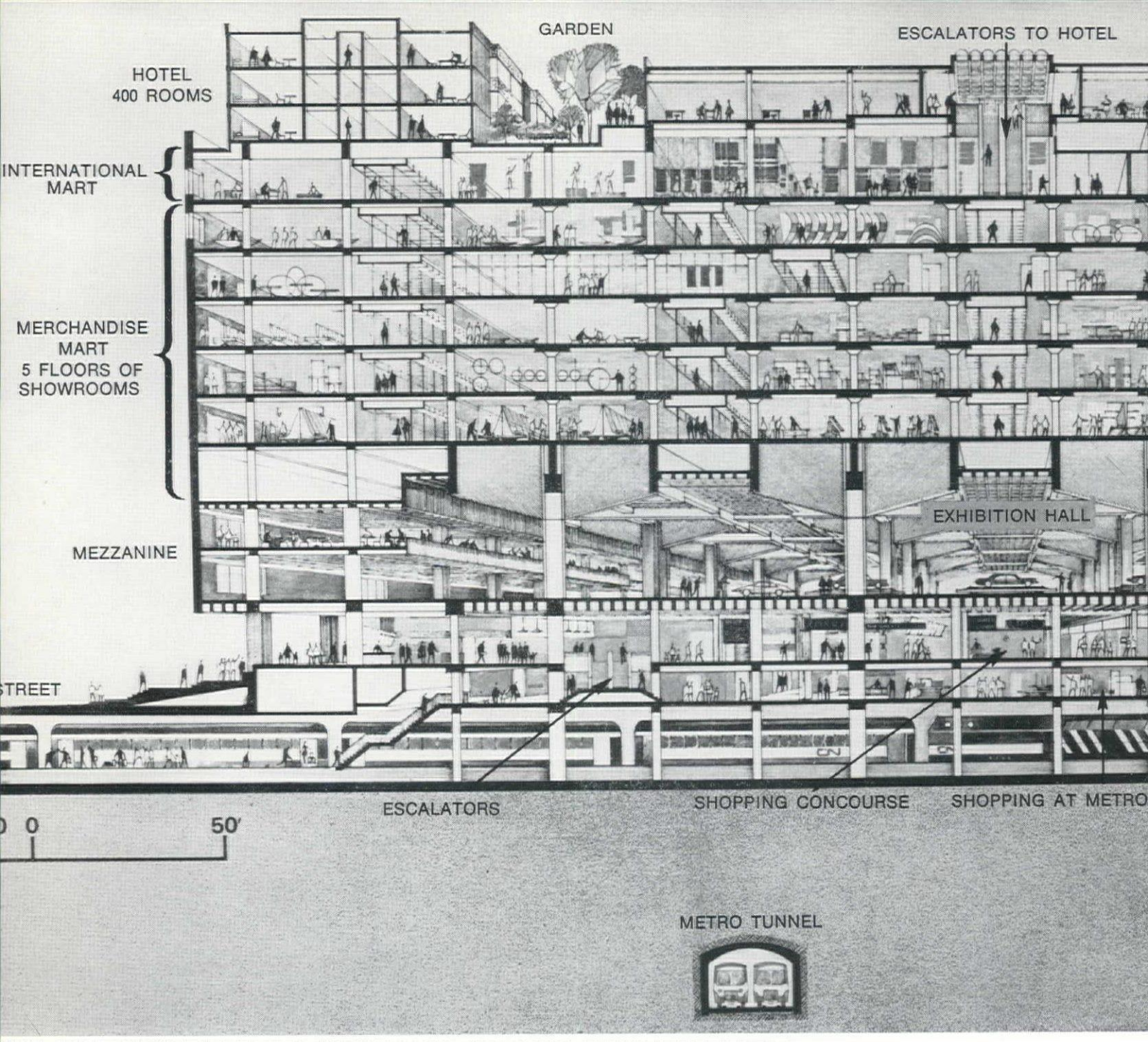
TRITON FOUNDAT





Single-Structure Cities

Omnibuildings as cities in themselves include, above, the model for Sunset Mountain Park, a town proposed for a site overlooking Santa Monica, California. At the mountain's crest sits the center of town (or omnibuilding). The terraced extensions reaching downhill are neighborhoods of townhouses. Residents would commute within the structure by means of inclined elevators. At the far left is a rendering of the British-designed Sea City, a more visionary amphitheatre-like structure intended to sit on concrete stilts fifteen miles out in the North Sea. Its thirty thousand inhabitants would live chiefly on the tiered inner face of the edifice. Within the artificial lagoon would be numerous floating islets for private homes and boat moorings, linked by footbridges to the "mainland." Sea City's natural-gas heating plant would raise the surface temperature of the lagoon several degrees, creating a bubble of relatively balmy weather. The third model is Buckminster Fuller's "floating city," designed to serve as an offshore colony of a crowded coastal city. Created under the sponsorship of the Federal Department of Housing and Urban Development, Fuller's floating city is composed of several prefabricated "town" units, each capable of being built in a shipyard. They would be fitted together to form the full city.



AFFLECK, DESBARETS, DIMAKOPOULOS, LEBENSOLD, AND SISE, ARCHITECTS; RAY AFFLECK, PARTNER IN CHARGE; PHOTOGRAPH ARNOTT ROGERS BATTEN LTD.

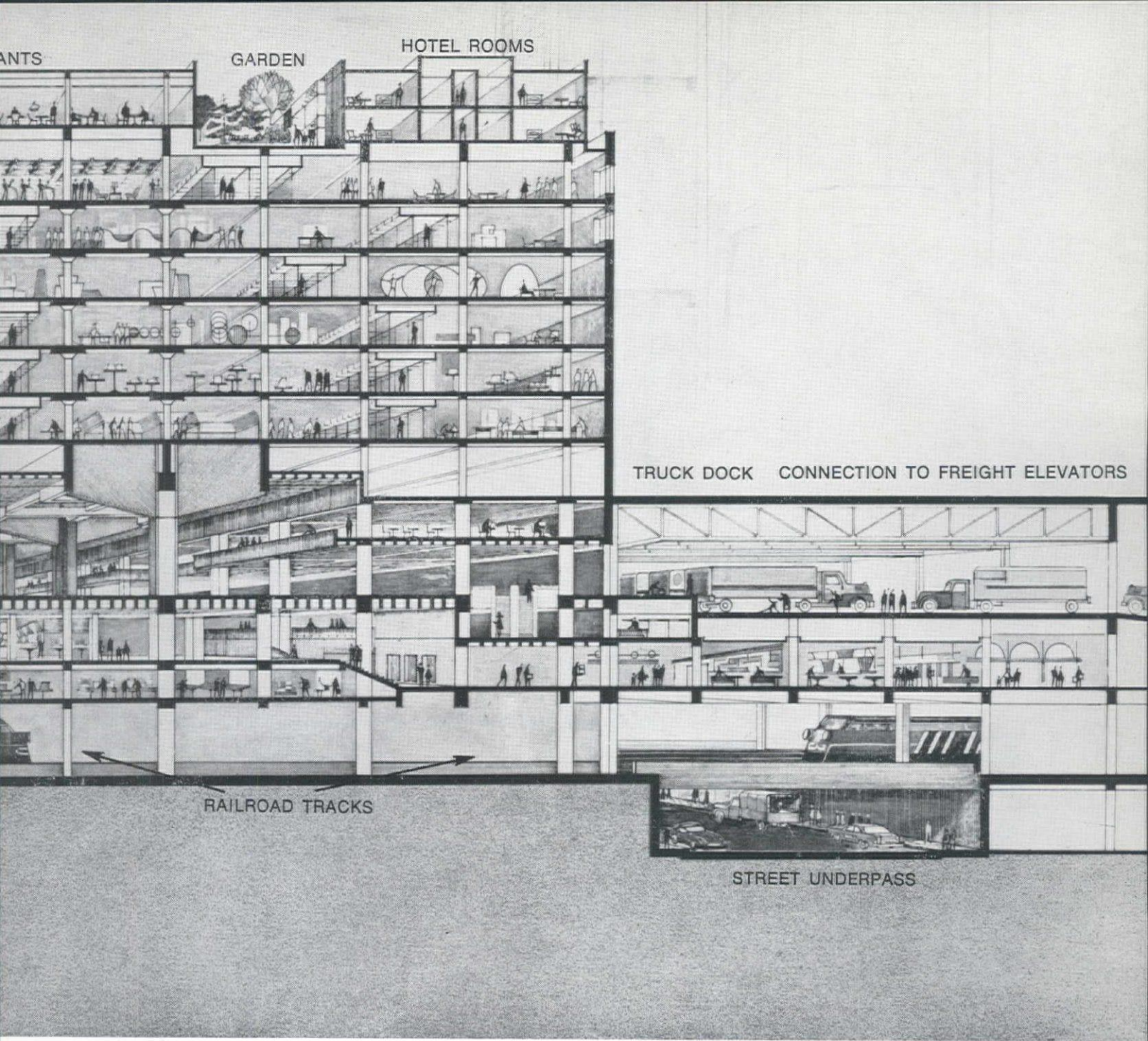
Place Bonaventure

Not all omnibuildings are still on the drawing boards. The complex honeycomb shown above is a cross-sectional plan of a vast multipurpose structure recently completed in downtown Montreal. It is known as "Place Bonaventure." Despite what the name implies, an open space is precisely what it is not. It is an eighty-million dollar international trade center and one of the largest commercial buildings in the world.

Following the basic premise of omnibuilding design, the architects of Place Bonaventure have combined in one operating system all the chief functions, subfunctions, and opportunities that arise out of the primordial market situation: the meeting in one place of buyers, sellers, and things to buy. Whereas the medieval fair spurred a free enterprise in hostelries for wandering merchants, Place Bonaventure provides its own 400-room hotel at the highest level of the structure, one that can be reached by express elevators from the lower levels and by escalators from the trading floors.

Previous trade centers have clogged nearby streets with delivery trucks, but Place Bonaventure leads truck traffic directly from the highway up a ramp and into its 250,000-square-foot exhibition hall, which is large enough to accommodate auto shows, boat shows, and displays of the latest and largest in farm machinery. The structure, in addition, is intimately linked to commuter trains, having been built, like other major plazas of downtown Montreal, in airspace over the Canadian National Railway, and over the Montreal "Metro."

The crowds that throng trade shows generally spill out into the streets with their passion for purchasing aroused but



unfulfilled; Place Bonaventure funnels the crowds downward into a complex of internal streets—its shopping concourses—lined with retail stores. Interior shopping streets have a special appeal in Montreal: the winters are long and bitter.

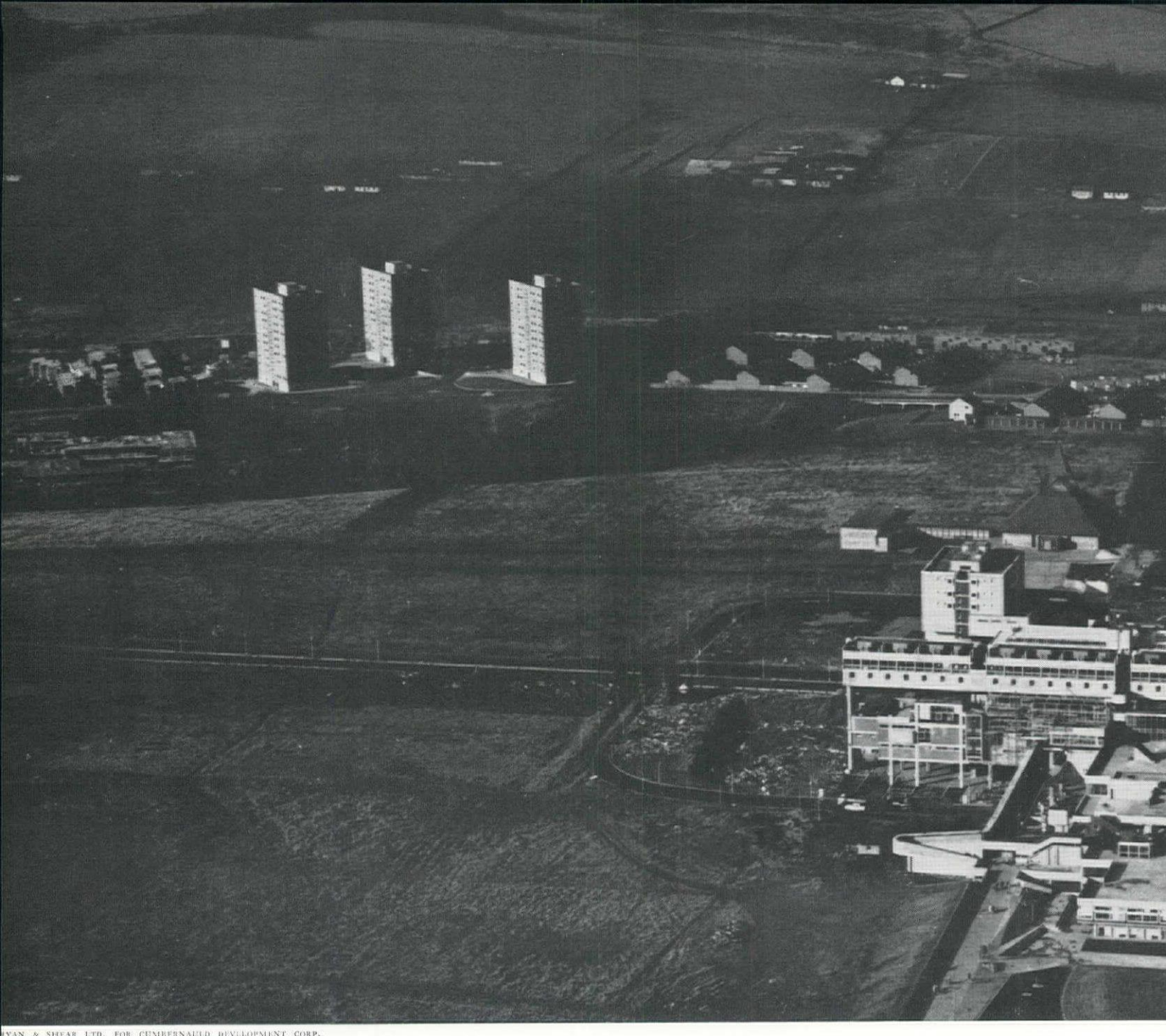
As if to demonstrate that this new market place is, in essence, only a modern elaboration of older and more bucolic arrangements, the shopping concourse also contains the grandsire of all later trade centers: a farmers' market. Like an artifact found in the lowest, and hence oldest, stratum of an archaeological site, it is located on the omnibuilding's lower shopping level, close to a movie theatre.

Faithful to the omnibuilding's principle of self-sufficiency, the rooftop hotel has been designed as an inducement to keep people from straying. It is a low-lying quadrangle surrounding a pretty roof garden complete with babbling brook, pond, and footbridges. The garden itself forms a quadrangle that surrounds the hotel lobby, a restaurant, and a café. The buyer who wishes to take a spot of air or a stroll does not, at Place Bonaventure, have to walk on a city street. If his stay is brief, he has little need to leave the omnibuilding at all.

CHRIS F. PAYNE



Montreal's massive new concrete-walled trade center covers almost six city acres.



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Cumbernauld

Fourteen miles from Glasgow, on what was recently agricultural land, stands the planned "new town" of Cumbernauld, present population 24,000. Separated from the residential areas (top) by open fields lies the center of town, conventional hub of commerce and amusements. What is unique about the town center is that it is a single continuous structure—in short, an omnibuilding. In Cumbernauld Main Street is one flight up.

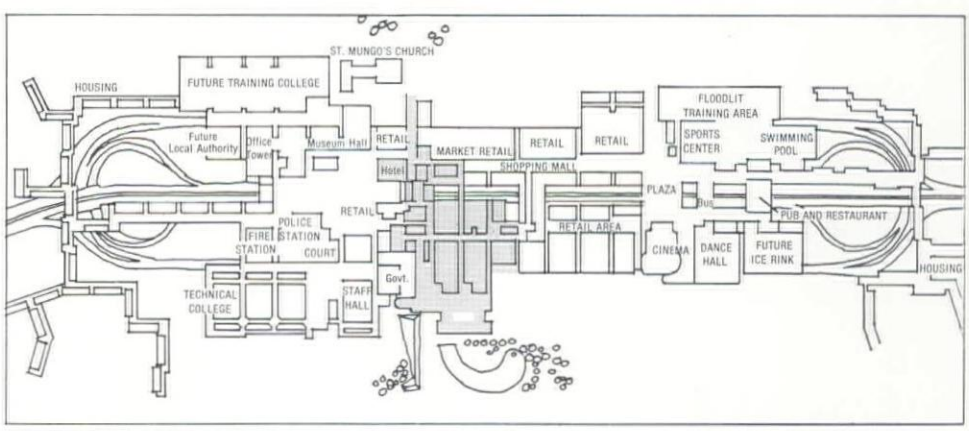
The huge structure, which opened in 1967, is known in Cumbernauld planners' parlance as the Town Center, First Phase. Shown in gray in the diagram opposite, it will eventually serve as the hub of a much-expanded downtown district. Incomplete though it is, the Town Center is still awesomely multipurpose. Included in its tight embrace are stores, offices, pubs, restaurants, banks, medical center, bowling alley, library, community hall, sheriff's office, penthouse apartments, and above the rest, the Golden Eagle hotel.

A spur of the main highway to Glasgow passes through the structure, whose entire ground level is given over to parking and delivery facilities. A visiting motorist leaves his automobile in a ground-level garage and then reaches "town" by escalator or elevator, while neighboring Cumbernaulders can reach it by using footpaths and ramps.

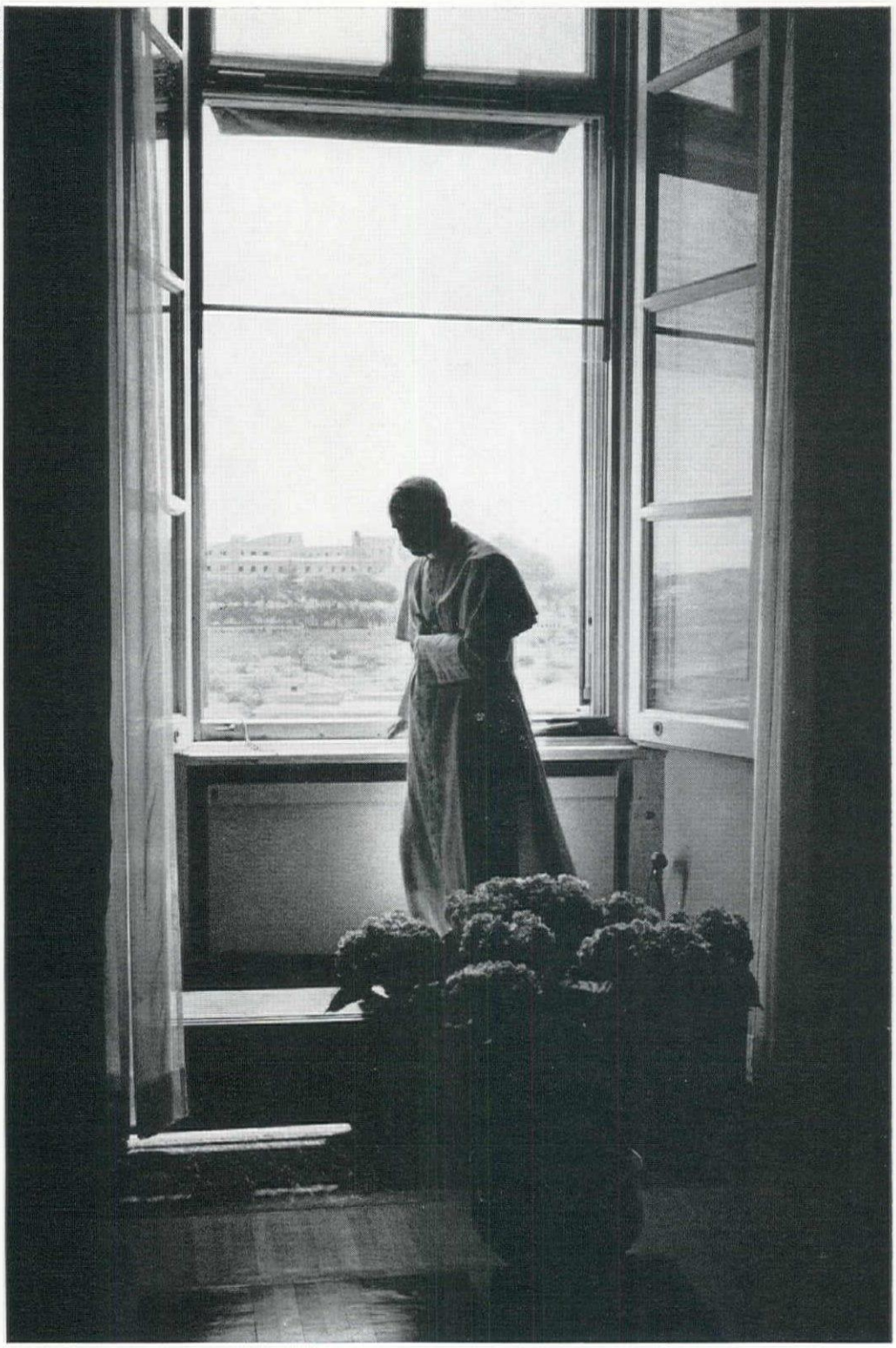
Once inside, a Cumbernaulder finds himself in a town as compressed in its way as a medieval walled city, with corridors, escalators, ramps, footbridges, and terraces forming an intricate three-dimensional network of narrow "streets" and little "squares." Such sociable compactness is the chief reason for giving Cumbernauld its daring omnibuilding town center. After a half-century of town planning, designers now realize that people enjoy a busy, concentrated public life as much as they do open spaces and

privacy. Cumbernauld's planners have tried to provide both.

Despite such humane goals there are critics who have discerned a despotic impulse in omnibuilding design, for it is one thing to provide opportunities for "supersocial" living—to use an omnibuilder's terms—and another to lay down in minute detail the nature of these opportunities. The social life of man contains subtleties beyond reckoning. To this criticism, however, Cumbernauld itself has provided an answer. As one resident summed up local opinion on the new Town Center, First Phase: "Outside it's horrid, but inside it's fab."



A single continuous structure that covers almost five acres, Cumbernauld's present Town Center, First Phase, appears in gray in the diagram above, which shows what the town's expanded central district will eventually provide for the Cumbernaulders. A maximum of seventy thousand people is planned by the designers of the Scottish complex.



PICTORIAL PARADE

POPE PAUL VI

"Born to be pope," a solitary and embattled Giovanni Montini may yet be the death of the traditional papacy

By PAUL JOHNSON

The pontificate of Paul VI has proved a catastrophe for his Church and a personal tragedy for himself. That a pope should be repudiated, even reviled, by great masses of his followers; that his teachings on birth control, a major point of doctrine, should go unheard by a majority of the educated laity; that thousands of priests, and even princes of the Church, should accept it, if at all, with reluctance and with qualifications that make it meaningless; and that the Church itself, which has preserved its unity and discipline through two millenniums, should now be a bickering shambles—all this would have been inconceivable five years ago, and all is largely the work of one man.

The irony is that no pope has been so assiduously prepared and trained, by himself and by his superiors, for the supreme office. If ever a man was born to be pope, it was Giovanni Battista Montini. The village of his birth, Concesio, in the foothills of the Italian Alps, is a nest of clericalism that has given four bishops to the Church. The nearest town, Brescia, is one of the most Catholic in all Italy, and Montini's father was its chief Catholic layman. A well-to-do minor aristocrat, married to a woman from the same background, Giorgio Montini had the means and the leisure to devote his life to the propagation of liberal Catholic principles. For thirty years he was publisher-editor of the Catholic daily *Il Cittadino*. He helped to form the Catholic Popular Party in 1919 and was deputy for Brescia until 1926. His pious wife, Giuditta Alghisi, was noted for her leadership of the area's Catholic women's organizations.

Such Italian families train their sons in a way similar to that of the British aristocracy in its heyday. The eldest administers the property and enters parliament, the second joins the Church, the third, a profession. Giovanni Montini's elder brother became a senator, his younger, a doctor; he himself was marked out for the Church not only because of his position in the family but because of his evident taste for religious matters. He was his mother's favorite, and his links with her were unusually intimate. His health was considered poor (an assumption soon belied by his energy and prodigious capacity for work), and his childhood and youth were marked by special privileges. Even when his decision to become a priest was made, the local bishop, an old family friend, took the extraordinary step, in defiance of the Council of Trent, of allowing him to remain at home while studying for the priesthood. Young Montini thus missed both the rigors and the comradeship of seminary life.

The privileged career moved smoothly onward. The bishop, unwilling to subject him to the drudgery of parish work, sent him to the Lombard College in Rome, where he took courses at both the Jesuit Gregorian University and the faculty of letters at the University of Rome (he is, incidentally, an exceptionally well-read man). But before completing his courses, he was brought to the attention of the Vatican undersecretary of state, who placed him in the Pontifical Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics, the training center for the Vatican's diplomatic service, then exclusively Italian. Again, before he had completed even this course, strings were pulled; he was summoned to the undersecretary of state and appointed *addetto*, or second secretary, to the nunciature of Warsaw. After a few months he was brought back to the Vatican and in 1925 promoted to *minutante*, or summarizer of incoming dispatches, in the Secretariat of State. There he worked for thirty years, steadily climbing the official ladder. At one stage he was assigned to organize the Catholic student militants, but when they came into frontal conflict with the fascist youth, Montini was quickly snatched back to the Vatican; he was too valuable to be allowed to fall foul of Mussolini.

Montini had progressed under the highly conservative Pius XI, but it was not until after 1939, when the Roman diplomat Eugenio Pacelli ascended the throne as Pius XII, that he became a real power-figure. His relationship with Pius XII was extremely close—or, rather, as close as this austere, demanding, imperious, short-tempered pope was capable of making it. But it had a love-hate element. Pius may well have regarded Montini as his natural successor, but if so, he treated the younger man in an odd way. Not only was he his own secretary of state, but he also "double-banked" Montini with a second prosecretary, the self-effacing Domenico Tardini. Moreover, he gave neither of them a red hat. It is true that on one occasion he announced that he had offered to make them cardinals and they had refused in a spirit of humility. But it is inconceivable that the refusal would have been accepted had Pius really wanted them in the sacred college; and difficult to believe, in Montini's case at least, that it was ever really made, for he has never been diffident about accepting responsibility and position.

Finally, in 1954, Pius awarded Montini the greatest benefice in his gift, the archbishopric of Milan, the historic see of Saint Ambrose and the largest and richest in Italy. But again, oddly, he "forgot" to accompany it with a cardinal's hat; this not only offended the Milanese, and was no doubt resented by Montini himself, but it also had dramatic consequences. When Pius died, Montini could not take part in the conclave to elect his successor and was not, therefore, in practice eligible for election. Had he succeeded Pius, he would not have held a council, and the whole history of the modern church would have been different. As it was, a much older man, Angelo Roncalli, the patriarch of Venice, was elected as John XXIII, to act as a stopgap and keep the seat warm for Montini.

If Montini felt that Pius had treated him badly, he did not show it; on the contrary, he has always hotly defended

his old master, particularly in the matter of the extermination of the Jews. In a letter to the *London Tablet* about Rolf Hochhuth's highly condemnatory play, he said that for Pius to attack Hitler publicly would have been an act of "political exhibitionism" that would have unleashed "still greater calamities." By this he meant a Nazi occupation of the Vatican and the arrest of the pope—small coin, one might think, balanced against the lives of six million. It is clear that Montini himself was heavily involved in the policy of compromise with Hitler.

At Milan, Montini set about establishing himself as the unquestioned successor to Pope John. He organized a massive campaign against the Communist unions in the big factories, the success of which won him approving nods from the more conservative Italian prelates. He befriended Enrico Mattei, Italy's leading industrialist, and strengthened his position among the secular establishment. He built seventy-two churches in eight years and vastly expanded the recruitment of priests, thus establishing a reputation as an ecclesiastical administrator as well as a diplomat. All his acts were carefully balanced: on the one hand he suppressed the Catholic paper *Adesso* because of its connections with the liberal French journals *L'Esprit* and *Témoignage Chrétien;* on the other, he sent a telegram to Generalissimo Franco begging clemency for political prisoners. In public at least, he gave unreserved approval to Pope John's decision to call an ecumenical council, but he played a muted part in its deliberations. John had doubts about Montini's suitability as his successor—he thought him indecisive—but on the whole he was inclined to agree that he should get the job. He promptly gave Montini a red hat and privately cautioned him against speaking too often at the council or committing himself on important issues, for fear (it seems ironic now) of alienating the moderates and conservatives.

When John died, Montini played his cards coolly and well. Once inside the conclave, a cardinal is forbidden to make electoral promises to win votes (though this has been done); but there is nothing to stop him from issuing a cautious manifesto before it begins. The Friday after John died, Montini, preaching in his own cathedral, said: "John has shown us some paths which it will be wise to follow. Can we turn away from these paths so masterfully traced? It seems to me we cannot." These words were widely interpreted as a pledge that Montini, if elected, would continue John's policies.

There was never much doubt about Montini's election. Even as he was progressing into the sealed conclave area, he was greeted by murmurs of "the Pope, the Pope!" from the Romans.

The authorities had prepared the conclave with scrupulous care. The sealed area was guarded like a fortress and stocked like a city under siege. Apart from the eighty cardinals and their personal staffs, crowded into the rambling palace were seventy-five attendants and servants, twelve nuncooks, a doctor, a surgeon, a confessor, two barbers, and—oddly—two architects. Prodigious quantities of food and drink were stored, including 1,600 pounds of pasta, 4,000 pounds of potatoes, 1,500 liters of wine, and 3,000 bottles of beer. They were ready for a long conclave, though few really expected one. Nevertheless, things did not go altogether smoothly for Montini. After an abortive attempt by Cardinal Cushing of Boston to have Montini elected by acclamation, none of the four ballots cast on the first day gave him the majority he needed. But overnight there was some frantic clambering onto the band wagon, and on the first vote the next morning he got an overwhelming seventy-nine votes. His acceptance of the tiara was prompt; his announcement of his title unhesitating and firm: "Paul."

Does power corrupt and absolute power corrupt absolutely? Certainly, in theory, there is no power so absolute as that of "Christ's Vicar on Earth." But in practice it is a different matter. A modern pope has to contend, on the one hand, with an immensely conservative and entrenched Vatican bureaucracy, backed by the bulk of the Italian episcopate, and on the other, with a vast liberal tide, from cardinals to laymen, washing against the breakwaters of orthodoxy all over the world. Pius XII had held the two in balance by a policy of masterly inactivity and one-man rule. But even he could not have done the trick much longer. Pope John set the lines of battle by summoning his council, thus superimposing on an absolute monarchy a kind of temporary parliament. Paul inherited this constitutional anomaly, and it soon became evident that he would have to resolve it one way or the other. Either he must accept permanent limitations on his powers, and progress slowly through a collegiate to a democratic system, or he must risk an explosion—even civil war—by trying to restore the monarchy in all its plenitude. In the end he took the second course. He never had much chance of carrying it through successfully, and his evident hesitation before attempting to do so made failure certain. This strategic error was compounded by the gross tactical blunder of making the issue of contraception a decisive one.

Yet, given the nature of the man, it is almost inconceivable that he could have taken any other course. He is plainly a man of the highest ambition. Imbued since early childhood with the principles and mystique of an authoritarian religion, accustomed to operate within the machine with all its severity and certitudes, the protégé and disciple of a masterful pope, how could he, when he finally inherited power over the machine, take the terrifying risk of dismantling it? As he weighed the arguments in the solitude of the Vatican, how could he be made to see that the risks of a restoration were even greater?

There were soon portents of which way he would turn. Under cover of a

great deal of diplomatic activity—missions to India, Jerusalem, the United Nations, Portugal, and Latin America—which gave a misleading progressive flavor to his actions, the pope moved steadily into the conservative camp, his natural home. Two items, clerical celibacy and contraception, were removed from the deliberations of the council. And the council itself eventually came to an anticlimactic end, with no provision made for its succession by a permanent body endowed with real authority. Paul's speeches showed an increasing preoccupation, gradually becoming an obsession, with the prestige of his office.

Privileged at school, denied the community spirit of the seminary, never a parish priest, thirty years a bureaucrat, and finally given pastoral work only in the politico-ecclesiastical macrocosm of Milan, Paul has had curiously little contact with the problems of ordinary human beings. This may explain his notable lack of sensitivity. In November, 1964, for instance, he placed his tiara on an altar in St. Peter's as a symbolic gift to the poor; later, however, it was handed over to New York's Cardinal Spellman, of all people, presumably as a reward for the immense sums he had raised for the Vatican. Again, he recently lectured the Latin-American rich for not paying their taxes—while the Vatican was fighting a ferocious, though losing, battle to escape paying its own. Most important of all, only a profound ignorance of people could have led Paul to nail his pontifical colors to the mast on the issue of contraception. What followed needs no retelling. Here was one battle he could not hope to win; indeed, it is already clear that he has lost it, setting the stage for a progressive, and cumulatively dramatic, erosion of papal authority.

This authority has been further challenged by the raising of the still more sensitive issue of clerical celibacy. The Catholic laity may defy the pope by using artificial contraceptives, but their defiance is necessarily secret, and the pope can claim, even if he is not widely believed, that his diktat has been generally respected. Clerical celibacy is a different matter. When a priest leaves the church and marries, his act is public; it is news; it is widely, often sensationally, reported. The pope has repeatedly and unequivocally emphasized that celibacy is an absolute condition of the priesthood and that in no circumstances can this rule be relaxed.

In the past, there has been no recorded case of a priest who has married since ordination being allowed to say Mass and perform other priestly duties. Now the situation is entirely different, and changing almost from day to day. In Holland, for instance, a pacesetter in reformist ideas, the number of priests leaving the church to marry exceeds the total of new ordinations, and with the natural wastage of death, the ranks of the clergy are steadily diminishing. This has led some Dutch bishops to take the view that priests should be allowed to marry and still carry on with their normal duties. There is a similar crisis in the United States and, indeed, throughout the Catholic world. In Latin America, where the shortage of priests outside the big cities has always been acute, the hierarchy is in despair. It has repeatedly, and with growing emphasis, petitioned the pope to relax the celibacy rule as the only way to save large areas from a reversion to paganism. So far he has not yielded.

And so his troubles multiply; but his response to them shows a remarkable combination of tactlessness and obstinacy. His decision to summon a special synod of bishops this past autumn, without defining its powers or allowing its composition to be determined locally, was a major strategic error.

Meanwhile, the pope spends a lot of his time busying himself with trivial matters that stir up wholly unnecessary controversy. Last May he authorized the issue of a new liturgical calendar that downgraded certain popular saints and declared others to be, in all probability, spurious. Saint George, patron of England, Saint Patrick, patron of Ireland, Saint Christopher, patron of travelers, Saint Barbara, and many more—all the subject of cults for countless millions of simple Catholics—had official doubt cast on their very existence. A good practical case could probably be made for this belated act of liturgical reform. But its inevitable, and plainly foreseeable, result was to anger and confuse many of the pope's most faithful and uncritical admirers. At a time when the power and numbers of the progressives grow daily, it is difficult to conceive of a more calculated insult to the pope's own supporters. What is more, if certain traditions that rest on a dubious factual basis are to be questioned, where is the process to stop? The beliefs and practices of the Catholic Church are an inextricable mingling of myth and reality, of truth and superstition; the very *magisterium* itself, the basis of papal absolutism, is no more than a tradition, a euphemism for the irresponsible (in the constitutional sense) exercise of personal authority, and cannot stand up to strict historical analysis. Indeed, the pope gratuitously placed in the hands of his adversaries a devastating, perhaps fatal, weapon.

His wisest course now would be to abdicate and make way for a less divisive successor, who could try to pick up the pieces. But this his temperament seems to forbid. He will continue to fight a rear-guard action, and if his pontificate is prolonged, the best his Church can hope for is an armed truce between the factions. The new man, when the time comes, will probably be a non-Italian. He will almost certainly be elected only on the understanding that he introduce a permanent and formalized system for the devolution of power. The man born to be pope may prove to be the last of his line.

Paul Johnson, editor of the New Statesman, *comments regularly on contemporary history as it unfolds in Britain, on the Continent, and in the United States.*



THE PAPACY SINCE PETER

Celibacy, birth control, infallibility—the issues have a history; and they all revolve around the central quarrel that has gnawed at the papacy for centuries: is the pope supreme, after all?

By XAVIER RYNNE

In an audience last March with the French theologian Cardinal Jean Daniélou, Pope Paul VI said of those who dissent from his birth-control encyclical *Humanae Vitae* and are agitating for more reforms, "The Church must remain true to its tradition." Daniélou replied, "Yes, Holy Father, true to its *traditions*, both those of the early Church and those of more recent times." This was an oblique reference to the centuries-old quarrel over *Romanitas*, Rome's recognition of only the theology taught in its own schools, only its own customs and rites, as the norm by which everything else in the Church must be judged. More forthright theologians have complained that the Roman Curia, the pope's administrative arm, is attempting to stifle dissent and impose an arbitrary uniformity; and the problem—for the Roman Catholic as well as other churches—is how to reconcile a legitimate pluralism in theological and other areas with the requirements of unity.

In a dramatic attempt to force the pope to adopt a more positive approach toward reform and to rally support among his fellow bishops, the primate of Belgium, Cardinal Leo Suenens, granted a long interview to a French editor last May in which he spoke with remarkable frankness of the need "to liberate everyone, even the Holy Father himself, from the [Curial] system which has been the subject of complaint for several centuries." Although the cardinal delicately avoided direct mention of the pope in commenting on a number of specific grievances—the archaism of papal elections, the arrogance of papal nuncios, the Curia's retention of outmoded traditions, the pope's isolation from the Church (and the resultant lack of realism in his encyclicals), Curial suppression of theological dissent, etc.—his remarks amounted by implication to a sweeping condemnation of the present style of papal government. Taken collectively, the grievances of Suenens added up to the question of whether the pope is actually governing the Church or is being governed by the Curia. The history of these issues therefore merits some examination.

Papal claims to absolute supremacy were based for many centuries on a document that has come to be known as The False Donation of Constantine. *Opposite, a thirteenth-century fresco re-creates the supposed fourth-century* Donation: *Constantine the Great genuflects to Pope Sylvester I as he presents the pontiff with a tiara. The event was meant to signify the emperor's submission—and thus the submission of all men—to the spiritual and temporal authority of the pope. The legend was discredited in the fifteenth century—and the issue of who is supreme in the Church remains the pope's central problem.*

Both the cardinal's list of grievances and the various statements taking exception to the birth-control encyclical published last year by the national hierarchies of Holland, Belgium, France, West Germany, Austria, Italy, and Canada must be seen as steps in an as yet poorly organized campaign to force the papacy back into its appointed channel.

It is tempting when considering the history of an institution as venerable and as ponderously impressive as the papacy to pay attention only to such brilliant, forceful, and sympathetic figures as Pope John XXIII and to ignore or minimize the significance of such cautious, hesitant, and enigmatic figures as Pope Paul VI. Yet there have been far more Pauls than Johns.

The beginnings of the papacy are rather murky. Its title deed has never been adequately searched. Between the compilation of the New Testament, which is silent about any bishop of Rome, and the end of the second century, when the popes' claim to preeminence in the Church foreshadowed what it would later become, there is a disconcerting gap.

The Protestant theologian Dr. Oscar Cullmann has established to nearly everyone's satisfaction that, according to the New Testament, the apostle Peter enjoyed a privileged position among his fellow apostles and that this primacy, or headship, of the apostolic college was conferred on him by Christ. This is demonstrated clearly by classic Scriptural texts, the most famous of which is Matthew 16:18–19: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven." Cullmann also accepts not only as plausible but as most probable the tradition that Peter reached Rome and died there (very likely in the persecution under Nero after the burning of Rome in A.D. 64), and finds this ancient belief far better attested than most.

But Cullmann sees no necessary connection between Peter's New Testament primacy, or his presence in Rome, and the later claim that the bishop of Rome was his successor. He does not deny that the early Church came to this conclusion at some point, but he denies that the conclusion follows unarguably from what the New Testament says about Peter or that it was Christ's intention to entrust his Church to the government of one man. According to Cullmann, Peter's headship was not intended to be transmitted. It was for the establishment of the Church on a solid basis, and it died with him.

Pivotal to Cullmann's disputed thesis is the question of precisely how the later "period of the Church" is related to the "apostolic period." Suffice it to say that by the middle of the second century, that is, approximately a century after Peter's presumed death, a shrine had been erected in a pagan cemetery on the slopes of the Vatican hill over what was then believed to be the site of his tomb, thus testifying to the veneration in which the apostle was held by the Christian community at a date almost within memory of those who might actually have seen him.

Early Christians would not have been able to give a uniform reply to the question, "Why is the bishop of Rome accorded the first place among the bishops?" The word "jurisdiction" would not have been used, because juridical concepts had not evolved to



CHURCH OF ST. MENAS, HERAKLION, CRETE; HASSIA

Constantine the Great, not the pope, convened the first ecumenical council (above) at Nicaea. It declared heretical the teachings of Arius, who is shown reclining in the foreground.

that point. They would have used some such expression as "He presides in charity." Certain factors helped to explain the bishop of Rome's pre-eminent role in the early Church: above all, there was the presence in Rome of the shrines of the two chief apostles, Peter and Paul; from the third century on, theological speculation began to probe intensively the meaning of the Scriptural passages relating to Peter, and we find the above-mentioned text from Saint Matthew applied to the pope by some writers; finally, the prestige of Rome as capital of the Roman Empire inevitably reflected favorably on its bishop.

In the first version of his treatise on Church unity, Saint Cyprian, the third-century martyr-bishop of Carthage, spoke of the "chair of Peter" and said that "a primacy was given to Peter" so that the Church could be seen to be one. But in a later version he struck out these phrases because they seemed to attribute more authority to Rome than he had intended. In early centuries the pope's primacy formed part of an inherited tradition; it was neither questioned nor actively contested and remained unformulated.

Developments in the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries, however, were crucial to the later history of both the papacy and the Christian Church. The unity of the latter was assured by the communion of the bishops of the larger sees (this was sealed by an exchange of letters and by the recitation of names in the liturgy). The bishop of Rome, because of his primacy, was a kind of capstone of the system, but at the beginning of this period one could hardly say that the unity of the Church depended on him. This was a conviction that was reached only gradually over the course of years. Moreover, it was never universally or absolutely accepted, but made itself felt most explicitly in the Western half of the Roman Empire, where Rome was the only see founded by an apostle.

In general, there were two interpretations of the Bible's Petrine texts. Eastern theology preferred to see Peter as the symbol of every bishop, and the Scriptural passages referring to him as applicable to each bishop individually and to all of them collectively. The West preferred to think of the Petrine texts as applying specifically and primarily to the bishop of Rome, although their symbolic meaning was not excluded, nor was the concept that the bishops as a whole formed a college.

The decision of the emperor Constantine to cease persecuting Christians and to confer on the Church innumerable benefits—thereby raising it virtually to the status of an established church and ushering in what has come to be called the Constantinian Age, or Church—was both a blessing and a challenge. The Church lost much of its primitive simplicity and independence and became an arm of the state; bishops found themselves no longer hunted criminals but dignitaries elevated to senatorial rank. The strong hand of the emperor made itself felt in all areas. Constantine presumed to intervene, even in doctrinal matters, summoned councils (the first ecumenical council met at Nicaea near the imperial

residence in 325 to settle the Arian controversy), presided over them, and appointed or deposed bishops. When he died, Constantine was buried within the precincts of the Church of the Apostles in his new capital of Constantinople and was declared to be "the Equal of the Apostles." Under the caesaropapist regime of the Byzantine emperors it was the emperor, not the pope, who determined Church policy.

Rome and the other cities of the empire were embellished with splendid churches. Pope Miltiades (311–314) was given the commodious palace of the Laterani on the Coelian hill as his residence (later called the *patriarchium*). Nearby, the emperor erected the basilica later known as St. John Lateran. This became the cathedral where the bishop of Rome was enthroned.

Over the unpretentious tomb of the apostle Peter on the Vatican, Constantine built an imposing basilica, Old St. Peter's (demolished in the sixteenth century to make way for the present structure), with the shrine of Saint Peter now encased in marble and surrounded by a pergola of twisted columns, from which an oil lamp hung. Over the supposed tomb of the apostle Paul on the Ostian Way the emperor built a similarly impressive basilica. There can be no doubt that the splendor and uniqueness of Rome's many Christian shrines greatly enhanced the prestige of the bishop of Rome, particularly when imperial authority gave way to barbarian rule in the West. Rome became a focal point for pilgrims from all over Christendom.

One result of the Constantinian Christianization of the Roman Empire was that the popes found themselves the owners of vast estates in Italy, Sicily, and elsewhere at a time when land was the only real form of wealth. Another was that they required a large bureaucracy to manage these estates, modeled their chancery upon the imperial chancery, and adopted the style customary in imperial correspondence, so that henceforth one could speak of a papal court. The decline and disappearance of imperial authority in the West, coinciding with a period of intense theological turmoil in the East—for which the Byzantine emperors were partly responsible—enabled strong popes like Innocent I (401–417), Leo I (440–461), and Gelasius I (492–496) to assert the authority of the Apostolic See in mediating disputes, and at the same time, to lay the groundwork for later medieval spiritual and even political claims to supremacy. Leo I's copious letters, in which he exalted the privileges of his see and the person of the pope as the "heir of Saint Peter"—carefully preserved, excerpted, and studied by later canonists and theologians—were far more influential in shaping the later course of history, especially in the West, than his dramatic visit to the camp of Attila the Hun to save Rome from capture.

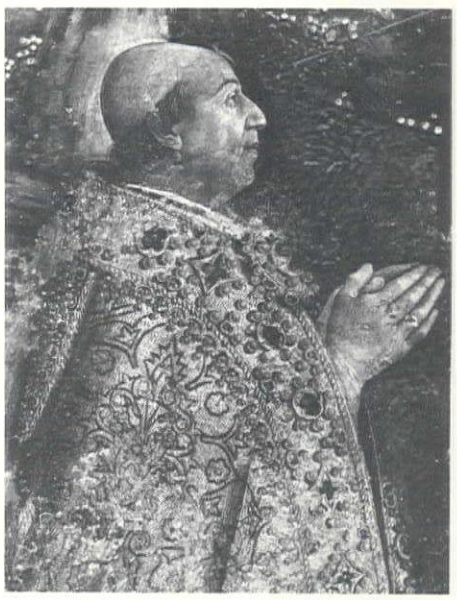
Following the death of the Byzantine emperor Justinian I in 565 and the drastic shrinkage of Byzantine rule in Italy, the popes were alternately dragged off to Constantinople for alleged misdeeds (as was Pope Martin I, 649–655) or thrust into the role of mediator with the Lombard masters of most of the peninsula, who were continually threatening to absorb the remaining Byzantine possessions. Despairing of ever receiving adequate Byzantine help, Pope Gregory II (715–731) took the fateful step of appealing to the rising Frankish rulers and acknowledging them as protectors of the *Patrimonium Petri* (roughly corresponding to the Byzantine possessions). Thus in the eighth century the papacy politically turned its back on Byzantium, and the foundations of the Papal States, or temporal authority of the pope, which lasted until 1870, were laid. The logical outcome of this turn toward the West was Pope Leo III's (795–816) coronation of the Frankish king Charlemagne as ruler of a revived Western Roman Empire on Christmas, A.D. 800.

It took longer for the spiritual ties between Rome and Byzantium to be



BORGIA APARTMENTS, THE VATICAN; ALINARI

Pope Gregory VIII (center) was the first to insist on clerical celibacy, in 1074.



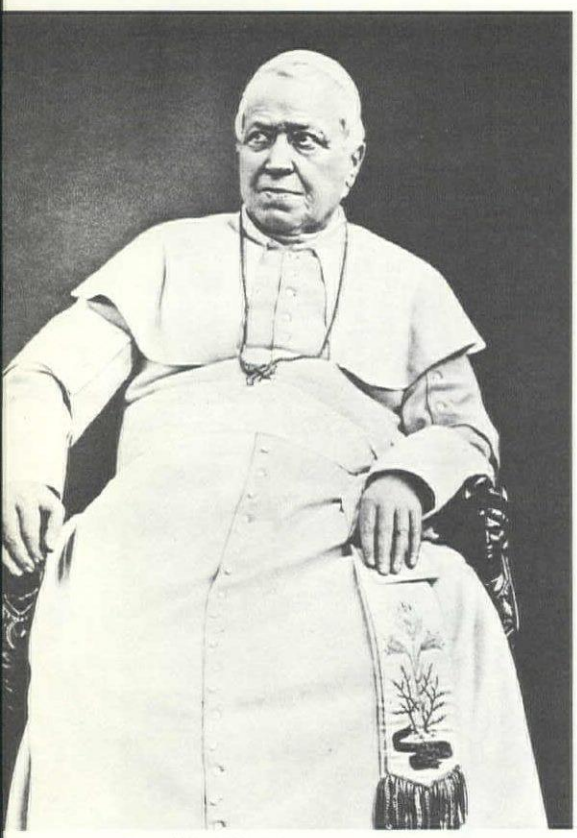
NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

Pope Alexander VI numbered Lucrezia and Cesare Borgia among his bastard children.



Chronicle of Otto of Freising, UNIVERSITY OF JENA

Archbishop Thomas Cranmer smuggled his wife into Lambeth Palace inside a barrel.



BOTH: PICTORIAL PARADE

Papal infallibility was proclaimed as dogma in 1870, during the pontificate of Pius IX.

sundered. The Photian Schism of the ninth century—caused by Photius's displacement of Ignatius as patriarch of Constantinople—was a mere episode, grave in its implications, but eventually patched up. More serious was the quarrel between Rome and Constantinople in the mid-eleventh century, which resulted in the excommunication of Patriarch Michael Caerularius by Pope Leo IX (1049–1054)—a breach that has never really been healed. The Byzantines charged the Latin Church —and indirectly the pope—with inserting the phrase *Filioque* ("and from the Son") into the Nicene Creed without prior East-West agreement on the subject; they also came to regard the extravagant claims of the papacy to universal dominion, which began to be asserted about this time, as incompatible with their notion of the role of the pope. To the present day, these remain the principal bones of contention between the two churches.

What made the breach particularly regrettable was that Byzantium could no longer serve as a restraining influence on Roman tendencies toward centralization or help to tone down the extravagant claims to domination, which the Byzantines found inconsistent with their own looser concepts of ecclesiastical government. If the ties had been kept up, the second Vatican Council might not have had to revive the ancient doctrine of the collegiality of the bishops. One immediate effect was that the popes of the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries tried to usurp powers traditionally belonging to the Byzantine or Germanic emperors. A famous clause in the *Dictatus Papae* of Pope Gregory VII (1073–1085), the former monk Hildebrand, says, "The Pope alone may use the imperial insignia" (this was probably directed against the patriarch of Constantinople); another maintains that "The Pope is the only man whose feet are kissed by princes"; still another asserts, "The Pope may dispose Emperors," etc. The popes had succeeded in completely turning the tables since the days of Constantine.

Two famous documents, both forgeries, helped to bring about the change of climate that made the Hildebrandine assertions seem plausible. The so-called *Donation of Constantine*, an eighth-century concoction originating in the Frankish Empire, purported to be a grant by Constantine to Pope Sylvester I (314–335) of primacy over the Eastern sees of Antioch, Constantinople, Alexandria, and Jerusalem, political dominion over Italy, Rome, and the provinces of the West, and use of the imperial crown, or diadem. (The incongruity of claiming that the emperor had granted rights to the pope that he is supposed to have possessed already does not seem to have struck contemporaries.) The second document was the *False Decretals*, a collection of spurious "ancient" papal letters, interlarded with some genuine letters and canons of councils. Their purpose was directly to support the claims of diocesan bishops and the lower clergy against metropolitan bishops and indirectly to claim early authority for papal supremacy. They originated in France during the ninth century.

It was also in the ninth century, interestingly, that newly elected popes began to be solemnly crowned with the high conical cap known as the phrygium, or *camelaucum*. The cap later evolved into the tiara, symbolizing the claims of the medieval popes to be the Father of Kings, the Ruler of the World, and the Vicar of Christ. (The oldest royal and imperial coronation rituals also go back to the same century, e.g., the English coronation rite.) At the same time the pope began to clothe himself on ceremonial occasions in an ample purple-red (*purpura*) cape, or *cappa magna*, and red shoes, both trimmed with gold. Red, like gold, was an imperial color; it survives in the crimson red traditionally worn by cardinals and in the deeper shade of red of the papal court, which is used for all kinds of ornamentation. Although some reforms of Church ceremony and garb have recently been enacted—most notably the de-Latinization of the Mass and the modernization of nuns' habits —the style of the pope himself remains an anachronism.

As part of his program aimed at reforming the Church and freeing it from excessive control by emperors and kings, as well as by the lesser feudal nobility, Pope Gregory VII waged war against the twin evils of simony (the sale of ecclesiastical offices) and Nicolaitism (Apocalypse 2:6, marriage of the clergy). The rule of clerical celibacy had never been strictly enforced in the Western Church. There was no divine injunction requiring celibacy, and it was not until the fourth century that councils began to legislate on the matter. The apostles, and presumably most of the early clergy, were married, and it was only gradually that the ideal of a celibate priesthood, in imitation of Christ's status, made headway. As late as the ninth century, Pope Hadrian II openly lived in the Lateran Palace with his wife, Stephania (popu-

larly known as the *papessa*), and his daughter. Moreover, Eastern tradition had always allowed priests and lesser clergy to marry before ordination.

The celibacy issue today has become a touchstone of the relations between pope and bishops and between bishops and priests, partly because of the tendency to regard marriage not as a privilege but as a human right of which no one should be deprived. As this idea gains ground, the rigid linking of celibacy and the priesthood will have to give way. Either Paul will be compelled to compromise, or he will have to face the prospect of empty seminaries.

The medieval papacy reached the zenith of its power and prestige under Pope Innocent III (1198–1216). More than a century before, the popes had assumed direction of the Crusading movement aimed at winning back from the Moslems the Holy Places in Palestine. The Fourth Crusade, contrary to Innocent's wishes, was turned against Constantinople through the machinations of Venetians interested mainly in commercial gain, and the Byzantine Empire was momentarily ousted from its ancient capital. But the pope had the satisfaction—or professed to look upon it as such—of seeing a Latin empire established on its ruins and the Byzantine Church reunited with Rome in name (if not in reality). The fourth Lateran Council, held under Innocent, was a kind of grand assize of Western Christendom. The pope reformed the canon law and approved the new preaching orders founded by Saint Francis of Assisi and Saint Dominic, which differed markedly from older contemplative orders such as the Benedictines. The pope was in effect the undisputed political, as well as the ecclesiastical, arbiter of Europe. King John of England was his vassal; Frederick II, the young son of the Holy Roman Emperor Henry VI Hohenstaufen, was his ward. Never before or since has the pope's claim to *plenitudo potestatis* (fullness of power) been so effectively realized. Innocent was the first pope to abandon the title of "Vicar of Saint Peter," call himself "Vicar of Christ," and describe himself as set "below God but above man."

It was left for Pope Boniface VIII (1294–1303), the last of the great medieval popes, to experience the beginning of the decline and to be given a rebuff such as few absolute rulers have had to suffer. His famous bull *Unam Sanctam*, issued in 1302 against King Philip the Fair of France, with whom he was quarreling over control of the French Church, asserted unequivocally that the pope possessed both the spiritual and the temporal swords and that it was the duty of "every human creature" to subject himself to the Roman pontiff. Philip was not one to put up with such arrogance. Hearing that the pope intended to excommunicate him, he sent his agent Guillaume de Nogaret to Rome with a band of ruffians. Nogaret broke into the pope's palace at Anagni, slapped him in the face, and held him prisoner, intending to bring him to trial. Boniface was rescued a few days later, but died shortly afterward, and the papacy soon moved to Avignon, where it came under the direct influence of the French court.

The period of the Avignonese papacy during the fourteenth century was brilliant in many respects, but the popes became embroiled more than ever in political affairs, to the detriment of their purely spiritual responsibilities. Papal failure to respond to, or even understand, the currents of reform that were stirring throughout the Church, coupled with the tremendous drop in prestige suffered by a papacy dominated by the French king, led inevitably to the Great Western Schism (1378–1417), during which Christendom found itself at times with three rival popes, each claiming to be the legitimate pontiff.

The Council of Constance finally put an end to the confusion with the election of a Roman, Pope Martin V (1417–1431), but in order to achieve a consensus it was necessary to acknowledge as equally valid the claim of each rival pope and to admit cardinals from each



Opposition to birth control was made a matter of doctrine as late as 1930—by Pius XI.

"obedience" to the conclave. The question was hotly debated by contemporaries whether the pope was above the council or the council was above the pope. By a curious irony the present line of popes all owe their title, technically speaking, to the decision of an ecumenical council.

Like all bishops, the popes traditionally were elected by the Roman clergy and laity. In the course of time, however, the papal electors were restricted to a select group of local clergy and nobility. This group included the bishops of the sees around Rome, the priests in charge of certain parish churches called titles (*tituli*), and the deacons in charge of diaconal churches, or deaconries (*diaconiae*). By the eleventh century the clergy constituted a college and were known as cardinals, and the nobility had been excluded from an active part in the election of the pope.

The cardinals came to be regarded as the senate of the Roman pontiff and acquired great authority as papal leg-

ates or as officials in charge of various offices of the Curia. In some cases weak popes became the virtual prisoners of their cardinals and could do nothing without their consent. In the fifteenth century it was customary for the cardinals to impose a series of demands, or capitulation, on a candidate and refuse to elect him unless he agreed to these terms in advance. Rulers were debarred from any active part in papal elections, but they managed to make their weight felt through the *veto*, or negative vote, cast by a loyal cardinal.

The Sacred College was, and still remains, a narrow gerontocracy, not really representative of the Church despite rather ineffectual attempts to broaden it and therefore not a very good source of advice for the pope. It is not surprising that Cardinal Suenens and others have now raised the question of whether the pope should not be elected by an enlarged college, including the Eastern patriarchs and possibly representative archbishops and bishops as well as laymen. In their opinion the only way to free the pope from Curial influence is to elect someone, possibly a noncardinal, who is not beholden to, or too intimately identified with, the inherited Roman bureaucratic tradition. (The last non-Italian pope, Hadrian VI [1522–1523], was a Dutchman who began the business of drastic reform but died before making any progress.)

The Renaissance papacy endowed Rome with many fine monuments, but it was a political and ecclesiastical disaster. It failed to achieve the lasting reunion of the Orthodox and Roman churches at the Council of Florence (1438–1445) and could not prevent the capture of Constantinople by the Turks (1453). It failed to realize any of the pressing demands for reform of the Church both in "head and members." It provided the world with an unedifying spectacle of moral degradation and worldliness, with Pope Alexander VI (1492–1503) helping his son Cesare Borgia carve out a family appanage in Italy, with Julius II (1503–1513) in his suit of armor waging war in Italy like any princeling, with Leo X (1513–1521), the second son of Lorenzo the Magnificent of Florence, allegedly remarking, "God has given us the Papacy, now let us enjoy it." The result was an unprecedented revolt against church authority in general and against the papacy in particular—a revolt that was sparked by the fiery Augustinian monk Martin Luther and that soon engulfed all of northern Europe. The agony of the papacy was symbolized by the capture of Rome by the Holy Roman Emperor Charles V in 1527, when Pope Clement VII (1523–1534) was forced to flee from the Vatican to Castel Sant' Angelo and to witness the sack of the city.

Purging themselves of the worst excesses of the Renaissance, the popes of the Counter Reformation worked to assure the loyalty of that part of Christendom that remained to them, partially reformed the most glaring abuses at the Council of Trent, attempted to reestablish order with a more rigid insistence on obedience and orthodoxy (the Inquisition), and tried to provide better training for the clergy.

This period was one of constant seesawing for influence in the Curia, between the "zealous" and "moderate" parties as well as between the pro-Spanish and pro-French factions. (The oscillation between ultraconservative and less conservative or more moderate outlooks has continued under varying forms to the present day. Theoretically the *ancien régime* came to an end in Rome when Napoleon carried off Pope Pius VII [1800–1823] and kept him a prisoner at Fontainebleau, but actually there has never been any break in papal tradition similar to that produced in the political sphere by the French Revolution. The modern papacy remains, to an unusual degree, the heir—some would say prisoner—of its past.)

Regaining the Papal States with the help of the astute diplomat Cardinal Consalvi, Pius VII and his successors during the nineteenth century found themselves at growing odds with the modern industrial, scientific, and intellectual trends everywhere manifesting themselves. John Henry Newman, for example, the illustrious convert to Catholicism from the Church of England, because he was unconventional in his theological background and views, spent most of his life as a Roman Catholic "under a cloud" so far as Rome was concerned. Only at the end of his life did Newman receive a measure of recompense, when he was made a cardinal by Pope Leo XIII.

Pius IX's (1846–1878) flirtation with political liberalism was brief and disastrous; the pope had to flee to Gaeta from the Roman revolutionaries and was restored to his throne only by French bayonets. This pope's condemnation of much of modern thought in the Syllabus of Errors (1864) made an unfavorable impression on contemporaries, particularly in France, where efforts were being made to reconcile the Church with liberal thought, the heritage of the French Revolution. The ultramontanists, or propapal party, in reaction against liberalism of all kinds, achieved their greatest triumph in the proclamation of the dogma of papal infallibility at the first Vatican Council (1870). It is worth remembering that a sizable minority of bishops, in disagreement with the "opportuneness" of the new dogma and irritated by the pressure tactics of the infallibilists in pushing it through, absented themselves from Rome at the last minute so as not to have to oppose the pope to his face. It is curious also that the new dogma attempted to relate papal infallibility to the Church's infallibility ("that infallibility with which the Divine Redeemer willed that His Church should be endowed . . ."), which no council or pope has ever defined. Only a small minority of Roman Catholics ultimately rejected the dogma and broke with the Church to found the Old Catholic movement. Nevertheless, the infallibility issue today is not dead but slumbering. Theologians maintain that there is little point in arguing the

merits of papal infallibility until more basic questions have been resolved.

To a certain extent the pope was made to pay for his triumph at the first Vatican Council by being stripped of his temporal authority. After Pius IX's flight to Gaeta the pope became the chief enemy of Italian reunification and the liberal movement generally known as the *risorgimento*. In 1870, after a short war, the Italian troops entered Rome and made it the capital of a unified Italian state, whereupon the pope became a voluntary "prisoner" in the Vatican, because he refused to accept the terms of a settlement offered him by the Italian government. Relations with Italy were beclouded for years by the unresolved "Roman question" and by increasing anticlericalism. As a feeble countermeasure, the pope forbade Italian Catholics to take an active part in political life, the principal result of which stricture was to weaken the political fabric and prepare the way for the Fascist dictatorship.

Leo XIII (1878–1903), in a series of remarkable papal encyclicals, attempted to carry out some of the reforms projected by the suspended Vatican Council, but the pontificate of his successor, Pius X (1903–1914), was marred by excessive severity in repressing the so-called Modernist heresy. This unquestionably set the Church back intellectually for some decades and only made all the more imperative the reforms that were to come later.

That the popes themselves realized that adjustments were in order is apparent from Benedict XV's (1914–1922) moves to bring about peace during World War I and his promulgation of a new code of canon law; Pius XI's (1922–1939) settlement of the Roman question by a treaty and concordat with Mussolini, which established the tiny state of Vatican City in place of the lost Papal States; and Pius XII's (1939–1958) noble efforts on behalf of peace during World War II, and particularly his attempt to reinterpret Catholic tradition in terms that would be comprehensible to the modern age.

The election of Pope John XXIII (1958–1963) and above all his dramatic summoning of the second Vatican Council (1962–1965) served as a break in the dam, releasing pent-up energies and calling forth unprecedented demands for reform, producing a crisis that has not died down but is intensifying. With John, for the first time in many centuries the papacy seemed to place itself once again at the head of a reform movement, and the council pushed through a remarkable series of measures intended to "bring the Church screaming into the twentieth century."

All this, however, was largely negated by hesitancy and cautiousness on the part of John's successor, the present Pope Paul. Especially harmful were his reluctance to implement the decree reaffirming the ancient doctrine of the collegiality of the bishops and the too-negative tone he assumed in many of his pronouncements (notably in reaffirming the traditional ban on all forms of contraception except the so-called rhythm method, the reflection of an Augustinian view that has been widely abandoned by numerous modern theologians, including the pope's own specially appointed birth-control commission). These negative policies—only partially offset by the positive impression created by the pope's many trips abroad and his cautious encouragement of ecumenical *rapprochement*—have raised the question of whether the papacy is not failing to rise to the challenging demands that history is making on it in our day.

Pope John's recognition of the historical problem was clearly stated in these words at the start of his pontificate: "Our sacred obligation is not only to take care of the precious treasure [the deposit of faith] as if we had only to worry about the past, but we must also devote ourselves with joy and without fear to the work of giving this ancient and eternal doctrine a relevancy corresponding to the conditions of our era." To his key words, "with joy and without fear," the world responded with a warmth unprecedented in papal history. Today Christians and non-Christians alike are aware that his successor's reign is unfortunately characterized by the absence of joy and the prevalence of fear.

PICTORIAL PARADE



Pope John XXIII was expected to be an innocuous timeserver, but by initiating a movement for Church reform, he left his successor, the present pope, awash in a sea of troubles.

The identity of the pseudonymous Xavier Rynne is one of the publishing world's most closely guarded secrets. He is the author of Letters from Vatican City *(Farrar, Straus & Giroux) and of* The Pauline Crisis, *to be published this spring.*

A QUIET REVOLT

In the archdiocese of Los Angeles free masses, priestly marriage, and nuns in skirts are undermining Cardinal McIntyre's citadel of conservatism

By KENNETH LAMOTT

The underground church is disappearing—there isn't anything to be underground about *any more. The free church is what's happening.* —DAN DELANY

Things were running about a half-hour late on a Sunday morning in Los Angeles when Dan Delany, a former Catholic priest who used to minister to a suburban parish, said, "All right, folks, let's get going." Delany is a well-built man in his middle thirties with a reddish-brown beard. He was wearing slacks, a pumpkin-colored turtle-neck shirt, sandals, a peace-symbol pendant, and a red button advocating a boycott of table grapes.

After somebody turned off Simon and Garfunkel on the P.A. system, three guitar players—two former priests and a former nun—struck chords on their instruments as thirty or forty of us gathered around the altar, a table covered by a homemade altar cloth bearing the stylized image of a flower and the words CELEBRATION OF LIFE. Behind the altar and elsewhere in the hall hung banners saying LET'S BE REALLY FREE—JOY—LOVE—NOW NOW NOW LIFE—CONSCIENCE MAKES US CARE. The guitarists led us in a song about "how great it is to be alive."

In contrast with the movement called the underground church, whose adherents, like the early Christians, assembled privately in homes, Delany's free liturgy was held in a public hall and was open to anybody who walked in. Advertised by word of mouth, the meeting seemed to have attracted principally former priests, former nuns, and former seminarians. One of the latter was black. On my left was Dan Delany's wife, Chris, who a year ago had been a sister of the Immaculate Heart of Mary and was now seven months pregnant, and on my other side was a fallen-away priest from French Canada, a handsome, gray-haired, witty man, whose wife was with him. With the exception of this couple and myself, nobody looked older than thirty-five.



BURT GLINN © 1969 MAGNUM PHOTOS

Cardinal McIntyre of Los Angeles

As the service progressed, I found I was becoming aware of a sense of *déjà vu*, and then it came to me suddenly: I was being carried back in memory to the sunny afternoon a couple of years ago that I had spent with a great crowd of people at a Human Be-In in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park, at which the poets Allen Ginsberg and Lenore Kandel had demonstrated in favor of joy and life, and the poet Gary Snyder had intoned Zen chants.

At the service, and later, I wondered to what extent the problems to which my friends at the free liturgy were responding were problems related to their Catholicism (or ex-Catholicism, depending on the case) and to what extent they grew out of the general social ferment of California, which has produced, among other phenomena, the beats, the hippies, and the militants at Berkeley and San Francisco State. Clearly, the problem within the Church is a general one, for the evidence is clear that the North European clergy is as much in rebellion as the California clergy, but the form the rebellion takes here is surely indigenous to this fascinating and bewildering state.

After the song, Delany read quotations from Christ, Alfred North Whitehead, and Daniel Callahan, a writer who was new to me ("For to choose is to engender opposition, to create new situations, and to shape a new, even if partial, world"). After the readings we separated into discussion groups of four or five. I found myself with one of the guitar players, who turned out to be an ex-monk from the East Coast, Mary Thomas, the white wife of the black ex-seminarian, who was

holding their infant child in her lap, and another former seminarian. While we were introducing ourselves, Mrs. Thomas laughed and said, "I didn't *leave* the convent. I was thrown out." She was a thin girl with an intense face and a high-spirited manner. We talked for ten minutes or so about the selections Delany had read to us and decided that security is an illusion and that there was virtue in embracing insecurity.

We then reassembled around the altar, and Delany tried to stimulate a general discussion, but it went haltingly. At last he announced that we were going to celebrate the Eucharist. We prayed, with our eyes open and our heads high, and sang and ate chunks of crusty Italian bread, which circulated in a wicker basket, and drank port wine from a chalice. Afterward we sang about freedom and joy. Everybody kissed or shook hands with his neighbor and wished him peace. The guitar players broke into an Israeli dance-tune, and a couple of the girls in the congregation clapped and danced. It seemed to me that there *was* joy.

Later, while I was having a cup of coffee, the black ex-seminarian, Bob Thomas, suggested that I drop in at his mother's house that afternoon. I said I'd be glad to.

Los Angeles is a state of mind.

—OLD FOLK-SAYING

The official propaganda about California, and particularly about Southern California, says that this is where it's at, baby, this is where people swing and things happen. This may be true along the surfing beaches and in the palaces of hard rock, but it is most triumphantly untrue when it comes to the religious establishment. The forty people at Dan Delany's free liturgy must be considered against a background of the two million communicants who worship in the 312 parishes of the most conservative, unyielding, and monolithic archdiocese in the country.

It is tempting to attribute the intransigence of the official Church in Los Angeles to the personality of His Eminence James Francis Aloysius Cardinal McIntyre, who, since the death of his mentor, Cardinal Spellman, has been generally recognized as the most tradition-bound archbishop in the country. Whatever the innovations that have been seen elsewhere since Vatican II—whether in ecumenicism, involvement in social issues, priestly celibacy, liturgical changes, or attitudes toward birth control—the Los Angeles archdiocese has shown no friendliness toward change. Yet even those people in Los Angeles who have confronted the establishment most directly are remarkably free of bitterness toward Cardinal McIntyre. This lack of hostility appears, however, to stem less out of love or reverence for the cardinal than out of recognition that the situation in Los Angeles is the reflection not of one powerful man's prejudices but of the inbuilt prejudices of the entire ecclesiastical organization and of the community it serves.

"It's more of an ecological thing," I was told by Sister Helen Kelley, president of Immaculate Heart College, whose order has in the past several years had a number of well-publicized encounters with the cardinal and his chancery. Emil J. Seliga, vice-president of the Los Angeles Association of Laymen, which is committed to the social relevance of the Church, described relations with the hierarchy as "cool" and went on, with a touch of astringency, to say, "We've made several attempts to open a dialogue with the chancery, but we haven't received any invitations from His Eminence." Dan Delany was inclined to view McIntyre as a Prince of the Church who has been left so far behind by changes in the world that he has become virtually irrelevant. He commented, "When a person goes in to talk to the cardinal about something serious, what they get is a forty-five-minute reminiscence about how he himself got to be where he is."

How the eighty-three-year-old cardinal got to be where he is makes an exemplary story in the American grain. Born in New York, he attended City College and then entered the stock market, first as a runner on the curb exchange and finally as office manager of a brokerage firm. Changing his course, he left Wall Street to enter a seminary and was ordained in 1921 at the comparatively advanced age of thirty-five. His talents as a moneyman were not overlooked, and his rise in the hierarchy of the New York Church was not unrelated to his success in managing the worldly affairs of Cardinal Spellman's archdiocese. He rose to the office of chancellor and became auxiliary bishop of New York in 1941.

In February, 1948, McIntyre was transferred to Los Angeles and installed as archbishop. He received his red hat in 1953, the first cardinal from a see west of St. Louis. There is no question that the archdiocese has prospered under his experienced direction. A recent survey of public records in the Los Angeles County tax offices revealed that property owned in the name of the archbishop or archdiocese was worth just under a quarter of a billion dollars.

The issues on which the cardinal's *Weltanschauung* has been made public cover an interesting spectrum of the real issues facing his Church today. On celibacy, for instance, McIntyre pulled the rug out from under Notre Dame's fund-raising drive in California when the president of that institution declined to honor McIntyre's request that a proposed conference on priestly celibacy be barred from the campus. Birth control, as far as I could discover, has never been allowed to become a public issue, but has been confined to the consciences of discreet Catholic couples. In the matter of the Church's social concern, the most publicized incident involved the young priest William Henry DuBay, who asked Pope Paul VI to remove McIntyre from office for his failure to exercise moral leadership among the white Catholics of Los Angeles to prevent racial discrimination. Father DuBay

was eventually suspended as chaplain of St. John's Hospital and forbidden to celebrate Mass.

One of the most interesting of Cardinal McIntyre's attempts to keep things as they are has been the endemic guerrilla warfare he has carried on with the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. It is, furthermore, really a struggle between the new ways of the Church and the old. In Los Angeles the conflict has become more polarized, with the antagonists further apart than elsewhere, but the essential issues will be found in almost every diocese in the country.

A lot of dumpy little colleges—Catholic colleges and others—are coming to life. I wouldn't want to deny that this college has been livelier than most.

—Sister Helen Kelley

The California Institute of the Most Holy and Immaculate Heart of the Blessed Virgin Mary—to give the Immaculate Heart sisters their full name—is surely one of the most remarkable groups of Catholics working for renewal within the church.

The differences that are most readily apparent between the Immaculate Heart sisters and nuns of more conventional orders are probably the least important, and yet they are worthy of attention. I became aware of one of these differences by accident when, having lost my way on the campus of their college, I asked directions of an attractive young woman dressed in a spring frock and high heels. It wasn't until I had been set straight and was on my way that I did a classic double-take and said to myself, "Good God, that was a nun!"

Clothing is not an irrelevance. I was amused by the contrast in personal styles between Sister Helen Kelley, the president of the college, and Sister Mary Mark Zeyen, the vice-president. Sister Helen, who has a Ph.D. in literature from Stanford, is clearly of the breed of woman who puts on in the morning whatever is most conveniently at hand and thanks God that nobody expects her to be a fashion plate. By contrast, Sister Mary Mark, who is also a Ph.D., as well as a pianist of professional stature, was crisp and feminine in a neat black dress that slipped modestly above her nyloned knees when she sat down. Sister Helen Kelley, who confesses to having been in favor of keeping the traditional habit out of sheer laziness, admits that the change has involved more than surface appearance. "I found that until I took off the habit I couldn't call anybody, except a student, by his first name," she told me.

The matter of dress was, in fact, one of the issues that brought the order, led by their Mother General, Sister Anita Caspary, into a direct confrontation with Cardinal McIntyre. The other, and more substantive, issues had to do with a general revision of the sisters' way of life in line with the recommendations of Vatican II and the withdrawal of some teaching sisters from the Catholic schools of the archdiocese.

When I asked Sister Mary Mark about changes in the life-style of the sisters, she said, "When I joined the order, we had to ask permission to take a bath. Well, I don't remember anybody ever being refused permission, but my goodness!" She laughed and went on: "We don't even have required Mass any more. If it's ridiculous to get up at five thirty in the morning, it's simply ridiculous. Perhaps you've been at a rehearsal until one. Now, you can go to any Mass you want—and, in fact, nobody knows if you've gone or not. Besides that, we no longer require a half-hour meditation before and after Mass."

The school issue became thoroughly confused when newspaper reports gave the impression that either the sisters had walked out en masse from the schools as a gesture of defiance or the cardinal had fired them en masse as a punishment for their nontraditional ways. In fact, there may have been a little bit both of defiance and of punishment, but more striking was the lack of sympathy and communication that was shown to exist between the sisters and the cardinal. Responsible to Rome rather than to the cardinal, the sisters on their own initiative could change their ancient rules of communal life and widen their spectrum of activities far beyond teaching and nursing. Cardinal McIntyre was informed "as a courtesy." The chancery's response was predictable: this year no Immaculate Heart sisters are teaching in the Catholic schools of the archdiocese. Instead, they are teaching in the public schools or engaging in social work, where they are accepted simply as Miss McGinnis or Miss Gomez.

Besides these endeavors the sisters own and operate Immaculate Heart College in Hollywood, which Sister Mary Mark described to me as "the crown of the educational end of things." Founded in 1916 as a liberal arts college for girls, Immaculate Heart has come a long way from the cliché of a nunnery school where sweet young things are protected from the profane world and from assaults on their faith. I found Sister Helen Kelley calmly preparing to fend off protests about a play the girls had put on, which contained some four-letter words and some attitudes that a conservative Catholic might consider blasphemous.

In the fall of 1970 Immaculate Heart will take up new quarters in Claremont, where it will become part of the Claremont Colleges—which now include Pomona, Scripps, Claremont Men's College, Harvey Mudd, Pitzer College, and the Claremont Graduate School. It is the first time that a Catholic school has associated itself this closely with secular institutions, and it is also certainly the first time that the Catholic school has been recognized as the least inhibited of the partners. At a convocation to welcome the sisters to Claremont, Sister Helen Kelley said, "While I doubt that we ever created the impression of being little old ladies from Pasadena, we were, after all (at least some of us) little old nuns from Hollywood, and it took some considerable vision and courage on the part of

our friends here to make more friends for us." She concluded: "We lay no claim to having unique responsibilities to be honest in facing hard questions. Indeed, we look forward to the company of honest men and women at Claremont who have established a reputation of intellectual vigor in dealing with the realities of the world."

Although the Los Angeles chancery has preserved a seemly silence on the real issues involved, it is a fair guess that factors such as the irrepressibility of the Immaculate Heart sisters were responsible for the pope's appointment in June, 1969, of Bishop Timothy Manning as coadjutor of the archdiocese, with the right to succeed the cardinal on his death or retirement. Bishop Manning, who is fifty-nine, had previously served under Cardinal McIntyre, but was exiled to Fresno in 1968, it is said, because his views on social issues were too liberal for the cardinal. One would not guess this, however, from the cardinal's response to the appointment, which was to welcome "joyfully his return to our midst."

Perhaps the most accurate interpretation is also the most charitable one, and the cardinal's joyfulness implies the recognition that although the archdiocese has been a slow-moving one, it will, under Bishop Manning's executive direction, make more haste in the future to catch up with the procession.

The stigma of having been an ex-priest or nun isn't what it was three years ago. People come to us now. The recruiter for county social workers, for example, asks us to send our people over.

—Robert G. Dease

In 1968, according to a conservative estimate, Catholic priests in this country were resigning from their parishes or administrative posts at the rate of about fifty a month. A more liberal estimate by the *National Catholic Reporter*, an organ of dissent, is that as many as twenty-seven hundred men left the priesthood during that year. The declining number of priests and nuns, as well as the difficulty of recruiting seminarians, has begun to present a considerable problem to the hierarchy, which has attacked it with expedients that include (in Emil Seliga's words) annual safaris to Ireland. It is a problem for which no ready solution exists, particularly as long as the rule of priestly celibacy remains a keystone of the religious life.

For the priests and nuns involved, the processes of leaving the rectory or the convent are calculated to instill guilt and self-doubt just when confidence is most desperately needed. Priests who leave their ministry to marry are urged to depart from the diocese to avoid causing a scandal among their former parishioners. Often intelligent and well-educated, they embark on a new career in a strange city without any clear idea of what they can do and at a time when they are suffering from the unhealed psychic wounds caused by their parting.

Wondering what happens to these wayfarers, I visited an organization called Transitional Resources Incorporated, which from an office building on Wilshire Boulevard helps former priests, ministers, and nuns adjust to the working world. Conceived by Robert G. Dease, the owner of a career counseling service for executives, TRI is made up of lay volunteers who are in a position to help these "formers" find jobs. TRI is the West Coast equivalent of Bearings for Re-establishment, which operates out of an office on East 79th Street in New York.

At one of TRI's regular Tuesday-night meetings, I met ten former priests, a former Protestant minister, an Immaculate Heart sister who had brought along an ex-nun friend from out of town, and another nun in civilian clothes who was planning to leave her teaching post and her convent at the end of the school year.

The meeting began on an optimistic note with two reports of jobs or job prospects. An ex-priest who had been making do with a job selling sporting goods in a department store had been offered an executive position in the antipoverty program. (I was reminded that Sargent Shriver reportedly once remarked that OEO really stood for Office of Ecclesiastical Outcasts.) The former Protestant minister told us that he had been invited to an interview for a job as a personnel counselor with an aircraft company, and the group discussed the best strategy for the interview. But the *pièce de résistance* of the evening was the personal story of Ed Vitek, who was not a member of the TRI group, but had been invited to share his experiences with them. A prosperous-looking blond man of about forty, Vitek told us that he had been ordained as a priest of the Redemptorist order when he was twenty-five. "I was a parish priest in the East," he said, "until I began to have doubts, and to ask myself, 'Is this my life? Am I using my life as effectively as I should?' I went to my superiors and managed to take a sort of leave of absence by becoming an Army chaplain."

Vitek's Army career reinforced his conviction that the priestly life was not the life for him. He quit the Army, and the Redemptorists, and started driving west, pulling a six-hundred-dollar trailer he had bought with his savings. He stopped en route to offer his condolences to a recently widowed young mother he knew of in Ohio; a few months later she became Mrs. Vitek.

"When I got to L.A., I began looking for a job," Vitek went on. "I eventually found myself selling door-to-door—a real schlock operation. Then one day I decided it was time to convert my GI insurance policy, and I went to my wife's insurance agent. After we got talking, he tried to sell me the idea of going into insurance myself. I wasn't tempted at first, but he convinced me that I had the wrong idea about insurance, that it's really a professional thing. The first year selling insurance I made about $12,000. This year I'm number seven or eight of all the salesmen in the firm, and I hear that I'm going to be put up for Salesman of the Year. Insurance is absolutely incredible, absolutely fantastic.

You have no idea of the possibilities."

About a week later I visited the Viteks at their home in La Crescenta. The house turned out to be a spacious upper-middle-class sort of place, with an acre of wall-to-wall carpeting, on the southern slope of the San Gabriel Mountains. The Viteks were quick to assure me that they were Catholics in good standing, with their marriage recognized and the family attending Mass regularly. (The procedure that permits a priest to leave his pulpit in order to marry and yet remain within the Church requires application to Rome. According to a "secret" Vatican report, 230 North American priests asked dispensation from their vows of celibacy in 1968. In 1963 the number was eight.) The Vitek children went to public schools, but also attended catechism classes. When I asked Vitek whether he identified himself publicly as an ex-priest, he shrugged his shoulders and said, "If it comes up in conversation, I talk about it. If it doesn't come up, I don't."

He went on to say that he thought the West Coast was running five or ten years behind the East in its attitude toward the problems that have been shaking the Church. He thought there was no question that the celibacy issue was the key one and that many of the personnel problems of the Church could be solved by a married clergy, or perhaps by the recognition of a vocation limited in years, after which the priest could return to secular life.

Vitek's real enthusiasm was clearly for his new career. An articulate and personable man, he had no doubt that he had found his real lifework. "I'm confident," he said. "I have this feeling. I know I'm going to be something big in business."

As we parted, he said quietly, "You know, sometimes it's hard for me even to think about having been a priest."

In the present crisis which shakes the world, in the change which undermines the best-established institutions, there is a sort of giddiness which takes to the safest souls in the very lap of the Church.
—Pope Paul VI

Ed Vitek, with his self-confidence and his demonstrated aptitude for worldly success, is an unusual ex-priest. While I respected the openness with which he told his story, I found myself much more in sympathy with the rebels I had met at Dan Delany's free liturgy and with whom I later ate and drank at Bob Thomas's party.

The party turned out to be unlike any other social occasion I have ever attended. The house was a comfortable, cheerful place full of Bob's family from Panama (who ran from very black to colonial Spanish in color) and several couples whom I had met at the morning service. There were Dan Delany and his wife, Chris, a young ex-monk with his lovely, dark-haired wife, another ex-priest with his wife, and of course, Bob and Mary Thomas. We sat in easy chairs drinking vodka or whiskey while the women of the house prepared a barbecue in the back yard.

The conversation revolved largely around the common condition of having left the religious life. When I asked Bob Thomas about the scarcity of black priests in Los Angeles, he laughed and said: "Oh, when I was in seminary, I was going to be their glorious boy, but I decided before I was ordained that the priesthood wasn't relevant. Sure, the celibacy issue was part of it, too. I came around to feeling I had to use my manhood in the service of God." Thomas became, instead, a probation officer for Los Angeles County. At the time of the party he was on leave, organizing the probation officers for collective bargaining.

There was a clear difference of opinion between Delany and Tom, the ex-monk. Tom confessed that he still felt guilty about the pain he had caused his family, and was wondering if he shouldn't apply to the chancery to begin the process leading to official laicization and recognition of his marriage. Delany disagreed: "The hell with the chancery. Who cares about *them*?" Tom, however, still looked reflective.

When I asked if any of them had ever thought of changing from the Roman Catholic priesthood to, say, the Episcopal priesthood, they shook their heads as Delany said, "Hah! Why should I change one prison for another?"

And of course he was right. Protestant priests and ministers have also been leaving their churches, the most notable defection being that of the late James Pike, the former bishop of California. But the idea of the "spoiled priest" is an intensely Catholic idea, and it seems to me that these excommunicated priests and nuns are symbolic of the essential dangers that are facing the Church. In numerical terms their rebellion is a small one—so, we might remind ourselves, was Martin Luther's—but they have, each for himself, made the most extreme protest possible against the bureaucratic authoritarianism and irrelevance that they see in the Church in spite of the promise of Vatican II.

When the barbecue was ready, we went out into the back yard and ate ribs and hamburgers and beans and salad, and drank beer or red wine. It was a soft spring evening, and there was much general talk, joking, and laughter. We were all a little elevated, both by alcohol and by the spirit of the occasion, and I remember pleasantly that when I left, two of the ex-nuns kissed me good-bye.

The next morning as I tried to make out Immaculate Heart College and the Thomas house from the rising airplane, it struck me forcefully that the Immaculate Heart sisters and Dan Delany and his friends represent, each group in its own way, the central problems to which the Church must find answers if it is to hold onto the young, the imaginative, the ardent, and the concerned. It has not found its way yet.

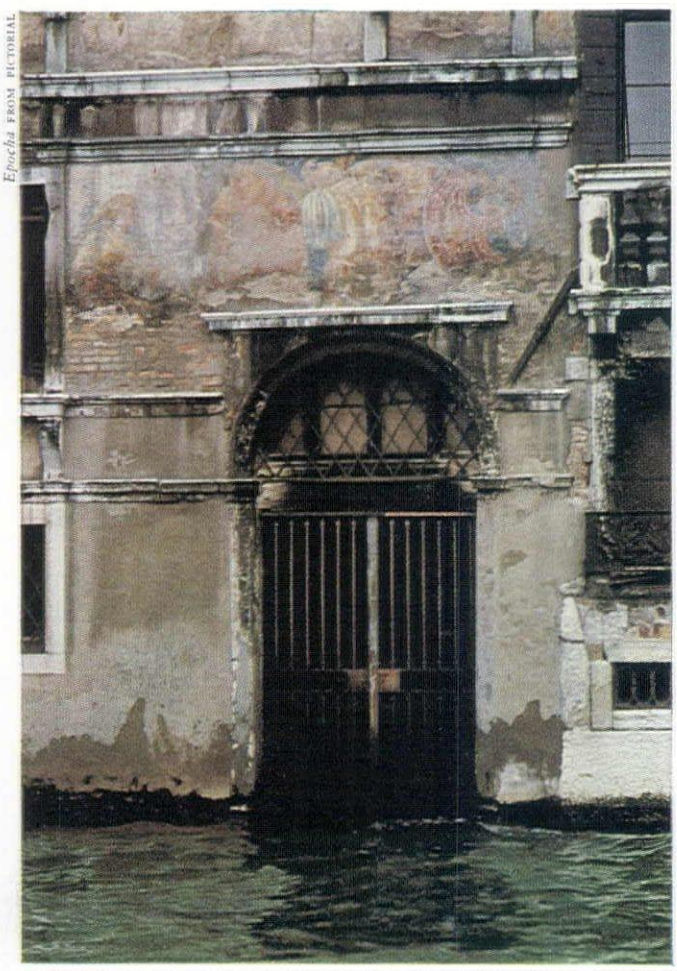
"A Few Hazards of the Good Life," in the Spring, 1969, issue, was Kenneth Lamott's latest contribution to Horizon. *He is a novelist and lives in California.*

A Sinking Sensation

Venice has always been threatened by one force or another and—one way or another—has always prevailed. From the brink of a watery grave, it looks back on other vicissitudes—and forward to another possible reprieve

Conceive this dark-hued picture of a dying civilization. Politically, the people had lost control over their destinies. Economically, a lopsided development was threatening the general stability. The population was shrinking drastically. Ancient methods of protection were ceasing to protect. The angry sea was rising higher than anyone remembered it doing; floods were growing more savage and destructive. The air was fouled, and cherished treasures of art and architecture were peeling, cracking, falling into ruin; the very stones were crumbling. And, as if nature herself were conspiring against this cankered realm, the earth beneath the people's feet was subsiding, and the polar icecaps were adding to the general woe by melting and raising the level of the surrounding sea.

Such dismal circumstances suggest tales of the doomed Atlantis as told by a cosmic pessimist. In fact, it is Venice in 1970, and the tale can be pieced together from ordinary day-to-day newspaper reports.



Epoca FROM PICTORIAL

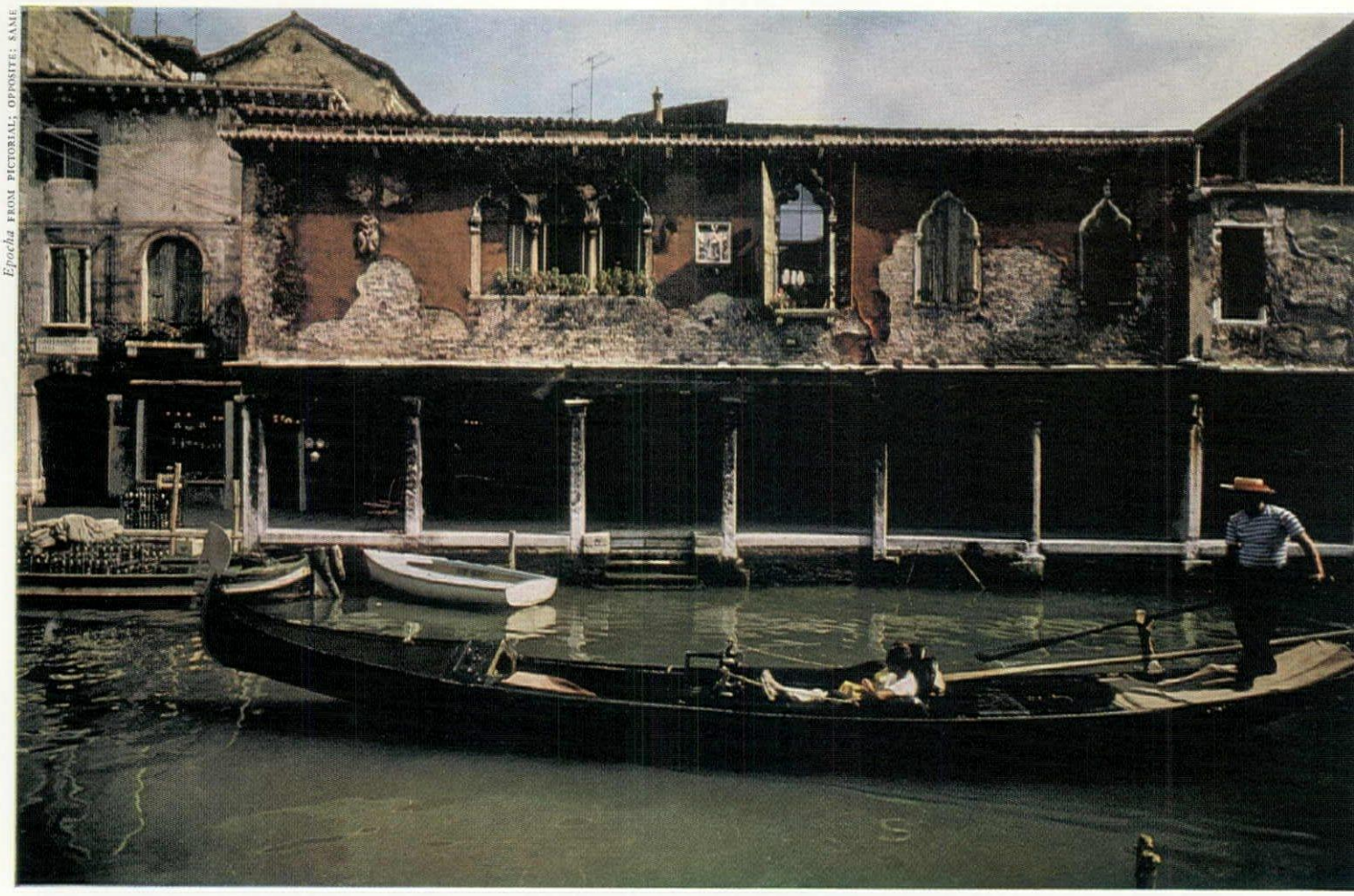
Once high and dry, frescoes on the façade of the Grand Canal's Palazzo Barbarigo have been all but obliterated by pollutants and by the capillary action of rising seawater.

The decay of Venice is news, for it is not a gradual decline, but ruination accelerating to the crisis point. Take the floods, or "high waters," as the Venetians call them. Venice is a city built on wooden piles that rest on marshy ground in the midst of a lagoon washed by the tides of the Adriatic Sea. It has always known floods. "We are neither of the land nor of the sea," Venetians have boasted since the sixth century A.D. The flooding, however, is getting worse. In the past hundred years Venice has suffered fifty-eight bouts of high water, but thirty of them have occurred in the past ten years, including the "long night" of November 4, 1966, when the Piazza San Marco lay under water for thirty-six destructive hours.

The plain truth is that Venice is sinking, or more accurately, the floor of the Venetian lagoon is subsiding—at the rate (also increasing) of more than an inch per decade. This is partly because Venice is heavy; it is the only city in the world whose weight matters. It is partly because the melting icecaps are inexorably raising the world's water level; Venice is the only city troubled by being in the interglacial period. And it is partly because the lagoon bed has been undermined by new industries that need fresh water in unparalleled amounts and until recently were getting it by drilling under the Venetian lagoon. Indeed, to many conservative Venetians the new oil refineries and cracking plants now burgeoning on the Adriatic shore, are the chief authors of the Venetian crisis and the chief destroyers of the city's ancient harmony with its environment.

The refineries, for one thing, belch forth sulfurous fumes, which occasionally are borne into Venice on the wind. The worst pollutants, however, come from the Venetians' own furnaces, and have a tragic propensity for corroding marble, even the tough Istrian marble that forms the foundation

Epoca FROM PICTORIAL; OPPOSITE: SAME



With much of its stucco covering gone, this Gothic dwelling on the Vetrai Canal faces imminent and total ruin.

stones of the city. Today it is estimated that 6 per cent of the marble surfaces of the city are being destroyed every year by the pollutants—chiefly sulfuric—which combine with the salt in the air. That means the priceless statues, palace façades, church walls, columns, and canal embankments that have helped to make the city of Venice, in the words of the critic Bernard Berenson, "man's most beautiful artifact."

In addition the new industries are being built on what was formerly coastal marshland, which had the happy faculty of slowing down and mollifying the Adriatic tides as they coursed across the lagoon. To build on these marshlands, industrialists use landfill obtained by dredging the lagoon, which, hydraulic engineers point out, increases the strength of the currents and thus their erosive force—a force made manifest when the wall of a Venetian house suddenly topples into a canal.

Yet, until a sewer system is built, the tides cannot be blocked off from the lagoon, for it is these Adriatic tides, sluicing through the canals, that carry off the city's waste. Nor is there any effective way to tame the new industrial expansion, since Venice has no control over mainland industries, and in practice industrial developers can do pretty much as they please. What pleases them is not displeasing to everyone in Venice. The employment opportunities on the mainland have become so attractive—and the local floods so unattractive—that Venice in the past twenty years has lost almost 40 per cent of its population, and boarded-up buildings can be seen in many parts of the city.

This is a dark-hued picture indeed, but it is not without light. Today UNESCO and private international philanthropies, such as the International Fund for Monuments, are working hard to help salvage damaged art treasures and to protect those that are threatened. The local authorities are busy with plans for dikes and embankments that will establish a new state of equilibrium with the surrounding sea. The Roman government, alert to the crisis, plans to spend sixteen and a half million dollars over the next decade to help the city fight for its life, and even the most avid advocate of industrialism does not want to be held responsible for destroying mankind's "most beautiful artifact." It takes knowledge of several applied sciences—from meteorology to hydraulics—to explain, let alone check, the complex factors now out of control in Venice and eating away at the vitals of the city; but the knowledge is at hand, and the threatening sea, which made Venice what it is, will not unmake her so easily. The Venetians have lived with the sea and bent it to their uses for fifteen hundred years; and anyone who doubts their tenacity might well turn to the history of this unique city on water that appears on the following pages and explains why Venice is the only city in the world whose house foundations are an international concern. W.K.

As tides become higher, and floods more frequent, old landmarks like the Palazzo Garzoni deteriorate





In Vittore Carpaccio's emblematic painting

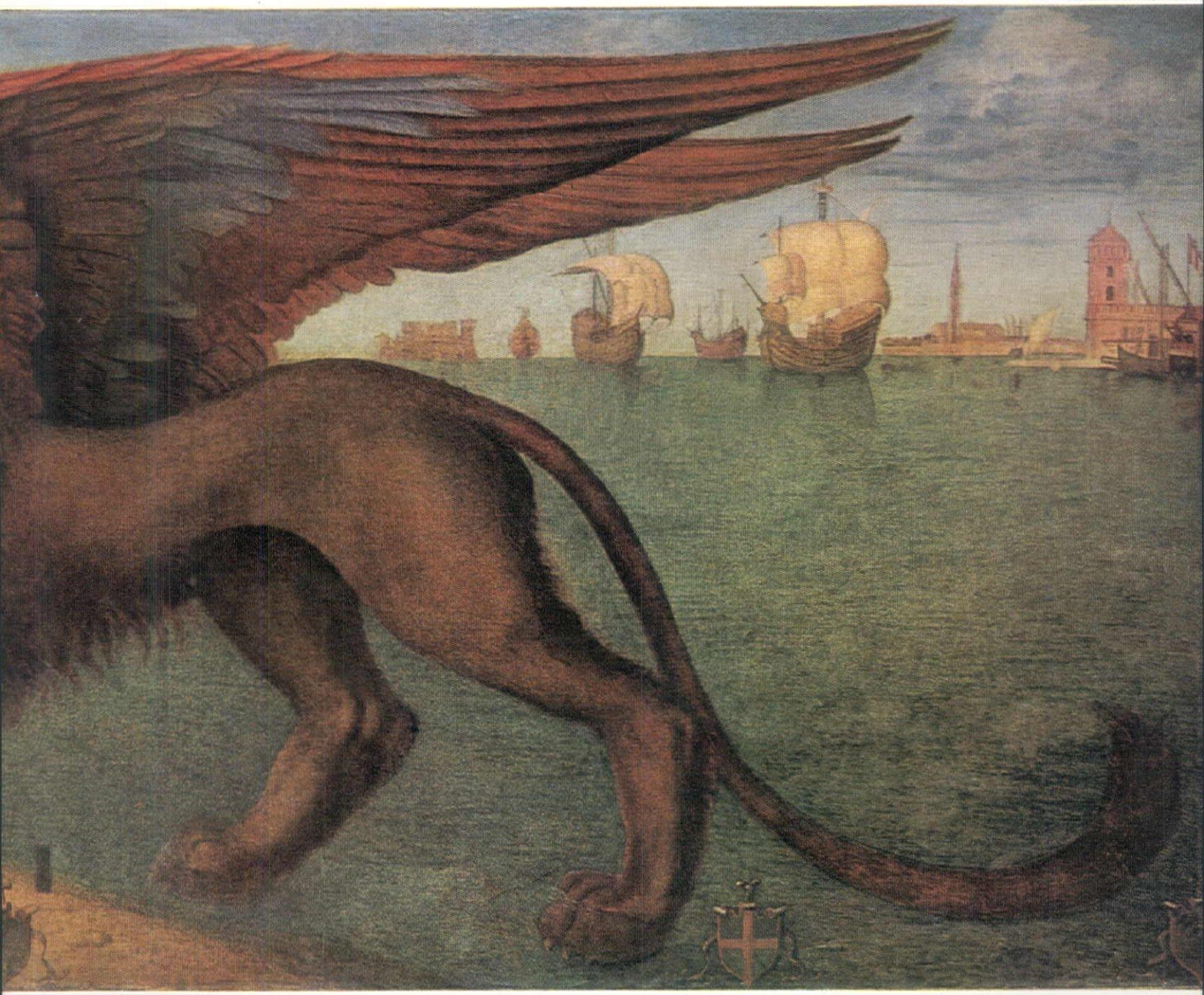
VENICE: THE PAST

"THE MOST TRIUMPHANT CITY"

For a thousand years Venice held "the gorgeous east in fee" and set its own terms for the West. Then Napoleon saw a bluff—and called it

On a spring morning in 1797 lookouts on the fort of Sant' Andrea, at the sea gate of Venice, reported the approach of a French warship, *Libérateur de l'Italie*. Revolutionary France was rampant then; Napoleon himself commanded the French armies in Italy. But for five centuries no foreign ship of war had entered Venetian waters without permission. When the frigate failed to answer signals, the fortress commander gave the order to open fire; and so on an April day at the end of the eighteenth century the commander wrote finis to the story of the Venetian Republic.

By JAMES MORRIS



the winged lion of Saint Mark displays the republic's motto, "Peace to thee, Mark, my evangelist," while defiantly bestriding the Venetian lagoon.

The ship was halted and boarded. Its commander was killed in the melee, and Napoleon was given, as he wished, a *casus belli*. The Venetians, he stormed, were "dripping with French blood," and anyway, time had expired for their preposterous state and all its antique ceremonial trappings. "I have 80,000 men and twenty gunboats," he said in ultimatum (he was twenty-eight years old and brash). "I will be an Attila for the State of Venice." He refused to treat for peace, and on May 16 three thousand hardened French soldiers disembarked upon the Piazza San Marco, the symbolic showplace of Venetian splendor. "*J'ai occupé ce matin la ville de Venise*," a French commander of troops laconically reported, "*avec la 5e demi-brigade de bataille, et les îles et forts adjacents.*"

Napoleon was the first general ever to accomplish the capture of Venice, for a thousand years one of the marvels of Europe—a water prodigy, an empire, a legend; the loveliest city man had ever built, its natural element the sea, its vocation the pursuit of magnificence. As the French moved into the sumptuous Palace of the Doges, for so long one of the prime movers of European history, the Venetian style and spirit died at last. A tree of liberty was erected in the Piazza, the lion-flags of Venice fluttered down, and an era limply ended.

At the northwestern corner of the Adriatic, where the rivers Brenta, Sile, and Piave enter the sea, there lies a marshy crescent lagoon, part lake, part sea, part estuary, speckled with islets and protected by a long outer line of sandbanks. In the comfortable days of the Roman Empire it was inhabited only by fishermen and occasional sportsmen, for it was malarial and melancholy. As the old order crumbled, though, and successive waves of



WALTERS ART GALLERY, BALTIMORE, MD., MS. 658

An eighteenth-century cartographer working from earlier Turkish sources perpetuated a rather fanciful notion of Venice's appearance, even managing to omit the Grand Canal.

barbarians swept into Italy from the north, the peoples of the neighboring mainland cities—Padua, Concordia, Altinum, Aquileia—came to look upon the marshes as a place of refuge in times of particular tumult. At first, it seems, they had no intention of moving permanently into the lagoon; but as successive waves of Goths, Huns, Avars, and Herulians swept over northeastern Italy, and as it became apparent to successive generations that the good old days would never return, groups of refugees took to the marshes as a new homeland where civilization might start again.

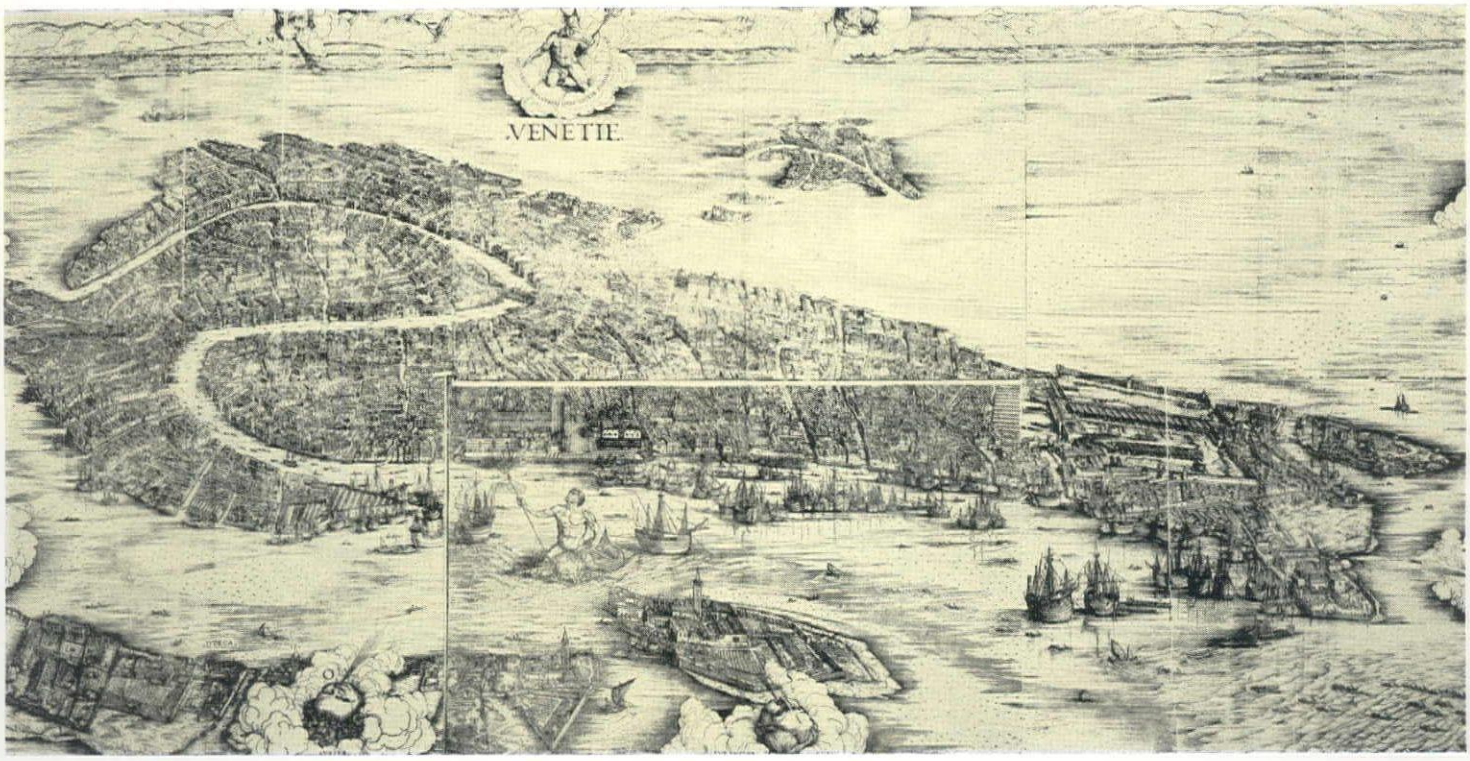
Omens and prophecies encouraged them in this hope, and holy men sometimes led their migrations, carrying sacred objects with them, quoting pertinent Scriptures, and reporting apposite miracles. And so during the fifth and sixth centuries, while a fitful and intermittent exodus continued, a water community was established in the lagoon. There some of the Roman assurance survived in a stable social order and a Christian certainty: "they would receive no man of servile condition," we are told, "or a murderer, or [a man] of wicked life." One by one the little islands were colonized, each with its own church, from Torcello, the first and northernmost settlement, to Chioggia, at the southern end of the lagoon. By the end of the sixth century there were twelve loosely associated townships, forming a more or less independent political entity.

It was a strange commonwealth from the start; a country whose "roads" were canals dredged from the natural rivulets and channels of the lagoon and whose early buildings of wattles and thatch stood on piles among the reeds. Boats were the only transport, fish was the only natural food, rain the only drinking water. This rude environment was exploited by a cultivated sort of pioneer, for these were settlers brought up to the high, if faded, standards of imperial Rome. They soon acquired the skills of boatmen and fishermen, and gradually hammered out common institutions. By 697 the separate settlements had elected a doge, or duke, to be the sovereign of them all and to represent them in dealings with the rest of the world. At first a democracy, the republic of the lagoon gradually let an obsession with public stability and security obscure individual liberty and entrusted authority increasingly to a hereditary ruling caste.

As they evolved a new way of life and a new political identity, so these new men, the Venetians, simultaneously established a new national vocation; islanders by misfortune, they became merchants by necessity. Because they possessed no agricultural hinterland they turned logically to the sea for their livelihood and became a nation of enterprising and guileful traders. They were common carriers, entrepreneurs, merchant venturers. Marco Polo was a Venetian trade scout, and Venetian merchant ships soon were familiar throughout the Mediterranean.

Everything about this developing nation was unique—its history, its manner of living, its geographical situation. It stood on the borders of East and West, on the hazy dividing line between the two halves of the dismembered Roman Empire. Rome and Byzantium vied for its allegiance; its religion wavered between the Eastern and Western rites; even its architecture was made up of a stylistic mixture in which the domes of one world met the vaults of the other. Venice was a frontier station, and it was this central isolation that was soon to give the Venetian Republic its independence, its power, and its meaning.

In 809 Pepin, son of Charlemagne, made up his mind to annex Venice once and for all to the Western empire. His forces actually entered the lagoon, and the Venetians were obliged to concentrate their government offices upon a group of islands in its less vulnerable center—Rivo Alto, or Rialto, where one of the deep channels, the Canale Grande, wound a sinuous way through the archipelago. There they established a permanent capital, and there they successfully defied the greatest power of the day. Legend has it that Pepin's armies were undone by a patriotic old woman who deliberately misguided them into a



NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON, D.C., ROSENWALD COLL.

The Venetian-born painter-engraver Jacopo de' Barbari doubtless climbed a bell tower to obtain this painstakingly detailed view of Venice in 1500. St. Mark's and its piazza can be seen at the mouth of the Grand Canal, just above the figure of Neptune at center.

quagmire. However simplistic the story may be, the invasion *was* defeated, and the Venetians were left cock-a-hoop. Not until the Napoleonic invasion would they acknowledge the suzerainty of any foreign empire, Eastern or Western. When the Byzantines, observing Pepin's humiliation, claimed the overlordship for themselves, the Venetians dismissed the claim out of hand. "This Venice," they said, "which we have raised in the lagoons, is our mighty habitation, and no power of Emperor or Prince can touch us."

Nor could it. Free, arrogant, and able, the Venetians were their own masters and soon grew rich in the Eastern trade. Commissioned to supply ships for the early Crusades to Palestine, they seized the chance to establish trading colonies in several cities of the Levant. Their Levantine warehouses served as terminals for the caravan routes from Persia, India, and China. Their city in the lagoon became an immense storehouse of Oriental commodities. Their ships distributed silks, spices, ivories, slaves, and precious stones throughout the countries of the West. Venice held "the gorgeous east in fee," as Wordsworth put it, and she became a half-Eastern place herself, a sensual and ostentatious city-state different in kind from any other. Her people discovered a taste for rich textiles, marbles, porphyries, damasks, and agates. Her style was tinged with that of Byzantium and even Islam; her colors were opulent golds, crimsons, and silvers.

This almost pagan profligacy was exemplified by the Venetian participation in the Fourth Crusade. In 1201 the pious leaders of that expedition, making one more attempt to free the Holy Land from the infidels, again asked the Venetians for sea transport. "We come in the name of the noblest families of France," said their emissaries to the doge Enrico Dandolo. "No other Power on earth can aid us as you can; therefore they implore you, in God's name, to have compassion on the Holy Land, and to join them in avenging the contempt of Jesus Christ by furnishing them with ships and other necessaries, so that they may pass the seas."

"On what terms?" was the characteristic Venetian reply, and, characteristically, the Venetians set their own immensely profitable terms. Largely thanks to Venice, the Crusaders never reached the Holy Land. First, at Venetian insistence, they conquered the city of Zara in Dalmatia. Then they decided to seize Constantinople, and instead of expelling the Moslems from Palestine, devoted themselves to toppling the doddering Byzantine Empire and looting its properties. The doge himself, ninety years old and nearly blind, led the assault on the towers of Constantinople, and a lion's share of the booty went to the Venetians. They proclaimed themselves to be "Lords and Masters of a Quarter and a Half-quarter of the Roman Empire" and sent shiploads of loot home to the lagoon, in a profusion never before seen in the West.

The Fourth Crusade gave Venice an empire. Not only did she consolidate her trading position in the Levant, but she acquired a whole string of islands and fortresses for the protection of her shipping routes. The Crusade made her a Great Power; and when, in the fourteenth century, she finally defeated the most stubborn of her mari-



Venetian pomp in 1496 is faithfully documented in Gentile Bellini's contemporaneous Procession of the True Cross in St. Mark's Square. *Participants in the annual rite included the republic's civil and religious dignitaries, who filed around the piazza in order of rank. The procession, which began at the Porta della Carta (seen*

GALLERIE DELL'ACCADEMIA, VENICE—ERIC SCHAAL, COURTESY *Life*



partially obscured at the painting's right), moved across the western side of the piazza and ended in formation before the Doge's Palace (extreme left of painting). Dominating the square, then as now, was the magnificently ornate Cathedral of St. Mark, with its exotic domes, pinnacles, and mosaics and its quartet of gilded bronze horses.

time rivals, Genoa, to become the undisputed mistress of the Mediterranean, she had reached her high point. She stood at the summit of the world. She was immensely rich. She had a virtual monopoly of the Oriental commerce. She ruled possessions in Dalmatia, the Morea, the Aegean, and the Ionian Islands. From a straggling community of refugees she had developed into a grand sea-empire whose standards were familiar from Persia to southern England and whose ducats had filtered far to the east along the trade routes to Cathay.

An eye for the main chance had achieved all this—and a gift for self-advertisement.

In the Middle Ages Venice possessed a chimerical quality. She was fabulous among states, like a golden unicorn or a phoenix. She held herself aloof, calm, superior. Saint Mark the Evangelist, whose corpse she claimed to possess, was her protector, and his talismanic winged-lion appeared like a trade-mark on everything Venetian—coins, palaces, flags, the prows of galleys, and the lead tops of drainpipes. Venice was essentially a great commercial concern, with an image deliberately designed to impress the customers and stamp itself upon the consciousness of the world. It was well known, at least in Venice, that Saint Mark had once been stranded on a sandbank in the lagoon, and the Venetian motto, the catchword of the republic, was retroactively converted to the words of reassurance the Almighty had given the saint on that occasion: "Pax Tibi Marce Evangelista Meus."

Like any business enterprise, Venice ruthlessly pursued her interests. Her affairs were run, in effect, by a board of directors, for by now her government had become a highly efficient hereditary oligarchy. All political power was in the hands of a self-perpetuating caste—those whose names were written in the Golden Book of the Venetian aristocracy. In the great days of Venice their sense of public duty was high, and the system worked so well, and was so generally accepted, that it lasted, virtually unchanged, for four hundred and fifty years.

It was, however, a system hedged about with secrecy, countercheck, and inquisition. At its head stood the doge, a potentate of stunning magnificence, elected for life by his peers (in most ways, though, he was powerless, so careful were the rules that circumscribed his conduct, and little more than a figurehead). Below him were a cabinet, a senate, and a Grand Council representing all the patrician families; but as the years passed, executive power was put into the hands of a reticent body called the Council of Ten, the real check—secret, swift, and often sinister—upon personal ambition or corruption. These secular watchdogs were more powerful than any religious inquisitors and surrounded themselves with a calculated mystery. Conspirators would be found at dawn swinging from gibbets in the public square, or buried alive head downward among the flagstones. Unsuccessful admirals, swollen-headed *condottieri*, were strangled or jailed as examples. Venice was a police state, but instead of worshiping political power, she was terrified of it; the system was designed to forestall both revolution and personal dictatorship, to keep the state stable and competent, and to leave the field clear for profit.

Although Venice had a few manufacturing specialties, most notably glassmaking, she was primarily a republic of merchants, financiers, and middlemen. One of her great public ceremonials was the annual marriage of the Adriatic, when the doge, in his ornate state barge, attended by fleets of galleys, gondolas, and pleasure craft, sailed to the outer gates of the lagoon and threw a golden ring into the sea—allegorizing not only Venice's intimate union with the Adriatic but also her command of the Eastern profits. Her wealth flowed in with the tides, and the very title she gave herself—La Serenissima—suggested oceanic amplitude.

Venetian war fleets were the most formidable in the world, manned in their heyday only by freemen, and built within the high, shuttered walls of the arsenal, the first shipyard of Europe. In times of war the arsenal produced a galley a day, and as each new ship was towed out of the yard, it was victualed, manned, and equipped at the water gate, and then went to sea ready for instant death or glory. The Venetian merchant fleets were built to a standard pattern, too, and although privately owned, were controlled by a department of state. Each year six principal fleets set out from the lagoon—to Constantinople, to the Black Sea ports, to Egypt, to Syria, to North Africa, and to western Europe. They were supported at home by all the organizational paraphernalia of international commerce—marketing agencies, banks, trade fairs, government departments of standards and measures. Venice was like an immense Eastern bazaar, except that the haggling that took place was of a supreme sophistication.

In her finest years she was a hard, unyielding, brilliant sort of state, like Victorian Britain in some ways, like contemporary Israel in others; an outsider state, never ordinary, never quite acceptable to, or trusted by, the comity of nations. She had brazenly traded with the infidel Turks and was notorious for her opportunism. She was, moreover, immensely pleased with herself. In the noblest days of the

Gondoliers row their elegant fares through the murky Grand Canal, opposite, in a detail from Carpaccio's The Healing of the Demoniac, *circa 1495. In the background is the old Rialto Bridge.*

OVERLEAF: *Gilded gondolas accompany the Venetian state barge as it carries the doge back to his palace after the annual ceremony re-enacting the symbolic marriage of Venice to the Adriatic. The painting was done by Canaletto, c. 1730.*





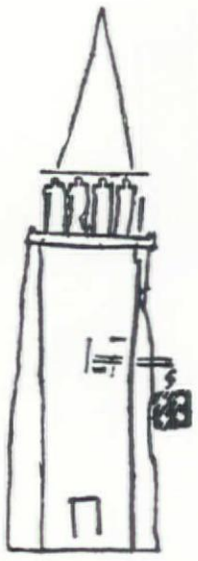
ALDO CRESPI COLL., MILAN—SCALA



republic her people thought of themselves not so much as rich men or poor, patricians or plebians, but simply as Venetians, citizens of the best of states. They assumed that the Piazza San Marco—which Napoleon himself was to call "the finest drawing-room in Europe"—was the center of the world, and they looked upon themselves with narcissistic delight. Merchants, diplomats, and sailors may have created the grandeur of the state, but it was immortalized by a succession of great Venetian artists—from the Bellinis of the fifteenth century, by way of Carpaccio, Giorgione, and Palma Vecchio, to Titian, Tintoretto, and Palladio in the years of climax. Though they mostly painted religious subjects, they were really celebrating the glory of their republic.

Before this noble spectacle the world stood astonished, for there had never been such a city—such a haughty hybrid of East and West, set so theatrically in the water like a sea creature behind its reef.

Consider the experience of a traveler arriving for the first time at this legendary destination toward the end of the fifteenth century. Through the sea gates of the lagoon his ship would sail, past the fortresses that protected the outer reefs and into the narrow, winding channel, marked with clumps of stakes, that led through the shallows into the great basin of St. Mark's. All the watercraft of Venice bustled up and down these waterways: the war galleys from the arsenal, the burly fishing boats of the lagoon, the high merchantmen, the florid ceremonial barges—and threading their way among them all, the lopsided hook-prowed gondolas, the familiars of Venice, with their oarsmen standing crookedly at the sterns. Amid this picturesque traffic our stranger passes wide-eyed, through the shimmering breadth of the lagoon, with its church-crowned islets all about and perhaps a distant glimpse of the snow-crowned Alps, until in the brilliant glare of



The Council of Ten left clerical transgressors dangling from the campanile of St. Mark's Cathedral in a wooden cage.

noonday his ship drops anchor in the basin of St. Mark's, the esplanade of La Serenissima.

There before him extends the panorama of medieval Venice, one of the most extraordinary scenes in the world. The tall palaces of the patricians jostle down to the waterfront. The Grand Canal disappears in a lordly sweep into the heart of the city. In the foreground at the water's edge stands the cluster of buildings that is the architectural motif of Venice: the vertical Campanile, brick-red and genial; the horizontal Doge's Palace, gorgeous but severe; the domed Basilica, glittering and enigmatic. Flags fly everywhere; bells ring all day long; crowds stroll incessantly through the great Piazza or swirl about the quays. All is movement, color, dazzle. "The most triumphant city I ever set eyes on," decided Philippe de Comines in 1495, arriving in Venice as the ambassador of France.

Our traveler disembarks, and discovers that behind this façade Venice is unremittingly industrious. The city hums. In the glass factories the furnaces blaze; in the shipyards unfinished galleys lie skeletonic on their slips; in the street of the Frezzeria the bow-makers shape their yews; in the Merceria the silk vendors unwrap their splendid stuffs. Outside the office of navigation the merchants assemble before the great wall-chart to observe the progress of their distant argosies. In the banking houses around the Rialto bridge, halfway up the Grand Canal, the financiers manipulate their currencies or assess the condition of the indigo market.

Everywhere in the city, plastered to walls, embedded in pavements, gleaming in churches, is the loot of the Venetian centuries, culminating in the great gilded bronze horses of St. Mark's, stolen from Constantinople, which magnificently survey the Piazza from the façade of the Basilica. A sense of illicit luxury infuses Venice. Her buildings are inset with marble, her young men swagger in vivid striped hose, her women totter about on immensely high-soled sandals, as if they have emerged provocatively from a purdah. On the ground floors of the palaces that line the Grand Canal are stashed the material evidences of her wealth, the fabrics and the perfumes, the precious stones, and occasionally even the apes. It hardly feels like Europe.

There is another quality, too, a deliberate quality of the arcane or evasive—a mask of mysterious detachment, intended to keep people guessing about Venetian intentions and awe them with her enigma. Our stranger will be properly bewildered as he enters the dark portico of the Basilica, out of the brilliance of the Piazza, for this central shrine of the Venetian empire is like no other church in Christendom. Outside it looks like a Saracenic war-tent: a humped poly-domed structure, with the four golden horses in resplendent contrast above its colonnaded porch and elaborate weather vanes like jewelry above its rooftops. Inside it is shadowy and intricate. Its tessellated floors dazzle the senses. Its balconies wind among the columns like ancient catwalks. Golden mosaics shine from high above, and the place is encrusted with queer baubles and reliquaries and vast jeweled screens. All is opulent confusion, and

entering the Basilica from the bright sunshine is like walking into a cave, where inexplicable rituals are enacted in the middle of the afternoon and the independence of Venice is sanctified by a secret alliance with providence. "Redeem us O Christ," sings the celestial choir, somewhere in the shadows before the high altar, but the response from the opposite aisle is unorthodox: "To the Most Serene and Excellent Doge, Health, Honor, Life and Victory Perpetual!"

For the Basilica of Venice stands as an anteroom to the secular palace next door, the fount of Venetian power, where the puppet doge sits superbly above the Grand Council, silently disciplined by the councilors at his elbow. Out of the dim cathedral we may fancy our visitor threading his way through the tumult of the square, past the twin columns on the Piazzetta beside the dancing sea, one surmounted by the winged lion that symbolizes Saint Mark, the other by Saint Theodore with his foot on a crocodile —and so through the great carved gateway into the courtyard of the palace, where a ceremonial staircase rises in noble gradation to the state apartments above. Here is the laboratory of Venetian policy, the powerhouse of Venetian energy. Here the patricians rule their empire, and here, out of sight, are the prisons where the enemies of Venice—the disgraced commanders, the spies, the overambitious politicians—lie in the dark cells of their remorse.

At last, properly reduced in confidence and pretension by a surfeit of splendor, our traveler enters the presence of the doge. Here the awfulness of Venice awaits him in person. The councilors attend in their long robes, their grave Venetian eyes trained upon the visitor; and there upon his central throne, flanked by senators, sits the doge of Venice himself, Vendramin, Mocenigo, or Barbarigo, the great star of all this show, in the corned hat that is the ducal crown of Venice, and with the history of eight extraordinary centuries hanging around him like a nimbus.


MUSEO CORRER, VENICE; LEFT: N.Y. PUB. LIB. PRINTS DIV.

Anonymous informers used this lion's mouth as a sort of mail drop for written denunciations of alleged miscreants.

Yet it is all a kind of bluff. All this queerness, this gaudiness, this secrecy, this ostentation, is not really alien or exotic at all. This, after all, is Venice, a Christian state of Europe, a well-known marketing concern and advertising agency, only a few days' journey from Rome or Paris. It is all a colossal act, sustained so long and so convincingly that the fiction has become half fact; and nobody enters more completely into the spirit of the charade, we may be sure, than the stranger himself, trembling with nervousness and historical awareness as he bends his knee before the doge and submits his credentials.

Europe was aware that there was chicanery here. Did not a Venetian bleed, laugh, and die like any other Christian? If the Venetian presence seemed ethereal in the lagoon, or among the distant islands of the east, on the mainland of Italy it was earthy enough. During the centuries of her overseas expansion Venice had acquired a hinterland empire. Even in the days of Byzantine hegemony she had established certain trading rights on the Italian mainland, and as she grew rich and powerful in the distribution trade, it became ever more important to secure safe access to her markets in western Europe and equable terms for her re-exports. If a superior fleet could starve her, hostile tariffs could ruin her.

So the Venetians became unavoidably embroiled in the rivalries of Italy and for several centuries were engaged in intermittent wars with their neighbors. By the middle of the fifteenth century Venice was one of Italy's most important land powers. Her frontiers extended to the Alps in the north and almost to Milan in the west. Padua, Bergamo, Vicenza, and Verona were all Venetian cities, and the republic's trading rights were protected throughout the Po valley by garrisons and fortresses. Some of the ablest of European mercenaries fought for Venice, and most of her soldiers were drawn from the mainland cities.

Jealous reactions were inevitable. Nobody likes the successful outsider, especially since the power of Venice (like the power of Britain three centuries later) was based not upon size or material resources but upon ability and chance. It so happened that Venice, on the frontier between two worlds, had mastered the commerce of the Levant and had become the dominant power of the Mediterranean. And it so chanced that her situation and her manner of life had obliged her to create a mainland empire, too. The Venetians' native gift of showmanship enabled them to confuse the world with persiflage and make the republic seem far more formidable than it really was. People were intoxicated by the form of it, and took the form to be the substance.

But it could not last forever. In April, 1498, news reached the Rialto that Vasco da Gama had taken his Portuguese caravels around the southern tip of Africa and had found a sea route to India and China. At once, we are told, several of the Venetian banks failed, so perspicacious were the financiers of the republic. They knew this was the beginning of the end, for eventually a sea route to the East would break Venice's virtual monop-



Extravagant showmanship, a proclivity toward the taking of calculated risks, and unabashed greed—all salient features of the Venetian way of life—are epitomized in Francesco Guardi's Il Ridotto, *which also sums up the decadence of eighteenth-century Venice and prefigures the city's later role as the fleshpot of Europe.*

CA' REZZONICO, VENICE—SCALA



As elaborately costumed masked revelers disport themselves in the great hall of the Casino of Ca' Giustinian, a somewhat more purposeful cashier (far left) transacts business outside one of the gaming parlors—a theme that, with numerous airs and variations, is as clearly perceptible to today's tourists as it was to Guardi himself.

oly over Oriental commerce. Her occupation would be gone, and her power would vanish—for all her fleets, her diplomatic networks, her imperial possessions, existed only to safeguard her profits from the East.

After 1500 the story of Venice is one of almost unbroken decline, but the process was so slow, and so disguised with pageantry, that the world scarcely knew what was happening. In 1508 the exasperated European powers formed an alliance, the League of Cambrai, to suppress "the insatiable cupidity of the Venetians and their thirst for dominion." They feared that the growing land power of the Venetians would upset what they fondly supposed to be the natural balance of Europe. Yet for another three centuries Venice survived. Inspired artists still emerged from her studios, majestic buildings still arose upon her mud flats, her manners and customs became ever more superb. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries Venice stood almost alone in resisting the expansion of the Turks, fighting a self-interested crusade on behalf of a distinctly unresponsive Christendom; Islam reached the western shores of Greece, but never crossed the narrow gap to Corfu, the defiant outpost of La Serenissima.

Gradually, almost imperceptibly, the fire died. The merchant princes lost their high sense of dedication. The profit instinct was blunted. The steel determination flagged. The arsenal, once the supreme armory of the world, became no more than a second-rate repair yard. The flag of Saint Mark was seen with decreasing frequency on the shipping routes. The Venetian caravansaries of the Levant closed one by one, and year by year the islands and enclaves of the overseas empire fell away, until by the early years of the eighteenth century nothing was left but the Ionian Islands and a few Dalmatian ports.

Now Venice, mistress of "a Quarter and a Half-quarter of the Roman Empire," became above all a carnival—"the Revel of the earth," as Byron put it, "the Masque of Italy." The pose became the reality; the façade, the state. In the overblown flower of her eighteenth-century decadence, stripped of her consequence and her possessions, Venice was the most dissolute, the most carefree, in many ways the most charming, place in the world. To her theatres, casinos, and salons the hedonists flocked from all of Europe. Gossip and license were her specialties now, and her gifts were devoted to pleasure. Almost anything went in this dizzily permissive society that was half boudoir, half bordello. The Venetians shamelessly played to the tourist gallery, and for the most part their visitors were less shocked than delighted. It may have been pathetic, but it was fun, and it still had style. Tiepolo the painter caught the rococo allure of it all in his guileless blues and pastry whirligigs of ornament; Goldoni immortalized the frothy humor; Goethe responded to the underlying innocence when he called the doge "the grandpapa of all the Venetians." La Serenissima no longer cared for power, politics, or war. In her heyday the city's population had been 190,000; by the end of the eighteenth century only 96,000 citizens remained.

For all the gaiety this was a melancholy spectacle, for Venice was still a part of Europe, part of the order of things. Her constitution still stood fast. In other countries kings had supplanted princes, coercion had capped rebellions, but in Venice the aristocratic system had remained virtually unchallenged. It was perhaps the most successful example of political consistency in history, and it gave to Venice, even in the poignancy of decline, an aura, however spurious, of natural permanence. "Venice has preserved her independence during eleven centuries," wrote Voltaire in the 1760's, "and I flatter myself will preserve it for ever"—so hard was it to imagine a world without the Venetian Republic.

Napoleon thought otherwise and looked upon La Serenissima and its oligarchy with disdain. His armies had contemptuously marched through the Venetian provinces of the mainland, fighting the Austrians as they went and requisitioning provisions right and left. By 1797 he was ready to sweep Venice into oblivion. To him the republic was no more than a depraved parody of a reactionary original, and like a scourge he fell upon the city that summer and ended its ancient order.

The sounds of carnival were silenced, and the tree of liberty was erected, like a poke in the patrician eye, within sight of the Doge's Palace. The loot that had come from the East passed now to the West. The golden horses of the Basilica went to Paris, for installation upon a triumphal arch, and diamonds from the St. Mark's Treasury were put aside, to be set a few years later in Josephine's crown. The dungeons of the Doge's Palace were thrown open, revealing only a solitary aged mute inside. For the words *Pax Tibi Marce* on the open book in the paws of the Lion of Saint Mark was substituted a slogan more proper to the times: "Rights and Duties of Man and Citizen." The last of the doges, whose visiting card was decorated with a nude Adonis asleep beneath a tree, abdicated without protest, handing his ducal hat to his servant with the listless comment: "Take it away. We shan't be needing it again."

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Figureheads they may have been, but most Venetian doges managed to look the part of movers and shakers. Or so, at least, they were made to appear by such ducal painters as Titian. His portrait of Doge Andrea Gritti was painted around 1540, when the artist was midway through an extremely long career (he was active until his death at ninety-nine) —a career that Gritti, a noted patron of Venetian arts, did his best to further.





The First Discovery of AMERICA

It was accomplished not by the Vikings, or by an Italian, but by the Beringians—a hardy folk who settled the continent and gave America her great early civilizations

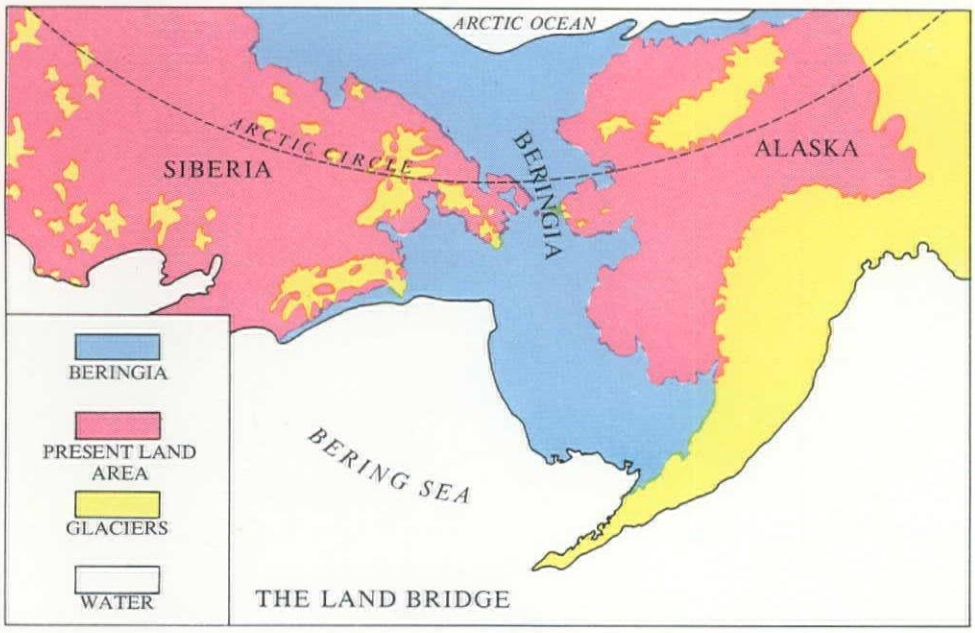
By CHARLTON OGBURN, JR.



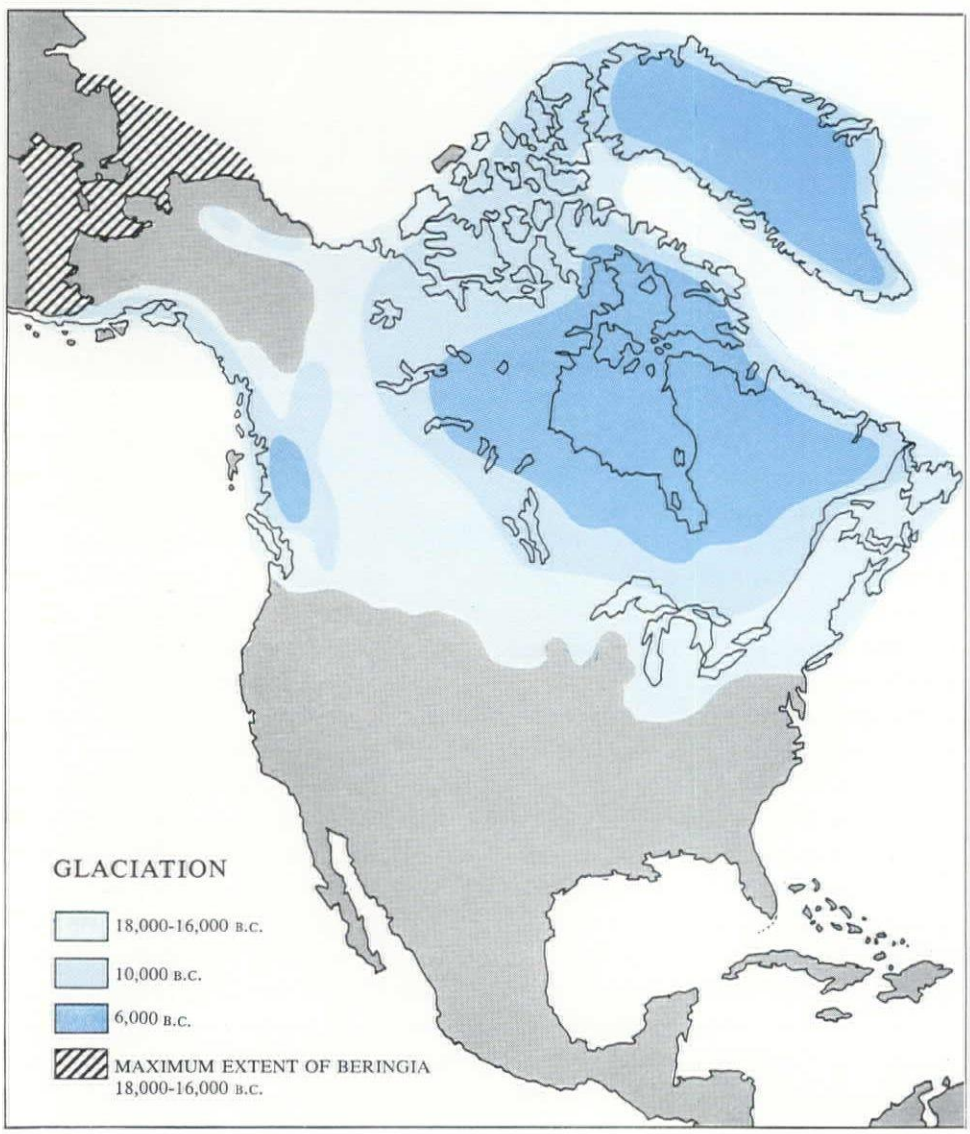
The first men who entered Beringia came from Asia; they wore furs and carried stone-pointed shafts to hunt the animals they pursued. The painting above, from the Anthropology Museum in Mexico City, shows Beringia as it may have been.

Few such momentous events in human history can have taken place with so little to indicate their importance. The setting was near the top of the world, in a time of brutal cold, and probably about as bleak as any imaginable. A low, rolling plain stretched out to the horizon—treeless and largely without even shrubs, in part probably steppelike, in part covered with a matted assemblage of lichens, sedges, and depressed flowering plants. Swept by merciless winds through the long winter, it was a place of boggy lowlands in the brief summer; for while little snow or rain fell on it, there was scant drainage. The ground was perpetually frozen, except when the summer thaw reached a few inches down. The ice was probably extruded here and there into mounds as high as a hundred feet. Similar landscapes may be found in parts of western and northern Alaska and in the Barren Lands of Canada, with the difference that the latter bear marks of the ice sheet's visitation: innumerable lakes and ponds, boulders, and hillocks of rubble and gravel. "A monotonous, snow-covered waste," the explorer Warburton Pike wrote of the tundra seventy years ago, where "a deathly stillness hangs over all, and the oppressive loneliness weighs upon the spectator until he is glad to shout aloud to break the awful spell of solitude."

The actors in the drama that was to unfold with so little of the dramatic were seemingly as unpromising as the country that swallowed them up. Unless they were hardier than the toughest Eskimos they must have worn furs, with coverings for their hands and feet, and lived in tents. However, these garments and shelters can only have been crudely pieced together. They undoubtedly had fire, but the only fuel their grim surroundings could have offered would have been animal fats, dried animal droppings, and perhaps a scanty brush. As for food, they probably scavenged for carrion, and when that failed, hunted down the



Though not submerged, Beringia was walled off from North America by glaciers and was really part of Siberia at the height of the last ice age some twenty thousand years ago, as the map above shows. Below is a map of the great glaciers from 18,000 to 8,000 B.C., as they slowly began to recede and allowed men and animals to migrate.



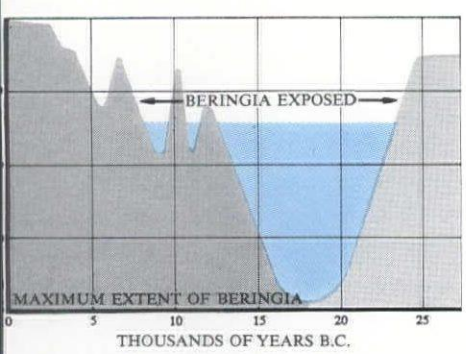
living, their fellow dwellers of steppe and tundra—musk-oxen, caribou, and mammoths. To bring down such formidable quarry, and defend their kill and themselves from the packs of giant Arctic wolves, they had weapons fitted with flaked stones. For shafts, they must have had to return periodically to the southern coast for driftwood. The stone points, probably made of flint or obsidian, were similar to those used at the peak of Neanderthal culture, in the period that archaeologists call Mousterian, after the cave of Le Moustier in southwestern France.

At best, one might have thought these inhabitants capable of merely clinging to the edge of survival from one generation to the next. Yet if one could have looked into their eyes and read the potentialities there, one might have seen brilliant pioneer agriculturalists; the creators of splendid and complex civilizations; masters of such abstract knowledge as positional mathematics, astronomy, and calendric calculation; metallurgists and metalworkers with few, if any, superiors; engineers of networks of roads and of suspension bridges; priests of elaborate religions; builders of pyramids and of magnificently carved temples filled with superb statuary; lovers of fine cloth, gold ornaments, color, and pomp; some of the world's most accomplished practitioners of cavalry warfare; the possessors, in actuality or legend, of that nobility ascribed to the proud and stoic red man. For, if current archaeological reasoning is correct, the progenitors of the widespread and varied tribes of the American Indian were these mid-Paleolithic proto-Mongoloids of "Beringia."

Speaking of that time, Professor William S. Laughlin of the University of Wisconsin says: "The Bering Strait area is still commonly visualized as a narrow path or trail over which people hustled, in one direction, on their way to take up positions in which they would presently be discovered. . . . In fact, the Bering Land Bridge was an

enormous continental area extending nearly 1,500 kilometers from its southern extremity, now the eastern Aleutians, to its northern margin in the Arctic Ocean"—as far as from Boston to Savannah—and it "endured for a longer time than that documented for the entire period of human occupancy in America." For a large part of that time it was probably inhabited by bands of Stone Age men, trekking this way and that as the movements of game dictated, with no notion of migration in their heads.

Perhaps no other major highway of history has fewer human visitors today. The Alaskan and Siberian shores of the Bering and Chukchi seas are just about the remotest parts of the United States and the U.S.S.R. respectively. An American who journeys to Cape Prince of Wales, at the tip of the Seward Peninsula, or a Russian who journeys to the end of Chukotka Peninsula, will find himself within fifty-six miles of the other's country, which he is likely to have thought of as being on the other side of the world. That is the width of Bering Strait, which the Russian-employed Danish explorer Vitus Bering sailed through in August, 1728, demonstrating that the Old World and the New were physically separated. In Bering Strait the waters of the Bering Sea, the northernmost part of the Pacific, meet those of the Chukchi, an extension of the Arctic Ocean, which also communicates with the North Atlantic. It



The variable line on this graph shows how the sea level has probably changed in Bering Strait from 30,000 B.C. onward.

is a place of haze and fog, of frozen wastes, ice-free for only a few months of the year. As inhospitable and distant as the remains of Beringia are, they have recently attracted considerable scientific attention. At the end of August, 1965, a symposium on the land bridge was held at Boulder, Colorado, as part of a congress on the Pleistocene Age. The papers delivered there have since been published under the title *The Bering Land Bridge*. Edited by David M. Hopkins of the U.S. Geological Survey, a leading student of this austere region, it appears to tell all that is currently known of its subject.

In the long perspective of the "Recent-Life," or Cenozoic, era—also called the Age of Mammals—which goes back sixty million years, the connection between Siberia and Alaska is normal. That they were connected during most of this vast stretch of time is clearly shown by the similarities between the faunas on either side of the bridge and by the evidence of an interchange of mammals between the continents.

If the faunas of two areas are alike, it is a fair conclusion that the areas are, or were until very recently, connected. Every living thing is under unremitting pressure to achieve a more profitable adaptation to its environment—improve or disappear is the choice perpetually facing most species in this ruthlessly competitive world. When a barrier impedes the movement of living things, the plants and animals on either side, responding to differences in soils and climates, will change in different directions. However slight the first divergences may be, they will increase with the passage of time.

According to the fossil evidence, there was a period forty-five million years or so ago and one some thirty million years ago when movement between Eurasia and North America was temporarily impeded. But the first known submergence of the land bridge took place only about ten or twelve million years ago. The event is marked by the appearance in the Atlantic Ocean of fossils of marine creatures from the Pacific and of Atlantic fossils in the Pacific—for one creature's land bridge is another's land barrier, just as one creature's water barrier is another's water avenue. In this case the water avenue led over the top of the world. Among the migrants were the early walrus—a Pacific form—which turned up on the east coast of North America, and the first true seal—an Atlantic form—which made it to California. Why the land bridge went under, and why, not very long afterward comparatively speaking, it reemerged, is not known. In any case, the exchange of land animals was resumed. The ancestor of the American mastodon crossed eastward, and long after the reopening of the bridge, *Plesippus*, the "almost-horse," which was the first to have the stalwart proportions of modern varieties, crossed to Asia, to give rise to the early Old World equines (though not to the domestic horse, which derived from a later migrant from North America).

When *Plesippus* crossed it, the bridge had had an unbroken existence of perhaps six million years, but *Plesippus* may have got over just in time; for late in the Pliocene period, which preceded the Pleistocene (the period of the ice ages), the seas once more closed over the land, and Bering Strait reopened. Again, as millions of years before, marine fauna were exchanged between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. This took place three and a half or four million years ago. Ever since that time the separation of Siberia and Alaska has been normal, and their reunion exceptional.

Speculation that a northern land bridge had permitted man to reach the New World began many years ago. David Hopkins has traced the hypothesis back as far as Fray José de Acosta, a Spanish missionary who in 1590 wrote a history of the Indians. The Bering Strait area was a natural choice for the probable site, both because the Old World and the New stand closest

there and because of the obviously Asian origin of the American Indian. Not until 1934, however, did it dawn on the scientific community that what had brought the land bridge into being was the lowering of sea level caused by the extraction of water from the oceans to form the snow that turned into the great ice sheets of the glacial epochs. To expose the Bering land bridge, the oceans would have to drop 150 feet from today's level, which is probably 250 feet below where the level actually would be were it not for the water now held in the Greenland and Antarctic ice sheets. To lower the oceans by the requisite amount, four million cubic miles of water would have to be removed from them—which would take a lot of snowflakes. And at the time of the ice sheets' greatest extent, the oceans stood not 150 feet but probably more than 300 feet below their present level. That gives some conception of how monstrous the ice sheets were.

There were four ice ages during Pleistocene times. Each was set apart by long eras of climates that were probably a good deal milder than those of today. The oceans then stood higher than they do now, and forests grew well up into what is now arctic tundra. The interval between the second and third ice ages lasted probably hundreds of thousands of years, and that between the third and fourth, probably scores of thousands. A mere fifteen thousand years have passed since the fourth ice sheet began its conclusive (we may hope) retreat. In each ice age there were fluctuations in the extent of the sheet and hence in sea level. Geologists believe that the Bering land bridge came and went at least six times—one estimate is as high as ten—beginning with its first re-emergence in the Pleistocene, which is said to have taken place more than two million years ago.

We are not to imagine, however, that throughout these periods the land animals of one continent enjoyed easy access to the other. The situation was not so simple. To begin with, forest animals could no longer make the crossing at all, for the land bridge in Pleistocene times was too cold for trees.

In addition, we must not forget at least one very formidable complication. The growth of the ice sheet naturally kept pace with the lowering of the seas; the more water that was evaporated from the oceans and converted into snow, the greater the extent of the ice sheet on which it fell. Even before the withdrawal of water reached its maximum, the sheet expanding westward across Canada would have met the alpine glaciers that flowed down from the high elevations of the Rocky Mountains and buried all but the taller summits of the range. Gates of ice thousands of feet thick would thus have closed, barring any further dispersal of land mammals southward. All mainland Canada would have been covered, like Antarctica today, by ice as much as two miles deep, and Alaska, largely ice-free above its southern regions, would in effect have been part of Siberia.

Thus for the past several million years two barriers have had to be removed to permit movement by land between Asia and North America proper, and for the larger part of the time that the water barrier has been withdrawn, the ice barrier has been in place. Not only was the dispersal of animals from one continent to the other impeded but it was influenced in another way by the sequence of openings and closings. In the early phase of an ice age the route between the continents would be open all the way, giving the mammals of one an equal chance with those of the other to make the crossing. As ice accumulated and Beringia was further exposed, Asian animals would have found it even easier to cross to Alaska. There, coming up against a solid wall of ice—for the glacial gates would by then have closed—they would have had to remain; but thousands of years later, at the end of the ice age, they could have passed southward down the widening corridor, if they had survived. Many surely did. However, a yak-like species of *Bos* and the steppe antelope, or *Saiga*, became extinct before the way south opened up.

The odds were more heavily against animal migration from the New World to the Old. By the time the ice sheet had retreated and opened the way north to Alaska for American animals, the land bridge would probably have been almost, or already, submerged. Moreover, as they pushed northward on the heels of the retreating ice, the original North American fauna would have encountered an immigrant fauna moving southward that was more inured to the harsh conditions left in the wake of the ice. Finally, the new fauna would have come from the much larger and more varied continent of Eurasia and would thus have been more efficient because of stiffer competition; an insular fauna is generally no match for a more cosmopolitan one. Only two mammals from the New World succeeded in establishing themselves in the Old during later Pleistocene times, when the tide was running particularly heavily in the opposite direction, and they were of Eurasian descent. These were the musk-ox and the caribou, which became the reindeer of Europe. Two mammals of more truly American origin had successfully breasted the tide earlier in the Pleistocene. While two is not many, these were, long afterward, to give history a direction and momentum it could otherwise hardly have had. The ancestors of the horse and camel had come from the Old World originally, way back at the dawn of the Cenozoic, but then they had been diminutive—perhaps the size of a fox terrier. North America had built them up to their present proportions before sending them back home again.

The New World's Pleistocene accessions from the Old World account for nearly all the characteristic mammals of northern North America,

many of which have established themselves in the southern regions of the continent as well. The earlier comers, which were pushed south by the ice sheet, gave rise in the course of thousands of years to the plains bison, the black and grizzly bears, the coyote, the kit fox, the American badger, skunks, the Rocky Mountain goat, and the bighorn—all fairly well Americanized forms. Descendants of the later arrivals are still similar to, or even indistinguishable from, their Eurasian relatives. These include the moose (which can hardly be told from the Scandinavian elk), the American "elk," or wapiti (which resembles the European red deer, or even more closely, an Asiatic stag), Alaskan brown bear, gray wolf, red and arctic foxes, wolverine, weasel, ermine, otter, and forest bison. The last is akin to the once widespread European bison, or wisent.

But what about man? What do we know about the crossing of our own species? The date of this event is one of the big questions of archaeology; estimates span almost the whole period of the last ice age. The carbon-14 dating of charcoal from campfires indicates that ten thousand years ago there were hunters in northern Colorado; Folsom man is the name given to them. The Toldense culture in southern South America seems to have been contemporaneous. Earlier, between eleven and thirteen thousand years ago, there were Indians living on the plains of Texas and Mexico. At about the same time, according to the carbon dating of mussel shells associated with human bones found in 1966 near the juncture of the Snake and Palouse rivers, there were Indians in Washington state—"Marmes Man" they were called, in an announcement of July, 1968, that claimed their bones were the oldest human remains ever found in the New World. The next month a very fine bone needle less than one inch long and only one-thirty-second of an inch in average diameter was found at the site and ascribed to Marmes Man. Yet, according to Hansjürgen Müller-Beck of the University of Freiburg, only the postulation of human migration to North America at a far earlier date, perhaps twice as long ago, can resolve the problems of assigning a date to that migration.

What these problems come down to is this. First, if man had not come across the land bridge until twelve or thirteen thousand years ago, he would have brought a different technology from the one he evidently did bring. Secondly, if he came as early as his tools would indicate, he must, because of the condition of the land bridge, have come even earlier—much earlier—than his tools alone would warrant our believing. A flat, bullet-shaped projectile-point imbedded in a bison vertebra from a Folsom site, and now on display in the Smithsonian Institution's Museum of Natural History, is a beautiful piece of work, perhaps hardly to be improved on. Yet the technique of its manufacture would appear to be "Mousteroid," derived from the Neanderthal technique of thirty-five thousand years ago. This would seem to be true, too, of the tools found with Folsom man's predecessors. Even such a technically advanced implement as the needle found in association with Marmes Man could, Dr. Müller-Beck believes, have been produced with typical paleo-Indian gravers. Yet fifteen thousand years ago, at the latest, more advanced techniques had replaced the "Mousteroid industries" not only throughout Europe but even across Siberia. These were the "Aurignacoid industries," named for the cave district of Aurignac in southwestern France, only about a hundred miles south of the cave of Le Moustier. Instead of producing an edged implement by flaking away most of a nodule of flint, as their early Old Stone Age predecessors did, the men of the later Old Stone Age were able to strike blade after blade for various purposes from a single core of flint, thus greatly economizing in the use of a material that probably was becoming scarce, and certainly was heavy to carry on long excursions. They had also learned to make flint chisels of a kind called burins, with which bones, antlers, and ivory could be handily worked. If the first immigrants to America were content with the old Mousteroid techniques, it could only have been because they had not been introduced to the new, the Aurignacoid.

But if the new techniques reached eastern Siberia fifteen thousand years ago, why is it not fair to deduce that men first crossed the land bridge then? The answer is that if they had waited until so recent a time as that, they would have run into the ice barrier.

Well, suppose they had. Might they not have stuck it out in Alaska until the glaciers parted between fourteen and eleven thousand years ago, and then pressed southward? To begin with, there is a very great question whether, given the length of time needed for vegetation to recloak the ice-stripped land and render it habitable, they could have made it in time to be living on the Texas plains thirteen thousand years ago. Beyond that, Dr. Müller-Beck argues that to have survived the increasingly severe climatic conditions in Beringia and Alaska, they would almost surely have had to possess the "well-developed bone technology" of the Aurignacoid industries. And presumably, from being in contact with their fellows in Siberia, they *would* have possessed it. Yet the first human immigrants to North America evidently did not.

To set the limits of the time of their probable arrival requires a look at the chronology of the fourth ice age. The latest major reign of the cold most likely began early enough to drain Bering Strait by forty thousand years ago. Since by that time man apparently had learned to wrest a living from the tundra, he may conceivably have crossed to the New World then, though the kind of tools he would have brought with him have never been found in the Americas. At any rate, a period of moderate tempera-

tures that divided the fourth ice age into two parts saw the land bridge flooded again sometime after thirty-five thousand years ago. Then the cold returned, and between twenty-eight and twenty-five thousand years ago the land bridge re-emerged. By that time Mousteroid toolmaking techniques that would have enabled their practitioners to hunt down the largest game—musk-oxen, caribou, bison, and mammoths—had spread across Siberia. The proto-Mongoloid huntsmen of eastern Siberia could well have moved by stages across the widening land bridge into Alaska without any consciousness of a departure from the routine of their people.

That is what Dr. Müller-Beck believes they did twenty-eight thousand years ago. With game animals keeping pace with the grass and tundra growth as it reclaimed the land evacuated by the sea, the huntsmen who depended on them would probably not have been far behind. Those who reached Alaska and ventured southward would have been driven into the present forty-eight states when the continental ice sheet reached the icebound Rocky Mountains, about twenty or even twenty-three thousand years ago.

What would one not give to be able to see our continent through the eyes of those first comers! Today only Africa can give us a conception of what the Pleistocene fauna of North America was like, and tomorrow very likely nothing will. The plains and prairies thundered to the hoofs of bison—not only the kind familiar to us but giants of their species with horns having a six-foot spread. There were ten species of horses, ranging in size from that of a Shetland pony to hulking creatures as big as the largest Shire stallion bred by man. There were camels of many species, including giant llamas and the great *Camelops*, which stood taller than the largest camel of today; Folsom man hunted it, as he did the giant bison, and as his forerunners must have also.

We think of elephants as tropical, but the first Americans shared the continent with four species of them —Pleistocene immigrants like themselves. The shaggy Siberian, or woolly, mammoth with its humped back and high-domed head, its huge tusks incurved, was at home south of the ice sheet around the world, reaching southern New England. The more southerly mammoths were quite possibly hairless. One of these, the imperial mammoth of the Great Plains, stood over thirteen feet high at the shoulder, several feet taller than large African elephants of today. Mastodons the size of Indian elephants browsed in the coniferous forests across the country; more than a hundred skeletons have been found in New York State alone.

As bulky as elephants were the long-clawed giant ground sloths, which lumbered about on the sides of their feet and, rearing up, could feed on foliage twenty feet high. The ground sloths had come up from South America, as had the glyptodonts—armadillos superficially resembling long-tailed tortoises and up to twelve feet long. There were beavers the size of bears and bears before which a grizzly would have quailed. Among the beasts of prey were great dire wolves, an American lion larger than any today, and several species of saber-toothed cats, which reached their peak of size and power in the Western hemisphere.

Along the margins of the ice sheet, as far south as Pennsylvania, southern Illinois, and Iowa, was tundra, and grazing on the tundra were musk-oxen and caribou. Below the tundra stretched a northern forest of fir and spruce. The arid West would scarcely have been recognizable to us today, for ice ages (and this is part of their mystery) are times of unusually heavy precipitation. Great Salt Lake was ten times its present size. Another lake, almost as big, occupied the lowlands of western Nevada. Death Valley, the driest—and hottest—spot in North America today was itself at the bottom of a lake. The grasses of the Great Plains must have been as lush as those that amazed the first white invaders of the prairies, whose horses disappeared in the eight-foot-high bluestem.

As the climate warmed and the ice receded, a momentous occurrence took place. It is recorded in a small flint object discovered in a deposit of some ten thousand years ago in a rock shelter in Texas. The object is a burin, and it marks the appearance of Aurignacoid industries in North America. The logical inference is that they had come through contact between the first comers, the paleo-Indians spreading north in the wake of the shrinking ice sheet, and inhabitants of Beringia who had spread east and south in its wake.

The element of drama lacking to begin with when the proto-Mongoloids wandered unwittingly into the New World must have been present at the meeting with the strangers from the north. For more than ten thousand years—longer than the entire span of human civilization—the paleo-Indians had been cut off from the rest of the world by the oceans and the wall of ice stretching across the continent south of Canada. And then suddenly there were men from beyond that bleak landscape the ice had left—men with better tools than theirs and probably with better made and more protective clothing, perhaps with a cast of countenance unlike any seen before, and certainly speaking a totally incomprehensible tongue.

Where had these men come from? They may have been in Alaska all the while and have received the new techniques from Siberia long before, or they may have come fairly recently from Siberia. While the land bridge would have gone under before the ice barrier was removed, a period of renewed cold may have set in between thirteen and eleven thousand years ago, and the land bridge may have re-emerged while the way was also clear to the south.

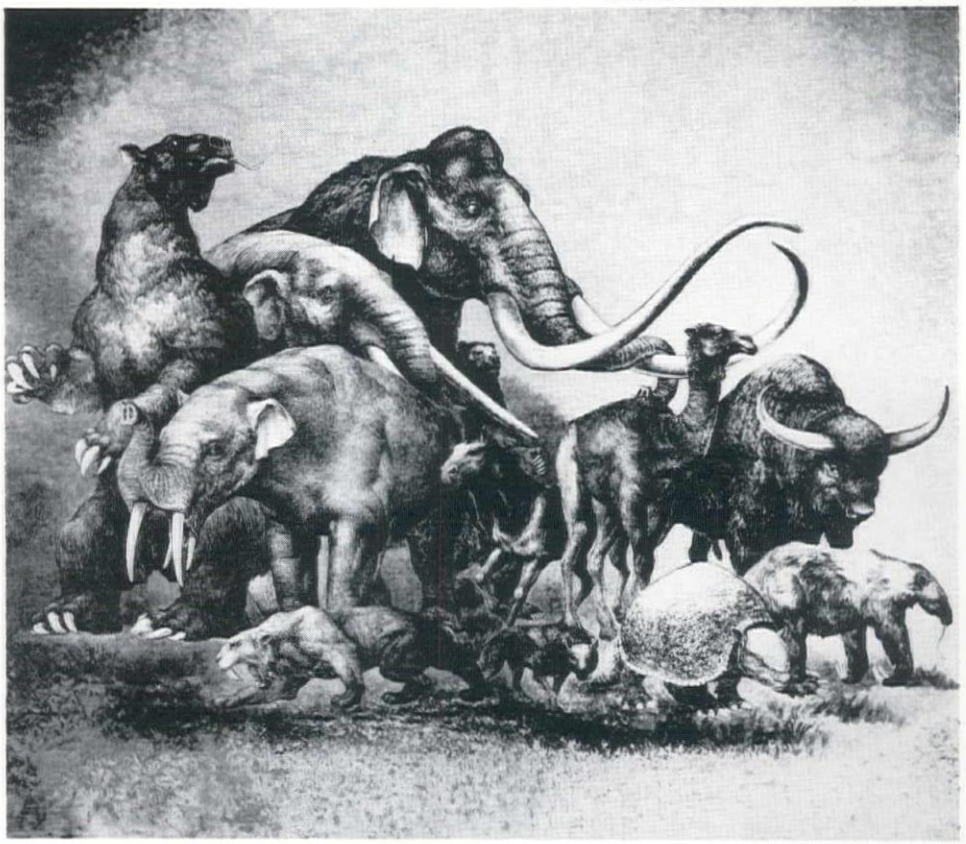
In any event, the bringers of the new techniques were not Aleuts or Eski-

mos. Those true Mongoloids apparently did not appear in Alaska until about 8,500 years ago, when the only means of getting there was by boat.

The meeting between the paleo-Indians and the newcomers from Alaska (who may very well have been Athabaskan Indians) marked the end of the Pleistocene period and the beginning of the Recent. The end of the Pleistocene fauna was at hand, too. The disappearance of the super-mammals everywhere but in Africa has long confronted science with a mystery. What makes it mysterious is that the vacated ecological "niches" were not taken over by new and better adapted forms. The rapidity with which the horse reoccupied its ancestral lands when the Spanish reintroduced it to the New World in the sixteenth century demonstrates that the niche had remained unoccupied. In North America, as Paul S. Martin of the University of Arizona has observed, over a hundred Pleistocene species were wiped out, including about 70 per cent of those with an individual weight in adulthood of more than a hundred pounds.

Dr. Martin dismisses the conventional theory that climatic changes accompanied by changes in vegetation were more than the megafauna could adjust to. The agency of destruction, he argues persuasively, was man—man the Stone Age killer, employing the tactics of range-firing and game-driving that would send herds over cliffs and doom hundreds of animals for the sake of a few carcasses. Then perhaps he hunted down the scattered remnants for the prestige that attaches to the slaughter of an imposing beast, "even today within our own society." The poignancy of this zoological impoverishment of the world is sharpened by the evidence of how recently it was concluded. In his *History of Land Mammals in the Western Hemisphere* William B. Scott points out that most American mastodon skeletons that have been found long postdate the ice sheet; several have been discovered in bogs covered by only a few inches of peat and with much of their hair and stomach contents preserved. He cites also the case of the skeleton of a ground sloth discovered in a cave in New Mexico with the ligaments and some of the skin still adhering to it.

NATIONAL ANTHROPOLOGY MUSEUM, MEXICO, D.F.



In this painting are some of the animals that confronted early American man: from left to right, a giant ground sloth, a mastodon, and a mammoth, behind which lurks a cave bear; the third and smallest elephant is a Rhynchotherium, *which is flanked by a horse. The* Camelops *stands beside a giant bison. In the front row are a saber-toothed cat, a wolf, a gloptodont, and a small ground sloth. Some experts believe that man the predator may have caused the untimely demise of all these species.*

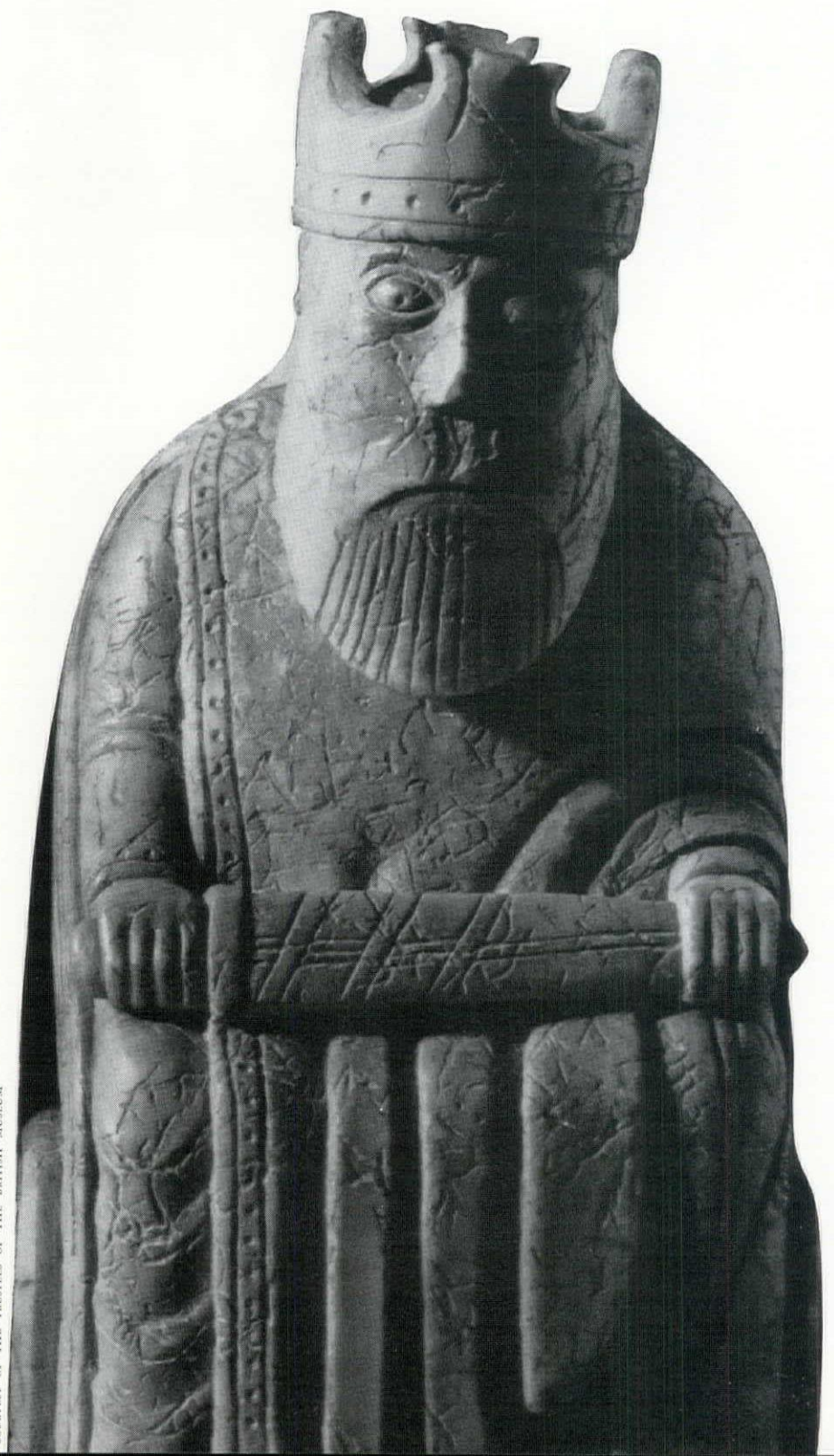
One might well wonder how many people must have crossed the land bridge to have wrought all the changes that stemmed from that migration.

W. S. Laughlin suggests that the movement of only a few groups of fifty to one hundred members each across the land bridge could have accounted for the number of human beings in the New World when Columbus discovered it, and would be consistent with the bitterly inhospitable character of the terrain and with the extent of observed diversity among the Indians today—who, given the variety of the areas they have inhabited and the time they have inhabited them, are a people of notable physical uniformity. And very likely that is all there were, a few hundred hungry, shivering tribesmen, thanks to whom the mightiest of Pleistocene mammalry were to vanish from the hemisphere, the empires of the Incas, Mayas, Toltecs, and Aztecs were to rise, and our forefathers in the next influx from the Old World were to be compelled to run a bloody gamut of Iroquois and Cherokee, Shawnee and Choctaw, Sioux, Blackfoot, Comanche, Cheyenne, Paiute, and Navaho.

Charlton Ogburn, Jr., wrote The Forging of Our Continent *for the Smithsonian Library series and, earlier,* The Winter Beach, *an account of the Northeast coast under the cold.*

THE ENCHANTED

It is tempting to think that they were put on the remote island of Lewis



PHOTOGRAPHS EDWIN SMITH
COURTESY OF THE TRUSTEES OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM

The isle of Lewis (pronounced *Lews* by its Gaelic-speaking inhabitants) is the northernmost of the Outer Hebrides—a barren, wind-blasted land of rocks, swamps, and peat moss; of fishermen, raisers of black cattle, and weavers of a sturdy tweed that gives off the smell of heather when it gets damp. The long Atlantic rollers break unimpeded against the island's western shore, for there is nothing between here and Iceland except six hundred miles of sea and a cluster of treacherous rocks known as the Seven Hunters. Here, as at Stonehenge, the earliest inhabitants built immense circles of hewn stone. They also left behind a legacy of ghosts and spirits that centuries of stern Christianity have been unable to dispel.

It is hardly surprising, then, that thoughts of witchcraft were still very much in the air on that day in the spring of 1831 when the sea undermined and carried away a sandbank at Ardroil, on the west coast of the island, uncovering a mysterious stone building, like a baking oven, that had been buried under several feet of sand. The exposure of this curious structure, says a contemporary account, "excited the curiosity, or more probably the cupidity, of a peasant who chanced to be working in the neighborhood; he proceeded to break into it, when he was astonished to see what he concluded to be an assemblage of elves or gnomes upon whose mysteries he had unconsciously intruded. The superstitious Highlander flung down his spade, and fled home in dismay . . ."

There the matter might have rested

By FREDERIC V. GRUNFELD

CHESSMEN

ic. The explanation may be more prosaic—but just as fascinating

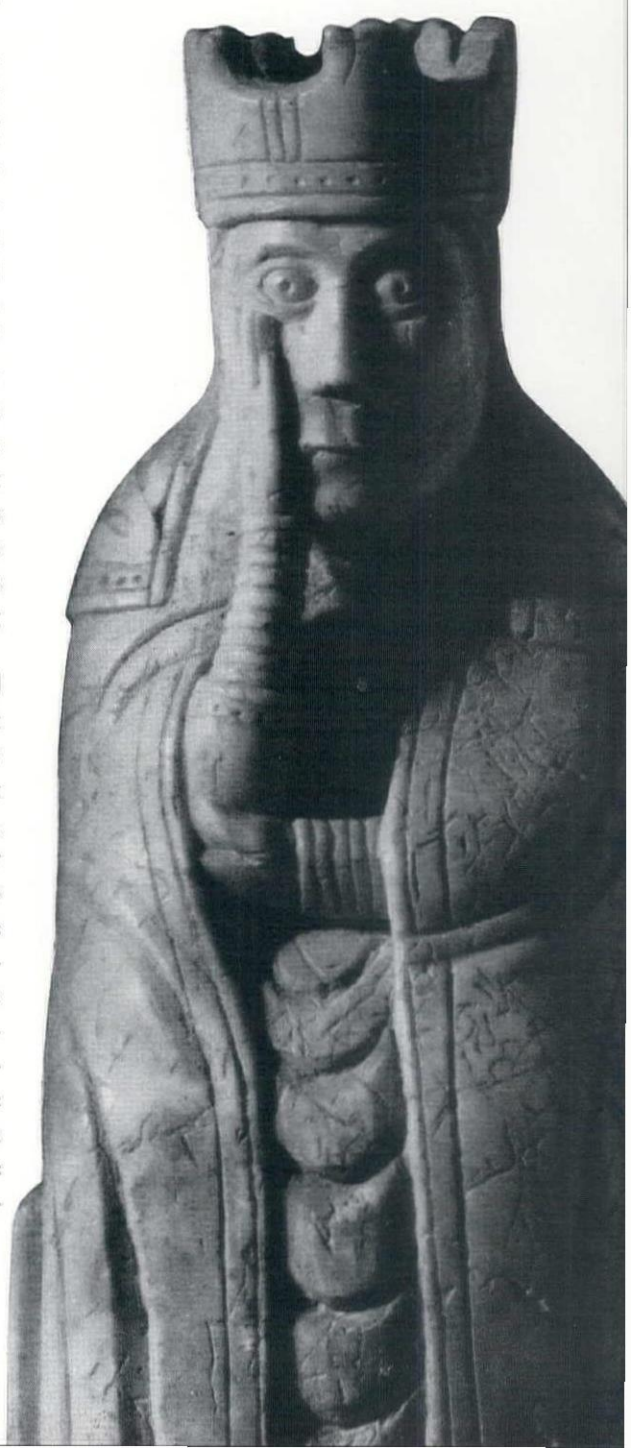
but for the timely intervention of a hardier and more pragmatic spirit—the man's wife. This story, in fact, sounds like a variant of the old fairy tale about the fisherman's wife who keeps sending him back to the seashore to ask another boon of the enchanted codfish or whatever, but with a happier ending. "Incited by the bolder curiosity of his wife," the report continues, "he was at length induced to return to the spot, and bring away with him the singular little ivory figures, which had not unnaturally appeared to him the pigmy sprites of Celtic folklore."

Perhaps his heart was still in his shoes when he brought them home, but once it was clear that the things were not bewitched, he cheerfully disposed of them to a local collector who recognized at once that they were chessmen. There were seventy-eight pieces in all, belonging to seven or more incomplete sets; sixty-seven of them are now in the British Museum, the rest in the National Museum in Edinburgh. To the antiquarians who first examined them, they could not have been more fascinating if they *had* been elves—for these compact Romanesque figures, carved from morse ivory (walrus tusk), are unique in the annals of medieval art. Nothing quite like them has been found before or since, and art experts are unanimous in regarding them as "the most astonishing collection of ancient chessmen in existence."

Drawn up in full array—the largest just over four inches high—they look like a summit conference of twelfth-century monarchs attended by their retainers. More faithfully and in greater detail than any other set of chessmen, they reflect the actual customs and costumes of their masters, the flesh-and-blood kings, queens, knights, and bishops who used to play with such superbly carved pieces on equally sumptuous boards, sometimes inlaid with gold and silver.

This, in effect, is how the upper stratum of medieval society saw itself in the three-dimensional mirror of chess. And though the style of the pieces is almost geometric in its simplicity—the figures compressed into a shape that fits easily into the hand—the carvers omitted no essential detail in the knights' panoply, the clerics' vestments, or the kings' regalia. Only the pawns are abstractions; at a time when knights were knights, men were expendable. Since the common peasant (pezon, peon, pawn) didn't play chess and had no need to see himself on the gaming board, he could be shown as an unperson in the shape of something resembling—tombstones.

It was the minutiae of armor and costume that first enabled experts at the British Museum to estimate the age and provenance of these pieces. Most of the armored figures, for example, wear conical helmets with the steel ear muffs known as oreillets, and nasals to protect their noses; such nasals were rare in the eleventh century but common enough in the twelfth. On the other hand their coats of mail, or hauberks, are the short, simple sort produced before the latter part of the twelfth century, when hauberks began to be cut along jauntier lines. The fighting figures bear a startling resem-



QUEEN

blance, in fact, to the knights who are shown belaboring each other on the Bayeux tapestry—A.D. 1066 and all that—except that the Bayeux combatants are mostly clean-shaven while the Lewis men wear beards.

The fact that the bishops wear miters also helps fix the date as being later than A.D. 1000, for miters do not appear in church rituals until after that time. The vestments, incidentally, are carved with such loving attention to sartorial detail that the carvers may have been monks; it seems unlikely that any noncleric would have been so precise in rendering the dalmatic, chasuble, stole, and tunic that these bishops wear. The costumes of the kings and queens, on the other hand, are less revealing than the elaborate Romanesque carving on their thrones. The scrollwork is similar to that of some twelfth-century sculpture in the cathedral of Lund, Sweden—which has enabled the British Museum's expert on the chessmen, Michael Taylor, to estimate that they were carved "probably no later than A.D. 1170 and perhaps as early as 1150."

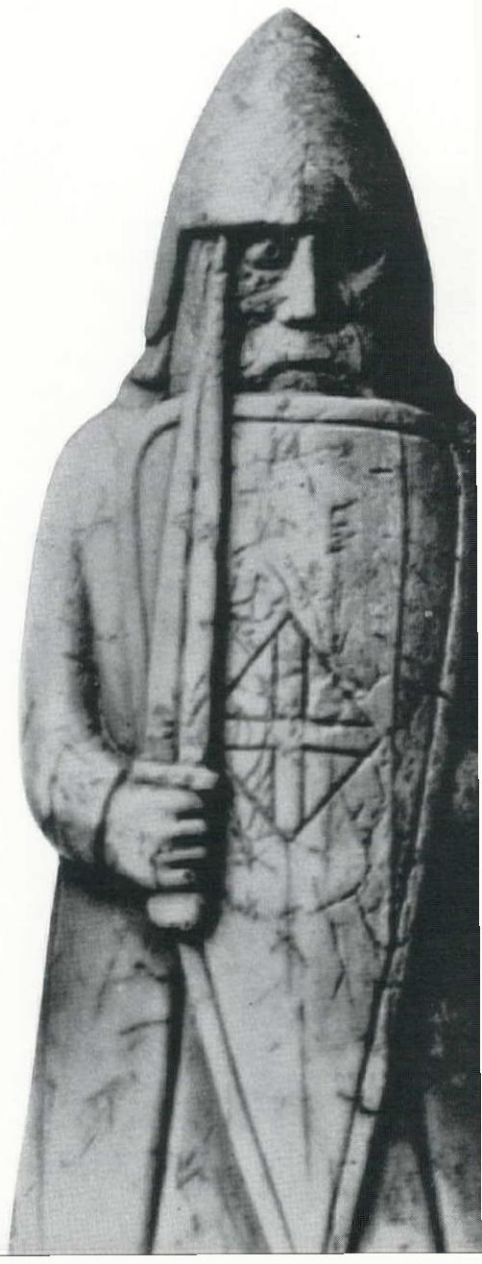
From a chessplayer's viewpoint the oddest pieces of the collection are the rooks, which take the form of captains afoot rather than castles. Such figures were known to have been used in Iceland as late as the seventeenth century; in 1644 a French writer reported, "Their rooks are little Captains, which the Icelandic scholars here call Centurions." The Icelandic word for rook was *hrokr* or *hrokur*—but it was not just a chess piece for them; the word also meant "a brave, strong man." Our English "rook" is usually thought to have descended from the Hindu *roth*' ("armed chariot") or the Persian *ruch* ("dromedary"), but after pondering the brave, strong *hrokr* of this medieval set, the great paleographer Sir Frederic Madden suggested that for the real source of the word we should look to the Persian *rokh*—"a hero or military adventurer." If so, then it was the Icelanders, alone among European nations, who preserved the original sense of "rook" in their chess imagery.

In any case, the presence of warrior-rooks suggests that the chessmen may have been carved in Iceland and left on Lewis by a seafaring trader who dealt, among other things, in ivory figures. Another possibility is that they were made in Scandinavia for sale in Iceland. Or again, the Scandinavians themselves at that point in history may have been playing with *hrokr* instead of castles. Considering their long history of trade with Samarkand and points south (coins of that region are found in Viking hoards of the ninth and tenth centuries), the Scandinavians may have acquired their chess game from Asia at first hand, while the rest of Europe got it the long way round, via the Moors and Saracens of the Mediterranean.

The Arabic form of chess that came to Spain under the Moorish kings was an Indian and Persian war game with distinctly Eastern features, such as elephants and viziers. In Christian hands it was quickly adapted to local conditions. The shah became a king—though we remember his antecedents when we declare the *shah mat* ("helpless") at the end of the game. The *firz*, or *firzan* ("wise man," "counselor"), who sat next to the shah in the Persian version was replaced by a characteristically Western figure, the queen, though for a long time she continued to be known as *ferzia*, *fierce*, *fers*, *fierge*, etc., which led to a great many poetic allusions to the Virgin Mary as the *fierge-vierge* who puts the devil in checkmate. The next piece over, *al-fil* ("the elephant") in Arabic, was variously transformed into a sage, a count, or a fool (*fil* had suggested *fol* to the French), but more often into a bishop; obviously the Europeans knew very little about elephants and still less



KNIGHT



ROOK

about their employment as instruments of war. The Arabic *faras* ("horse") was identified with the European knight who fought on horseback; the *baidaq* ("foot soldier") was mustered into the infantry as *pedes* (pedona, paon, pion, etc.), while the rook, though the fastest piece on the board, somehow came to be represented by the static symbol of the castle.

By modern standards medieval chess was a slow, unwieldly game. The queen moved only one square diagonally and was thus the weakest piece on the board (not until the fifteenth century did she acquire her present power). The bishop could move only two squares diagonally and had no power over the intervening square, though he could leap over it if it was occupied. Pawns could move only one square at starting, and castling was unknown. Even so, chess became one of the all-consuming passions of the Middle Ages—to the point where Cardinal Damiani, in A.D. 1061, condemned "the madness of chess" and warned the clergy not "to take part in the vanity of chess, and to defile your hand" in such an ungodly enterprise.

Though forbidden to priests, monks, and members of the knightly orders, it was soon to play a decisive role in secular, or indeed sexual, affairs. In the original twelfth-century version, when Tristan is sent to Ireland to fetch King Mark's bride, Yseult, they play chess together on shipboard, and thus their guilty passion is conceived over a chessboard and not, as we had always been led to believe, over a diminished seventh chord. Gottfried von Strassburg's German version of the tale, circa 1210, describes the fatal game as taking place on a "beautifully ornamented" board, and the pieces as being "*von edelen helfenbeine, ergraben meisterliche*"—of precious ivory, masterfully carved. That sounds as if they might have been using the Lewis chessmen.



PAWN

Another medieval hero, Huon of Bordeaux, circa 1200, boasts of his prowess on the board: "I can play at chesse and tables as well as only other can do, nor I never founde man could wynne of me yf I lyst." At this his host, King Yvorin, proposes a game with his daughter, a chess master in her own right, on the interesting wager that "yf she wynne thou shalt lese thy hede, & yf thou canst mate her . . . thou shalt have her one nyght in thy bed to do with her at thy pleasure."

Huon manages to win, the lady having fallen in love with him in the course of the game, but not all such matches had a happy end. Medieval chess passions ran so high that the players often came to blows, and there are authenticated as well as fictional cases of chess mayhem. "Now was set Berthelot and the worthy Renaud for to play at the chess, which were of ivory, whereof the board was of massive gold," relates the romance of Renaud de Montauban; "and so long they played that debate fell between them two, by such manner that Berthelot called Renaud 'whoreson' and took up his hands and smote Renaud in the visage, so that the blood fell to the ground. And when Renaud saw himself thus shamefully outraged he was right wroth and sore angered, and swore by God, him should ill betide; therefore then took Renaud the chessboard, and smote Berthelot upon his head so hard that he cleaved him to the teeth, and thus Berthelot fell down to the ground afore him."

The heavier pieces were also used as blunt instruments; when a trio of hangmen came to fetch Duke Richard of Normandy while he was in the middle of a game, he killed one with a fers (queen), another with a rook, and the third with an aufin (bishop). In an age of magicians it was only natural that they should cast their spells over the game, and there were a lot of chessboards on which it was sheer folly to be the challenger. King Arthur's Sir Gawain encountered one such set in a spooky castle where the hall was arranged as a chessboard and the chessmen—life-sized—moved by themselves when touched by a magic ring. The magician Guynebans made for himself an ingenious board of gold and silver, together with ivory pieces so fixed that "there should be none but that the chesse should him maten whether he would or not." Every serious chess player since then has wanted to get his hands on that set (it seemed for a time that Capablanca had succeeded), but if it is still in existence, its pieces must be among the enchanted chessmen from the isle of Lewis. We won't know for certain, of course, until somebody finds the board.

Frederic V. Grunfeld may be found on his Majorcan headland running through the Grunfeld-Indian defense with replicas of the Lewis chessmen. A set can be obtained from the British Museum for about ninety-six dollars.



BISHOP



THE BOYHOOD OF FREDERICK THE GREAT

His father did his brutal best to knock some Prussian sense into his son's Frenchified head. But the future philosopher-king taunted him, mocked him—and just escaped with his life

Frederick the Great was born in 1712, the year of Denain, Louis XIV's final and victorious battle in the War of the Spanish Succession; when he died in 1786, people were discussing the affair of Marie Antoinette's diamond necklace. Few would deny that for a member of the European ruling classes this was an enviable span of life, since it encompassed the essence of the eighteenth century. He was conscious of his luck and used to say that he was happy to have spent his first three years in the reign of the Great King Louis. A man of his epoch, a classical man, this German hero lived like a French aristocrat, although he had never been to France. Of his Hohenzollern ancestors he said vaguely that their origins were lost in the mists of antiquity; but in fact the Hohenzollerns were decidedly parvenus and only became Electors in the fifteenth century. It always annoyed Frederick to remember that his position was due to the brains rather than the blue blood of his ancestors.

Frederick the Great, aged two, and his elder sister Wilhelmina were dressed as little courtiers to pose for this portrait in 1714.

He was the third son of his parents, but was born heir to the throne of Prussia because two little Fredericks had already died—one, it was said, from having a heavy crown forced onto his head at the christening, the other from the reverberations of guns fired for joy too near his cradle. The third baby Frederick was allergic neither to crowns nor guns, and he survived. Luckily for him, so did an elder sister, Wilhelmina.

Frederick was one year old when his father, Frederick William, became king. Years later, when all the passion between the two men was spent, the son could write of the father: "his spirit was transcendent, he penetrated and understood great objectives and knew the best interests of his country better than any minister or general." These interests were a sound economy and a valid system of defense. In the Thirty Years' War, Brandenburg had been ruined by the opposing armies fighting, thieving, and burning on its territory because the Elector, George William, our Frederick's great-great-grandfather, was too weak to stop them. His grandson, Frederick I, another weak ruler, had been forced to take orders from the Swedes and the Russians. Frederick William was determined to be independent; for this the very strictest frugality was essential. He dismissed nearly all the courtiers and the Council of State, reduced the power of the ministers, and took over their departments himself. He found oral communication difficult; he never read and could hardly write, but he had a talent for finance and administration; he understood the foreign affairs of his day. He governed alone with two advisers, the Prince of Anhalt-Dessau, who was his neighbor, his cousin, and his greatest friend, and Baron Grumbkow. These two men, and especially Grumbkow, had a good deal of influence over the events of Frederick's early life. Anhalt-Dessau, known as the Old Dessauer, was a remarkable soldier and strategist and had spent his life in camps—his very face was the color of gunpowder. He invented modern drill, marching in step, iron ramrods, and most of the words of command that are used to this day. Grumbkow was a very different sort of person, an able minister, agreeable, civilized, witty—and absolutely im-

By NANCY MITFORD

moral. Frederick William knew that he had been sold to the court of Austria and was not at all disturbed; he said it brought in foreign currency and made no difference to his policy.

Frederick William disapproved of pomp, ceremony, extravagance, and above all, of Frenchified ways. He dressed condemned prisoners in French clothes, hoping thus to give his subjects a horror of them. He practiced German, Protestant virtues, was faithful to his wife, frugal, manly, honorable, brave, and industrious. He said that a king must not lead an easy, woman's life, and indeed he himself worked night and day. Soon he had created the best army in Europe, of fifty thousand highly trained soldiers, while pursuing a policy of peace; he formed an industrious, incorruptible civil service, such as existed nowhere else in the Holy Roman Empire. In ten years the king had a sound exchequer and a full treasury, and was the only German ruler who could say as much. When he came to the throne, he sold most of his father's horses, the best of his furniture, and all his jewels and settled down to the life of a country gentleman, giving himself no royal airs. He said "I, my wife, Fritz," instead of "We, the Queen, the Heir to this great country"; and dined every night with his wife and all the children, of whom he saw much more than most rulers in those days. He had married for love his first cousin Sophia Dorothea, sister of England's George II, and after his fashion he loved her all his life.

Unfortunately this king in whom there was so much good was ill; like George III he had a hereditary disease, prevalent among descendants of Mary Queen of Scots, which is now known as porphyria, a derangement of the metabolism. Among its symptoms are gout, piles, migraine, and appalling, unexplained pains in the stomach that literally drive the sufferer mad. Frederick William was strange at the best of times, and under the influence of this disease his eccentricities went past being a joke. He was the terror of nearly all who came in contact with him, flying into uncontrollable rages that were triggered by apparently harmless actions, remarks, or even looks. One key word that never failed in its effect was *France*. In the streets of Berlin, as well as in the privacy of his home, he would make play with his dreaded cane, hitting people in the face, breaking their teeth and noses. There was no redress; anybody who tried to defend himself would have been killed. He longed for popularity. "Love me," he roared, thinking that a passer-by had given him an unfriendly

PHOTO ULLSTEIN



Frederick William of Prussia was a hard-working king but a cruel father, plagued as he was by illness, madness, and a very silly wife.

glance—whack-whack-whack. While still a very young man, he was enormously fat, with an unhealthy-looking marbled face; as he grew older his disease became more agonizing, with the results that we shall see.

In his misery the king took to drink. Every evening after dinner he held a *Tabagie*, where the pipe-smoking company was made up mainly of soldiers; they all got drunk and the grossest scenes would occur. The *Tabagie* was the nearest thing to a parliament in Prussia. Frederick William's inarticulacy grew worse with the years; the smoking and drinking released some sort of communication with his fellow men. A horrible feature of the *Tabagie* was the baiting of Baron Gundling. He had come into Frederick William's household as a reader and read the newspapers to the royal family at dinnertime. Halfway between a fool and a professor, Gundling had a mind full of odd, unrelated, perfectly accurate facts on which he loved to dissertate at boring length. When they were all drunk at the *Tabagie*, and Gundling more drunk than any, they began by teasing and ended by physically torturing him. When they went too far, he would ask to leave the court, but Frederick William always got him back with some sort of bribe: he made him a baron or raised his wages or kissed and hugged him. In any case Gundling could not have borne to leave; he was a real masochist, and the *Tabagie* was the joy of his life.

Frederick William's most famous extravagance was the Potsdam grenadiers, his regiment of giants. These enormous men, all well over six feet, were an obsession with him. He would spend huge sums of money, even risk going to war with his neighbors, to have them kidnapped, smuggled out of their native lands, and brought to him. Finally he acquired more than two thousand of them. The tallest of these giants was a Prussian; no ordinary-sized man could reach the top of his head. Kirkman, an Irish giant, was kidnapped in the streets of London, an operation that cost over a thousand pounds. A tall Austrian diplomat was once seized while getting into a hackney cab at Hanover, but he soon extricated himself from the situation, which made a dinner-table topic for the rest of his life. There was little hope of escape from Potsdam; those who tried to do so had their noses cut off and spent the rest of their lives in dungeons. The philosopher Wolff, thought by many Europeans to be the brightest jewel in Frederick William's crown, was banished on pain of hanging because somebody saw fit to tell the king that one of his propositions, if reduced to its fundamental meaning, would allow the grenadiers to desert without commit-

ting a sin against God. When Frederick William was ill in bed he used to have two or three hundred giants marched through his room to cheer him up.

The Thirty Years' War had come to an end in 1648, but two generations had still not repaired the incredible, awful damage it had brought to the countries involved. Bohemia, for example, had been reduced to 15 per cent of its former population. The German states had fallen into barbarism; the big, rich towns of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, with their civilizing influence, had been destroyed and their middle classes eliminated. In 1648 Germany consisted of 234 states governed by princes with absolute power over the population of serfs and a backward landed nobility. When princes and nobles began to desire a better way of life than that of the robber baron in olden days, their eyes turned toward France. Those who could read did not care for their own writers—they sent to Paris for their books. The German language was kept alive with difficulty by a few, mostly mediocre, writers and poets; it was a series of dialects used only by the bucolic squires and their peasantry—anybody with the slightest pretention to gentility spoke French. Even Frederick William spoke it with his wife and children, though he made them write to him in German. Rulers everywhere spoke it. When Catherine the Great, a German princess, sent the new Russian code of laws to Frederick the Great, a German prince, she apologized for sending it in German, saying he should have the French version as soon as it was ready. Frederick's sister Wilhelmina once met the wife of the emperor Charles VII, another German, who refused as a matter of policy to speak French; the German dialects that they spoke were so different that they literally could not understand each other.

Kings and princes, according to their means—in the case of German princes, according to how much money they could squeeze out of their peasants—built palaces, pavilions, orangeries, follies, theatres, and opera houses modeled upon Versailles and often designed, in a more florid taste suited to less civilized people, by French architects. The admirable German craftsmen, the best of whom went to work in Paris, made furniture and paneling in the French style for these buildings, but with a charmingly rustic air and more than a touch of peasant art. The French influence was strengthened in the Protestant states, especially in Prussia, by the many thousands of Huguenots who had settled there during the persecutions of Louis XIV. A very high proportion of the Prussian bourgeoisie in the early eighteenth century had been born in France.

In spite of Frederick William's loathing and contempt for the subjects of His Most Christian Majesty and all their works (he even detested French food, his favorite dish being bacon and cabbage), he put his little boy in the charge of two French Protestants. Mme de Roucoulle was appointed governess to the royal children, and Jacques Duhan de Jandun tutor to Frederick. Mme de Roucoulle, who had also been Frederick William's governess, must have been like her name—a cooing, laughing, agreeable, and rather silly person, deeply religious; in the thirty-odd years she had lived there she had literally not picked up a single word of German. The accounts of Frederick's childhood come mostly from the memoirs of Wilhelmina. They are fundamentally truthful, telling the same story as the dispatches of foreign diplomats. To read them one would almost think that she and her brother were the only children of their parents. In fact there was a large family: Sophia Dorothea had a new baby nearly every year—fourteen in all were born, and ten lived to be grownups. But Wilhelmina and Frederick were the most interesting of them; they worshiped each other and clung together through the storms and miseries of their childhood.

Jacques Duhan was the greatest formative influence of Frederick's youth. He was born in 1685; his father, who had been the secretary of Turenne, Louis XIV's Protestant general, had emigrated to Brandenburg in 1687. As far as possible the émigrés were given the same jobs as those they had had at home, and nobles became officers. So Duhan, who was of the minor nobility, went into the army. He educated his son himself, and when he was old enough, Jacques Duhan also became a soldier. He was noticed by Frederick William for his extraordinary courage at a siege. Of course the king had no idea that he was a brilliant scholar; he had a horror of intellectuals and would never willingly have delivered his son into the hands of one.

Frederick's household was completed by a governor, the sixty-year-old general Count Fink von Finkenstein, a well-known European warrior. In those days a soldier could join any army as long as he was not asked to fight against his own king. So Fink had fought with the Prince of Orange against the French in 1676; then in the French army, under Luxembourg, against the Spaniards; then he joined the Great Elector, Frederick's great-grandfather, and thereafter fought continually against the French. After Blenheim, the emperor ennobled him at the request of Prince Eugene.

Lt. Col. von Kalkstein and another Prussian, Rentzel, a drillmaster and a flutist, were also attached to the little prince. It was Rentzel who started Frederick on music and taught him to play the flute, an accomplishment that was to mean much to him. He loved these men; they were to be life-long friends, and all the elements of his future can be found in them: French civilization, warfare, and music.

Frederick William laid down rules for the education and deportment of his son. He was to learn no history before the sixteenth century and then only that which had some bearing on the House of Hohenzollern. Latin was

forbidden. Frederick William had the deepest contempt for the classical civilizations, which the noble Huns had brought low; he only tolerated those political, social, religious, and artistic schools of thought that sprang from German sources. The French were written off as derivative and effeminate. Frederick, said his father, is destined to rule over Prussia in this century; a lot of knowledge that might be useful to the emperor or the king of France will only clutter up his brain to no purpose. (Frederick William seemed to think that a brain was like a box and could only hold a certain amount.) The child must know about his father's lands (they were scattered all over central Europe and for that reason were difficult to administer and to defend), and about those to which his family laid claim: Western Pomerania, Silesia, Mecklenburg, Julïch, and Berg. He must learn mathematics, which was essential to the art of warfare. He should be able to express himself clearly and elegantly in French and German. He must study political economy and human rights. He should have natural but attractive manners and the greatest horror of laziness, atheism, and Catholicism. He must learn theology and hope, as his father did, that Calvinists and Lutherans would soon make up their differences (which hinged on the interpretation of Christ's words at the Last Supper: IS said Luther; REPRESENTS said Calvin).

He must never be left alone, night or day. He should rise at six, kneel, thank the Almighty for having allowed him to live through the night, and ask that he should be prevented from doing anything that would separate him from God. Then, at the double, he must wash his hands and face without soap, have his hair combed, but not powdered, while he drinks his tea or coffee. At six thirty Duhan was to come in with all Frederick's servants and read prayers, a chapter of the Bible, and a psalm. From seven to ten forty-five, lessons. Then he must wash with soap, be powdered, and go to the king, staying until two. Lessons until five, when he could do as he liked until bedtime at ten thirty. "He must try to be clean and tidy and not so dirty. That is my last word," said Frederick William, who himself had such a mania for cleanliness that he allowed no upholstered furniture or curtains in his rooms. But Frederick was dirty all his life.

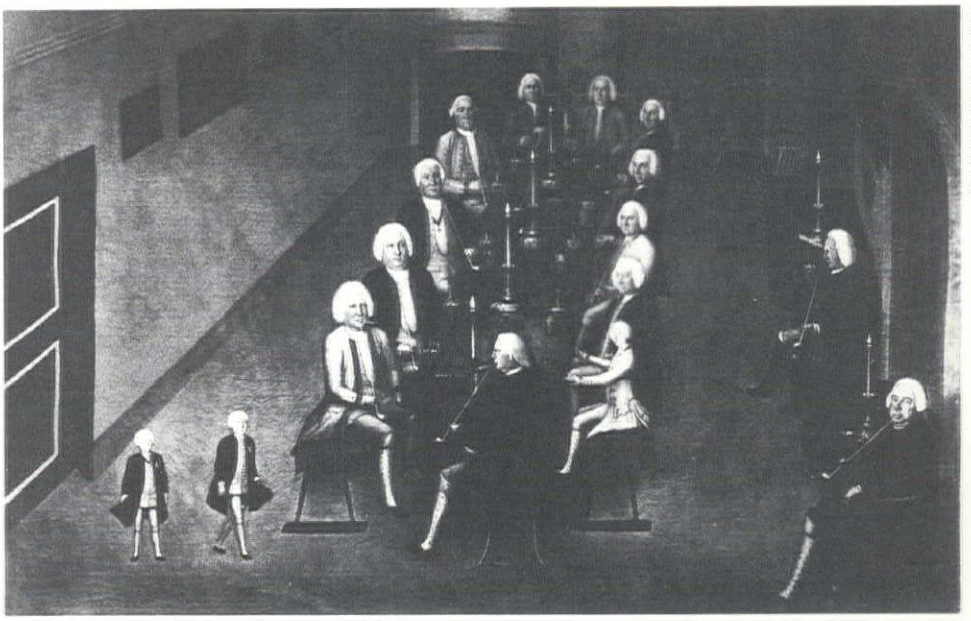
All went well until Frederick was eight, when he began to implore Duhan to teach him Latin and classical history. Duhan, who was longing to do so, was unable to resist. But one day the king came in and found Frederick reading the Golden Bull, which, since it was the charter of the German states, was thought by Duhan to come within the king's curriculum. Unfortunately the Golden Bull is in Latin. The cane, from which Frederick William was never separated, flailed out in all directions. "*Ich will dich, Schurke, beauream-bullam.*" (I'll Golden Bull you.) Duhan was not dismissed, but that was the end of Latin lessons for Frederick, to his life-long regret. More divinity was prescribed: "anybody would have thought he wanted me to be a theologian." Duhan was a born teacher; the boy soon knew how to learn by himself from books. He acquired an abiding passion for French literature and an excellent style in French prose, though he never could spell, as well as a grounding in history and geography. He never really learned the German language.

At first Frederick William loved his little Fritz and was proud of him. He hoped that they could be more like two brothers than father and son. He took the child to army maneuvers and gave him a toy in the form of a regiment of scores of small children—the crown prince cadets—to do with as he liked. The regiment was reviewed both by Peter the Great and Grandfather George I and got a barrel of beer for good marksmanship. But the bright morning soon clouded over. Frederick William's disease began to take a terrible hold; he suffered tortures. To distract himself he learned to paint—the strange results are signed "F. W. *in tormentis pinxit*." In 1719 Frederick William was thought to be dying of "nephritic colics"; eight years later he had a nervous breakdown and talked of abdicating. As his illness grew worse, so did his temper.

Unfortunately Queen Sophia Dorothea was no help to him. Although she knew he loved her, always treated her with respect, and never hit her (or an officer, nobody else was spared), she pretended to be frightened of him. She bore him a grudge for the simple life she led; she thought she was cut out to be a real queen with a court and much gallant coming and going, balls for visiting sovereigns, and so on—she would have a thousand times preferred her silly father-in-law as a husband. She was a gossip, a bore, and a snob; she attached importance to trivial things and looked down on the Hohenzollern family. Her father became king of England in 1714, and this inflated her ideas. Her influence on the children was wholly bad. She was forever grumbling about their father; she turned them against him and encouraged them to displease him. She was a luxurious woman—her trousseau had been bought in Paris, chosen by Madame, the sister-in-law of Louis XIV—and her rooms in the palace, decorated in her own way with curtains and upholstered furniture, seemed a haven of civilization to the children, who loved to be with her. They took her at her own valuation when they were little, though later on they saw through her. She was a shallow, idle person, full of pretense; was by way of liking the arts without bothering to learn about them and was fond of political intrigue without having an idea of the meaning of politics.

Her aim in life was to marry Wilhelmina and Frederick to their English cousins, Frederick Prince of Wales and Princess Amelia, but this "affair of the English marriages" bore no fruit other than tons of archives. Carlyle devotes

a large portion of one of the volumes of his life of Frederick to it, and as an example of the diplomacy of those days, it is rather fascinating. The children set their hearts on marrying their grand relations; though they never saw them, they imagined themselves in love. Their father was on the whole unfavorable to the English connection, and the queen told them that he was standing in the way of their happiness, as usual. George I might have liked the marriages, but George II was always lukewarm. He loathed his brother-in-law, who had bullied him ferociously when they were small—indeed, their grandmother had to stop Frederick William's visits to Hanover for fear he should kill little George—and the loathing was reciprocated. The two men called each other my brother the drill sergeant and my brother the play actor. As for Sophia Dorothea, Lord Hervey says that George II had for her the contempt she deserved and a hatred she did not deserve. She was good to her unfortunate mother, who had been shut up for life by George I, and did all she could to get her out of prison. She seemed to be succeeding when Dorothea of Zell died in 1726, the year before her husband's death would have released her in any case.



STAATSBIBLIOTHEK, BERLIN

Frederick William (at the near end of the table, with the crown prince at his right) took comfort in his Tabagie, *a postprandial smoking party that frequently ended in a drunken brawl.*

By the time Frederick was twelve it had become obvious that he and his father were on the worst of terms. Frederick was a polite, delicate little boy who hated rough ways. He was always in trouble; he was beaten for wearing gloves in cold weather, for eating with a silver fork, for throwing himself off a bolting horse. At first his father's rages terrified him; but they also fascinated him, and as he grew older he and Wilhelmina leagued together to tease the king, going as far as they dared and then skipping out of his way when they had worked him up to a frenzy. In this game of Tom Tiddler's ground, their mother's room was "home," the santuary; she had an arrangement of screens behind which they could dodge, making their escape through a second door or crawling under her bed, giggling audibly, sometimes knocking down a screen on purpose to make sure their poor, distracted father knew exactly what was going on.

Sophia Dorothea never took her husband's part. She must have known how ill he was, but she never showed him any sympathy. She told all and sundry that he was mad and that she went in fear for her life. Nor did Frederick try to please his father; he treated him like an enemy and did everything in his power to annoy. He paraded skepticism in matters that he knew would hurt, mocked at the Scriptures, scoffed at ghosts, and yet was annoyingly clever in flooring Frederick William with theological arguments. When he really agreed with his father, which in the bottom of his heart he often did, he would die sooner than admit it. They seemed to have no tastes in common—Frederick genuinely disliked hunting, which was Frederick William's great pastime, and he pretended to hate anything to do with the army. His father knew that he called his uniform "my shroud." If he was beaten, starved, humiliated, and generally ill-treated, it was to a large extent his own fault and that of his mother.

Frederick William was not only profoundly irritated by him but also puzzled. "What goes on in this little head?" Frederick never gave himself away; the only person with whom he talked secrets was Wilhelmina, and even she had no idea what he was really like. He had icy self-control, never flew into rages, and received his father's blows and insults with an air of mocking indifference. There is no doubt that he was treated with intolerable cruelty. Terror reigned in the house; the queen, generally pregnant, cried every day. Luckily Frederick William was by no means always there; he traveled incessantly seeing to the administration of his lands.

When Frederick was fourteen, he was appointed Captain of the Potsdam grenadiers—in other words, the giants—and spent part of his time at Potsdam. A very small captain he must have seemed. As a grown-up man he only measured five feet seven inches, and he was a particularly thin and peaky boy. He began to go out in society, to Mme de Roucoulle's at-home on Wednesdays, sometimes to Fink's, and sometimes to his father's *Tabagie*. Here he had to pretend to smoke and drink, both habits he loathed to the end of his days, while his father watched him

with bloodshot eyes: "What goes on in this little head?"

Other people who saw him were struck by his great and growing intelligence. Duhan was with him at Potsdam, and together they laid the foundation of Frederick's library; the catalogue still exists, written in his own hand. There were books on mathematics and science; history books of every sort; books on art, music, and politics and translations from the classics—practically all, even the German histories, were in French. He also had every great French writer since Rabelais, everything so far published by Voltaire, the works of Mme Guyon, and a French rhyming dictionary. He already longed to become a French poet, and his eyes were turned with rapture toward Paris and Versailles. He made no attempt to hide these feelings from his father—instead he flaunted them in order to tease. He made French jokes —*ésprit à la Française*—and pathetic attempts at elegance, growing his hair and combing it in the French style. Frederick William took him off to a barber and said the disgusting locks were to be sheared there and then. Frederick cried. The kind barber snipped and snipped, hardly cutting anything at all; wet the hair, flattened it, and left quite enough to be fluffed up again when the king was not about.

Frederick William now greatly preferred his second son, Augustus William, aged four. "I wouldn't put much money on any of my children, but I think this one will be a gentleman (honnête homme)." Excessive in everything, he sometimes kissed the poor child for a quarter of an hour at a time. He was thought to be casting about for ways of making him crown prince. Frederick, for his part, began to plot against his father, trying to form a faction that would be attached to himself in the event of the king being shut up. He set about it with a brilliant deceitfulness far beyond his fourteen years. He made friends with Rottembourg, the French minister, to whom he confided sentiments and activities so dangerous that Rottembourg dared not write a report of them to his government. There was plenty of inflammable material in Prussia; people were getting tired of being governed by a dictator whose excellent administration was less apparent than his mad behavior. Fortunately Rottembourg was a sensible fellow; he talked to Frederick like an uncle and told him to do nothing rash, that his only hope was to wait and make himself loved. Meanwhile Frederick William, who always knew more of what was going on than he seemed to, began to have his suspicions. He made Frederick drunk and interrogated him, but the child gave nothing away.

The crux of the whole matter was the English marriages, which were an obsession with the queen and her children. Wilhelmina was now of marriageable age, and Frederick quite old enough to be betrothed. The king's only adviser on such matters, Grumbkow, was taking his orders from Vienna, and the emperor was now violently against the marriages—France and England were enjoying one of their rare and fleeting moments of friendship, and this was giving him much anxiety; he had no wish to see English influence spreading in Germany. On the whole, Frederick William was loyal to the emperor as a matter of German policy. He despised Charles VI—that Archduke Charles who had failed to take the Spanish crown from Louis XIV's grandson and whom Lord Peterborough lumped together with the said grandson as "those two boobies"—and said he was as poor as a painter, but since Germany must have an emperor, it might as well stick to the House of Austria. He would have thought it very low to fight the head of that house with France as an ally. At the same time, the weaker the emperor was the better and the less likely to interfere with the internal policies of the princes. Ever since the Thirty Years' War the emperors, although elected by Germans, had lost control over them except through underhand methods such as bribery. Charles VI used to hold out the hope that he would arrange for Frederick William to succeed the present, childless owner of Julïch and Berg, two states the king greatly coveted. He had no real intention of doing so; it was a way of keeping Frederick William on his side.

Frederick William's policy concerning the marriages never really changed, though at times, probably to stop his wife's nagging, he seemed to be more or less amenable to them. He was always ready to send Wilhelmina to London, but he never wanted an English wife for Frederick. He said that a rich English princess at Berlin, where everybody was so venal, would have too much power. This shows how little he understood his son, whom he now regarded as a "Frenchy," a *petit Marquis* of no account. George II, on the other hand, always said—and stuck to it—both marriages or none. While George I was alive, there seemed to be some hope for Wilhelmina. Sophia Dorothea wrote reams of indiscreet matter to her father; everybody at the court, including Frederick William, was aware of it. The French minister said she was so clumsy in her secret diplomacy that she spoiled everything. In 1727 George I died. Frederick William's life-long *bête noire*, George II, did not improve his relations with his brother-in-law by making away with his father's will. From then on the cause of the English marriages was doomed. The various ambassadors at Berlin reported all these things to their sovereigns; they also mentioned the fact that Frederick looked wretched, pale, worried, and old. The poor little persecuted boy was an object of interest all over Europe.

Nancy Mitford takes particular pleasure in writing about the great aristocrats of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries: Voltaire, Louis XIV, Pompadour. The foregoing account of Frederick will form the basis of the opening chapters in a biography of the king.

EPILOGUE

Since our author leaves the prince in his fifteenth year, we may turn for the sequel to the memoirs of his sister Wilhelmina, written some thirty years later, after she had become the Margravine of Bayreuth and Frederick had succeeded to the throne of Prussia.

The trouble between Frederick and his father came to a terrible climax in 1730 when the prince was eighteen. Wilhelmina reports:

My brother was so irritated at the ill usage he received from the King that he was considering seriously what decision he should come to. . . .

"I am perpetually being told to have patience," he said, "but no one knows what I have to endure. I am treated like a slave, am beaten every day, and have no relaxation of any kind. I am forbidden to read, to study the sciences or music, and am scarcely allowed to speak to anybody. My life is in perpetual danger, I am surrounded by spies, I have not even enough clothes, and am wanting in most other necessaries of life; but the last terrible scene with the King at Potsdam has quite overcome me. He sent for me one morning. As soon as I entered the room he seized me by my hair and threw me on the ground. After having beaten me with his fists, he dragged me to the window and tied the cord, which fastened behind the curtain, round my throat. I had, fortunately, time to get up and seize hold of his hands, but as he pulled with all his might at the cord around my throat, I felt I was being strangled, and screamed for help. A page rushed in to my assistance, and had to use force in freeing me from my father's hands.

"Tell me now what remains to me but flight. Katte and Keith are both ready to follow me to the end of the world. I have passports and letters of credit, and have arranged everything in such a manner that I cannot possibly run any danger. I shall fly to England, where I shall be received with open arms, and shall have nothing more to fear from my father's anger.

Frederick's plan was discovered and he was arrested, along with his aide and accomplice, Captain von Katte. On August 12, 1730, he was brought before the king. In her memoirs Wilhelmina describes the scene that followed:

At first my father asked my brother in a furious tone why he wished "to desert": this was his own expression. "Why did I wish to do so?" the Prince replied in a firm, calm voice, "because you do not treat me like your son, but like a slave." "You are a mean deserter, you have neither courage nor honor," the King screamed at him.

"I have as much as you have," the Prince answered, "and I have only done that which, as you yourself told me, a hundred times over, you would have done, had you been in my place." This answer, and the voice in which it was made, drove the King into a perfect frenzy. He drew his sword, and would have pierced my brother through with it, had not General Mosel thrown himself between them. This honest man called out, "My Sovereign, kill me, but spare your son."

Two days later Wilhelmina reports:



THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Frederick the Great as a warrior-king

Early next morning my mother at once sent for me, and showed me the King's letter, which had evidently been written in the first heat of passion. "I have arrested and imprisoned the scoundrel (Schurke), and shall treat him as his crime and cowardice deserve. I no longer acknowledge him as my son. He has cast dishonor on me as well as on my family. Such a wretch as he is does not deserve to live." My mother and I were beside ourselves with misery.

A court-martial, convened by the king, found both Frederick and Captain von Katte guilty of desertion and sentenced both to death. Upon intervention of the Austrian ambassador, Von Seckendorf, Frederick was pardoned, but Katte was beheaded before Frederick's eyes.

As my brother saw him mount the scaffold he called out to him, "I am miserable, dear Katte. I am the cause of your misfortune, oh, that I were in your place!" Katte, then kneeling down, replied, "Had I a thousand lives, my beloved Prince, I would lay them all down for you." One of the attendants then stepped forward to blindfold him, but he waved him back. He then said in a firm voice, "My God, into thy hands I commend my spirit." He had scarcely uttered these words when his head fell. In falling he had still stretched out his hand towards the window at which my brother was standing. The poor Prince had fainted away.

Frederick was held prisoner in Küstrin fortress. Wilhelmina writes:

The King had designated Küstrin as his prison, and to punish him still further, my father would not allow him to put on his own uniform. He made him wear a plain French suit of clothes, which the King looked on as a mark of shame. My brother had this suit made after the same cut as that which Katte wore on the day of his execution.

Frederick remained at Küstrin for nine months.

Grumbkow, who had been the cause of all the Crown Prince's misfortunes, now desired to have an equal share in his being set at liberty. He induced the King to let him go to Küstrin. Instead of approaching the Prince with insolence, as he had on the former occasion, Grumbkow this time addressed him with great respect. He commiserated his sad fate, and told him that he and Seckendorf had done all in their power to save Katte. Grumbkow finally advised my brother to write to the King in a most submissive tone, promising him if he did so to procure him his father's pardon. It was only after much persuasion that he succeeded in inducing my brother to take this step. He succeeded at last, after having told him how much my mother was suffering for his sake, and the Crown Prince agreed to write to the King.

In August the king visited him in prison. Frederick knelt and asked forgiveness, whereupon the King embraced and forgave him. In 1740 the king died and Frederick succeeded to the throne, already acclaimed by Voltaire as the philosopher-prince and soon to prove himself a military commander far greater than his father.

The World's Worst Animals



DOUGLAS BOTTING—CAMERA PRESS

The fierce piranha goes mad at the smell of blood. A school of these fish can reduce a large animal to its bare bones in seconds.

Man may regard the malevolent animals of the Amazon as a biological miracle or a pestilential horror. They are likely to regard him merely as a square meal

By ROBIN FURNEAUX

The River Thames is two hundred and nine miles long, a distance almost exactly the same as the *width* of the Amazon at its mouth. Everything about the Amazon is on an equally extravagant scale. It drains an area only slightly smaller than the forty-eight contiguous United States, and every second it sweeps seven and a half million cubic feet of water out to sea with a force that rolls back the Atlantic Ocean and freshens its waters for one hundred and fifty miles. The discharge at the mouth of the Amazon is twelve times as great as that of the Mississippi and more than twenty-five times that of the Nile in flood.

As one would expect, the Amazon valley possesses a rich and varied wildlife: more species of insects, shrubs, plants, and trees than any other part of the world, more kinds of fish than the Atlantic Ocean, and great numbers of birds, reptiles, and mammals.

Although its insects, fishes, and plants grow to surprising sizes, there are no great mammals in the Amazon to rival the giants of other continents. But its range of malevolent wildlife is unique. There are the jaguar, alligator, vampire bat, sting ray, candiru, piranha, bushmaster, fer-de-lance, parrot and coral snakes, and anaconda, plus a bewildering number of poisonous and irritating insects, from the Mygale spider, whose bite can be fatal to a human being, to the saüba ant, which can destroy human possessions with extraordinary speed. In between these extremes are poisonous ants, centipedes, caterpillars and scorpions, painful wasps, piums and motuca flies, chiggers and *bêtes rouges*—and, responsible over the years for more human suffering than the rest combined, that ever-present killer of the tropics, the mosquito.

Many of the villains of the Amazon live in its waters, and it is worth pointing out at once that the alligator, piranha, sting ray, electric eel, and candiru taken together do not offer the same danger as, for instance, the African crocodile. They may occasionally claim a human life, but their main victim is the human imagination.

When foreign naturalists began working in South America, early in the nineteenth century, they were quick to describe the dangers of its wildlife. Henry Walter Bates, the English naturalist who collected a staggering total of 14,712 different species during his eleven years in the Amazon valley (1848–59), had several adventures with alligators.

Once, when camping with some friends on a sandbank, he awakened in the middle of the night to see, a foot beneath his hammock, a huge alligator that had stolen ashore to seize a poodle belonging to one of his companions. The bathing place at Teffé was infested with these creatures, but after a time Bates grew accustomed to them and wrote: "I used to imitate the natives in not advancing far from the bank and in keeping my eyes fixed on that of the monster, which stares with a disgusting leer along the surface of the water . . ." Whenever an alligator became too bold, the men of the village would hunt it down in canoes and kill it with harpoons.

There are many accounts of the alligator at its most menacing, lying in wait for an unwary or drunken Indian, but Bates's friend Richard Spruce, the English botanist, gives us the corrective. He was watching the pirarucu fishermen of the lower Amazon, who harpooned their quarry in lakes swarming with alligators, and he noticed that when one of the fish was speared, the men would jump into the water alongside the alligators to land it, even if it was still pumping out blood. There seemed to be a gentlemen's agreement by which the alligators never attacked the fishermen and in return were given the offal when the fish were cleaned.

One of the early naturalists treated the alligator with flippant disrespect. This was Charles Waterton, a Yorkshire squire who made four expeditions to South America between 1812 and 1824, and whose eccentricities led him to go barefoot in the jungle, regardless of stones, thorns, and insect bites.

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Waterton once caught a huge alligator on a shark hook baited with a rotlent. As his Indians drew it up, struggling, into the shallows, Waterton sprang onto its back, seized its front legs "as a bridle," and in spite of all the reptile's efforts to dislodge him, remained there until it had been subdued. 'Should it be asked how I managed to keep my seat," he later wrote, "I would answer—'I hunted some years with Lord Darlington's foxhounds.' "

With so many species of fish swimming the Amazon, it is not surprising to find some that are harmful. Among these, by far the most common is the piranha. Perhaps more than any other fish in the world, the piranha personifies greed, savagery, remorselessness, and every other malignant quality. The mind that can accept the idea of being drowned by an alligator, dismembered by a shark, knocked unconscious by an electric eel, or even struck by a poisonous snake may well recoil from the thought of being stripped to the skeleton by a swarm of minute fishes. The alligator can be attacked through its sensitive eyes, and a strong man can easily hold its jaws together, but no one can gouge out a thousand eyes or hold shut a thousand greedy jaws.

The piranha never grows longer than two feet, and specimens of eighteen inches are rare. It is a flat fish, innocuous-looking and in the vermilion variety even rather beautiful, until one notices its jaws—powerful, deep-set, and slightly retracted—and its razor-sharp teeth. A piranha only six inches long can sever a man's finger or toe with one bite.

Bates wrote this rather mild account of its habits: "Piranha, a kind of Salmon [tetragon-opterus]. Piranhas are of several kinds, many of which abound in the waters of the Tapajós. They are caught with almost any kind of bait, for their taste is indiscriminate and their appetite most ravenous. They often attack the legs of bathers near the shore, inflicting severe wounds with their strong triangular teeth."

It is probable that Bates and the other early naturalists rather underestimated the malice of this fish and the dangers of bathing when it was present. Only when they began to be bitten themselves did their accounts of its habits become more sensational. Sir Henry Wickham, who in 1876 exported the rubber seeds from Brazil that were used to start the plantations of the Far East, lost a finger while spitting a piranha that he thought was dead. George Cherrie, an American naturalist, had a narrow escape when he fell into the stream in which he was fishing for piranha. But the reputation of the fish did not reach the general public until 1914, when Theodore Roosevelt's *Through the Brazilian Wilderness* was published.

No one, since the defeated Disraeli began his novel modeled on the life of Gladstone, can have solved the problems of retirement from high office with more panache than Theodore Roosevelt. When other men would have been writing their memoirs, he plunged into an account of a long African safari instead, displaying an expertise that would have done credit to a professional naturalist.

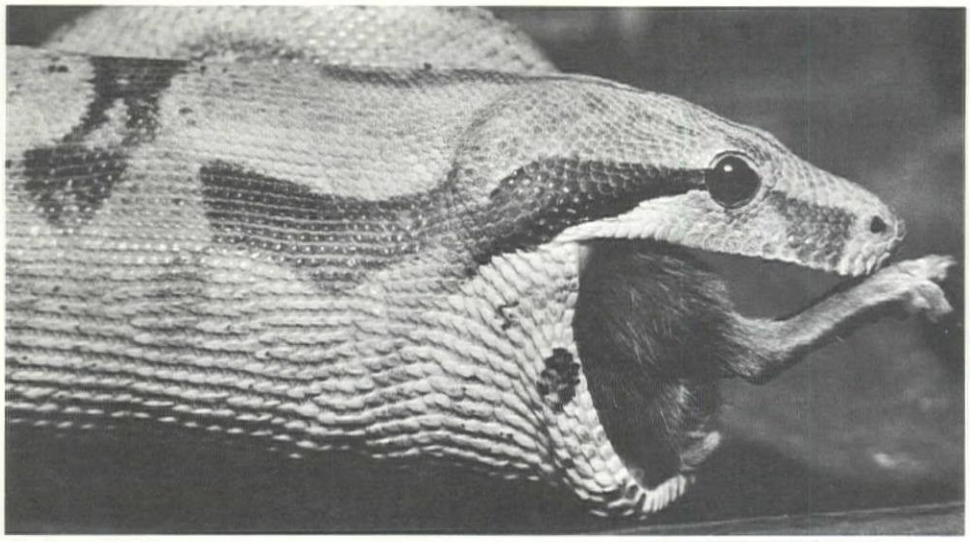
In 1913 Roosevelt set out on an expedition to South America. Accompanied by Colonel Candido Mariano da Silva Rondon, one of Brazil's greatest explorers, he traveled overland from Corumbá, the capital of Mato Grosso, to discover the course of a mysterious river that Rondon had crossed on an earlier journey. Descending the river, the party suffered every kind of hardship. One of their men was drowned, another ran amuck and murdered his sergeant, and Roosevelt's son Kermit barely escaped from a whirlpool. Continuous rapids blocked their path so that for a full month they were able to average only two miles a day. Toward the end of their journey Teddy was struck down by malaria. He lay at the bottom of a dugout canoe, roasted by the sun, soaked by the rain, and tormented by insects, until at last they sailed out into the Madeira. The river he discovered was named the Rio Roosevelt, and one of its tributaries the Rio Kermit.

During this expedition Roosevelt learned much about the piranha. Cherrie and Leo E. Miller, the two naturalists who accompanied him, had both been bitten by this vicious little fish, and Colonel Rondon had lost a toe while bathing. Rondon also told Roosevelt how, on one of his expeditions, he had to dynamite a stream to provide food. After the explosion his party waded in to collect the stunned fish floating on the surface. One of his lieutenants, having his hands full, stuffed an extra fish into his mouth. Unfortunately, it was a piranha, and as he climbed from the stream, it revived and bit a large section out of his tongue. The wretched man had a severe hemorrhage and nearly died.

Another of Rondon's men had ridden out of camp on a mule, and when it returned alone, the rest of the party retraced its tracks until they found his skeleton, fully clothed but with every bit of flesh stripped from it. It was impossible to tell whether he had been killed by the piranha or had drowned and then been devoured. Just before Roosevelt's arrival a boy had been eaten alive at Corumbá. "They are the most ferocious fish in the world," Roosevelt wrote.

> Those that we hauled on deck lived for many minutes. . . . I never witnessed an exhibition of such impotent savage fury . . . When fresh from the water and thrown on the boards they uttered an extraordinary squealing sound. As they flapped about they bit with vicious eagerness at whatever presented itself. One of them flapped into a cloth and seized it with a bulldog grip. Another grasped one of its fellows; another snapped at a piece of wood, and left the teeth marks deep therein.

Another dangerous fish found by Roosevelt was the piraiba, or catfish. The one he caught, which was three and a half feet long, had the semidigested remains of a monkey in its stomach. The Brazilians with him swore that around the mouth of the Madeira the piraiba



RUSS KINNE—PHOTO RESEARCHERS

The boa, like his anaconda cousin, dines rarely but enthusiastically. This one is ingesting a rat.

grew far larger and would even prey on men. The expedition's doctor had seen a monstrous piraiba that had lunged over the side of a canoe at two men and had been defeated only by their machetes. Colonel Rondon told him that on the lower Madeira villagers built stockades in which to bathe, for fear of the piraiba and the alligator. Of the two the former was the most dreaded, since its habit was to lie invisible on the bottom of the river until the moment came to pounce.

The Madeira River has little to recommend it, even if one disregards the presence of the giant piraiba. Its waters are clotted with silt and mud; its banks, abominably hot, are a haven for malarial mosquitoes. In addition, some of its tributaries harbor one other notable pest, the candiru. A thin fish, seldom more than two inches long, its body is covered with swept-back quills. If anyone is rash enough to bathe in its presence, it will enter some natural orifice of the body, by preference the penis, and once inside, it can be extracted only by an agonizing operation. Some observers have attributed the bark guards that the Indians wear over their private parts to fear of this loathsome fish.

After the candiru, the electric eel and the sting ray must seem innocuous. Alexander von Humboldt, the great Prussian scientist whose work in South America from 1799 to 1804 inspired the journeys of the nineteenth-century scientists, was the first to examine the electric eel. Humboldt and his French companion Aimé Bonpland persuaded some Indians armed with harpoons to drive thirty horses and mules into an eel-infested pool. The horses' first aimless movements soon changed into a sudden and horrible activity. They leaped out of the water, screaming with agony as the eels attached themselves to their bellies and discharged their electricity. They stormed up the banks, only to be forced back into the seething pool by the Indians' harpoons. Within five minutes two horses had drowned, and the others at last succeeded in passing the Indians. The exhausted eels were easily taken with harpoons attached to lengths of string, and were laid out on the bank for the scientists' inspection.

"I do not remember," wrote Humboldt, "ever having received from the discharge of a large Leyden jar a more dreadful shock than that which I experienced by imprudently placing both my feet on a gymnotus [eel] just taken out of the water. I was affected the rest of the day with a violent pain in the knees, and in almost every joint."

Undeterred by this accident, Humboldt "often tried, both insulated and uninsulated, to touch the fish, without feeling the least shock. When M. Bonpland held it by the head, or by the middle of the body, while I held it by the tail, and, standing on the moist ground, did not take each other's hanc one of us received shocks while th other did not. . . . If two persons touc the belly of the fish with their finger: at an inch distance, and press it simu taneously, sometimes one, sometime the other will receive the shock."

By constant and varied provocatio they established most of the charac teristics of this deplorable creature using insulators, joining hands whil touching its head and tail, and proc ding it with every sort of implement The sight of two learned men eac holding one end of the Gymnotus, on of them dancing in his convulsions an the other calmly taking notes, mus have reduced the Indians to hysterica mirth, but when we remember that fully grown eel can discharge as muc as six hundred volts of electricity thei perseverance becomes heroic.

The sting ray, which the Indian greatly fear, is dangerous mainly be cause of the difficulty of seeing it as i lies, perfectly camouflaged, on the bec of the river. The ray will not attack un less molested; but it is often trodden or accidentally by users of the river, anc the punishment for disturbing it i frightful. It launches a barbed stinge into the intruder's flesh that leaves a jagged wound when withdrawn, bu the pain is quite disproportionate tc the wound. The victim rolls about or the ground, convulsed with agony. The pain is accompanied by intense cold ir the wounded area and in the groin The sting is seldom fatal, but it is ofter a week before the victim can set his foot on the ground again.

The denizens of the Amazon forests are, mercifully, less formidable than those of its waters. There is the normal tropical quota of poisonous snakes, among which the bushmaster, the fer-de-lance, and the cascabel are the most deadly, but the only dangerous mammals are the jaguar and the peccary, a wild hog. The jaguar prefers the flesh of dogs to that of men and will attack only when cornered or desperately hungry. The ferocity of the peccary has

probably been overestimated, although a herd could destroy any adversary with ease. The anaconda, king of snakes, may also be less vicious, as well as a great deal smaller, than has been maintained.

Waterton was the first to describe the anaconda, and he did so with a characteristic lack of restraint:

> The camoudi snake [as it was called in British Guiana] has been killed from thirty to forty feet long; though not venomous, his size renders him destructive to the passing animals. The Spaniards in the Oroonoque positively affirm that he grows to the length of seventy or eighty feet and that he will destroy the strongest and largest bull. His name seems to confirm this; there he is called "matatoro" which means literally "bull killer." Thus he must be ranked among the deadly snakes; for it comes to nearly the same thing in the end whether the victim dies by poison from the fangs, which corrupts his blood and makes it stink horribly, or whether his body be crushed to mummy and swallowed by this hideous beast.

Books on the Amazon abound with stories of similarly monstrous snakes. The anaconda is a thick snake with, as Bates puts it, "a most hideous appearance, owing to its being very broad in the middle and tapering abruptly at both ends." It is difficult to judge the length of a snake, especially one of such a peculiar shape. The American explorer George Miller Dyott was properly realistic when he described an encounter with an anaconda by moonlight. The snake looked, he wrote, "every inch of forty feet, which meant that he must have been nearer twenty."

Every traveler to the Amazon has heard stories of gigantic snakes from forty to eighty feet in length, but these monsters have consistently eluded the naturalists. Even when someone claims to have killed such a formidable serpent, there has always been some pressing reason for not bringing back the remains. Colonel Percy Fawcett, for example, said that he had shot one of sixty-two feet, which he did not regard as being exceptional, and another traveler, Algot Lange, wrote that he had killed one fifty-six feet in length and over two feet in diameter.

A respected naturalist like Alfred Wallace believed Dr. George Gardner's account of huge anacondas, although he himself had never seen one longer than twenty feet. When Gardner, a botanist, was staying in the province of Goiás near the headwaters of the Araguaia River, his host discovered that a favorite horse was missing from its pasture, and all efforts to find it were fruitless. At length a *vaquero* saw the body of an enormous bloated snake stuck in the fork of a tree. "It was dragged out to the open country by two horses and was found to measure thirty-seven feet in length; on opening it, the bones of a horse in somewhat broken condition, and the flesh in a half-digested state, were found within it, the bones of the head being uninjured; from these circumstances we concluded that the boa had devoured the horse entire." Gardner does not make it clear whether he was present when the anaconda was measured, but one must either accept or reject his narrative, without quibbling about the length of the beast, for a thirty-seven-foot snake would surely be the smallest that could swallow a horse.

Teddy Roosevelt did much to dispel the myth of gigantic serpents by offering a reward of five thousand dollars to anyone who could produce the skin and vertebrae of an anaconda over thirty feet long. The reward, although an incalculable fortune in the debris of the rubber boom, was never claimed. In the absence of any specimen of such modest dimensions we can safely conclude that the anaconda seldom, if ever, grows longer than thirty feet, and accounts of monsters more than twice this length must be nonsensical.

Any chronicle of Amazonian horrors would be incomplete if it did not include the vampire bat. These creatures are repellent at best, and at their worst are an insidious menace. The vampire's victim will awake in the morning, having slept normally, to find one end of his hammock and the ground underneath it soaked with blood. On further examination he will find a small conical hole in his body, usually on one of his extremities, a toe, a finger, or the tip of the nose; this wound will clot very slowly. The entry of the vampire's tooth should be painful enough to awaken its victim, and why it fails to do so is an unsolved mystery. Naturalist after naturalist has bled without waking, even when the wound was in as sensitive a part of the body as the lip or the nose.

This ability to attack without being noticed makes the vampire bat difficult to study, and it was not until Darwin discovered one bleeding a horse that its species was correctly identified. Earlier naturalists had blamed the attacks on a large and hideous-looking bat, which was in fact quite harmless and which suffered much persecution as a result of the mistake. The real vampire was far smaller and looked comparatively benign.

In some places life became almost insupportable because of the vampire's raids. One bloodletting does little harm to a mammal as big as a horse, an ox, or a man, but the cumulative effect of regular attacks can debilitate and eventually destroy the strongest creature. On Mexiana Island, in the mouth



RUSS KINNE — PHOTO RESEARCHERS

The caiman, or alligator, is not always as dangerous as he looks. Too often he leaves his native land in the form of a ladies' handbag.

of the Amazon, Wallace found that many cattle had been bled to death, and at São Gabriel on the Rio Negro Spruce saw one miserable soldier with eight separate wounds in his big toe. While the vampire could be a serious threat, one could always avoid it by moving a few miles away or by taking a few elementary precautions. Both Spruce and Wallace escaped being bitten by wrapping up well at night and leaving no flesh exposed. A light left on all night was also a fairly efficient deterrent, but the most effective countermeasure was found by a family in São Gabriel who, like everyone else in the village, had suffered terribly each night. One evening by a happy mistake they allowed their cat to stay inside. The next morning they found that no one had been bitten and that there were several dead bats on the floor. After this, they kept the cat in every night, and a vampire bat had only to alight on a hammock to be struck down at once.

It has been said that the real owners of the Amazon valley are its ants, and the masters among the ants must certainly be the Ecitons—the foraging, or soldier, ants. When their formidable armies start to march, every living creature must remove itself from their path. The Ecitons will attack anything they encounter, regardless of its size, and naturalists attempting to study them have described their aggressive tactics from personal experience.



RUSS KINNE—PHOTO RESEARCHERS

When trodden upon, the otherwise unaggressive sting ray uses his spiny tail as a weapon.

The ants will climb up an intruder with surprising speed and fasten their powerful jaws in his flesh; then, using this grip as a fulcrum, they will double their bodies around and sting him with their tails. They are merciless to other insects and will not hesitate to plunder the nests of wasps or to overwhelm colonies of vicious fire ants.

Bates classified ten different species of this insect, eight of them new to science and all of them differing amazingly in their habits. Some, quite blind, would carry out their depredations through long tunnels just beneath the surface of the earth. Others would climb into the forest canopy. Their only common characteristics were utter greed and immaculate organization, as is shown by Bates's description of a raid on the home of another kind of ant, the large but harmless Formica.

> The Ecitons were eagerly occupied, on the face of an inclined bank of light earth, in excavating mines, whence, from a depth of eight or ten inches they were extracting the bodies of a bulky species of ant, of the genus Formica. It was curious to watch them crowding round the orifices of the mines, some assisting their comrades to lift out the bodies of the Formicae, and others tearing them to pieces on account of their weight being too great for a single Eciton; a number of carriers seizing each a fragment, and carrying it off down the slope. On digging into the earth with a small trowel near the entrance of the mines, I found the nests of the Formicae with grubs and cocoons, which the Ecitons were thus invading at a depth of about eight inches from the surface. The eager freebooters rushed in as fast as I excavated and seized the ants in my fingers as I picked them out, so that I had some difficulty in rescuing a few entire for specimens. In digging the numerous mines to get at their prey, the little Ecitons seemed to be divided into parties, one set excavating and another set carrying away the grains of earth. When the shafts became rather deep, the mining parties had to climb up the sides each time they wished to cast out a pellet of earth; but their work was lightened for them by comrades, who stationed themselves at the mouth of the shaft, and relieved them of their burthens, carrying the particles, with an appearance of foresight which quite staggered me, a sufficient distance from the edge of the hole to prevent them from rolling in again.

Bates is eminently quotable on his insects, and there is no better account of termites than the one in his great book *The Naturalist on the River Amazons.* The termitaria are a common sight in South America; often a plain will be pock-marked with their castles as far as the eye can see, the smallest and most fragile-looking being as hard as stone. This ubiquitous pest is similar to the ant only in some of its habits and physical characteristics, for it belongs to a different family of insects and is not even subject to metamorphosis. But in their social organization the two species are alike.

> The wonderful part in the history of the Termites is, that not only is there a rigid division of labor but nature has given to each class a structure of body adapting it to the kind of labor it has to perform. The males and females form a class apart; they do no kind of work, but in the course of growth acquire wings to enable them to issue forth and disseminate their kind. The workers and soldiers are wingless and differ solely in the shape and armature of the head. This member in the laborers is smooth and rounded, the mouth being adapted for the working of the materials in the building of the hive; in the soldiers the head is of very large size, and is provided in almost every kind with special organs of offense or defense in the form of horny processes resembling pikes, tridents, and so forth. Some species do not possess these extraordinary projections, but have, in compensation, greatly lengthened jaws, which are shaped in some kinds as sickles, in others as sabers and saws.

These ready-made soldiers have the courage to match their armory. When

Bates broke into one of the termites' archways, he first saw only workers, scurrying for safety, but then the soldiers came out to protect their retreat and were absolutely fearless, thrusting their grotesque weapons up toward the intruder. When one rank is destroyed, it is replaced by another; and when a soldier bites, his jaws will never let go, even if his body is torn to pieces. The timidity of the worker and the suicidal fury of the soldier are both essential to the colony's survival, for the workers' role is to tend the larvae, while the soldiers stand guard, and if necessary, offer themselves for the general good. It seems amazing that creatures with such specialized characteristics should have evolved simply to be sacrificed when their more important fellows are in danger.

There is one pest that on occasion defeated even the hardy conquistadors who discovered the river—the mosquito. Indeed, reading accounts of its numbers and virulence, one wonders why anyone would ever go to this river of misery, let alone live there. The answer is that many places are not infested by irritating insects, or at least not unbearably so. The traveler builds up a tolerance for their bites and learns to slap at them without interrupting whatever he is doing. But in the most pestilential parts of the river, where conditions are truly murderous and neither acclimatization nor nets give any noticeable relief, the only solution is to surrender and move elsewhere.

Humboldt and Bonpland found one such area in the watershed shared by the Orinoco and the Rio Negro. The Indians who lived there, although less sensitive to mosquito bites than Europeans, suffered terribly. Some tribes would bury their bodies in the sand by night and cover their faces with a cloth. Others lived in what Humboldt called "ovens," small windowless chambers cleared of mosquitoes by a wet brushfire and battened down while the smoke was too thick for the insects to enter.

Poor Bonpland, coughing like a consumptive, was forced to sort his specimens in these unpleasant quarters. It was impossible to work outside: "We could neither speak nor uncover the face, without the mouth and nose being filled with insects." The missionaries on this part of the river spoke of being "condemned to the mosquitoes" for their sins; their limbs pitted as if by the most virulent smallpox, they bore a lifetime of suffering with extraordinary courage.

Preying on the insects are birds of almost every kind, some, like the egrets, the scarlet ibises, the trogons, the hummingbirds, and the kingfishers, bewildering in their beauty, others sporting the grotesque beaks of the toucans, the cocks-of-the-rock, the macaws, and the roseate spoonbills. Parrots of every size thrive in the forests, from the majestic macaw to fluttering clouds of parakeets, which are smaller than the great Morpho butterflies of the Amazon.

There are birds with exotic names, like cotinga, tanager, pavo, and tinamous, and others with strange habits, like the ovenbird, which builds its kiln-shaped nest in the forks of trees, or the cacique, which hangs its nest downward from the branches. There are vultures, eagles, jabiru cranes in great colonies, and a number of waterfowl. The plains between the Beni and the Mamoré are frequented by the Rhea, or South American ostrich, and the headwaters of the Andean tributaries by the king condor.

One of the least known, and certainly the most extraordinary, of all the Amazon's birds is the hoatzin, which can scarcely fly or walk, although it lives in the middle of a continent. Its attempts to fly are so feeble that it often fails to reach a tree as close as fifty feet away, but slumps down to rest before taking off again. On the ground it trips dismally over its own feet, but it is at home in trees and in the water. The young are born with curved claws projecting from the joints of their wings, which allow them to clamber about freely, like lumberjacks with pitons. The hoatzins invariable nest in trees on



NINA LEEN; *Life* MAGAZINE © TIME INC.

The vampire bat is truly a fly-by-night. His bite is deep, but oddly, never wakes the victim.

riverbanks, and when there is any danger, instinct impels the young to hurl themselves into the water. They dive without hesitation or fear, and once in the river, they use their wings to swim long distances underwater at an astonishing speed.

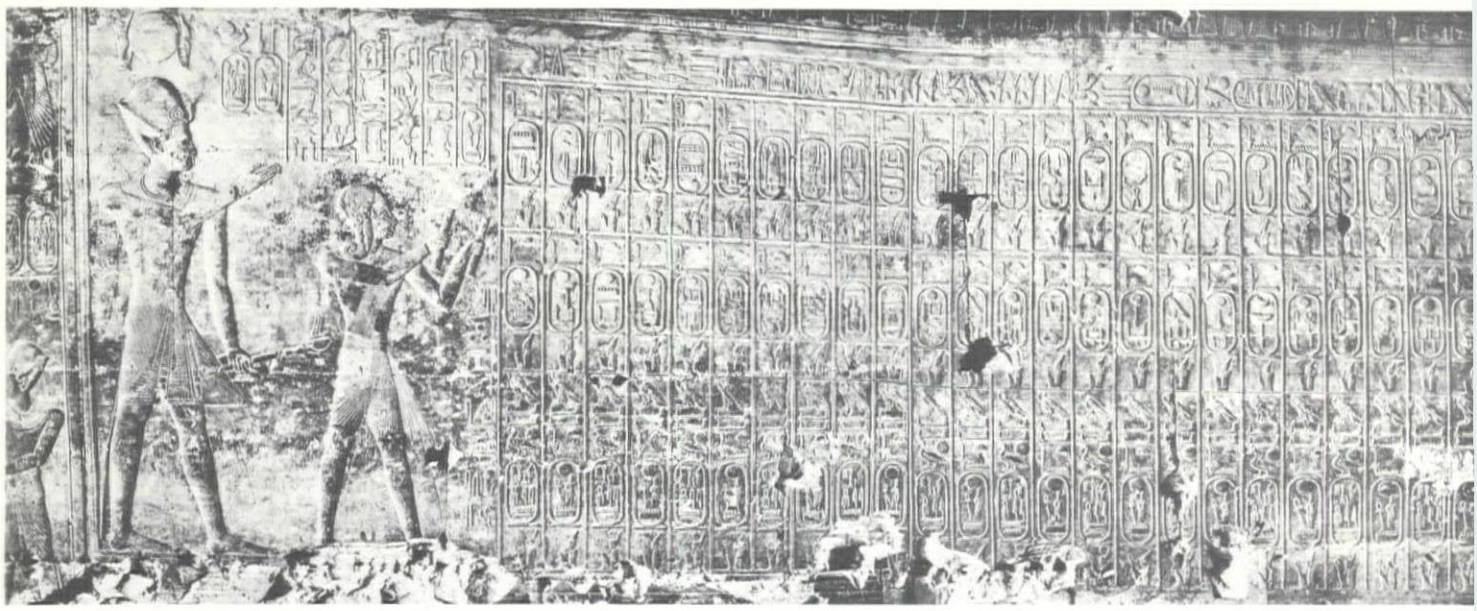
Lacking other means of self-protection, how has so defenseless a creature survived in the midst of so many predators? Bates wondered if the hoatzin's continued existence might owe something to one unpleasant characteristic of this ugly, raucous, and fascinating bird. The hoatzin has a foul and penetrating odor, for which it is justly called the stinkbird. Bates speculated that if this smell is as repulsive to animals as it is to human beings, the hoatzin's natural enemies must be content to seek a less distasteful meal. Human beings, preyed upon by multitudes of ravening Amazon fauna, might well envy the hoatzin's good luck.

Viscount Furneaux, a young British writer, has recently traveled the length of the Amazon. This article is from his book The Amazon, *to be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons early in 1970.*

By J. H. PLUMB

GENEALOGY: THE WELL-PRUNED FAMILY TREE

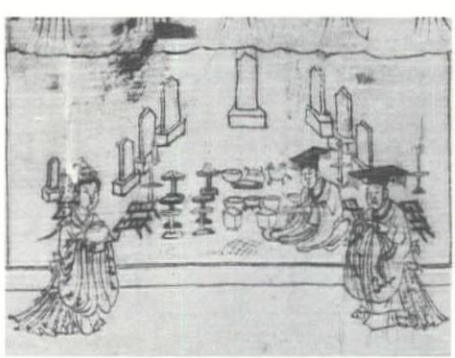
ROGER WOOD



Seti I and his son Ramses II are shown beside a list of seventy-six of their royal ancestors.

In the early summer discreet advertisements appear in the London *Times* offering the services of a specialist in genealogical research. They are but the tip of the iceberg. Most genealogists never bother to advertise; their books are full of work for years ahead. About the same time, the secretariats of the Scottish clans are organizing jamborees of McNabs, Frasers, and MacDonalds, so that Australians, Canadians, Americans, and even Eurasians of that name can swarm together in the Highlands of Scotland and feel at one with their mythical past. A family tree is a precious link, providing roots for millions of the rootless. Nicely emblazoned, it can decorate the study wall and provide an opening gambit for conversation in Sioux Falls, Montego Bay, Buenos Aires, Winnipeg, Auckland, Alice Springs, or Allahabad. Wherever the Scots or Irish go, their clans go, too. But they are not unique: all men and women of European origin cling to their ancestors as frantically as does any mandarin of ancient China or any scion of the Biblical house of Jesse.

At first sight, it seems easily explainable. In the great migrations of the nineteenth century hundreds of thousands of Europeans tore themselves from their homes, villages, and farms to root themselves in the far ends of the earth—the Welsh tending their sheep on the desolate slopes of Tierra del Fuego or the Polish miners burrowing into the rich lodes of Pennsylvania—and naturally they clung to memories of the past. Their money made, they wanted longer, more visible roots, preferably with a noble lurking in the tree's higher branches.



COLL. OF MR. AND MRS. WEN C. FONG

This detail from a silk scroll depicts aristocratic Chinese worshiping their ancestors.

Genealogists rarely failed to provide them with what they wanted. When William Morris, afterward Viscount Nuffield, England's great automobile manufacturer, endowed the multivolume history of the English peerage, professional scholars had no difficulty in providing him with an ancestry that reached back into the fifteenth century to show that he was nearly, if not quite, a Plantagenet. Yet we should not mock. Year in, year out, strangers from overseas drive to the villages of Europe, stroll about the churchyard, glance at the cottages and manor house, and momentarily feel a nostalgic link with the great web of life that reaches back beyond man's memory.

And if one turns from the present to the past, the same relish for ancestors seems to reach back to the earliest records of man. But we should be quite wrong if we thought that the Egyptian, the Greek, the Chinese, or even the Elizabethan interest in genealogy was

'.e same as our own—merely a mix-ure of snobbery and human longing. Like all continuing social activities, genealogy, the need for ancestral tables, has served many social purposes and at times acquired a power and an author-ty that we find difficult to imagine.

The king lists of the Pharaohs, in-cribed on the Palermo Stone, look 'eary enough. Yet they were magical n power, designed to perpetuate the endless continuity of kingship, right back to the gods themselves. Similarly the famous genealogy of the Memphite priests, which so impressed Herodotus —listing sixty generations from c. 750 back to c. 2100, descending in an un-ken succession of fathers and sons —fulfilled the same purpose. It used he overwhelming authority of the past enhance the status of those who possessed the genealogy. Such an ancestry implied not only the blessing of the gods, but the right to power, the right to rule and to subject others. A claim to ancestors was always exclusive. After all, the Chinese mandarins did not allow peasants to participate in the public rites of ancestor worship. Workers and ancestors do not mix; hey never have.

All aristocracies have, very sensibly, made a cult of genealogy in order to



CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS INFORMATION SERVICE

The Mormons' vast collection of genealogical records is housed in ultra-modern granite vaults near Salt Lake City. Cabinets like these hold over 650,000 rolls of microfilm.

underpin their special status. And it is interesting, if not surprising, that outbreaks of genealogical fervor occur most frequently when new classes are emerging into status, when a new faction is pushing its way into the ancient aristocracy, or when the established ruling classes are feeling threatened by the *nouveaux riches*. When, as happened in England between 1550 and 1650, all three factors are present at the same time, the effect on the cult of genealogy is dramatic. "As early as 1577 Walter, Earl of Essex, was boasting of his fifty-five quarterings," writes Lawrence Stone of the Elizabethan aristocracy, "so England was clearly already well set on the road to the heraldic fantasy world whose finest hour came at the end of the eighteenth century with the 719 quarterings of the Grenvilles depicted on the ceiling of their Gothic Library at Stowe."

Where the service of the past has been urgently needed, truth has ever been at a discount. As most of their true genealogies tended to disappear after a generation or so, either into oblivion, or even worse, into a yeoman's family, the Elizabethan aristocracy forged medieval charters, cut ancient seals, and invented ancestors with panache. Lord Burghley, the scion of a modest Welsh family, got himself back to Edward the Confessor's day; others were less modest and claimed Charlemagne, Roman consuls, and even Trojans. Not to be outdone, the Pophams indiscreetly placed an ark in their fam-

TATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION

(Act of October 23, 1962; Section 4369, Title 39, U.S. Code)

1. Date of filing: October 1, 1969

2. Title of Publication: HORIZON

Frequency of Issue: quarterly

3. Location of known office of publication: 551 Fifth Ave., ity, County, and State of New York, 10017

5. Location of the headquarters or general business offices of e publishers: 551 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y., 10017

Names and Addresses of Publisher, Editor, and Managing itor: Publisher, Paul Gottlieb, 551 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y., 0017; Editor: Joseph J. Thorndike, 551 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y., 10017; Managing Editor: Charles L. Mee, Jr., 551 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y., 10017

7. Owner: American Heritage Publishing Co., Inc., 551 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y., 10017. Names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock of American Heritage Publishing Co., Inc.: American Association for State and Local History, Nashville, Tenn.; Charles Bruce Catton, Irwin Glusker, Oliver O. Jensen, Richard M. Ketchum, Albert R. Leventhal, James Parton, individually and as Trustee under Declarations of Trust for James Parton III, for Dana Parton, for Nike Parton, and for Agnes L. Parton and a Child of the Grantor; Joseph J. Thorndike, all of 551 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Virginia L. Thorndike, 520 E. 77th St., N.Y., N.Y.; Gerald P. Rosen, 3307 N.E. 16 St., Fort Lauderdale, Fla.; Merrill, Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith, Inc.,* 70 Pine St., N.Y., N.Y.; Alexander Hehmeyer, 401 North Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Roger S. Phillips, P.O. Box 11, Rowayton, Conn.; Loeb Rhoades & Co., 42 Wall St., N.Y., N.Y.; Barbara Joan Straus, c/o Irving Trust Co., 1 Wall St., N.Y., N.Y.; Alan Thorndike and John Thorndike, 11 Owenoke, Westport, Conn.; Evans & Co., Inc.,* 60 Wall St., N.Y., N.Y.; Clark Dodge & Co., Inc.,* 61 Wall St., N.Y., N.Y.; Gale & Co., c/o Harris Trust & Savings Bank, 111 West Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

8. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: Girard Trust Bank, Philadelphia, Pa.

9. For completion by nonprofit organizations authorized to mail at special rates: Not applicable

10. EXTENT AND NATURE OF CIRCULATION

	Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months	Actual No. of Copies of Single Issue Published Nearest to Filing Date
A. Total No. Copies Printed (Net Press Run)	162,000	154,000
B. Paid Circulation		
1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors, and counter sales	500	500
2. Mail Subscriptions	151,300	147,400
C. Total Paid Circulation	151,800	147,900
D. Free Distribution (including samples) by mail, carrier, or other means	2,800	2,900
E. Total Distribution (Sum of C and D)	154,600	150,800
F. Office Use, Leftover, Unaccounted, Spoiled After Printing	7,400	3,200
G. Total (Sum of E and F—should equal net press run shown in A)	162,000	154,000

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

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Publisher

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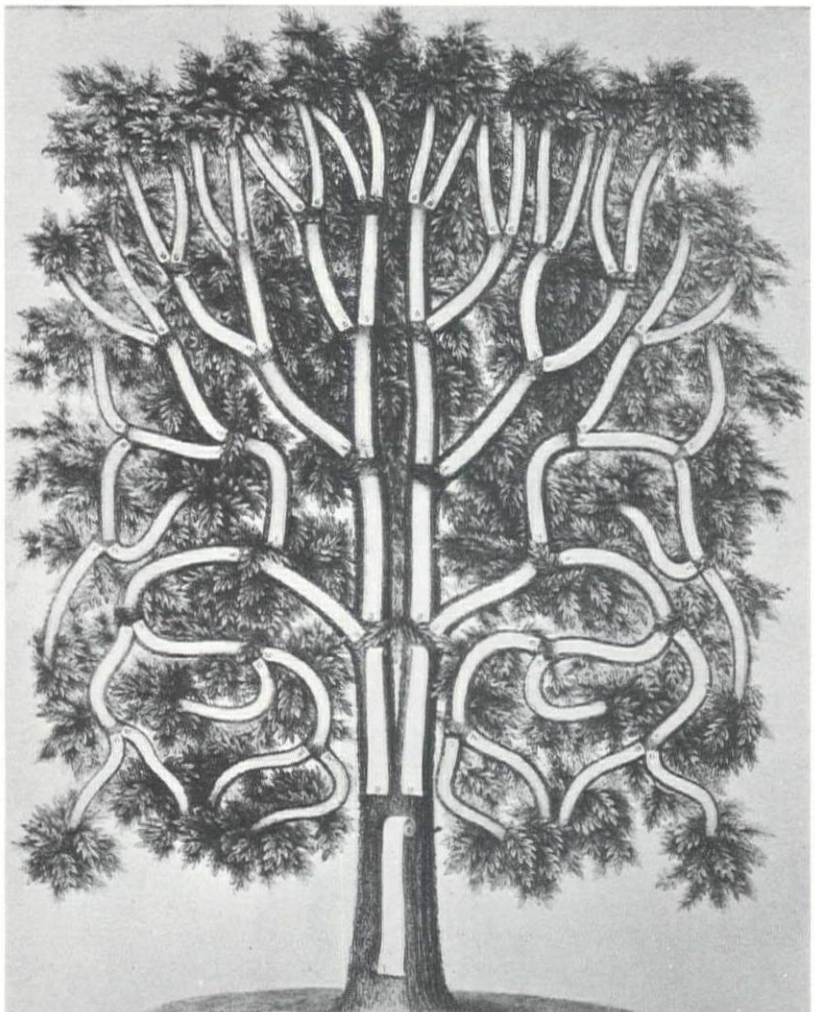
ily tree. Normans, Saxons, Romans, or Trojans were as essential to the Elizabethans as Priam, Hector, or Achilles was to the Greeks, or as Gaul and Charlemagne were to the aristocracy at the court of Louis XIV. But this was no joke, no game, no fantasy; both arms and pedigrees were of vital use. The great painted genealogies had a purpose every whit as definitive as the stele of Seti I at Abydos, where he is depicted venerating the names of his seventy-six predecessors. So has power descended, so is power confirmed.

As it was for Seti I, so it had to be for the first Lord Burghley, and so it was to be—but in how diminished a sense—for many New Englanders caught up in the genealogical craze that swept America in the 1880's and 1890's. The newly arrived Americans, daunted by the Winthrops, the Cabots, and the lesser families who could trace their pedigrees to the Pilgrim Fathers and beyond, required a personal share of the past to bolster their new-found social status and authority. Alas, there was no American Heralds' College to provide their wants, no Garter King-of-Arms to bribe, no Bluemantle to suborn; but the New York Public Library did its best and acquired the largest of all public genealogical departments. Other genealogists worked, with about the same sense of historical accuracy as their Tudor predecessors, in the major record offices of Europe. Ancestor worship in America acquired a certain respectability. But, like so many uses of the past that reach back to the dawn of time, the force of genealogy withered, and what was once an essential need for social and political authority became the plaything of snobbery or of mere nationalist obsessions.

Nearly, but not quite, for history delights in irony: there remains one great body of men and women for whom genealogy is more than snobbery, more than intellectual curiosity, more even than a technique for investigating the past. For the Mormons it is a vital activity, and one full of the deepest religious significance. The genealogical past once sanctified the present; now the living Mormons sanctify the dead. Their ancestors, once truly and accurately traced, name by name, can be retrospectively baptized and given their passport from limbo to heaven. And so in Utah there are monuments that th Pharaohs might have envied, hug caverns quarried out of the granite proof against bombs nuclear or bomb biological, in which the keys to Mor mon ancestry are preserved for all time

How much simpler but how muc less human it would be to baptize every one retrospectively, for one does no have to go back very fa to be everyone's cousin After the lapse of mere twenty generations everyone has 1,048,57 direct ancestors—great great, great, etc., grand parents. Apart from a few immigrant groups every Englishman o English grandparent may claim to be descended from everyon who was alive in Eng land at the time of th Norman Conquest—s much for Norman descent. Everyone's genealogical table, even Queer Elizabeth II's, is a deception. Only by clinging resolutely to one branch and occasionally swinging to another, can a family tree be made to look like one. Otherwise it vanishes all too quickly in a complex spider's web.

All men are brothers, genetically, ancestrally—descended from all who were alive two or three millenniums ago. It is hard to grasp; most of us would rather not do so. We cling to false distinction, and like any Tudor gentleman, hanker after a Trojan, a Norman, a Roman senator, to link us with borrowed distinction to the living past.



This do-it-yourself model for a family tree was designed in Connecticut in 1845.

J. H. Plumb, HORIZON*'s European Consulting Editor, is a member of the British Academy and, of course, a direct descendant of William the Conqueror.*