



HORIZON

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HORIZON

AUTUMN, 1973 · VOLUME XV, NUMBER 4

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More Notes on the Revolution

In a recent issue of HORIZON, Dr. J. H. Plumb asserted—and to a considerable extent demonstrated—that modern man is passing through a profoundly revolutionary epoch, rounding a bend in the road as sharp as any that mankind has encountered in several millennia. The revolution, said Dr. Plumb, derives its force from a single, far-reaching social condition for the first time since the invention of agriculture: ten thousand years ago the majority of human beings have ceased to be tillers of the soil. In every advanced industrial country, farmers have become what no one could have foreseen a century ago, a small—and shrinking—minority of the population. Yet all of our basic institutions, social arrangements, and habits of thought are rooted in, and premised upon, an order in which most people *were* linked to the land. They are adapted, in other words, to a world that no longer exists.

In consequence, said Dr. Plumb, our most fundamental institutions—the family, for one—will inevitably lose their legitimacy, will no longer appear natural, will no longer make sense. For when institutions lose their function they sooner or later lose their authority. We are entering a period of drastic social experimentation as men begin to grope toward new social arrangements and new moral and ethical codes better suited to the new dispensation.

Such was Dr. Plumb's grand thesis, and one of its merits is that it sharpens one's eye and directs one's attention to social phenomena that otherwise might appear merely trifling and insignificant. One such phenomenon is the upsurge of interest in what has been called "alternate life styles," the burgeoning of artificial communities deliberately designed to make possible new modes of life—communities for the elderly, communities for the religious, communities for those who wish to return to the land, communities



BOHE JOHN DOMINIS

A media freak (above) and a retiree (opposite) . . .

for those who wish to abandon the land. It is easy enough to dismiss these experiments. One could easily attribute the new retirement cities, for example, to the foibles of an "affluent society" and think of the various small experimental communes as a passing hang-over from the brief era of the hippies. Yet, if Dr. Plumb is correct, no such dismissal is possible, for it is just this kind of experimentation, just this withdrawal from the familiar round of life, that his thesis predicts will be happening, and with increasing intensity. Undoubtedly, affluence makes a retirement community for the elderly possible, but what is far more significant is that such a community—a gerontopolis—is unique in history, and there are exceedingly few modern institutions about which that can be said. A community exclusively for unmarried people may turn out to be a passing fad, but the attempt to create a separate society outside the society of families is surely the symptom of a radically changing attitude toward community life.

With these considerations in mind, HORIZON has sought in this issue to explore the emergence of alternative life styles. The exploration includes Thomas Meehan's report on a retirement village, which begins on page 16, Elaine Kendall's article about the new floating suburbs of boat dwellers, on pages 14 and 15, and a photographic survey of several other intentional communities. That the search for alternative life styles is, at the present time, an especially American phenomenon suggests that in this area, as in many others, America remains the experimental laboratory of the modern world, a suggestion underscored by E. M. Halliday's study of utopian communities in America beginning on page 110.

In his essay on the new revolution, Dr. Plumb wisely refrained from predicting what kinds of new institutions men would devise, and the alternative life styles portrayed on these pages are probably not definitive of things to come (though cities for the aged

show signs of permanence). They do demonstrate, however, a growing alienation from older forms, a dissatisfaction with ancient mores, and this, more than any transitory political upheaval, indicates the rumblings of a revolutionary age. W.K./S.F.



What have they in common?

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COVER: This playful collage on plywood, entitled *Saint Sulpice*, is a 1965 work by the irrepressible innovator Max Ernst, who at eighty-two still defies all attempts to categorize him. A survey of his remarkable career by John Russell, accompanied by collages, paintings, sculptures, and other representative works covering more than half a century, begins on page 26.

MENIL FAMILY COLLECTION, HOUSTON

THE GOOD LIFE

"The proud refusal to accept the common lot
constitutes one of the
grand themes of American history."

By WALTER KARP

The gods of the copybook maxims always return, said Rudyard Kipling, but Americans may well wonder when, if ever, they will. A divisive war has ended, a youth rebellion has petered out, the college campuses are as silent as burnt-out volcanoes, yet there has been no return to "normalcy." Instead, there is abroad in the country a strangely unquiet spirit, a spirit of secession from society-at-large. Once—though it seems a long time ago—nearly everyone accepted the common rules and conditions of the common life. People recognized that the common life was a hand-me-down and a makeshift, adapted for all and perfectly suited to none, that it compelled the young to put up with the old and the old to put up with the young, that it bid us befriend our neighbors without letting us select them, that it made us do the work that was needed and not the work we would have liked to do, let us rest two days in seven when we might have preferred to rest five days in twenty. Still and all, sane and sensible people felt it was suitable enough, or in any event, inescapable, a frying pan whose alternative was likely to be the fire. "Life does not bear refinement," warned Dr. Johnson, "Do as others do." On that there was common agreement.

In contemporary America, however, that agreement is breaking down. The past few years have seen the rise of an extraordinary social phenomenon: the creation of thousands of planned communities, devoted, to one degree or another, to providing a few million Americans with alternative modes of living, alternatives, that is, to the common life. Although it was the hippies of the 1960's who led the way (hippie communes presently number about three thousand, according to a recent estimate of the National Institutes of Health),

Two leatherworkers, hefting the materials of their craft, head for their workbench in a commonwealth of their own devising at Sugar Loaf, New York.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR HORIZON BY JOHN DOMINIS



SUGAR LOAF
EST. '71
LEATHER
TRADING CO.



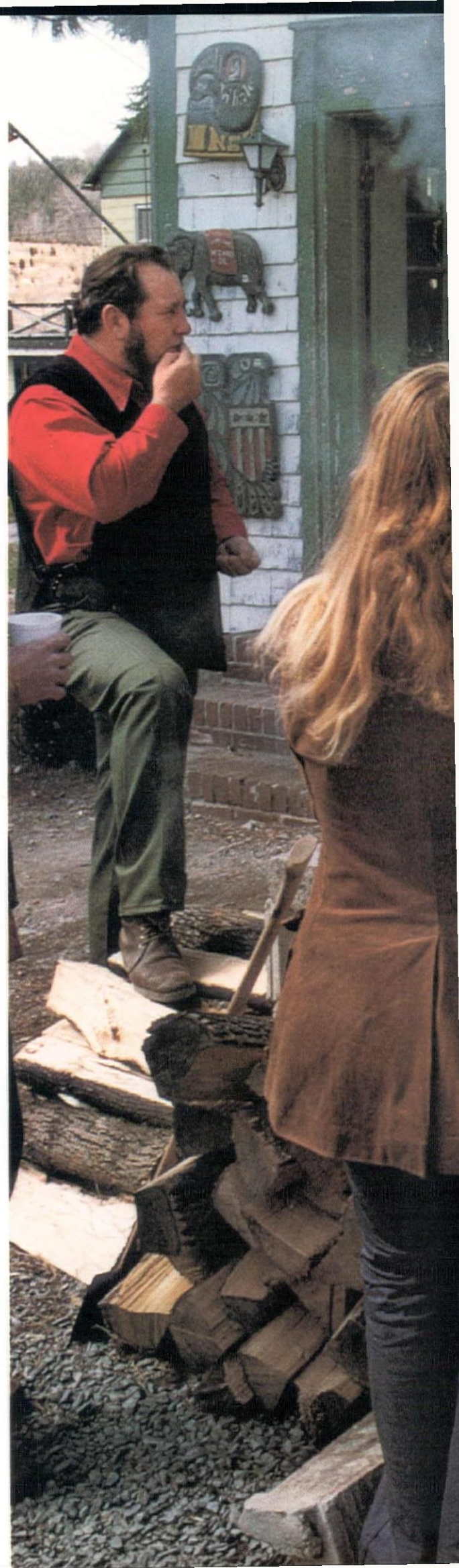
those millions of Americans who now follow them are neither hippies, nor cranks, nor footloose youths. By the usual standards, they are, for the most part, respectable, responsible, even conventional Americans. They have little in common with the youth counter-culture except the most important thing: the belief that the common life is not fit for living and that one's own life, *pace* Johnson, can bear considerable refinement. If the common life of our time gives the aged no dignified place, then scores of thousands of elderly Americans now form communities of their own, veritable cities of the aged, without parallel in human history. If the common life cuts men off from nature, there are now agricultural communes eking out a livelihood in the rural niches of an industrial society. If that life deprives men of pride in their work, there are now communities of craftsmen living by their hands, and in addition, floating suburbs of boats for those who have grown tired of the noisome land, Christian communes of the religious for those repelled by a secularized world, and communities exclusively for unmarried people who refuse to be the odd person out in a universe of families. The sheer variety of these intentional communities suggests a sort of supermarket for living where Americans, inveterate consumers, can now begin to acquire a good life to suit their individual tastes.

The current quest for alternative life styles raises two fundamental, though disparate, questions. The first is whether these new, intentional communities are achieving their intentions. Do they really provide genuine alternatives to the common life, or merely smaller, narrower, impoverished versions of it? To supply an answer to this question, HORIZON surveys, on the following pages, five representative new communities, including a report on life in a village for the elderly, the one form of intentional community that is certain to endure and that represents a rare, genuinely new social institution.

The second question is what does the rise of these communities portend? It is certainly easy enough to view them with alarm as a dark sign of a deep and epidemic disorder. To the distinguished psychoanalyst Erik Erikson, for example, the emergence of exclusive communities for the old, the young, the craftsman, the unmarried, and the like not only marks a breach in the common life but a dangerous denial of man's common humanity. They are, in Erikson's term, a form of "pseudo-speciation" in which the varieties of men are seen as virtually distinct species, preferably kept apart.

That so many Americans are willing to flee from each other seems an unmistakable sign of social disintegration. Yet even Americans forget, in Jefferson's words, that the sea of liberty is supposed to be turbulent. For better or worse, the proud refusal to accept the common lot, the courage to turn away from the given conditions of life, and the willingness to create new communities through covenants with one's chosen companions constitute one of the grand themes of American history, beginning, indeed, with the Mayflower Compact. Perhaps the gods of the copybook maxims will never return because they never reached our shores in the first place.

Forsaking an automated world full of dull and thankless jobs, some new pioneers are returning to the frontier life of yesteryear. The couple on the preceding page—and their neighbors, at right, who are boiling maple syrup—make and sell candles, batiks, bracelets, belts, and woodcarvings. They founded their community in the colonial hamlet of Sugar Loaf six years ago, where they have a general store, a half-dozen houses, and a church. Population: fifteen artisans working at home and turning a tidy profit.



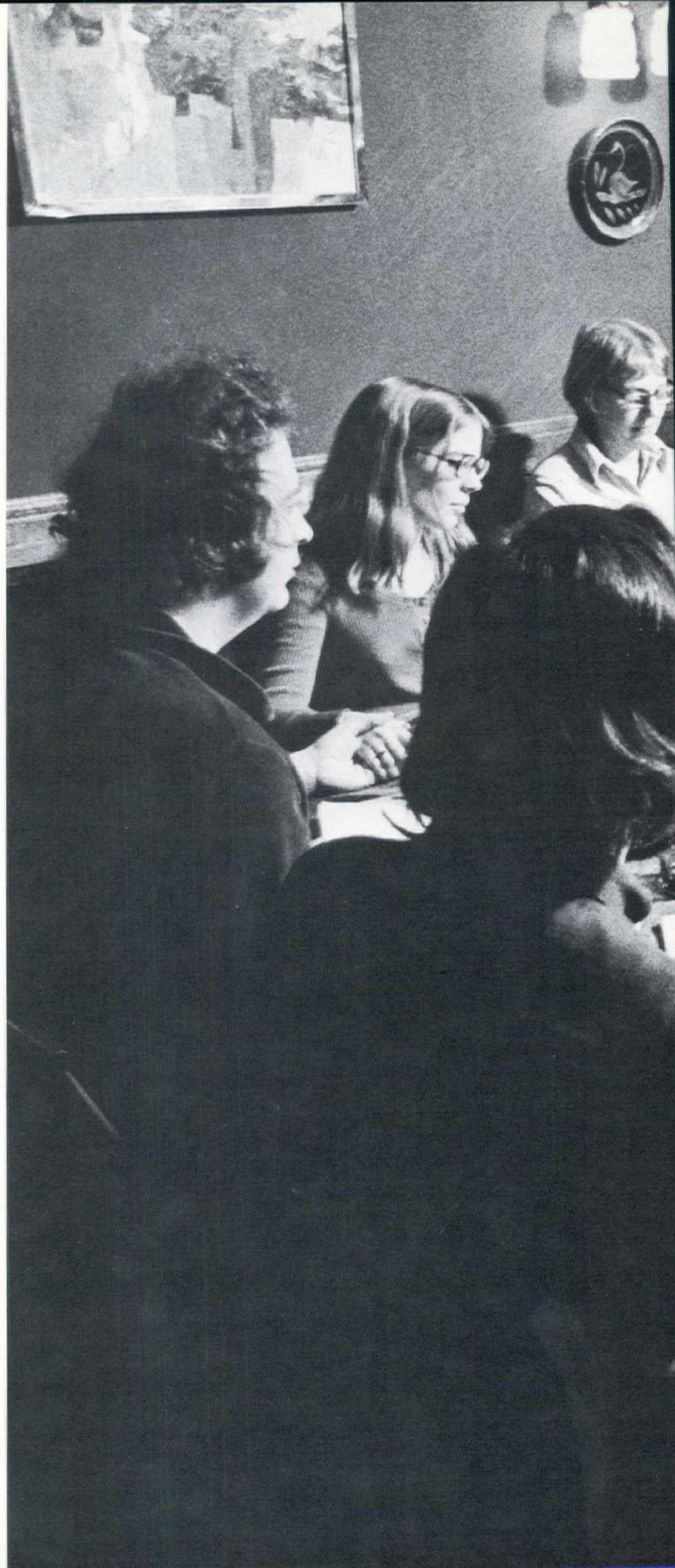


*IN THE EARLY
CHRISTIAN COMMUNE,
CIRCA 1973*



The news that the nuclear family is a shattered institution comes as no unpleasant surprise to the residents of Shalom House, a comfortable Victorian home on Staten Island, New York. There, banding together in what distinctly resembles an ancient Christian commune, eight ministers, therapists, and administrators gather to invite their souls. At right, they lock hands to give silent thanks for a communal meal. Above, they squat beside a prone—and trusting—colleague and press their palms on him. “By getting in touch with our bodies, we get in touch with our feelings,” says Tilda Norberg, who, like the other members of this new family, puts her faith in the hands of her friends.

Shalom House is a mere two years old—which makes it a junior member of the vigorous commune movement. However, unlike many of the late-hippie communes, this one displays the signs both of stability and heterogeneity: some of the members are married, some single, some are young and some not. Mundane chores like cleaning and cooking are shared equally by men and women; spiritual leadership is also shared. The residents are active in political, feminist, and religious groups and make up their own liturgies for worship at home. Like the members of three thousand other American communes, they have moved beyond the traditions of family and church.

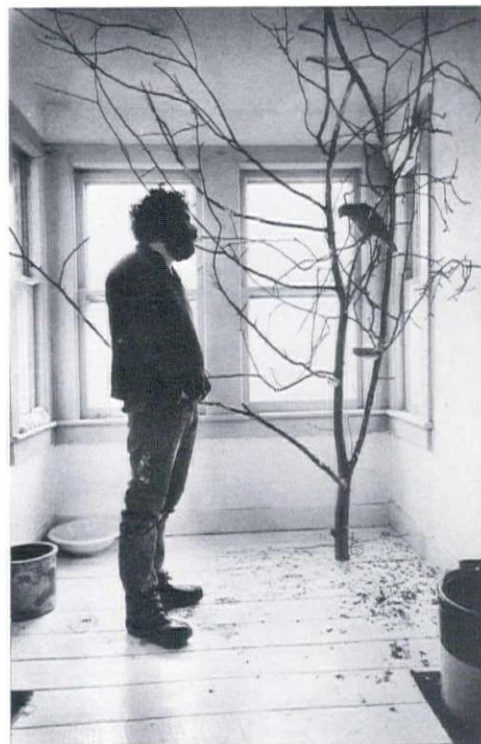








GETTING WITH IT TECHNOLOGICALLY



If, to some, modern gadgetry seems a horrible threat to an agreeable way of life we have known, to others it promises an exciting way of life in the future—to be embraced and hurried on its way. The shaggy technicians shown here, who call themselves the Video-freex, are dedicated to learning how to integrate technology and the human species, to form a community in which man and the machine can live in perfect, intimate harmony.

The television show on the screen at left is being taped by an eight-year-old cameraman, with his little brother as moderator, and broadcast live to an audience that includes the cameraman, moderator, and their mentors, the Freex. Coached by the Freex, hundreds of people have learned to use home-made television in classrooms, for art exhibits, to survey housing sites, or—like these neighborhood boys—just to have fun. The Freex labor and live together—along with the pet parrot, above—in a huge, ramshackle old house in Lanesville, New York. Here, on foundation money, they build, run, and repair video equipment; make, catalogue, and distribute tapes; and “turn on” others to the process. Man’s only accepted technological strategies involve “destroying technology or running away from it,” writes the Freex’s comrade Michael Shamberg. “A better answer is to stay around and begin to structure and relate to technology.”

ON THE WATERFRONT



Most people forced to remain in the sooty embrace of a big city wish they could pay less rent, live closer to nature, and enjoy some sense of community. Reluctant to cut loose altogether—to flee to the wilds or join a commune—they seek the near edges and the niches and crevices the others have not perceived in their hurried view of the possibilities of modern life.

Musician Bernard Karl and his actress-dancer wife, Jean, have found a secret Manhattan suburb just two blocks west of Broadway. Over a year ago, on income-tax day, the Karls set up house on a fifty-two-foot motorboat in the 79th Street Boat Basin where they stroll on a slip, above. There are about forty live-aboards at the Basin, including single girls, retired couples, and city executives. "It's like a small town," says Bernard Karl. "Your dock is your block." Basin living has its problems: muggers haunt the nearby rotunda; many docks need mending; boats demand constant attention. "Life here eliminates the concept of 'they'—'they' repair; 'they' fix it," says Mr. Karl. "You have to do it all yourself." Yet, for about half of the cost on land, the Karls can garage their car, cultivate a terrace garden, right, and live in a good-sized home with a fine river view from every room. Grocery stores, restaurants, and cleaners deliver. For a longer report on marina life, see overleaf.







OUR FLOATING SUBURBS

The idea of living aboard a boat is just at that intriguing stage between phenomenon and trend: too well established for headlines, but not yet widespread enough to be called a new American life style. America's boat dwellers seem to be enjoying their ambiguous status: they think of themselves as a club, not a minority.

Of some eight million pleasure craft in this country, about one fifth, or 1,600,000, could conceivably serve as homes. Probably no more than twenty thousand actually do, and even this figure is no more than a rough estimate based on information supplied by marina managers in California and Florida, who put the full-time live-aboard population at 5 to 10 per cent per harbor.

Not that American boat dwellers are confined to warm waters. New York City has the 79th Street Boat Basin, described on the preceding page. Seattle's Puget Sound has several colonies of live-aboards, and there is a small and attractive development of houses on pontoons in Portage Bay. A fair number of boat dwellers live in Chesapeake Bay, and the Gulf of Mexico is filling up with houseboats. Rivers, ponds, and creeks all over America are being reconsidered as home sites.

The definition of a live-aboard can vary from strict and narrow to loose and broad. Purists restrict the term to people whose sole residence is a self-powered vessel: they insist that people who live on towable houseboats or in condominiums on pontoons belong in other categories. The retired couple moored in a Florida port for the winter don't count; nor do the pair who take a

motorized houseboat on a long meander down the inland waterways; nor do yachtsmen. They can all go home if they like. To the truly committed live-aboard, these are frivolous types. Genuine "sailors," furthermore, tend to look down on houseboat dwellers.

Partly as a result of this attitude, and partly because older marinas cannot accommodate them, houseboaters have found their own havens. Clusters of them bloom along Florida's gulf coast, and many have seeded into Texas, Louisiana, and even Mississippi and Alabama. Still, the greatest concentrations of authentic, no-other-address boat dwellers are along the California and Florida coasts. There, where marinas are to be found at intervals over hundreds of miles, it's easy to believe that another kind of Woodstock nation—a formidable naval power—already exists. The western enclave of that nation is very active: on water as on land, California sets the trends.

Until recently, boat dwellers were found only at the opposite ends of the economic scale. The rich had yachts, and, invariably, houses on land. The boat-dwelling poor must once have been numerous, or the word "shanty-boat" would not have entered the language, but they kept well out of the way—on backwaters and creeks, tucked into the hidden bends of rivers, or perhaps on bayous. Middle-class people simply didn't consider living on boats until the last decade or so, with the introduction of the fiber glass hull. Fiber glass and the newer acrylics make the boat-buying dollar go fifteen to twenty feet farther, reduce maintenance time and cost, and permit a once impossible

dream to come true. Owning enough boat to live on—at one time just a caprice of the super-rich or the shift of the independent poor—has rather quickly become a practical alternative for the vast numbers in between. Pleasure craft account for the greatest single sporting goods expenditure in the country—about two and a half billion dollars a year including fuel and accessories. The figures come from the boating industry, but these men see no need to exaggerate: "In fact," one California yacht broker said, "we'd play down the numbers if we could and keep that old aura of exclusivity. People will resist buying a boat if they think the Pacific is going to look like the Santa Ana Freeway at rush hour."

What draws people to boats? In 1955 Dr. Ernest Dichter of the Institute for Motivational Research investigated American attitudes toward various sports for manufacturers seeking to expand their markets, and he supplied the boat makers with a number of helpful hints. Men seek outboard power "in an almost sexual way," Dr. Dichter reported. As a recently retired live-aboard said, "There are two great pleasures in life, and fooling around with boats is the one that lasts longest." Work and play overlap for the boat dweller. "I used to spend all week waiting for Saturday," another veteran live-aboard said. "Now that I've moved in, I can take her out any time and work on her every night." (Did Dr. Dichter say *almost* sexual?)

Pent-up sexuality is hardly the major reason for living on a boat. Though individual reasons may differ, most members of the marina community invari-

ably profess a sincere love for the sea. "There are all kinds of motives," says Charles Thomas, president of the Jensen Marine Corporation in Costa Mesa, California, and a permanent live-aboard. "I just love the freedom and the water, but people who come here to buy boats have different rationalizations. They may want to trade a smaller boat for a larger one, and figure that they can afford it only by moving aboard and giving up their house. A boat suitable for full-time living and serious cruising can run to about seventy-five thousand, fully equipped. There's something else, too. A great many people get to be forty or so and see the free life that kids have today. They envy them. It looks like more fun and less work. At this point, they start to feel they've missed out. The sensible ones buy a boat and move onto it. That way, they have a feeling of changing their whole life style."

Marina life is village life, and—like the small towns that many Americans long to return to—marinas can accommodate a surprising range of humanity. Those for whom a boat is home constitute a group within a group, and in the larger marinas they usually have a kind of civic association that convenes periodically, like a town meeting. The topics discussed are many of the same ones that concern townspeople: trash collection, police and fire protection, parking space for cars, recreational facilities, representation in the larger community. Yet, even when the talk runs to assessments and surcharges, there's noticeably less rancor and dissension than one finds at town meetings in the suburbs. Boat people are bound together, not only by common practical concerns, but by that emotional attitude toward the sea.

To the outsider and inlander, life on a boat may seem paradoxical: the illusion of adventure, of space and liberty, is there, all right, but often the actuality is not, for a boat tied up in a marina most of the year surely can't feel too different from a house in the suburbs, particularly if the occupant commutes to work or school. In town, people worry about

heating or air conditioning; on board, it's the engine or the pumps. Then, too, a marina may be a congenial enclave with a strong sense of community, but what if it isn't? The long waiting lists for desirable moorings make moving away less easy than it might seem.

Nor do the shortcomings end here. The rules of marina life eventually irk those who have come in search of autonomy. The word "prohibited" turns up on almost every walkway, dock, wall, and public room. The Long Beach Marina's rules, for instance, cover everything from swimming (forbidden), to fishing (no bait on the docks), to children (none under ten allowed on the docks unless accompanied by an adult), to bikes and motorcycles (none), and so on in the manner of the bylaws of a small sectarian college in the hinterlands; one almost expects compulsory chapel. Those who move onto a boat with the idea that a marina is the perfect place for a nonconformist existence are soon disabused of the notion.

People who own a sliver of the San Andreas fault overlooking the Pacific regard the live-aboard movement in purely economic terms. To them, twenty thousand live-aboards in all of America seems a very conservative estimate; they are sure they can see at least that many from their patios, enjoying a whole deckful of costly sea, sun, sky, and air for what seem to be bargain rates. The view can be profoundly unsettling to someone who has just overextended himself to acquire a quarter-acre of dusty brown hilltop. To a growing number of Californians, therefore, a seventy-five-thousand-dollar boat has abruptly come to seem a splendid economy. For no matter how huge and houselike the boats may be, they continue to be taxed as personal property rather than as real estate.

This apparent economic discrepancy has created a distinct division between those who live on the land and those who live on the water, but if the tax question is the real irritant, ecology has become the respectable rallying cry for

the landlubbers. "I wouldn't mind providing them with free municipal services if they didn't pollute the water," is the way the more tolerant phrase it. The intolerant *do* mind the idea of free provisions, and rarely hesitate to say so. The thought of boat dwellers taking full advantage of public schools, fire and police protection, hospitals, libraries, and other tax-supported services as virtual guests of the community at large is a source of constant friction, and a topic that local politicians have been quick to exploit. In fact, live-aboards *do* pay their own way; most marinas, for instance, provide a private security force, their own fire-fighting equipment, and reliable daily refuse collection. Fees covering these services are included in dockage rates or added as a surcharge. Nor have the schools been overloaded with the children of live-aboards. Large families simply don't live on boats: the logistics are too complicated, and the space too limited.

To those now in residence on boats and to many more who might like to be, living aboard is the answer to a basic problem of life: finding a home one likes and can afford. To the rest of us, the movement can be a threat, a fad, an option, or even a scenario of the future. The floating suburb is obviously a congenial idea, already tested and found workable. It is unrealistic to expect one-acre zoning and two-car garages out beyond the Verrazano and the Golden Gate, but one *could* have dwelling units rather like boats, with adequate headroom, cleverly designed built-ins, and generous deck space. Architects have already drawn the plans for such developments, and the Japanese government expects its offshore housing project to be under way within the next year. America is not as land-poor as Japan, but a great many Americans would prefer the open sea to the Dakota Badlands. And this generation of live-aboards can teach us how to manage.

In the Winter, 1971, issue of HORIZON Elaine Kendall wrote about life styles in another kind of suburb: the trailer park.

THE
GOOD
LIFE



LETTING
THE REST OF
THE WORLD
GO BY AT
**HERITAGE
VILLAGE**



Taking their ease at Heritage Village, six residents tune up, above, while a neighbor, opposite, tones up on a bicycle path.

By THOMAS MEEHAN





The residents of Heritage Village, a haven for the retired and semi-retired on 1,005 country acres in the green and gently rolling hills of central Connecticut, tend to keep themselves all but frantically busy. In a recent week, for example, from nine thirty on Monday morning, when the Hiking Club set off on a brisk two-hour trek up the banks of the Pomperaug River, until seven thirty on the following Sunday evening, when the Duplicate Bridge Club held a tournament in the auditorium of the Activities Building, Heritage Villagers involved themselves in more than seventy leisure-time pursuits, from golf to choral singing, "Slim-nastics" to "Creative Survival."

To live in Heritage Village—where some 3,000 people presently dwell in approximately 1,900 apartment-sized condominiums that cost from \$30,500 to \$52,700—either you or your spouse must be at least fifty years old and you may have no live-in children under eighteen. And so, although some residents continue to hold part-time and even full-time jobs, Heritage Village is essentially for those over sixty-five and retired. But they are far from content to spend their twilight years looking at twilights, and instead, spurning life in a rocking chair, are deeply into what has lately been termed "dynamic maturity." The Heritage Village Theatre Guild is rehearsing *Blithe Spirit*, the Shakespeare Study Group is dissecting *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and Dr. Margaret Plunkett is about to repeat "the showing of her fascinating collection of slides of Israel." And this writer, who is still almost a quarter of a century away from retirement age, is exhausted at merely having to list the seven-days-a-week, morning-to-night goings on at Heritage Village, where one doesn't buy merely a retirement home but "An Active New Way of Life."

Heritage Village is, of course, only one of scores of geriatric ghettos that have been sprouting up in the United States in the past thirteen years. And that are evidence of a curious new sociological phenomenon: the willingness of

many Americans over sixty to segregate themselves in enclaves.

Since the 1920's, elderly couples have been leaving chill northern climates to retire in Florida or California, and have tended to concentrate themselves in places, like St. Petersburg, Florida, that cater to their needs. Not until 1960, however, when the Del E. Webb Development Corporation opened up Sun City, a sprawling complex near Phoenix, Arizona, had a full-scale community ever been built specifically for people over fifty and without live-in children. Even as the first residents were moving into Sun City, sociologists predicted that the community was bound to fail because people would resent being cordoned off into what amounted to a staging area in which to play shuffleboard and canasta while waiting for death. The sociologists were mistaken, however. By 1964, the population of Sun City had grown to 7,500; it is now 21,500, and it is expected to reach 55,000 by 1980.

The success of Sun City scarcely went unnoticed by other real-estate developers, who in the early 1960's began putting up similar retirement communities in Arizona, New Mexico, Florida, and California. Developers assumed in those days that a retirement community could succeed only in a semitropical area where there was year-round warmth and sun. But then a government-sponsored survey revealed a startling statistic: no fewer than 75 per cent of a cross section of couples who were about to retire said they would prefer to stay within a short drive of where they were presently living, so they could be close to friends, family, and such familiar haunts as the Elks Club and favorite stores and restaurants. For many, basking in the sun of Sun City counted for little when compared to keeping up some sort of geographic and social continuity. At the same time, they said, they had no interest in maintaining an expensive home, and so were planning to sell their houses and move into smaller dwellings.

When the results of the survey were published, developers from the Middle

West to New England at once suspected that the percentage who had no desire to pick up stakes for Florida or California were prime candidates for relatively chill and sunless Sun Cities that might be built in the North. So, gambling on their hunch, they began around 1965 to put up retirement communities in such areas as suburban Chicago, southern New Jersey, Westchester County, and Connecticut, and before long the retirement communities of the frozen North, with names like Holiday Village and Leisure World, had waiting lists. Thus, in the latter half of the 1960's the retirement community became a nationwide phenomenon, and there are today some three hundred of them, located in just about every state but Alaska. Dozens more are either planned or under construction, and of the 21,000,000 Americans who are sixty-five or older, perhaps a million now live in a retirement community.

Among those who read the survey results with more than casual interest was Henry Paparazzo, a contractor, builder, and real-estate developer from Waterbury, Connecticut, who at once realized that his area, which is within a two-hour drive of New York City, was ideal for a retirement community. In 1965, in partnership with his five brothers, Paparazzo paid a million dollars for 1,005 acres of farmland on the outskirts of Southbury, Connecticut. In January, 1966, Paparazzo broke ground for the community he had decided to call Heritage Village, and on May 21, 1967, the first residents—Mrs. Irma Holton and Mrs. Vera Faith, widowed sisters from Westport, Connecticut—moved in. On July 7, 1969, Paparazzo sold his thousandth condominium in Heritage Village, and by October 15, 1971, the population had grown to 2,163. Today, it's about 3,000, and by the end of next year, it's expected to reach 5,000. At that time, there will be no more lots left to build on, and the community—around 2,700 condominiums—will be complete. At that time, too, Henry Paparazzo will pack his money-filled bags and move on, leaving the residents of

Heritage Village to run the place for themselves.

Heritage Village, which has won awards from the American Institute of Architects for the design of its contemporary, Scandinavian-looking apartment buildings, is perhaps a model of how a retirement community should be laid out. The condominiums, built into the sloping Connecticut hillsides in clusters of five or six around communal patios and garage areas, have subtly elegant exteriors of weathered, unpainted Idaho cedar and shingled roofs of the same wood. Just about every building Paparazzo has put up, from a shopping center known as the Bazaar to a 129-room country inn, is of Idaho cedar; at some point, one suspects, the world's greatest Idaho-cedar salesman must have passed through Southbury. In any event, the buildings of Heritage Village, standing among maple trees, stone walks, winding two-lane roads, well-kept lawns, ponds, lakes, and an 18-hole golf course, fit unobtrusively into the natural contours of the Connecticut landscape. And while a resident can do absolutely anything that he wants to the interior of his condominium, he is forbidden to alter the Idaho-cedar exterior of his home by so much as a whit. Thus each cluster of condominiums looks much like the next.

Heritage Village is a modern version of an old-fashioned, nineteenth-century New England town—the kind that the residents of Heritage Village either grew up in or wish they had grown up in. The impression that Heritage Village is a kind of throwback to the New England villages of Longfellow, Emerson, and Thoreau has been carefully nurtured by Paparazzo. The very name of the community sounds old-timey, and so do the names of the various models of condominiums: the Hawthorne, the Winthrop, the Franklin, the Sherman. On a lawn known as the Village Green, moreover, Paparazzo has installed a flock of grazing sheep. The place, in short, has everything except the village smithy stand-

ing beneath a spreading chestnut tree.

This community, where every day is a holiday, has facilities for just about every leisure-time activity known to modern man except spelunking and deep-sea fishing. It has woodworking and metalworking shops; ceramics, painting, and sculpting studios; a library; a gymnasium; sauna and exercise rooms; a photography lab; and a plethora of rooms for games, cards, and billiards. It has four swimming pools, trout streams, hiking and bicycle trails, and paddle-tennis courts. Plus the golf course, where professional women golfers compete each June for a purse of \$25,000. In the Bazaar and elsewhere are some fifty shops and services, including a bar, several restaurants, and a supermarket. It is perfectly possible to live in Heritage Village without ever leaving its grounds. "We've got everything here that you'd find in any other town of this size except a movie theatre and a car wash," a public-relations man told me. But, in fact, there are several things that Heritage Village doesn't have, and what it doesn't have is perhaps more significant than what it does. There are, of course, no schools, but there are also no churches. The community is nondenominational and includes residents of just about every religious and ethnic background. "We even have a couple of colored families," the public-relations man told me when I asked him about racial balance in the community. I never came across any members of these families, but I have an inkling that they are scarcely types out of *Sanford and Son*. The relatively high cost of living in Heritage Village—the cheapest, one-bedroom unit costs \$30,500 to purchase and \$138.95 per month to keep up—bars all but relatively affluent middle-class and upper-middle-class whites. It is a painful but undisputed fact of American life that the majority of elderly nonwhites are a good deal less than affluent.

Although the incidence of illness and death is higher than in a similar-sized, regular town, Heritage Village has no hospital, no undertaker, and no ceme-

tery. Nor does it have a fire department. In case of fire, Heritage Village must depend upon Southbury's volunteer fire department, a fact that, initially, annoyed the residents of Southbury, who were not in any case terribly happy to find a retirement community being put up within their town limits. Nowadays, with Heritage Villagers paying some \$1,500,000 a year in property taxes and not sending a single child to the town's schools, the people of Southbury consider themselves lucky that Paparazzo built where he did. A final anomaly: there are no factories or business concerns in Heritage Village. But the business of Heritage Village isn't business, of course, but pleasure.

Through a master television antenna system, Heritage Villagers can pick up nine channels. There is central air-conditioning for every condominium. A twenty-four-hour security force ceaselessly patrols the grounds, and crime in Heritage Village is all but nonexistent. The residents of Heritage Village, untroubled by the problems of poverty, drugs, crime, racial injustice, and pollution that afflict other American communities, appear to be living in a kind of modern-day Utopia. And, as might be expected in Utopia, the weekly schedule of events is rather rigidly set up.

In a sense, life at Heritage Village reminds one of life aboard a cruise ship. Or of life at a country-club-style junior college where the pampered students get themselves a smattering of culture while putting in most of their time at bridge and golf. While some of the residents of Heritage Village do volunteer work at a nearby school for the retarded, read to the blind, and help to run a Women's Exchange that raises money for a variety of good causes, many apparently have little interest in such altruistic pastimes. More and more Americans these

OVERLEAF: The pair at center, one of several who have met and married at Heritage Village, pose on their wedding day with their respective families. But soon after the cake-cutting, the children must go—and leave the town to the homogeneity of the elderly.





days look upon old age as a chance to have a second childhood, and retirement communities around the country seem mainly to be concerned with what one observer has called "self-indulgence on an unprecedented scale."

Most Heritage Villagers, I found, are overwhelmingly friendly—not only to each other, but also to visitors—and just about everyone I spoke to there told me that he couldn't be happier. On the other hand, a former New York editor who had retired to Heritage Village a couple of years ago and fled after six months suggested that the friendliness is a sign of an underlying fear of loneliness. That is, because they're all strangers in the same air-conditioned, Idaho-cedar boat, they're afraid they'll be rejected by the new society they've plunged themselves into if they're not at all times aggressively cheerful. "And I don't think that most of them are nearly as happy with life at Heritage Village as they claim to be," he added. "But they've picked up stakes from wherever they lived before, burned their financial bridges behind them, and so they've almost got to say that they're happy with the place. And, of course, some of the people at Heritage Village are genuinely happy there."

Many Heritage Villagers are retired New York executives who moved from such towns as Montclair, New Jersey; Tuckahoe, New York; and Greenwich, Connecticut. Typical of them is Carl Whittaker, as I'll call him, a sixty-eight-year-old retired vice president of the American Can Company who moved in three years ago from New Canaan, Connecticut, with his sixty-two-year-old wife, Marion. Whittaker, a tall, florid-faced man with crew-cut white hair and a booming voice, professes to be pleased in every way with life at Heritage Village, where he spends most of his time either playing golf, fishing, shooting pool in the basement of the Men's Club, or making picture frames in the woodworking shop. His wife has a flower garden in the flatlands by the Pomperaug River and is active in more than a dozen organizations. Born in

1905 in a small town in upstate New York, Whittaker is old enough to remember World War I from his boyhood and World War II as a lieutenant colonel in the Quartermaster Corps in the South Pacific. "And I remember the Depression, too," said Whittaker as we had coffee together one evening, "when for about five years I didn't know where my next dime was coming from. Young people nowadays, they don't understand what it's like to be totally without money or security. And if I've got it now, I earned it—I put in thirty-three years with the same company, commuting every day on the train to New York. Raised four children, too, all of whom are grown up now and married. When we lived in New Canaan, I gave a great deal of my time on weekends and in the evening to things like the P.T.A., the Boy Scouts, and the church, but my feeling is that I've done my bit. I'm finally going to relax and have some fun out of life. And if that means playing golf every day, I'm damned well going to play golf every day."

At Heritage Village, there is an almost constant round of luncheons, cocktail parties, and dances, and the Whittakers cheerfully attend a great number of them, mingling with other Heritage Villagers like themselves—former business executives and their wives who tend to be conservative Republicans. The men are the same businessmen that William H. Whyte, David Riesman, and Sloan Wilson wrote about in the early 1950's—the Organization Men, the Men in the Gray Flannel Suits. Scarred by the Depression, they are a generation of conformists who see absolutely no reason to stop being conformists now. The pressure on everyone in a retirement community to conform is one of the chief attractions to such men of places like Heritage Village. Similarly, elderly non-conformists tend to stay away from retirement communities. As I was told at Heritage Village, "We don't get many weirdoes—they take one look at the place and know they don't belong and wouldn't be happy here."

It is perhaps no coincidence that the flight into retirement communities began in the 1960's, when the United States became obsessed with the doings of the under-thirty young, or as *Time* magazine dubbed them, the Now Generation. Until then, Americans had traditionally turned to the elderly for wisdom and advice, but in the 1960's they turned instead to long-haired young men in love beads, cowboy boots, and Levis. Who wants to listen to grandfather, America asked, when we've got Simon and Garfunkel, Bob Dylan, and Abbie Hoffman? "Never trust anyone over thirty" was a catch phrase of the 1960's. And thus nobody was more left out of the mainstream of American society than the elderly, many of whom began to retreat into a society of their own. Their attitude became more or less this: if you reject us, we also reject you, and furthermore, the hell with you. The disgruntled young who went off in the 1960's to live in rural communes had a similar attitude toward society, and the migration into retirement communities and into communes can be interpreted as parallel sociologic phenomena.

Since World War II, America has been a nation of people without roots; almost nobody grows up, works, marries, and dies in the same town in which he was born. It was once a common practice for three generations of a family to live under one roof, but in the ranch houses of Levittown, in the high-rise apartments of Lefrak City, and in mobile homes there is no space for more than two generations, and by 1960 a question had urgently posed itself: where were Mother and Dad to go now that they had retired and could no longer keep up the old Victorian house on Chestnut Street, which, in any case, was soon to be torn down to make way for a Burger King? Del E. Webb, Henry Paparazzo, and other developers answered the question—at least for those who could swing the price of a condominium.

Still, there would be no boom in retirement communities in the United

States today if tens of thousands of people hadn't discovered that life in them can be surprisingly pleasant. And what seems especially to delight a new arrival is a sense of feeling years younger because he is no longer looked upon as old. For where there are no children, no teen-agers, and not even any young couples, and where to be sixty-five or older is the norm rather than the exception, the retiree is simply one of the bunch. You don't feel embarrassed, either, at doing things in a retirement community that you might be laughed at for doing in an outside community. In Sun City many men get their exercise by pedaling about on adult-sized tricycles, and whereas a seventy-three-year-old man on a tricycle might look odd somewhere else, he will look perfectly ordinary in Sun City.

Then there is the matter of sex in retirement communities. In an outside community an old person with sexual yearnings might feel ludicrous, but not in a retirement community. Many couples happily renew a long-suspended sex life immediately upon getting into their condominium. At Heritage Village several residents told me more hanky-panky goes on than the outside world would ever believe. About 15 per cent of the residents are single—widows, widowers, a few spinsters, and a handful of lifelong bachelors. Unmarried women outnumber unmarried men by six to one, or around 450 to 75, and several December–December marriages have resulted from liaisons formed at Heritage Village.

The sense of feeling years younger when in a retirement community has had the curious side effect of causing many of the residents never to venture out of the place. As though it were a kind of Shangri-La in which you remained forever young so long as you stayed within its magical bounds. And, for the same reason, they tend to draw up stringent sets of rules for keeping out younger visitors. In many retirement communities, for example, visitors under the age of nineteen are allowed in only a couple of days per week, and then

only for two hours at a time. This is not true at Heritage Village, however, although young visitors aren't allowed to use the swimming pools there except at specified hours. In any event, life in the typical retirement community is closed in.

A final reason why so many older people are moving into retirement communities: fear. People living in the cities and in once elegant but now deteriorating suburban neighborhoods have grown more and more afraid of being burgled, raped, mugged, or murdered. Heritage Village makes a point of its twenty-four-hour security force. Other retirement communities put an even greater emphasis on security. Rossmore's Walnut Creek, near San Francisco, has highway-style tollbooths at its gates, where all who enter or leave are checked by armed guards. Meanwhile, Westlake Island, near Los Angeles, can be reached only over a guarded bridge, and New Jersey's Leisure Village has a cyclone fence around its entire 850 acres. Says an official of Leisure Village, "We are definitely not selling fear, but we are selling *security*—that's the exact opposite." And, indeed, a Leisure Villager can safely leave his home during the day without locking it and stroll about after dark without being afraid. As a condominium salesman at Leisure Village observed, "You can spend \$250,000 for a Park Avenue co-op and not get that kind of security."

By 1980 the number of people who are over sixty-five is expected to be close to 25,000,000. At the same time, our working years are growing shorter, and many retire today not at sixty-five but at sixty-two or even sixty. A man of sixty may have a quarter or more of his life left to live. What should he do with those years? The evidence of Sun City and Heritage Village shows that he would simply like to have a good time. And where can he have a better time than in a retirement community? So, if only 10 per cent of the over-sixty-five retired choose by 1980 to settle in retirement communities, the boom in the business of building such communities will still continue. An amateur's advice

to investors: put your money into real-estate development companies that are building retirement communities, so that at sixty-five you'll have enough cash to buy a condominium in one of them.

Twilight on a summer's evening in Heritage Village, and what at once strikes the visitor from outside is the all-pervading silence. There are no children's voices in the evening, of course, and no jangle of the bells of a Good Humor truck. And no sound, either, of anyone mowing his lawn, for no one in Heritage Village has a lawn and work on the grounds is done by a daytime crew. A car driven by a woman who looks at least eighty goes quietly by at about fifteen miles an hour. Everyone else is indoors.

Ah, a sound of life—gentle laughter and the clinking of glasses. Up in Condo Four a group of twenty or so Villagers are out on a patio celebrating somebody's seventy-fifth birthday. They talk softly, sedately, and no one drinks very much. After a time, nonetheless, a few of them become slightly drunk and begin singing. They sing old songs: "I've Been Working on the Railroad," "Shine On, Harvest Moon," "My Gal Sal." Then they get around to the song that all but sums up their philosophy of life. And so it is here that I'll leave them, in the Connecticut summernight dusk, singing:

With someone like you,
A pal good and true,
I'd like to leave it all behind,
And go and find,
Some place that's known to God alone,
Just a spot to call our own.
We'll find perfect peace,
Where joys never cease,
Out there beneath a kindly sky,
Just you and I.
We'll build a sweet little nest,
Somewhere in the west,
And let the rest of the world go by!*

Thomas Meehan, a frequent contributor to this magazine and others, does not plan to retire before the age of ninety.

*"LET THE REST OF THE WORLD GO BY" USED BY PERMISSION OF WARNER BROS. MUSIC; © 1919, 1947 BY M. WITMARK & SONS







To his 1965 oil and collage *Le Printemps rédempteur et rédimé* (Spring, Redeemer and Redeemed), above, Max Ernst appended a witty "explanation": "La fin du mariage des saisons/Le mot rédimé derive/du latin *ready-made*/cher à Marcel Duchamp/et à Jean-Jacques Rousseau."

Max Ernst is one of the best-looking men to ever walk the earth. That bone-white head of hair, that crystalline and fiery glance, that finely drawn incisive profile, are souvenirs of an earlier, more stylish age, when men of genius did not have an anonymous look, and when personal beauty often went together with an exceptional nature.

On that point, no discord; but from there trouble starts. It is difficult even to say what nation Ernst belongs to. In Germany he is thought of as a national hero. He was born there in 1891, and brought up there, and he first came to notice there as part of the avant-garde that flourished before World War I. The German forest, the German Old Masters, the German language—all count, for him. But for years he has been a French citizen; he can wear, if he wishes, the rosette of the French Legion of Honor. Until the automobile took all the pleasure out of walking in Paris, he was one of the great Parisian promenaders. Like Restif de La Bretonne in the eighteenth century, and like Guillaume Apollinaire at the beginning of this one, Ernst saw the whole city as street theatre: one vast, infinitely extensive performance. He has felt completely at home in Paris since 1922, when he first came there to live.

He also lived for some years in the United States, but his relationship with this country is more complex, and both sunshine and shadow play a part in it. The memory of certain episodes of near persecution in the 1940's still colors his view of America. He had left France in circumstances of grave danger (he had been twice interned by the French, and he was also on the Nazis' blacklist), and when he arrived in the United States in 1941 he was obliged to spend some time on Ellis Island. In wartime America his German birth was to make life difficult for him, and only later did he regain his resilient and appreciative nature.

For it was in this country he found the wife (his fourth) with whom he

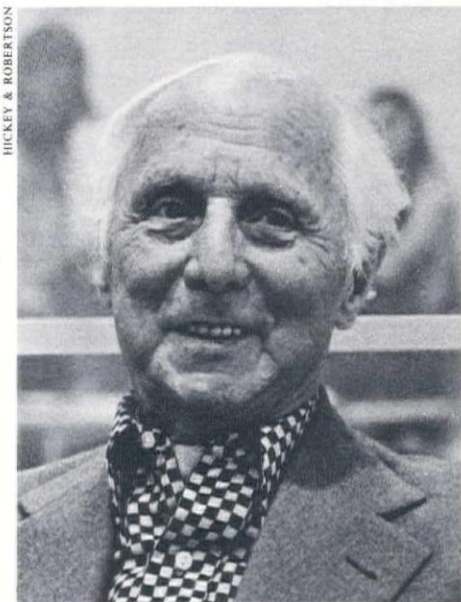
made a lasting and exceptionally happy marriage. Dorothea Tanning was already known as a very gifted painter. She and Max Ernst settled down in Arizona at the end of World War II, and few artists have caught the look of that place as exactly as he has in his poetic landscapes, some of them no bigger than a postage stamp.

Nothing complicated attaches to his feeling for England, where he is a rare but much-fêted visitor. And since the poetics of paradox have fascinated him all his life he naturally has a special feeling for Zurich, the circumspect city that was the source of the wildest and most irrational art of this century. Zurich, the home of the Dada movement, would be necessarily an important place for Ernst, who, as one of the founders of the movement, at one time signed his pictures "Dadamax."

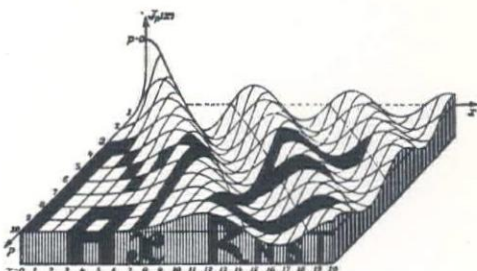
Max Ernst can work anywhere, if he has to. He has both the inner discipline and the stoical disregard for misadventure that have been essential for survival in this century. But if he has survived to an exceptional degree, it is in part because he knows how to make the best of what comes his way. He is never passively or unproductively negative in his reactions; even his hatreds are constructive. There was a great deal he disliked and found ridiculous about his childhood, his education, and indeed the whole sociopolitical setup of the Germany in which he was reared. "Thirty years of Germany were enough," he said, when he finally got to Paris in the twenties. Once free of that rather displeasing environment, Ernst revenged himself upon it by putting it to use. He has added his share to the annals of antimilitaristic art in working off the indignation that lingered from his experiences as a reluctant hussar in the German army in World War I.

From his childhood in Brühl, a little town close to Cologne, and from his student days in Bonn, he derived the basic set of attitudes that has sustained him ever since. In 1967 he gave a brief account of that period: "Max Ernst was born in the year 1891," he wrote, "as a

An Irresistible Force Called Max Ernst



Looking dapper and relaxed, Ernst was photographed, above, at the opening of a major exhibition of his work in Houston earlier this year. At 82, Ernst is still showing new work; his creative output, ranging in mode from Dada to Action Painting to media mixing, would long ago have sufficed to make his reputation three times over. The signature-graph below and the initials in the text of this article are, of course, his own.



Prussian subject in the Rhineland. Difficulties began for him in his father's house, in primary school, and later in high school, when he realized that he had been brought into this world to be a painter. The grown-ups would have liked, and indeed tried, to put down this idea by force. But their crazy ideas about education were no match for the strength of the young Max's belief. The notion of saying 'No' became associated in his mind with a feeling of secret exhilaration. That feeling came to have a decisive importance for him throughout his later life. No matter where his personal destiny, or where the events of world history might land him, this gift of saying 'No' brought him into touch with new friends, like-minded devils and angels, every one of them free as the air. It is for this reason that his work has what is sometimes called its many-sided quality."



clarifying the point, Ernst goes on to say that, "It's quite all right for a painter to know what he doesn't want to do. But if he wants to know what he *does* want to do, then is the time to look out! The painter who finds himself is lost. If Max Ernst regards himself as having accomplished anything, it is this: that he has had the good fortune never to find himself."

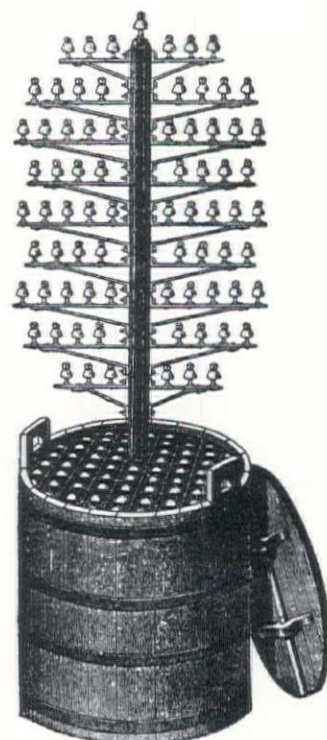
These were pugnacious words from a man in his middle seventies, but Ernst was a natural tangler from the start. He tangled with his father, with his teachers, with the German army in World War I, with the British Army of Occupation in the Rhineland at the end of that war, with the French authorities when he came to Paris with false papers in 1922, with the Nazis in his native Germany from 1933 onward, with the French authorities all over again in 1939-40, and with the American authorities when he arrived in New York

as a refugee in 1941. Poverty, insecurity, and obloquy were in and out of his life as unwelcome companions until well into the 1950's. He has never taken the easy way; and it is only lately that the world has given in to him unreservedly, acknowledging that as a maker and manipulator of images he has few rivals in the history of modern art.

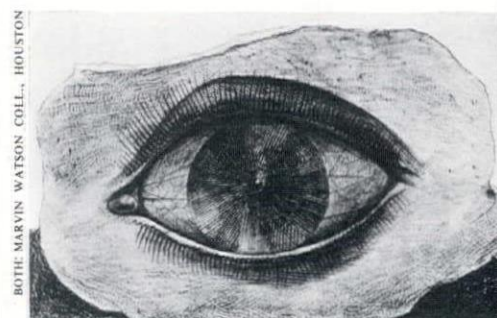
But, once again, the quintessential Ernst will elude us if we try to pin any one label upon him. He is neither "a German artist," in the sense that Dürer was a German artist, nor "a French artist," in the sense that Matisse was a French artist; yet he would not be what he is without the overtones of the German *Wald*, the deep forest that the sun hardly penetrates even at noontime, any more than he would have become what he is without the companionship of his French friends and colleagues, above all that of the poet Paul Eluard. Ernst was a prominent and immensely talented member of the Dada movement, which began in Zurich in 1916 and assumed a particularly brilliant and obstreperous form in Cologne, where he was its ringleader from 1919 onward. When Dada moved to Paris for the final phase of its brief career, Max Ernst was once again the prototypic Dadaist. The titles of his early works, such as *Beautiful woman of the trees precocious body* (1919), *The Hat Makes the Man* (1920), and *Small machine constructed by Minimax Dadamax himself* (1920), reveal him as an impish manipulator of words as well as images.

But Dada had, necessarily, a brief life. It was vivid but ephemeral. "Dada," Max Ernst said recently, "was a rebellious upsurge of vital energy and rage. It resulted from the absurdity, the whole enormous *Schweinerei* of that imbecilic war. We young people came back from the war in a state of stupefaction, and our rage had to find an outlet." Some of the most flamboyant members of the international Dada movement were never to be heard of again as consequential artists: they had their moment of significant exasperation, and nothing came along to replace

In the politically polarized Germany that emerged from World War I, Ernst was drawn by the exuberance and iconoclasm of the Dadaists. He was in the forefront of experimentation with his collages (1, below, and 5 and 8, opposite) that combine parts of old engravings to form fresh and mysterious images that often (as in 5 and 8) satirize establishment values of piety and gentility. In 1920 he made his first photo-collages, photographic enlargements of cut and pasted pictures that momentarily deceive us—as does 6, opposite, which seems to be a "real" photograph of an airplane and war wounded. Ernst moved to Paris in 1922, and as the Dada movement waned he made contact with the surrealists, some of whom posed with him for the photograph at right. The eye, symbol of the artist's introspection, dominates several Ernst works, such as 2, below, a *frottage* made by drawing over a wood rubbing. His paintings of the 1920's (such as 4 and 7, opposite) explore the subliminal terror of childhood dreams, occasionally, as in 4, using real objects, even the frame, to mock the illusionism of conventional painting.



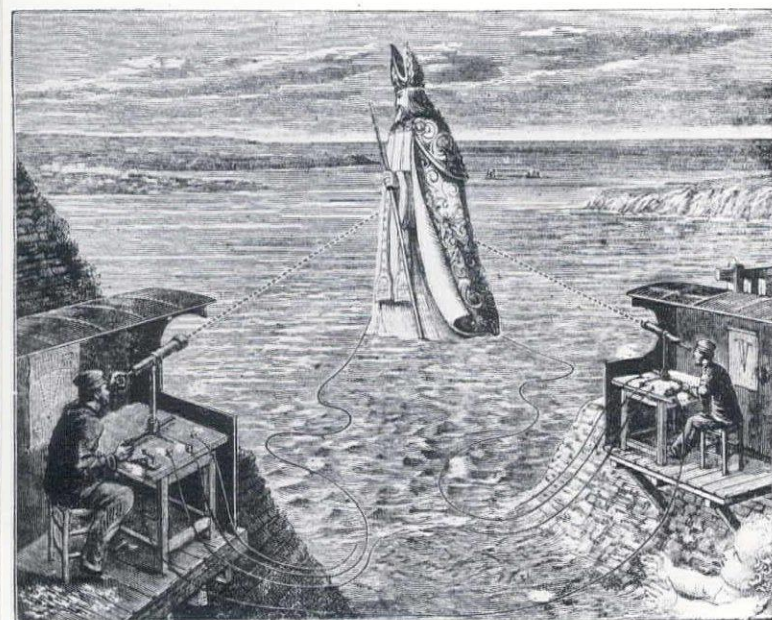
1) Collage from *The Misfortunes of the Immortals* (1922)



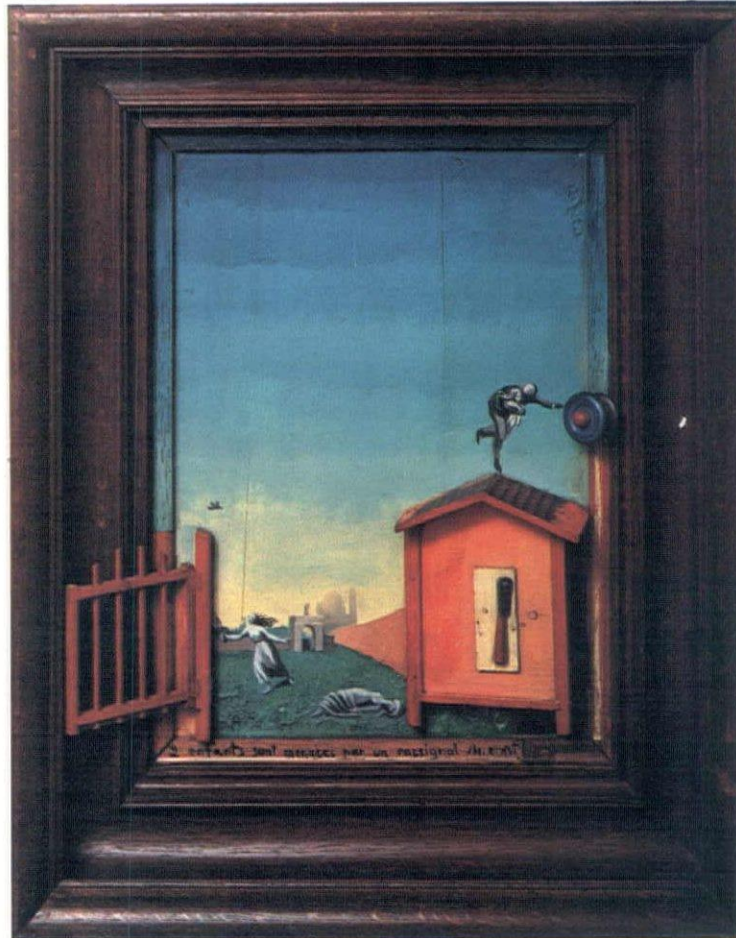
2) *The Wheel of Light from Natural History* (1926)



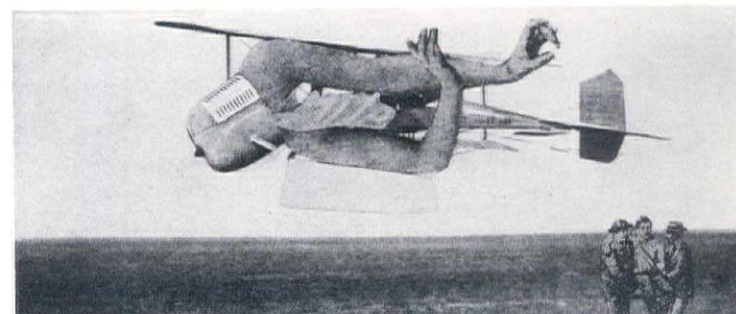
3) *The Parisian surrealists, 1929. From left: Tristan Tzara, Paul Eluard, André Breton, Hans Arp, Salvador Dalí, Yves Tanguy, Max Ernst, René Crevel, Man Ray.*



5) *Accompanied by immaculate parasites The Great Nicholas is steered from afar by means of lateral appendages: a collage from La Femme 100 têtes (1929)*



4) *Two Children Are Threatened by a Nightingale (1924)*



6) *Untitled photomontage (1920)*

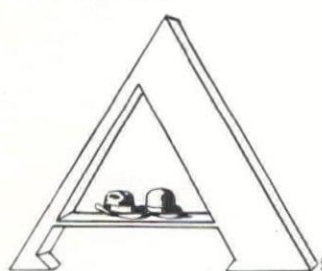


7) *Woman, Old Man & Flower (1923)*



8) *From The Misfortunes of the Immortals (1922)*

it. This was never the case with Max Ernst. From the moment he left school, he had begun assembling the materials for a long lifetime in art. More precisely, he had looked into the history of his own first years with the lucidity that came from a precocious familiarity with psychoanalysis. And although he detested the Prussians' military ambitions and resented their authority over the Rhineland, he did acquire, however unconsciously or unwillingly, a Prussian determination to stick to what he wanted to do and to never leave off until it was finished.



As long as Dada stood for the overthrow of authority, Max Ernst was wholeheartedly on Dada's side. But the authority against which he rebelled was, basically, that of his own father. Philipp Ernst was a schoolmaster and a stickler for discipline; regular and remorseless in the exercise of what were then called his "conjugal rights," he saw to it that his wife produced a child every year. He was sober and meticulous in all things—not least in his activity as a Sunday painter of a characteristically pedestrian and stiff-jointed sort. It was in reaction against his father's conscientious daubs that Max Ernst interested himself as a very young man in the freer artistic expression of mental patients, who often created complete worlds of their own imagining.

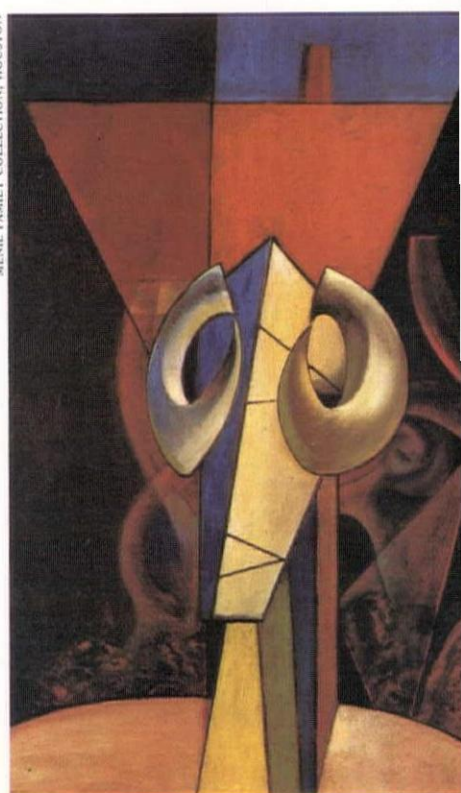
Ernst claimed in later years that from 1909 to 1914 he had carefully avoided "all forms of study which might degenerate into gainful employment." At the University of Bonn he was, in fact, formally enrolled as a student of philosophy and psychology. He did not present himself as a full-time painter at that stage in his life; but he had completed several landscapes as early as 1909, and he was a member of the group founded

in Bonn before 1914 by the painter August Macke. When French artists like Robert Delaunay came to Germany, Max Ernst was delighted to make their acquaintance and to learn what was going on in the world of pure painting. He knew the prewar art scene in Paris, Cologne, and Berlin as well as if he had intended to remain a straightforward oils-on-canvas man. But he was also aware that the traditional materials of art are not the only materials from which great art can be made, and that the untaught scribbles of children, mad people, and obsessives of all kinds may have as much to contribute to modern art as anything that can be taught in academies.

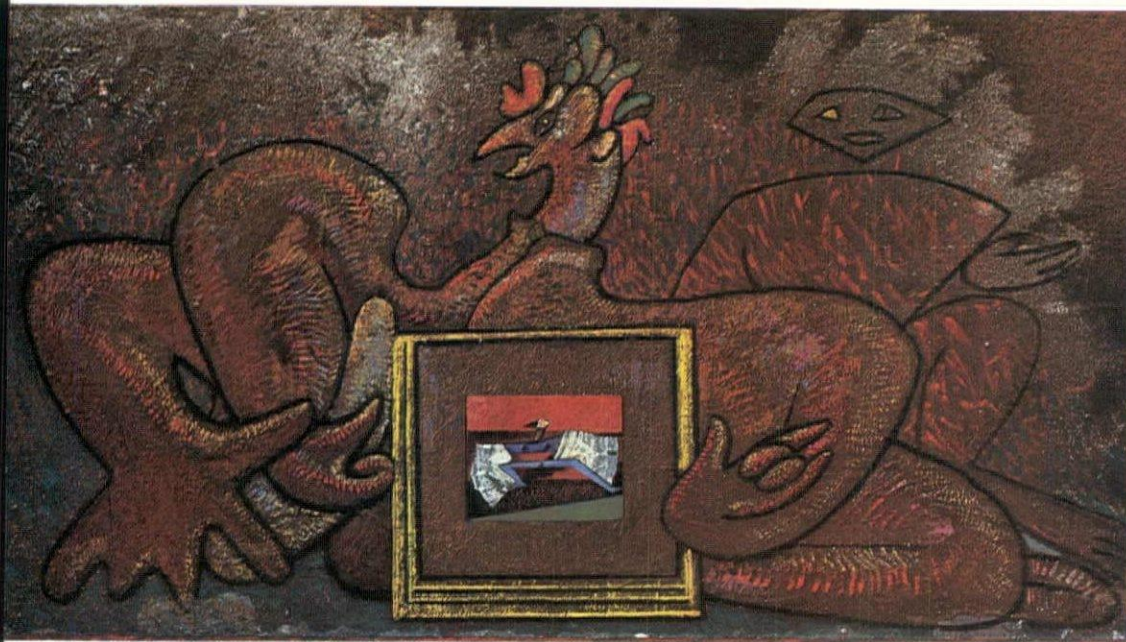
The end of World War I was the logical moment to put these ideas into action. The four years of war had brought traditional art life almost to a halt; and in Germany there was every reason to see what could be done without using conventional art materials, which were, in any case, in very short supply. Everything could be art, and art could be everything at such a time. What had passed for an art of revolt was no longer adequate. And in 1919 Max Ernst spoke out against "Mr. Average Art Lover," who "loves the Expressionists but turns away in disgust from the graffiti in public lavatories." He was in the thick of the Dadaists and the most zealous of participants in all their activities, such as the Brauhaus Winter exhibition of 1920, a "happening" forty years before the term was coined. Among other entertainments Ernst provided an axe for visitors to use on one of his own exhibits. He enjoyed such subversive pranks, which more than once got him into trouble with authority, but he had an existence of his own outside of Dada as well, and interests that were quite independent of it. He aspired—so he said in 1918—"to find the myths of his time." If he had to be outrageous to do it, that was perfectly all right with him; but outrageousness was not the whole point, as it was often the whole point of Dada. For Ernst it was incidental to a restructuring of the language of art.

Up until about 1930 creative work was, for Ernst, a process of elucidation, in which he worked out the oppression of his childhood experiences in pictures. Now, nearing forty, he reached a kind of watershed in his career with a series of paintings (see 1, opposite) of a rooster-like creature he dubbed *Loplop*, a "walking easel" that displayed other works by Ernst—paintings, as it were, within paintings. Married by this time to his second wife, Marie-Berthe Aurenche (2, at top), he broke free of his previous obsessions and addressed himself to more general concerns. In 1934, working with illustrations from popular literature of the late nineteenth century, Ernst produced a five-volume "collage novel," of which 3, opposite, is one page; he also turned out numerous sculptural works like 4, using ordinary objects that he altered beyond recognition. In 1937, he designed a stage set (5) for the long-delayed premiere of Alfred Jarry's avant-garde play of 1899, *Ubu enchaîné*. At the outbreak of World War II Ernst was interned as an alien. When he was set free he painted a number of pictures on the theme of metamorphosis, such as 8, and then, on the run from the Gestapo, emigrated to the United States in 1941. There, while war raged in Europe, he continued to work in a variety of styles, even dabbling in cubism (6). When peace came he settled in Arizona with his fourth and present wife, Dorothea Tanning (7), and there he turned out desert-scapes and large cement sculptures. In 1948 Ernst became an American citizen.

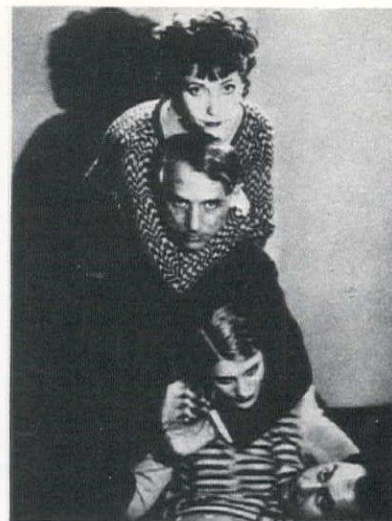
MENIL FAMILY COLLECTION, HOUSTON



6) Design in Nature (1947)



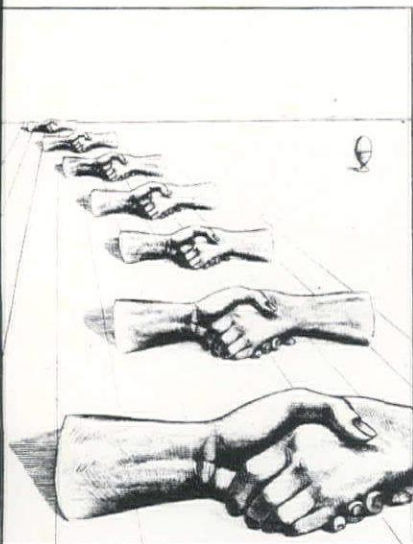
MENIL FAMILY COLLECTION, HOUSTON



MAN RAY

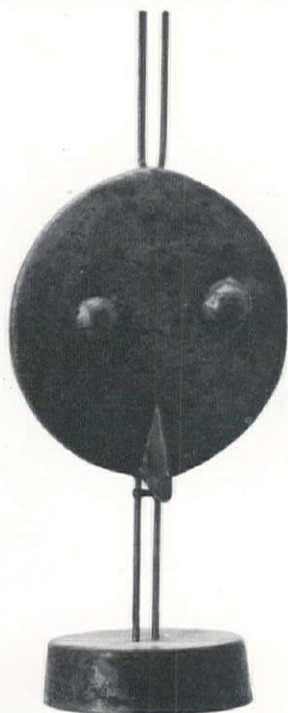
2) Marie-Berthe Aurenche Ernst, Max Ernst, Lee Miller, and Man Ray in 1931

1) Loplop Presents Loplop (1930)



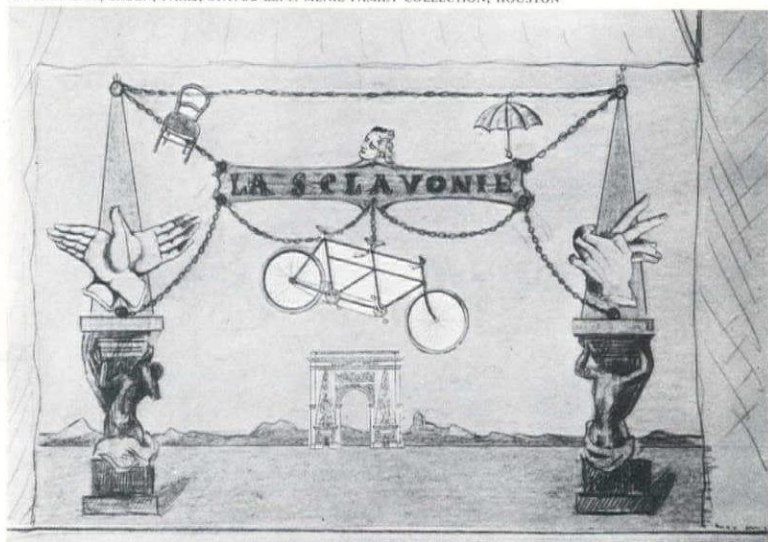
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, PRINTS DIVISION

3) From Une semaine de bonté (1934)

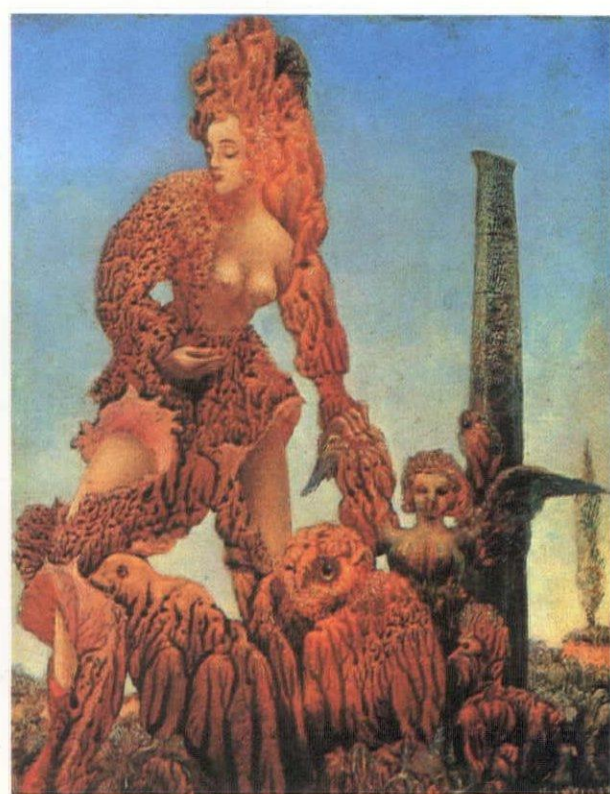
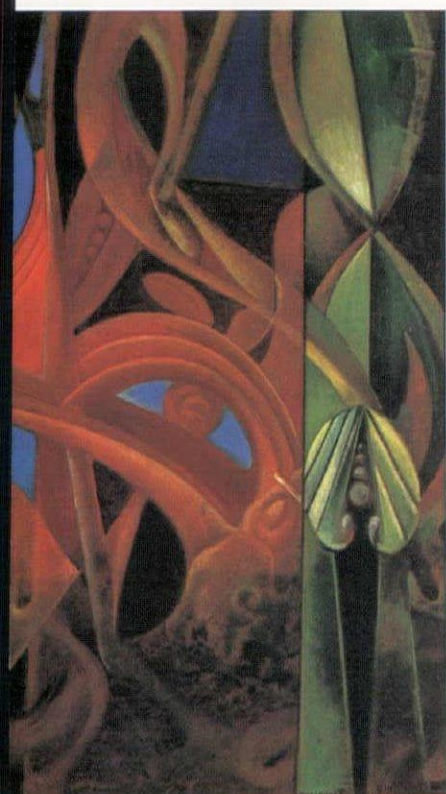


4) The Lovely German Girl (1934-35)

GALERIE BERGGRUEN, PARIS; STATUE LEFT: MENIL FAMILY COLLECTION, HOUSTON



5) Stage set for Alfred Jarry's Ubu enchaîné (1937)



MENIL FAMILY COLLECTION, HOUSTON

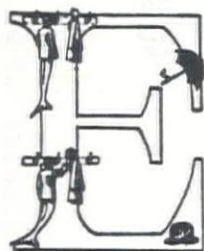


FROM *Homage to Max Ernst*, XX^e Siècle Review, PARIS, 1971

7) Dorothea Tanning and Max Ernst with the sculpture Capricorn in Sedona, Arizona, 1948

8) Marlene (1940-41)

This was a physical matter, a matter of finding new materials. Because anything could be art, Ernst felt free to pick and choose among materials of every sort: photographs, fashion plates, engravings from nineteenth-century magazines, engineering cross sections, standard alphabets, textbook illustrations. He also felt free to alter these as he pleased, and to rearrange and combine and mismatch them. He knew when to tease and baffle, when to present an image directly, when to adopt the stance of conventional art, and when to make mock of it. He did all this at a time when the general public was learning to make sense of accelerated statements in many domains of life, especially in the silent cinema. Looking had always been a slow and steady operation in which the man who did the looking chose, most often, his own tempo. But from the moment the cinema came along, acrobatics of attention became a commonplace. If you didn't keep up, you didn't have any fun. So people kept up, in ways that would have seemed impossible to them ten years before.



Ernst paralleled the sudden shifts of film images in the Dada collages (see pages 28 and 29) that made his name in Paris in the early 1920's. He also pioneered the idea that modern pictures must be read as well as looked at; his collages were often spiked by long captions that darted in and out of common sense as a lizard darts in and out of rocks. He quickly became as much a master of the French language as he needed to be for his purposes; in the collage poems that he wrote jointly with his friend Paul Eluard it is difficult even for a Frenchman to know which lines are by Eluard and which are by Ernst. He demanded that the public adjust to changes of pace and to shifts of attention that they had not encountered

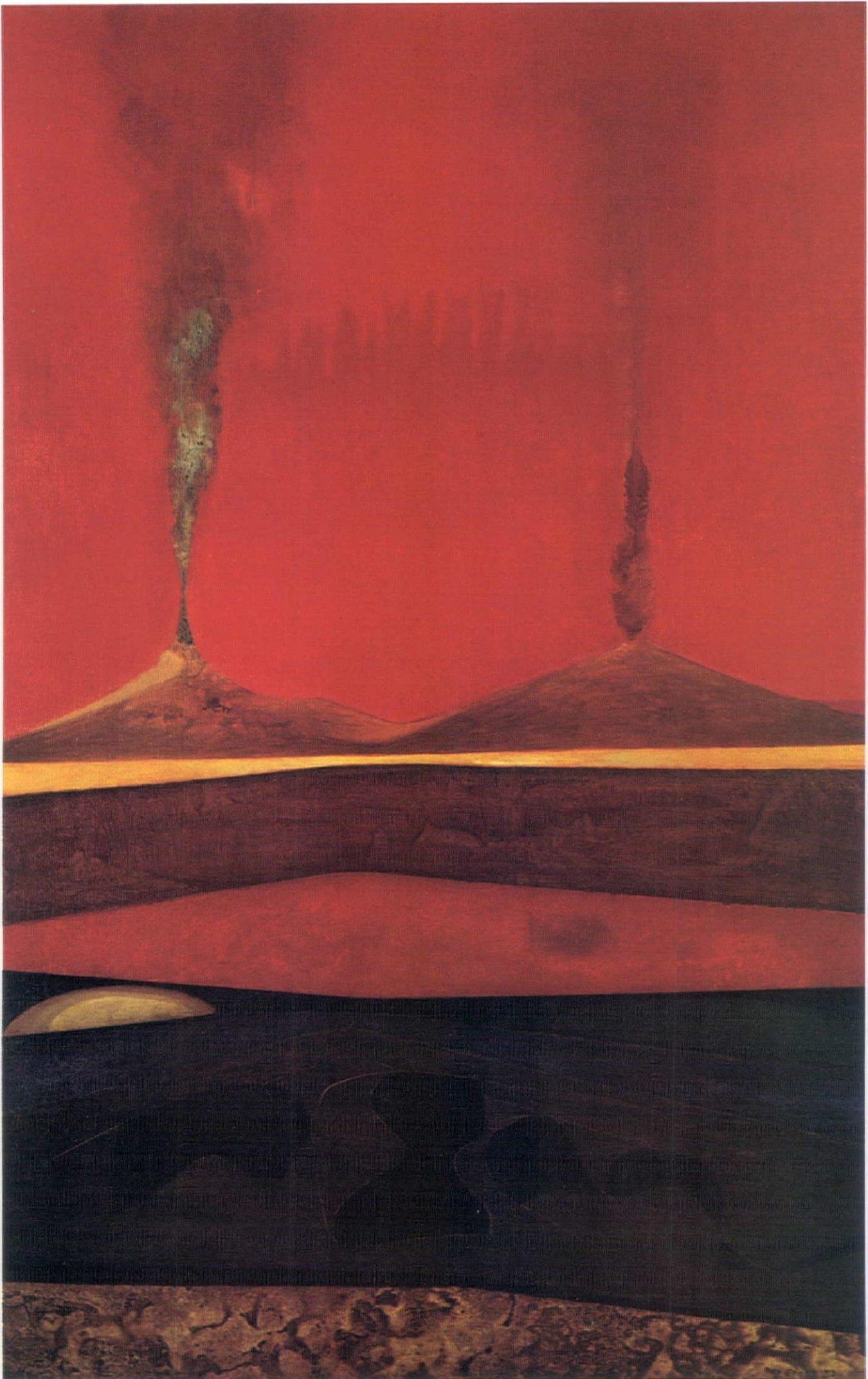
in art before; and he went on doing this in his two "collage novels," *La Femme 100 têtes* (see page 29) and *Une semaine de bonté* (see page 31), which are as much a contribution to literature as to art insofar as they adapt the art experience to the experience of the turned page. Once again, no one label will do: to call these books novels is to imply that they have a linear story line, which they do not have; yet the experience of sitting in a chair, turning page after page, progressively envelops one in an atmosphere as distinctive as that created by the stories of Edgar Allan Poe or the adventure novels of Jules Verne.

The role played by Max Ernst the painter in the art of the 1920's was intermittent. Perhaps "inventor" is the best generic name we shall ever find for his activity; for although he has always made paintings that are perfectly straightforward in their technical means, he has also been consistently inventive in that domain. It would be difficult to think of a substance, or of a class of object, that he could not incorporate into a picture if he felt so disposed. A long spoon, a ready-made bow tie, a plastic lace tablemat, a small string bag, a pair of his own old trousers, and a cardiogram have all been pressed into service. It could have been freakish or gratuitous; but in point of fact these heterogeneous ingredients look as if they had come back to their rightful home after a long period of exile. Art can be everything, as much in the year 1973 as in 1918, and everything can be art.

Surrealism in general was concerned with private fancies, many of them idiosyncratic. Sometimes we find something in a surrealistic picture that relates to our own innermost disquietude; sometimes we don't. When we do, the picture takes hold of us and becomes a part of our own inner landscape forever. Max Ernst experienced his full share of the private fancies that powered surrealism in the 1920's and 1930's; some of them he has turned into universal currency. Anyone who has known the breakup of a marriage will recognize,

LYRICAL AFFIRMATIONS OF A LONER

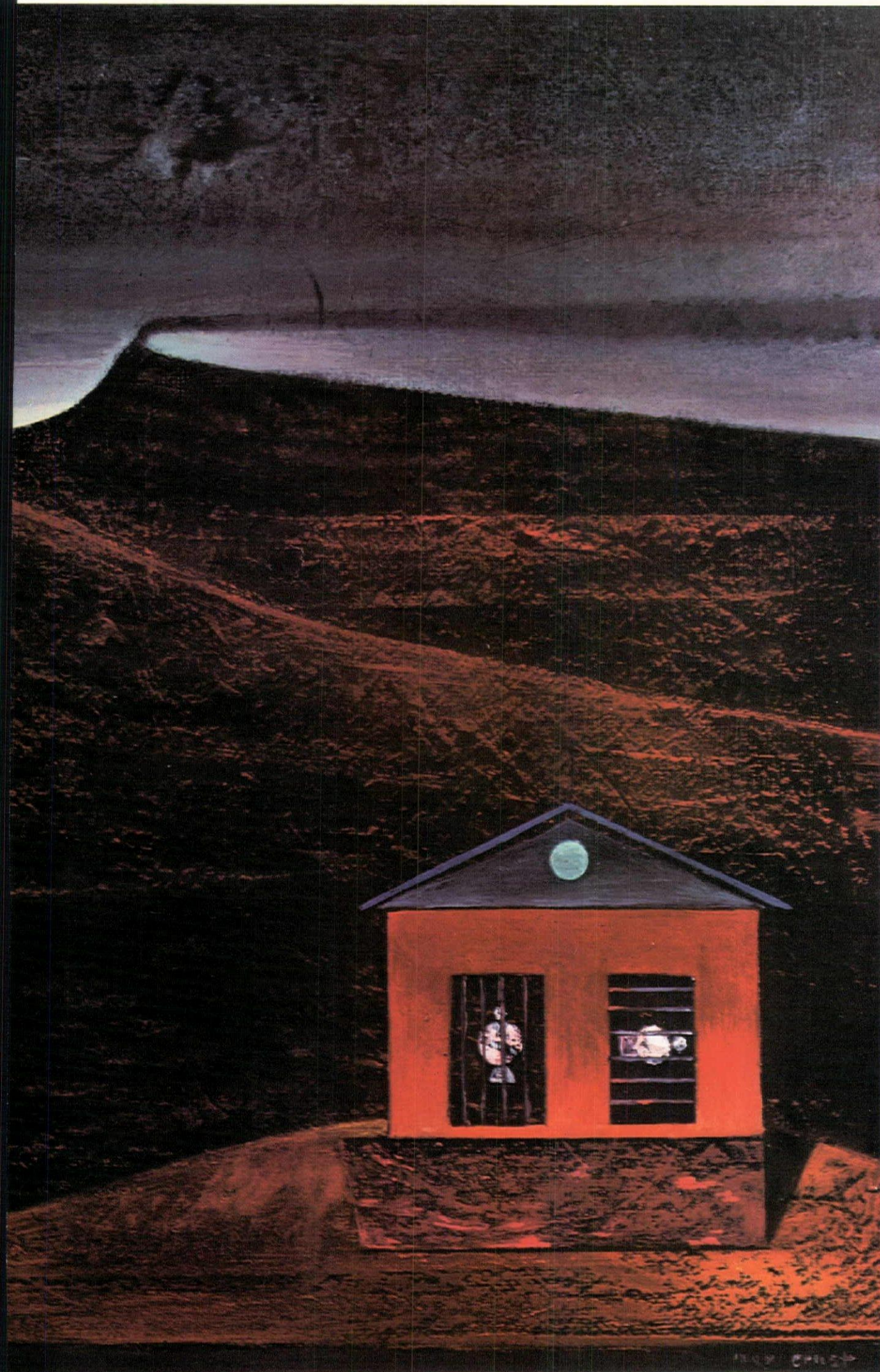
Ernst's painting during World War II had been darkly pessimistic; his long stay in Arizona, where he reverted to scenic and cosmologic motifs, led to a change in direction. Henceforth, his brighter palette and simplified pictorial language would bespeak happy and harmonious activity. In 1950 he painted *Two Cardinal Points*, opposite, a gaily colored volcanic landscape. In the ironically titled *In Praise of Freedom*, on pages 34-35, a volcano figures once more, this time in the desolate environs of a prison for two birds. In 1953 Ernst returned to France to stay and a decade later painted *The Earth is A Woman*, on page 36, a sensuous and "painterly" work that displays his talent as a colorist. *North Light on the North Rhine*, on the facing page, again employs the bird motif, here seen as if through shimmering depths of water. *For a School of Monsters*, on pages 38-39, is one of the most playful and light-hearted works in the entire Ernst canon, while *The Slightest Noise* (page 40), painted in January of this year, echoes a theme—of birds enclosed in an egg-like form—that the artist used as long ago as 1929.



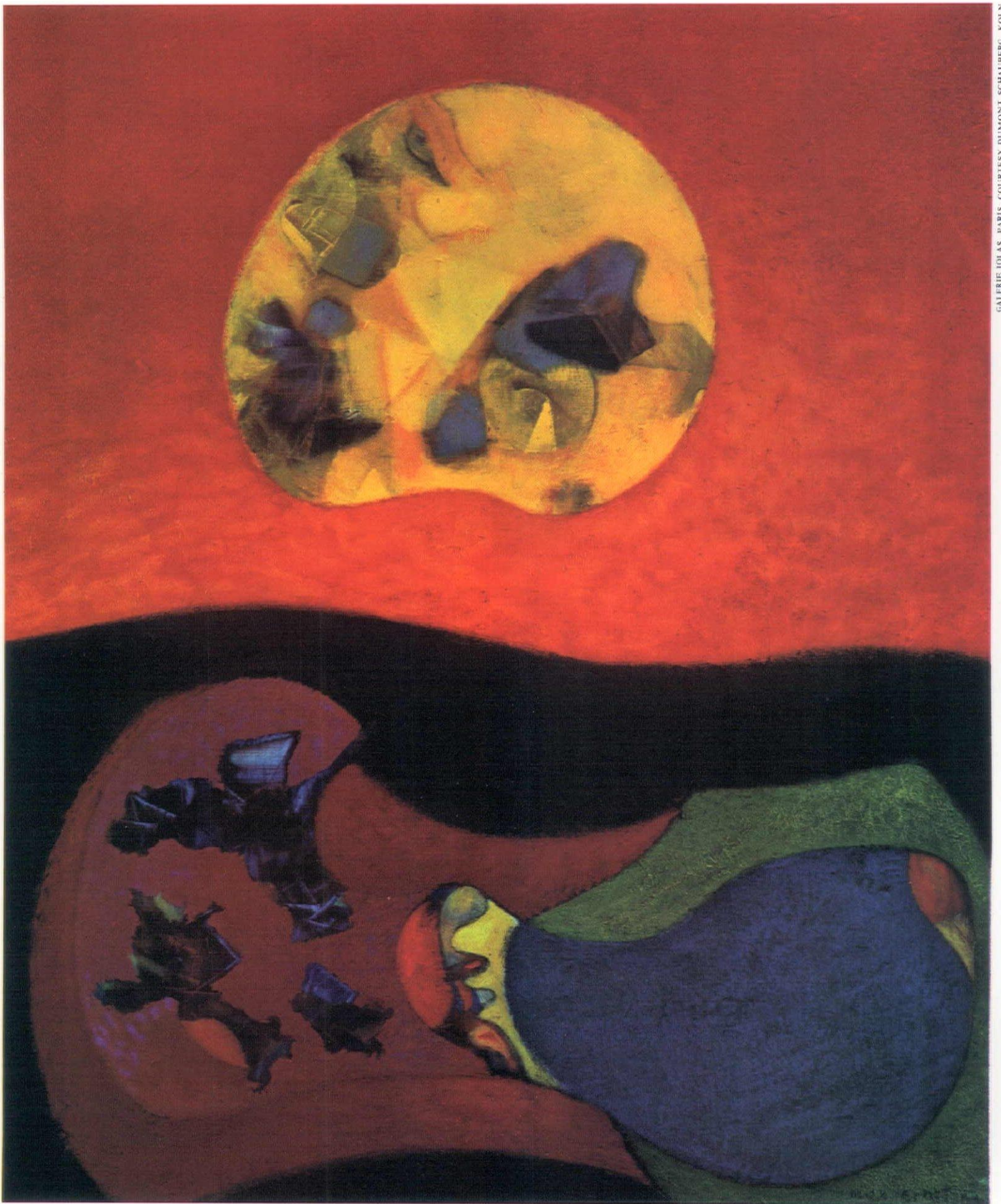
TWO CARDINAL POINTS, 1950



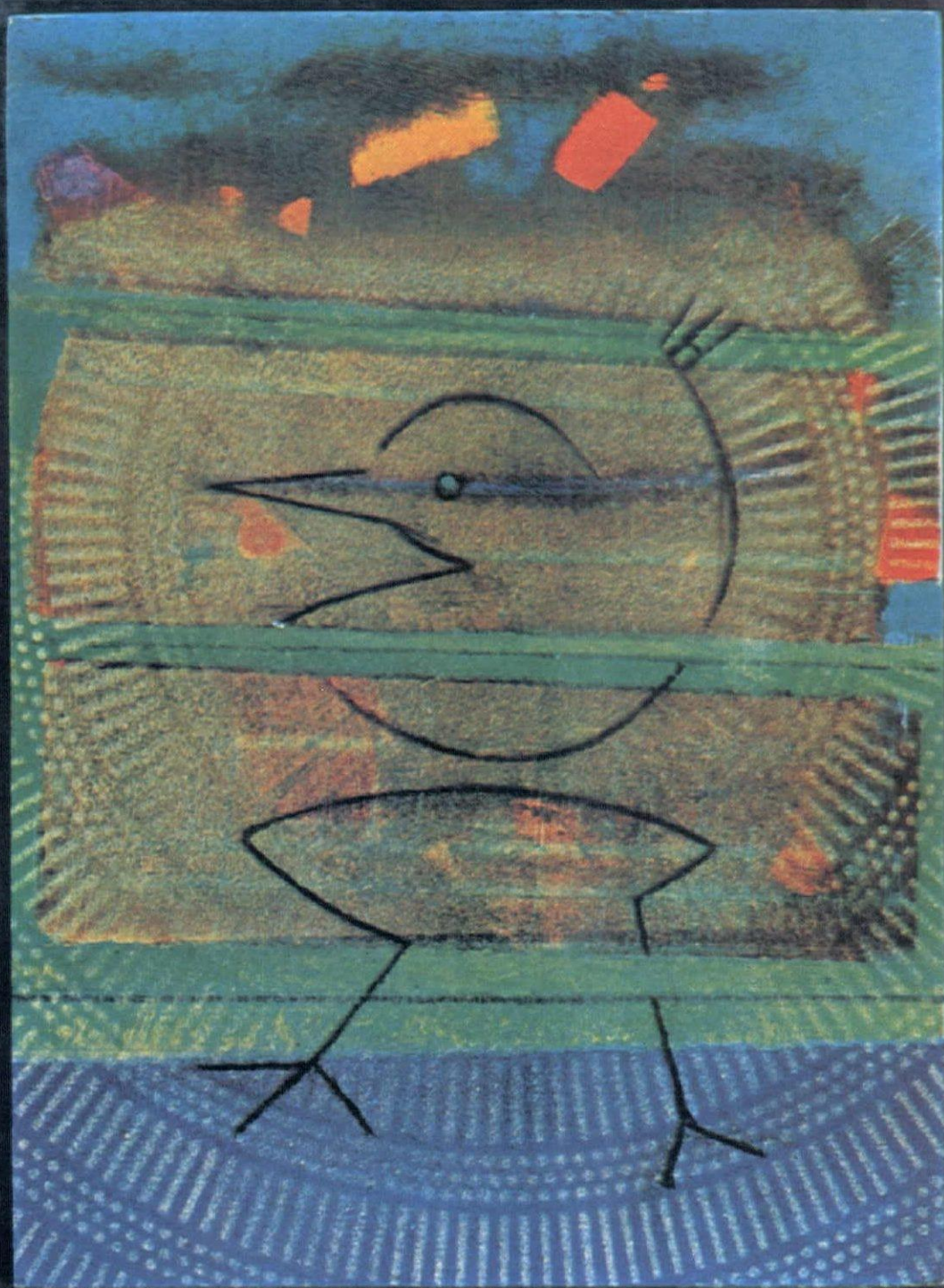
IN PRAISE OF FREEDOM, 1952



PRIVATE COLLECTION, NEW YORK, COURTESY DUMONT SCHAUBERG, KOEN



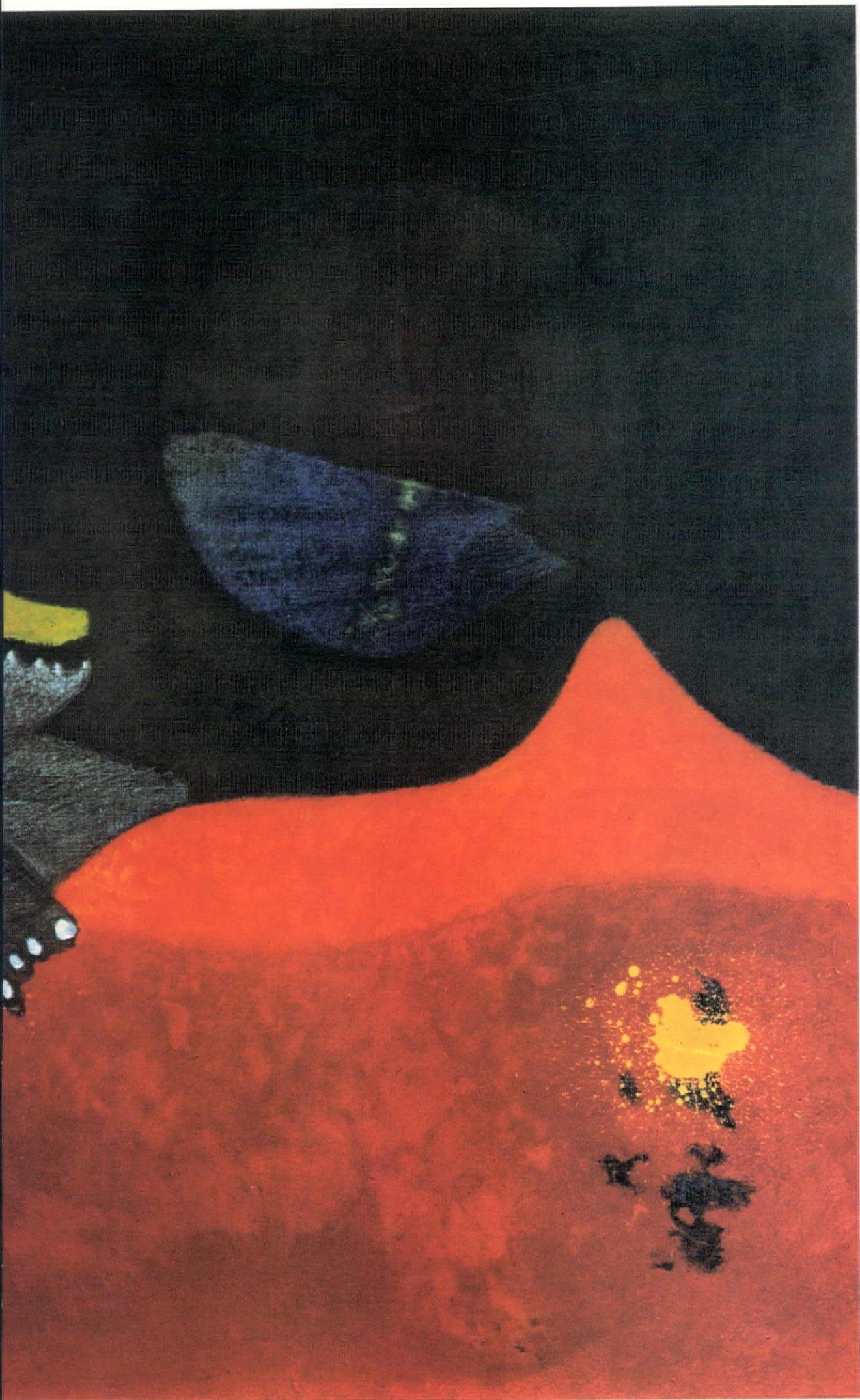
THE EARTH IS A WOMAN, 1963



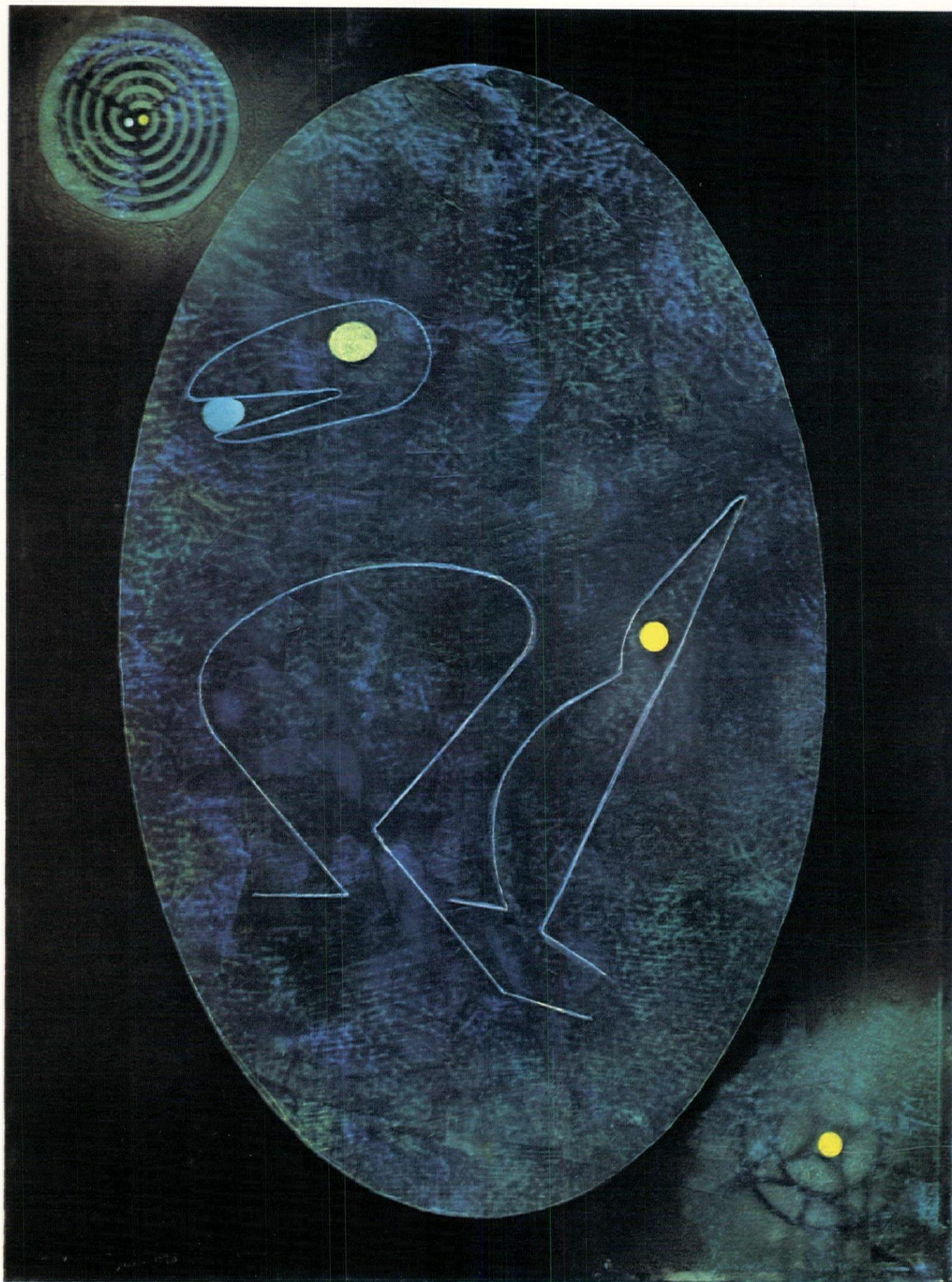
NORTH LIGHT ON THE NORTH RHINE, 1968



FOR A SCHOOL OF MONSTERS, 1966



COLLECTION OF THE ARTIST, COURTESY DUMONT SCHAUBERG, KÖLN



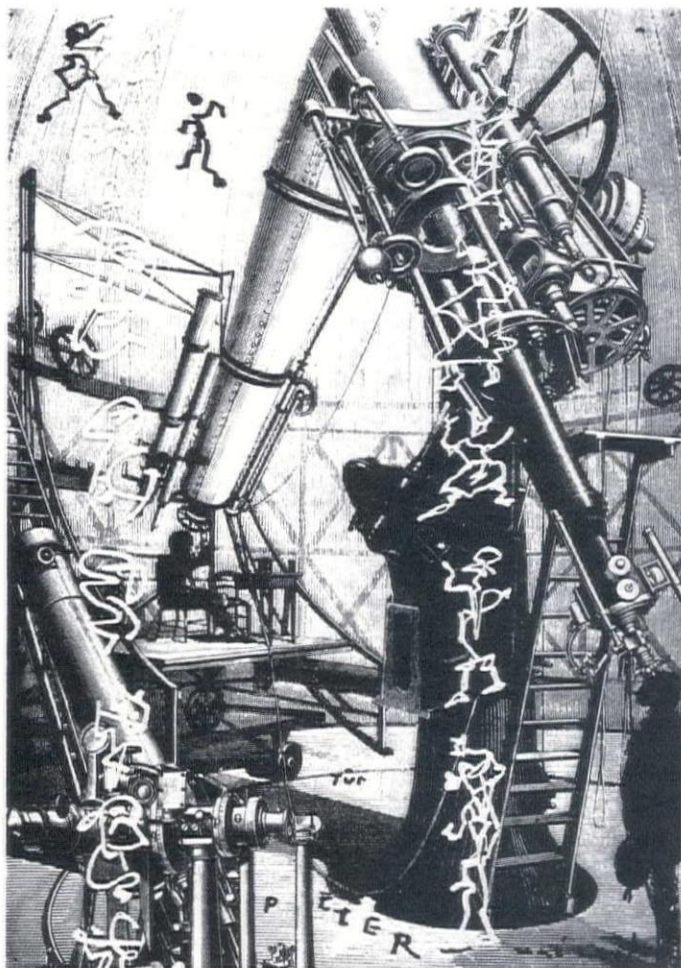
THE SLIGHTEST NOISE, 1973

for instance, the demon dance of what Max Ernst so ironically calls *The Angel of the Hearth and Home* in a painting done in 1937. He also created a number of premonitory images in such paintings as *Barbarians Marching Westwards* (1935) and *Europe Under the Rain*, completed during World War II—the rain in question is not our amiable, Northern Hemisphere, come-and-go precipitation, but a cataclysm that overtakes an entire civilization and leaves it to mold and rot away.

There is something very awesome about Max Ernst when he turns his mind to subject matter of that sort; his has been one of the most powerful imaginations to deal with the theme of Paradise Lost. But it should be said that for some years now his outlook has been persistently benign, and that the climate of his recent work is that of Paradise Regained. Such paintings as *Two Cardinal Points* (see page 33), a vivid desert landscape done in 1950, reflect the new harmony of his postwar life in Arizona. And few images of felicity are more compelling than those that Ernst created after his return to France from the United States at the end of the 1940's. (He came back on a visit in 1949 and returned for good in 1953.) Even the titles of his pictures, like *Spring in Paris* (1950), show how pleased he was to be back in a still-convalescent Europe; Max Ernst the demonologist dropped out of sight and Max Ernst the lyric poet took his place. It was as if some dark spirit had been exorcised from his work. That spirit has come back from time to time, just as it does in life; but Max Ernst has been giving us a distinctly easier ride for quite a while now.

On April 2, 1971, the eightieth anniversary of Max Ernst's birth, a retrospective exhibition of his work, sponsored in part by Rice University in Houston, was scheduled to open with

all possible pomp at the Musée de l'Orangerie in Paris. Mr. and Mrs. John de Menil, collectors and staunch friends of Ernst, were to give a luncheon for him at Maxim's, just across the way from the museum, and an imposing cross section of precisely that echelon of society that in former years had turned upon him the coldest and most wary of eyes was to be present. It was an apotheosis, of sorts; and friends of humbler degree and longer standing had come



Ernst's squiggles appear above in a still from a film made in 1966.

from all over the world to celebrate the occasion.

But where officialdom is concerned Max Ernst will go just so far and no farther. I remember a day in the 1960's when a group of dignitaries from Germany were expected at his apartment in Paris. Lofty sentiments were to be exchanged, and presentations made. Shortly before the appointed hour Max Ernst was in his place on the sofa. He is never careless in his dress, and on this

particular morning he was what the French call *tiré à quatre épingles*: impeccable from head to foot, with not a hair out of place, and with a particular brightness in his very clear blue eyes. Impeccable "from head to foot," I said; but this was not quite true. For when Ernst rose to greet his visitors with a bow that came straight from the nineteenth century, it became evident to the plenipotentiaries from the Rhineland that he was wearing a pair of joke slippers that were fashioned like monstrously misshapen bare feet.

I didn't actually get to examine his feet at Maxim's on April 2, 1971, but I do remember very clearly that by the time the Excellencies and the Honorables had downed their first glasses of champagne, Max Ernst had taken off his jacket and was all set to have a good time. Himself a master of repartee in at least three languages, he made sure that a salutary deflation of some sort was applied if any of the speeches looked as if it might go on too long. Only a very slight additional pinkness about his cheeks betrayed the fact that this alert and supremely mischievous old gentleman had been on the dance floor until after midnight the night before.

So the day that so many of us had looked forward to passed off very happily. It could have marked the retirement of Max Ernst: none would have be-

grudged him a seraphic isolation. But it didn't. The bibliographies are already out of date, the lists of exhibitions are incomplete, and the thing that matters most—the achievement—is still in full evolution. Max Ernst is not the kind of man to peter out.

John Russell has written books about Ernst and other twentieth-century artists and is the author of *The Meanings of Modern Art*, to be published early in 1974.

Mysticism Made Easy

Now peace of mind
can be yours, and you too can
answer the question,
“Why is that swami smiling?”



Swami Chinmayananda, above, is one of the many new Eastern mystics, who expounds on the ancient Hindu texts with “wit and lightly carried erudition.”

The men who started the whole business would probably think it a pity I can write and you can read. They could do neither. They taught their doctrine in private conversation, and the doctrine was simple enough. It said that if you had the patience to go off and think about yourself for a long time, you would end up not giving a damn about anybody or anything, including—and here was the surprise—yourself.

I have stated their teachings in common language. They used the same means. They did not speak Sanskrit, as people wrongly suppose; they taught in Prakrit, a popular vernacular. Sanskrit was used by the Brahmins, who were priests. The founders of Hindu mysticism detested and despised the Brahmins, considering them to be little better than charlatans.

Just when these founders taught is not known, but it must have been well before 400 B.C., because by then their revolt against the priesthood had become fashionable. The literary men of that time decided to write down what was remembered of the founders' teachings. Unfortunately for us, they decided to write in a literary language. Sanskrit is elaborate and often very beautiful, and is perhaps the finest medium ever devised for showing off a writer's sense of style. The result was a series of short books called the Upanishads. The writers of these books were masters of Sanskrit poetry and prose, and for two thousand years more nonsense has been written and spoken about the Upanishads than virtually any set of books in existence.

The attempt to translate the words of the sages into stylish Sanskrit was equivalent to asking Gibbon to rewrite the Gospels. Something of the story would have gotten through, but it would have been Jesus in powdered wig and knee breeches. The Upanishadic scribes did much the same thing: they made the original teachers talk like Brahmins, even when they were calling the Brahmins names.

The odd result of this is that the original sages often appear as enthusiastic

devotees of God (or rather, the gods, for the Brahmans had several), when, in fact, they did not believe in God at all. The sages thought that the whole Hindu pantheon was a clever invention of the priests to put money into their own pockets. They had no more use for God than did Karl Marx, but it should be added that they would have had no use for Karl Marx either. They did not set themselves up as prophets: they had no desire to put the world to rights. As far as they were concerned, the world could stew in its own juice. They taught no morality; in fact, a close inspection of some passages in the Upanishads suggests that a follower of their philosophy could do pretty much as he pleased and still not commit a sin. These passages bring an embarrassed blush to the cheeks of Indian scholars even today; for Indians, who are proud of the fact that they were able to give the world the Upanishads, are, nevertheless, a distinctly moral people.

Consequently, Indian scholars politely misread the Upanishads for centuries. As for the rest of the world, it did not know that these books existed until the nineteenth century, when the philosopher Schopenhauer discovered one of them, and confessed himself profoundly moved. He, too, misread the text, but it did not matter, since the Upanishad that so impressed him was a German forgery. It is only now, in the second half of the twentieth century, when it is safe to be an atheist and to have dubious morals, that the true teachings of the sages are being bruited abroad.

When the sages of the Upanishads first taught, Hindu civilization was completely dominated by priests, as ours is by the tax-man. Like him, the priests had a finger in every pie. They had rules that had to be followed for every act in the daily round; they even went so far as to lay down minute instructions about the way a man must defecate and about how he should go to bed with his wife. The penalty for disobeying the priest was the displeasure of the gods, which could be fatal. Happily,

the priest could turn away divine wrath if he chose to—for a fee.

The sages taught that the first thing to do was to leave this preposterous society and retire to some quiet place that was free from priests. The next thing was to find out who you really are, Brahmans aside, parents aside. The result of some weeks, or even months, of this inquiry, they said, is that you do not find out who you are, but you do realize, with a sense of shock, who you are not. (I know, because I have made the experiment.) You are not the person you have always thought you were, because that person has been constructed for you by others, by parents, wives, children, friends, lawmakers—the whole fabric of human society in which you have hitherto lived. With this discovery, you can go through your past in your mind's eye, peeling it away like the layers of an onion. In each layer you will find, not yourself, but the product of other people.

When the last layer of an onion has been removed there is nothing left. This simile delighted the sages. They said it was exactly what you would find if you examined your own life—nothing. You do not find your true self, as you might have expected; you have destroyed your self. You are now ready for the next step, described admirably by a contemporary guru, Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh, a middle-aged man with a great-domed, bald forehead and a remarkable gift for explaining difficult matters in simple terms.

For the next step Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh asks you to hold a flower in your hand. Let me hasten to say that he is not leading you to the hippies. Any object will do, your watch, for instance. The point is to look at this object and make no judgment about it; do not even say "It is beautiful." That, Rajneesh explains, is a judgment coming out of your past, and that past, as we have learned, is an illusion created by others. With constant practice at making no judgments, you will be able to look at the flower and be only *aware* of it.

"Aware" is Rajneesh's word; good as it is, I am not sure that it really conveys the experience he wishes to describe, although it comes very near. If I may be allowed to try my hand at being an amateur guru, I would say that the sensation may be grasped, momentarily, by chancing upon something that is utterly incomprehensible. For example, I am the worst of mathematicians. But let us say that in the scientific section of a bookshop I idly take down a volume because it has the name of a famous nuclear physicist on the spine. I open it at random. I am faced by two pages of mathematical formulas, of which I understand not one symbol. I can see the print, but I can make no judgment about it. This blankness will pass rapidly. A part of my mind will insist on getting to work. I will think, "With this sort of thing the atom bomb was made," or I may think, "Why was I always such a dunce at mathematics in school? I wish I had tried harder."

But note that there have been two minds at work—the one that observed the page and the one that judged it. The sages of the Upanishads were interested in the first. The second, they said, caused all the trouble. It is a difficult saying. Clearly, anybody who would go in search of knowledge has considerable mental power. But the hardest thing for an intelligent man to do is to forget how intelligent he is. This, however, must be done, said the teachers.

After long experience of nonjudgment, the mind (or the soul, the spirit, or what have you—the sages never settled that question) suddenly transcends itself. It arrives at an immense tranquillity. You are no longer yourself, but a new being, free from all worldly contamination. The world, of course, is still there, and so are your other selves. You survey them, but with a neutral eye. This is the aim of the sages, and the end of their teachings.

The sages spoke of this state of tranquillity with enthusiasm, and so has everyone else (including myself) who has experienced it, however briefly. (It is usually brief: the world reclaims you,

Vedanta needs a lifetime of study to understand, at the end of which the student should be left with the conviction that his whole lifetime was nothing but an illusion.

but you return to it a different person.) Unfortunately, this attractive doctrine, when it was written down, met with a disaster: it became mixed up with yoga.

Yoga is a much abused word. Employed with accuracy, it means any practice that will help you meditate. The Eightfold Path of Buddha is a very unexciting affair, but it can be called a yoga, and it is probably the sort of common-sense advice that the original sages of the Upanishads gave their pupils.

The yoga in which you tie your legs in complicated Oriental knots is hatha-yoga. Many people regard it as an advanced physical exercise. Such a clean and breezy view is, unfortunately, untenable, for hatha-yoga has rather murky origins.

When the Aryans first came into India they found the original inhabitants indulging in what were, to them, abhorrent religious practices. They kept themselves clear of these practices, but they did not put an end to them. Nobody ever has. The earliest religion of India survives to this day, and is known as the Tantric faith. On the one side Tantrism is a harmless mixture of astrology and voodoo. To see the other side, let us take the figure of Gorkanath.

His name is variously said to mean Lord of Filth, or, alternatively, Cow-Eater, which to an orthodox Hindu is much the same thing. He lived about A.D. 1100 and founded a sect aimed at flouting all conventions. This, of course, was admirable. But the actual style of flouting was a more dubious matter. It included the eating of dead human bodies, scatological banquets, and all forms of sexual perversion prolonged to the utter exhaustion of the devotee. It also included hatha-yoga. Gorkanath wrote a treatise on the subject, now, perhaps fortunately, lost.

The aim of all this hysteria was to equip the devotee with supernatural powers. With these he could do evil or, if he chose, good to his fellow men. He could also work miracles, such as flying through the air, being in two places at once, and reading people's thoughts.

The Gorkanath cult died, presumably from its own excesses, and little of the sort is found in India today. The more benign side of Tantrism barely survived, and still has a few esoteric believers. What did not die, but positively flourished, was the belief that a holy man who had gone through hatha-yoga and attained enlightenment also acquired supernatural powers.

Many yogis believe this. One of the most charming of them is Sai Baba, a famous Indian guru who has an immense and awe-struck following. He is a middle-aged man with a long robe and an Afro haircut. He claims to be able to materialize objects from the air. His favorite miracle is waving his hand in the air (sportingly pulling back the sleeve of his robe) and producing a handful of holy ashes. He has been known to do this in the unlikely setting of Bombay's Rotary Club. He also produces gold rings, which he gives to selected visitors—a feat that has done nothing to diminish the numbers of his believers.

He also has a sense of humor. An American woman visited him, and he obliged her by materializing the customary gold ring out of thin air. It was set with red and green precious stones, in the traditional Indian fashion. The American woman was dumfounded. She wore the ring for a while, but discovered that she did not like it. She firmly believed in Sai Baba's miraculous powers, but she was not so sure of his taste in jewelry. She felt that she could not take the ring off, but every time she

looked at it, she very much wanted to. Soon she met Sai Baba again. With a sweet smile, he waved his hand in the air and produced another ring, this time of a thoroughly Western design. There may be two opinions about Sai Baba's mystic powers, but there can be no doubt about his beautiful manners.

To return to serious matters. By the time of the Middle Ages in India, the Upanishads, though revered, were seen to be in conflict with the Vedas, books that enshrined the fundamentals of the Hindu religion. Just as Saint Thomas Aquinas set out to resolve the contradictions in the Catholic faith, so philosophers arose in India who attempted to do the same thing for Hinduism, but at even greater length. The result was a body of philosophy known as the Vedanta, meaning "the end of the Vedas," with a hint that it is also their climax. Vedanta needs a lifetime of study to understand, at the end of which the student should be left with the conviction that his whole lifetime was nothing but an illusion. The philosophers of the Vedanta, however, had a higher moral tone than the anarchists of the original Upanishads, so a great deal of respectable morality was added.

If life was an illusion, it proved to be a remarkably bitter one for the Hindus. They were conquered first by the Moslems and then by the British. Most of the Moslem rulers despised Hinduism. The British rulers, with no exceptions, made not the slightest effort to understand what it was. This wooden lack of curiosity had one advantage: it left the Hindus in peace.

But it was too much peace. The Hindu mind became stagnant. Religion became a ritual. Philosophers gave up reconciling the sacred books and concentrated on getting government jobs,

being philosophical only when they failed. This somnolence lasted through most of the nineteenth century, until the Hindus were shaken out of it by one of the most appealing figures in Indian history. Narendranath Dutt, later known as Vivekananda, was a bright youth who was educated by Christian missionaries. He, too, would probably have ended up in a government job had he not met an extraordinary figure called Ramakrishna.

Ramakrishna was a man whose religious zeal burned so intensely that he could summon up visions of the Hindu gods to whom he was devoted. This was, perhaps, to be expected. What was disconcerting was that by living temporarily as a Moslem, he could also summon up the Prophet Mohammed. After a further experience with visions of Jesus Christ, he began to preach that all religions were the same; all their prophets were God; God, indeed, was everywhere. He gave a striking demonstration of this belief by crowning his head with flowers and adoring himself. His fame spread. The father of the poet and later Nobel Prize winner Rabindranath Tagore did him the honor of asking him to lunch, but canceled the invitation when Ramakrishna refused to wear anything but his exiguous loin-cloth. The young Vivekananda met him, and Ramakrishna, deeply impressed, would often fall into a trance at the mere sight of him. With this recommendation, Vivekananda took to the religious life, touring all India.

In 1893 a World's Parliament of Religions was scheduled in Chicago. The Rajah of Ramnad, Vivekananda's native state, was a great admirer of the young man, and decided to send him to Chicago as the representative of Hinduism. He supplied him with traveling expenses, a robe, and a large turban.

American audiences were overwhelmed by Vivekananda's oratory, his commanding presence, and especially by his robe and turban. He was the immediate success of the conference.

He preached a simplified version of Vedanta, and it is a measure of the power of his personality that he won over hundreds of Americans to this abstruse doctrine in a matter of weeks. Money poured in. His own guru had so detested money that if his body was touched with a piece of gold, he fell into an epileptic fit. The shower of dollars, says Romain Rolland, Vivekananda's biographer, caused so much distress to the swami that he rolled on the floor. It is also a measure of his personality that in the end he took the money.

He returned to India a hero, the first Indian to have made an impact on the Western world. His delighted rajah organized a welcome-home procession of great magnificence. Choirs sang choruses from Handel's oratorios. Vivekananda was young; he was the most remarkable Indian of modern times until the emergence of Mahatma Gandhi; and he had a shock in store for his inert countrymen.

Instead of telling them, as they expected, that Indians had a great inheritance of spiritual wisdom to give to the materialistic West, he asked them, pointedly, what they thought they were doing "squinting at the ends of your noses and saying 'Om.'" What he wanted, he said, was not willowy and prayerful disciples, but muscular young men who would put the country to rights. "You will understand the *Gita* all the better," he explained, "if you have strong biceps." He added that nonviolence was suicide. The true Vedantist was a fighting man. To drive home his point, while off Corsica he arranged a special ceremony in honor of

its most famous son, Napoleon.

He was ready with an explanation of these unexpected remarks, and the explanation was even more surprising. He said that he had been greatly impressed by the Americans. He admired their drive and their industry. He approved of their pragmatic materialism. He had no criticism of their pursuit of money. On the contrary, he told the Indians to study the actions of the Americans and do likewise.

He undertook an exhausting tour of India preaching these opinions, in a blazing effort to arouse his countrymen. He died, burned out, at the age of thirty-nine. A massive bronze monument to him now stands in Bombay. Some of his sayings are inscribed on metal plates around it. Unfortunately, his most electric saying is not there. "Indians," he said, "get off your backsides!" It is still good advice. The Indians nowadays are trying to follow it; but after all those centuries of oppression they are feeling, they admit, a little stiff at the knees.

Vivekananda was perfectly right in his view of Vedanta, though many Indians refused to believe it then, and still do. The aim of a wise man should be release from himself by meditation. But when he is *not* meditating, he should perform his social duties as a citizen, a father, a husband, and even a soldier. As he grows older, and the more he meditates, these things will grow progressively dimmer. But until he has attained some measure of release, he should not use his meditations as an excuse for shirking. The hippies, who are to be seen all over India escaping from the West, are wrong. But then, more important people have been wrong, too.

I myself have heard Gandhi reading the *Baghavad Gita* to thousands, in support of his belief in pacifism, which he

The hippies, who are to be seen all over India escaping from the West, are wrong. But then, more important people have been wrong, too.

carried to an extreme degree. The *Gita* is not a sacred book, but it is regarded as such by millions. Rather, it is the story, told in exquisite poetry, of how the god Krishna persuaded the warrior Arjun to go into battle and fight, even against his own relatives, this being something that, until he had heard Krishna out, Arjun shrank from doing. When I was a boy in England, good, kindly, peace-loving people, often vegetarians, used to carry little editions of the *Gita* bound in limp leather, into which they would dip for spiritual consolation. Either the translations were false, or their dipping was highly selective. But they may be forgiven. Anyone who sets out to study Hindu mysticism has some tough sledding ahead.

Aware of this, the battalions of swamis and gurus who followed Vivekananda across the Atlantic sought a way to make things a little less confusing. Yoga was conveniently at hand. It was sufficiently odd to be Oriental (the disciple wore a mini-loincloth like Ramakrishna), and it catered to the Western man's taste for physical exercise. But it was a very mild version of hatha-yoga that the swamis taught. They remembered Ramakrishna's warning that hatha-yoga carried to its limits had nearly deprived him.

None of these swamis and yogis had the charisma of Vivekananda, nor had they his cussedness and originality of mind. But the darker, not to say more ludicrous, side of hatha-yoga was at hand to supply the lack. Practitioners claimed it had given them supernatural powers. Speaking mysteriously of being able to be in two places at once, they nevertheless duly collected their steamship fares from the faithful. One, who set up a flourishing ashram on the West Coast, claims in his autobiography that, being late for a train, he managed

to stop it on its way out of the station through sheer spiritual force. Attendant disciples confirmed this remarkable feat. Had one doubting Thomas observed that the train might have stopped because the signal had turned from green to red, it would have done no good at all. Yogis of this particular ilk would have said with a smile that of course it did; changing the signal was part of the miracle.

In the 1920's there came a change. The move toward Indian independence had begun and Gandhi was returning dignity to his people. Young Indian men, attracted by their own culture, went back to the original texts. Most were still steeped in Western thought, but things had taken a fortunate turn for them. Freud, Jung, and others had sharpened the world's interests in the human mind and invented new techniques for exploring it. The analyst's couch had a great resemblance to the process of peeling away the onion. Physicists who were dealing with the ultimate particles of matter did not rule out the possibility that their researches might end up in something very near mysticism; the universe might well turn out to be all made of the same thing—a collection of waves, for instance. That everything—gods, matter, and man—was of the same substance was one of the key speculations of the Upanishads. A new type of swami arose, modest, well-informed, and, above all, honest.

The *doyen* of these swamis is Krishnamurti. A beautiful young man when he began, he is now a beautiful old man living in a slum quarter of Rome. In between he has been many things. At first he was a sort of modern Vivekananda with an instant following. When he refused to work miracles, his admirers invented them for him: feats such as speaking in English and being magically

understood by listeners who knew only different tongues. Passing beyond this, Krishnamurti began to teach the bare essentials of the Upanishads, but with such grace and charm that his listeners forgot their disappointment that he obstinately refrained from rising three feet in the air. As he matured, his dislike for the faithful increased, but so did his grasp of the plain truth. Today, he has the starkest of all things to say.

People still come to Krishnamurti to ask his method of seeking release and enlightenment. He tells them there is no method. They ask him for guiding rules, and he says there are no rules. He sums up his teaching in two words: "Drop it." "It," in this lapidary phrase, means everything; "drop" means just what it says and *only* what it says. In other words, the whole technique of attaining release is to divest one's self of every interest in the world, and that can best be done by simply doing it.

Other new mystics of equal intelligence but without Krishnamurti's long experience are critical of this. They admire him, but they say that what might be easy for him is difficult for lesser people. They sum it up by saying, "He is right, but wrong." People need some sort of help to put them on the path of meditation. Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh says that this might be anything: you may sing, you may recite poetry, you may dance. He then goes on to explain, with great penetration, that it must be something that you do not do very well. If you are an excellent dancer, dancing will be no good because you will be thinking of your dancing, whereas the whole object of the exercise is to put you into a state in which you are doing no thinking at all. This (and it is often forgotten) is the aim of all meditation.

The practice of some useful routines

People still come to Krishnamurti to ask his method of seeking release and enlightenment. He tells them there is no method. They ask him for guiding rules, and he says there are no rules. He sums up his teaching in two words: "Drop it."

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has been explored by the swamis of the Hare Krishna cult, which has spread throughout the world. Hindu ritual is a very simple affair, designed for a largely illiterate people. The worship of the gods is done by doing little dance steps, chanting some verses over and over again, and clashing small cymbals to the beat of a drum. Anybody can do it: it would be absurd to do it well. But the ritual has proved to be useful in taking the mind off mundane worries. One unexpected result of this is that people addicted to hard drugs find they have less and less dependence upon them, and some give them up entirely. There is no question about this; I have talked to many ex-addicts, and there is no doubt that they are telling the truth. I would add two reservations: those cured are mostly young, and their previous addiction seems mainly to have started with a desire to keep up with their companions. It is also worth remarking that the gurus and swamis they meet have no moral objection to drug-taking at all. Very few Indians have.

At any rate, we have the spectacle, in India and all over the world, of people going around the streets in saffron robes dancing a hoppity dance step, beating cymbals, and chanting in Sanskrit. They have no right to the robe (it is the mark of an adept), and their Sanskrit pronunciation is very funny. This is fine, say the gurus; they shouldn't try to be better at it. In fact, with luck they won't try to be better at anything.

The new mystics are often dubious about being called gurus. The word means a teacher and guide. But just as it is common for a person undergoing psychoanalysis to fall in love with the psychiatrist, so a person undertaking meditation is inclined to fling himself upon his teacher in an ecstasy of obedience. He pesters him for advice on the

smallest matters, as well as those vital to himself. The new mystics cannot avoid this; but most of them state very carefully that they cannot give advice—the seeker after release is on his own. If they are pressed, they will make common-sense statements such as Poor Richard did in his *Almanack*, but nothing more. As for moral guidance, unlike the psychoanalysts (who are the most severe moralists since Calvin), they have no moral opinions at all.

The new Indian mystics are, by and large, a free and easy lot. They have something for everyone. Swami Chinmayananda, for instance, appeals to the intellectuals. He does little more than expound the Hindu texts, but he does this in so lucid a way that in 1971 he attracted ten thousand people a night in the hot Bombay summer. His great merit is that when there is a contradiction in his sources (and there are many), he faces the issue squarely. He makes no claim to be a superior human being—no more claim, that is, than the average professor of philosophy in most Western universities.

Swami Satchidananda appeals to those who need a father figure. He has a kind face and a gray beard, as well as endearing traits like not being able to do his own cooking. His teaching, which is elementary, is much the same as the others'. At the opposite extreme is Swami Bhaktivedanta, the head of the Hare Krishna movement. This sect is meant for people who have religious leanings and who find a certain peace of mind in simple rituals. Curiously enough, it is this movement that most attracts followers from the West.

This brings us, finally, to Maharshi Yogi. This is his real name. The West has corrupted it into "Maharishi," meaning "great rishi," for rishis were sages who lived in remote places, undergoing severe austerities. Maharshi

Yogi, need I say, is not one of these. It is impossible to imagine a true rishi who giggles—and Maharshi Yogi would not be himself if he didn't. He gained notoriety when the Beatles went to him for advice. They told him their troubles, which were multitudinous. Maharshi Yogi listened, and giggled. This was a new sound to these much-flattered young men, though not the new sound they desperately needed. They left in a towering huff.

Yet of all the contemporary swamis, "Maharishi" Yogi represents most clearly what the Upanishads are about. It is well known that he makes his journeys in a private aircraft. This is perfectly in accord with the texts. Not only can he use an airplane, but he could even make love to the hostess if he chose, without offending the canon. The Upanishads explicitly state that a man, having meditated and found release, can return to the world and (as they say) "enjoy chariots and women." Such a man will probably look upon both with amused detachment, and that is exactly how Maharshi Yogi looks upon the world.

I have traced Hindu mysticism from its origins to the present. What should we say of it? I can speak only for myself. I have practiced meditation, but without a guru and with no aid except that of a close reading of the Upanishads. I found it difficult, but beneficial. I know one thing: if I found myself in a mood of profound depression, I would go to an ashram rather than to a psychiatric clinic. The swamis might not be able to cure me, but at least they would not fasten steel clips to my body and torture it with electric shocks.

Aubrey Menen is currently living in Bombay. His forthcoming book, The New Mystics, with photographs taken by Graham Hall, will be published by Dial Press.

Poetry In Hand

What happens when a poet meets his muse?
Consult his working manuscript for clues.

A person's handwriting is as distinctively his as his face or his voice—a spontaneous revelation of his individuality. And while a poem can tell us much about the poet by its matter and manner, when it is embodied in the poet's own handwriting—particularly where he is engaged in composing or perfecting his work—we are brought into especially intimate contact with it.

Autograph Poetry in the English Language, a unique two-volume anthology compiled by P. J. Croft, abounds in such insights. Containing manuscript poems by 146 poets, reproduced on 197 plates, it illustrates the development of English handwriting since the fourteenth century. Care has been taken that manuscript pages be shown in full, with the facsimiles the size of the originals. Facing each is a detailed scholarly note and a printed transcript of the text, recording the poet's revisions.

The work covers the whole range of poetry in English, embracing the important contribution made by American poets, and includes almost all the greatest poets of the last six hundred years. A number of new discoveries are published here for the first time—among them, the only known poem in the handwriting of Sir Philip Sidney, a sonnet by his brother Robert Sidney, whose existence as a poet has never previously been suspected, and the original draft of Byron's famous lyric "She Walks in Beauty." Included, too, are hitherto unpublished poems by Herrick, Cavendish, Gay, and Crabbe.

On the following pages appears a sample of the work's treasures, selected to show their variety: a page in the hand of the most famous of English poets and some verses by a near-contemporary who is all but forgotten; a well-known love sonnet by a Victorian lady and poignant "nonsense" by a Victorian gentleman; and heavily revised drafts of poems by two American romantics.

Autograph Poetry in the English Language is to be published this fall by Cassell & Co. Ltd. of London. The two-volume set will be sold in the United States for seventy-five dollars, but a special arrangement with the publishers will enable HORIZON readers to buy the set at a substantially lower price. Interested readers may write to Robert Moery, HORIZON, 1221 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10020.

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all	marry god forbid that
moo	nay certainly yo ^u ar for to the king god hath his offyc lent of dread of lustyce, power and Comaund hath bid him rule, and willd yo ^u to obay and to add ampler matie to this he [god] hath not [le] only lent the king his figure his throne [his cancelled by] & sword, but gyven him his owne name calls him a god on earth, what do yo ^u then rysing gainst him that god himsealf enstalls but ryse gainst god, what do yo ^u to yo ^r sowles in doing this o desperat [ar] as you are wash your foule mynds w ^t teares and those same hande that yo ^u lyke rebels lyft against the peace lift vp for peace, and [word interlined and erased] your vnreuerent knees [that] make them your feet to kneele to be forgyven [is safer warrs, then euer yo ^u can make [in in to yo ^r obedienc-] whose discipline is ryot; why euen yo ^r [warrs] [hurly] tell me but this cannot pceed but by obedienc] what rebell capitaine as mutyes ar incident, by his name can still the rout who will obay [th] a traytor or howe can well that pclamation sounde when <their altered to> ther is no adicion but a rebell to quallyfy a rebell, youle put downe straingers kill them cutt their throts possesse their howses and leade the matie of lawe in liom [alas alas] to slipp him lyke a hound; [sayeng] say nowe the king as he is clement.. yf thoffendor moorne shoold so much com to short of your great trespas as but to banysh yo ^u , whether woold yo ^u go what Country by the nature of yo ^r error shoold gyve you harber go yo ^u to ffraunc or flanders to any farman pvince, [to] spane or portigall nay any where [why yo ^u] that not adheres to Ingland why yo ^u must neede be straingers, woold yo ^u be pleasd to find a nation of such barbarous <second r altered from b> temper that breaking out in hiddious violence woold not afoord yo ^u , an abode on earth whett their detested knyves against yo ^r throtes spurne yo ^u lyke dogge, and lyke as yf that god owed not nor made not yo ^u , nor that the elamente yo ^r wer not all appropriat to [their] Comforte but Charterd vnto them, what woold yo ^u thinck to be thus vsd, this is the straingers case and this your momtanish inhumanity all fayth a saies trewe letts [vs] do as we may be doon by [all] Linco weele be ruld by yo ^u master moor yf youle stand our freind to peure our pdon moor Submyt yo ^u to theise noble gentlemen entreate their mediation to the kinge gyve vp yo ^r sealf to forme obay the maiestrate and thers no doubt, but mercy may be found yf yo ^u so seek

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: The page reproduced opposite is the solitary exception, in *Autograph Poetry in the English Language*, to a rule excluding theatrical manuscripts. It is included in order to illustrate the hand that is now generally accepted as Shakespeare's—the "Hand D" in the play *Sir Thomas More*, one of five hands that wrote additions to the play (of which the basic text is in the hand of the hack playwright Anthony Munday). Hand D has contributed one scene of three pages, this page being the last. The hand is of a standard Elizabethan "Secretary" type; its vigor and fluency are manifest, however, and its essential normality suggests an absence of self-consciousness in the writer rather than any lack of character. Apart from the handwriting, the attribution to Shakespeare rests on evidence involving style, spelling, imagery, and thought sequences. The deletions in lines 17–19 are thought to have been made by the playhouse reviser, so this page does not, as might appear, belie the Bard's reputation that "in his writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line."

In six Cambridge Lasses Bathing themselves
by queenes colledge on the 25th of June
at night and espied by a scholar.

When bashfull daylight now was gone
And night, that hides a blush, came on.
Six Pretty Nymphes to wash away
The sweating of a Summers daye
In Chams fair streames did gently swim
And naked bath'd each curious limbe.
O Who had this blest sight but seen
Would thinke they all had Clælia's beene.
A Scholer that a walke did take
Perchance for Meditation sake.
This blessed Object chanc'd to find
Straight all thinges else went out of mind
No studyes better in his life
For Practicke or Contemplatiue:
Who thought Poore soules that hee had scene,
Fair Dian and her Nymphes had beene.
And therefore thought in piteous feare
Actæons fortune was too neere.
Or that the Water-Nymphes they were
Together met to sport 'um there
And that to him such loue they bore
As to Iolas once before.
What could hee thinke but that his eye
Six VENUSSES at once did spie
Rise from the waues, or that perchance
Fresh-Water Syrens came to dance
Vpon our streames with sponges and lookes
To tempt Poore Scholers from their bookes.
Hee cannot thinke they Graces are
Vnlesse their number doubled were.
Nor can hee thinke they Muses be
Because alas they wanted three.
I should haue rather guess'd that here
Another brood of Helens were
Begot by Ioue vpon y^e playnes
Watch'd by some Læda of the Swans.

On six Cambridge Lasses Bathing themselves
by queenes colledge on the 25th of June
at night and espied by a scholar.

When bashfull daylight now was gone
And night, that hides a blush, came on.
Six Pretty Nymphes to wash away
The sweating of a Summers daye
In Chams fair streames did gently swim
And naked bath'd each curious limbe.
O Who had this blest sight but scene
Would thinke they all had Clælia's beene.
A Scholer that a walke did take
Perchance for Meditation sake
This blessed Object chanc'd to find
Straight all thinges else went out of mind
No studyes better in his life
For Practicke or Contemplatiue:
Who thought Poore soules <that altered to> these hee had scene,
Fair Dian and her Nymphes had beene.

And therefore thought in piteous feare
Actæons fortune was too neere.
Or that the Water-Nymphes they were
Together met to sport 'um there
And that to him such loue they bore
As to Iolas once before.
What could hee thinke but that his eye
Six Venusses at once did spie
Rise from the waues, or that perchance
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Vpon our streames, with sponges and lookes
To tempt Poore Scholers from their bookes.
Hee cannot thinke they Graces are
Vnlesse their number doubled were.
Nor can hee thinke they Muses be
Because alas they wanted three.
I should haue rather guess'd that here
Another brood of Helens were
Begot by Ioue vpon y^e playnes
Watch'd by some Læda of the Swans.

These

The maydes betrayd were in a fright
And blush'd (but twas not scene ith night.)
At last all by y^e banke did stand
And hee, good harte lent them his hand.
Where twas his blisse to feele all ore
Soft Paps, smooth thighes and somethinge more.
But Enuious Night masqu'd from his eyes
The place where loue and pleasure lyes.
Guesse Louers guesse, o you y^e dare
What then might bee this Scholers praier
That hee were but a Cat to spye
Or had but now Tyberius eye[s].
Yet since this hope was all in Vaine
Hee helpe 'um d'on there cloths agayne.
Makes Promise they shall none bee Shent
So with them to the Tauerne went.
Where how hee then might sport or play
Pardon mee Muse I must not say
Guesse you that haue a mind to knowe
Whether hee were a Foole or no: / T: Randolph

The maydes strayed were in a fright
And clash'd (but was not seen in the night.)
At last all by y^e banks did stand
And hee, good harts lent them his hand.
To hee was his blisse to feele all ere
Soft Paps, lengthy thighes and somethinge more.
But Envious Night masqued from his eyes
The place where love and pleasure lyes.
Guesse lovers guesse, o you y^e dare
What then might see this scholars prair
That hee was but a cat to lye
Or had but now inferior eyes.

yet since this hope was all in Vaine
Hee shalves im don then cloths agayne.
Makes Promise they shall none bee shent
So with them to the Tawerne went.
When how hee then might sport or play
Pardie mee Muse I must not say
Guesse you that have a mind to know
Whether hee were a Foole or no.

T. Randolph.

THOMAS RANDOLPH: The author-transcriber of the beguiling verses on these pages was born in Northamptonshire in 1605 and died there before his thirtieth birthday. Although Thomas Randolph is now all but forgotten, he was esteemed in his day as a scholar, a poet, and a playwright. As a Cambridge undergraduate he was famous not only for his charm of manner but also for his skill in Latin and English poetry, and for his witty comedies in imitation of classical dramatists, thanks to which he became a protégé of Ben Jonson. In about 1632 he gave up a Cambridge fellowship to go to London, where he probably worked as a theatrical manager-playwright; but after two hard-drinking and financially unrewarding years, he left for the country in poor health, took a tutoring job, and early in 1635, died. Randolph did a lot in his short life, but as one reads his delightful lines "On sixe Cambridge lasses" it is hard not to consider his early death an especially regrettable event.

Sonnet XIV

If thou must love me, let it be for nought
 Except for love's sake only. Do not say
 "I love her for her smile or for her look or her way
 Of speaking gently...; for a trick of thought
 That falls in well with mine, and certes brought
 A sense of pleasant ease on such a day—"
 For these things in themselves, beloved, may
 Be changed, or change for thee, and love so wrought
 May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
 Thine own dear pity [in] wiping my cheeks dry—
 For one might well forget to weep, who bore
 [I might forget to weep, if, so, I bore]
 Thy comfort long, & lose they love thereby.
 But love me for love's sake, that evermore
 Thou may'st love on through love's eternity.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING: The page above is from the only one of three extant manuscripts of the famous *Sonnets from the Portuguese* to contain the complete sequence of forty-four sonnets, and the only one to bear a date: under the final sonnet the poet wrote "50 Wimpole Street/1846, Sept." and under this, "Married—September 12th,/1846." The reference to her marriage is in darker ink and must have been added later, so the main body of the manuscript was probably completed shortly before her elopement. It was not until 1849 that this manuscript was placed in Robert's hands and he saw the sonnets secretly addressed to him three years before by his future wife.

Sonnet XIV

If thou must love me, let it be for nought
 Except for love's sake only. Do not say
 "I love her for her smile... her look... her way
 Of speaking gently...; for a trick of thought
 That falls in well with mine, and certes brought
 A sense of pleasant ease on such a day—"
 For these things in themselves, beloved, may
 Be changed, or change for thee, and love so wrought
 May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
 Thine own dear pity [in] wiping my cheeks dry!
 For one might well forget to weep, who bore
 [I might forget to weep, if, so, I bore]
 Thy comfort long, & lose they love thereby.
 But love me for love's sake, that evermore
 Thou may'st love on through love's eternity.

The Yonghy Bonghy Bo.

1

On the coast of Coromandel

Where the Early Pumpkins blow

[Where the lofty Bong-trees grow,]

In the middle of the woods

Lived the Yonghy Bonghy Bo.

Two old chairs, and half a candle,

One old jug without a handle,

These were all his worldly goods.

In the middle of the woods

These were all the worldly goods,

Of the Yonghy Bonghy Bo.

2

Once, among the Bong-trees walking

pumpkins

Where the early [parsnips] grow

To a little heap of stones

Came the Yonghy Bonghy Bo.

There he heard a Lady talking,

To some milkwhite hens of Dorking. —

—"Tis the Lady Jingly Jones

On that little heap of stones, —

Sits the [Charming] [Lovely] Lady Jingly Jones!" —

Said the Yonghy Bonghy Bo.

3

"Lady Jingly! Lady Jingly!

pumpkins

Sitting where the [parsnips] grow, —

Will you come & be my wife?"

Said the Yonghy Bonghy Bo.

"I am tired of living singly

"On this coast so wild and shingly, —

EDWARD LEAR: Topped by a typically whimsical drawing, the page opposite is the first of a four-page folio sheet containing an early version of "The Courtship of the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò," destined to appear in Lear's fourth and last volume of nonsense verse, *Laughable Lyrics* (1877). The manuscript provides a good example of Lear's normal handwriting, a clear and natural cursive derived from "copperplate," with a smooth-flowing rhythm that can be observed in the way the pen runs on from one word to the next. The poem ends in tears, with the two lovers parted forever. The Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò represents Lear himself, and the poem is a disguised lament for his bachelor life.



The Yonghy Bonghy Bo.

1

On the coast of Coromandel
~~Where the lofty Bongs trees grow,~~ ^{where the early pumpkins blow}
 In the middle of the woods
 Lived the Yonghy Bonghy Bo.
 Two old chains, and half a candle,
 One old jug without a handle,
 These were all his worldly goods.
 In the middle of the woods
 These were all the worldly goods,
 Of the Yonghy Bonghy Bo.

2

Once, among the Bongs trees walking
 Where the early ~~parings~~ ^{pumpkins} grow
 To a little heap of stones
 Came the Yonghy Bonghy Bo.
 There he heard a Lady talking,
 To some milkwhite hens of Dorking. —
 — 'Tis the Lady Jingly Jones
 On that little heap of stones, —
 Sits the ~~Yonghy~~ ^{Lovely} Lady Jingly Jones! —
 Said the Yonghy Bonghy Bo.

3

"Lady Jingly! Lady Jingly! ^{pumpkins}
 Sitting where the ~~parings~~ ^{pumpkins} grow, —
 Will you come be my wife?"
 Said the Yonghy Bonghy Bo.
 "I am tired of living singly
 On this coast so wild and shingly, —"

431 Stevens st. Camden,
N. Jersey.
March 31, '74.

Come, said the Muse,
Sing me ^{the} a song no poet yet has
The ^{chanter} thought, fusing the
A young man's ~~song~~, fusing the
primal soul
Of ever ^{deathless} living Faith, the recitative,
Sing me ~~today~~ the Universal
Antiseptic

Of this round ^{globe} ~~and~~ the Earth
Of every ^{starry orb} ~~planet~~ ^{star or}
~~sun~~ ^{or larger or lesser orb}

~~Far~~
~~Down~~
Amid the measureless grossness &
~~the slag,~~
~~Hidden but safe,~~
Nestled, enclosed, within the central
heart, hidden
Nestles the little seed Perfection, but safe.

431 Stevens st. Camden,
N. Jersey.
March 31, '74.

Come, said the Muse,
[the] a
Sing me [a] song no poet yet has
chanted
The thought,
[A] young man's [Song.] fusing the
primal soul,
deathless to-day
Of [ever-living] Faith ^ the recitative,
Sing me [to-day] the Universal
Antiseptic

Or globe
[For] this round [orb] the Earth,
[starry orb.]
Of every [planet] [every]
[st] [star.] star or
[sun] [orb.] [of every] sun,
larger
or [lesser], [or] lesser, orb.

[Far]
[Down]
Amid the measureless grossness &
the slag,
[Hidden but safe.]
[Nestled.] ^ < enclosed altered to >
Enclosed, within the central
heart, hidden
but safe,
Nestles the little seed Perfection.

Ho, Giant! This is I!
I have built me a bean-stalk into your sky!
La,—but it's lovely, up so high!
Here
This is how I came,—I put
Here my knee—there my foot—
Up & up, from shoot to shoot—
bean-
And the blessed stalk [was] thinning
Like the mischief all the time,
< Till at last [it cancelled by] I rocked more spinning
altered to > Till it took me rocking, spinning
In a dizzy sunny circle
[Far & out above the root]
Making angles
[At an angle] with the root,—
[La! it was a lovely climb!]
Far & out above the cackle
Of the city [that] I was born in
dirty
Till the little [silly] city
In the light so sheer & sunny
Shone as dazzling bright & pretty
As the money that you find
[As cancelled by] In a dream of finding money—
What a wind!—What a morning!
La! it was a lovely climb!

WALT WHITMAN: Reproduced above is the first page of the earliest draft of "Song of the Universal," from a collection of successive drafts that Whitman kept in a folder. He wrote the "Song" in response to an invitation from a group of undergraduates at Tufts College, and the poem was recited at the Tufts commencement on June 17, 1874, although the poet's ill health made it impossible for him to be present. It was published the same day in two New York newspapers. Composed in the wake of personal tragedy—Whitman's paralytic stroke and the death of his mother the year before—the "Song" is, even unfinished, a moving reaffirmation of the poet's idealism.

GENETICS AND THE FUTURE OF MAN

The Biological Revolution is beginning to bear fruit. But what will it be: the conquest of hereditary disease? Clones, chimeras, and things that go bump in the night? Or Superman?

By JOSEPH J. THORNDIKE

Perhaps you remember the wedding scene. It was a hilltop meadow in the Berkshires on a sunny day in early fall, 1969. That was the heyday of the hippies and the bridegroom was an idol of the hippie world. The bridal pair were both in white, she in a velvet gown with sandals on her feet and flowers in her hair, he in a puffed-sleeve shirt and bell-bottom trousers. Before the wedding they had told the press they were looking forward to having children.

The bridegroom's mother was present at the wedding. His father was not. He had died some years before of a disease called Huntington's chorea. Here is what a doctor says of Huntington's chorea: "This disease is of genetic origin and, since it is caused by a dominant gene, the chances of inheritance are exactly known. The odds are fifty percent. A child whose father or mother had the disease will have one chance in two of being affected. His affected children will have exactly the same chance. There is no cure. The victim suffers partial or total loss of muscular control, loss of speech, dementia, and eventually becomes totally helpless. Death usually comes before fifty."

The tragic thing about Huntington's chorea is that it does not manifest itself until the victim is in his late thirties or forties. This means that before the symptoms appear the victim is likely to have had whatever children he is going to have. In other words, by the time he knows he has the disease, it is too late to avoid passing the defective gene on to his children.

These grim facts cast a chilling light on the gaiety of that Berkshire wedding scene. In deciding to have children, the bridal couple were well aware of the gamble they were taking and of the tragic cost of losing it. There is a Committee to Combat Huntington's Disease (the bridegroom's mother founded it), which knows all about the disease and knows also that if the children of victims refrained from having children of their own, it could be virtually wiped out in a generation.

Huntington's chorea is only one, and one of the rarest, of more than eighteen hundred hereditary diseases known to medicine. Most of them have been mysteries—often felt to be shameful mysteries—since time immemorial. Only within our own time has the great leap forward in genetic medicine begun to light up their origin and nature, and thus to promise cures. It is part of the genetic revolution that sends such waves of

hope and horror through readers of the popular press.

The science of genetics began with the Austrian abbé Gregor Mendel, breeding and crossbreeding peas in his monastery garden in the mid-nineteenth century. It entered its modern, explosive phase with the discovery in 1953 by James D. Watson and Francis Crick of the spiral structure of the molecule of deoxyribonucleic acid—the famous double helix. We now know that the "genes" of our inheritance are sections of the long chains of DNA in the twenty-three chromosomes of the human reproductive cell, and we know that the instructions they carry are spelled out by the precise order of assembly of nucleotides within the DNA molecules. We know, too, the mechanism by which DNA specifies everything about us, from lung capacity to blue eyes. Much more remains to be discovered, but what we already know has given us weapons whose effectiveness against some hereditary diseases is limited only by the fact that they are not widely used.

The first and most effective weapon is genetic counseling. Let us suppose that you or your wife has some reason to be concerned about hereditary disease, and before having a baby, the two of you go to a counseling service like the one at Yale. There you will first be examined for any symptoms of disease and then questioned about your ancestors and near relatives, to determine if either of you may be a carrier. If it turns out, for example, that your wife is a carrier for muscular dystrophy of the sex-linked Duchenne type, the counselor will be able to tell her that if she bears a male child, the chance of his being afflicted is one in two. Girl children will not inherit the disease, but will have a fifty-fifty chance of being a carrier and passing the defect on to their sons. In every pregnancy the odds will be the same. If, on the other hand, one of you carries a recessive gene (say for cystic fibrosis), you will not have afflicted children unless your spouse also carries the same defective gene. If so, the chance of having a defective child—boy or girl—will be one in four in each pregnancy. (It is an accepted rule of genetic counseling that if the risk of disease is discovered, the counselor will explain the mathematical gamble, but will not advise the parents whether to take it.)

For other genetic diseases the odds cannot be given as precisely as they can be for

Huntington's chorea or cystic fibrosis. Most hereditary diseases are not monogenetic, i.e., caused by a single defective gene; they are polygenetic, i.e., caused by a combination of several genes. In predicting the incidence of a polygenetic defect such as cleft palate or diabetes, the counselor relies not so much on exact Mendelian charts as on empirical evidence gathered from the study of many family histories.

Counseling can be most effective in dealing with defects found in special groups of the population. In addition to diseases that run in families, as hemophilia does in several royal houses of Europe, there are diseases that afflict certain ethnic groups. Tay-Sachs disease is prevalent among descendants of Jews from Central and Eastern Europe. The gene for sickle-cell anemia is endemic in blacks whose ancestors came from Central Africa, where the trait for abnormal sickle-shaped blood cells, though malign in itself, had survival value because it also gave protection against malaria. In recent years campaigns have been mounted in several areas of the United States to screen entire subpopulations for both these ethnic diseases. It can be a sensitive matter, as demonstrated in New York, where the state passed a law to screen all blacks for sickle-cell anemia, but the city refused to enforce it because of mutterings about "discrimination" and even "genocide."

A network of forty-six genetic counseling and treatment centers at medical institutions throughout the United States and Canada has been established by the National Genetics Foundation in New York to help patients and families with genetic diseases. But counseling is still limited to a tiny percentage of married couples. With rare exceptions the patients are persons who have already had a defective child or who have a family history of hereditary disease. Why should it not be universal practice? In many states a syphilis test is required of all applicants for a marriage license. Why should not a genetic counseling session be also required, or at least made available?

One thing that counseling will never be able to do is to say flatly, before a child's conception, that it will be afflicted with a given disease. The counselor's predictions are always given in mathematical odds. But in the last decade doctors have developed another tool that for certain diseases does offer precise diagnosis before birth. It is called amniocentesis. Let us take the case of



Down's syndrome. If there is one medical specter that haunts the minds of prospective mothers, it is probably the fear of bearing a mongoloid baby. Down's syndrome is another name for this saddest of infant afflictions, which occurs once in every six hundred births. Among genetic diseases it is peculiar in one respect: its incidence rises sharply with the mother's age. The odds are only one in five thousand for a mother in her twenties, but rise to one in fifty for a mother over forty.

Of all the couples who seek genetic counseling at least a third are worried about the possibility of having a mongoloid baby. But the counselor can offer only limited help, because, while Down's syndrome is a congenital disease, caused by a gross chromosomal defect, it is not for the most part hereditary. In only about 3 per cent of all cases is the chromosomal defect passed on by a parent. In most of the rest the trouble seems to originate at the time the reproductive cells of the parents divide.

Amniocentesis offers a medical means by which the parents can learn, with almost 100 per cent assurance, whether their unborn child will be afflicted with Down's syn-

drome. Let us assume that a couple who have had one mongoloid child decide to try again, hoping that this time they will be winners in the genetic lottery. From then on, there used to be nothing to do but wait and hope. Now, instead, in her fourth month of pregnancy the prospective mother pays a brief visit to a hospital—say the Children's Memorial Hospital in Chicago, where Dr. Henry L. Nadler pioneered the procedure. There a doctor inserts a needle through the wall of her abdomen into the amniotic sac and, taking care to avoid the fetus, withdraws a vial of amniotic fluid. The whole thing is done in ten minutes, under local anesthesia. Floating in the amniotic fluid are cells flaked off from the fetus in normal growth. These are cultured for a week or more, and allowed to divide and subdivide as cells do; then the chromosomes are examined under a microscope. From this examination the doctor can tell the mother with almost complete certainty whether her unborn baby will be mongoloid. If it will, she can have an abortion and, if she is so minded, try again.

If all pregnant mothers were to undergo amniocentesis, mongolism could, in theory,

be reduced to nearly zero. Gone would be the heartache of parents torn between the desire to keep such a child at home and the realization that sooner or later it will almost surely end up in an institution. Gone, too, would be the cost—some \$250,000, it is estimated—of maintaining such a child during its lifetime of dependency.

Practically speaking, there are obstacles. For one thing, amniocentesis is still a new procedure, practiced in only a few places, and its possible dangers have not been fully assessed. It is performed, therefore, only in cases where, because of previous history or the mother's age, the risk of bearing a defective child is known to be high.

Another obstacle is that if a fetus is diagnosed as mongoloid, the only alternative to birth is abortion. Among the pregnant women who have been told as a result of amniocentesis that they will bear a mongoloid baby, almost all have, in fact, opted to abort the fetus. But this is not necessarily significant, because a woman who seeks amniocentesis has presumably already made up her mind to terminate the pregnancy if the news is bad.

Here we have the first great moral dilemma raised by the genetic revolution, and one that is not easily resolved by preconceived positions on abortion in general. Even to those who equate abortion with murder, the prospective birth of a hopelessly defective child presents a special problem. Is it right *not* to abort such a fetus? If a child is doomed to a life on so low a level that he will never know he is a human being, does he perhaps have the moral right *not* to be born? The issue has already been raised by parents of defective children in lawsuits brought against doctors who knew the child would be afflicted but failed to warn them.

Even if the weapons now available were used to the fullest extent, we would be a long way from winning the war on genetic disease. For it is a war fought against an enemy with a thousand faces, on a dark and mostly unmapped landscape where new combatants constantly spring up, like Cadmus's warriors, to reopen the fight. The mechanism of heredity, so elegantly revealed by Watson and Crick in their model of DNA, works with stuff so fragile that it is constantly making mistakes. Some of these mistakes are harmless. Others are so lethal that the fetuses they affect never come to birth. But those that are neither

harmless nor lethal enter into the human gene pool and, together with the inherited load of mutations, account for as many as two hundred thousand babies born each year in the United States with identifiable genetic defects.

Hope for the future lies in determining the chemical structure of specific genes and pinpointing their location in the long chains of DNA. Once the "code" for a gene is known, molecular biologists look forward to synthesizing it in a test tube. One day it may be possible to introduce such synthetic genes into the body cells, riding them in, so to speak, on the backs of benign viruses. If this could be done with body cells, it would provide cures for sufferers in the living generation. Later—much later—it might be possible to operate by such genetic engineering on the genes of reproductive cells, thus curing not only the living patient but the germ stuff he passes on to the next generation.

All this lies in the future. But even with the means at hand or clearly in prospect, it is not too much to hope that we may get the upper hand over genetic disease by the year 2000. If that occurs in the second half of the twentieth century it will be an event in the history of medicine comparable to the conquest of bacterial diseases—pneumonia, tuberculosis, diphtheria, and the other mass killers—by the vaccines and antibiotics of the first half of the century.

Some Nightmares

If this is the fruit of the biological revolution, why then does the phrase "genetic engineering" conjure up such fearsome images in the lay mind, and why does it start such scary headlines in the press? The question may perhaps be illuminated by imagining a few scenarios of the future.

The first scenario is not far in the future. Indeed, it may be in the past before these words appear in print. In some hospital—most likely at Nottingham, England—a team of doctors—most likely directed by Dr. Robert G. Edwards and Dr. Patrick Steptoe—makes a small incision in a woman's abdomen and removes from her ovary a number of eggs. The patient is a woman who wants to have a child but cannot because of a congenital blockage in her oviduct. The operation is called a laparoscopy. After the eggs are removed, they are placed in a glass container and fertilized with sperm from the woman's husband.

There, in a solution mimicking that of the female reproductive system, the eggs are allowed to grow, dividing and subdividing for about eight days. Then one of them is chosen and placed, by another small operation, in the womb of the woman from whom it came, where it attaches itself to the wall of the womb. Nine months later, if all goes well, the woman gives birth to her own (and her husband's) child.

What's wrong with that? A woman who would otherwise have been childless has been given the blessing of bearing her own child by a procedure that bypasses her blocked oviduct.

What's wrong, according to some of those who are trying to apply Christian ethics to genetic medicine, is that somewhere along the line human lives have been sacrificed. Before doctors could attempt such an operation, they had to experiment for years with the fertilization and culture of human eggs in vitro—i.e., in glass containers—and the embryos thus grown were then "discarded." Dr. Daniele Petrucci of Italy, who announced in 1961 that he had grown such an embryo for twenty-nine days, was denounced by the Catholic Church and made to promise that he would not do it again. Whether he had done it at all is now widely doubted. But the experiments went on, especially at Cambridge University under Dr. Edwards and at Columbia Presbyterian Hospital in New York under Dr. Landrum Shettles. The deliberate creation and subsequent "discarding" of viable embryos is, in the view of some theologians, a violation of moral law. But beyond that, there is the question of whether the transplanted embryo will be born whole and well. If anything goes wrong, may it not be seen that doctors have deliberately run the risk of damaging a human life? Dr. Paul Ramsey, professor of religion at Princeton, states his conclusion thus: "The decisive moral verdict must be that we cannot rightfully *get to know* how to do this without conducting unethical experiments upon the unborn who must be the 'mishaps' (the dead and the retarded ones) through whom we learn how."

That these ethical qualms will impede the acceptance of artificial in ovulation, once it is accomplished, seems unlikely. The visible benefits to the parents will probably seem to outweigh the hidden wrong to early embryos. In a poll taken by Louis Harris for *Life* Magazine, 34 per cent of men and

39 per cent of women gave their approval to artificial in ovulation as a remedy for infertility—even though only 3 per cent of those interviewed had ever heard of the idea before.

Most people will be more concerned about what else may fly out of this Pandora's box once it has been opened by a successful in ovulation. There is no reason why the fertilized egg must be returned to the body of the woman it came from. It could just as well be transplanted into another womb. Will a mother who could perfectly well bear her own child see in this procedure a convenient way to avoid the troubles of pregnancy, by hiring another woman to carry and bear her child?

There is also the promise, or threat, that once in vitro culture is seen to be feasible, a woman who conceives her own child in the normal way might prefer to have the embryo removed at an early stage and brought the rest of the way in a laboratory bottle. From there it is only a step to the full-scale bottle-baby factory of Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*.

And why not? It would save women a lot of misery. It would enable doctors to monitor the growth of the fetus and, with the advance of prenatal medicine, to treat the fetus as a regular patient from the moment of conception on. But what would it do to the mother-child relationship? Would Mommy and Daddy proudly drop in every week or so to see how little Junior was growing in his bottle? Or would they perhaps take a more dispassionate view of the little fellow? If it were a boy, might they prefer a girl? Might they indeed prefer a system whereby they could pick from an array of fetuses developed from anonymous eggs and sperm? These are questions that trouble both theologians like Professor Ramsey and some of the scientists themselves.

To a thoughtful student of human society there might be another cause of concern. If women abandoned the practice of childbearing, might not the process of evolution, in the course of millennia, so alter their bodily structure as to deprive them of the capacity of normal, unassisted childbearing? No loss, you think? Perhaps—so long as the machinery of technological medicine keeps running. But suppose, say in the aftermath of an atomic war, or in a new ice age, the baby factories broke down. What then would happen to the human race?

Having inquired into the far-out consequences of a relatively simple procedure designed to circumvent human sterility, let us now consider a really exotic development. This one is probably not an immediate possibility. The Rand Corporation puts it at the year 2020. Professor Joshua Lederberg of Stanford, one of the more optimistic prophets of the biological revolution, thinks it may come within this century. It has been done with frogs, and what can be done with frogs, say the biologists, can probably be done with man. It is cloning.

Once more the scene is a medical laboratory. A doctor has before him in a laboratory dish a human female sex cell, with its normal complement of twenty-three chromosomes, the stuff of heredity. In the normal course of conception these twenty-three chromosomes would have combined with twenty-three chromosomes from a male sex cell to produce a fertilized egg, ready to grow into a human being. Now, instead, the doctor removes the nucleus of the cell, with its twenty-three chromosomes, and replaces it with the nucleus of a regular body cell—any body cell will do, but very likely it will be an intestinal cell. Strange as it may seem to a layman, every nonreproductive cell in the human body contains in its forty-six chromosomes the full blueprint for the human being. Normally, those cells are serving other specialized purposes—in the brain, skin, liver, or whatever. But if the nucleus of such a cell is implanted in a reproductive cell, it begins to *act* like the nucleus of a reproductive cell. And since it already has forty-six chromosomes instead of twenty-three, it does not need to be fertilized by a cell of the opposite sex. It just begins to divide and subdivide, on its way to becoming a new human being.

The cell, thus fertilized, is returned to the womb. The cell's new nucleus may have come from the same woman who furnished the original sex cell. It may have come from another woman. It may be a man's cell. No matter. The reconstituted cell will become a fetus and grow to birth, the identical genetic copy of the person from whom its nucleus came. An Arnold Toynbee, perhaps. A Mark Spitz. A Raquel Welch.

If the bottle factory is working by that time, a whole batch of identical babies could thus be brought to birth. Who would want them? Well, some speculate, it might be useful to have a team of identical twins, triplets, or whatever you call twenties, to

man a project requiring close co-operation, say a space flight. And it is intriguing to imagine a corps of Rockettes who look *exactly* alike.

On the other hand, would you like to *be* a clone? Who would your mother be? Or your father? What kind of family upbringing would you have? Would the state bring you up? Would the Rand Corporation?

Like so many of the far-out prospects of genetic science, cloning raises the question of the rights of the unborn child. He did not volunteer to be the object of some scientist's experiment. What right has anyone to bring him into the world as some sort of freak? Again we confront the question of what rights the unborn have, in law and morals.

However unsettling the vision of a clone **H**is, at least he would be a normal—even, it may be assumed, in some respects a superior—person. That is more than can be said of the figures in our last scenario. This experiment may sound like pure science fiction, but it had the enthusiastic backing of the great British biologist J. B. S. Haldane. Let us suppose that it is carried out next year and let us place our scenario ten years beyond that.

It is 1984, our generation's due date for future horrors. On the grounds of Stanford University there is a laboratory that has been sealed off from public scrutiny for the past decade. One night a fire breaks out in the laboratory. The firemen batter down the door of the flaming building and out rush a dozen or more creatures who leave the firemen too startled to do more than gape. "I guess they were kids," one of them reports, "but there was something awfully wrong with them—all covered with hair and running all bent over." "These were no kids," another disagrees. "They were some kind of animals—monkeys, I'd say."

It turns out that both firemen are right. After the police have rounded up the refugees and taken them to the police station, along with the director of the laboratory, scientists from the university make an astonishing announcement: these are hybrid children, part human, part monkey.

Despite the public revulsion at this revelation, the district attorney is at a loss to find any law that has been broken. Miscegenation, perhaps, on the grounds that the director, by his own admission, used his seed to impregnate a creature of "another race." But even if the term could be

stretched that far, the miscegenation statutes have long since been declared unconstitutional. How about slavery? But hybrids are hardly "persons" within the meaning of the Fourteenth Amendment. Bestiality, then? But the law against bestiality is clearly directed at sexual congress between man and animal. No such congress has taken place. It was done in a test tube.

Frustrated, the D.A. questions the director:

D.A.: Why did you want to do this?

DIRECTOR: Purely as scientific research—to see if it could be done.

D.A.: Is there any purpose in creating hybrids?

DIRECTOR: It is not the scientist's role to consider the purpose.

D.A.: Apparently Professor Haldane saw some purpose in it.

DIRECTOR: Yes. So did Plato.

D.A.: You mean Plato's Gammas in *The Republic*? If I recall correctly, they were lower orders of humanity, not hybrids.

DIRECTOR: The purpose would be the same.

The Gammas were to do the menial work of society, freeing the Alphas for philosophy, or, as we might say, for natural science.

D.A.: That was before the age of machines.

DIRECTOR: There is still plenty of menial work to do. Our hybrids are already useful in cleaning up around the laboratory. I suppose their chief utility would be as domestic workers, keeping house and taking care of children.

To the press the district attorney gives a personal report on the hybrids. "These creatures," he says, "must not be thought of as animals. I have seen them and talked to them—yes, talked to them. Their words are limited but they do speak, they can be understood, and they understand simple ideas or simple orders. The oldest of them is nine, and their minds are not yet developed. They laugh, as animals do not; they respond happily to attention or fondling. They dress themselves, sit at table, watch television. In a dim light, if you met one on the street, you might well take it for a human child."

"What will happen to them when they grow up?" one reporter asks. "Will they be allowed to marry human girls?"

"Well, I don't know about that," the district attorney answers. "It is believed that they will prove sterile."

"Like mules?" asks the reporter.

"Exactly. Of course it is still too early to know for sure."

"But it is not hard," the district attorney goes on, "to imagine other problems. What is the legal status of these creatures? Are they the property of their creator? Can they be kept in confinement? Will they be eligible for public welfare benefits? Can they vote? In short, are they subject to the protections and obligations of normal human beings?"

The fact is that no laws exist to cover many of the new developments in biological science. And besides those that we have looked at in the three scenarios above, many more are coming. Within the very near future it will probably be possible for parents to choose the sex of a child. It can be done today by amniocentesis, but it means discarding healthy embryos if the sex is "wrong," and even many pro-abortionists find this troublesome. But doctors are working on methods to separate the androspem (for males) from the gynospem (for females) before conception, possibly by centrifuging them (the androspem weigh a little less). When accomplished, this will be a blessing to couples who want a "balanced" family. But what will it do to the balance of men and women in the next generation? On the basis of a survey showing that three out of four couples would like a boy first, but only two out of three of those couples want a girl second, some sociologists predict an imbalance of 12.5 per cent excess males in the following generation. What would that do to a marital system based on equal numbers of men and women?

Then there is the proposal, advanced by the great French biologist Jean Rostand, to create a supergenius by causing the cells in a baby's brain to double one extra time. Whether it could be done, whether the baby could survive, what his life would be like if he did—these are problems no one has even tried to face.

The prospect of such far-out biological developments has caused something of a scare in the scientific establishment. At Harvard Dr. James Shapiro, a brilliant young biologist, announced that he was giving up his career in science for fear that governments would make evil use of genetic discoveries. Dr. James Watson, whose famous experiment with Francis Crick ushered in the new age of biology,



proposes an international convention to ban cloning. Dr. Leon Kass, executive secretary of the committee on Life Sciences and Social Policy of the National Academy of Sciences, warns those who would like to remake man, as they have remade his world, that "engineering the engineer seems to differ in kind from engineering the engine."

Some of those concerned with genetic ethics foresee the need for new legal principles to protect the unborn—and even the unconceived—in the laboratory. Might it not be wise to forbid the use of human seed for any other purpose than that of creating a normal, healthy human being? And, after conception, to protect the fetus from scientific experiments not designed to further its own health and growth? Scientists may complain that such legislation would prevent experiments undertaken to benefit humanity as a whole. But so do laws that prevent a doctor from using, say, a cancer patient without his permission for experiments that might benefit the race but would not help the patient.

Scientists generally, trained in the Baconian tradition of free inquiry, bridle at proposals for government restraints on research. But biologists have before them the example of the nuclear physicists who worked on the atomic bomb and some of whom went to their graves bearing a heavy load of guilt. There is one difference: the bomb was developed by a small group of physicists working behind an iron curtain of wartime secrecy. In the case of the new biology there is no secrecy beyond that imposed by some researchers on their own work. Hence there is no reason why the

ethical problems raised should not be fully explored and debated by scientists, humanists, theologians, legislators, and the public. Perhaps the most effective forum for such discussion at this moment is the Institute of Society, Ethics and the Life Sciences, which, under the direction of Daniel Callahan, conducts systematic research and teaching programs at Hastings-on-Hudson, New York, and on college campuses. Senator Walter Mondale of Minnesota has been pushing a bill that would establish a National Advisory Commission on Health, Science, and Society to air the ethical issues and consider government policy.

Some of the hardest questions of the future will revolve around the use of governmental power to achieve genetic ends. For instance, should the carrier of a serious genetic defect be allowed to reproduce? The law, it is argued, protects a child from being beaten by its parents. Should it not protect a future child from being handed a crippling gene? To most people such a prohibition would doubtless seem a flagrant violation of personal liberty. Yet in many states the law forbids a man to marry his first cousin (where the risk of producing a defective child has been estimated at one in thirty-two), whereas it permits him to marry a woman with, say, a matching defect for cystic fibrosis, a risk of one in four.

There are two issues shaping up here. One is the right to procreate—one of the most ancient and treasured of all human rights—versus the newly asserted rights of the unborn child. As Dr. Robert Sinsheimer of Caltech puts it, "Every child has a right to be born whole and well." With the obvious implication: "Or not to be born at

all." The other issue, involving the whole of society, is posed by Dr. Philip Handler, president of the National Academy of Sciences, as "the sanctity of the right to procreate versus the sanctity of the human gene pool."

The power of the state is not to be invoked in matters of personal liberty without recognition of its perils. Alarmists conjure up visions of a dictator cloning a thousand copies of himself, or breeding a whole subclass of genetic slaves, or engineering dwarfs with short legs for colonizing high-gravity planets, or back-breeding to fish-men with gills for undersea life. Even a benevolent authoritarian state might seek to create a class of supermen and superwomen by compulsory mating or compulsory artificial insemination or compulsory genetic surgery. If it could raise the mean I.Q. by 1.5 per cent, according to Sir Julian Huxley, it could expect to raise the percentage of people with an I.Q. of 160 or more (genius) by 50 per cent. In an age in which scientific genius translates into military power, it would be a hard temptation to resist. And if Russia and China accomplish it, what would we do?

It may well be that some of the developments that scare people at first sight will turn out to be things we can live with. It may be that certain looming atrocities can be averted by the pressure of public opinion, as so many other scientific possibilities, like gas and germ warfare, have been held in check. Government and foundation funds can be granted or withheld for scientific projects. And the best protection against the tyranny of the state, in genetics as in everything else, is the democratic faith in personal liberty and personal responsibility. It would be a calamity if the legitimate fears inspired by the biological revolution were not faced and dealt with, for that revolution has within it the seeds of human advance which go far beyond the medical accomplishments already achieved.

The Next Step

During most of this century there has been a widespread assumption among scientists that the level of human quality is declining. The assumption comes in two parts, the first mental, the second physical.

Of the decline in mental capacity there is precious little solid evidence. One indication, quickly seized upon by eugenicists and often quoted since, was found in a survey

of schoolchildren conducted in 1947 by the Scottish Board of Education, which showed that the children with the lowest I.Q. scores came from the largest families. On the strength of this evidence such British experts as Sir Cyril Burt and Sir Godfrey Thomson estimated that mental capacity was declining at the rate of one per cent per generation. If this percentage does not alarm you, try extrapolating it, as one expert did, reaching the conclusion that in twelve generations the average Scot would not be able to drive a car.

More recent surveys do not bear out the belief that parents with lower I.Q.'s are reproducing at a greater rate than parents with higher I.Q.'s. Nor is it any longer taken for granted that a correlation exists between the well-off and the intelligent. An egalitarian society tends to regard this notion as elitist poppycock. Nevertheless, such eminent scientists as Jacques Monod and Joshua Lederberg still insist that the reproductive trend is toward lower average intelligence.

Of the decline in inherited physical well-being, there is no real doubt. Until the last century nature maintained a balance between the origination of genetic defects by mutation and the elimination of genetic defects by the early death of persons carrying them. Mutations are, as we have seen, simply errors made by the genetic machinery of the human being in producing a new human being. Once in a while a mutation is valuable to the organism and that, as Darwin discovered, is how evolution occurs. But generally mutations are harmful to the organism, causing defects of greater or less seriousness. It has been estimated that every human being carries, on the average, six to ten defective genes, and until recent times the "mutation load" remained fairly stable. What has happened to upset the balance is that modern medicine has made it possible for many people with serious defects to live at least long enough to reproduce and thus to pass on the bad genes.

Diabetes is perhaps the most striking example. The discovery of insulin treatment in 1910 has enabled most diabetics to live, up to a point, fairly normal lives. As a result, the genes for diabetes, already carried by an estimated one of every five people, are bound to spread even more widely. "Doubling or tripling our genetic load," according to one geneticist, "might

mean that everyone would need major surgery, dietary supplements, medicines, and artificial devices to stay alive."

We all know how the invention of eyeglasses took the genetic penalty off myopia. It is easy to accept myopia, and perhaps even diabetes, but no one can be easy about the increased incidence of a disease like phenylketonuria (PKU). This affliction of the newborn is caused by the failure of the liver to produce a certain enzyme required to process the amino acid phenylalanine. In the old days a victim of PKU suffered brain damage so severe that he would never be able to function as a normal human being. Then it was discovered that by virtually eliminating phenylalanine from the diet, a child could be brought through the critical first years of life to a nearly normal adulthood. In most states every newborn baby is now tested for PKU and almost every victim is saved—one of the triumphs of modern medicine.

But the cost is heavy. The late Leroy Augenstein, a particularly compassionate exponent of genetic medicine, once put himself on the diet of a PKU child. His report: "I was on it for two days and couldn't wait to get off. The same is true of most of the youngsters: they are always at the neighbors, begging for some kind of food handout. If the neighbors relent and give them even one or two cookies a week, this is probably enough to trigger off brain damage."

The social cost is also high. For if the PKU child grows up and has children of his own, they will have fifty times the average probability of having the disease.

As we have seen, doctors now have the power to predict the probable appearance of many hereditary diseases and to diagnose some in the fetus. Through amniocentesis and other screening procedures yet to be invented, it will be possible to reduce dramatically the number of babies born with serious defects. But that is not all to the good. For if parents with defective genes go on conceiving babies, with the happy assurance that defective embryos can be aborted, then most of their children who do come to birth will be carriers of the same bad genes. Thus the consequence of eliminating a disease from one generation will be that more of the genes causing it will pass down to following generations.

We are left, therefore, with a gradually rising load of serious mutations in the

human gene pool. We are left, too, with a multitude of lesser defects, mental and physical, that do not justify drastic preventive action. And finally, we are left with the age-old fact that man is not, in mind or body, all that he could be and wants to be.

Here entereth "positive" eugenics. For the same knowledge of human genetics that is giving science an increasing ability to eliminate hereditary disease ("negative" eugenics) also offers the prospect of raising the average level of health and intellect.

This is not to say that a geneticist can sit down before the console of some vast computer bank and select the perfect mates to produce the perfect baby. If a man with an I.Q. of 160 is married to a woman with an I.Q. of 160, they are not likely to have a child with an I.Q. of 160. Neither will two Olympic sprinters necessarily produce a champion. There is a natural law, known as "regression to the mean," that keeps champions from steadily producing super-champions. Nevertheless, their offspring will, on the average, be superior, because, as Professor James F. Crow of the University of Wisconsin puts it, "like produces like more often than not."

There is nothing new about the concept of eugenic reproduction in humans. It must certainly have occurred to those farmers in the Zagros Mountains of Persia who, more than twenty thousand years before the invention of agriculture, were breeding sheep for fatter meat and longer wool. It has been a prescription for utopias ranging from Plato's to John Humphrey Noyes's Oneida Community. Certain royal houses of Europe have paid it some heed, as when tiny Victor Emanuel III of Italy was married to a huge princess of Montenegro, in hopes that the union would produce a good-sized heir. (It did, in Umberto II, though too late to save the throne.)

But except in isolated, short-lived communities, eugenics has never been a controlling factor in human mating. Marriages have commonly been made for reasons of property, of social caste, of dynastic or political policy, and more recently, in the Western world, of romantic love. All these motivations have been more compelling than the quality of unborn offspring or the future of the race. To most people, therefore, it seems like a pipe dream to hear serious scientists talking of man "seizing control of his own evolution."

Nevertheless, in a small way, it is being



done. For the first time genetics is developing a scientific basis for human selection, and this knowledge is having an influence. The most obvious area is in cases of artificial insemination by donor (AID). Artificial insemination—the more familiar obverse of the artificial inoovulation discussed above—is commonly used in cases of male sterility. But it is also a solution for married couples who do not want to run the risk of passing on genetic disease to their children. If the husband carries a genetic defect, the wife can have her baby by AID. Biologically speaking, the child will be hers but not her husband's. The natural father will most likely be a medical student who gets \$25 an ejaculation for semen that is free from predictable defects.

When doctors began to offer AID to childless couples early in this century, the practice seemed vaguely scandalous. Churches condemned it as adultery and the law regarded the resulting baby as illegitimate (in most states it still does). In such a climate of opinion doctors took donors where they could easily find them—usually in medical schools—requiring only that the donor be in good health and free of known hereditary defects. If they looked further, it would probably be to choose a donor who bore some vague physical resemblance to the father or even one who had the same religion. But it finally occurred to some fertility specialists that these were pretty frivolous bases of choice. Some time in the 1960's a Norwegian clinic thought to ask prospective recipients of AID what they really wanted in their future child's inheritance. It turned out that of the women interviewed, only 73 wanted the donor to resemble the husband, whereas 230 wanted him to be "intelligent and highly principled, sound in body and mind, and to come from a healthy family." Alas, it is not yet possible to guarantee high principles through heredity, but intelligence and health are within the range of the possible. Though

few American doctors have got the message, it is clear enough: AID is a eugenic opportunity being missed.

If the common estimate of ten thousand AID births a year in the United States is correct, the prospect of their all being superior babies may not seem statistically significant. But that is not the end of it. It is believed that 10 per cent of the married couples in the United States have a sterility problem. If even a quarter of them found a solution in AID, the number of AID births would be close to 100,000. And if artificial inoovulation becomes a common procedure, the total would be even higher.

So far we have been considering the application of eugenic principles only to couples who could not have their own babies in the normal way. What prospect is there of their acceptance by the rest?

At first blush the answer may seem to be nil. It is hard to imagine a nubile girl who is sufficiently attracted to a young man to marry him, coolly inquiring into his I.Q. and his medical record before pledging her troth. Still, marriages are not always based on pure passion. Girls may no longer wait for Daddy to inquire what the young man's prospects are, but they are not above considering what standard of life he will provide. They would do a lot better to consider what kind of babies he will father.

As genetic counseling becomes a common, if not universal, procedure, it seems inevitable that young people will give more thought to the eugenic factors in marriage and childbearing. If they can be persuaded, as many have, that it is wrong to have more than two babies, they may well be persuaded that those two should be better than average babies. And if they can arouse so much enthusiasm about saving the natural environment, as almost all have, they ought to be concerned about saving the human race.

This is not to suggest any crash program for human betterment. Unlike the elimination of hereditary disease, a cause in which dramatic results can be expected in one generation, positive eugenics is bound to be a slow thing. Much more needs to be learned about the heritability of physical, mental, perhaps even of temperamental, characteristics. It is a matter for many generations. But now, for the first time in history, man has begun to acquire the ability to influence his own evolution. It is now possible to start.

Why wait?

IN THE LIGHT OF THE PAST

CRIME AGAINST THE PERSON

By J. H. PLUMB

For years I have been an addict of Brooklyn Bridge, which, from the catwalk, recalls, with its Gothic arches and flying cables, the nave of a splendid medieval cathedral. Not long ago, after a nostalgic lunch with Alfred Kazin, we visited the spot where Walt Whitman printed *Leaves of Grass* and looked into the Plymouth Church of the Pilgrims, where Dickens preached in Brooklyn Heights; after that, it seemed natural enough to walk across the bridge once more. Broad daylight, middle of the afternoon, there seemed no danger in that.

And yet, leaving Alfred in the middle of the bridge and starting back toward Brooklyn, I knew it was going to happen. I had seen him lounging by the pillars, an elegant young man in a curious cardinal's biretta. As soon as I drew near, he approached and asked for a quarter. Putting on my best Oxford accent, I told him I did not understand. Drawing a short bayonet from his coat and pointing it at my jugular, he demanded all my money. Fortunately it was divided, a half on each side of my wallet, so I gave him half, which he took and fled.

I had noticed, twenty or thirty yards away, a bicyclist dismount and sit on the boardwalk. After the mugger had run off, he rode by, naturally refusing to give chase. Indeed, to make certain that he was not involved, he got off the bike and sat down again, glum and silent. The emergency telephone was of course

out of order, the police station nearby had been closed. The police, once found, were courteous and mildly interested. I waded through a huge rogues' gallery of photographs, but to no avail.

The experience haunted me for days, like an automobile accident for which one was not responsible. One thinks of all the actions one might have taken and did not. But worse was the sense of hostility I felt, and the apprehension, every



Hogarth's view of crime in the streets, eighteenth-century style.

time I found myself on a lonely street corner or an empty sidewalk or subway passage. Hostility, fear, hate: are these the emotions with which, as mugging spreads, our society has to live?

Month in, month out, the figures mount as personal violence spreads not only to the suburbs but to countries and cities, like France and London, that up till now have been comparatively free of it. The statistics pile up, computerized,

analyzed, and become the base for the pontifications of psychologists, sociologists, criminologists, and moralists of every kind. The cause is poverty; it is large families; it is the absence of a powerful father, or the presence of too savage a father; it is the breakdown of family life, bad housing, bad schooling, and social deprivation; it is the decay of morality, the spread of radicalism with its hatred of private property. And, of course, it is drugs. All muggers, it would seem, are desperate for a fix. And not to be beaten in the rush for headlines, the medicals have muscled in, too. Violence is often genetic, an extra male chromosome makes you murderous and turns you berserk. The TV panels give us selected brews of these experts who wrestle portentously with statistics with a glum pessimism, their cures as widely divergent as their diagnoses: severe sentences, milder sentences, medical treatment, rehabilitation through love, street vigilantes, more boys' clubs, more jobs, better housing, better street lighting, more police on the streets, and so on and so on.

However, there is one professional whose views are never asked—namely, the historian. Crime on the streets is rarely considered in the perspective of time. If it were, there would be less blather about the decadence of our time, and, indeed, its public violence. In comparison with times past, ours is only moderately violent and moder-

ately criminal. Also, for reasons that are historically credible, it is likely that crimes of violence, particularly assaults on the person, will, toward the end of the present decade, begin to decline—and whatever fashionable nostrum then in vogue will be hailed as the curative process. This is not to deny that the roots of crime push deep into the structure of society, drawing sustenance from its fissures and strains and deep pools of misery, or that social control is without effect. But there are other seismic movements at work.

What historical evidence we have about mugging on a large scale derives mainly from Europe. Crime in western Europe was intense, widespread, and growing rapidly from the sixteenth century until the middle decades of the nineteenth century; then there was some easement, which lasted until the end of World War II, when growth again became very rapid. In 1890 or 1930, strolling about the West End of London or the main boulevards of Paris, you were unlikely to be mugged; riding the countryside on a bicycle or walking it on foot you were just as unlikely to be robbed.

A vast change from the previous century. By the standards of England or France in the eighteenth century even modern New York is relatively crime free. Highwaymen infested London, robbing coaches in Hyde Park in broad daylight with impunity; travelers making the journey to Yorkshire without being robbed blessed their luck. Rape, often of the very young, was depressingly commonplace. Housebreaking ran neck and neck with mugging in prevalence and audacity; late in the century even Buckingham Palace was broken into and robbed. Gang violence and mob violence were endemic. Compared with the Gordon Riots in London in 1780, the ghetto riots of the late 1960's in America appear like a fiesta of unruly children. In a week of rioting, more than four hundred people were killed or wounded, and \$50,000,000 worth of damage was caused by fires. All of the prisons were broken open, then

put to the torch. Any bourgeois who angered the mob was likely to have his house pulled down about his ears.

Nor was the countryside much more peaceable: gangs of professional robbers terrorized France in the late eighteenth century, often murdering for sheer pleasure. Raping, beating to death, cutting throats, and often stripping and coupling the cadavers, they would sometimes feast, drink, and dance around the corpses. As for child criminals, boys and girls, London and Paris were full of them; they increased in Paris during the revolutionary period and existed in droves in early-nineteenth-century London. The shutters of French houses and the great, formidable doors bespeak a bourgeoisie rightly terrified of violence and theft. England was little better.

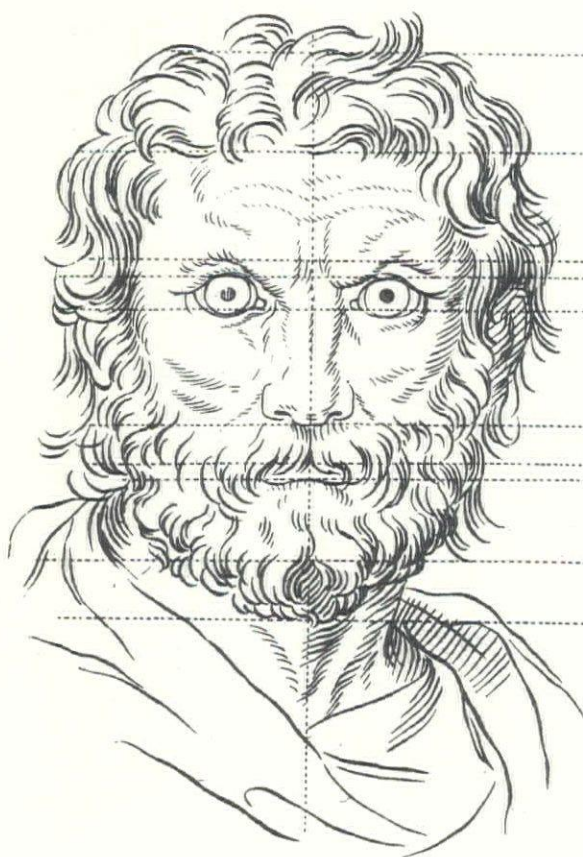
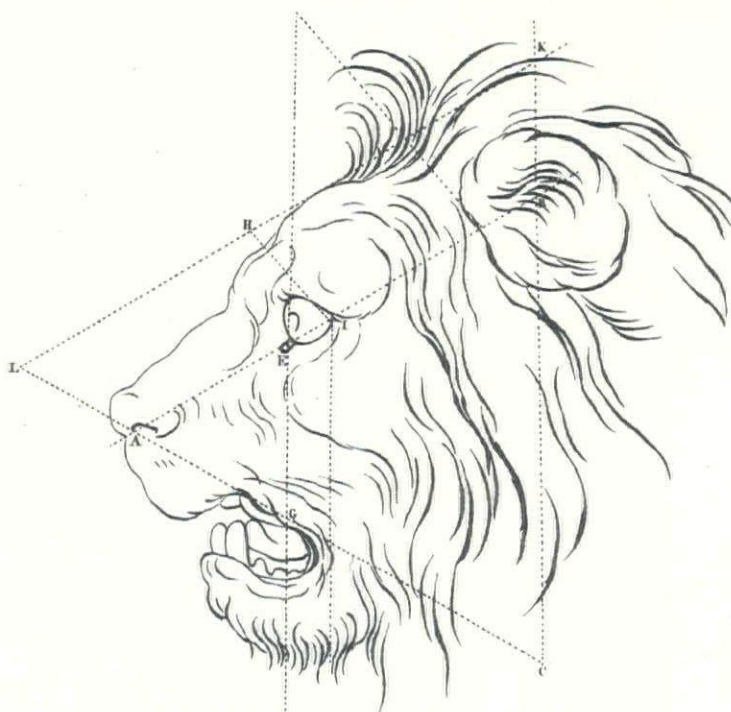
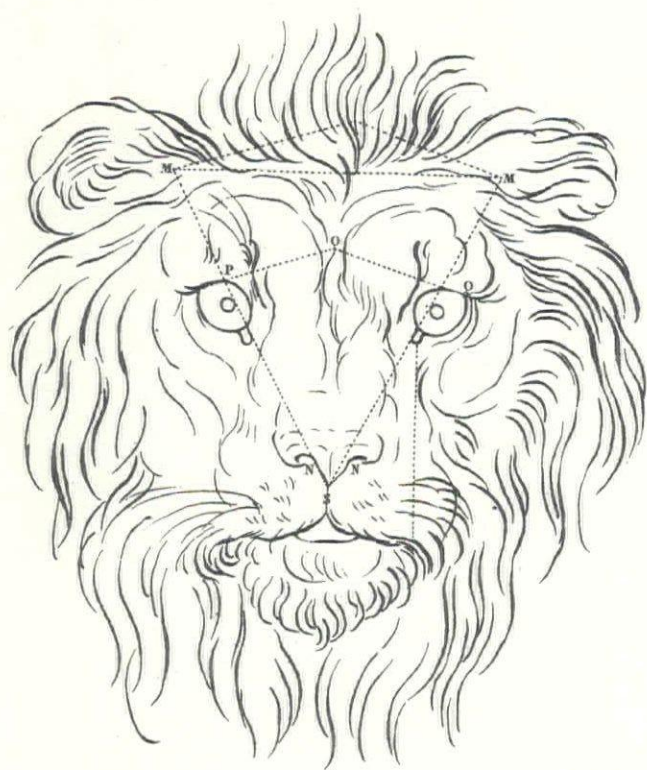
Let it be stressed that we know of only a fraction of the crimes committed: most of them, then as now, went unrecorded and unpunished, perhaps 90 per cent. The severity of punishment, then as now, was no deterrent. Men were quartered, broken on the wheel, children branded, at times burned alive; it only made juries reluctant to condemn. A great deal of this crime, then as now, can be laid at the door of poverty, so long as it is realized that it was provoked by the existence of affluence. All-embracing, grinding poverty does not, as the villages of India demonstrate, cause widespread violent personal crime. Eighteenth-century London and Paris flaunted obvious and increasing affluence before the eyes of desperate men and women. There was more to steal. Almost any prosperous bourgeois in eighteenth-century England had a gold watch, gold trinkets, gold coins in his pocket, and expensive clothes in his trunk. He was a plumper target than his grandfather and great-grandfather had been. But poverty, combined with the opportunity to steal, was only one thread in a complex social situation.

More important, perhaps, than opportunity, was the age of the criminal. Since the average span of life was about

thirty years, these were youthful societies. In the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries a larger proportion of the population were children and adolescents. Then as now, a great deal of violent crime was committed by young men between fifteen and twenty-five, and it is not surprising that the growth of violent crime leveled off toward the end of the nineteenth century, for this, too, is the time when the proportion of young men under twenty-five diminished. Of course, contemporaries pointed to a more effective police force, to the deterrent nature of prison sentences, and to the closer correlation between crime and punishment, for no longer were children hanged for theft, or servant girls burned alive for attempting to poison their mistresses. These things may or may not have had their effect. It is, however, doubtful that they did; most crime goes unreported and undetected and certainly unpunished, so that deeper social factors must have been at work.

Violent crime has always been a young man's game (true, many continue in their thirties and forties, but the commitment to crime usually takes place in adolescence). Perhaps what industrial society has failed to do these last three hundred years is to provide adequate activities for aggressive adolescents, particularly those—mainly the poor—whose social lives provide none for them. Since the sixteenth century, affluence dangled before the poor and deprived has excited both cupidity and hate; the growth of great urban centers has created opportunity for anonymous violence; so crime has been endemic, becoming epidemic as the adolescent population has grown.

Soon the proportion of our own adolescent groups, which have swollen so greatly since World War II, will decline. And with that, doubtless, the mugging and raping will decline. At least for those who are violently robbed there is one mild consolation: it was worse in earlier times. This is not the first age in which the young poor have taken their personal revenge on the elderly rich.



Observe the aquiline nose, the eyes that can easily look heavenward (see opposite for a demonstration), the regular facial features mapped out geometrically: all are signs of courage, virtue, and intelligence in the king of beasts and his counterpart, Jupiter. So thought Charles Le Brun, court painter to Louis XIV, and he made these portraits for a definitive study of physiognomy to prove it.



Understanding Man and Beast

If your seatmate on the bus looks like a parrot, Charles Le Brun would suggest that you move



The notion that the face is mirror to the soul dies hard. Modern science may tell you that human intelligence depends not upon the configuration of a man's head but upon the convolutions of his brain. You are thoroughly convinced that human behavior is determined by heredity and environment—not by outside appearances. Yet at the next cocktail party, just stumble into a man who looks like a wart hog, or a girl with a face like a vixen, and you will think that the one is dull, grumpy, and a messy feeder, and the other not to be trusted.

How much stronger was the notion before Freud and Darwin, when it was believed that man's nature had distinct beastly and angelic sides, and nearly everyone felt certain—in the earliest days of scientific inquiry, anyhow—that much was to be learned simply by looking hard at the surfaces of things and classifying the results. Aristotle, for instance, estimated that the look of a man's nose was an index to his character. Depending on whether it resembled a beak or a snout or a muzzle it would

reveal the impudence of a crow, the insensitivity of a pig, or the magnanimity of a lion—qualities of character Aristotle was sure these creatures possessed.

Physiognomy, the pseudoscience of telling character by appearance, has flourished on and off ever since. In physiognomical comparisons between man and animal, especially after the establishment of the Christian concept of the Great Chain of Being, animals customarily came off second best. It was not, after all, by chance that the Devil was portrayed with hairy legs and cloven hoofs, or referred to as "The Beaste." If man is seen as a divided creature, standing somewhere between animal and angel on the ladder leading up to God, his duty, and perhaps his very salvation, clearly lies in struggling to suppress his beastly nature.

Pursuing a theory about the relations between animal character and animal features, a Neapolitan savant named Giovanni Battista della Porta created a series of pictures in the late sixteenth century showing men with animal ex-

pressions, and vice versa, among them ambitious eagles, salacious rabbits, envious owls, jealous hedgehogs, and sharks with faces like usurers. In the eighteenth century a Dutch professor, Petrus Camper, worked on a theory of facial construction and human passions, using a sequence of drawings to trace the deterioration of the face of the *Apollo Belvedere* to that of a frog. All this has a marvelously antique sound. Yet one can as easily cite the nineteenth-century's fondness for the science of phrenology or Cesare Lombroso's theory of the criminal types, which hypothesized that certain men with dome-shaped heads, faces like birds, or sharp incisor teeth like rodents were likely to have criminal tendencies—an idea that was widely accepted by police experts up into this century.

Over the centuries, however, of all the savants, psychologists, and simple crackpots who addressed themselves to this heady subject, none produced a more attractive commentary upon manly beasts, or beastly men, than



a seventeenth-century Frenchman named Charles Le Brun. Le Brun didn't think better than anyone else, but he did draw better. In addition to fragments of a complicated physiognomic thesis, he left dozens of splendid drawings and diagrams in which the faces of many different kinds of beasts and birds, from lynxes (*lous-cerviers*) to hoot owls (*chats-huants*), are devastatingly juxtaposed with human faces that mightily resemble them. Le Brun borrowed heavily from the ideas of della Porta. At their best his caricatures are so convincing that the viewer is persuaded he himself has often encountered men who look like hoot owls, parrots, lynxes, and, yes, wart hogs. Although some of the pictures are grotesque, they impress one as careful portraits drawn from life, rather than the bizarre exaggerations of a misanthropic cartoonist.

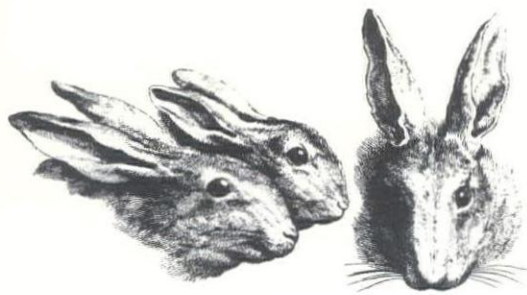
Charles Le Brun, "*escuyer, sieur de Thionville, premier peintre du Roy, directeur des manufactures royales des meubles de la couronne aux Gobelins, chancelier et recteur de L'Academie*

Royale de peinture et de sculpture," was the leading painter and art director of the court of Louis XIV. He had studied in Rome with Nicolas Poussin and was a classicist who reorganized the French Royal Academy and ran it authoritatively along rigid classical lines. It was Le Brun who presided over the decoration of the Palace of Versailles, and it was he who painted the vast ceiling of its famous Hall of Mirrors, as well as the lofty representations in the Louvre of Alexander the Great's battles. He was, moreover, one of the chief portraitists of the court. From 1665 until his death in 1690 he turned out stately, flattering likenesses of nearly everyone of note, from Pierre Corneille and Jean Racine to the king's brother, the duc d'Orléans, and Louise de La Vallière, one of the king's pretty favorites.

As virtual artistic director of France, Le Brun was rich as well as powerful. Still, there were a number of reasons why he decided—as one of his biographers put it—"to abandon the broad alleys of parks whose splendors he had

organized, in order to enter, albeit at a majestic pace, the more capricious pathways of satiric fantasy." He had a certain *faiblesse* for the baroque. More important, he was hoping to create a style book and a system to guide younger artists, "to make them capable of catching with a sure and knowing hand features appropriate to the characterization of both virtuous and evil men." Just possibly, too, after years of idealizing the features of the creatures of Louis's court, he simply wanted to study physical grotesquery, and chose a courtier's inevitably roundabout way to do it.

Le Brun's study of physiognomy was part of his broader and equally well-illustrated dissertation on pathognomy—or the way the feelings that rise from the soul cause visible changes in the body (a study of obvious use to painters). The first reference to Le Brun's physiognomical drawings appears in the official proceedings of the Royal Academy, on March 28, 1671, when the painter was fifty-two years old. "Monsieur Lebrun," the record reads, "gave



The narrow foreheads and hooked noses of the parrot and rabbit men in the lithographs made from Le Brun's drawings, opposite and above, were signs of lesser character in his system. Indeed, the parrot man's face is heartlessly cruel and the rabbit people look undeniably stupid. By contrast, the profiles of the horse and his look-alike, at right, suggest (to the suggestible and the horse-loving) a nature that is impetuous, noble, and proud.

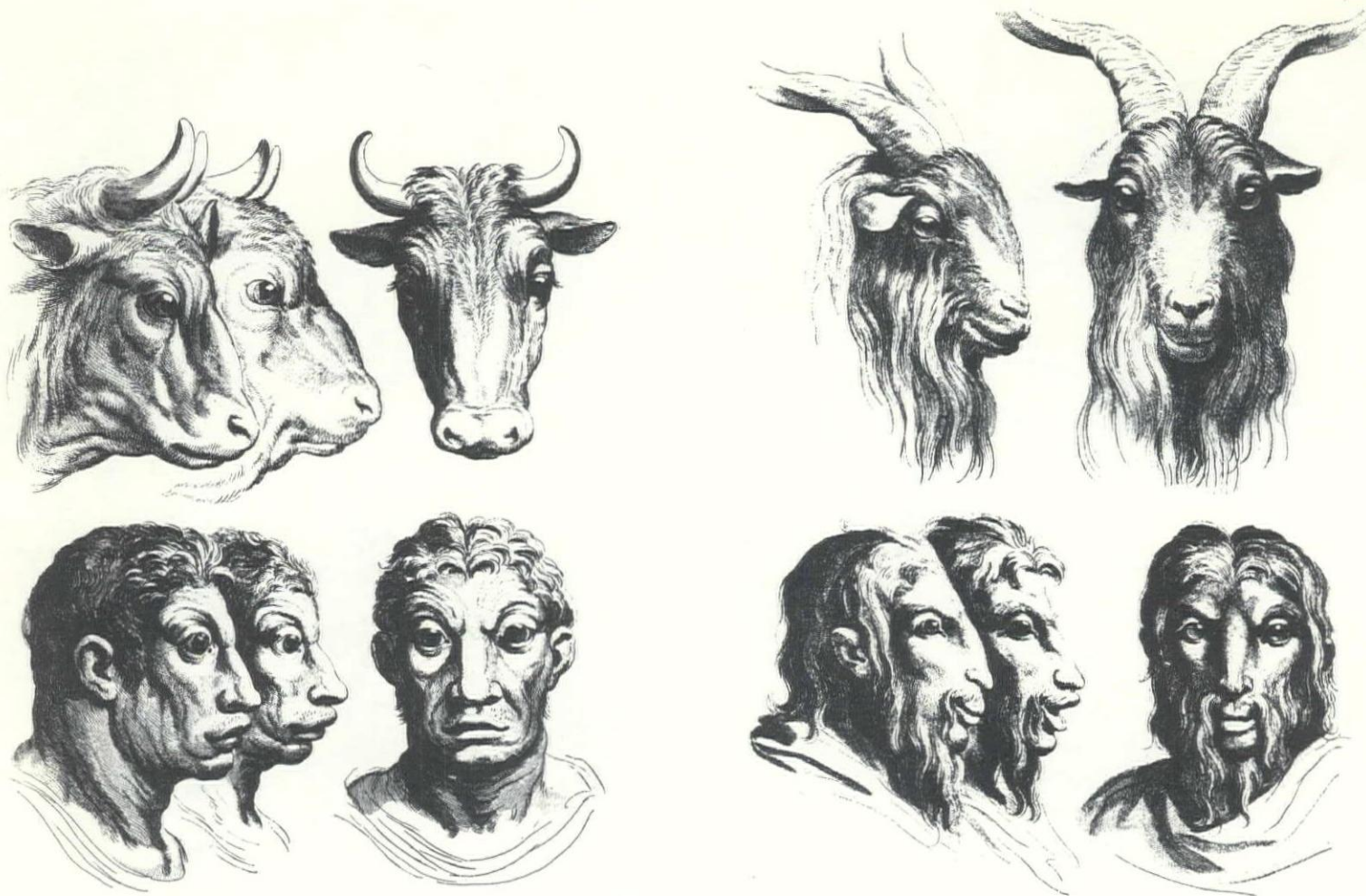
a dissertation on physiognomy and presented all the various demonstrations which he has drawn—now heads of animals, now heads of men—calling attention to the features which mark their natural inclinations. Upon which Seigneur Colbert showed great satisfaction and withdrew.”

Since Colbert, Le Brun's immediate patron and Louis XIV's finance minister, controlled the budget on all Le Brun's projects, this was an auspicious beginning. But as it turned out, it was not until 1691, twenty years later, and more than a year after Le Brun's own death, that anyone else in France got a chance to show satisfaction, or lack of it, over Le Brun's discourses on *la physionomie*. In that year fragments of the work were published. The rest, effusively described by Monsieur Nivelon, a faithful student and biographer of Le Brun, who compiled and commented upon the published material, was said to be a vast, four-part study based on the observation of dozens of beasts and men, both ancient and mod-

ern. “Far more,” Nivelon asserts, “than the standard effort to attach odious passions to odious physiques.”

Le Brun began with a study of man, exhibiting a typical neoclassic weakness for ancient Greece and the classic value of harmony. Naturally, the perfect human type, according to Le Brun, is represented by classical renderings of the gods. He describes a statue of Jupiter with a strong, symmetrical visage. “Serenity reigns upon his forehead, his calm face reminds us of the grandeur of his power. It was only with respectful fear that one could contemplate the vision of his thick eyebrows, whose slightest movement made all Olympus tremble.” Conveniently, Le Brun found that such statues had strong noses, large eyes, and a wide forehead framed by thick hair as “an intentional imitation of the mane and other attributes of the king of beasts.” What was good enough for the Greeks was good enough for Le Brun. Many of these physical features became part of a list of “*signes supérieurs*” in men and beasts.

But Le Brun, as well as being a classicist, was a Christian and a seventeenth-century intellectual. He wanted to present a complete scientific system, one that did not depend entirely upon pagan example or random observation. On the scientific side he had readily available Descartes's celebrated theory that the seat of the soul is the pineal gland located at the center of the brain just behind the forehead. Combining that with the (to him) unquestioned fact that heaven—source of all wisdom, intelligence, and virtue—lies above us, Le Brun worked out a system for calculating character by the position of the eyes in the face. Men have virtue, he concluded, in proportion to how easily their eyes may be turned upward toward heaven—and the pineal gland. Nivelon tells us that Le Brun made numerous studies of human and animal eyes and brows—among them those of the monkey, camel, wolf, fox, bear, lynx, cat, he-goat, ram, and sheep. Of them all, he concluded, only man is capable of directing his glances toward



heaven without having to raise his head.

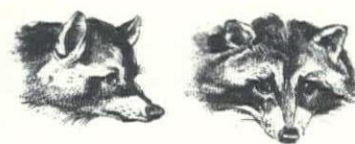
Thereafter, the measurement of virtue was simplicity itself. If the inside corner of a man's eyes were higher than the outside corner, the man would be "moved by noble and generous passions, destined to merit immortality." But woe to the man whose eyes were too deeply set in his face, as were the emperor Nero's, or worse, whose eyes slanted down toward the center, as they do in Le Brun's portraits of boar and donkey men. These men would be prey to passions and motives that were "*honteuses, méprisables, et atroces*." The index of how noble a man was, or how "shameful, despicable, and atrocious," was the angle formed by the eyes in relation to a horizontal line drawn from the outer corner of one eye to the outer corner of the other. Another significant line could be drawn from the outer corner of each eye toward the forehead at an angle determined by the upper curve of the eye.

Le Brun's original work was divided into four categories: facial studies of the

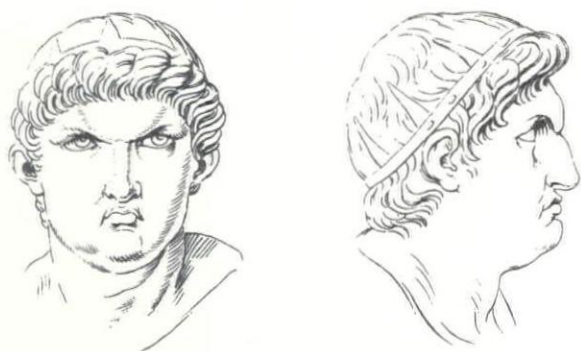
portraits of ancient notables to show the connections between their features and character (an aquiline nose turned out to be proof of courage); parallel portraits of men and beasts together; studies of eyes in men and beasts; and last, an anatomical analysis. Most of the Le Brun drawings that remain, in the form of engravings and lithographs, are from the second and third categories. Of these, the animal-human

comparisons are the best. In some Le Brun works up detailed portraits; in others he overlays his human and animal profiles and front views with a whole geometry of triangles, parallel lines, and points that show different characteristics in men and beasts.

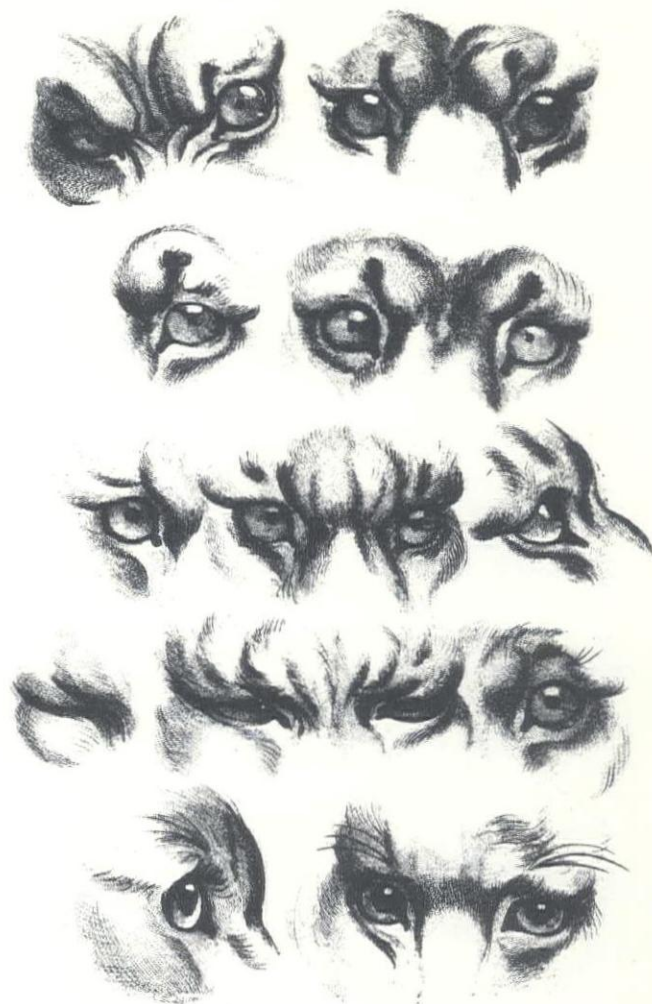
Such things as sagacity, will, meekness, depravity, and even the degree of carnivorousness can be triangulated here. Pursuing Le Brun's propositions



Le Brun himself, as portrayed above in the grand style by the sculptor Antoine Coysevox, looks alarmingly like his own sharp-nosed fox man. No one knows if he noted the resemblance or if he ever commented on the moral nature of the fox. But his system of facial measurement, applied to the fox, would have revealed a highly developed intelligence.



Emperor Nero's disagreeable face, rendered above as though for an FBI dossier, was Le Brun's idea of vice personified. The character traits of the doleful oxen people and smug goat men in the lithographs opposite are similarly unenticing: the one plodding and dull-witted, the other lazy, probably dishonest, and in any case unkempt. As part of his physiognomical treatise, Le Brun also drew precise anatomical studies such as the one at the right, comparing the eyes of an ordinary house cat (bottommost pair) with those of lynxes and tigers.



is an exercise in just how intoxicating and even convincing a mock science can be. But it is clear that Le Brun took the personal qualities as given and then worked out a system of measurements to fit. Along with the significance of the eyes' position and the ease with which they looked toward heaven, Le Brun worked out a key facial triangle for animals. It is formed by lines running from the tip of the nose through the corner of each eye and across the forehead. The wider the triangle is at its base (as in the cat and the lion), the smarter, generally, the animal.

Nivelon assures his readers that Le Brun was far too generous and scientific to have assumed that all animals of a single species were exactly alike. To prove it Le Brun drew a whole series of portraits of oxen, each one with a different facial expression, "from meditative to guileless, passing through rancorous, aggressive, alert, curious, and indifferent." Still, he tended to regard predictable animals like the lion, the camel, and the elephant as intelligent

species. And he assumed that certain birds—and men who resembled them—were brainless, vicious, and rapacious. Parrots and parrotlike men particularly, with their narrow foreheads, round eyes, and hook noses, showed "the most deplorable signs." Along with everything else they were even likely to be "bewildered pedants."

That kind of comment, Nivelon goes on to suggest, helps to explain why Le Brun's work was not published in his lifetime. All those slanderous comments about slanted eyes, hooked noses, and "*signes inférieurs*" might, Le Brun feared, displease powerful people at court: "People who did not have aquiline noses and who would be weak enough to listen to the *insinuations perfides* of enemies who could scarcely fail to make odious connections and malignant commentary."

Perhaps so. Caricaturists are rarely loved. Fear of the Sun King's reactions, though, cannot have figured heavily in Le Brun's calculations. In portraits and statues the king looks much like Le

Brun's lion-faced representation of Jupiter, while many of the fawning men around him, a later commentator has pointed out, "looked advantageously leonine" until they took off their wigs and revealed merely a "*tête de veau*."

There is another possible explanation for Le Brun's reticence. A clue may lie in the terra-cotta bust of the artist done by court sculptor Antoine Coysevox. Le Brun was Coysevox's boss, and one assumes therefore that the portrait was flattering. Still, the long, slightly tip-tilted nose, the small, bright eyes set close together, do recall Le Brun's study (opposite) labeled a fox (*renard*), but looking like a raccoon (*raton la-veur*). The great art director may have noticed the resemblance only after presenting this creature to Colbert. Thereafter he did not choose, perhaps, to be thought of in Versailles as a ring-tailed varmint, or four-legged chicken thief.

Timothy Foote, whose features are pleasantly leonine, is a Senior Editor of Time and the author of The World of Bruegel.

A Pointed Reminder

Fashioned long ago on the Alaskan coast, this knife recalls a vanished race of master craftsmen

It is a functional and yet mysterious piece of sculpture: iron inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The head is that of a beaver, gazing at the world with the absolute self-assurance of a great work of primitive art; the tail is a deadly fourteen-inch blade, double-edged, fluted, and shaped like a short sword. The abalone shell that gleams in the beaver's eyes and ears came from Spanish California south of Monterey and was brought north by relays of Indian traders until it reached the Alaska coast in a giant Haida canoe. The iron from which the knife was made probably came by sea from Britain or New England, or perhaps from Russian Asia; originally it may have been a ship's carpenter's file, traded to a Tlingit hunter for beaver pelts or sea-otter skins. In any case, the only truly indigenous material in this piece of native Americana is the buckskin thong wrapped around the handle.

Somehow this unlikely combination of materials sums up the whole enigmatic genius of Northwest Coast Indian civilization. Theirs was never a high culture to compare with those of Central or South America. A few thousand Indians, thinly scattered on an immensely long coast, produced wooden houses of great beauty, wooden totems of imposing height, and a vast range of utensils and ornaments in wood, bone, stone, and sea ivory, all magnificently carved and decorated. Theirs may well have been the most art-conscious civilization that has ever existed. The first Europeans on this coast were filled with "wonderment and admiration" by what they saw; it confirmed their fondest notions of what the noble savage could accomplish. "Everything they have," wrote Captain Cook in 1778, "is as well and ingeniously made, as if they were furnished with the most complete tool chest. . . . Their invention and dexterity, in all manual works, is at least equal to that of any other nation."

The beaver knife recalls the moment in Northwest history when the Iron Age made its belated arrival among the Indians. The only native metal known to them was copper, which they found as raw lumps of surface ore and converted into knives or ornaments by cutting and cold-hammering. Small quantities of iron may have washed up on their shores from time to time, embedded in driftwood; but in useful quantities iron must first have come to them through

middlemen—Eskimos in contact with Russian trading posts, or Indians with access to Spanish or English settlements.

By the time the first European navigators reached Alaska, they found that iron had preceded them and that there was an enormous demand for it. "Gold is not an object of more eager desire in Europe, than iron in this part of America," wrote the French explorer La Pérouse in 1781. "Of all our articles of trade, they appeared to have no great desire for anything but iron." He found that some of the Indians were already armed with iron daggers, and that these were much preferred to those made of copper. Other early visitors also noted iron amulets "resembling the heads of crows, with copper eyes." The Indians displayed a knowledgeable interest in the work of the blacksmiths aboard the trading vessels; "with the aid of fire and stones," as Malaspina noted at Yakutat in 1791, they were able to do wrought-iron work that no European armorer's mate would have attempted.

For a time it looked as though some sort of creative equilibrium between the old and the new might be maintained. But then came the age of gold, or rather the Klondike gold rush, bringing the whole of "civilization" in its wake. Primitive art ceased to be produced on the coast, and the treasures passed into foreign hands. Our beaver knife, which must have belonged to several generations of chiefs, was no exception; it became the property of Kitty Rockwell, better known as Klondike Kate, who had come north to make her fortune. Kate is the first owner of the knife about whom I possess some definite information, but I have no idea how she acquired it—perhaps from a storekeeper in Skagway, or from one of the Tlingit Indians who carried three-hundred-pound packs up the Chilkoot Pass for a dollar a pound.

Kate made her way to the Yukon in 1900, while still a teen-ager, and became one of the dance-hall queens of Dawson City. She used to appear on Front Street vaudeville stages wearing a fifteen-hundred-dollar Parisian gown, a belt of twenty-dollar gold pieces, and a crown of lighted candles. It was the best of good times for the high-stepping girls of the Yukon, and Kate, too, extracted her share of the region's mineral wealth. But Kate fell in love with an ex-waiter and spent

a lot of her money buying him expensive presents; and when they left the Klondike for the States in 1901, it was she who paid their traveling expenses. The romance ended a few years later when she sued him for breach of promise. But if Kate lost her man, at least she held on to her Indian art.

Unfortunately, she left no record of where all these objects came from. When I acquired part of Kate's collection in Portland, Oregon, after her death in 1957, I had to catalogue the beaver knife simply as "Tlingit"—and the Tlingits are spread out along the entire four-hundred-mile coast of the Alaskan panhandle. In recent years, however, I have been able to piece together at least a working hypothesis as to its origin. There are some comparable daggers in American and European museums; those that most closely resemble the beaver knife were collected among the northern branches of the Tlingit. Some have heads representing wolves, ravens, bears, and other family crests, but none that I have seen is in the form of a beaver. Presumably my knife was made by, or for, someone belonging to one of the Tlingit groups that sported the beaver—*segedi*—as its crest.

But although the beaver is a powerful totem among the Canadian tribes, who consider him the first housebuilder and the bringer of fire to mankind, he figures much less prominently among the northern Tlingit—perhaps because their hunting grounds were not as rich in beaver. Only two groups, never numbering more than a few hundred members, claimed the *segedi* as their patron spirit: the Galyix-Kagwantan of the Yakutat Bay region, and the Basket-Bay Decitan of Angoon, near Sitka. Since the Yakutat region was naturally rich in copper, its inhabitants were skilled metalworkers (a fine old copper dagger in the American Museum of Natural History was found on this coast, clasped in the mummified hand of a shaman). The Galyix-Kagwantan are then the likelier of the two groups to have produced this bas-relief beaver with the iridescent eyes.

Nowadays, I am sorry to say, there are no more beavers in the lands of the Galyix-Kagwantan; years ago white men poisoned their breeding grounds and exterminated all of them. Today, nothing remains except representations—in magnificent artifacts like my beaver-headed Tlingit knife.





Among the vast ruins of Sardis in Anatolia, a fallen Ionic capital rests, sans pillar, in the precincts of the ruined Temple of Artemis.

THE HELLENISTIC



goddess of the hunt. Once the seat of King Croesus of Lydia, Sardis became a Greek-style polis in the wake of Alexander's conquests.

WORLD

Even now, after two millennia, the bustling, cosmopolitan civilization that was Alexander's most durable legacy still nourishes our minds—and “sends back eerie echoes of our own”

Cosmopolitan: the word suggests a life free of small-minded jealousies and concerns, a life of sophistication, culture, elegance. Compounded of two Greek words, *kosmos* and *polis*, "world" and "city," it came into use in the fourth century B.C., at the beginning of the Hellenistic age, when the brotherhood of man seemed within grasp, and when statues no longer portrayed gods or heroes, but people. The face we see when we look back into that time is our own.

Classical Greece—the Greece of Pericles, the tragic dramatists, and fiercely independent city-states—slid into petty feuding and political subservience in the course of the fourth century. Now it was the turn of Macedon, a rugged warrior state to the northeast. As Greeks, the Macedonians despised barbarian Orientals with their "slave mentality." But when Alexander invaded the East and embarked on the series of brilliant campaigns that were to take him to the frontiers of India, he made his Macedonian soldiers wear Persian dress and dressed his Persians as Macedonians; he encouraged intermarriage, showing the way himself by taking Roxane, a Persian princess, as his wife; and at Opis, on the banks of the Euphrates, he held a ceremony in honor of *homonoia*, or concord, between the Greeks and the newly conquered peoples.

These may have been only gestures, incidental to the main business of winning and holding power; we shall never know. Alexander died, a young man of thirty-two, in 323 B.C., and his dazzling career became a legend. What remained was the life breath of Greece itself, energizing the known world from Libya to the Hindu Kush. It is this life breath that we call Hellenism; it is as hard to measure as the smile on a statue, but in the end it was Alexander's most durable legacy.

After Alexander's death, officers from his general staff struggled for domination of the conquered territories. In the course of the feuding, Alexander's empire was divided into three kingdoms ruled by three of his generals, their successors, and their protégés. Although assassinations, coups, and endless wars kept their boundaries fluid, the three kingdoms persisted: Egypt, where the craftiest of the officers, Ptolemy, took over the prestige and administrative apparatus of the Pharaohs; Asia, under the successors of the general, Seleucus, who prudently stayed in Babylon during the worst of the internecine fighting and emerged at the end of the fourth century with a vast empire stretching from Bactria to the Hellespont, and Macedon and mainland Greece, under the Antigonids, descendants of another of Alexander's generals.

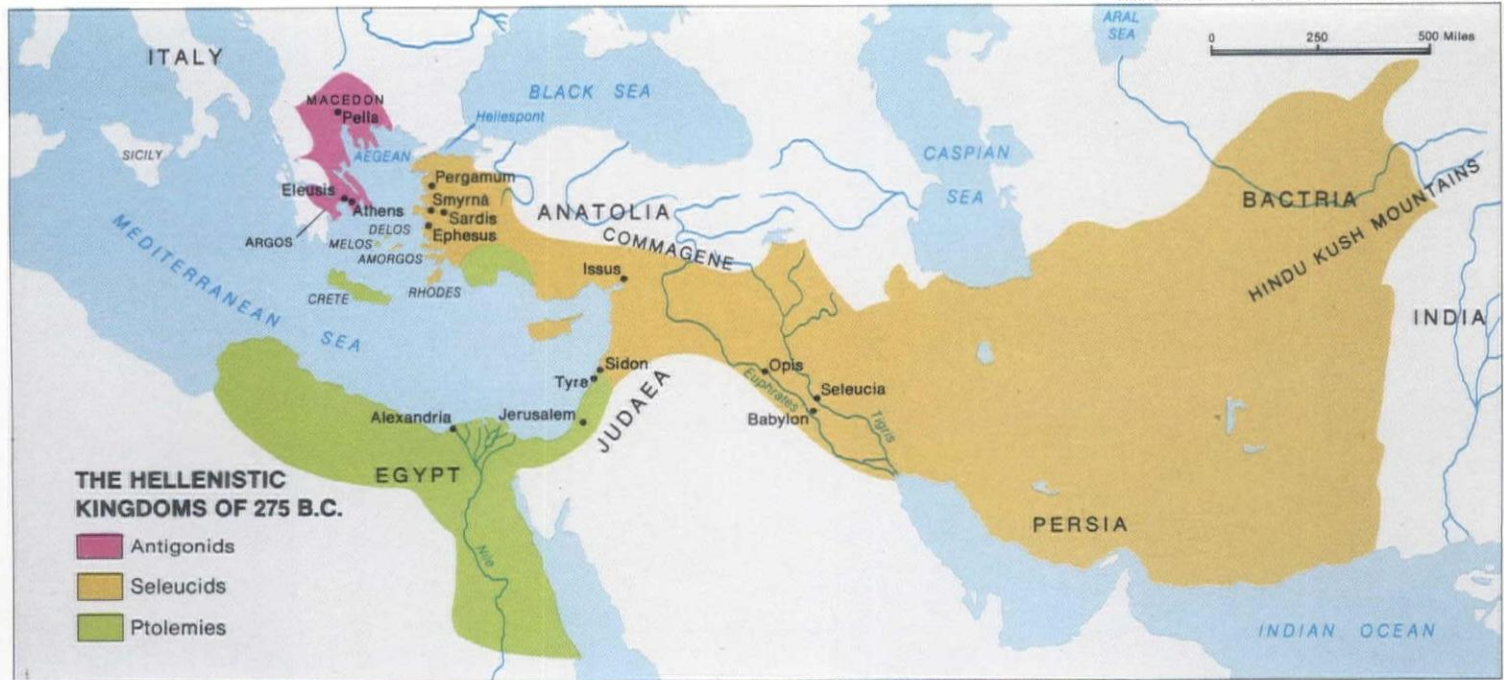
Everywhere the Macedonian armies went, the Greeks followed; first as military occupiers, then as settlers, businessmen, teachers, artists, actors, officials, administrators, craftsmen. Greeks had been employed by Oriental potentates for centuries, but now they were in charge, members of a ruling class, an elite. Colonization offered them a chance to get rich, to see exotic places, and then to retire back home in style.

The Macedonian kings were prodigious founders of cities. Seleucus I established nine named after himself, including an enormous new capital, Seleucia on Tigris, a few miles from Babylon—this in addition to sixteen Antiochs (named after his son) and half a dozen Laodiceas. Where the Greeks came from to make up the citizen body of all these municipalities is a mystery, but for those who did come, the pickings were rich. Fortunes were made in trade or in service to the king: Dionysios, private secretary to the Seleucid Antiochus IV, was able to enter one thousand personal slaves in a parade, each one carrying a silver platter. Commerce flourished; trade routes were organized and controlled. Banking, letters of credit, and a

MUSEO NAZIONALE, NAPLES—SCALA; PREVIOUS PAGE: HIRMER



Alexander the Great rides to victory over the Persians in this detail from a mosaic of the fourth century B.C. After routing Darius, Persia's king of kings, Alexander marched victoriously east to India. Thus not only did he open up a vast terrain for Hellenic endeavor, he introduced to the Hellenic imagination the novel vision of a world society—a cosmopolis—elevated, refined, and imbued with the genius of Hellenic culture. After his death in 323 B.C. the energies of Greece, no longer pent up in tiny city-states, poured into Asia like a mighty river in flood.



sophisticated cash economy based on Alexander's own coinage turned the whole of the East into an alluring field of enterprise for shrewd Greek businessmen. Naturally, the local population wanted its share.

Education offered the means of getting it, for the Hellenistic world was in many respects a meritocracy: the Lydian, Phrygian, Babylonian, Egyptian, or Jew who acquired a Greek education could enter the mainstream of society and swim where he liked. A petition sent by a group of civic leaders in Jerusalem to Antiochus IV, in the second century B.C., asks for two things above all: incorporation as an autonomous city and a gymnasium.

The gymnasium had always been important in Greek education, but in the Hellenistic age it became vital: the gateway to Greek manners and dress, and to the all-important connections that ensured an aspiring young man success in his career. The gymnasium building contained a wrestling hall and running track, cloakrooms, rooms for storing oil and for rubbing it in, powder rooms, baths (hot, tepid, and cold), ball courts, and lecture halls like miniature theatres. The principal, called a gymnasiarch, ran his establishment as a business, but the supply of oil was often subsidized by the city or contributed by the eager gymnasiarch himself. Teachers were paid out of city funds, and the course of instruction lasted two years.

A young man, aged eighteen, arrived at the gymnasium well prepared. From the age of seven he would have attended primary school, probably a private institution, although some communities had public schools endowed by the king or a rich citizen. Inscriptions from the three centuries before Christ record the results of competitions that were held to maintain standards: little boys who won awards for their reading and writing, singing to a lyre, song writing, or general knowledge; little girls who came first in epic recitation or singing. As the inscriptions attest, education for women was offered as a matter of course.

The improved status of women may have had something to do with Macedonian influence, for the queens of Macedon had long been active in public affairs. By the middle of the third century, women were taking part in philosophical movements and in the arts. We hear of a whole school of poetesses, one of whom, Aristodama of Smyrna, toured Greece giving recitals. Women were appointed as consuls for friendly cities, and in the first century B.C. women magistrates appear in the records of Priene.

On the map above are the three principal kingdoms that Alexander's Macedonian generals—known as the Successors—carved out of his personal empire after more than a generation of warring among themselves. The smallest—and most powerful—was Macedonia, which dominated, without directly ruling, most of the Greek city-states. The least stable was the vast Asian Empire of Seleucus, and the richest the Egyptian kingdom of Ptolemy. On the sardonyx cameo from Alexandria below, a Hellenized river god lifts a cornucopia, symbol of the Nile's bounty.





PORTRAIT OF A MAN

After Alexander, Greek art took new directions. Rejecting the reposeful ideal, Hellenistic sculptors delighted in dynamic scenes with writhing bodies such as the Pergamum altar relief, about thirty feet wide, that was begun around 180 B.C. In the panel above is Zeus, now headless, and opposite is Athena, both battling giants. Another Hellenistic departure from classicism was realism, which found expression in portraiture, as in the head above, and in close observation of ordinary people, like the old woman and the jockey, opposite, and in grotesqueries like the four-toed unipod, probably a table leg.

The result of all this was the emergence of a dual culture. While the native populations of the ancient countries of the East lived outside the urban centers, observing their customs and worshipping their old gods, the Greeks and the local aristocrats met in the cities to form a new bourgeoisie. Persian and Babylonian names became Hellenized. Orientals shed old-fashioned ways, such as the taboo against nude exercise, and joined Greeks in the gymnasiums, naked. Business, polite conversation, marriage contracts, all were conducted in Greek. The Greek language meanwhile evolved into Koine, an adaptation of the pure Attic of the classical age. To help non-Greeks acquire a patina of Hellenism, grammars and handbooks were drawn up and lists of approved authors were published, together with plot summaries of the most widely read plays and digests of philosophical works. One long poem, the *Phainomena*, was astronomy-without-tears and achieved enormous popularity with its deft versification of all that was known about the planets and stars. In short, a whole scholarly industry sprang up, with Alexandria as its most famous center.

Alexandria is the quintessential Hellenistic city. Founded by Alexander himself during his triumphant sweep through Egypt, it contained the mausoleum that housed his divine remains. He had originally intended it to be a commercial center, planting it on the western delta of the Nile; its vast port, warehouses, banks, and factories made it a natural terminus for the great trade routes of the East, rivaling Tyre and Sidon. Eventually it became the administrative capital of Egypt, the site of a lavish palace complex containing temples, offices, baths, and the royal zoo. But the crowning jewels of Alexandria were its museum and library.

The library and museum at Alexandria were financed by the Ptolemies,



DETAIL FROM THE EAST FRIEZE OF
THE GREAT ALTAR OF PERGAMUM

and attracted the most famous scholars of the age. These men, who were often poets in their own right, virtually established the classical age for all time. We have our fifth-century Greek dramas, our editions of Homer and Thucydides, the tattered fragments of lesser known authors, thanks almost solely to the Alexandrine scholars. They were classifiers and annotators, scrupulously interpreting every line of Homer or making up lists of the seven "best" plays out of the scores that Aeschylus or Sophocles wrote. The texts they approved became standard throughout the Hellenistic world; copied and recopied, these texts were the ones most likely to survive the holocausts of the succeeding centuries. (The library of Alexandria itself, containing more than half a million papyrus volumes, was burned to the ground in the first century B.C.). Consequently, most of what we know about the literature of classical Greece has been filtered for us through the work of men like Zenodotus, the first librarian at Alexandria, who edited Homer and fathered two thousand years of classical philology; Apollonius of Rhodes, who wrote an epic based on the story of Jason and the Argonauts; Eratosthenes, who boasted that he was the second-best-informed person on every subject in the world.

All this laborious scholarly work, the footnotes and marginal comments that one poet dismissed as the "chicken coop of the Muses," can perhaps be seen in a larger perspective. Scholarship is a form of cultural self-preservation; if Homer and the poets *were* Greece, then by settling the Homeric text for all time you could perhaps perpetuate Greece itself. The spirit was in the letter; purify the letter and the spirit would live forever.

The spirit, after all, was under enormous pressure. Although

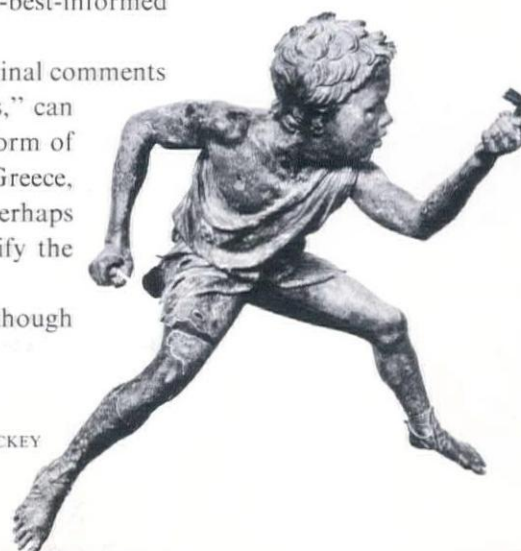


UNIPOD



PEASANT WOMAN

JOCKEY





many Orientals admired Greek culture, some resentment simmered beneath the self-congratulatory facade of Hellenistic civilization. Greek was not always thought to be best. In popular mythology, for instance, native kings were given heroic stature to match or outshine Alexander: the legendary King Nebuchadnezzar was credited with more conquests than the Macedonian, and so was Queen Semiramis. A document known as the Potter's Oracle indignantly described the chaos that had come to Egypt as a result of the influx of Greeks—its author cursed Alexandria and lingered with relish over the prospect of seeing that city razed to become “a place for the drying of nets.”

The writer of the Potter's Oracle may have had a point. The Greeks who flocked to Alexandria were not always the cream of society: the Roman historian Polybius says they behaved “like barbarians.” Though they intermarried freely with the local populations, the Greeks never forgot that their culture was superior to every other: they laughed at the Egyptian gods, and a late-fourth-century parody of the *Iliad* casts Egyptians in the most clownish roles. One reaction of the native populations was to rewrite history to prove that Greek civilization was one colossal piece of plagiarism. Thus the Greek-speaking Jews of Alexandria said that Pythagoras and Plato had simply pirated Jewish doctrine, and that Musaios, the teacher of the Greek culture hero Orpheus, was really Moses. In Egypt, Homer was an Egyptian, in Syria, a Syrian. Meanwhile, Alexander himself was appropriated by every nation in turn as its private property.

The most dramatic resistance to Hellenization occurred in Judaea. In the middle of the third century a group of zealots of the family of Judas Maccabaeus rose in rebellion and a guerrilla war broke out that the Seleucids were never able to suppress. Eventually, the guerrillas became a paid professional army, and by the middle of the second century B.C., Judaea was an independent state with ties to Rome; it was not until A.D. 6 that Judaea lost its freedom as an autonomous kingdom.

By and large, though, the native intelligentsia and property-owning classes made their peace with Hellenism. The result was that the Greeks, until now sealed off in the closed political capsule of the city-state, were bombarded with new languages, new ways of thought, new techniques, religions, and ideas.

Consider, for example, the concept of a material yet invisible God. This idea is part of a system of thought created by a man from Cyprus who started life as a sales representative in Athens for his family business. His name was Zeno, and his philosophy, known as Stoicism, became a world force in the three hundred years following his arrival in Athens in 310 B.C. For Zeno the world was a living organism, infused with a cosmic fire that is the life force in all things, including man. God is the sum total of this coherent, intelligent organism. As Philo, a later Stoic, put it: “The cosmos is a great city, and lives under a single law.” Zeno forbade his followers to care about success, or fame, or pleasure; all these things were matters of indifference to the wise man, whose sole concern was his personal virtue, his conscience. Conventions have no moral significance. Even sexual distinctions are meaningless: men and women ought to wear the same clothes, said Zeno, and dispense with marriage; once sexual relations were arranged by mutual consent, he said, the problem of adultery would vanish.

Stoicism was perfectly tailored for the Hellenistic age. Plato and Aristotle were too aristocratic, too remote, to more than a few intellectuals. But here was a system of thought that took into account the realities of ev-



The vase above, with its painting of a woman gazing into her hand mirror, and the jeweled snake armlet below, are typically luxurious products of the Hellenistic age. Alexander's conquests in Asia opened up new sources for gold and provided the materials and wealth for such ornaments.



Trees, rocks, goats, and goatherds abound in this bucolic landscape, copied from a Hellenistic original. It comes from a southern Italian villa of the first century B.C.



everyday life. Only one other philosophy could rival the appeal of Stoicism—that of Zeno's contemporary Epicurus.

Epicurus, like Zeno, advised calm, detachment, absence of emotional turmoil. If there are gods, he said, they are indifferent to human affairs; they do not reward or punish. Therefore, one should aim at as pleasant a life as possible. This does not mean license or self-indulgence, which lead to pain, but a controlled equilibrium. Epicureanism had much in common with Stoicism. In the first century A.D., Seneca, the Roman Stoic, quoted one of Epicurus's sayings with approval: "If you want to make someone rich, don't add to his money, subtract from his desires." But where the Stoics preached determinism, the Epicureans left room for free will, which entered into their theory as a random "swerve" of the atomic particles they believed were the building blocks of the universe.

Why were Stoicism and Epicureanism so suited to the Hellenistic age? The answer lies in the shift from city-states to a "world city." These philosophies told the bewildered individual that his smallness was nothing to grieve over and that he should refuse to be concerned about the ups and downs of fortune—the world was beyond his control, and the best course was to make a private peace with it. God was indifferent or everywhere. In either case, a man had no accounts to settle with a divine afterlife. Stoicism and Epicureanism were both effective responses to the stress of life in a world grown too large for comprehension.

These philosophical systems dramatize one of the most dispiriting problems that afflicted the Hellenistic age: size. Events dwarfed the individual. Huge enterprises were undertaken over enormous distances, such as the transportation of five hundred war elephants from the Punjab to the Mediterranean by Seleucus I. One of the Ptolemies built a war galley with twin sterns and prows that needed four thousand oarsmen to row it.* There was the Colossus of Rhodes, twelve years in the making; there were war machines, like the one invented by Demetrius Poliorcetes ("The Besieger") at the beginning of the third century—a tower nine stories high, with mechanically operated portholes for missiles, pulled along on eight wheels by 3,400 men to the sound of trumpets. And, most awesome of all, there were the superstates themselves.

The Seleucids governed—or tried to govern—an empire that stretched from the Hindu Kush to the shores of the Aegean. The Ptolemies had less of a problem in Egypt because they were able to take over the administrative machinery of the Pharaohs. But this system, as refined by the Greeks, turned into an all-embracing state absolutism: Egypt was run as a large business corporation, for the benefit of the Ptolemies, and a labyrinthine bureaucracy came into being to check and double-check on everything that happened. More than 100,000 papyrus fragments have come down to us, recording the bureaucrats' loving, sometimes fanatical, devotion to detail.

Even pigeon manure was taxed, and an elaborate regulatory system kept track of all business transactions. A papyrus of 259 B.C. shows how the lucrative oil industry was organized. It specifies, among many other things, times for sowing and reaping, fines for failure to set up oil factories, work hours for oil makers (they must work every day), and penalties for bootleg oil. The system was not totally devoid of humanity, however. "In your tours of inspection," a district superintendent writes a subordinate, "try to cheer people up, and if there are any complaints about the village scribes or officials . . . put a stop to any illegal practices."

*See "The Mystery of the Trireme," *HORIZON*, Winter, 1972.



TRAGIC BRONZE MASK



MOSAIC OF MUSICIANS IN A NEW COMEDY



RELIEF PORTRAIT OF THE PLAYWRIGHT MENANDER

From Italy to Persia, wherever Greeks settled they built theatres, and Greek drama changed in the new cosmopolitan atmosphere. Although the great Athenian tragedies were constantly performed, Hellenistic playwrights, led by Menander, abandoned mythical subjects entirely and began dramatizing the lives and loves of the citizenry—a departure known as the New Comedy. In the same spirit of irreverence, the Satyr play opposite, once chiefly ritualistic, became satirical in the modern sense with its mockery of the venerable figures in Greek mythology.

Rehearsal of a Satyr play: the seated director instructs two dancers while a piper makes music. This Roman mosaic is based on an original from the third century B.C.

Naturally, all this paperwork produced mountains of waste papyrus—in one office of the department of fiscal administration alone sixty rolls were consumed in ten days. The most ingenious method of disposal was to sell the surplus documents to embalmers, who then used them to stuff mummified crocodiles.

In addition to the psychological strain of life in this impersonal new world, there were the pressures of war. The unwritten rules of warfare allowed pillage, the devastation of the countryside, and the enslavement and sale of prisoners, including women and children. While atrocities like the burning alive of five hundred rebellious Argives in their own town hall were perhaps exceptional, Macedonian generals often tried to starve their opponents into submission, or crucified the leaders of dissident political factions. Intellectuals and philosophers might cry out against these methods, but they continued to be employed all through the Hellenistic age. Soldiers were luckier than civilians. A soldier was a valuable commodity, and part of the art of Hellenistic warfare was to persuade the army of your opponent that it was better to switch than fight. Defeated civilians went immediately into slavery.

In Asia the Seleucids were constantly warring with their insurgent vassal kingdoms and squabbling with the Ptolemies over the trade routes and ports of Syria, while simultaneously trying to beat back invading nomads from the east and north. To meet these perpetual emergencies, large professional armies were raised, manned by a core of seasoned Macedonians, with men of other nationalities filling up the ranks. These armies were virtually mobile cities, swarming across Asia with their families and slaves, bringing with them monstrous new inventions of war: spears over twenty feet long, elephants, flame carriers, and the deadly torsion catapult, capable of hurling a fifty-pound stone five hundred yards. The tension for this machine was supplied by hundreds of twisted fibers made from animal sinews and women's hair, and in times of crisis upper-class women made it a point of honor to donate their flowing locks to the war effort.

The bourgeoisie that flourished in the cities, new and old, was the civic backbone of the Hellenistic world. They ensured that wherever you went, from Sicily to Bactria, you would find a reasonable facsimile of Greek institutions and Greek culture: towns neatly laid out with straight streets crisscrossing at right angles, market places and temples, gymnasiums and theatres where the best performers and mime troupes would appear. The bourgeois took pride in their cities, paying for highways and the water supply, public health services and emergency handouts of food and oil. In return, they asked only for a quiet life.

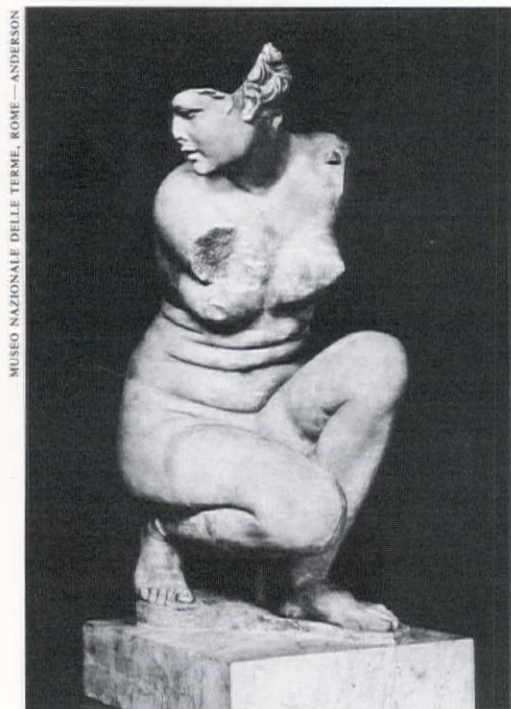
They never got it. War and piracy, disrupting trade and eroding daily life, gradually sapped the economic energy of the Hellenistic kingdoms. We hear, for instance, of a contract in which the authorities of Arcesine, a town on the Aegean island of Amorgos, mortgaged their entire city in return for a loan of three talents from a private individual. Three talents is a lot—some tens of thousands of dollars, probably, in present-day terms—but even so, the deal was most unusual. Probably the creditor was afraid that a coup d'état might cancel all debts overnight: by stipulating that the property of the whole city belonged to him, he could, in a pinch, seize one of its ships on the high seas and still be within his legal rights.

On a humbler level, we have a poignant record of how a drop in the standard of living affected a single workman. In the year 281 B.C., Dexios, a blacksmith, contracts to sharpen all the tools of the workmen employed at

The wine god Dionysus, center of a widespread mystery cult during the Hellenistic era, rides a glint-eyed panther in a mosaic found on the Aegean island of Delos.







MUSEO NAZIONALE DELLE TERME, ROME—ANDERSON

By the third century B.C. the nude figure of Aphrodite rivaled the nude male as the Greek ideal of human beauty. Hellenistic artists emphasized sensuality, as in the voluptuous figure of the goddess above, whose marble curves seem as supple as flesh. Opposite is the Aphrodite from Melos—the Venus de Milo—paradigm of feminine beauty for two millennia. The Three Graces below, a motif that would often reappear in Western art, were based on a lost Hellenistic sculpture.



MUSEO NAZIONALE, NAPLES—SCALA

the temple of Delos. Since he has a partner, Dexios's share of the take-home pay is twenty-four drachmae for 144 tools. Seven years later, in 274 B.C., Dexios returns to the temple. This time he sharpens all the tools by himself, 636 of them, and gets fifty-three drachmae. That is, he works four and a half times as hard for only just over twice the pay.

Feeding a family under these circumstances could be heartbreakingly difficult. Contemporary historians, such as Polybius, remark on the depopulation of Greece, due in part to the growing practice of exposing babies at birth; it amounted, says one modern author, to "race suicide."

Squeezed between the exactions of the Hellenistic kings and the rising cost of living, constantly fearful of social revolution or financial crisis, harassed by pirates and slave revolts, the bourgeoisie that had grown up in the late fourth century gradually lost heart. The small landowners, businessmen, factory owners, moneylenders, and merchants who invested in the spread of Hellenism wanted the same things that the middle class has always wanted in every age: good schools, urban renewal, health services, highways, respectable culture. They tried to buy these things as best they could, but history was against them. The literature of the age reflects their tastes and their insecurities: popular drama is full of stories of families that have been separated by shipwreck and piracy, of slaves that have turned out to be freeborn, of abrupt reversals of fortune—yet all the stories have a happy ending. It is the drama of wish fulfillment meeting the needs of an audience that wants reassurance.

New forms were devised to titillate bored literary palates. One poet, called Simias, wrote poems with lines of different lengths, the whole work forming a recognizable shape: of an axe, of an egg, of shepherd's pipes. Pastoral poetry, set in a bucolic never-never land, came into vogue. One recently discovered elegy describes in detail how the person to whom it is addressed will be punished: he (or she) will be tattooed with pictures of the torments of every known legendary sinner.

These are literary toys, diversions from the wearing business of daily life in a time when simply earning a living provided drama, and often tragedy, enough. The classical Greece of the fifth century exists in long shot, to use a cinematic metaphor, distanced by the very lack of information that has come down to us; Hellenistic civilization is a close-up, and the closer we get to the surface of its life, the more recognizable are both its problems and the solutions men found to them. From checking accounts to trade unions, from guidebooks to town planning—not to mention water organs, cuckoo clocks, and (the most refined piece of camp of all) a singing cornucopia designed for a statue of Queen Arsinoë of Egypt by the inventor Ktesibios—the Hellenistic age sends back eerie echoes of our own, even to the fascination with the occult and mystery religions.

The mysteries of Eleusis had been in existence for many generations before Alexander. Now, from the East, came the rites of Cybele, the Great Mother, mistress of beasts, whose priests castrated themselves in a public orgiastic ceremony; the rites of Mithras, the savior god of Persia who slew the cosmic bull from whose organs arose all living things; the Egyptian rite of Isis and Osiris, so like the Eleusinian story of Demeter and Persephone that Isis and Demeter were identified with each other, or "syncretized." Ptolemy I went so far as to create a totally synthetic god, Serapis, based on a Hellenized version of an Egyptian original, and invented a ritual to go with him. (The experiment was surprisingly successful.) The mystery religions all promised individual transformation, a symbolic death and





In the end Hellenistic civilization could not maintain its hold over the whole of its vast domain. It was strong enough in India to inspire an image for the Buddha, as in this bust, which reflects the face of Apollo, but it was Buddhism, not Hellenism, that triumphed in the East. Ruling over polyglot peoples, the Greeks were forced to set themselves up as divine rulers in frank imitation of Asia's once-despised barbarians. Eventually these kingdoms fell. In a museum at Ephesus, below, are the jumbled relics of Hellenistic culture: a many-breasted fertility goddess, a head of the god Serapis (at top), and some fragmentary reliefs and portrait busts.



ROLOFF BENY, ROSE MACAULY, *The Pleasure of Ruins*, THAMES AND HUDSON, 1964

rebirth that would transcend any mortal limitations. Initiated into the mysteries of Eleusis, or of Isis, a person was "blessed," and could look forward to an eternity of bliss when he died—for many, it would be the only bliss they would ever know.

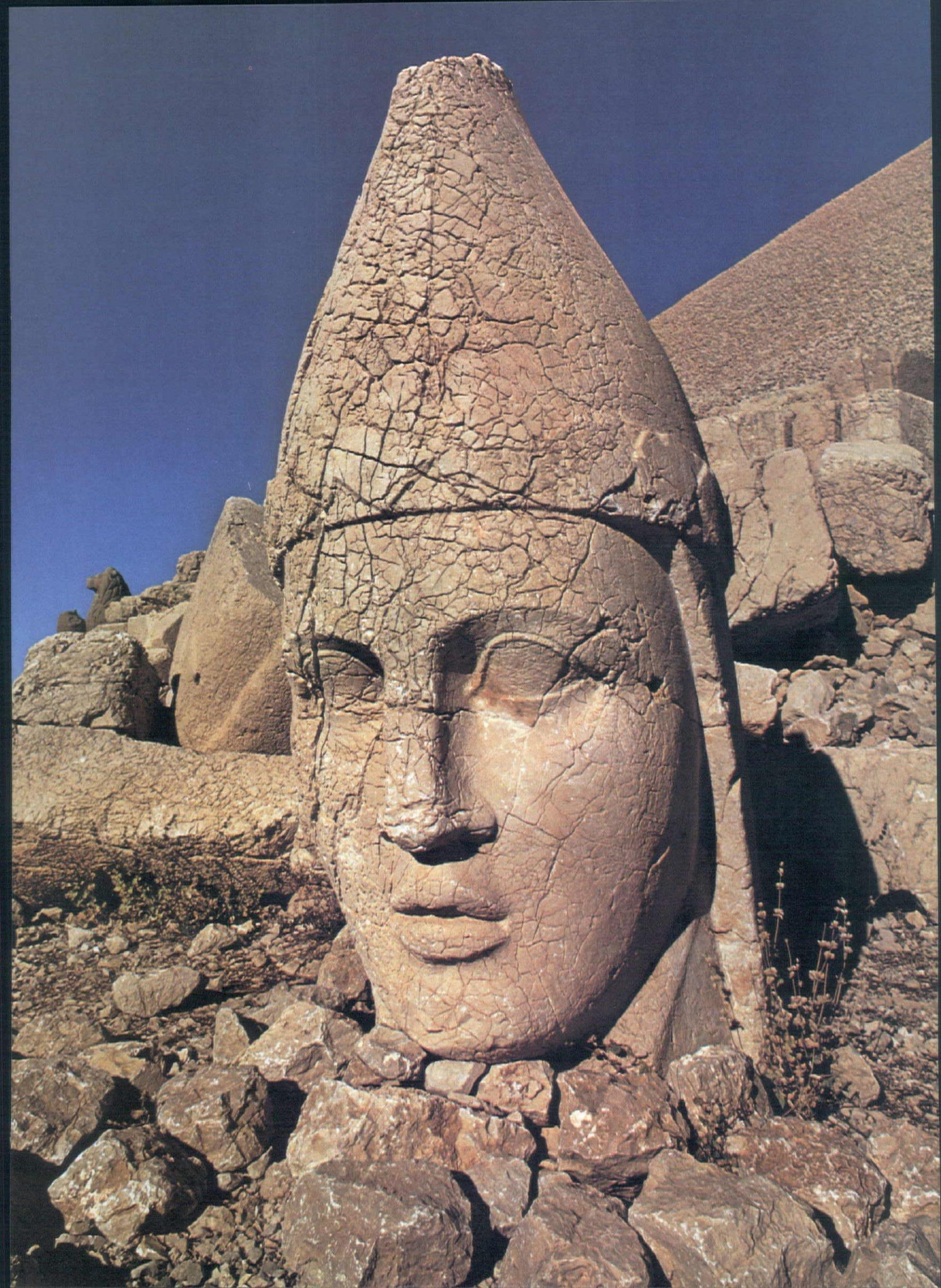
The Olympian gods and heroes were dead. It was no longer possible to identify with Achilles and Hector; the aristocratic code had been rendered obsolete, along with the social and political alignments that justified it. Men shrank to their "natural" size—in painting, in sculpture, and in spirit. The only people who could afford, or were permitted, to be heroes were the Hellenistic kings. Worshiped as gods, possessed of limitless power and resources, they provide the only larger-than-life characters in the drama of the Hellenistic world. They ranged from the thoughtful and dignified Antigones Gonatas—who in 276 B.C. tried to make Zeno his court philosopher at Pella, in Macedonia, and who lived by the Stoic doctrine that the kingship belonged to the people and to be king was to be in "illustrious slavery"—to Demetrius Poliorcetes, his ancestor. Demetrius, a great drinker and enormously attractive to women, installed himself in the Parthenon and held nightly orgies there until called away by his lifelong ambition to snatch as much as possible of the known world for himself. And between the buccaneers and the philosopher kings there were the eccentrics, like Attalus III of Pergamum, whose hobby was raising poisonous plants and who bequeathed his kingdom to the Romans when he died in 133 B.C.

Even before Attalus's legacy, Rome had been placing the vassal kingdoms of the Hellenistic empire under treaty, and by the middle of the first century B.C. almost all the remnants of Alexander's empire had become Roman provinces. The Seleucids were no match for the efficient Roman legions. The Ptolemies had long since lost their grip on a corrupt and disloyal bureaucracy. And Greece, after years of self-defeating struggles for independence, was glad to accept a freedom imposed from without, if only a freedom from war.

Hellenism survived the Hellenistic world. The Hellenistic kingdoms were their own worst enemies, unable to make peace with each other, or to meet the demands for social justice among their own populations. Yet their language, their art, their political institutions, and their bureaucracies were taken over by the Romans for governing the eastern provinces of their empire. And when the new religion of the crucified Saviour was being spread throughout the civilized world, the language that its evangelists chose to use was Koine.

If success is measured by the standards of stable institutions or military power, Hellenism would be ranked low in the league of historical movements. No world order or unified government emerged in the three hundred years between Alexander's death and the birth of the Roman Empire. But if a different criterion is applied, and the spiritual debt of all later history, including the Romans', is taken into account, then Hellenism may be considered one of the most generous and productive impulses ever to flow from a single civilization, one from which we are still drawing nourishment. It is a reminder of the force of an idea, and it contradicts Mao Tse-tung's cynical doctrine that all power comes from the barrel of a gun.

Kenneth Cavender, a frequent contributor to HORIZON, has taught classics at Yale, but these days is busy staging his plays, among them a dramatization of the Hellenistic epic of Jason and the Argonauts by Apollonius of Rhodes.



The Perplexing Career of the Chevalier d'Eon

In France his name was a household word—of both masculine and feminine gender

On the morning of May 21, 1810, an urgent call for a physician went out from 26 New Milman Street, near the Foundling Hospital in London. Mademoiselle Geneviève d'Eon, the aged French heroine, was dying.

There was a time when the news would have produced a sensation, for her bizarre secret had once stirred all England and the Continent to debates and unseemly jests. Now, more than thirty years had elapsed since the formal court announcement that she was no man, but a woman, had ended her turbulent trousered career as soldier, diplomat, troublemaker, and spy. At eighty-one, France's "second Joan of Arc" had outlived both notoriety and fame.

But there was to be a final sensation after all. When her body was being prepared for burial, it was discovered that Charlotte Geneviève Louisa Augusta Andrée Timothée Marie d'Eon de Beaumont, Chevalière of the Royal and Military Order of Saint Louis, was no woman, but a man.

So occurred one of history's more startled double takes, inspired by a fiercely proud little man, now all but forgotten, who once held the uneasy peace of Europe in his hand. His career left its mark on three great courts, Versailles and St. Petersburg and St. James's. He helped reconcile Russia and France during that spirited period of diplomatic wife-swapping known as the Reversal of Alliances; he was probably instrumental in prolonging the Seven Years' War and altering the terms of its settlement; he was involved, long before his sex became a matter of international speculation, in an extraordinary



D'Eon wears the Cross of the Order of St. Louis in this engraving, published soon after her (or, rather, his) death.

diplomatic scandal that threatened to expose Louis XV's plot to invade England—a plot Louis had kept secret even from his own foreign minister.

Many details of his story are hidden in contradictions, but the general outline is clear. It began about the middle of the eighteenth century, when D'Eon—Charles Geneviève Louis Auguste André Timothée—left his native Burgundy to seek his fortune at Versailles.

He had qualities the French court admired. So handsome that he drove the ladies to distraction, he was somehow not distracted by them in return. A slight effeminacy in his manner was offset by the reputation he quickly established as one of the best swordsmen in all France. He had a good, if not great, family name, a law degree, a familiarity with the classics, a ready wit,

and a flaming sense of honor. He became known as a brilliant conversationalist and essayist and a man of courage and discretion who longed to serve his country, and eventually he won the attention of the Prince de Conti, who recommended him to the king.

At this time Louis XV was just beginning to involve himself in an elaborate tangle known as *Le Secret du Roi*, through which he intended to increase his personal influence in French foreign affairs whether his ministers and his strong-willed mistress, Madame de Pompadour, liked it or not. His cousin the Prince de Conti would direct *Le Secret*; its agents would spy on Louis's own diplomats and undertake projects that might on occasion run counter to his government's official policy. For work requiring such delicacy and dedication,

De Conti told the king, D'Eon would be the ideal choice.

The recommendation was accepted. D'Eon was initiated into *Le Secret* and sent off to Russia on his first assignment. Certain aspects of the mission became the subject of almost hysterical speculation in later years, but there can be no doubt that it was a success. Thanks largely to D'Eon, Empress Elizabeth abandoned a British agreement her chancellor was negotiating and, in 1756, allied herself with France and Austria in the Seven Years' War.

By now D'Eon was a favorite in Elizabeth's court; the Russian treaty made him one at Louis's as well. He was assigned the honor of delivering the document to Versailles and hastened back across Europe to report to the king. He was rewarded with a gratuity from the

privy purse, a gold snuffbox, and a lieutenant's commission in the dragoons.

A commission! D'Eon promptly applied for military service, but Louis had no intention of allowing so effective an agent to leave the underground. The treaty with Russia meant the opening of a French embassy in St. Petersburg; D'Eon was posted to it as secretary to the new ambassador, the Marquis de l'Hôpital. He remained there for almost three years, serving so ably that L'Hôpital's dispatches and private letters were full of his praises. During this period, by some accounts, D'Eon aided dramatically in the overthrow of an anti-French chancellor, and later, on secret orders from the king, frustrated a plan for Elizabeth to mediate between France and England to end the war.

In the summer of 1760 his pleas to be allowed to return home were heeded; he left St. Petersburg forever, bearing a variety of gifts from Elizabeth's admiring court. At Versailles he met in private audience with the king, who granted him a life pension, promoted him to captain of dragoons, and permitted him, at last, to go on active duty. The fighting was almost over by now, but he served a few months as aide-de-camp to the Comte de Broglie, brother of a marshal of France. His service was as distinguished as it was brief: he left the field with a glowing citation from both Broglies for his courage. It referred to his valor in removing a large supply of ammunition under enemy fire, to a wound suffered bravely at Ultrop, to a successful charge conducted against superior forces near Osterwieck.

France's fortunes in the war had gone from bad to worse; it was time to quit fighting and talk peace. Now a fresh opportunity for advancement was offered the valiant captain of dragoons. Negotiations would be held in London and Paris, and Louis had chosen the Duc de Nivernais to conduct some of the most delicate talks as ambassador to the Court of St. James's. Both Nivernais and the king agreed that D'Eon would be the ideal first secretary, and in September, 1762, the bold little Burgun-

dian, now thirty-four, set off for London.

The negotiations added even more luster to his name. Time and again the ambassador cited the brilliant services of his first secretary in the cause of making the peace terms as easy on France as possible. A case in point involved Cuba, which had been taken by England—should it remain in British hands or be returned to Spain, France's ally? D'Eon's account of the business has it that, while Nivernais plied a British undersecretary with wine, he, D'Eon, made off with the unwary fellow's portfolio, copied the secret British bargaining position on Cuba, and rushed it off to Versailles. The paper showed that England was prepared to give up Cuba if the negotiating pressure grew too great. So the young man who could already boast that he had detached Empress Elizabeth from the English and helped prolong the Seven Years' War could now claim to have captured Cuba from a dispatch case and returned it to France's ally.

D'Eon was approaching the pinnacle of his dizzy rise. The peace treaty was considered a diplomatic triumph for the French, and he received a hero's welcome in Paris. The king received him in yet another private audience, promised him money, and, most intoxicating of all, gave him the Cross of the Order of St. Louis. D'Eon was now a chevalier.

The supreme honor, and the supreme challenge, awaited him. Nivernais, still ambassador in London, was an old man, and he wanted to come home; D'Eon was told to return to London and take charge—not as ambassador, which would have been too much to hope for, but as chargé d'affaires, pending the arrival of a new ambassador. He was to serve publicly as France's representative to the English court, and he was to work privately to further the latest secret plan hatched by Louis XV.

For no sooner had the Peace of Paris been signed than the French king, without informing either his ministers or his mistress, began to plot the conquest of England to regain the glory and empire

so newly lost. D'Eon's secret orders were to undertake a series of espionage assignments to help pave the way for the invasion, and, when the new ambassador arrived, to keep an eye on him, too. He would report to the Comte de Broglie, who had succeeded De Conti as director of *Le Secret*. As he crossed the Channel in the spring of 1763 and saw before him the shores of the nation he and his monarch planned to conquer, D'Eon must have been ready to burst with pride.

As the king's representative, D'Eon became an important figure in the brilliant social whirl of London, a polished and extravagant host, a frequent guest of George III and Queen Charlotte. His carriage was pointed out on the streets, he greeted the cheers of bystanders with regal condescension, he smiled mysteriously as he bent over the hands of great ladies. And back home the enemies of Louis's espionage network—which by now was not as secret as the king believed—plotted D'Eon's downfall. The foreign office began writing sharp letters to D'Eon, accusing him of spending money too freely. Such waste, he was told, must cease. Who would pay all the bills? Certainly the former ambassador would make good no deficits, nor would the new one when he arrived.

The chevalier was so annoyed by this intrusion that he forgot his lowly station in life and returned arrogant answers to Versailles. He was not to be harassed, he wrote; his work was too important. Indeed, he did not have the money to pay his bills, but this was because he had not been paid a fraction of what King Louis had promised him. And so on.

At the French foreign ministry—and in Madame de Pompadour's boudoir—this indiscreet and perhaps not unexpected reaction was greeted with satisfaction. A frontal attack on a favored spy would have been risky; how much better to complain to the king that the British embassy was being wastefully and arrogantly run!

Somehow it worked. Complaints went to the king that D'Eon had be-

come impudent, disciplinary action was recommended, and Louis XV, who relied more than anyone else on D'Eon's loyalty and discretion, abandoned his agent to the enemy. The Comte de Guerchy, an old enemy of D'Eon's, was sent to London as ambassador. Guerchy carried with him a message directing the chargé d'affaires to return to Paris and await instructions *without going to court*. It was a calculated affront.

The nature of Louis's attitude toward D'Eon during this period remains a puzzle. The king was outwardly indifferent, but, according to D'Eon, at least, Louis was still sending him urgent messages to protect *Le Secret*, to refuse to turn over his files to Guerchy, to refuse even to return to France, and to continue planning the invasion.

And D'Eon defied the French bureaucracy. He would turn over no correspondence, he would not present his letters of recall to King George, he would not leave the country. He declared that he did not even consider the recall official: it bore the king's stamp rather than his personal signature.

An interval of unparalleled diplomatic fantasy followed. D'Eon announced that he was the victim of a plot, that the Comte de Guerchy had crossed the Channel to murder him. He fortified his apartment, mined the ground floor and staircase, assembled bodyguards, and collected an arsenal of pistols, guns, and sabers. The count, for his part, laid plans to kidnap his troublesome predecessor and return him to France. A task force of French policemen was summoned; a six-oared boat lay ready at Westminster to take the prisoner to a vessel waiting at Gravesend. London watched in amazement.

The situation grew worse. D'Eon was formally disowned by his king and branded a traitor to France. George III proclaimed him an outlaw. Meanwhile, D'Eon continued—or so he claimed ever afterward—to receive secret letters from Louis urging him to guard his papers with his life. In return, D'Eon threatened to “embrace the cause of the

King of England” and reveal all if his persecution continued.

D'Eon had accused Guerchy of trying to poison him. Now the ambassador sued him for libel, and D'Eon countered with formal charges to a grand jury, which indicted the French ambassador on charges of conspiracy against his countryman's life. It was a situation without precedent. Could a foreign ambassador be tried in an English court? In the end, though the charge was never formally dropped, the case did not come to trial.

Such intrigues usually die out within a few months; this one rocked along from crisis to crisis for more than ten years. Guerchy went home to die—of sheer irritation, as one account has it—and was succeeded by another ambassador, who tried in vain to obtain the secret papers from D'Eon. Louis said that his former agent was mad, but prudently sent him funds from time to time to assure his silence.

The stalemate might have lasted forever if Louis had not died in 1774, and with him his plans for invading England, as well as the whole rickety structure of *Le Secret*. Louis XVI, his successor, learned the details of the organization and ordered that it be disbanded and the agents pensioned. Now the third phase of D'Eon's remarkable career began to emerge. He who had been a trusted agent and then a branded traitor was about to become, of all things, a celebrated heroine.

A rumor that D'Eon was actually a woman had been current for several years on both sides of the Channel. Its

origin is obscure, and at first, aside from the fact that he had never been known to have an affair of the heart, there was little for it to feed on. The only “evidence” was a report that when he was in hiding from Guerchy's libel action, D'Eon had disguised himself as a woman. Then, a Russian exile, Princess Dashkoff, told friends in London that D'Eon had appeared as a woman in Empress Elizabeth's court. The story, complete with every scandalous elaboration that gossip could devise, became the sensation of the day. London gamblers bet fantastic sums on the chevalier's sex. D'Eon caned at least two Londoners for “taking impudent liberties with my name,” issued furious reproaches in the press, and claimed that gamblers had tried to kidnap him.

All this, it should be noted, had occurred before the death of Louis XV, and the question was debated avidly at Versailles as well as in London. D'Eon, in a letter to his old friend the Comte de Broglie, expressed mortification “that the dispassion of my natural temperament should induce my friends to imagine, in their innocence, and this in France, in Russia, and in England, that I am of the female sex.” That sounded forthright enough, but later the count's own private secretary returned from England to declare that he was “able to certify” that D'Eon was a female. D'Eon, he added, had begged him to keep the secret.

Louis XVI's representatives found all this extremely interesting. They were ready to settle the old feud; surely D'Eon realized that time was running out; perhaps the affair might be settled more quickly with a woman than a man? Certainly the “reparations” D'Eon sought in return for the surrender of his moldering secret papers would be unnecessary; he could not be restored to his former office, for example, if he were a woman.

The sharpest-tongued Frenchman of his day was called upon to try to settle the D'Eon problem: Pierre Augustin Caron de Beaumarchais, after being briefed on the “extraordinary person-



Half man, half woman, all fashionplate: the soldier-diplomat Chevalier/Chevalière d'Eon in all his/her glory—a contemporary print.

age," was sent to England to negotiate an agreement. A comic-opera interlude followed in which D'Eon confessed, or seemed to confess, the rumors were true and Beaumarchais succumbed, or seemed to succumb, to the D'Eon charms. Whether he actually was taken in is hard to say. Some of his biographers insist that he joined in the hoax for his own reasons; others, that he never suspected a thing. Whatever the facts, the famous playwright composed a convincing script for his sovereign. When the sex of the wonderful creature was considered, he wrote Louis, the heart was moved with sweet compassion.

Negotiations were prolonged and, in the end, acrimonious, but an agreement was finally reached. In August, 1777, having been officially declared a female, D'Eon left England in dragoon uniform and headed for Versailles. The agreement required that Mademoiselle D'Eon give up all male attire except the uniform, which was to be kept purely as a souvenir, but she attempted to wear nothing *but* the uniform. Official reaction was prompt: she must and would don the garments of her sex.

At this point the delighted Marie Antoinette announced that she would outfit the chevalière with her own funds, and would select a couturière, a corsetière, a milliner, and a hairdresser for her. The heroine continued to resist, but perfunctorily. Once the wardrobe was ready, the gallant lady was presented at court before a tremendous crowd. The excitement, the adulation, the constant attention, could only have been soothing: she was appreciated again at last.

During the next eight years the second Joan of Arc became a living legend. The public eagerly bought portraits of her as herself, as Minerva, as Joan. Songs were written in her praise. Visiting princes sought her out. And now the chevalière began to embroider on the story herself. Yes, she had appeared in Elizabeth's court as a woman, but, she



Fat, almost sixty, and hobbled by skirts, D'Eon nonetheless outfenced the champion, in a match attended by the Prince of Wales.

confessed, because she *was* a woman. She had only put on male attire at the request of her king. How faithfully she had served him, the nation could judge. The nation rang with her praises.

But the years passed, the cheers subsided, and D'Eon's reputation began to pale. In 1785, now approaching sixty, she returned to England, ostensibly to settle long-pending financial affairs, but quite possibly in the hope of creating another sensation. And create it she did. The chevalière was lionized by English society and won praise by taking up fencing again. The Prince of Wales attended a match at which she is said to have defeated Saint-George, one of the great fencers of Europe.

While she was in England the French Revolution brought an end to the pension she had received since the Beaumarchais settlement. This made her stay in London permanent, although she did try to regain her home and her fame: once she wrote to the Legislative Assembly offering to "fly on the wings of liberty and victory to fight and die for the nation." The reading of the letter brought applause from the Assembly, but the offer was refused.

She remained in seclusion now, living out her years in near poverty on a small pension conferred by Queen Charlotte. When death restored the masculine pronoun for the last time, D'Eon was a forgotten figure.

D'Eon's death stimulated a reappraisal of his life and nature. Why had

he spent thirty-three years of his life as a woman? Some said that, having maintained the masquerade for years simply to draw his annuity, he had decided when it was cut off that it was too late to change. Others insisted it was a device for keeping himself in the public eye. One especially remarkable theory, published a generation after his death, suggested a scandal involving Queen Charlotte, which could be suppressed only if D'Eon spent the rest of his life in petticoats.

In the end, the man who had failed so often in his search for fame gave the language a word to remember him by. Havelock Ellis, searching for a term to describe a psychic anomaly, came across D'Eon's story and seized upon the chevalier as "the protagonist of transvestism." He chose the word "Eonism" to describe the pleasure to be had from behaving and dressing like the opposite sex in the absence of actual sexual inversion. And while there is evidence to suggest that Ellis had some of the details of the story wrong, and that D'Eon's name may have become the symbol for a condition of which he was not precisely the victim, it appears that Ellis will have the final say on a character who may survive longer in psychiatry than in history.

Some, however, less comfortable with snug categories and well-rounded explanations, may still prefer the appraisal Voltaire made of his contemporary in 1777. Several versions of his comment exist, but perhaps the most satisfying is the quotation from Louis de Loménie's biography of Beaumarchais: "The whole of this adventure confounds me; I can conceive neither D'Eon, nor the ministry of his time, nor the actions of Louis XV, nor those of the present day; I understand nothing in this world."

A Tennessean with definite Francophile tendencies, Lydel Sims is a writer for The Commercial Appeal of Memphis.

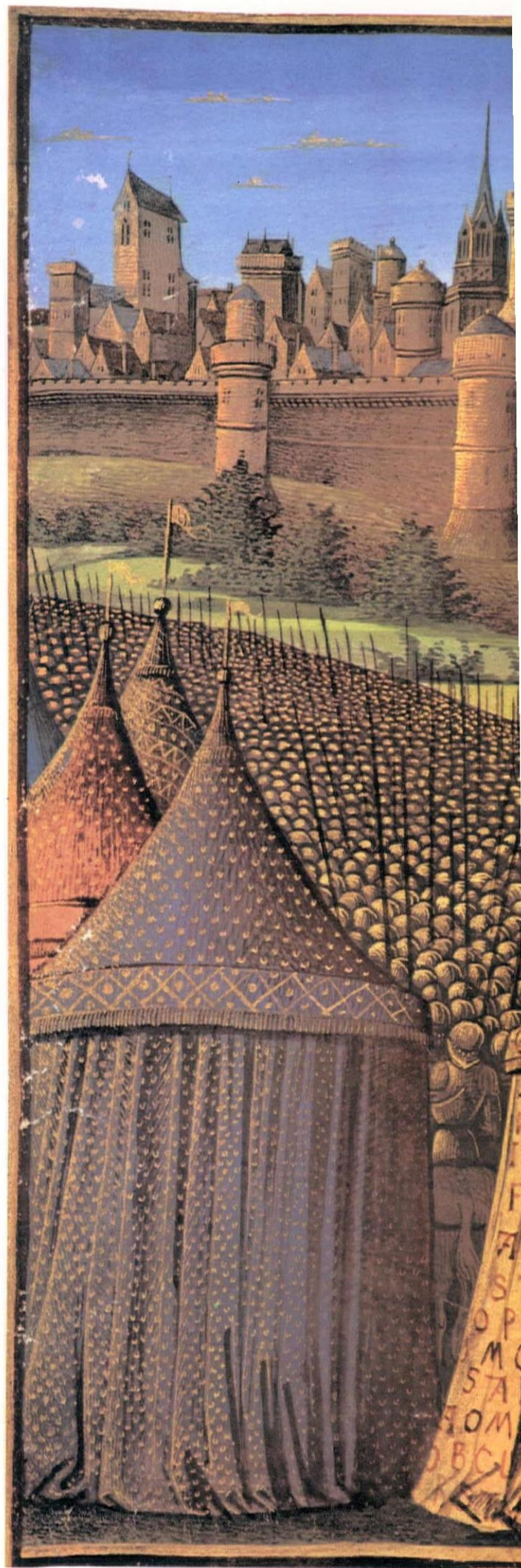
The Knights Templar

It is unwise to be rich enough
and powerful enough
to rouse the envy of the king



Two armored knights share a mount in the thirteenth-century drawing above, which came to symbolize the poverty (short-lived) of the Templars. At right: In 1153 Crusader knights, many of them Templars, besieged Moslem Ascalon, on the coast of the Holy Land. This fifteenth-century miniature includes weaponry, such as the "bom-bards," or primitive cannon, of a later period.

By MORRIS BISHOP





There once was a good man with a great idea. The great idea brought many to earthly joy and heavenly reward.

But the great idea was corrupted, and those who espoused it were brought low, and their glory ended in screams and the stink of burning bodies.

The good man was Hugues de Payns, a knight of the Champagne country. He was very pious; he went out to the Holy Land, perhaps with the first Crusade in 1096, perhaps a little later. He was distressed by the plight of the pilgrims seeking to obtain divine grace and favor by visiting the Holy Places of Jerusalem. They landed mostly at Jaffa, modern Tel Aviv, and found the promised land shadeless, waterless, shelterless, a mockery of promise. The forty-mile track to Jerusalem was beset by roving Bedouin brigands. Falling among thieves was a common experience on Palestinian roads.

Hugues de Payns proposed to create a volunteer escort body to protect and succor the pilgrim bands from shipside to their goal. And this was his great idea—to enroll the volunteers in a monastic order of men-at-arms, the Poor Knights of Christ. They should be drawn from the noble class, for only gentlemen are bred to fight. They should take the monastic vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience; but whereas proper monks are forbidden to shed blood, these new defenders of the faith should be ever ready with their swords. They would become the army of the Lord, the church militant. "The soldier has his glory, the monk has peace," wrote Michelet the historian. "The Templar abdicated both. He accepted the heaviest burdens, the perils and abstinences, of both lives . . . The ideal of the crusade seemed realized in the Order of the Temple; it was the crusade fixed and permanent."

The idea of a military brotherhood



The Templars' mission was to protect Christian pilgrims. The sojourner here, bearing a staff, is from an eleventh-century fresco.

under Church authority was not absolutely new. The Hospitalers, or Knights of Saint John of Jerusalem, had already been established to care for the sick and wounded crusaders and pilgrims, "God's poor," who were representatives of Jesus Christ on earth. The Hospitalers, too, were gentlemen-at-arms, living under a monastic rule, but their main business was healing, not fighting.

The first Templars were a small nucleus of only eight or nine companions. Hugues de Payns went back to Europe and campaigned for funds and recruits. Meanwhile Baldwin II, king of Jerusalem, found quarters for the order in his royal Temple, once the home of Solomon and Herod, today the El Aksa mosque. Inevitably the Poor Knights of Christ were renamed the Templars.

At a church conclave in 1128, the great Abbot Bernard of Clairvaux, destined for sainthood, spoke eloquently for the Templars and wrote their Rule.

The new order was authorized, and the charter contained the surprising clause that the Templars should be responsible only to the pope, not to any political or ecclesiastical authority. Thus they could defy kings and archbishops, fight or refrain from fighting only at the order of their Templar commander. And the obligation of poverty was relaxed to apply only to personal property. The order, as a kind of corporation, might possess, administer, and solicit funds and property without limitation.

The charter specified the ranks of the brotherhood: the knights, who must be nobles by birth, the squires or orderlies, the attached chaplains, and the service troops. The behavior of all members of the order was regulated with evident suspicion. A knight was forbidden to look a woman in the face for more than a moment of recognition. The brethren had to sleep in lighted dormitories,

wearing their breeches tightly laced. Doors must never be locked. Letters to individual members must be read aloud in the Master's presence (not *by* the Master, for he might well be unable to read). The regulation costume was a belted blouse or tunic bearing a red cross with each bar of equal length and cut back to make a wide V, thus: ✠. For informal wear sheepskin breeches and jerkins were prescribed. The knights wore white; the squires, auxiliary troops, and technicians, black or brown. But all displayed the red cross, which became the symbol of aid to the suffering.

The Templars were toughened and drilled like commando troops for hand-to-hand fighting. They gained a reputation for ferocity in battle; indeed, brutality toward an infidel enemy was regarded as meritorious. The order attracted a certain type—brawny younger sons of the nobility and land-

less gentlemen doomed by poverty to bachelorhood; illiterate; unquestioningly devout; unconcerned about the mysteries of the faith but trustful of Christ's promises of salvation and confident in the efficacy of the sacraments. The military orders opened the religious life to soldiers whose trade, and whose joy, was killing.

Thus the orders served the Palestinian states by providing a small but capable standing army at a time of severe manpower shortage. And to the disoriented young gentlemen in search of an honorable career the orders offered tangible rewards—fulfillment of the knightly ideal, good-fellowship, security and comfort for the survivors, and a certainty of salvation for those who should fall in defense of their Lord's Holy Sepulcher.

The ceremony of initiation, as precognized by Saint Bernard, is a straightforward warning of the hardships of Templar life and a demand that the initiate renounce all worldly concern, property, ambition, to conquer and defend the Holy Land. He must promise total obedience to the Master; and he must accept humiliation and degradation, feeding the pigs and doing kitchen police for his soul's good. He might be ordered to eat his dinner on the floor among the dogs. His motto shall be: "*Fais ce que dois, advienne que pourra*" ("Do your duty, come what may.") In any peril, he shall repeat: "Living or dead, we belong to the Lord . . . Glorious be the victors, happy the martyrs!"

In their Jerusalem Temple and in their commanderies here and there in Europe the Templars followed a routine combining that of the convent and the army barracks. All were expected to attend matins at midnight, unless exhausted by military duties. From the chapel they proceeded to the stables to check on their horses and harness. Like



In this twelfth-century map of Jerusalem, the *Templum Domini*, the knights' headquarters, is the large building near the right wall.

most cavalymen they felt a tender affection for their mounts. A visiting bishop, preaching to the Templars, said with an ill-placed sneer, "Truly he's a scoundrel who is more concerned with his horse than with Christ!" After a short sleep the Templar was roused again at 4 A.M. to hear a triple office of prime, tierce, and sext. Then again to the stables to repair equipment, drill, and do busy-work like cutting tent pegs. Then an ample *déjeuner*, with two or three different main dishes and plenty of wine. The order did not fast unduly; it held that a Templar needed all his strength to wield sword, spear, and shield. The tableware was wooden, save for the Master's metal drinking cup, which nullified poison. Silence was imposed at table while the chaplain read from a holy book. If something was needed, one signaled according to the Clunaic code—for more bread, make a circle with the thumb and two fingers;

for milk, suck the little finger; for fish, make a swimming motion with the hands; for crêpes, seize the hair with the fist.

The Templars of the East were rough-looking men, heavily bearded, burned brown to black, lean with drill and battle under the fierce sun. Said Saint Bernard, "One never sees them with their hair combed, rarely with their faces washed. They stink of dust, and are spotted with their harness and with heat." The chief offense of which the records accuse them is quarreling—inevitable among mettlesome youths used to fighting and living hard in a cruel climate. Some of the sting was taken out of their disputes by a system of mutual confession. A sinner described his misdeeds fully, abjuring shame and fear, and the others voted on his guilt and penalty.

The Templars had no special art of war beyond taking the offensive whenever possible. Their favorite device was

the cavalry charge. More heavily armed and mounted than the Saracen foe, they terrified by their thundering onrush. But the enemy would not stand for the shock; his light horsemen would dash to within bowshot, send off a flight of arrows from horseback, and dash away. These tactics seemed very unsporting to the French, encumbered as they were with their armor, shields, heavy spears, and other weaponry.

The discomfort of steel armor in a Palestinian summer must have robbed death of much of its sting. A hauberk of chain mail could weigh fifty pounds or more. It would heat up like a fireless cooker. The occupant was not able to scratch, pursue a biting flea or louse, wipe away a trickle of sweat. And if, perchance, he was afflicted by the prevalent dysentery, he had to half disrobe, with the aid of his squire, or else . . .

Death in battle was the fate the brethren sought and gained. Hugues de

Payns took out three hundred volunteers from France; nearly every one was dead within five years. Of the twenty-two Grand Masters of the order, five died in battle, five of battle wounds, and one starved himself to death in a Saracen prison because he would not admit that any Moslem could be worthy of being exchanged for him. At the siege of Arab Ascalon in 1153, the Christians breached the wall; the Templar Grand Master admitted only men of his order, "to have first choice of the booty," says the chronicler, a nonmember. The defenders killed those inside the walls and hung them from the battlements. After the great Christian defeat at the Horns of Hattin (1187), Sultan Saladin had all captured members of the military orders executed; they would be dangerous even in captivity. When the Khwarazmian Turks took Jerusalem in 1244—putting a stop to Christian rule of the Holy City—the orders in the East were nearly wiped out. Only thirty-six Templars and twenty-six Hospitalers survived. The fighting orders needed, and received, constant replenishments from their homelands in the West.

Though the war of Christian and Moslem seems, in history's telescopic lens, to have been continuous, in fact it yielded to long lulls of exhaustion or disinterest—but it smoldered, always ready to burst forth. After the first conquering rush, the Christians settled down in limited areas, and the Moslems thrust and withdrew and thrust again. The Templars were always in the thick of things, some dying gloriously, some not. The character of the perpetual war changed. The Christians no longer held the initiative; for lack of manpower they had to keep to the defensive. They built castles to live in—enormous, indestructible, defiant buildings that still amaze the Western visitor. The Templars did their share, erecting thirteen mighty castles. Castle Pilgrim, or Château Pèlerin, with three sides standing in the Mediterranean, included in its *enceinte* pastures, orchards, gardens, springs, fishponds, and a harbor with a small shipyard. Likewise, Safeth was an

apparently impregnable self-supporting city, with a garrison of fifty knights and a thousand troops, mostly mercenaries.

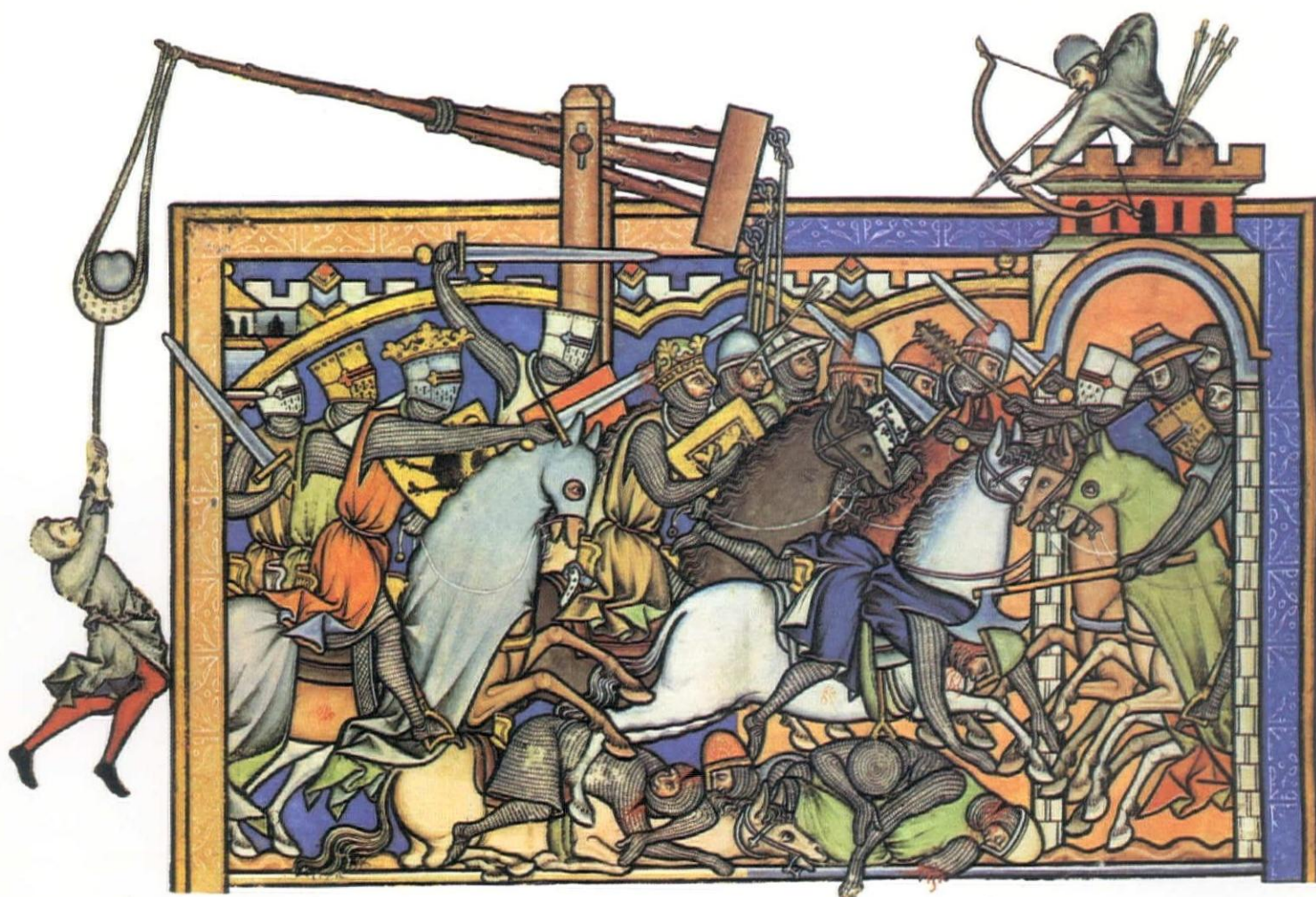
The Templars, secure in their castles, did much business with the Moslems beyond the walls. Christian and Moslem understood each other; men doing business together recognize honesty, truth-telling, and character, as well as the contraries. Discussing police measures, mutual defense against common enemies from even farther east, land use, water rights, the parties often became friends. As generation succeeded generation, a new caste appeared called *poulains*, or colts. These were born in the East, of Syrian Christian, Armenian, or perhaps Moslem mothers. They were nursed in Arabic, they sang and cursed in Arabic, and fed on Arab food. They dressed, by preference, in burnouses. Though nominally Christian, they fraternized readily with the Moslems. There was even some osmotic filtering of culture. A few crusaders inquired into Oriental philosophy. In 1274 the pope found it necessary to fulminate against apostate Templars.

Not many of the colts joined the military orders. Few of them could show sufficient nobility or muster sufficient zeal. But they certainly influenced the Templars, teaching them to treat the Holy Places with a merely respectful familiarity. A famous incident was recorded by a Saracen diplomat, Usama ibn-Mounkidh, during his visit to Jerusalem: "I entered the Mosque of El Aksa. Beside it was a small mosque which the Franks had converted into a church. When I entered El Aksa, which was occupied by my friends the Templars, they assigned me to this small mosque for me to say my prayers. One day I entered there and glorified Allah. I was in the midst of prayer when one of the Franks sprang upon me, seized me, and turned my face to the east, saying: 'I'll show you how to pray!' A group of Templars leaped upon him, grabbed him, and threw him out. I began my prayers again. But the same man gave

the Templars the slip, sprang upon me again, and turned my face to the east, repeating: 'I'll show you how to pray!' The Templars jumped on him again and threw him out, then they apologized to me, saying: 'He's a foreigner who has just arrived from Frankland. He has never seen anyone pray without facing eastward.' I replied: 'I've done enough praying for today.'"

Naturally, Christian and Moslem alike inclined more toward a *modus vivendi* than toward a *modus moriendi*. Merchants of both faiths congregated on the coast, supplied the various armies, and built up the trade by camel caravan overland to the Far East. The Templars, almost inadvertently, became their bankers. They had several advantages to qualify them for this role. They possessed their Temple in Paris and extensive domains in Western countries, the gifts of grateful monarchs and pious donors. True, such gifts roused the jealousy of expectant and disappointed monasteries. Like proper churchmen, the Templars could promise the donor relief in purgatory, spiritual tax deductions.

A European merchant or well-to-do pilgrim turned to the Templars as to a travel agency for aid and counsel. Funds in gold and silver were heavy, uncomfortable to carry, and provocative of thievery; but at a Templar preceptory, or commandery, one could buy a draft on Jaffa or Jerusalem and depart in peace. Thus the stores of gold and jewels tended to collect in the Western vaults of the order. In the East, also, the Templars offered the security of their castles for the deposit of funds. They employed their resources in loans to merchants and to stranded pilgrims, and eventually to princes and kings. Henry III of England stored his vast tax collections in their cellars. The *Trésorier du Temple* became the unofficial minister of finance for France. The papal chamberlain was usually a Templar. The order received fantastic presents—among them the city of Gaza, for instance, and the island of Cyprus. In short, the Order of Templars



This thirteenth-century miniature is a catalogue of knightly hardware: with such weapons did the Templars do battle. They used the catapult (extreme left), the longbow (top right), the battle-axe (center right), the mace (above the battle-axe), and the broadsword (five are visible).

became very rich and very powerful.

Very rich, powerful, arrogant, and unpopular. The contemporary chronicler William of Tyre summed it up this way: "The brothers have become richer than kings . . . Their humility, guardian of all virtues, was succeeded by pride and greed." Richard Lionheart, sick, was reproached by his confessor for fostering three wicked daughters, Avarice, Lust, and Pride. He replied, "I give my avarice to the Cistercians, my lust to all churchmen, my pride to the Templars." The story has been variously told, but all versions agree that pride was the portion of the Templars.

They could still fight. When the stronghold of Acre fell, in 1291, to mark the end of the Christian state in the Middle East, the Grand Master and most of his men were wiped out. A new Grand Master, hastily chosen, sailed to Cyprus in an effort to raise men and money for a counterattack. But Cyprus would not budge, and the remaining Templars of the Holy Land made their

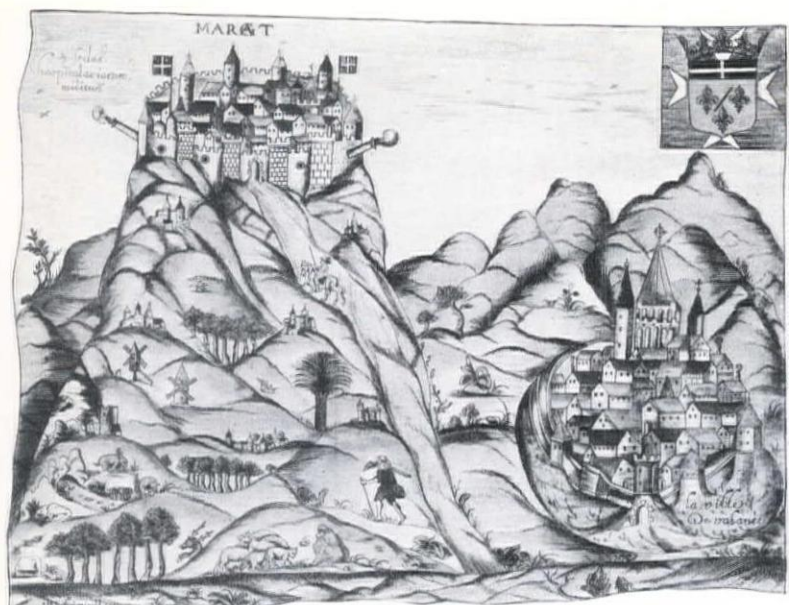
way mostly to France. They were ill-received. They had, after all, failed in their purpose, and the ending of the Crusades had ended their *raison d'être*. The general public blamed them for failure, for uncountable deaths in an evil war, and for inflation, the devaluation of money, hard times. They must themselves have believed, in moments of great depression, that Christ had played them false.

But they were still very wealthy and powerful. Their center had shifted from Palestine to Paris; there they had their home in the tall, terrifying ogre's castle that stood beside the present Square du Temple, near the Place de la République. The Templars' Villeneuve-du-Temple, a walled city with palace, bank, sanctuary chapels, dungeons for holding gold or prisoners secure, is said to have comprised a third of Paris. Here the French crown was kept on safe deposit, and also, for a time, the English crown jewels. From Paris as a center, the Templar properties radiated

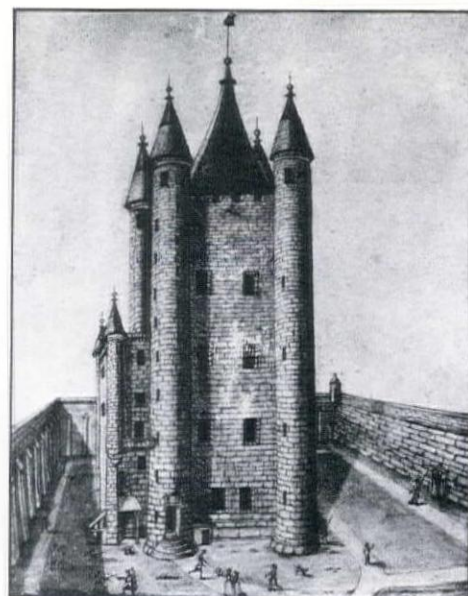
with preceptories, or branch offices, throughout Europe. In France the Templars handled a good deal of the royal finances, collecting extraordinary taxes, such as those on fairs, Lombards, and Jews.

The king they served was Philip the Fair, *le Bel*. He was unusually tall, with long, red-blond hair and a pale face. He was called the handsomest man in Christendom. A French bishop said of him, "If he looks at you silently it is hard to sustain his glance. He seems no man or beast, but a statue." He was commonly likened to a hawk. His icy arrogance bore down all opponents, whether kings or popes. He thus addressed a letter to Pope Boniface VIII: "Philip, by the grace of God King of the French, to Boniface, alleged sovereign pontiff: no health at all, or very little. Let Your High Foolishness (*Vestra Insania*) be informed that . . ."

Philip treated the popes with regal contempt. When Boniface VIII dared defy him, Philip sent his chief aide,



Castle Margat, on the shores of the Holy Land



The grand tower of the Paris Temple



Octagonal Church of Segovia

From Paris to the Holy Land, the Templars erected monuments to their power: imposing strongholds known as commanderies, unorthodox octagonal churches, and numerous gloomy temples. The Paris Temple was a virtual city within a city. After the suppression of the order, their real estate was often destroyed. Of the monuments above, only the one at Segovia survives in its original state.

Guillaume de Nogaret, to Italy. Nogaret seized the aged pope, dressed in full pontifical robes, and slapped his face. Boniface died, presumably of shame, a month later. His successor, Benedict XI, lasted only eight and a half months. Rome was a very unhealthy spot, particularly for popes. King Philip had much, if not everything, to do with choosing the next pope, a Frenchman, archbishop of Bordeaux, who took the name Clement V. He was a genial, kindly man of high principles and purpose. But he was sick with what are now diagnosed as stomach ulcers. And he was weak; he could not face Philip's basilisk stare.

Philip, always in need of money, hated the Templars, flaunting their wealth, their privileges, their power, their accountability to the pope alone. Philip found it intolerable that so important a share of his lands and finances should lie in the hands of a private, secret society. For years he dreamed and schemed to transfer the Templars' property to his own hands.

To suppress the order and confiscate

its wealth there were several requisites: a pliant pope; a favorable concurrence of circumstances, or simply a lucky chance; a public opinion conditioned to applaud the destruction of the order; an accusation that would submerge reason in horror—what in our century has come to be known as the technique of the Big Lie.

A favorable occurrence, a lucky break, came in 1303. A renegade Templar stabbed his commander and was jailed with another murderer, who may have been a stool pigeon. The Templar made his confession to his cell mate, recounting a string of blasphemies, denials of Christ, and ritual homosexualities said to be practiced in the order. He was released and rewarded by Guillaume de Nogaret, whose agents were busy infiltrating the Temple and spreading rumors about unholy deeds occurring within it.

Four years later came another lucky break. Pope Clement, dreaming of a new Crusade, summoned the Grand Masters of the Templars and the Hospitalers from Cyprus to France. The Hospitaller excused himself; the Grand Master of the Templars, Jacques de Molay, accepted. That was a mistake. He appeared in Paris in 1307, with a princely escort including twelve horses allegedly laden with gold and silver. That was another mistake.

Jacques de Molay, now about sixty, had spent his life in the order. Himself illiterate, he was the leader of an anti-

intellectual party; he confiscated all books found in the possession of his knights. He was totally devoted to the welfare of the Templars, but he does not seem to have been very bright. He distrusted cleverness, his own lack. He visited Pope Clement in Poitiers and begged that the current rumors about Templar misconduct be properly investigated and the conclusions published. The pope temporized, and the king seized the initiative. On October 12, 1307, he deputed Molay to hold a corner of his sister-in-law's funeral canopy. And the next day, Friday, October 13, Black Friday, at dawn, every seneschal, bailiff, and high official in France broke the seal on a top-secret message and proceeded to jail Jacques de Molay and every accessible Templar, whether knight or subordinate, about thirteen thousand in all. This mass arrest was in direct defiance of the pope, who was not informed of the action in advance.

The charges against the Templars were published for the world to read. They are, in summary, that the Templars set the welfare of their order above every religious and moral duty; that they were in secret collusion with the Moslems; that initiates were required to spit on the crucifix and deny Christ; that any member venturing to reveal the order's secrets was assassinated; that Templars despised the sacraments and had revised the Church's teachings to suit their abominable purposes; that they encouraged homosexual practices



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Cruz in Segovia, Spain

Remains of a castle in Tomar, Portugal

Ruined commandery in Drôme, France

and imposed shameful kisses, even as a part of the initiation; that they betrayed the Holy Land; and that they worshiped the Devil in the form of a cat or of various grotesque images.

Since the Templars were churchmen, they could be tried only in ecclesiastical courts. The pope fell sick—no doubt his ulcers were in a fury—but he authorized the trial and ordered the Inquisition to collect evidence. The Grand Inquisitor was King Philip's chaplain.

The courts of the Inquisition were set up throughout France. We can picture their procedure. The chief inquisitor, in his coarse, shaggy white cassock, sits on a platform with wavering candles before him. Below him a monk records the questions and answers, necessarily abbreviating, summarizing, tending steadily toward versions favorable to the inquisitor's side. The suspect, fasting, with no defender, is guarded by the torturer, in red, measuring his prey.

Apparently many of the inculpated began with indignant denials of the charges. Then the inquisitors used the cunning they had learned in the suppression of the Albigensian heresies, the cunning used by army interrogators today, the "empty stomach and full bladder," alternations of mood from joviality to threats, the offering and withdrawal of promises, exhaustion of the accused until he cannot recall what he has said or recognize what he is signing. After this, the obdurate victim who has refused any admission is turned

over to the torturers, gleeful sadists chosen for their ingenuity in inflicting and prolonging pain. I shall not describe their devices, for the description of torture is a kind of participation in it. Enough that, according to a Templar priest who was present at the Paris Inquisition, thirty-six brothers out of thirty-eight died under torture; their deaths were reported as suicides. "I would have confessed to murdering God," said one Templar who survived. Another excused his confession by saying, "I can't plead all alone against the Pope and the King of France."

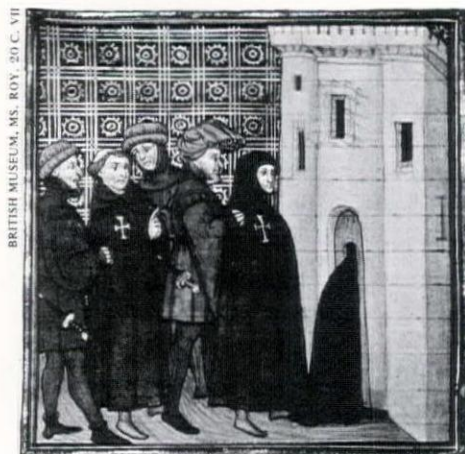
They confessed to anything the inquisitor suggested. Of those examined in Paris, all but three admitted every charge, Molay with the majority; whether under torture or not is in dispute. Having once confessed, they were guilty, but accessible to pardon. If, however, they retracted their confessions, they would be relapsed heretics and unpardonable. Instead of meeting a quick death by hanging they would be burned alive.

We shall not follow the long record of the successive trials. The prisoners suffered the tortures of the flesh, hunger, cold, fetters, darkness; and as well the torture of time, of hope forever roused and deferred and dashed to despair. Many solved their problems by dying. No positive evidence of heresy was found in the search of the Templars' quarters, no obscene idols or blasphemous

texts. The pope fought feebly for reason and mercy. In 1309 he proclaimed a pontifical *enquête*, or inquiry. This chiefly elicited the refusal of the prisoners to sustain the confessions made under torture. When, two years later, the Templars seemed to be gaining popular sympathy, Philip managed the appointment of a favorite as archbishop of Sens and charged him with settling the fate of the prisoners. The archbishop staged what we have learned to recognize as a show trial, a *Schauprozess*. His commission sped its work and announced the penalties. Fifty-four defendants who had retracted their confessions were designated relapsed heretics and were turned over to the secular arm. They were burned, singing, on May 12, 1310. When the fires cooled, a crowd pressed forward to gather the possibly wonder-working ashes.

But the fires still smoldered. Outside France, trials were staged, but they ended in acquittals (as in Portugal) or in mild condemnations. After two years of agitation and recrimination, the pope succeeded in declaring the Order of the Temple suppressed and ordered its property transferred to the Knights Hospitaller. In France Philip the Fair, by a brilliant exercise of accounting, was able to appropriate most of the Templars' lands and goods.

Some of the Templars were pardoned; some escaped and went underground. A few of the leaders were



spared temporarily. Jacques de Molay, summoned before a commission of cardinals on March 18, 1314, found courage enough to declare, before heaven and earth, that he had committed the worst of crimes in admitting the accusations against the order. "I attest, and truth obliges me to attest, that the order is innocent. I said the opposite only to suspend the excessive pains of torture, to influence my tormentors. I know the tortures inflicted on the knights who have had the courage to retract their confessions; but my dreadful previsions cannot make me confirm a first lie by a second. In the infamous conditions imposed on me I gladly renounce my life."

On the following day, Molay and a fellow recanter were burned on a tiny island in the Seine, now buried under the Pont-Neuf. Citizens swam to the islet to collect miracle-working fragments. In a way they were justified. The Masonic order named for Molay numbers nearly two hundred thousand members in the United States alone. That is a kind of wonder in itself.

Molay was burned on March 19, 1314. A month later Pope Clement died, perhaps of cancer. In November Philip the Fair expired of a stroke or a heart attack while hunting. In the same year Guillaume de Nogaret and three accusers of the Templars also died. People said, of course, that Molay had summoned all of them to stand trial at that Supreme Court from which there is no appeal.

Can we pronounce our own verdict? Were the Templars guilty or not guilty?

Lacking omniscience, we can merely

The eradication of the Templars began in 1307 with the arrest of some 13,000 knights. Like those at left, in a fourteenth-century miniature, they were marched into dungeons, where confessions were tortured out of them. The order met its end in 1314, when the last of the Grand Masters, Jacques de Molay, was burned at the stake on an island in the Seine. In the miniature at right, Molay and a comrade undergo the final ordeal.

invoke our own common sense, our experience of human behavior, our prejudice. A number of sober historians, impressed by the abundance and conformity of the confessions, have voted guilty and have justified their verdict by excursions into abnormal psychology, witchcraft, and the submerged Satanism that lingered so long in Europe and lingers still. And yet—I must speak for myself—this conclusion defies all my experience of men's character and actions. People are not like that. The Masters of the Temple would not have forsaken their faith and achievement for a lunatic Satanism. A young Christian offering himself for a brief life of service to the Cross would not spit upon or otherwise defile that Cross. He would refuse, break away, tell all. Knowing that the statutes of the order condemned homosexuality and punished it by life imprisonment, he would not submit to it even at his superior's command. All the confessions obtained by torture or the fear of torture are invalid and must be dismissed. There is no other evidence except hearsay. The Templars were not guilty. King Philip was guilty. Pope Clement V was also guilty, but with extenuating circumstances.

And the Templars disappeared, their work undone. For a long time the story was told that on every Black Friday, October 13, a specter, fully armed and wearing the white mantle with cross, would appear in the ruins of the Paris Temple. He would cry, "Who will deliver the Holy Sepulcher?" The vault of the chapel would reply, "No one. The Temple is destroyed!"







See Man's Heritage Now —Before It Vanishes

Pollution eats away at stone; jungle vines strangle statuary;
tourists litter and scrawl graffiti.
Is there no hope for our disappearing past?

By KARL E. MEYER

In May, 1972, a berserk vandal shouting "I am Jesus Christ" sprang on Michelangelo's *Pietà* and smashed the statue with a hammer, severing the Virgin's left arm and disfiguring her face. The world was appalled. Editorials criticized the Vatican for its lack of security, and an American news magazine loftily demanded, "Can Italy be Saved from Itself?"

Italian authorities have no doubt been negligent guardians of a priceless patrimony, but the self-righteous taunts were unwarranted. The relentless destruction of mankind's artistic and archaeological heritage is an international scandal. What Laszlo Toth, the *Pietà*'s assailant, did in St. Peter's is being repeated everywhere, but on the installment plan.

Our past, no less than our future, is in peril—both endangered by the destructive spin-off of technological change. Pollution is bad for our lungs; it also ravages stone. Where pollution has been heaviest, stone buildings have deteriorated more in the past twenty years than in the preceding two millennia. "The carved outdoor art of the world," asserts Professor Seymour Z. Lewin of New York University, a chemist who

specializes in stone preservation, "is melting away before our eyes like an ice-cream cone in the summer sun."

A prime victim is the Parthenon, whose surviving friezes are visibly eroding (and on sculpture, the loss of a millimeter can irrevocably mutilate subtle detail). Pollution is not the only ailment afflicting the Parthenon. The temple has been attacked by the shuffling feet of innumerable tourists and, until recently, when UNESCO persuaded the airline companies to reroute their flights, dangerously jarred by the vibrations of jet aircraft. Additionally, water penetrates the Parthenon's fissures, and in freezing winter weather literally splits the stone as the ice expands.

If the Parthenon is becoming a basket case, the city of Venice is drowning. However, rising waters and persistent seepage are only the visible dramatic perils to a city that contains ten thousand masterpieces. More damage has been inflicted on the Queen of the Adriatic by the air itself. Until not too long ago, smokestacks in the nearby industrial town of Marghera emitted fifteen thousand tons of sulfuric acid into the atmosphere yearly, some of it raining down on Venice and infiltrating the city's palaces, churches, and museums. And each year Venice lost 6 per cent of her marble works.

Nor is the countryside safe. Chartres

Cathedral, which rises like a vision amid the rolling rural landscape south of Paris, has been visited by pollution-borne stone disease. There are now plans to move the crumbling carvings from its portals to a museum, replacing the originals with copies. Gothic churches throughout Europe are menaced by the same insidious leprosy. The great Cathedral of Milan is now held together with wooden scaffolding, and Cologne Cathedral, which miraculously escaped wartime bombs, is now more seriously endangered by the exhaust emitted by the humble Volkswagen.

The blights of technology are also reaching underground, annihilating wholly unknown sites at an almost incredible rate. In the United States archaeologists are in a race with the bulldozer in an attempt to record twenty thousand years of human occupation of the New World. Too often, they lose out to urban developers and highway and dam builders. Of the forty-five major Indian sites known in Oregon, according to Dr. Thomas Newman of Portland State University, "only one is positively known to survive substantially intact." In Arkansas one-fourth of the one thousand Indian sites known in 1960 were obliterated by 1965. "We feel that within the next twenty to twenty-five years, most of the archaeology of Arkansas will be gone," reports

A SINKING HERITAGE: "We face a future without a past, in which we would be transient passengers on a ship without an anchor."

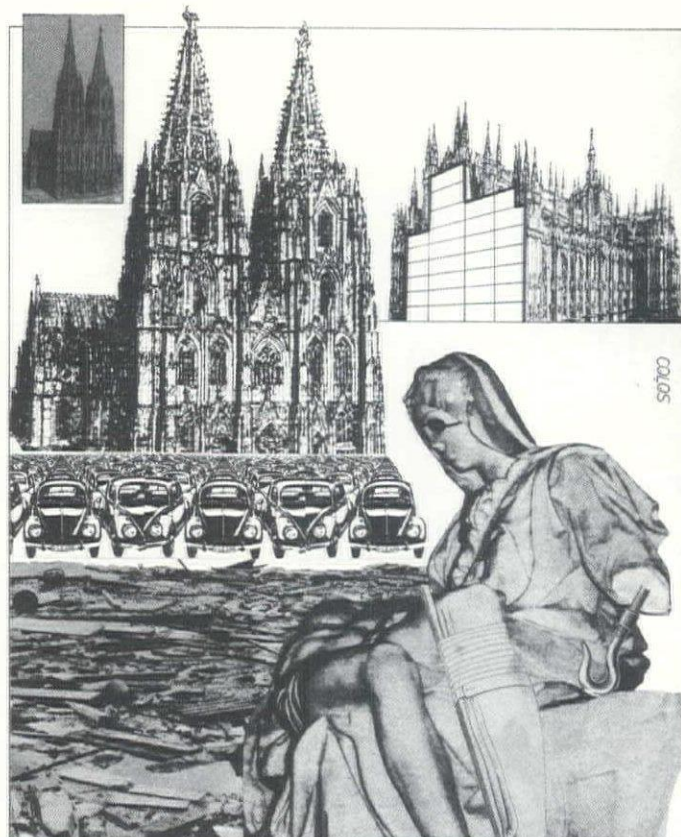
Dr. Charles R. McGimsey, director of a state archaeological survey.

A despondent Dr. McGimsey has urged his colleagues to campaign for more effective state and national protective legislation. Without this, he warns, "our basic resource materials will disappear, and archaeology's final contribution to mankind will be to provide future generations with an excellent example of suicide by an entire profession."

This is not hyperbole. Anyone who examines the evidence will discover that there *is* a crisis, and that in America, ironically, just as a serious popular interest in the Indians has developed, we are about to destroy Indian civilization a second time—this time with bulldozers.

What is happening here is being duplicated, with varying degrees of rapidity, everywhere in the world. The same environmental problems that threaten our future are reaching back, as if with retroactive vengeance, into what remains of the past. The implications are horrific. We face a future without a past, in which we would be transient passengers on a ship without an anchor. The treasures around us are a form of a psychic ballast, attesting to the genius of our species and capable of instilling the confidence we need to cope with a scary future. To allow these treasures to be wantonly dissipated would be close to moral parricide, a crime all the more heinous because it would spring not from necessity but from indifference. With determination—and money—steps can be taken to begin to counteract the Seven Plagues that afflict our past.

The first and most dramatic of these plagues is war. Man's destructive fury is as old as civilization. Only one of the Seven Wonders of the ancient world still survives (the Great Pyramid of Egypt); most of the rest were battle casualties. The Parthenon, one of the



noblest buildings of antiquity, escaped until 1687 when, during a Venetian siege of Athens, the temple's roof was blown apart after a shell exploded the Turkish gunpowder stored within its walls.

The two world wars were holocausts for works of art as well as for people. In an attempt to put some civilized limits on mortal destructiveness, an International Convention on the Protection of Cultural Property in the Event of Armed Conflict was adopted at The Hague in 1954. But in one of its first real tests, the treaty was unable to shield an undisputed surviving wonder, Angkor Wat.

Angkor Wat has been intermittently shelled by both Communist and Cambodian army mortars since April, 1970, but with only slight damage so far. A greater threat has been the looting in the Angkor area, and a still more serious peril has been the inescapable neglect of temples that are under incessant attack from jungle growths and seasonal downpours.

Angkor is not the only war-threatened site. In September, 1971, a tour of Cambodia was made by the Asia specialist Richard A. Melville. In a report presented afterward before the Asia

Society of New York, he said:

"One must constantly remind oneself that there are 2,000 sites in Cambodia, of which only several hundred are in the Angkor area. The shelling of Angkor prompted many to assume that the Government, a military regime, is indifferent to the situation. My findings differ notably from this view, insofar as government goodwill is concerned.

"Practically speaking, however, the Cambodian Government's efforts have been minimal, not only because of the inaccessibility of many occupied provinces, but also because of an appalling shortage of personnel and money."

The same shortage hampers attempts to counter a second plague—nature—which affects monuments exposed to water, wind, rockfalls, foliage, and a deadly assortment of micro-growths. Purely natural causes may imminently devastate the giant Buddhas of Bamian, two immense rock-cut statues in the Hindu Kush mountains of northern Afghanistan. A UNESCO mission in 1962 found that a vast slab of rock, weighing three thousand tons, was in danger of crashing down on the idols, and that rivulets of water had cracked open the shrine's walls. The UNESCO team recommended a seven-step program of consolidation, but funds have been lacking, and nothing has been done.

Elsewhere, UNESCO missions have identified natural dangers at such important sites as Pagan, the ancient capital of Burma, where heavy monsoon rains have almost destroyed once-vivid mural paintings; Persepolis, the foremost site in Iran, at which details of sculptures excavated only forty years ago have been damaged by sandstorms, temperature variations, and the exfoliation of limestone; Hatra, a Parthian site in Iraq, where frost, earthquakes, and temperature changes have caused immeasurable deterioration; and Bonam-

pak, a Mayan center containing remarkable pre-Columbian murals that are fading away because of rainwater, salts, and algal growths. In each of these cases, proposed preservation measures have not been carried out, mainly because the underdeveloped countries in which the sites are located are, understandably, preoccupied with eliminating poverty.

Pollution is the third plague, and its worst effects can be seen in countries with far greater financial resources. In Great Britain, for example, landmark buildings all over the island are being eaten away by polluted air. The houses of Parliament and the Albert Hall (despite its recent cleaning) are losing their sculptured detail, while the spires of Oxford, most of them built of vulnerable limestone, are quickly becoming terminal cases of Gothic rot. (Ironically, according to experts, cleaning may in fact speed the process of decay, since protective crusts are removed, exposing vulnerable stone to more devastating penetration by polluted air.)

Sadly, no one has yet found a method of sealing stone from the acidic assault of sulfur and nitrogen oxides belched into the air by automobiles, factories, home furnaces, and power plants. Many treatments for stone disease have been proposed, but none has provided more than a partial cure. In 1966 Dr. Lewin announced the development of a promising new formula that combines barium hydroxide and urea, and that in effect gives exposed calcareous stone a protective shield. But his formula is only effective on some stones in certain environments, and can do nothing for brick or for monuments that are continually saturated with water, as are the foundations of many buildings located in Venice.

Scientists believe the problem is soluble, but the slowness of progress is directly related to lack of funds and trained personnel. Dr. Lewin believes that for less than a million dollars inexpensive preservatives for all varieties of stone could be perfected, thus assuring the future of many imperiled buildings.

A fourth scourge is agriculture. Though a blessing to the farmer, new deep-cutting plows are devastating archaeological sites just below the earth's surface. This was demonstrated in Italy when comparisons were made of aerial photographs taken in 1942-44 with those made more recently, after deep plowing. The earlier prints showed clear traces of Etruscan burial sites—all missing in the later set of photographs.

In America a critical problem has been the widespread demolition of Indian mounds by farmers who need flat land for their crops. The estimate is that within twenty years all tillable land in the vast Mississippi alluvial valley will be leveled, with an incalculable loss of burial sites. The loss would be irrevocable, because archaeological resources are nonrenewable; in the words of Hester Davis, State Archaeologist of Arkansas, "You can't grow a new Indian mound."

A related problem is irrigation. In Pakistan the unique site of Mohenjo-Daro, a still-mysterious four-thousand-year-old city, is imperiled by irrigation of rice fields in the surrounding Indus Valley. Irrigation causes the level of underground salinated water to rise within the ruins, at some points as high as five feet above the ground. The seepage leaves behind a crust of salt that is discernibly eroding the brickwork of the city. UNESCO has proposed an ambitious plan of water diversion, but again, the money to carry it out is lacking.

The fifth plague involves urban and industrial development. Every dam, pipeline, airport, highway, shopping center, and housing development that man builds has certain economic benefits, but rarely is any attempt made to salvage the archaeological material that is chewed to bits by the bulldozer. Sometimes housing developments will exploit the ancient associations they are about to destroy, as suggested by this ad from the February 21, 1971, *Detroit News*: "140 acres, historical Indian grounds, stone carvings, lore, artifacts. Adjoins . . . Michigan's only known pet-

roglyph site. Top-notch land development."

Everywhere dams are a devastating peril. One of the oldest inhabited sites in the New World was lost in 1969 when a federally financed dam on the Snake River inundated a large area of the State of Washington. Diggers had found near the river a group of 13,000-year-old skeletons known as Marmes Man, but attempts to delay construction for further excavation failed. Similarly, power dams in Turkey, Yugoslavia, and Mexico are flooding major ancient sites, though some allowance has been made for salvage explorations.

A famous site menaced by urban development is Carthage, which lies just outside modern Tunisia. The ancient Punic port and the later city built by Rome have never been thoroughly explored, and the chance for digging is likely to be lost forever as concrete covers the coastal strip. In 1972 UNESCO launched a campaign to provide funds for careful exploration of the site, but the prospects for success are not notably bright.

In all these instances the answer, obviously, is not to abolish progress but to direct it by granting time for excavation before the implacable bulldozers move. In the United States the principle of salvage archaeology has long been established in federal law, but funding for such exploration has decreased, while the level of federal building has sharply increased. The situation at the state level is far more ominous. A national survey found that twenty-four states have little or no provision for salvage archaeology. An informed judgment, based on a recent survey, is that only six states—Arkansas, Delaware, Florida, Hawaii, Missouri, and Texas—have adopted adequate legislation. Indian mounds, unfortunately, do not vote.

The sixth plague is tourism—or to put it more bluntly, people pollution. With the advent of the jet airliner, no site is truly remote, and a marching army of tourists has introduced a new danger to old sites. Indeed, the traveler can sometimes unwittingly obliterate

the very thing he has come to see.

A classic instance is Lascaux. Discovered by schoolboys in 1940 and first opened to the public in 1948, this greatest of painted caves drew 122,000 visitors in 1962, making it the fourth most popular tourist attraction in France. The cave had been sealed with elaborate hatches, and its air was purified by a fancy machine. Still, by 1963 it became evident that something was wrong.

Extensive studies established that Lascaux was chiefly menaced by its human admirers, whose shoes carried soil and slime into the cave. This organic debris mingled with sweat, breath, and bacteria to produce an injurious species of green algae; the air conditioning and lights intensified water condensation, causing a cancerous white calcite that obscured the ancient artwork. Though the paintings have since been restored to their previous brilliance, the Ice Age cave is now closed to the public. (As a consolation, however, enterprising local promoters are opening, near Lascaux, what they claim is a replica of the people-polluted cave.)

Tourists trample; tourists litter; tourists demand and get souvenir stands. They also feel impelled to scrawl their names wherever they go. This most ancient form of vandalism has taken a sinister new turn with the advent of spray paint. In the American Southwest, adobe pueblos are being blazoned with the nearly ineradicable names of teen-agers. If caught, vandals risk only a minor fine. Recently, at Mesa Verde in Colorado, a forest ranger caught some youthful desecrators, spray cans in hand; rather than arrest them, he resorted to simpler frontier justice, administering a good wallop. "I had to do it," he later said. "I couldn't stand it any more."

And finally, there is the seventh scourge: looting. Tomb-robbing and pot-hunting are trades as old as the Pharaohs; what is new is the scale of the devastation. With the aid of technology and in response to the avaricious demands of a multimillion-dollar art market, looters are stripping everything

salable from ancient sites. Classical shipwrecks are being pillaged by skin divers, Hindu idols are being hacked from Indian temples, and Etruscan tombs are being plundered within days after archaeologists discover them.

This cultural homicide is wiping out what is left of the ancient Mayas in Mexico and Central America. The principal targets of looters used to be figurines, pottery, and jade pieces. No more. Within the last generation a market has developed for lintels, sculptured fragments, and huge stelae—limestone tablets inscribed with hieroglyphics. During the past decade at least forty stelae have been uprooted from a score of jungle sites in the Petén region alone. Not long ago, the Metropolitan Museum of Art was offered the entire façade of a Mayan temple (asking price: more than \$400,000). To its credit, the Met declined to buy, and the façade was eventually returned to Mexico City, where it is now in the Mayan hall of the National Museum of Anthropology. However, the Met was not so fastidious about buying, for a reported one million dollars, a great and beautiful calyx krater decorated by the Athenian master Euphronios—a vase that Italian authorities assert was illicitly excavated in 1971 from an Etruscan tomb.

The pot-hunting plague has spread to the United States as the market for North American Indian art has become more active. New Mexico has been particularly hard-hit. No sites have been more thoroughly picked over than those of the Mimbres culture in the southwestern section of the state. These sites often contain pottery with rich pictorial decorations, pieces that may sell for thousands of dollars. Consequently, reports Stewart L. Peckham, chief archaeologist of the Museum of New Mexico, "pot-hunters have raped almost all of the major Mimbres sites. . . . If the site is on private land, the pot-hunter may buy or lease the ruin so that he can plunder it at leisure with backhoe, front-end loader, or bulldozer. Ultimately, the site looks like a shell-pocked World War I battlefield." Like

many archaeologists, Peckham says the demand for new "conversation pieces" by wealthy collectors is to blame for stimulating the pillage.

To these Seven Plagues, an eighth can be added—indifference. No one wants the remains of the past to be destroyed, but the hard truth is that not enough people, in places that count, care sufficiently to do anything about it. Faced with the disappearance of our past, we have, in effect, tried to extinguish a forest fire with a water pistol.

Internationally, UNESCO has done its best to speak for the powerless constituency of the past. Its single most ambitious effort was the Nubian Monuments Campaign, in which some \$41 million was raised from fifty countries in 1960 to 1968. As a result, twenty-one temples imperiled by the rising waters of the Aswan High Dam were removed and re-erected on new sites; four others were dismantled and presented to the United States, Italy, Spain, and the Netherlands in recognition of the help each gave to Egypt.

But there have been some misgivings about the Nubian operation. The most spectacular feat was the rescue of Abu Simbel, which was cut into blocks, each weighing up to thirty tons, and then re-assembled on an artificial hillock two hundred feet above the original site. Some specialists fear that this magnificent effort may prove a costly folly, because the temple's soft limestone is exposed to more weathering in its new perch, and because the cement used to bind the blocks together will be more resistant to erosion.

If these fears are realized, it will be less a reproach to UNESCO than a testament to the primitive state of the preservationist's art. What may possibly turn out to be UNESCO's most fruitful contribution is the founding of the International Center for the Preservation and the Restoration of Cultural Property. In little over a decade, the center, based in Rome, has become an invaluable clearing-house; besides offering training courses to restorers, it

has dispatched a score of missions to member countries wishing to obtain advice on preservation.

UNESCO, however, has been forced to channel most of its energies into disaster calls: the Nubian campaign, the appeal for Florence following the calamitous 1966 floods, and the campaign to save Venice. Yet the essence of the Seven Plagues is that they often involve little drama; the past is being nibbled away, rather than destroyed in a gulp. Nearly everyone agrees on the need for a solidly funded, continuous international campaign—nearly everyone, that is, on the UNESCO staff.

The reluctance of UNESCO's member states to make the necessary financial contributions became evident at a conference held in Paris in April, 1972. The meeting was called to create a World Heritage Fund, which was supposed to be modeled on the World Wildlife Fund. The UNESCO secretariat proposed that the fund be supported by compulsory contributions, fixed by periodic votes and not to exceed one per cent of any member country's UNESCO contribution. The amount involved would hardly have been vast—if all 127 UNESCO members had agreed to the proposal, the total tax would have been, at most, \$450,000 a year. But the idea was rejected; voting against it were the United States, the Soviet Union, and most of the wealthier member states.

In sum, UNESCO can only be as effective as its most powerful members allow it to be. And here we come to the situation within the United States. Broadly speaking, the cause of the past is still very much a minority concern, just as the cause of the environment was a minority concern fifteen years ago, when its proponents were condescendingly known as "conservationists."

Even so, there have been small stirrings of change. The Senate has given preliminary approval to a UNESCO treaty to prevent the illicit import and export of cultural properties. Museums are increasingly concerned with the ethics of acquisition; in 1971 Harvard adopted a policy statement decreeing that none of its museums were to buy or accept as a gift any works of suspect origin. In the preservation field an International Fund for Monuments was incorporated in New York in 1965 to raise money for a variety of useful projects, including the restoration of an early Christian sanctuary in Ethiopia and the rescue of imperiled churches in Venice.

Yet, seen in cold political terms,

more can be done only when the past becomes a cause instead of a minority cult. An example of what can be accomplished is provided by a fascinating experiment that took place in Marin County, California, in 1967. Faced with a crisis in salvage archaeology because of rapid urban development in the county, two local teachers recruited forty high-school students and trained them in the demanding skills of excavation. These teen-age archaeologists delved for two years in three Indian sites that were scheduled for destruction, and later published a solidly professional report of their findings.

This is one way to take the past out of the museum vitrine. I would like to suggest another—an international tourist tax to provide a steady source of money for the preservation and excavation of imperiled sites. A fee, say, of one dollar for all tourists over twenty-five would have a basis in simple equity, since tourism contributes to the decimation of antiquity. Ideally, the money raised would be divided between the World

Heritage Fund and the country visited by the traveler. But most important, such a tax would necessarily involve the tourist in the fate of the past by touching that universally sensitive nerve, the pocketbook.

The idea may be premature or unworkable; that possibility is cheerfully conceded. But this much is certain. If we do not adopt some such measure for providing the needed revenue, we will arrive at a final solution to the problem of the vanishing past: by the century's end, there will be little left worth saving.

The pleasures and trials of archaeology are familiar subjects to Karl E. Meyer. His article on "The Heyerdahl Paradox" appeared in the Spring, 1972, HORIZON.



Our Forefathers in Hot Pursuit of the Good Life

They built their own communes, only to learn that
transcendental ideals and prayer and even
group sex do not suffice to weld a community together

Looking back on his sojourn at Brook Farm, the famous but short-lived transcendentalist community near Boston, Nathaniel Hawthorne felt nostalgia. "More and more," he said, "I feel we struck upon what ought to be a truth. Posterity may dig it up and profit by it."

Posterity has been digging, lately, for whatever truth was buried at Brook Farm and at the scores of other intentionally different communities, set apart from the ordinary culture, that our ancestors hopefully began. One general truth is easily apparent: the democratic society established by the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution was the most open in history, the most hospitable to social innovation running against or across the common grain. What profit, in the present climate of energetic social experiment, can be derived from a look at a few of the more notable efforts of the past?

One thing that quickly attracts notice is that most of the earlier communal experiments were of pitifully short duration, despite the ardor with which they were launched. It is an astonishing fact that the hands-down winner, as far as longevity goes, is a society of dedicated celibates. The Shakers were established in America almost simultaneously with the Declaration of Independence; they thrived mightily through the middle of the nineteenth century, and endured into the twentieth. There are very few Shakers left today, total celibacy not

appearing to have a strong appeal for modern youth, but their bicentennial, however feeble, is upon them.

Like most communal groups among our forefathers, the Shakers began as a dissenting religious sect. Officially called the United Society of Believers in Christ's Second Appearing, they had an unusual view of that great event, viz., that Christ had *already* appeared a second time, not as a man, but (Gloria Steinem please note) as a woman. Her earthly name was Ann Lee, and she had been born and brought up in the dismal slums of Manchester, England, in the 1730's. She married young and hated it; her aversion was reinforced by a vision in which the Lord, she said, revealed to her the exact identity of Adam and Eve's sin (it was, naturally, sexual intercourse), and furthermore explained that God was bisexual and that she, Ann, was the female incarnation as Jesus had been the male. A small but growing number of disciples believed her, and in 1774, as Mother Ann, she led them to America. Since they were given, in their devotions, to a great deal of writhing, quivering, and general jumping about, they were known to outsiders as Shakers; they didn't seem to mind.

Mother Ann died in 1784, but her truth went marching on. Under the adroit management of one Joseph Meacham, Shaker settlements, or "families," were planted in various fertile spots in upper New York State and in

New England. They were communistic, all property being ceded to the society when new members were taken in; and despite God's bisexuality, they were elaborately celibate. Men and women not only slept separately but ate separately and worked separately. They carefully avoided chance physical contact: it was forbidden, for example, for "brothers" and "sisters" to pass each other on a staircase. And they were constantly under surveillance: the family was run by appointed elders who made it their business to know exactly where each individual was at all times.

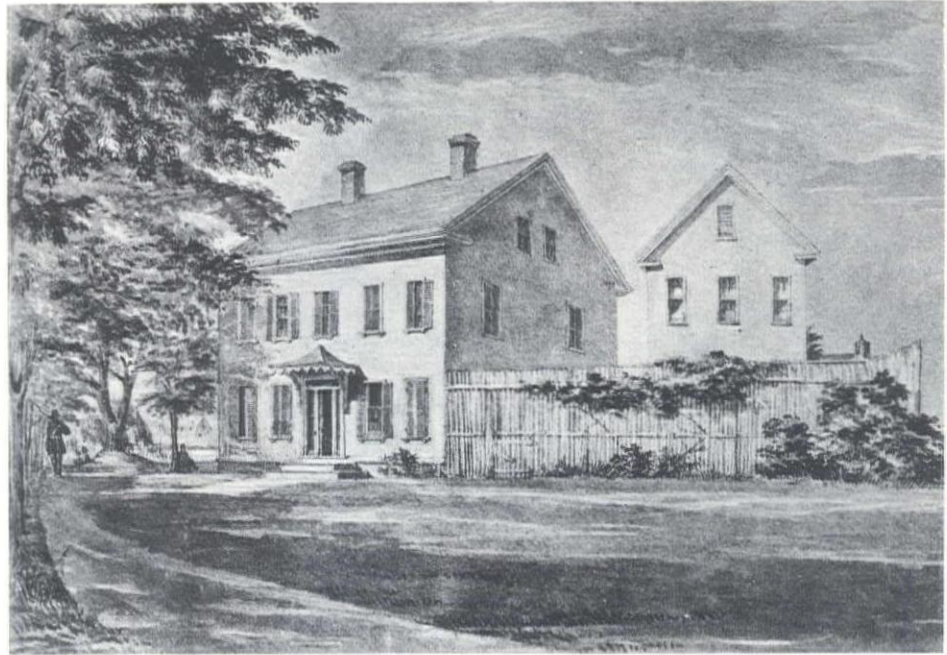
This sexual austerity projected itself onto their whole life style, which was almost ostentatiously spare in dress, furniture, and décor. Caring nothing for beauty, they produced chairs, tables, and utensils so absolutely functional as to achieve beauty in what now seems a very contemporary mode. And since they had to support themselves, they learned to manufacture things like furniture, brooms, mops, and pails with such honest quality that they were never in want of a market. On top of this the Shakers were produce farmers par excellence: their fruits, vegetables, and seeds were usually the best obtainable for miles around.

For amusement, somewhat surprisingly, the Shakers went in for dancing. The music, to be sure, consisted entirely of hymns celebrating the Shaker way and, sometimes, disparaging the rest of the world, as in this rather vitriolic ex-



George Ripley

THE TRANSCENDENTAL FARM: Hoping to combine intellectual pursuits with simple living in a classless society, George Ripley and a group of friends set up housekeeping at Brook Farm in 1841. But his ideal community, where all would share the joys of learning and honest toil, floundered after 1846, destroyed by a disastrous fire and a loss of faith among the participants.



Houses at Brook Farm in an early heliotype print

ample designed to scotch any lingering fondness for normal family life:

Of all the relations that ever I see
My old fleshly kindred are furthest from me.
So bad and so ugly, so hateful they feel,
To see them and hate them increases my zeal.

Musical instruments were frowned upon, but the Shakers became adept at rhythmical singing and chanting, and on occasion they would amuse themselves by pretending to be a large brass band, each person imitating, with appropriate gestures, the playing of a trombone, trumpet, French horn, or whatever instrument struck the fancy.

Shaker dancing was highly ritualized, and it need hardly be said that there was no body contact, and no conventionalized flirting as in square dancing, reels, or minuets. The company would form concentric circles or squares, the men together and the women together, and perform various gyrations with a quick kind of shuffling step, the rhythm being kept by hand clapping and singing. The Shakers were also indefatigable spiritualists, and many of them received remarkable and cheering messages from the other world, as, for instance, that George Washington and most of the other Founding Fathers had, after thinking it over, taken up Shakerism; or that an entire tribe of In-

dians, long since deceased, had applied for admission to the Shaker fold.

It was and is easy to make fun of the Shakers, and some critics found their *modus vivendi* dismally unattractive besides. Charles Dickens came, saw, and reported, in 1842: "We walked into a grim room where several grim hats were hanging on grim pegs, and the time was grimly told by a grim clock. . . . Ranged against the wall were six or eight stiff highbacked chairs, and they partook so strongly of the general grimness, that one would much rather have sat on the floor than incurred the slightest obligation to any of them." Yet, on the whole, Mother Ann's heaven on earth earned respect and even admiration from nineteenth-century intellectuals and reformers. They were impressed with the Shakers' pacifism, their relatively equal treatment of men and women, their opposition to slavery, their industry, their steadfast orderliness and cleanliness, their integrity. It was these attributes, as well as the assurance of plain but ample fare and a peaceful if somewhat placid existence, that attracted some six thousand adherents to Shakerism when it was at its height in mid-century.

The Shakers were of lowly origin; the Owenites started at the opposite end of the social and economic spectrum. A British prototype of the self-made in-

dustrial tycoon, Robert Owen was the proprietor of huge cotton mills in New Lanark, Scotland, before he was thirty. Rich but kindly, he introduced sensational reforms for his workers, refusing to hire children under ten years old and cutting the workday back to ten and three-quarters hours. But he dreamed of better things—a paradise where private property and greed would be abolished, where nobody would work more than three hours a day, and where everyone would be healthy, well-educated, and blissfully happy. Since he was, however, a professed agnostic as well as a socialist, he had difficulty getting philanthropists and statesmen to support his schemes, and in the end he had to finance them himself.

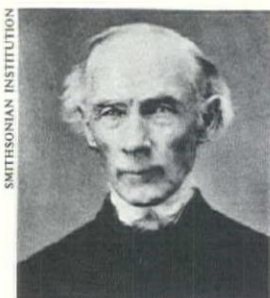
A wonderful chance came in 1825. George Rapp, the spiritual and temporal führer of a group of several hundred German separatists, offered for sale the extremely neat and well-developed communal village that he and his sect had built at Harmonie, Indiana. One reason evidently—and Owen might well have looked into this—was success rather than failure: Rapp felt that his people were getting too fat and prosperous on the Wabash and that a move back to the wilds of Pennsylvania (where they had originally settled) might revive the Rappites' pio-

neer hardihood. Owen was thus able to purchase, for what even then seemed a bargain price—\$135,000—an entire town, complete with twenty thousand acres of good land, large orchards, houses, mills, craft shops, community centers, and a hospital.

Not that Owen was satisfied with the physical layout at Harmonie, or New Harmony, as he soon renamed it. He was one of those visionaries who loved to draw up precise diagrams for future establishments; in fact, after his much-trumpeted arrival in America he traveled around with a six-foot model of the community as he planned to rebuild it. Everything was to be perfectly arranged inside a 1,000-foot hollow square: living quarters for the married, unmarried, and children; a school system complete from nursery to university; lecture halls and a library; scientific laboratories and machine shops; ballrooms and a gymnasium. All was balance and enlightened symmetry.

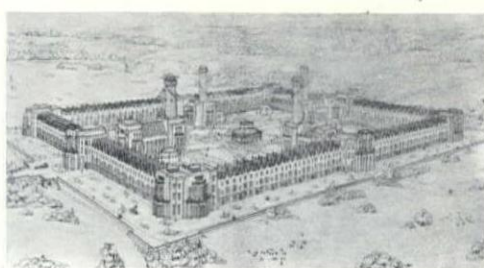
In the meantime, Owen thought, the actual as opposed to the potential New Harmony was a decent "half-way house," and he invited anyone interested to come and take part. They arrived in large numbers—about a thousand by the end of 1825—and although a high percentage of them were people of refinement, capable of brilliant conversation, elegant entertainments, and endless theorizing, few seemed to have any notion of how (for instance) to plough a field, repair an outhouse, or mix concrete. Owen sanguinely agreed to pay them each \$1.50 a week out of his own pocket, no matter what they did, while he went off to Europe to try to interest more intellectuals in his great project.

He returned early in 1826, followed by a collection of savants so brilliant that it was ever afterward known as "the Boatload of Knowledge." Owen then proposed a new constitution that would put New Harmony, economically, on a true communistic basis. "It found favour," wrote his son Robert Dale Owen subsequently and bitterly, "with that heterogeneous collection of



Robert Owen

NO HARMONY: After making his fortune, and his name, in Scotland, Robert Owen came to America, establishing the community of New Harmony on the banks of the Wabash in 1825. His grand conception of a society in which everyone would be healthy, happy, and wise was doomed from the start. Crops failed; industry suffered; housing was inadequate; members lost their commitment. New Harmony was dead by 1827.



Design for New Harmony by Stedman Whitwell



"All Owin'—No Payin'," by George Cruikshank

radicals, enthusiastic devotees to principle, honest latitudinarians and lazy theorists, with a sprinkling of unprincipled sharpers thrown in." Nevertheless, there were some dissenters, and with characteristic generosity Owen gave them land a couple of miles out of town where they could set up their own version of the new world order. Only a few weeks later there was another split: this time the separatists objected not to Owen's agnosticism, as the first group had, but to his teetotalism, for there was not a single tavern in New Harmony. Again the founder was agreeable, and the drinking crowd set up housekeeping in a little settlement christened Feiba Peveli. (This was in accordance with a system devised by an Englishman named Stedman Whitwell, who assigned letters of the alphabet to degrees of longitude and latitude so that the name of a town would indicate its geographic location. The results were somewhat Gulliverian: New York, for instance, was to be renamed Otke Notive and London would be called Lafa Vovutu.)

On the Fourth of July, 1826, with New Harmony sliding further and further off key, Owen stubbornly proclaimed the Declaration of Mental Independence, the gist of which was that

the new era was still dawning. Less than a year later he was beginning to sell off land in New Harmony to private parties who wished to remain, and the experiment was finished. Owen, however, never abandoned the socialist struggle: he died not only with his boots on, at the age of eighty-seven (in 1858), but in the middle of a lecture he was giving on "The Human Race Governed Without Punishment."

Notwithstanding the failure of New Harmony, the venture excited enormous interest among America's idealists, including the Boston intellectuals who, following Emerson's lead, called themselves transcendentalists. George Ripley was one of these, a Unitarian minister grown impatient with even that liberal church. He resigned his pulpit early in 1841, made a down payment on an isolated farm a few miles outside of Boston, and managed to lure a handful of friends and acquaintances to join him and his wife in a try at co-operative living.

Brook Farm, as it soon became known, was founded on less radical principles than New Harmony or the Shaker communities. It was not communistic but gently capitalistic, a stock company in which any interested person could buy shares. Its aims, howev-

er, were no less idealistic. As Ripley wrote Emerson:

Our objects . . . are to insure a more natural union between intellectual and manual labor than now exists; to combine the thinker and the worker, as far as possible, in the same individual; . . . to do away the necessity of menial services, by opening the benefits of education and the profits of labor to all; and thus to prepare a society of liberal, intelligent, and cultivated persons, whose relations with each other would permit a more simple and wholesome life, than can be led amidst the pressure of our competitive institutions.

Emerson was too much the individualist to do more than wish the Brook Farmers well, but Hawthorne enthusiastically joined the company in the spring of 1841 and at first enjoyed such bizarre experiences as milking cows—one of them, he wrote his fiancée, was “a transcendental heifer, belonging to Miss Margaret Fuller. . . very fractious . . . apt to kick over the milk pail. Thou knowest best, whether, in these traits of character, she resembles her mistress.” Five months later he was writing in a less facetious mood: “Oh, belovedest [sic], labor is the curse of this world, and nobody can meddle with it, without becoming proportiona-

bly brutified.” He had discovered that after pitching hay or hoeing potatoes all day he was far too tired to think or write, and he left Brook Farm in the fall. It was the epitome of one problem that the community was never quite able to overcome.

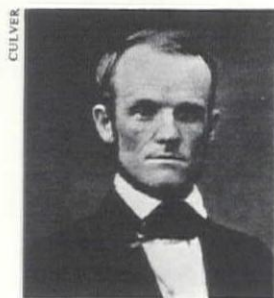
Still, things went well for a while. The population gradually rose to several score, and since almost everybody was well educated and of genteel and liberal background, the atmosphere most of the time was like that of a pleasant church supper. There were few shirkers: everybody worked hard and tried to make up for lack of farming skills by persistence and energy. If the diet was somewhat wanting in richness and variety—there was heavy reliance on milk and homemade brown bread—it was certainly healthful, and conversation at meals was often sparkling. There was entertainment as well: musicals and charades and spelling bees; and there were frequent talks by eminent figures from Boston and New York who came to visit. Margaret Fuller declined to follow her heifer and take up residence, but she did offer the members the benefit of her insights into such subjects as “Education, in its largest sense” (she was annoyed by what she called “a

good deal of the *sans-culotte* tendency” in her audience, “throwing themselves on the floor, yawning, and going out when they had heard enough”). The children of Brook Farm liked the place: there were lots of hikes and picnics in the surrounding woods; there was a first-rate toboggan slide in the winter; their parents left them alone for a good part of the day—if, indeed, their parents were there at all, for many sent their offspring to Brook Farm to attend the Ripleys’ school, which soon worked up a reputation as the most progressive one anywhere near Boston.

But trouble was brewing. Despite the outstanding success of the school, and the moderate success of the farm itself, the financial status of the community was weak. It was felt that some sort of light industry might save matters, especially if combined with the principles of Charles Fourier—a somewhat mad Frenchman who had died in 1837 without ever seeing the fulfillment of his wildly imaginative schemes.

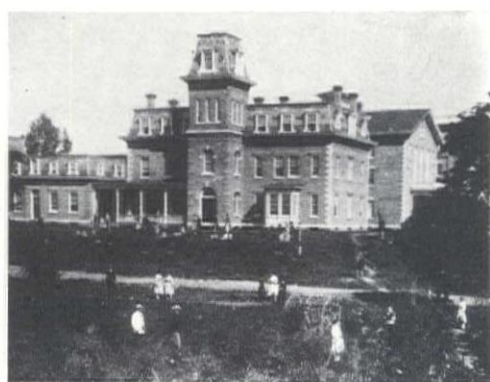
Fourier believed in social physics, of which the laws of attraction and repulsion were the universal clue. This led him to some interesting views on social organization. Though a bachelor, he had noticed that children seem to enjoy getting dirty, and this suggested a marvelous solution to the problem of unpleasant work like garbage collection: let the kids do it. This was supposed to be an example of the principle of “attractive industry,” the essence of which was that people ought to work at what they enjoy most.

“Attractive industry” so enchanted an American named Albert Brisbane that after studying at the feet of the master, he came home and wrote a book called *The Social Destiny of Man* (1840), which in turn enchanted Horace Greeley, the famous editor of the *New York Tribune*. Brisbane and Greeley persuaded George Ripley that Brook Farm should become a Fourierist phalanx (as the Frenchman’s basic social unit was called). The pleasant life of the farm began to wilt under a storm of lectures and demonstrations of Fourierist



John Humphrey Noyes

PERFECTIONISTS: The Kingdom of God was at hand, declared John Humphrey Noyes, and his community, founded at Oneida, New York, in 1848, was to be that kingdom. Members, carefully screened, practiced what Noyes called Bible Communism—everything was communal, including sex. All went well until the 1870’s; then, threatened with prosecution for his unorthodox ideas, Noyes fled to Canada. The leaderless utopia renounced Bible Communism and became a joint-stock company, which is famous nowadays for its silverware.



Mansion House, hub of the Oneida Community



Communal balloting to approve a marriage

principles, and when, in 1846, a brand-new central building, intended to allow a great expansion of the community, burned to the ground, it meant, in effect, the end of Brook Farm. There were many broken hearts. "It was like the apple blossoms dropping from the trees," wrote an old man, many years later, who had spent his boyhood there.

John Humphrey Noyes, the founding father of Oneida Community, always acknowledged that it "received a great impulse from Brook Farm. . . . In the fall of 1847, when Brook Farm was breaking up, the Putney Community was also breaking up, but in the agonies not of death, but of birth."

The Putney Community was Noyes's first attempt at an alternative way of living and was the forerunner of Oneida. The son of a Vermont congressman, Noyes had a respectable New England education: Dartmouth, followed by the Andover and Yale divinity schools. But he had more. He had a searching mind, a wonderful sense of pragmatism, and truly amazing nerve. His conversion to fundamentalist Christianity was common enough for his time, but his independent interpretation of the Bible was enough to make any ordinary fundamentalist hysterical. Pondering the Gospel according to St. John one day in 1833, he received an epiphany: the Second Coming of Christ had *already taken place*—and not in the shape of Mother Ann Lee, either. It had occurred in the year A.D. 70; the Kingdom of Heaven was at hand, and the perfection of man was possible here and now. Noyes set out to achieve it.

He was given a boost along the way by the Yale Divinity School, which revoked his preaching license. Undismayed, he started a little periodical called *The Witness* in 1837, and in one of the first issues published his views on love and marriage. It was a breathtaking statement. Queen Victoria had barely ascended her throne, and here was Noyes explaining to the world:

When the will of God is done on earth as it is in heaven, *there will be no marriage*. The marriage supper of the Lamb is a feast at

which *every dish is free to every guest*. Exclusiveness, jealousy, quarreling, have no place there, for the same reason as that which forbids the guests at a thanksgiving dinner to claim each his separate dish, and quarrel with the rest for his rights. In a holy community, there is no more reason why sexual intercourse should be restrained by law, than why eating and drinking should be—and there is as little occasion for shame in the one case as in the other. . . .

This stunned most readers at the time, but it favorably impressed a dish named Harriet Holton, a granddaughter of a former lieutenant governor of Vermont, and she sent Noyes eighty dollars to carry on his work. He looked her up, fell in love, and married her in 1838 with the understanding that "We can enter into no engagement with each other which shall limit the range of our affections. . . ."

The every-dish-is-free-to-every-guest theory remained a theory for eight years, but during that time Noyes learned something else that made the whole thing a lot more practicable. Harriet had four miscarriages out of five pregnancies, and suffered miserably each time. Determined not to inflict this upon her again, Noyes practiced and mastered a technique of intercourse that he called male continence. What it amounted to was the development of tremendous control, so that he could make love indefinitely without ever reaching orgasm. Not only, he wrote later, did his wife find this "very satisfactory," but his own enjoyment was greatly increased. The method allowed "all and more than all the ordinary freedom of love (since the crisis always interrupts the romance)," and it avoided "the drain of life on the part of the man. . . . the exhaustion which follows."

With this invention, things moved fast. Noyes had set up a small communal group, the Putney Community, whose dozen or so members shared everything *except* sex. Now they began to share that, too, the males all practicing "continence" under Noyes's tutorship. Unfortunately, the rest of Putney be-

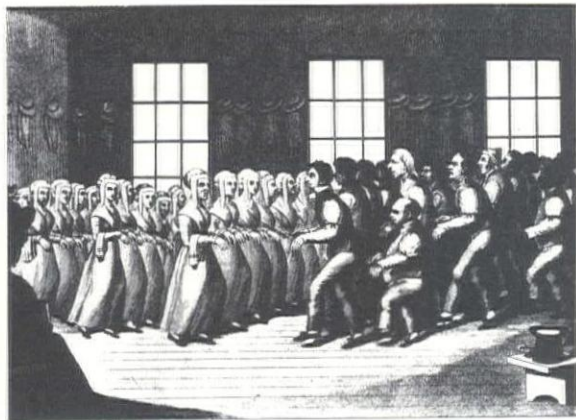
came aware of this amatory round robin, and Noyes was promptly charged with adultery. While sturdily denying that he had done anything wrong, he decided it was time to establish the Kingdom of Heaven elsewhere. With some money Harriet had inherited, the group bought forty good acres on Oneida Creek, New York, almost exactly in the middle of the state. And there, in 1848, they began to build the Oneida Community.

Oneida grew rapidly and prospered. Noyes was careful about who was allowed to join the community, and he and his lieutenants were shrewd about the means of making Oneida self-supporting. By 1851 they had more than two hundred members, and all of the adults were thoroughly capable workers. They sold their canned fruits and vegetables to the world "outside"; they manufactured straw hats, luggage, and the best steel traps ever seen in the Northeast. Their internal economy was strictly communistic: everyone shared and shared alike in food, shelter, clothing, education, and entertainment.

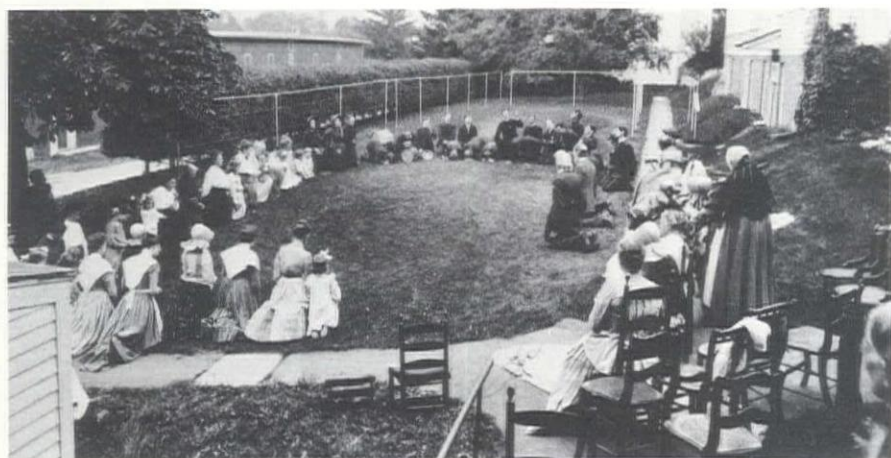
And love. Far from retreating in his advocacy of multiple love affairs for all, Noyes put the scheme on a regular basis. Boys were trained in it—by women who had passed menopause, for obvious reasons—as soon as they reached fourteen; so were girls. Nobody was forced into unwanted relationships, but Noyes recommended wide circulation for the sake of community coherence. It was all part of their religion, which he called Bible Communism, and it was permissible only for the pure in heart: "Holiness must go before free love." It had practical advantages for the community, too: during the first two decades, when Oneida was struggling to get on its feet, there were very few births. Later, when it was decided that the time had come to raise a new generation of Oneidans, mates were chosen deliberately in order to form "scientific combinations," with Noyes doing most of the choosing. (He chose himself as the appropriate male in nine cases, although he was by now in



Elder Frederick W. Evans



Dancing and chanting to shake off the wiles of Satan



Shakers of the Mt. Lebanon Community at New Lebanon, New York, at prayer

A COMMUNE OF CELIBATES: In 1770 Ann Lee had a vision: she was God's incarnation. As Mother Ann, she prescribed celibacy and communism for the English Shakers, a dissident Quaker sect. Migrating to America after 1774, the Shakers grew famous for the household objects they designed and for their ritualized dances. Under Elder Evans in the mid-1800's there were six thousand members; today there are thirteen—all women.

his sixties.) This extraordinary experiment in eugenics resulted in fifty-four children, none of them defective and most of them extremely bright.

It was because of alarming innovations like this that Thomas Wentworth Higginson, the impeccable Boston reformer, visited Oneida in 1870. He expected to be appalled, since "some of their main principles seem to me false, and others actually repulsive." His reaction, published in *The Woman's Journal*, was quite otherwise: "I am bound to say, as an honest reporter, that I looked in vain for the visible signs of either . . . suffering or . . . sin. The Community makes an impression utterly unlike that left by the pallid joylessness of the Shakers, or the stupid sensualism which impressed me in the few Mormon households I have seen. . . . The fact

that the children of the Community hardly ever wish to leave it; that the young men whom they send to Yale College, and the young women whom they send for musical instruction to New York, always return eagerly and devote their lives to the Community: this proves a good deal. . . ."

Residents of the surrounding towns and cities, although they came to Oneida to gawk on visitors' days and no doubt did a great deal of tsk-tsking, were remarkably tolerant of all this until the early 1870's. Then, a professor at nearby Hamilton College began a campaign of persecution by denunciation. He built up a following, and in 1879 Noyes, at the age of sixty-eight, moved to Canada to avoid legal action. He tried to direct the affairs of Oneida by remote control, but it worked badly.

Community sex was given up, and many Oneidans picked themselves mates and married, thus legitimizing most of the children. Nor could economic communism be maintained: the Oneida factories were transformed into a joint-stock company that eventually became famous for its production of silverware. Noyes died, still an exile, in 1886. The most revolutionary and promising alternative community of the nineteenth century had, after all, come to a rather early end.

Commenting on the brief existence of a California commune of World War I vintage, that perennial utopian Aldous Huxley observed:

Except in a purely negative way, the history of Llano is sadly uninteresting. All that it teaches is a series of don'ts. Don't pin your faith on a water supply which, for half the time, isn't there. Don't settle a thousand people on territory which cannot possibly support more than a hundred. Don't admit to your fellowship every Tom, Dick, and Harry who may present himself. Don't imagine that a miscellaneous group can live together, in closest physical proximity, without rules, without shared beliefs, without private and public "spiritual exercises" and, without a magnetic leader.

Generalized somewhat, that list of "don'ts" could be used to explain the failure of a number of the nineteenth-century communal efforts, just as it could be used as a caveat for intentional communities today. But Huxley had this, also, to say: ". . . for anyone who is interested in human beings and their so largely unrealized potentialities, even the silliest experiment has value. . . . And many of the recorded experiments were far from silly. Well planned and carried out with skill and intelligence, some of them have contributed significantly to our knowledge of that most difficult and most important of all the arts—the art of living together in harmony and with benefit for all concerned."

E. M. Halliday is Articles Editor of American Heritage Magazine, and has previously written for HORIZON on Rasputin.

How to Weigh an Elephant

(and Solutions to Other Tough Problems)

Here are the solutions that some English schoolchildren have recently devised for a set of problems that might well have bent the mind of a full-grown engineer or diplomat. How would *you* (come to think of it) keep a cat and dog from fighting? Improve the design of the human body? Design a fun machine? The man who framed these questions is Edward de Bono, a Cambridge University psychologist whose specialty is thinking and how to do it. He contends, and it cannot be a surprise, that children enjoy thinking, just as they enjoy running and jumping, and that there is no difference between a child's perceptual thinking and an adult's. A child's knowledge and experience are, of course, limited, and therefore his solutions to various problems may be impractical. "But what matters," according to De Bono, "is the way the child's mind uses the limited material at its disposal."

De Bono believes that thinking is a skill, and moreover, a teachable skill: the mission of the elementary school, presumably then, should be to teach children to think. In De Bono's view, primary schools take children who enjoy thinking and turn them, with notable efficiency, into dull-witted adults. Not that De Bono has found that most teachers are averse to teaching thinking. They simply don't know how to go about it.

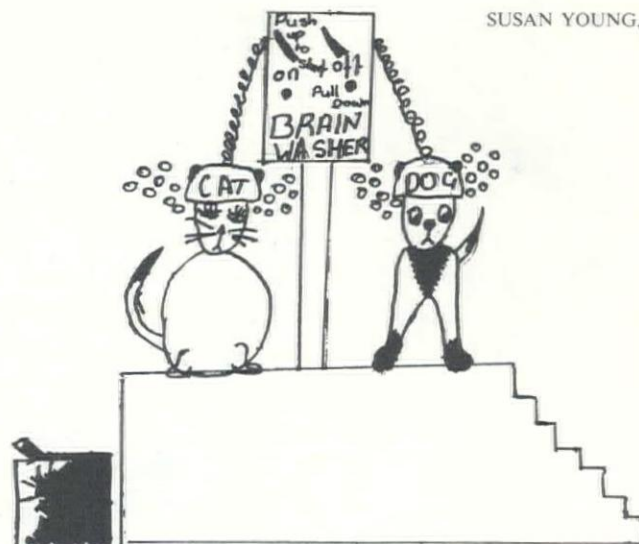
Problems such as those De Bono has devised may be one way to observe, and encourage, the free working of a child's intelligence. Though some of the problems may seem frivolous at first glance, each involves essentially serious concepts. The cat-and-dog problem is "the basic political problem," requiring an understanding of psychology and of motivation. The elephant problem calls for creative thinking outside the child's immediate experience. Designing a bicycle for a postman is sociological and humanitarian in nature: in addition to providing equipment for fending off dogs, the children were often thoughtful enough to provide lunch and companionship. In short, amusing as their ideas are, children often go directly to the heart of the matter. This has nothing to do with the "cuteness" adults love to spy in the insights of children. When an adult grasps the essence of a problem, we do not call him "cute," we praise his acuity.

The drawings, and Edward de Bono's comments about each (somewhat abridged here), have been excerpted from his book *Children Solve Problems*, which will be published here by Harper & Row early in 1974.

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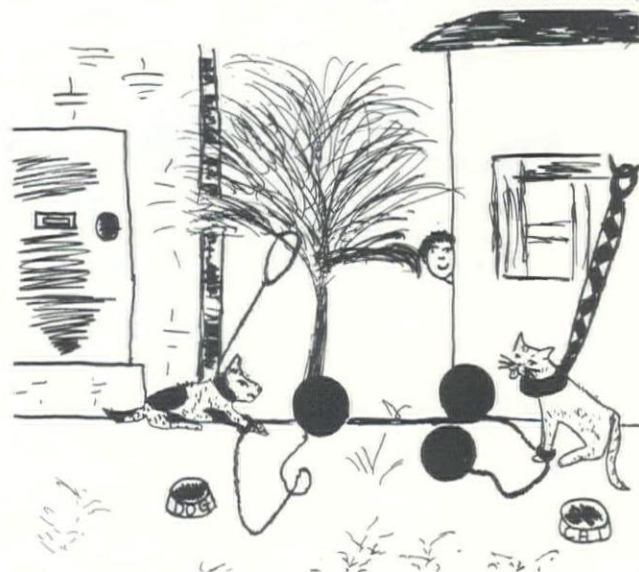
Stop a Cat and a Dog Fighting

SUSAN YOUNG, 12



The direct-love concept (relying on science). Cat and dog are brainwashed into loving each other. Is that so awful?

JANE BENTLEY, 13

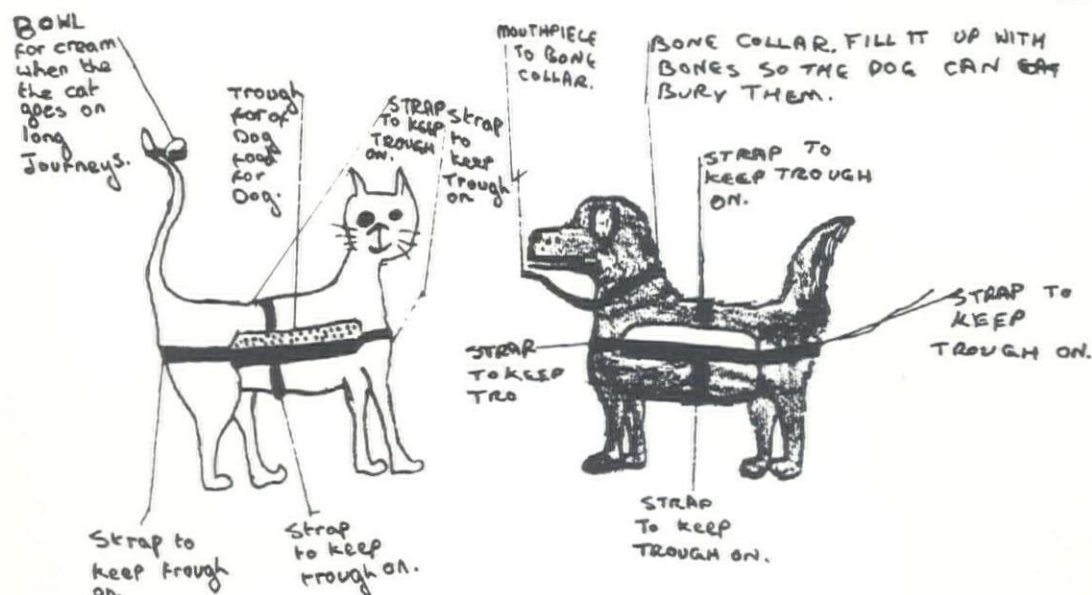


The ghetto concept. The cages are balls and chains which restrict free movement. For instance, the need for visas, passports, etc., which achieve the same effect as a ghetto.

DAVID HOWARD, 10



The distraction concept. Keep the dog and cat happy and they will have no time to fight each other. Children realize full well that fighting is often the result of intense boredom.

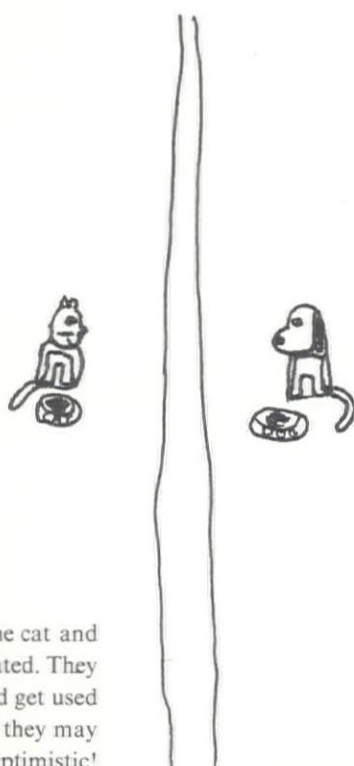


BOTH ANIMALS HAVE TROUGHS FULL OF THE OTHER ANIMALS FAVOURITE FOOD. SO TO GET TO THEIR FAVOURITE FOOD, THEY HAVE TO BE FRIENDS TO SIDE UP TO THE OTHER ANIMAL TO GET THEIR FAVOURITE FOOD.

The mutual-aid concept. Special troughs are strapped alongside the bodies of the cat and dog. Since each trough contains the food of the other animal they have to get alongside each other in order to eat.

ALISON BROWNING, 9

Put a very strong see through wall between the cat and the dogs feeding places so they can see each other but they can't fight. Later take it away



The arm's length concept. The cat and dog are not completely separated. They can see each other clearly and get used to each other, and in the end they may come to love each other. Optimistic!

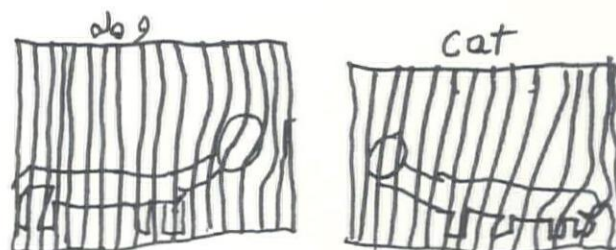
JULIET RIX, 8



I am holding the cat and the dog nose to nose and strocing them

Another direct-love concept. You hold the cat and dog nose to nose and stroke them. The preaching and practicing of love.

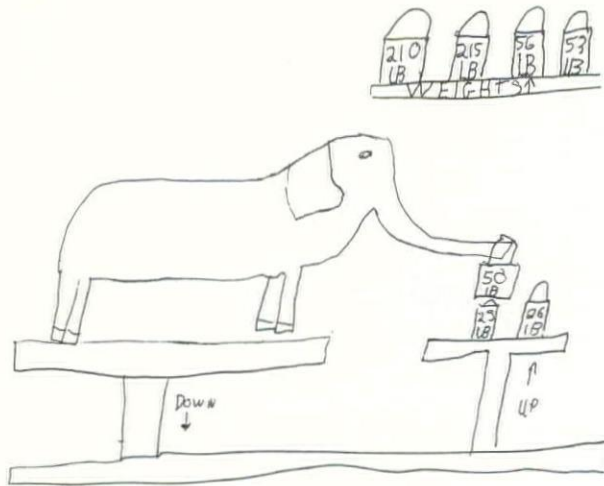
TIMOTHY ROWE, 8



The ghetto concept. The traditional way of stopping two groups from fighting is to put them in separate cages or within national boundaries. In this way they cannot get at each other.

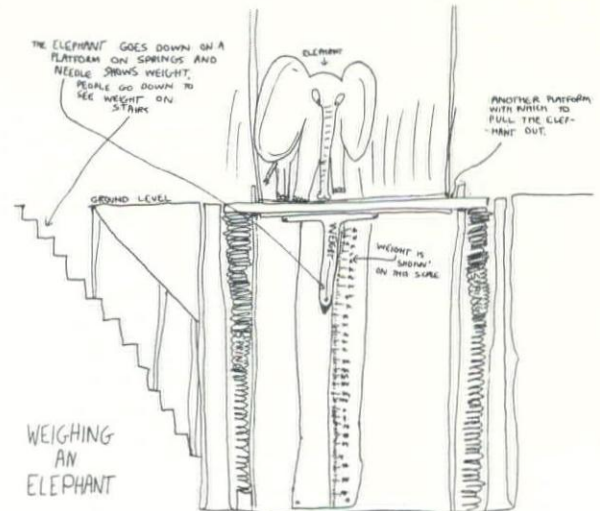
Weigh An Elephant

CHRISTOPHER MCGREAL, 9



This elephant weighs himself by making use of his trunk. Judging from the weights, he is indulging in some wishful thinking.

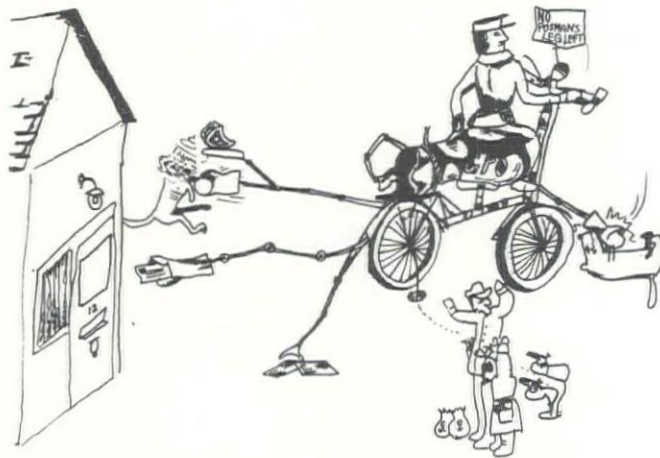
HARRY THOMPSON, 10



Instead of going to immense trouble to get the elephant up onto the weighing machine you simply bury the machine in the ground and let the elephant stroll onto it. At the end the platform is raised.

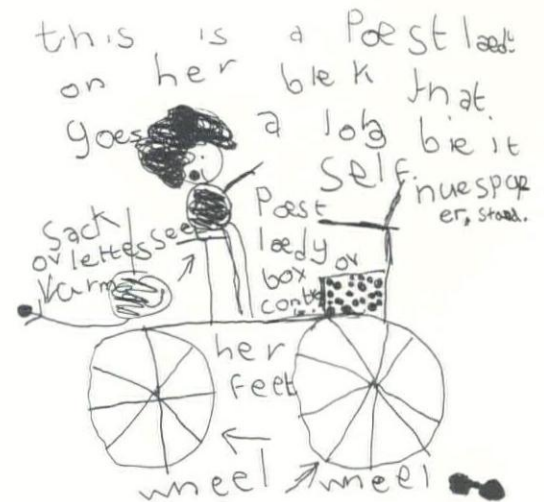
A Bicycle for Postmen

CHRISTOPHER PLUMMER, 10



A design to make a postman's life very easy. The dog danger is taken very seriously. One dog is being KO'd by a punch, another is attracted by a joint of meat and then knocked silly by another punch. A couple of underground guns take two gunmen in the rear.

CHARLOTTE GRACE, 6



The postman is not a postman at all but a postwoman. A newsstand is provided so that the postwoman can read the papers as she goes on her rounds. Everything is controlled from the control box.

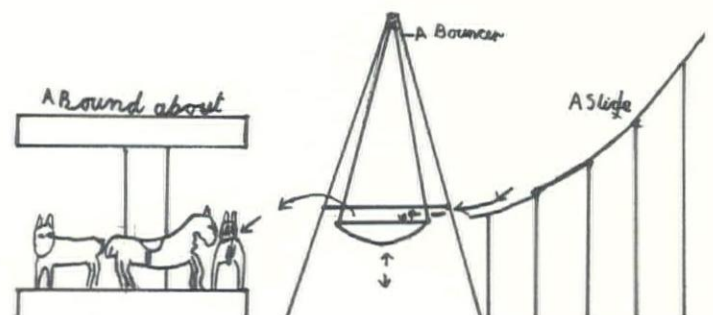
A Fun Machine

KEVIN HAWLEY, 5

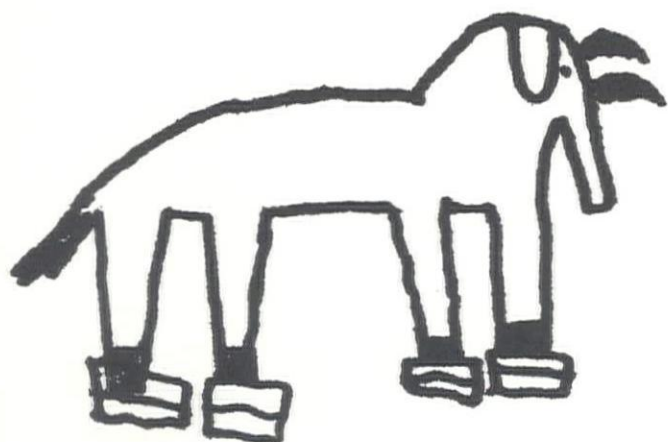
NILS CLEMMETSEN, 9



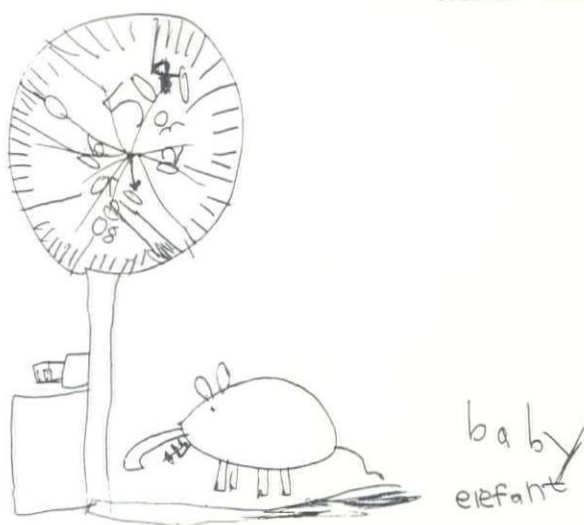
Tree climbing is fun; if you have a special machine to climb trees that will be a fun machine. The tree-climbing machine takes the hard work out of tree climbing because it is operated by battery.



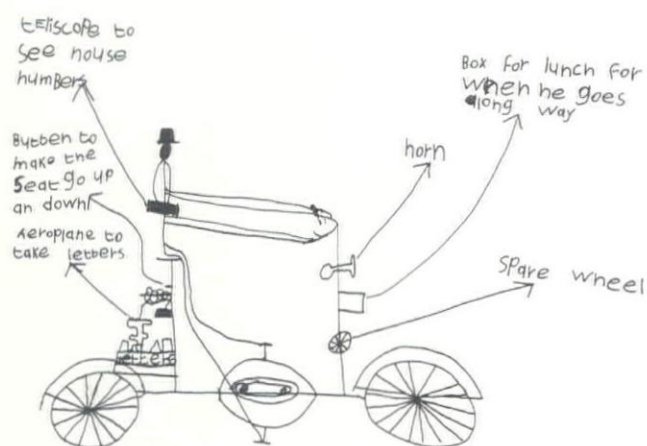
The fairground approach to fun. You go down a slide onto a bouncer and then onto a roundabout. Since it is a fun machine all the parts fit together. It isn't just walking from one enjoyment to another. You sit on the slide and everything happens in sequence.



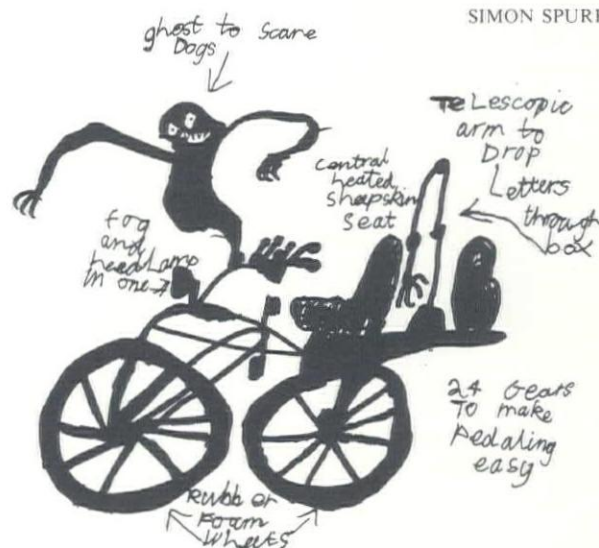
A very clever solution. The elephant is too big for household scales. You get four scales and make him put one leg on each—then you add the four weights (half a ton can be weighed like this).



Someone has ducked the problem by weighing a baby elephant. Or it may be easier for a child to identify with a baby elephant.



Improvements include the practical one of a telescope through which to see small house-numbers. Also a button to make the seat go up and down and a box for lunch when he travels a long way.



This design provides an instant ghost to scare off dogs. There is a centrally heated sheepskin seat which sounds as if it would be very comfortable. Wheels have rubber foam tires for easy riding.

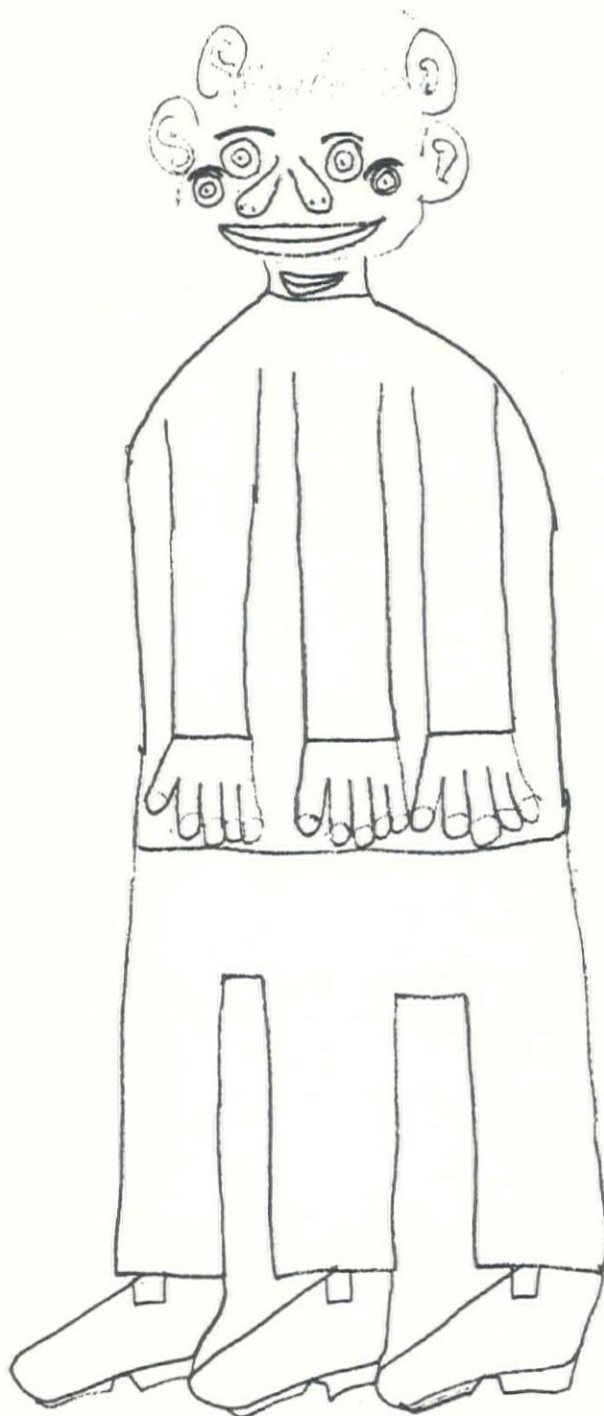
this is a thing wich you put
on your rist
and when you
want eny serken
thing you press
a diffrent button



The ultimate simplification of push-button omnipotence. You simply have a bracelet which you put on your wrist. When you want something you just press the button. All you have to do is buy the right machine, or have someone make the right machine.



A highly concentrated fun assembly. There are luxury armchairs, a robot to obey your commands, and a lot of books on the shelves (it is nice to think that children still regard books as fun).



This is a boy these are the thing
that I would like to have 4 eyes
4 eyes 2 noses 2 mouths 3 hands
and arms and 3 legs so that I
could get to school quicker.

Asked to improve the human body, many children assumed that if two legs are good, three must be better. This, says De Bono, is not unlike much human invention in which the design comes first and then you find a use for it. In solving the imaginative problems De Bono set for them, children proved themselves to be not only as acute as adults but sometimes as foolish.