

HORIZON

SPRING, 1973 · VOLUME XV, NUMBER 2

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HORIZON

SPRING, 1973 · VOLUME XV, NUMBER 2

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"A Species of Happiness"

Comes spring, with its intimations of rebirth, of bette
things on the way. And as we editors review the ar
ticles in this issue of HORIZON, we perceive that the
consist largely of variations on this theme of hope, s
appropriate to the vernal season.

Consider, for starters, the article by Robert Cla
borne on page 32. In times like ours—when genocid
wars are a newspaper staple, when political assassin
tions and motiveless murders have become con
monplace, when countless city dwellers live in cor
tinual fear of being mugged or raped—it is easy t
see why the old belief in man as a perfectible creatu
should be on the decline, and why the opposite view
him as an instinctive brute, genetically programme
to indulge in "the old ultra-violence," should fin
many takers. This latter view is, indeed, the currer
conventional wisdom on the matter. But Mr. Cla
borne isn't buying it. His article demonstrates tha
our remote primate ancestors could not possibly hav
survived by wanton killing, and that, on the contrary
our evolutionary behavioral heritage has to be one c
peaceful co-operation—not only necessitated by th
circumstances of early man's existence but dictated b
his innate attraction to pleasure and aversion to pain
The implications for the future in this revisionist pre
history are, to say the least, encouraging.

Further reason for taking heart is to be found thi
season in the article by the archaeologist Geoffre
Bibby that starts on page 58. Here again, conven
tional beliefs take a beating. All of us have learned a
some time that civilization arose in the Near East an
spread slowly westward until, with the Roman con
quest of western Europe, our rude forebears were a
last brought within its embrace. Mr. Bibby reports
however, that the application of recent refinements i
radiocarbon dating to the megalithic monuments tha
abound in western Europe has forced scientists t
revise this picture drastically. It is now clear, fo
example, that many of these prehistoric construc
tions, including ones of impressive size and complex
ity, were erected hundreds of years before th
pyramids of Egypt. Since the latter are, in effect
simply megalithic tombs built on a pyramidal plan
they may even have been modeled on earlier monu
ments farther west. In any case, the new findings have
dramatically upped the cultural standing of the Atlan
tic Europeans who lived at the time of ancient Sume
and the Old Kingdom of Egypt.

The theme of hope in adversity is sounded in two

articles in this issue that deal with exiles—one an obscure French army officer, the other a rich and famous Roman poet. Captain Alfred Dreyfus, convicted of treason mainly because he was a Jew and condemned to life imprisonment on Devil's Island, is the more likely to excite our sympathy and indignation. But Dreyfus was ultimately recalled to France, exonerated, and restored to his rank; whereas the poet Ovid, banished from Rome on vague charges by Augustus, had to live out his last years in a remote Black Sea settlement, surrounded by people who didn't even speak Latin, while his desperate appeals to wife, friends, and emperor went unanswered. As another Latin poet, named Statius, was to write less than a century after Ovid's lonely death, "The deadliest of all human woes is hope long deferred"; so the fate of the exiled poet is perhaps just as pitiable, in the end, as that of the martyred officer.

But if the denial of hopes can kill, their fulfillment can lead to high achievement. Few careers illustrate this better than that of the painter Claude Monet, who, after long years with little but hope to live on, finally began to attract buyers and fame and was able to establish himself in comparative independence in a country house in Giverny. The story of the second half of Monet's life, culminating in the creation of his matchless water-lily canvases, is told by Sanche de Gramont in an article beginning on page 44.

Still other varieties of hope are represented in this spring's issue. Peter Gay writes about a brilliant generation's hopes of remaking the whole of Western culture—hopes that were amply realized. On page 86, we read of how the hopes of loyal Bonapartists were dashed almost a century ago by the tragic death of the last Napoleon, and on page 68, of how America's chess players, encouraged by Bobby Fischer's victory over Boris Spassky in Reykjavík last summer, are hoping to keep the world championship in American hands.

Perhaps the last word on the subject belongs to Doctor Johnson, whose celebrated tour of the Hebrides in the company of James Boswell is amusingly chronicled by Peter Quennell, starting on page 88. "Hope," Johnson once told Boswell, "is itself a species of happiness, and, perhaps, the chief happiness which this world affords: but, like all other pleasures immoderately enjoyed, the excesses of hope must be expiated by pain; and expectations improperly indulged must end in disappointment." With which Dreyfus, Ovid, Monet, and Boris Spassky would—each for his own reasons—agree. O. DE K., JR.

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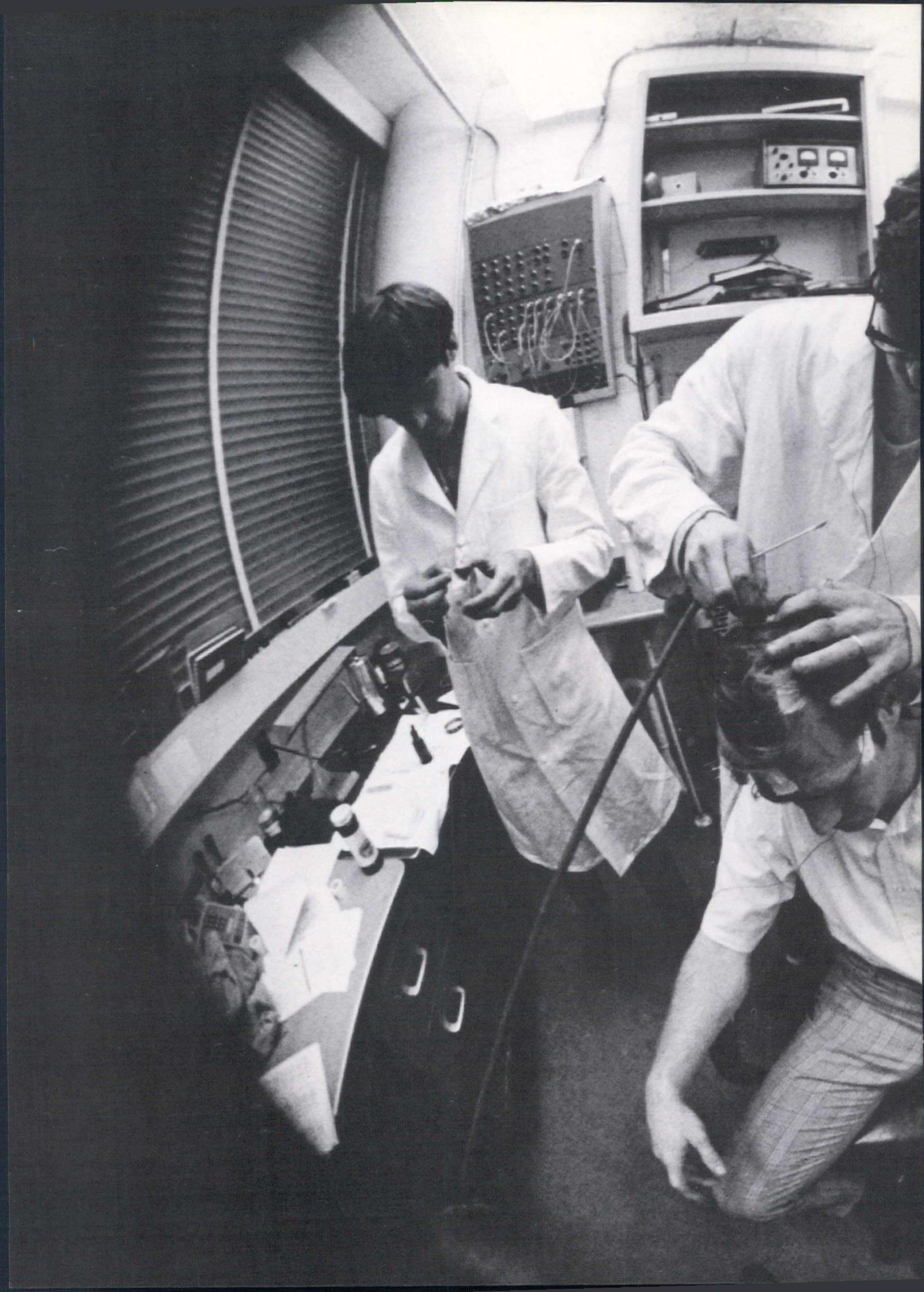
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COVER: Claude Monet painted this delightful, breeze-swept *Lady with a Parasol,* and another one much like it, in the summer of 1886. By then he was established in happy rusticity at Giverny, north of Paris. The years of grinding poverty were behind him; ahead lay four decades of triumphant achievement in the depiction of nature, an achievement described in an article that includes a special foldout portfolio and begins on page 44.
GALERIE DU JEU DE PAUME—AGRACI



Ibsen's "Ghosts" (above, in a production of 1904) began an upheaval that opened the theatre to plays like Samuel Beckett's anarchistic "Endgame," a dialogue between two personae in ash cans.







From Freud's first analyses in his studio (above) a whole science has arisen. At left, probings into the modern brain continue.





MAY BAR YOUNGSTERS FROM CUBISTS' SHOW

"Crazy-Quilt" Art Is Not for School Children's Eyes, Says Teacher.

USES MANY HARSH WORDS

Chicago Record-Herald Exhibit Is Nasty, Lewd, Immoral and Indecent.

Public school children of Chicago, always urged by their teachers to view the beauties of the Art Institute, may be asked by the same teachers to stay away from the building—and all because of cubist art.

Nasty, obscene, indecent, immoral, lewd and demoralizing were a few of the adjectives used yesterday by W. C. Strauss, art instructor of Waller High School, Orchard and Center streets, after a careful inspection of the international exhibition of modern art.

The 1913 Armory Show of new European art shocked America (above, a reaction from Chicago) and paved the way for such mod iconoclasts as Andy Warhol, seated amid Superstars at his Factory.

The pictures on the six preceding pages testify to one idea—that in the three decades before World War I a band of brilliant innovators in all fields charted the course of our century. In their myriad works we can plainly discern

How the Modern World Began

By PETER GAY

When did our minds become "our" minds? Our fears of overpopulation, of race riots, of wasted resources, of extinction through nuclear war, are recent in origin, at least in their acute form. But the minds that furnished our minds reach farther back: practically all the ideas that determine our vocabulary, direct our taste, dominate our lives, were generated or revived in the years between 1890 and 1914.

That quarter century was the seedbed of our way of thinking and feeling, of responding to poetry and music, to novels and buildings. The masters of the modern literary movement in the 1920's and 1930's—William Butler Yeats, T. S. Eliot, D. H. Lawrence, James Joyce, Marcel Proust, Thomas Mann—had all begun to write before 1914, and some had already published important work. The expressionist play, poem, and novel, which we tend to associate with the early 1920's, were flourishing by 1910. Experimental painting—neoimpressionism, expressionism, cubism, futurism, abstraction—all predate World War I: Kandinsky made his famous discovery of nonobjective art, one of the decisive revolutions in the modern mind, some time in the year 1910. Philosophical movements like logical positivism, pragmatism, and phenomenology emerged before the war. The International style in architecture, which became the avant-garde style in the 1920's and 1930's in the buildings of Gropius and Mies van der Rohe, was developed in a series of buildings and designs between about 1907 and 1914; the functionalism of Frank Lloyd Wright was mature by 1911, when two books on his houses brought him European fame.

In music, the sonorities of Wagner, though kept alive by Mahler and Strauss, found determined challengers. "We ought to have our own music," Eric Satie said to Claude Debussy, "if possible without sauerkraut." By 1908, music without sauerkraut was a reality: Schönberg, Berg, and Webern had broken through to atonalism. The dominant questions of modern physics—relativity, atomic structure, and quantum theory—were first asked well before the war by Albert Einstein, Ernest Rutherford, and Max Planck. It was in this period, too, that Emile Durkheim and Max Weber wrote the classics of sociology, bringing into focus such modern concerns as charisma, bureaucratization, the disenchantment of a world without religion, and, above all, the personal dilemmas of anomie and alienation.

We are the children of that quarter century, 1890 to 1914, crowded as it was with men of genius, with startling new ways of seeing the world, and with radical innovations in literary and artistic techniques. One of the participants in that heady time, Virginia Woolf, recorded its impress in her inimitable manner: "In or about December 1910," she said not long after the war, "human character changed."

But what of World War I? How do we leap across *that* abyss? For if there is agreement on any event in recent history, it is that that war was the end of an epoch, a knife wound from which there was no recovery. "The war," Wyndham Lewis wrote in 1937, "is such a tremendous landmark that locally it imposes itself upon our computations of time like the birth of Christ. We say 'pre-war' and 'post-war' rather as we say B.C. or A.D." Many, recalling or reconstructing that vanished world, mourned it as a lost paradise. As John

Maynard Keynes wrote in 1919:

What an extraordinary episode in the economic progress of man that age was which came to an end in August 1914! The greater part of the population, it is true, worked hard and lived at a low standard of comfort, yet were, to all appearances, reasonably contented with this lot. But escape was possible, for any man of capacity or character at all exceeding the average, into the middle and upper classes, for whom life offered, at a low cost and with the least trouble, conveniences, comforts, and amenities beyond the compass of the richest and most powerful monarchs of other ages. The inhabitant of London could order by telephone, sipping his morning tea in bed, the various products of the whole earth, in such quantity as he might see fit, and reasonably expect their early delivery upon his doorstep. . . . He could secure forthwith, if he wished it, cheap and comfortable means of transit to any country or climate without passport or other formality, could despatch his servant to the neighbouring office of a bank for such supply of the precious metals as might seem convenient, and could then proceed abroad to foreign quarters, without knowledge of their religion, language, or customs, bearing coined wealth upon his person, and would consider himself greatly aggrieved and much surprised at the least interference. But, most important of all, he regarded this state of affairs as normal, certain, and permanent, except in the direction of further improvement, and any deviation from it as aberrant, scandalous, and avoidable. The projects and politics of militarism and imperialism, of racial and cultural rivalries, of monopolies, restrictions, and exclusion, which were to play the serpent to this paradise, were little more than the amusements of his daily newspaper, and appeared to exercise almost no influence at all on the ordinary course of social and economic life, the internationalisation of which was nearly complete in practice.

Yet there were skeptics, observers who acknowledged Keynes's facts but placed the accents quite differently; they were inclined to see militarism, imperialism, racial rivalries, and the rest, not as amusements, but as insidious and growing menaces. Kandinsky glumly contemplated what he thought to be the spiritual emptiness of the age. In 1926 G. Lowes Dickinson called the decade from 1904 to 1914 "the international anarchy." And V. S. Pritchett, remembering the "Sunday processions of unemployed marching with their banners," has testified: "When I read books of nostalgia about Edwardian times, I find I remember nothing but the English meanness."

Such doubts emerged very early. On August 10, 1914, when the war was a week old, Henry James wrote an anguished letter to a friend. "Black and hideous to me is the tragedy that gathers, and I'm sick beyond cure to have lived on to see it," he wrote. "You and I, the ornaments of our generation, should have been spared this wreck of our belief that through the long years we had seen civilization grow and the worst become impossible. The tide that bore us along was then all the while moving to *this* as its grand Niagara—yet what a blessing we didn't know it. It seems to me to *undo* everything, everything that was ours, in the most horrible retroactive way . . ." All the past, he added later, "with this hideous card all the while up its sleeve, seems now a long treachery, an unthinkable humbug."

These conflicting testimonies only deepen the paradox. If the period before the war was sick, a Heartbreak House near collapse, then how could it have produced such magnificent ideas and works of art? And if it was essentially healthy, how did its ideas and its art persist across that gulf, the war?

The first step toward an answer is to take a second look. There was nothing sick about modern artists rebelling against the stuffiness of the academy and the dictatorship of the respectable: their rebellion was vigorous and, though apt to be frantic, more often cheerful than despairing. There is nothing sad about the exuberant color of the fauves, or the inventive experiments of the cubists, or the deftly sketched nudes of the *Brücke* fraternity. However limited its artistic merits, the very term "art nouveau" is significant. It was called *Jugendstil* in Germany, where youth was almost a cult. The young were a favorite subject, and avid consumers, of the new in literature and art. In their manifestoes and their letters, the painters of the *Brücke* group—Kirchner, Schmidt-Rottluff, Heckel—praised their own work for its strength, its originality and, above all, its youthfulness. When Gabriele Münter came to Munich in 1901 and found the *Jugendstil* in aggressive combat with the "old naturalism," she hailed this as "a great time of artistic renewal." And Leonard Woolf, remembering these same years in his own country, thought of "this period of our early manhood" as "an age of revolution. We found ourselves living in the springtime of a conscious revolt against the social, political, religious, moral, intellectual, and artistic institutions, beliefs, and standards of our fathers and grandfathers. We felt ourselves to be the second generation in this exciting movement of men and ideas. The battle, which was against what for short one may call Victorianism, had not yet been won, and what was so exciting was our feeling that we ourselves were part of the revolution, that victory or defeat depended to some small extent upon what we did, said, or wrote."

Later generations of the young were to turn to communism, fascism, or defeatism because they had "grown up under the shadow of defeat in the past and the menace of defeat in the future." But Leonard Woolf's generation, around 1900, was weighed down by no "shadow of past defeat; the omens were all favourable. . . . We were in the van of the builders of a new society which should be free, rational, civilised, pursuing truth and beauty. It was all tremendously exhilarating." Writers and painters borrowed freely from scientists and philosophers. Freud began to make an indelible impression on experimental novelists and surrealist artists; discoveries in physics were a stimulus to the neoimpressionists, an inspiration to the cubists, and a problem for Kandinsky. The city and the machine, two symbols (or symptoms) of modern civi-

CREDITS FOR PAGES 4-9. *Ghosts:* FROM *Bühne und Welt*, BERLIN, 1904-05; *Endgame:* GJON MILI; FREUD'S STUDIO: COLLECTION EDMUND ENGELMAN; BRAIN RESEARCH: VAN BUCHER, COURTESY UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA—PHOTO RESEARCHERS; HEADLINE: FROM THE CHICAGO *Record-Herald*, MARCH 27, 1913; ANDY WARHOL AND CO.: © JACK MITCHELL

For every D. H. Lawrence, who disliked the city, there was a T. S. Eliot to record its ambiguous fascination; for every proponent of arts and crafts, there was a philosopher, or a painter, in love with the machine.

lization, aroused the most divergent responses. For every D. H. Lawrence, who disliked the city, there was a T. S. Eliot to record its ambiguous fascination; for every proponent of arts and crafts, there was a philosopher, or a painter, in love with the machine. And success did not necessarily spoil the avant-garde: artists like Monet continued to paint masterpieces even after they were recognized. The great innovators of the age were by no means doomed to permanent neglect, poverty, and alienation; many of them found that their experiments brought them private pleasure and public recognition.

With these qualifications in mind, we can approach the years between 1890 and 1914 a little more closely. The first thing that strikes us is that they were a rule-breaking time. This is not to say that the age that preceded this one had no rule breakers, nor is it to say that there were no areas in social life in which discipline did not stiffen; as manufacturers and organized workers came to understand the new industrial age, their conduct became more purposeful and organized. But in general the 1890's and the years leading up to the First World War were a time of loosening bonds.

The nineteenth century, beginning with the defeat of Napoleon, had been essentially a rule-making age. The period had its rebels, its romantics, and even its revolutionaries; but while they succeeded in the bookstalls, in the drawing rooms, and on the stage, they failed in the cabinets, in the universities, and in the streets. The figure most characteristic of the years between 1815 and 1890 was probably Metternich, the man who devoted his life to containing the energies of innovation. His best-known successors—Disraeli, Bismarck, Thiers—shared Metternich's aims, though they varied his methods; their policies were efforts at a modern conservatism, attempts to solve, mitigate, or, failing that, paper over, social problems, while preserving as much of the past as possible. Middle-class gentility, the target of so much scorn, was simply another aspect of this search for order, of the need to control dangerous, irrational forces. Novelists, Henry James complained, distrusted "any but the most guarded treatment of the great relation between men and women, the constant world-renewal." "Love-making"—it is James's word—was quite simply left out. There were, he said, "many sources of interest neglected—whole categories of manners, whole corpuscular classes and provinces, museums of character and condition, unvisited; while it is on the other hand mistakenly taken for granted that safety lies in all the loose and thin material that keeps reappearing in forms at once ready-made and sadly worse for wear."

Typically, James, though circumlocutory, is penetrating; what was at work in Biedermeier, or Victorianism, was not a deliberate policy of suppression but a search for safety. Liberal ideas, like nationalism, were pressed into service by the old order. The French and Industrial revolutions, the population explosion, the increase in migration, the growth of cities—these were demons to be stuffed back into the bottle.

Then, around 1890, the bottle exploded. Dissent itself was hardly new. For many years Bohemians and dandies had derided the bourgeoisie, lofty litterateurs had battled the philistines, revolutionaries had published inflammatory tracts or comprehensive treatises. The abuse with which the avant-garde belabored established society went back to Flaubert and before him to the romantics. For a dizzying moment in 1848, radicals had disturbed the even flow of time. But they had been defeated, and, by and large, forgotten.

Their time came, often posthumously, in the last decade of the nineteenth century. The year 1890 is a useful dividing line; Bismarck was dismissed in March, and with him went the last check on the ambitious policies he had initiated but kept under control. In 1890, in *Axël,* Villiers de l'Isle-Adam flung his defiance into the face of the bourgeoisie: "Living?" says one doomed protagonist to the other, "living? The servants will do that for us." In 1890, too, Ibsen published *Hedda Gabler,* and in the following year, George Bernard Shaw had to defend him against a hysterical chorus of disapproval. The epithets Shaw cites eloquently testify that Ibsen had offended established society to its very bones. Otherwise, why did reviewers reach for expressions suggestive of the anal and sexual function? Ibsen's *Ghosts* was "an open drain; a loathsome sore unbandanged; a dirty act done publicly. . . . Candid foulness; crapulous stuff. . . . nastiness and malodorousness laid on thickly as with a trowel." And those who enjoyed Ibsen's plays were nearly all "nasty-minded people who find the discussion of nasty subjects to their taste in exact proportion to their nastiness." They were "the sexless. . . . The unwomanly woman, the unsexed females. . . . Effeminate men and male women."

It was in this charged atmosphere that Stefan George published his first book, and the German drama, amid general scandal, broke away from the well-made play and safe naturalism. Frank Wedekind published his drama *Frühlings Erwachen* in 1891; candidly, sympathetically, almost lyrically, it dealt with the sexual awakening of puberty, including homoeroticism. In England, the great combat between art and life, long in the air, was launched in the same year, with Oscar Wilde's *Picture of Dorian Gray* and the bitter debate that followed it.

In addition to producing its own revolutionaries, the decade of the 1890's drew energy from the neglected and despised past. The avant-garde, more than other men, chose their ancestors, and nothing perhaps is more instructive about them than the ancestors they chose. The 1890's revived Baudelaire, whom Huysmans, the pioneer, had hailed as a master as early as 1884: Baudelaire, as T. S. Eliot was to observe in the 1920's, "had something to do with the 'nineties.' " The 1890's brought recognition, at least among young painters, to Van Gogh, who committed suicide in 1890. And the 1890's discovered Nietzsche, who lost his reason in 1889 and then sank into helpless silence.

Politics were stirring with the same excitement. The dismissal of Bismarck launched the German empire into international complications from which there was to be no return, and brought an end to Germany's antisocialist legislation. In the following year the newly legal Social Democratic Party drafted its fateful Erfurt program, which committed it to revolution precisely when it was moving toward parliamentary tactics. In England strikes and intelligent agitation produced a novel phenomenon, the "new unionism," which enlisted many thousands of unskilled laborers under the trade union banner.

These memorable names and dates, pregnant with the future, do not add up to unbroken triumphs for the innovators. The Establishment was by no means ready to yield up what it had so laboriously amassed; victories for the moderns were often followed by defeats, and in some areas there was continuous disaster. Two spectacular trials of the 1890's go far to demonstrate the tenacity of the old order under fire. The Dreyfus case almost shattered the Third Republic—that precarious bargain with modernity. And the Wilde case almost ruined the avant-garde in England; if a select band remained loyal to the fallen king of wit, the general public took the taming of Wilde, in 1895, as an invitation to act out long-inhibited aggressions and to exact revenge upon those who had trampled on its pieties. It was as though by brutalizing the hapless Wilde respectable England could bring under control sensual impulses at once fascinating and threatening.

"The Book World," Ford Madox Ford remarked of the period preceding the trial, "was then electric. Books were everywhere . . . It was good to be a writer in England. And it is to be remembered that, as far as that particular body was concerned, the rewards were earned. They were skillful and earnest writers. They were an immense improvement on their predecessors. They were genuine men of letters. . . . But all that went with the trial of Wilde." Oscar Wilde "brought down the *Yellow Book* group and most of the other lyrists of a London that for its year or two had been a nest of singing birds. . . . Poets died or fled to other climes . . . prosateurs were fished out of the Seine or reformed and the great public said: 'Thank heavens, we need not read any more poetry!' "

Despite these setbacks, the period between 1890 and 1914 was one of immense fertility. There was an intense desire to push back frontiers, to dig down to fundamentals, and to capture truth behind cant. The ideals and methods of the innovators, as I have said, varied enormously. The futurist painters who made a fetish of movement and the machine were in a minority; secularists like Gropius and Marinetti were outnumbered by mystics like Yeats, Marc, Mondrian, and Klee. In 1910, in his preface to the prospectus for the second exhibition of the *Neue Künstlervereinigung*, Kandinsky sought to resolve the "conflict between spirit and matter," which, he wrote, afflicted "tormented souls"; he wanted to "speak of mystery in terms of mystery," while others sought lucidity above all. Statesmen, too, acknowledged inner confusion. In May, 1891, Lord Salisbury, then prime minister, attempted to explain how it had come to pass that Great Britain had acquired a vast new empire in defiance of its traditional morals and practices. "I do not exactly know the cause of this sudden revolution," he confessed. "But there it is."

What unity the time possesses, then, lies in a certain concentration, a self-awareness. The earlier rejections of Baudelaire, Kierkegaard, Marx, Nietzsche, and Dostoevsky seem emblematic of decades vital enough to produce such prophets, and yet secure enough to scorn them. Now their time had come. "The real forms of things," the Belgian architect Henry van de Velde recalled, "were covered over. In that period the revolt against the falsification of forms and against the past was a moral revolt."

It was a time when the philosophy of the English idealists, still dominant, displeased young rebels as the kind of bargain with error that decent men seemed willing to strike. Santayana and Dewey were starting to call for "reformation in philosophy"; Wittgenstein was beginning the ruminations that would lead to the most radical critique of language and of philosophy itself. With all due respect, the rebels could not swallow philosophers like Francis Bradley, who, Bertrand Russell wrote, "keep a shadow of religion, too little for comfort, but quite enough to ruin their systems intellectually." The day not only produced brilliant scapegraces, like Maynard Keynes and Lytton Strachey, but secular saints as well: when Russell met G. E. Moore, then a freshman at Cambridge, he found him "beautiful and slim, with a look almost of inspiration, and with an intellect as deeply passionate as Spinoza's. He had a kind of exquisite purity. I have never but once succeeded in making him tell a lie, and that was by a subterfuge. 'Moore,' I said, 'do you *always* speak

In England, the great combat between art and life, long in the air, was launched . . . with Oscar Wilde's *Picture of Dorian Gray* and the bitter debate that followed it.

the truth?' 'No,' he replied. I believe this to be the only lie he has ever told."

The sciences of man and society registered the same impatience with compromise, the same exhilarated sense of a new age at hand. The "present day," T. S. Eliot noted shortly after the end of the war, "began, in a sense, with Tylor and a few German anthropologists; since then we have acquired sociology and social psychology, we have watched the clinics of Ribot and Janet, we have read books from Vienna and heard a discourse of Bergson; a philosophy arose at Cambridge; social emancipation crawled abroad; our historical knowledge has of course increased; and we have a curious Freudian-social-mystical-rationalistic-higher-critical interpretation of the Classics and what used to be called the Scriptures." However ungracious Eliot's tone, it was a great age for sociology and psychology, both sciences devoted to the search for reality behind appearances.

The first volume of Sir James Frazer's *Golden Bough* appeared in 1890—that date again!—and while his work soon showed serious deficiencies, his collector's passion brought together materials from which all religion might be judged—not polemically, but scientifically. Thorstein Veblen's first and still most famous book, *The Theory of the Leisure Class*, published in 1899, laid bare the predatory captains of industry as barbaric chieftains and pronounced the utility of uselessness with an irony so irresistible that his serious anthropological intentions were quite overshadowed. Max Weber, Robert Michels, and Graham Wallas analyzed social conduct down to the irrational roots of behavior. In his *Human Nature in Politics*, Wallas expressed hope for a quantitative science of politics and added that the inquiry into society typical of the age was not a revolt against, but a higher form of, positivism.

This judgment finds support in Emile Durkheim's work, which falls entirely within this period. In his last major book, *The Elementary Forms of the Religious Life*, published in 1912, Durkheim insisted, over and over again, that sociology is a science, a "positive science," whose task, like that of all sciences, is explanation. Subjective speculations are without value; the sociologist must offer testable hypotheses which the candid adoption of determinism will help him to formulate. The student of "social facts" must, in a word, free himself from primitive methods and preconceptions and resort to the laborious methods of the natural sciences. "This alone will dispel the darkness of men's ignorance."

Among the scientists of man it was Freud who pushed the scientific search for the hidden dimension to its logical conclusion—the unconscious. Freud thought himself a conquistador, a modern of moderns, destined to uncover mysteries of the mind that shame had hitherto kept inaccessible. The unconscious itself was the boldest of his conquests, infantile sexuality the most disturbing content of that unconscious, and his claim that man's mental and behavioral furniture—his moral ideas, sexual tastes, facial tics, slips of the pen—cohere as a single world, the most immediate scientific gain. Freud's excavations were extraordinarily painful to the men of his time and after; they first ignored and then denounced him, and finally tried to disarm him by trivializing his radical conclusions. And as painful as his conclusions were to his culture, they were even more painful to Freud himself. He wrung his first masterpiece, *The Interpretation of Dreams*, from himself with great reluctance, and used his private traumas and dreams as evidence only because he found them indispensable. He wrote that in one of his dreams he recognized "the self-analysis which I was performing, as it were, by publishing my present book on dreams, I actually found so painful that I postponed the printing of the completed manuscript for more than a year." The book, he wrote, was "a piece of my self-analysis, my reaction to my father's death—that is, to the most important event, the most poignant loss, in a man's life."

It would be easy to go on listing rebels intent on redrawing the map of knowledge and assaulting respectability: sexual reformers, political playwrights, innovating architects, experimental painters and sculptors. Man's very sense of truth was changing. Chekhov, with his distaste for fine writing and artificial plots, best embodies this change. "Literature," he insisted, "is called artistic when it depicts life as it actually is. Its aim is absolute and honest truth." Among Chekhov's allies was James Joyce, attempting, as he did, to free literature from lying "parables." Oscar Wilde, subversive as he was, simply reversed the signs of moral approval and disapproval. Far more subversive than Wilde were respectable social scientists like Durkheim, who defined a crime as a "normal" social activity forbidden by law, or a respectable physician like Freud, who refused to draw hard and fast lines between healthy and neurotic conduct, or to differentiate between normal and perverted sexuality.

I want to add to this partial roster only one group, the English war poets. These poets were single-mindedly intent on expressing the truth. Wilfred Owen spoke for a generation in the much-cited preface he wrote to his poems: "All a poet can do today is warn. That is why the true Poets must be truthful." This search for truthfulness was complicated by the poets' problematic relation to their public; but it was eased by the glaring defects of popular poetry. The solution might be elusive, but the target was highly visi-

Far more subversive than Wilde . . . [was a] respectable physician like Freud, who refused to draw hard and fast lines between healthy and neurotic conduct, or to differentiate between normal and perverted sexuality.

ble, and immensely vulnerable. As T. S. Eliot remembered: "The situation of poetry in 1909 or 1910 was stagnant to a degree difficult for any young poet of today to imagine." Bad poetry sold well; it secured general approval and favorable reviews. And bad poetry was *bad*. Consider Alfred Austin's "Why England is Conservative":

Because of our dear Mother, the fair Past,
On whom twin Hope and Memory safely lean,
And from whose fostering wisdom none shall wean
Their love and faith, while love and faith shall last:
Mother of happy homes and Empire vast,
Of hamlets meek, and many a proud demesne,
Blue spires of cottage smoke 'mong woodlands green,
And comely altars where no stone is cast.
And shall we barter these for gaping Throne,
Dismantled towers, mean plots without a tree,
A herd of hinds too equal to be free. . . .

Austin, England's poet laureate, also wrote sacrifice poems like "Who would not die for England!" a refrain he called "this great thought." Such martial vigor, of course, was part of a muscular craze, part Social Darwinism, part boredom, part innocent nostalgia, that infected much of society before 1914—and even after: Laurence Binyon could, in his *The Fourth of August*, hail the war as an ennobling deliverance:

The cares we hugged drop out of vision;
Our hearts with deeper thoughts dilate.
We step from days of sour division
Into the grandeur of our fate.

Walter Raleigh, the literary historian, was one of many to cheer the boys on. "The air is better to breathe in than it has been for years. I'm glad I lived to see it, and sick that I'm not in it." As late as November, 1915, Siegfried Sassoon showed Robert Graves some patriotic lines he had written. "This was before Siegfried had been in the trenches," Graves comments. "I told him, in my old-soldier manner, that he would soon change his style." And so, of course, he did.

From this perspective, a war hawk like Theodore Roosevelt emerges as by no means an isolated figure. "We must have war," he told a friend about the time of the Spanish-American War.

[World War I] caused political, economic, and social upheavals of unprecedented scope, and simultaneously killed the very youth that might have coped with them.

"The old people had years fighting in the Civil War. The younger ones have had none, so must have it now." In England, what Arnold Bennett contemptuously called "the sea-and-slaughter school" kept up the barrage. In 1912 Ezra Pound predicted that the poetry of the next decade would probably "move against poppy-cock," and would "be harder and saner" with its "force" springing from "its truth"; his prediction seemed like wishful thinking even after the war began to claim its victims. For Sir Henry Newbolt, war had long been the continuation of sport by other means:

The sand of the desert is sodden red,—
Red with the wreck of a square that broke;—
The Gatling's jammed and the Colonel dead,
And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.
The river of death has brimmed its banks,
And England's far, and Honour a name,
But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks:
"Play up! Play up! and play the game!"

It was as though in direct answer to this hearty invocation of upper-middle-class stress on sport that Wilfred Owen wrote his *Disabled:*

One time he liked a blood-smear down his leg,
After the matches, carried shoulder-high.
It was after football, when he'd drunk a peg,
He thought he'd better join.—He wonders why.
Someone had said he'd look a god in kilts,
That's why; and may be, too, to please his Meg;
Aye, that was it, to please the giddy jilts
He asked to join. He didn't have to beg;
Smiling they wrote his lie; aged nineteen years. . . .
Some cheered him home, but not as crowds cheer Goal.
Only a solemn man who brought him fruits
Thanked him; and then inquired about his soul.
Now, he will spend a few sick years in Institutes,
And do what things the rules consider wise,
And take whatever pity they may dole.
To-night he noticed how the women's eyes
Passed from him to the strong men that were whole.
How cold and late it is! Why don't they come
And put him into bed? Why don't they come?

War was hell, and this war more hellish than most. Instead of ending the need to find and tell the truth, the war made the need more desperate than ever.

In quoting Owen, I have stepped beyond the period between 1890 and 1914. This was deliberate, for I want to suggest that the war was not merely an abyss, but a bridge as well. Doubtless, for all who participated in it directly or witnessed it from afar, World War I was a searing experience. It invaded Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past*, then still in progress; it transformed Thomas Mann's politics from cultural conservatism to a sympathetic interest in democracy; it gave poets like T. S. Eliot new grounds for despair and provided artists like George Grosz with new subjects for satire. By decimating the emerging elite of the West, the war brought grief too deep to heal and hatreds too powerful to soothe. It caused political, economic, and social upheavals of unprecedented scope, and simultaneously killed the very youth that might have coped with them.

But at the same time—and this is less well known than the terrible truths just mentioned—the war was a kind of encapsulated crisis. While, after November, 1918, nothing seemed the same, much in fact returned to an earlier condition. Harding was not the only spokesman for normalcy. Expressionists remained expressionists; Picasso remained Picasso. Proust's style did not change. Shaken but determined, painters and novelists went back to work. That is why, understandable though his anguish may be, Henry James was wrong to dismiss the years before the war as a gigantic fraud. They were a dazzling time. We have not yet exhausted the ideas and techniques of that time. It made us what we are today.

Peter Gay teaches European intellectual history at Yale. His most recent contributions to HORIZON *dealt with the Weimar Republic and the Enlightenment.*

ITALY'S OTHER ETERNAL CITY

SIENA

PEPE MERISIO



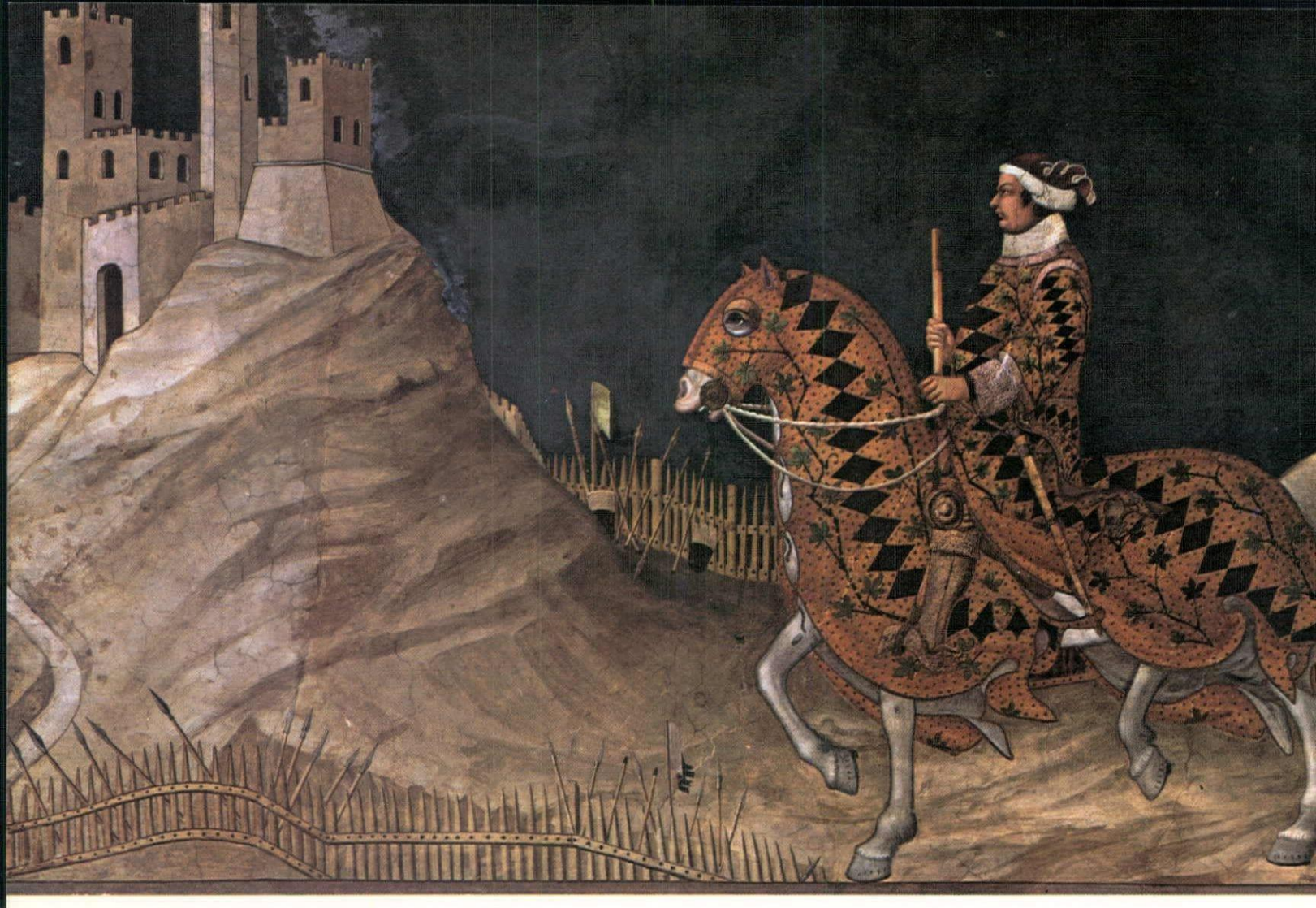
With flourishing banners and great pageantry the Sienese open their annual Palio festival, above. Opposite, on the cover of a tax record-book of 1480 the Virgin Mary offers her city—civita mea—*to Jesus. Beneath this scene are the painted shields of Siena's mightiest bankers and financiers.*

THE SIENESE AVOIDED PROGRESS, FADDISHNESS, AND ADVENTUROUSNESS; AND SO HERE IT WAS THAT ART AND WEALTH WERE MARRIED AND LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER

By ROY McMULLEN



QVESTI SONNO ENOMI DIQVELI SPETTABILI CITTADINI STATI
ALLO OFFITIO DELI EXEGVITORI DICABELLA GENAIO 1479 DAFINIRE
COME SEGVE PSEL MESI EPRIMA MACTIO DANTOGNIO DINERI CHA
MARLENGO MSTIACOMO DIBENEDETO NICOLO DANT DIGVELFO FRNCCA
BRIELI ANTONIO DIBIAGIO DIGVIDO PAVOLO DISGIOVANI DIFRNCESCO SGIO
VANNI DIMARIANO PACINELI 1480 SECODOLVILLO COME SEGVE MXSOTI
NO DIFATIO BELLARMATI PAVOLO DITOMASO ORAFO ANDREA DIIACOM
O DADREVCO BART DALCOTONO SGIOVANNI DAGNIOLO DIMANVCCIO



A century ago Henry James left the heat and mosquitoes of Florence for a week in Siena. He had a good time. He liked the coffee, ice cream, weathered palaces, and winding streets; he visited the Piazza del Campo by moonlight. He brought along, however, some prejudices. In his notes on the trip he refers to medieval Siena as a "rabid little republic." When he brings up the subject of painting, he remarks that "the Florentines had the good fortune to see their efforts gathered up and applied by a few pre-eminent spirits, such as never came to the rescue of the groping Sienese." In other words, Siena missed the Renaissance bus.

It is a little late for picking a quarrel with him. But even today people tend to be patronizing toward allegedly fanatical, fumbling, backward old Siena. So let me insist a bit. Siena—the splendid, dreaming, feminine (although ferocious) Siena that flourished off and on from the beginning of the thirteenth century to the middle of the sixteenth—was not a Florence that failed. It was a place that at a certain point in its cultural history lost all desire to become what Florence became. The Sienese did not really miss the Renaissance bus; they saw little point in trying to catch it.

You can, of course, enjoy Siena without thinking about the historical moral. The coffee, ice cream, and weathered palaces are still excellent. The fantastically organic town looks as if it had been begun by the path-wearing feet of Etruscan shepherds; it has the approximate shape of a tipsy "y"—more exactly, of a Greek lambda, since the stem points northwest—with the vast Piazza del Campo at the intersection, and a hill for each branch. Narrow streets curve gently up from and back down toward the core; you start from the Campo, stroll for ten minutes, and suddenly find yourself looking down a plunging alley, or a flight of stairs, at the Campo. The dominant color is obviously as ancient as the plan, since it comes from the local clay used for bricks. It is not, as might be expected, the brownish yellow of raw sienna, but rather a burnt pink that deepens or lightens according to the angle of the sun. The large expanses of pink are set off by some sure haute-couture touches that might have been added by Dior: the elegant gray, for instance, of the stone façade of the thirteenth-century Palazzo Tolomei, and the black and white stripes of the marble on the cathedral. Breaking pleasantly into the recurring patterns of the streets are the public fountains, which are not so much fountains as sheltered, often arcaded pools suited for watering medieval palfreys at noon and inspiring neo-Gothic romancers at midnight.

You cannot, however, do very much strolling and fail to notice that the town, as a whole, has the sort of architectural unity that can be produced only by a building boom followed by a pause



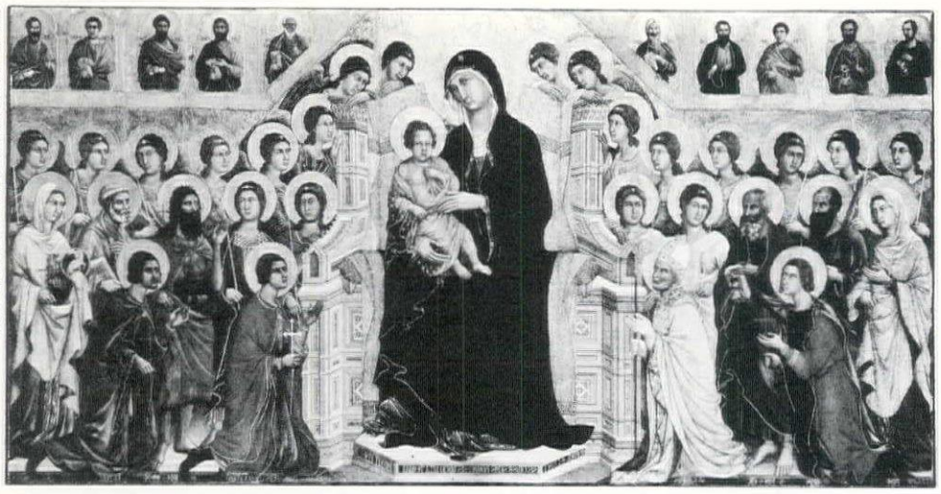
PALAZZO PUBBLICO, SIENA — SCALA

Painted by Simone Martini, this elegant fresco commemorates a Sienese victory of 1328. The equestrian figure of Guidoriccio da Fogliano, looking like the hero of a chivalric romance, dominates the landscape. Not a knight errant, but a mercenary condottiere, *Guidoriccio was hired by Siena to put down a rebellion of nobles, whose fortresses appear on either side of him. At right is the camp of the besieging Sienese army.*

in stylistic evolution. Nor can you look from an upper window in the Palazzo Pubblico at the bleak surrounding landscape without wondering why there should be a town here at all. History, moralized or not, is nearly unavoidable.

Actually, nobody knows why Siena exists. Possibly it owes its foundation to the appeal of the three hills it sits on, or to an ancient strategist's desire for a defensive position along an inland route to Rome. Although Etruscans occupied the site, they do not seem, according to archaeological evidence, to have created a city. The earliest documents say that during the time of Augustus the place was a Roman military colony called Sena Julia. Under the rule of counts and bishops, it survived the early Middle Ages without distinguishing itself enough to leave any lasting monuments; lacking access to the sea or even to a navigable river, it appeared destined to remain a large, fortified village and occasional market, subsisting on agriculture and handicrafts. In the twelfth century, however, it became a free commune and a stronghold of the Ghibellines, an important faction in Italian power politics and the local political heirs of the German faction that had supported the Holy Roman Emperor in his conflicts with the papacy and the papacy's supporters, the Guelph faction. Feudal links with nearby towns and an understanding with the port of Ghibelline Pisa, sixty-five miles distant, transformed the large, fortified village into a workable city-state that was soon responding energetically to the challenge of the European economic revival then under way.

Trade was conducted by the Sienese on a resolutely modern basis. A fragment of one of their business accounts, dated 1211, has a good claim to be called the first known text in the Italian vernacular. Sienese agents were active everywhere on the Continent, buying cloth, metal, and spices for sale in central Italy. But the really big Sienese business, partly owing to the absence of any important domestic industry, was banking. During much of the thirteenth century the local Buonsignori firm was the largest banking enterprise in Europe, and it was pressed for the leadership by a number of other Sienese financial dynasties, notably the Tolomei, the Salimbeni, the Colombini, the Bandinelli, and the Sansedoni. Although interest charges, which usually exceeded 20 per cent, were prohibited by the Church law against usury, they were



MUSEO DELL'OPERA DEL DUOMO, SIENA — SCALA

When Duccio di Buoninsegna, the first great master of Sienese painting, completed his Maestà, *or Virgin in majesty, in 1311, a devout procession carried it to its place in the cathedral.*

easily masked as payments for services, or as pretended differences in currency exchange rates. The Church rarely complained, since the popes and the papal Curia were the principal clients of the moneylenders. Also, since medieval Sienese Church history includes a Blessed Tolomei, a Blessed Salimbeni, and a Blessed Colombini, there was a fair chance that a usurer, rich and near death, would repent and become a benefactor of the religious establishment.

Money and piety did not, except in official intentions, generate puritanism. City records for the thirteenth century list constantly renewed attempts to control un-Christian extravagance in dress. Gourmets and gourmands seem to have been prevalent: an account of a funeral banquet in 1294 refers to the consumption of one hundred fish, as many loaves of bread, and a barrel of wine. There was sinful passion in banking circles, and among its victims was the possibly innocent Pia dei Tolomei, suspected of adultery and therefore sent by her jealous second husband to die in exile in the desolate lowlands called the Maremma; Dante found her shade wandering sadly in Purgatory, murmuring what was to become one of the most quoted lines in Italian poetry: *Siena mi fe, disfecemi Maremma* (Siena made me, Maremma unmade me). There was even an incipient counterculture, to judge from the impulses recorded, some time in the second half of the thirteenth century, by the Sienese poet Cecco Angiolieri:

S' i' fosse foco, arderei 'l mondo . . .
s' i' fosse Dio, mandarei 'l en profondo. . . .
s' i' fosse 'mperator, sa' che farei?
A tutti mozzarei lo capo a tondo.

If I were fire, I'd burn the world . . .
if I were God, I'd send it into the depths . . . .
if I were emperor, do you know what I'd do?
I'd lop off everybody's head.

When life got too dull, there was usually the possibility of letting relations with Florence degenerate into open war. Florence, although only forty miles away, was very much a foreign state, dominated by the pro-papal Guelph party and by aggressive businessmen who were the rivals of the Sienese in the merchandise and money markets of Europe. Pretexts for fighting between the two cities were supplied by the wish to control the main roads to Rome, to the sea, and to the north; by efforts to secure the allegiance of neighboring lords and strategic localities; by expelled Ghibellines or Guelphs who hoped to return home in the baggage train of a victorious army; and probably by the Sienese habit of referring to the Florentines as dogs.

The most memorable battle, at least from the Sienese point of view, took place on September 4, 1260, near Montaperti, a castle within sight of Siena. Before the fight, according to an account preserved in a fifteenth-century chronicle, a municipal official dedicated the city to the Virgin Mary. He then led a procession in which patriotic fervor appears to have been indistinguishable from religious ecstasy:

He stripped to his shirt, bared his head, and put a strap around his neck . . . and the whole populace, barefooted, bareheaded, and without mantles, marched behind him chanting: "Virgin Mary, deliver us from these lions and dragons who threaten to devour us." And they kissed each other on the mouth, forgave each other their insults, confessed, and took communion.

When the troops took the field, a town drummer climbed to the top of the tower on what is now the Palazzo Chigi Saracini and gave the crowd below a running description of the action:

Our men are advancing . . . there's the enemy marching against them . . . our troops have crossed the Arbia River and are going up the hill . . . they are hand to hand . . . cry for mercy! Now our men are in the camp . . . all the enemy flags are down . . . victory! The brave Sienese are chasing them and killing them like cattle.

Even if we grant that the chronicler added some details, Montaperti was certainly a famous victory; Dante, writing a generation later, refers to "the great carnage that colored the Arbia red."

It was a victory, however, that had disastrous consequences for Siena. The papacy, alarmed by the possible repercussions of the Ghibelline triumph, aided the Guelphs by excommunicating the Sienese bankers—an action that affected more than the latter's souls, for it freed all Christians from the obligation to pay debts contracted with the condemned. The resulting economic depression was followed, in 1269, at the village of Colle di Val d'Elsa, by a military defeat from which the Tuscan Ghibelline party never recovered; the Sienese commander, Provenzano Salvani, was beheaded on the field by his Guelph captors. (He is remembered largely because Dante met him, too, in Purgatory.) In Siena itself Guelph cliques, designated by such labels as "the

Commissioned by the Sienese government to illustrate its benevolent rule, Effects of Good Government *was painted by Ambrogio Lorenzetti around 1338, when Siena was at its zenith. In the detail opposite, happy citizens dance to the beat of a tambourine.*



Thirty-six" or "the Fifteen," began a struggle for power that was to last for nearly two decades. Soon there seemed to be no question about the supremacy of the Florentine dogs.

Then something happened that makes nonsense of neat cause-and-effect theories of cultural history. In 1287, beaten, disheartened Siena fell into the hands of the Council of the Nine, a committee managing the affairs of the section of the upper bourgeoisie that is referred to in Tuscany as *il popolo grasso*, the fat people. The Nine were not particularly brilliant in their handling of practical matters; they did not prevent such misfortunes as a collapse of the Buonsignori bank in 1298, or a famine in 1326, and their notion of municipal drainage made the stench of Siena notorious. But they and their like-minded successors with the same label retained power until 1355, and under them the city had its golden age. Politically emasculated and ingloriously peaceful, Siena put on weight; by 1320 the population, according to one estimate, was above fifty thousand (not far from the present figure). Governed by presumably unspeakably greedy materialists, the citizenry became more fervently religious and more and more interested in the fine arts. They cultivated especially urbanism, architecture, painting, and in all three they innovated.

In their urbanism and their architecture they had, of course, something to start with—the town plan, the expanses of burnt pink, a few private palaces, and some ancient fountains. The mostly Gothic cathedral had been under construction, as some of its Romanesque details still reveal, since the twelfth century. Nevertheless, an astonishing amount of what gives Siena its special Sienese look, its characteristic combination of monumental brio and faintly melancholy grace, dates back to the rule of the Nine and their party. Among the churches erected wholly or partly during the period are San Domenico, San Francesco, Sant' Agostino, and Santa Maria dei Servi; all, though much modified in succeeding centuries, preserve



Simone Martini painted the Annunciation *altarpiece, above, for the Siena cathedral in 1333. Against a simple gold background the Virgin, her head tilted, shrinks from the news brought by the gorgeously arrayed angel, shown in detail opposite. The intensity of the angel's gaze and the Virgin's reaction add a poignancy to the traditional theme.*

an agreeable Gothic family likeness. In the Campo, the Palazzo Pubblico, a fine local mixture of Tuscan and Lombard forms, was built between 1288 and 1309, and considerably enlarged during the following decades. Alongside it, the soaring Torre del Mangia, whose proportions ought to be envied by many modern designers of towers, went up in the 1340's. Across the way, the huge Palazzo Sansedoni, which curves and clings around the upper edge of the piazza like a pink elephant in love with a pink whale, was thoroughly remodeled, and it was merely one of more than fifty luxurious private palaces that were built, rebuilt, or extensively primped up during these extraordinary years.

Nearly everybody seems to have been blessed with the kind of architectural good manners that can give a city coherence without making it look monotonous; the same window motif, for example, was repeated on dozens of façades with subtle variations in shape and rhythmic spacing. The Nine themselves set an example of architectural civility by resisting opportunities for eccentric self-puffing; the only specific glory symbol they left behind is the pavement of the Piazza del Campo, which after more than six centuries of street-mending and politics still radiates from the base of the Palazzo Pubblico in nine wedge-shaped segments.

The oligarchs and their architecture-minded fellow citizens—in general, the fat people, Church authorities, and advisory groups of professional builders—were not, however, just urban aesthetes. They had their share of the noble foolishness and engineering audacity that can make a town expressive as well as harmonious. The enormous mass of San Domenico, rising like a man-made cliff above one of the most legendary of Sienese fountains, the gloomy Fonte Branda, is brickwork on a scale that might have been conceived by an ancient ruler of Mesopotamia. In 1343 the government completed a sixteen-mile aqueduct for the poetical purpose of piping water to the Campo pool, which seventy-five years later, when ornamented by the great Sienese sculptor Jacopo della Quercia, became the Fonte Gaia, the Gay Fountain. In 1340 work was begun on a new cathedral intended to be one of the biggest Gothic edifices in the world. Meanwhile, towers of all sorts were going up. The Sienese were not, of course, alone in their passion for towers; they were joined by the inhabitants of neighboring San Gimignano, for instance, and by many other medieval Italians. But the Sienese were possessed by the notion of upward extension. To know them as they were, you must imagine their skyline bristling with literally scores of towers, many of which competed in loftiness, slenderness, and elegance with the one in the Campo. Although such symbols of private power were eventually dismantled by time and government order, they were still numerous enough in 1599, according to an engraved municipal panorama of that year, to make Siena look like an anticipation of the silhouette of Manhattan.

Painting under the Nine was equally remarkable. The work of the founder of the School of Siena, Duccio di Buoninsegna, was in several respects as revolutionary as that of his more famous contemporary, the Florentine Giotto. It is true that Duccio stuck fairly close to the old Italo-Byzantine iconography at a time when Giotto was discarding the stereotyped Biblical scenes in favor of a





In the orchard of Giovanni di Paolo's Paradise, part of a Last Judgement *panel painted around 1460, the blessed themselves intertwine lik*

PINACOTECA, SIENA



flowering vines. The artist, who never left his native Siena, created an intensely colored dreamlike world for his gentle, weightless figures.



kind of passionate, naturalistic sacred drama. Also, the figures in Giotto's frescoes have a solidity seldom attained by those in Duccio's small panels. But there is a new, gentle, Franciscan humanity in Duccio's scenes that, combined with a new storytelling skill, is just as convincing as Giotto's theatrical effects. Then, Duccio often outdoes Giotto in the creation of illusions of furnished space, and regularly outdoes him in patterns of colors and arabesques.

Everything known about Duccio and his masterpiece, the large *Maestà* (Virgin in majesty) he painted for the high altar of the cathedral, suggests that at the beginning of the fourteenth century Sienese authorities were deliberately committed to a forward policy in art. Stylistic considerations alone must have dictated the commissioning of the work, for Duccio was obviously not a darling of *il popolo grasso*; municipal records show that he was fined regularly for such real or alleged offenses as not paying his debts, refusing to swear allegiance, refusing military service, and even indulging in sorcery. Also, merely thinking about having a new painting took cultural courage, for the high altar had long been decorated with a peculiarly venerable cult object—a naive, staring, heavily embossed Madonna (now in the cathedral museum) that had presided over the dedication of the city to the Virgin before the battle of Montaperti. Finally, there is the evidence of the much-chronicled celebration that marked, on June 9, 1311, the transfer of the finished *Maestà* from Duccio's studio to the cathedral:

> And on the day that it was carried to the Duomo the shops were shut, and the bishop conducted a great and devout company of priests and friars in solemn procession, accompanied by the Council of the Nine, and all the officials of the commune, and all the people; and one after another the worthiest with lighted candles in their hands took places near the picture, and behind came the women and children with great devotion. And they accompanied the said picture up to the Duomo, making the procession around the Campo, as is the custom . . .



A brooding sadness engulfs the figures in The Adoration of the Shepherds, *above, painted around 1448 by Pietro di Giovanni d'Ambrogio. In the detail opposite the infant Jesus has the same mysterious stare as the cows watching over him. Enigma and melancholy were hallmarks of fifteenth-century Sienese art before it, too, succumbed to the teachings of the Florentines, who dominated half of Europe before they overcame Siena.*

An alert artist watching this carefully organized show could scarcely have avoided the conclusion that innovation was what was officially wanted.

During the next generation Simone Martini and the Lorenzetti brothers, actively encouraged by the Sienese government, pushed rapidly into the pictorial future. Simone, partly under the influence of French Gothic, developed Duccio's patterns of line and color into the virtuoso style that reached its full flowering in 1333 in the Uffizi *Annunciation*, a typically Sienese mixture of abstract arabesques and shrinking womanly charm. The Lorenzetti brothers, influenced by Giotto, developed Duccio's new humanity and new depiction of occupied space. Inventiveness became practically routine. Ambrogio Lorenzetti's cycle of frescoes in the Palazzo Pubblico, *Allegories* and *Effects of Good and Bad Government*, can perhaps be criticized for implying too strongly that Siena under the Nine was the Big Rock Candy Mountain; but his panorama includes what has been called the first modern landscape, and his view of the piled-up medieval town shows a mastery of linear perspective that makes the date, 1340, seem a full century too early. A few years later Pietro Lorenzetti, in his *Birth of the Virgin* (also in the cathedral museum), handled the complex perspectives of a domestic interior with nearly the same skill.

Although no Sienese sculptor in the first half of the fourteenth century had the boldness and brilliance of the leading urbanists, builders, and painters, there is evidence that local taste in sculpture was evolving toward secular modernism. Over the doorway of the Duomo workshop was set a Greco-Roman sarcophagus carved with naked Nereids. On the façade of the Orvieto Cathedral there bloomed a graceful, Nereid-like Eve that has been plausibly attributed to the Sienese sculptor and architect Lorenzo Maitani, who supervised construction at Orvieto. Most significantly, some time in the 1340's Siena succumbed to un-Christian enthusiasm for a nude pagan goddess, presumably a Venus, unearthed during work on the foundation of a palazzo, or perhaps during the laying of the pipes under the Piazza del Campo for the Fonte Gaia in 1343. Lorenzo Ghiberti, of the Florentine baptistery doors, who heard the story long afterward from "a very old friar" in Siena, says that the statue had "Lysippus" on its base, "had one leg raised," and rested on a dolphin. He says all the town's sculptors, goldsmiths, and painters ran to see this work "of such wonder and art." Ambrogio Lorenzetti sketched it. Finally it was placed "magnificently" above the Fonta Gaia, "with great festivities and honors."

Perhaps all this is beginning to imply that Siena under the Nine really was the Big Rock Candy Mountain, inhabited exclusively by happy artists and connoisseurs given to capering around masterpieces in the Campo. The political, social, and cultural situation was not, of course, that close to the ideal. The government had to contend constantly with strife among the clans that



ARCHIVIO DI STATO, SIENA—SCALA

Contrasting the fruits of peace with the strains of war, in this allegory painted in 1468, citizens receive funds for their services, left, under a benevolent figure of Peace. At right, mercenaries are paid as War looks on menacingly. As a plea for peace, the allegory failed. In the next century Siena was to experience revolution, dictatorship, war, and the loss of its independence.

composed *il popolo grasso*, and with the murderous resentment of the two classes, the common people and the old patricians, that were out of power. Although there was a university, literature was not flourishing, and intellectual activity in general was kept at a low level by mysticism and pious obscurantism. Sports were unbelievably rough; they included breakneck horse races (the rude, early versions of today's spectacular Palio races, which in their present form go back only to the seventeenth century) and a kind of mass fist fight called the *pugna*, the punching game. On one occasion in 1324, the *pugna*, staged in the Campo, turned into what appears to have been a small massacre: the combatants abandoned fists for rocks, clubs, and knives, and kept at it until all the priests in the town, organized into a procession by the bishop, marched into the piazza and intervened.

Nevertheless, for the artistic Siena of the 1340's few terms could be less apt than "groping." The little republic was thrusting ahead on two stylistic fronts. In its private, governmental, and religious building programs, and most venturesomely in the enormous nave of the new cathedral that was rising beside the old zebra-striped Duomo, it was attempting to realize—with some Italian modifications—the full aesthetic and engineering implications of the Gothic manner. In its painting, and at least in its attitude toward sculpture, it was well into an early Early Renaissance, if by "Renaissance" we mean, among other things, the use of perspective, landscape, portraiture, the pastoral convention, and the female nude.

Then the forward movement stopped. In 1344 Simone Martini died. In 1348 thousands of Sienese, including apparently the Lorenzetti brothers, perished in the Black Death. In 1355, with the blessing of the emperor Charles IV, a coalition of patricians and plebeians drove the Nine from the Palazzo Pubblico and created an unsteady reform government called the Twelve.

Around 1357 the authorities in charge of the new cathedral, confronted by financial trouble and by alarming signs that their Gothic aesthetic had outrun their competence as Gothic engineers, decided to demolish the clearly dangerous parts of the half-completed nave and leave the rest much as it is today, a mighty, preposterous carcass with impossibly svelte members—a folly far too grand to be dismissed as merely a folly. That same year the story of the lovely exhumed Venus, as told by Ghiberti, reached its depressing and very symbolic denouement:

> As the country had met with much adversity . . . the flower of their citizenry assembled in council. One citizen arose and spoke in this vein of the statue: "Signori, citizens, consider that since we found this statue we have always been overtaken by misfortune. Consider how idolatry is forbidden by our faith. We must believe that God sent us all our adversities because of our sins. And see the result, since we have honored this statue, matters have gone from bad to worse. I am sure that as long as we have it in our territory we shall always come out badly. I am one of those who would advise taking it down, smashing it, and sending the pieces to be buried in the land of the Florentines." All in accord affirmed the opinion of their citizen, and so they put into action the plan . . .

The pieces were buried on November 7, 1357, and that date, at the risk of too much precision, can be regarded as the end of avant-gardism in Siena.

The old energy was not entirely dissipated. The republic recovered from the shock of the Black Death and endured, nominally at least, until 1557, when Philip II of Spain gave it to Cosimo de' Medici, future Grand Duke of Tuscany. During these final two centuries of independence the Sienese behaved much as did the citizens of other small Italian states; they traded avidly, quarreled among themselves, fought brief wars, staged wild insurrections, and maneuvered as best they could in an increasingly big-power Europe. From their ranks emerged an engagingly Machiavellian political boss, Pandolfo Petrucci, who ran the town, theoretically as the legate of the Virgin Mary, from 1502 to 1512. Alexander VI, the Borgia pope, once asked Pandolfo's secretary how his employer could govern a people as reputedly ungovernable as the Sienese. The secretary is said to have replied: *"Con le bugie, Padre Santo, con le bugie."* ("With lies, Holy Father, with lies.") As this anecdote suggests, Siena, during the fifteenth and early sixteenth century, was in many respects just as modern as Medicean Florience.

In many respects, but not in the visual arts. A stroller in Gothic Siena encounters a Renaissance palazzo, church, or loggia now and then. The Sienese Quercia was modern enough in his sculpture to compete with Ghiberti and Brunelleschi in 1401 for the commission for the bronze doors in Florence. Postmedieval influence can be seen in Sienese fifteenth-century painting, and two local painters of the first half of the sixteenth century, Sodoma and Domenico Beccafumi, can be rated as important Renaissance artists. The exceptions are not, however, significant enough to keep one from saying that Siena remained generally Gothic. The stroller encounters a Renaissance monument with a slightly disagreeable start, an awareness of an intruder. Quercia, after all, did not win the competition. In the fifteenth-century rooms of Sienese painting museums a visitor is only dimly conscious of having left the 1300's behind him; he is still in the stylistic realm staked out by Duccio and Simone, a realm dominated by gold backgrounds and gentle Madonnas with almond eyes. As for Sodoma, he does not affect the argument, since he was a Piedmontese who happened to work in Siena. And Beccafumi is an exception that really does prove a rule, since he was essentially a mannerist, and since one of the traits of mannerism was a harking back to late Gothic.

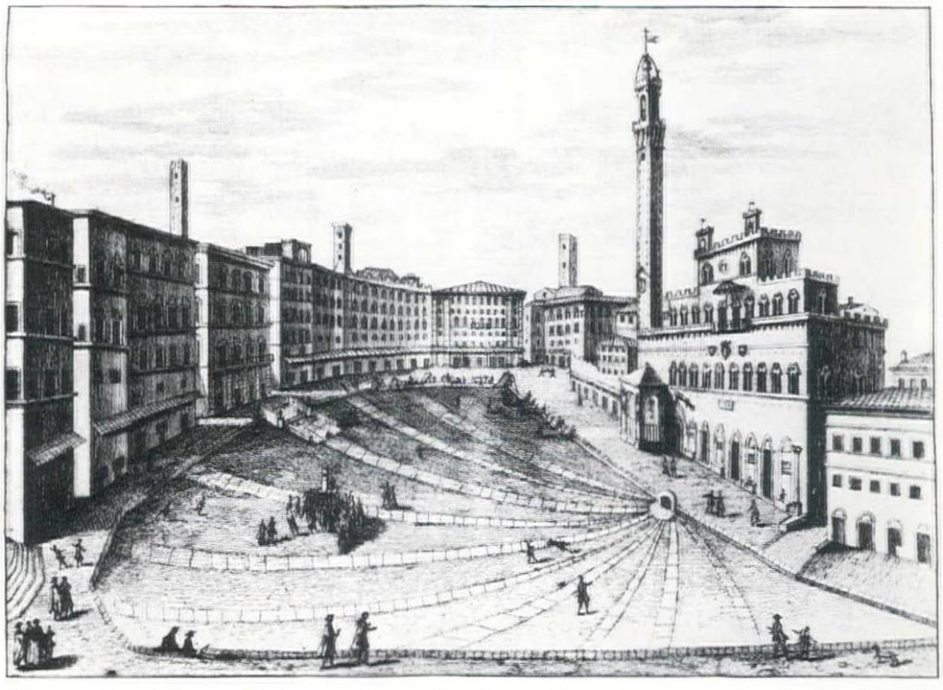
Hence one can see why some minds are patronizing toward Siena. Here is art that advances boldly for a while and then, in the manner of certain Oriental arts, withdraws from stylistic history. Moreover, it withdraws at precisely the moment when art elsewhere in Italy becomes strikingly historical. Why? A favorite explanation among nineteenth-century art historians was that all Italian hill towns tended to resist the Renaissance. Another explanation is that the Sienese, although capable of outbursts of violent action, were always mystics and quietists at heart. Still another is that nobody can be quite as conservative as a successful innovator. Yet another explanation is that the Sienese, in some strange religious-cultural-sexual way, were the victims of a great-mother fixation. Witness, the psycho-historians can argue, their hysterical dedication of the city to the Virgin Mary before the battle of Montaperti, their excessively joyous reception of Duccio's *Maestà*, their continued, abnormal affection for the Madonna-and-Child motif, and especially that revealing escapade with the other woman, the Campo Venus—the brief experiment with maturity followed by a panicky, guilt-laden elimination of the rival.

There is something in each of these explanations. A speculative tourist may prefer, however, to imagine all of us explainers, Henry James included, summoned to a meeting in the Palazzo Pubblico. We wend, let us suppose, from the Duomo into the palazzo-lined Via di Città, down into the Campo, past the Fonte Gaia, through the flocks of pigeons in the sunlit piazza (no automobiles allowed), up the stairs, and into the large room called the Sala del Mappamondo. The world map, painted by Ambrogio Lorenzetti, has disappeared, but Simone Martini's two frescoes have survived, and in an adjoining room we can glimpse the *Good and Bad Government*. We are addressed by the ghost of a Sienese painter and architect:

> Signori, critics, you keep asking why we resisted the Renaissance of the Florentine dogs, why we became historical dropouts. I wish you would examine your major premise and stop implying that we were sick or queer. Why shouldn't we have resisted? Where can you find fifteenth-century artists more imaginative than our Sassetta and our Giovanni di Paolo? Where an urban image, except perhaps in Venice, that is more successful, more livable, than ours? And haven't all of you begun to have about enough of your municipal modernism and your annual revolutions in painting?

The figure fades slowly into the woodwork, with the tentative smile of a Sienese Madonna. One of the explainers breaks into loud applause.

Roy McMullen, our emissary to Siena, lives in Paris. His most recent article for HORIZON *was on Seurat, Summer, 1971.*



MUSEO CIVICO, SIENA—GRASSI; OVERLEAF: PEPE MERISIO

The fan-shaped Piazza del Campo, shown above in an eighteenth-century engraving, has been the center of Sienese life since the fourteenth century, when the Palazzo Pubblico (center) was built.

OVERLEAF: *This horse race around the Campo is held twice each summer in a spirit of furious competition among the city districts. Known as the Palio, after the banner awarded to the winner, the festival goes back at least to 1238, the date of the earliest recorded race in Siena.*







The Evolution of the Peaceable Primate

MAN THE PEACEABLE PRIMATE

Fashionable "biotheologians" assert that bloodlust and the love of violence are built into our genes. Not so, says our author; like our primate cousins today, our remote forebears had to co-operate to survive—and preferred to anyway

Man has been pondering the origin of evil at least since the days of the Sumerians, and probably a lot longer. Medicine men and high priests have ascribed it to witches and demons, theologians to original sin or the devil. More recently, psychoanalysts have linked man's inhumanity to man with the unresolved Oedipus complex, psychologists with the wrong kind of reinforcement, neurologists with imbalances in the humors that bathe our brain cells. Historians have chalked it up to history, sociologists to society.

There has, God knows, been plenty of recent evil to ponder: Guernica, Lidice and Auschwitz, Vorkuta and Budapest, Hiroshima and Mylai, Biafra and Bangladesh; like Macbeth, we of the mid twentieth century have supped full with horrors. The scale and number of these and other manifestations of human brutality probably have much to do with the rise of yet another theology, which sees evil not as an aberration engendered by external intervention, nor as an individual malfunction, but as something bred in the bone of the human animal. Biotheology, as I have christened it, preached by such exponents as Robert Ardrey, Desmond Morris, and the well-known team of Lionel Tiger and Robin Fox, sees evil—man's aggressive tendency to oppress, injure, and kill his fellows—as the inevitable, or at least expectable, outcome of human evolution.

But biotheology does more than "explain" evil; it supplies a rationale for those who, for their own reasons, choose to celebrate (and thereby encourage) brutality. Thus Stanley Kubrick, taxed by critics with dwelling overlovingly on the old ultraviolence in his immensely profitable film *A Clockwork Orange,* retorts that "Man isn't a noble savage, he's an ignoble savage . . . I'm interested in the brutal and violent nature of man because it's a true picture of him." A picture, moreover, whose accuracy has ostensibly been certified by science.

The truth is that biotheology is anything but scientific; like all theologies, it is founded on faith, not reason. Its linking of evolution and evil is achieved only by ignoring many key facts about both—and misinterpreting many others.

Admittedly, these are strong words. Let us take a look at the facts that support them.

In seeking to determine how our species and its ancestors evolved psychologically, we are handicapped by the almost total lack of direct evidence. The bones and stones that prehistorians rely on are of little help: they can tell us what our ancestors looked like, how big their brains were, what sort of tools they made, some of the things they ate, and—sometimes—how they obtained this food. But such findings cannot tell us what these progenitors thought or felt or how they got along with one another.

Necessarily, therefore, we must fall back on analogies between man and other animals. Man's separation from the rest of the animal kingdom began no more than a few million years ago, with the emergence of the first quasi-human ground apes; his behavior, then, must in some sense resemble that of the other creatures to which he was so recently allied. By studying what these creatures do and (so far as we can infer it) why they do it, we can deduce what our ancestors are likely to have done and why.

In principle this assumption is obviously sound; the problem comes in deciding what animals to study and how to study them. Scientists and commentators seeking clues to human nature have adduced evidence from a whole menagerie—geese, chickens, rats, leopards, deer, chaffinches, sticklebacks, baboons, and tropical fish—apparently on the assumption that one animal is about as relevant as another. To disciples of B. F. Skinner, who has constructed an entire theory of human nature essentially out of experiments with rats and pigeons, the assumption doubtless would make sense. But most of us, when we think about it, recognize that the best way to learn something about a man we have never seen is to study his brothers and sisters, not his fourteenth cousins.

Man is, of course, a member of the primate order of mammals, a group that has existed for some sixty-five million years. Thus his family ties with the nonprimate rat or leopard date from at least that long ago; with the nonmammalian goose and chaffinch, at least twice that long; while his separation from such finny creatures as the stickleback must be dated in the hundreds of millions. By contrast, our ancestors were at least kissing cousins with the monkeys only thirty-five million years ago and en-

By ROBERT CLAIBORNE

joyed close relations with some ancestral apes a mere ten million years back. If animal nature can throw any light on human nature, then it is surely our nearest relatives, the apes and the monkeys, that we must focus on.

We must be no less selective about the conditions under which we examine them. Nearly all the earliest observations of primates were of captive populations in zoos, which is like studying humans in jail and calling the results human nature. Without downgrading the many valuable laboratory studies of monkeys and apes, it is obvious that if we want to know what these creatures are naturally prone to do, we must study them under natural conditions—the more so since, as we are now learning, a given animal may behave quite differently in different *natural* environments.

All these considerations point us firmly toward two primates. The first is the chimpanzee, which by every known criterion—size, anatomy, the number and shape of its chromosomes, the chemistry of its blood, and the range of its intellectual and emotional capacities—is our closest relative on earth, and even closer, in all probability, to those australopithecine man-apes from which we are descended. The second is the savanna baboon. Though physically and psychologically baboons are much less like man than chimpanzees are (though much more like him than a deer or rat, let alone a chicken), in one crucial respect some are more like man: the tropical savanna where many baboons live is the same habitat in which some australopithecines made their homes, so the basic problems of survival that baboons solve daily are the same ones that australopithecines must have had to solve. Both baboons and chimps have been extensively observed in the wild—the former by such investigators as Irven De Vore, Thelma Rowell, and the late K. R. L. Hall, and the latter, most particularly, by Jane van Lawick-Goodall, who has recorded their behavior in her magnificent studies.

With the aid of such studies, plus some common sense, we can dispose fairly quickly of what might be called fundamentalist biotheology, as summed up in Robert Ardrey's *African Genesis:* "Man is a predator with an instinct to kill and a genetic affinity for the weapon." (In justice to Ardrey, I should note that his latest book, *The Social Contract,* is much less dogmatic on the subject of instincts. He is still, I believe, wrong about many things, but not so categorically wrong.)

If man is a killer by instinct, what is an instinct? A precise definition is not easy, since the category of instinctive behavior is somewhat blurred at the edges. Broadly, we can say that an instinctive action is one that is automatic, species-wide, and stereotyped. It is automatic because the animal performs it in response to certain stimuli regardless of previous experience. It is species-wide because *all* members of the species perform it under these stimuli. And it is stereotyped because all members of the species perform the action in the same way.

Instinctive actions are generally contrasted with learned actions, which are not automatic, species-wide, or stereotyped. Whether or not an animal performs a learned action depends not just on the stimuli it receives but on its previous experience with these stimuli. Some members of the species never perform the action at all, and those that do perform it do so in different ways.

Some unlearned actions in man are coughing, sneezing, and giving birth. A baby doesn't learn to cough; it does so automatically when its respiratory tract is stimulated in certain ways. All babies cough under these circumstances as, indeed, do all adults. These reactions are classed as unconditioned reflexes—instincts of the very simplest sort. It is doubtful whether man possesses any complex instincts at all.

Just how feeble the grip of instinct is, even on man's near relatives, can be seen by examining the mating behavior of the chimp. Considering the vital role of mating in the survival of any species, one might expect that chimp mating would be instinctive, as it is in many other mammals. But it isn't. Jane Goodall has described how young chimps watch intently while their elders copulate. A male chimp raised in captivity with no opportunity to observe copulation shows strong interest in a receptive female—but, like the country boy in the old story, he doesn't know what to do about it.

Since killing is far less vital to chimp survival than mating—plant foods make up 90 per cent or more of a chimp's diet—we should expect it, too, to be learned, not instinctive, and so it is. Goodall's chimps killed and ate animals—not often, but fairly regularly—yet other chimps observed in the wild have never been seen to kill. The only reasonable conclusion is that one group had, in some fashion, learned to kill, while the other had not. Indeed, killing must be learned even by some animals for which it is quite as vital an activity as mating. The lion, for example, must kill in order to live. Yet it must still *learn* to kill—as did Elsa, the famous lioness of *Born Free.*

If lions are not born killers, then surely neither is man. The killing of humans by other humans is not species-wide; only a small minority of men ever kill, and if we exclude those who do so more or less under compulsion—such as the soldier whose alternative to killing is to be killed himself, or at least court-martialed—this minority shrinks almost to the vanishing point. To the limited extent that man does kill, moreover, he is not stereotyped about it. There is almost endless variation in whom he kills, and how, and under what circumstances.

But proving that man is not an instinctive killer does not prove that there is no unlearned, genetic component in human violence. Learning, in any species, does not depend *only* on the experience of the individual, shaped by the traditions or practices of his group. We learn most easily actions that we find pleasant, or that are followed by pleasant consequences, while unpleasant actions are learned with difficulty or not at all. Pleasantness and unpleasantness—behaviorists would say positive and negative reinforcement—constitute a built-in incentive system, acquired during our evolution, which ensures that some kinds of actions will be learned easily and others will be rejected.

All of us, for example, are born with a liking for sweets. This evolved during our ancestors' long sojourn in the trees of tropical forests, where sweet fruits abounded. Having been provided with a sweet tooth, these ancient primates readily learned to consume fruits and to seek them out. Children still easily learn to consume and seek out sweets—many parents would say much too easily! Again, just as eating nourishing things is crucial to the survival of the individual, so sex is crucial to the survival of the species. Accordingly, evolution has endowed us with another notable incentive plan: sexual pleasure ensures that most of

us will learn about sex (though perhaps not everything we always wanted to know about it) and will devote considerable effort to seeking it out.

If there is any evolutionary impulse to evil, some built-in propensity to violence in the human animal, it must surely be of this type: not an instinctive command to kill but the derivation of some pleasure or satisfaction from violent encounters with other human beings. This is presumably what Lionel Tiger and Robin Fox are talking about in *The Imperial Animal* when they claim that we are "turned on" by violence—as most of us are turned on by sex—and what Ardrey is talking about in *The Social Contract* when he declares that "we enjoy the violent." Interestingly enough, these authors couch their generalizations in terms of the anonymous, evasive "we." Neither Tiger nor Fox is willing to admit that *he* is turned on by violence, and even Ardrey, while intimating that he would enjoy violence if he weren't a timid soul, concedes that in fact he has "no great taste" for it. But let that pass.

To understand the roots and the role of violence in primate affairs, including human affairs, we must take a quick look at how primates live. Perhaps the most central fact about them is that they live in groups. The group may be small or large, and some members may from time to time go off on their own. Nonetheless, all members of nearly all primate species spend most if not all their time in groups, and the few exceptions are found only among such primitive primates as tree shrews. (For the sake of simplicity, "primates" from here on will refer only to the higher primates—monkeys, apes, and man.)

There are, of course, strong evolutionary reasons for this communal living. The group serves, first, as an early warning system against danger from other animals. Collectively, its members can spot a potential threat far more readily than could a solitary primate.

Since nearly all primates live in and around trees and are good climbers, the usual response to such an alarm is flight into the treetops. Under certain circumstances, however—notably if there are no trees nearby—the group can take on another function: defense. This job falls chiefly to the adult males, who are not encumbered with young and are often, as with baboons, much bigger and stronger than the females. One or more adult males will confront the source of danger and by threats—erecting their fur, baring their teeth, and so on—or actual violence will seek to eliminate it.

Probably the most important function of the primate group, however, concerns not the threat of death but the facts of life. Just as a young male chimp learns to copulate by watching his elders, a young female learns to take care of infants by watching adult females do it—and often, as she grows older, "baby-sits" for them. When a young primate is old enough to graduate from milk to solid food, it learns what to eat and what not to eat by watching the adults eat. Outside the group, few primates would reach maturity, and any that did—as Harry F. Harlow's famous experiments with isolated infant monkeys have shown—would be, in human terms, stark crazy.

Clearly, since the group is essential to primate survival, natural selection must have favored those primate propensities and patterns of behavior (whether innate or learned) that maintained the group's continuity and integrity. Indeed we find that primates, just as they like sweets and sex, like being with other members of their species; it has been demonstrated that a monkey will often find the sight of another monkey more rewarding than a ripe banana.

Primates have also evolved several kinds of behavior that function to maintain group integrity. Particularly relevant to the origins of evil is the behavior called dominance: a sort of ranking system—found sometimes among the females but almost always among the males—in which certain individuals defer to certain others. Dominant males often take the initiative in getting the group moving and in determining where it will move; they keep order, break up fights, and discipline the young when their play becomes too boisterous. Beyond this, the very existence of dominance provides a nondisruptive and on the whole peaceful way of settling disputes, so that if two males reach for a ripe fruit, or a ripe female, at the same time, the higher-ranking one gets it—or her—without squabbling and, so far as we can tell, without grudges.

The dominance of one primate over another depends on a number of things—cunning, confidence—but its ultimate basis, there is no denying it, is force or (much more often) the threat of force. As the biotheologists have recognized, an understanding of dominance—what it is dependent upon, and to what extent a liking for it, comparable to a liking for sweets and sex, is built into primate genes—is central to understanding the origins of evil. In fact, the importance of dominance varies widely from one primate species to another and, significantly, *within* some primate species, depending on environmental conditions.

A probable ancestor of perhaps fourteen million years ago was an ape called Ramapithecus. His habitat, in Africa and India where his remains have been discovered, was mainly forest, interspersed with open glades. Though we know little about his anatomy—we do not even have a complete skull—it seems likely that his habits were not unlike those of Jane Goodall's chimpanzees, which live in much the same sort of country. He may have spent a fair amount of time on the ground, feeding partly on the grass seeds that, in the form of wheat, corn, rice, oats, and rye, make up a large proportion of man's diet today. But the bulk of his diet, like that of the chimps, probably consisted of fruit and other juicy vegetation. Since there were plenty of trees, there was plenty of fruit—and plenty of refuges, meaning that his need for group defense was minimal.

His social life, therefore, was probably not unlike that of today's forest chimps, which means that dominance would have played a minor role. Vernon and Frances Reynolds, who have observed several groups of forest-dwelling chimps, note that though "there was some evidence of differences in status between individuals, dominance interactions formed a *minute fraction* of the observed chimpanzee behavior" (my emphasis). Jane Goodall's chimps seemed somewhat more concerned with dominance, possibly because they lived in somewhat more open and therefore more dangerous country, but even here, as she says, "aggressive and submissive interactions between individuals are infrequent." And a considerable proportion of these interactions, she believes, were unwittingly produced by the human observers; by feeding the chimps regularly at a particular location, they drew large numbers of chimps together around a specially desirable food (bananas), with a resulting in-

crease in tension and squabbling. When the feeding was cut down, so was the tension and squabbling.

It seems pretty certain, therefore, that the forest-and-glade life of Ramapithecus contributed little if anything to the evolution of any human propensity toward violence. Matters may be different, however, with a much later ancestor, Australopithecus, who some five million years ago was living in the open savanna of Africa—the same country where today we find baboons. Australopithecus doubtless subsisted in much the same way that baboons do now, feeding on almost anything edible: fruit in season, roots and underground runners, birds' eggs and chicks, as well as small animals and the young of larger ones, which he probably hunted in a semiorganized fashion (as some chimps do). Some biotheologians (notably Ardrey) have devoted much paper to the putative importance of hunting in australopithecine life and its presumed effects on their (and our) psychology. Leaving that problem aside for now, it is reasonable to assume that Australopithecus, hunter or not, was himself hunted. His grassland habitat was alive with the ancestors of today's lions, leopards, hyenas, and wild dogs, none of which would have had any compunctions about eating him. Moreover, trees were few and of limited value as refuge, since Australopithecus, from his anatomy, was no better a climber than we are.

Probably he required fairly elaborate defense arrangements, resembling those of today's grassland baboons: a tight social structure for keeping the group together, headed by a cohesive group of large, tough, dominant males who could deal with predators. If man indeed possesses some innate drive for dominance, some built-in liking for violence and aggression, then here is where it must have begun—among the aggressive, dominant australopithecine males who, like baboon males, needed to be ready to fight if their group was to survive.

Well, then, what about the baboon male? How does he become dominant, and how much do inherited drives and traits enter into the process? At one time baboon dominance was thought to be almost entirely a matter of inheritance: of size, strength, and aggressiveness. These qualities, it was held, dominant males passed on to their sons by a process of sexual selection. The dominant male was believed to mate with the group's females—and to prevent his subordinates from doing so—when conception was most likely, thereby transmitting his own dominant traits to a large proportion of the group's offspring.

More recently, it has been found that matters are not that simple. K. R. L. Hall and Robert Wingfield observed a group of South African baboons continuously for nine days, during which time three females were in heat; the dominant male mated with only one of them. Moreover, the other two males in the group also mated with this female (as well as with the other two), though less often than the dominant male. (In chimps, incidentally, dominance appears to play virtually no role in mating; when a female is receptive, all the group's males, dominant or otherwise, take turns with her quite peaceably.)

In addition, however, it must be obvious that if any such process of sexual selection does or did play a role in baboon and human evolution, it must have done so within very narrow limits. If inherited aggressive qualities were continually being transmitted to more and more of the group's offspring, while submissive qualities were being eliminated, it would not take many generations before *all* the males were innately aggressive or even ultra-aggressive. The result would be a group with all chiefs and no Indians, group disruption—and extinction. Whatever the role of inherited dominance and aggression in primate evolution, it must always have played a distant second fiddle to the basic condition of primate life: group integrity.

More sophisticated studies show that dominance in baboons depends on many things, some inherited and some almost certainly not. Size, strength, and (probably) intelligence are obviously important and undoubtedly inherited to a large degree. But no less important are self-assurance and what can only be called the "will to power."

Irven De Vore, who has spent a great deal of time watching wild baboons, suspects that self-assurance is largely or entirely learned. Male infants born to subordinate females, he believes, "will take on the attitude of subjection they perceive in their mothers," while the offspring of a dominant female "is likely to acquire the same sense of self-assurance." The will to power, too, seems to be more an acquired characteristic than an innate one; De Vore cites cases of dominant males who voluntarily "dropped out" of the power structure, remaining with the group in a nondominant, though not notably subordinate, position.

As for aggressiveness, it *may* be inherited, but considerable evidence indicates that it is not. De Vore cites two cases of male baboons changing groups. Both animals were at the bottom of the hierarchy in their original groups—yet *both quickly became top baboon in their new groups.* If their original status resulted from hereditary nonaggressiveness, then what did their new status result from?

Dominance and aggressiveness are not found among all baboons, even those of the same species. In the olive baboon (a variety of the savanna baboon), aggressiveness and a dominance hierarchy are marked among groups living in open country, but according to Thelma Rowell, of minimal importance among groups living in the forest, as is true of the forest-dwelling chimps. Conceivably, of course, Rowell's baboons might have been hereditarily nonaggressive, but she neatly disposed of this possibility. She put the animals in enclosures where, being crowded together and unable to forage freely, they had to be fed regularly; as with Goodall's chimps, this brought them together in large, hungry groups. Presto! The nonaggressive baboons straightway became aggressive and quarrelsome, and even started to develop clearly defined dominance hierarchies!

All this evidence, it seems to me, leads to the conclusion that the dominance-aggression-hierarchy syndrome in primates is in no sense a genetically programmed compulsion, as the biotheologists would have it, or even a strong innate preference. It is merely a potential: *one* way in which primates can organize themselves. Whether the potential is realized, and to what degree, are matters not of heredity but of environment—particularly, it would appear, of how dangerous or safe the environment is, and how scattered or concentrated the primate population. Thus it seems evident that while dominance may have played a considerable role in the life of Australopithecus, who had only the crudest tools to defend himself with, the importance of dominance would have steadily diminished as his descendants became increasingly

adept at coping with dangerous predators.

There is one more bit of evidence to support this view of human evolution. If some genetic tendency toward dominance and hierarchy did evolve in Australopithecus and persist in his descendants, we should expect it to show up most conspicuously in the simplest, most primitive human societies: peoples living in regions where natural resources are sparse (relative, of course, to the available techniques for exploiting them) and life correspondingly hard. In fact, however, it is in precisely these regions that dominance and hierarchy are virtually nonexistent. Thus Harold E. Driver's standard source book on the North American aboriginal tribes tells us that throughout the Great Basin, northeast Mexico, and nearly all of Alaska and Canada "differences in status, other than those based on sex and age, and differences in rank were at the minimum. . . . Leadership, weak as it was, tended to be vested in the most capable man, regardless of ancestry, and this man was followed only as long as he continued to demonstrate his superior skills and judgement." Much the same can be said of comparable societies elsewhere in the world—the Yaghan of Tierra del Fuego, the Andamanese of the Indian Ocean, and the Congo Pygmies and Kalahari Bushmen of Africa.

Perhaps the outstanding case in point is that of the Tasaday, a hitherto unknown Stone Age tribe discovered only a couple of years ago in the depths of the Philippine jungle. In the accessibility of its resources and its safety from natural enemies, their rain forest habitat resembles that of Vernon and Frances Reynolds' forest chimps. Coincidentally or not, the Tasaday are quite as pacific as those apes. The few anthropologists who have observed them describe them as outstandingly gentle, uncompetitive, affectionate, and nonviolent. If, as Tiger, Fox, Ardrey, and Co. tell us, man is inherently prone to dominate his fellows by force, somebody should inform the Eskimo, Bushman, and Tasaday!

If an innate enjoyment of domination is not the source of human evil, then neither is an innate enjoyment of killing. According to biotheology, this allegedly basic trait in human nature evolved over the past couple of million years, as man relied more and more on hunting as a major source of food. Acquiring an innate pleasure in killing animals, he also began to delight in killing his fellows.

There are so many things wrong with this theory that it is hard to know where to begin criticizing it. In the first place, it ignores the self-evident fact that hunting—using violence against animals—is psychologically very different from using violence against man, and that the enjoyment of one has little if anything to do with the enjoyment of the other. In everyday life—disregarding such special situations as the pilot bombing a village or the gangster "hitting" a business rival—the man who deliberately kills or injures another is above all an angry man. This was the case with the archetypal homicide, in which Cain was angry because the Lord had accepted Abel's offering while rejecting his own; it has been the case ever since. But is a duck hunter angry with the ducks he is hunting? Some primitive peoples, indeed, actually apologize to the animal they have killed or are about to kill, which is hardly the tactic that is employed by the murderer, or even the mugger, when dealing with his victim.

The radical difference between killing game and killing one's neighbors also shows up clearly in chimps and baboons. Jane Goodall's chimps, as we have seen, killed young animals occasionally and consumed them with such relish as to make it clear that meat was a much-valued food. De Vore's baboons, on the other hand, were far more aggressive toward their fellows—though never to the point of killing them—yet killed other animals far less often than did the chimps.

But let us for the sake of argument disregard all this evidence. Let us assume that man's long career as a hunter—on present evidence, several million years—did somehow endow him with a delight in killing, evoked alike by the slaughter of a mastodon or of a human enemy. It still doesn't add up. A man, or a tribe, that delighted in uninhibited killing would not have lived long—at least not once man had graduated from hunting the equivalent of rabbits to tackling really dangerous beasts.

Some of us, as Tiger and Fox say, may be turned on by violence, for whatever reasons; but most of us, when confronted by it, are timid souls, for excellent evolutionary reasons. Over nearly the whole of man's history, before one could shoot one's enemy from a thousand yards or bomb him from thirty thousand feet, killing inevitably involved the risk of being killed. Any man or ape-man so enamored of violence that he failed to assess such a risk and duck out if it was too great would have been gored or trampled to death by the first dangerous animal he encountered.

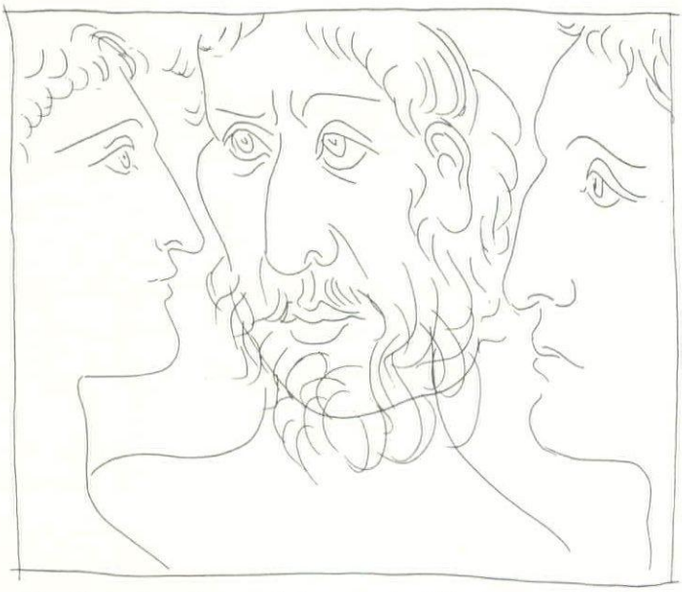
Today the combat infantryman, like primitive man, must risk death if he is to kill efficiently, and his job, for all man's alleged "killer impulses," is seldom in great demand: the world's "grunts" and "dogfaces" are mostly poor men, for whom the alternative is poverty, or draftees, for whom the alternative is jail. An "innate impulse" that has to be invoked by environmental or legal compulsion can't be much of an impulse! In contrast, when we turn to a really fundamental impulse, such as the impulse to copulate—which Tiger and Fox casually couple with the "impulse to kill"—we find that it rarely requires compulsion; at any rate, there is no record of men having to be drafted for the purpose!

Neither by instinct nor by inherited preference, then, is man a killer. He is, as we well know, *capable* of murder—even of mass murder—but we can say with Horatio that "there needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave to tell us that." And if man is capable of violence—even, very occasionally, the old ultra-violence—he is no less capable of kindness and generosity. The notion that he is an ignoble savage is, *pace* Mr. Kubrick, no less nonsensical than the notion that he is a noble savage. Man is man: noble, ignoble, violent, peaceable, contentious, co-operative, selfish, sociable, and generous. He embodies all the potentialities that he has inherited from his primate ancestors, plus many more that he has evolved on his own. And, as with the other primates, which of these potentialities he actively expresses depends on the environment he inhabits and, especially, the customs of his group. If his group celebrates violence and rationalizes it with tendentious and unscientific reconstructions of human evolution, he may be violent; if it discourages violence as the negation, not the culmination, of humanity, he will for the most part follow his true, innate impulses, preferring to make love, not war.

Formerly chief of the Life Science Library, *Robert Claiborne prefers his subjects big—if not cosmic. He wrote* Time, *with Samuel Goudsmit, and* Climate, Man and History.

THE WORLD OF OVID

This gifted observer of *la dolce vita* delighted the beautiful people of Augustan Rome with his how-to verses on love-making. Unfortunately, the emperor was not amused



The illustration above and those on the following pages are from a series of thirty etchings done by Picasso for an edition of the Metamorphoses *published in 1931. Above, from Book I, God contemplates, perhaps sadly, the beings he has created from nothingness.*

If ever there was a born writer it was a magistrate turned poet who relinquished a career in the bureaucracy of a world empire to devote himself to literature. His name was Publius Ovidius Naso, born in 43 B.C. and known to generations of tortured schoolboys as Ovid.

I was born for poetry. Whatever I tried to say
Came out as verse.

The verse it came out as was the elegiac couplet, a form of subtle and counterpointed complexity that depended for its success on verbal balancing acts and grammatical splits. Ovid was the Nijinsky of this form, making the knottiest acrobatics look easy and limpid. He turned into impeccable elegiacs the Roman calendar, an application for a visa, fishing instructions, and even, on one occasion, the soliloquy of a walnut tree.

But Ovid was more than a technical virtuoso. For two thousand years his works have been a treasure-trove for other artists; and he left, in his last poems, a fascinating record of an individual in conflict with a watchful and suspicious authoritarian regime.

Ovid was born in the twilight of the Roman Republic. In 44 B.C., the year before his birth, Julius Caesar was murdered in the Senate. Caesar's adopted son, Octavian, barely out of his teens at the time, survived the bloodbath and vicious feuding that followed by a combination of luck, precocious political intuition, and brute force, clawing his way to solitary power over the next twenty years. By 23 B.C., when Ovid started to write and publish, Augustus, as Octavian had retitled himself, had gone far toward creating the new Roman Empire.

One of the subtler tools he used in this work of transformation was literature-as-propaganda. Augustus believed that much of the rot in Roman culture could be blamed on modern morality—or the lack of it. The most gifted writers of the day, Virgil among them, were recruited, lured, or persuaded to preach the new party line: back to the ancient virtue, *pietas*, to the standards and values of Rome's noble past.

But private behavior is harder to regulate than tax laws or even artists. Long before Augustus came to power, Rome had blossomed with its own high society, its "beautiful people." Among these beautiful people were some in the highest circles of power and members of

By KENNETH CAVANDER

Augustus's own family. In time, the beautiful people found a Virgil of their own: Ovid.

Ovid's origins were far from those of the fashionable elite of Rome, however. His family came from Sulmo (now called Sulmona), a town on the eastern slopes of the Appenines, in modern Abruzzi. He was landed gentry, but not senatorial class, and received the conventional upbringing: the correct teachers in Rome, studies in public speaking and the law, a year's travel abroad; and then, straight into the lowest rank of the civil service. Ovid, starting at the bottom of the ladder, was assigned to prisons, firehouses, and police stations; later he was promoted to magistrate; if he worked hard, he might, in time, aspire to a seat in the Senate.

But in his early twenties Ovid "retired." He claimed his health would not allow him to continue his civil-service career; anyway, he said, it was a waste of his talent. All this time he had been writing. Ambitious for literary success, he had found a patron as soon as he arrived in Rome. He met other poets and writers, he had his works read and criticized, and soon his lines were being quoted in fashionable salons. And for his first collection of poems, *Amores*, Ovid, the boy wonder, the provincial upstart with a clever turn of phrase, chose to mock Augustus's favorite poet: Virgil, author of the *Aeneid*, a classic in his lifetime, a living monument.

Elegiacs consist of a line of six measures, a hexameter, alternating with a five-measure line, a pentameter, and can be expanded to any length, from a single couplet to six hundred. They are the meter of romance, love, sentiment. Virgil, the epic poet, wrote solely in hexameters, like his model, Homer. Ovid's first line, like Virgil's, is a hexameter; but then he goes on to write his pentameter. "What happened to that second line?" he asks himself a few lines farther down; "it lost a beat." Then he supplies his own answer. "Love stole it for a joke."

The joke is not only on Virgil and his Homeric hexameters; it is on the whole fabric of Roman morality, which Augustus was trying to patch up into something decently modest. For *Amores* are not really poems in the modern sense of the word; they are a scintillating collection of dramatic scenes, fantasies, essays, mental doodlings on a theme, and lyric evocations of sexual passion, making the pretensions of Augustan *pietas* seem ridiculous.

One poem, for instance, is set at the races. Cast in the form of a monologue, it depicts a young man trying to strike up a conversation with a girl sitting next to him. The man says he didn't actually come to follow the races but to follow the girl. She can watch the horses if she likes; he'll just watch her. And so on through all the gambits, baits, and lures of the civilized pickup. The girl never speaks a word, but the young man, undeterred, draws on his charm and wit, and in the end

> She smiled, and her eyes spoke
> Volumes.

This smile is all we—and the seducer—are allowed (in this poem), but it is enough. The rest of the story can be left to our imaginations.

In Cupid's distorting mirror, as it turns out, everyone looks ridiculous—husbands, wives, mistresses, the act of love, and even Ovid himself, who includes a clever and graphic description of the night the author found himself impotent, what he felt about it, and what his mistress did about it.

So, in his mid or late twenties, Ovid was already an established author with a distinctive style. His book went into several editions, and his mastery of elegiacs was acknowledged by everyone. Perhaps they lacked some of the deeper feeling that other writers had brought to the form, but he was essentially a popular writer, an entertainer, with a sophisticated readership—or rather, audience, for in the ancient world poetry was often recited aloud. Ovid wrote for the sound of applause.

All we know of Ovid's private life at this time comes from his own, very brief autobiographical notes, written thirty

Ovid's Advice to Lovers

Ars Amatoria, *completed in* A.D. *1 and an immediate sensation, gave helpful hints to the prospective lover, and a warning or two. Directly opposing Augustus's legislation against immorality, the book was labeled "corrupting" and helped to bring about Ovid's exile to Tomi. The lines that follow have been translated by Kenneth Cavander.*

Lover, act the part. Talk to her. Make
her believe
You're in agony. Use any means you like
To give a convincing performance. It isn't
hard.
Every woman imagines she's adorable.
She may be ugly as sin, but still
She likes the way she looks. Be careful,
though.
He who fakes a feeling often ends by
feeling
What he faked, and often you become
What you pretend to be.

—Book I, lines 611–616

First you must have confidence. You
must believe
That you can seduce any woman in the
world.
Then you have only to spread your nets
and she
Will fall into them. Birds will stop singing
In springtime, crickets in summer, the
hounds
Of the hunter Maenalus will turn and run
Before the timid hare, sooner than a
woman
Will resist a young man's gentle
persuasion.
Even the one you would have thought
would say no
Will say yes. A woman enjoys stolen
kisses
As much as a man does. When a man
wants a woman
It's hard for him to hide it. When a
woman
Wants a man, she keeps it more
hidden . . .

—Book I, lines 269–276

Keep reminding yourself that old age is
approaching.
Do that, and you will never waste an
instant of time.
Enjoy yourself before it's too late, while
you are still
In the springtime of life. The years slip
past
Like a river, whose ripples can never be
summoned
To flow back. Make the most of your
youth—
It races by without stopping, and the next
moment
Is never so sweet as the last. . . .

—Book III, lines 59–66



The hunter Cephalus accidentally kills his jealous wife, Procris (Book VII).

years later. He had married young, a local girl from Sulmo; the marriage soon broke up, and Ovid has some harsh things to say about his wife. He married again, and again was separated—though without rancor this time. Meanwhile, he started work on a new series of poems. Called *Heroides*, they are a collection of letters that famous women supposedly addressed to their departed lovers—Briseis to Achilles, Penelope to Odysseus, Medea to Jason, Phaedre to Hippolytus.

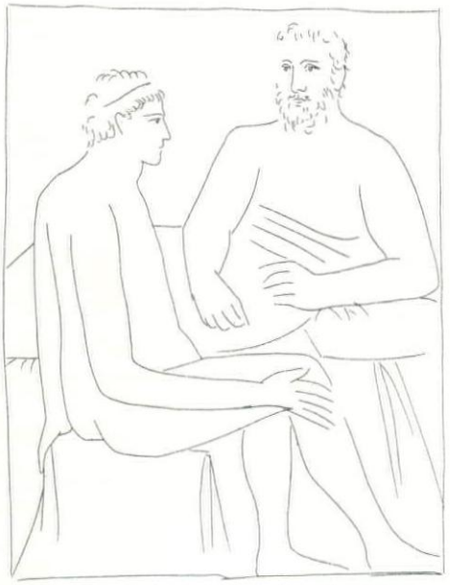
Under the tactful mask of mythology, Ovid probably depicted his own friends, his friends' wives and mistresses, and perhaps himself. We meet the wife who remains at home while her husband is away on business or at the battle front for months at a time, while she fantasizes about his safety—or his affairs; we meet the girl who sleeps with a boy for the first time because she believes everything he says, and finds herself abandoned, no longer a virgin and no longer loved; we meet the childhood sweetheart who marries the boy next door, and then sees him drift away as he becomes rich and famous. Could this be autobiographical?

Ovid worked slowly. The *Amores* came out over a period of two or three years, between 20 and 18 B.C. *Heroides* was complete by 15 B.C., and a second edition of *Amores* was circulating by 13 B.C. By the time he was thirty, Ovid had published only two volumes of poetry. In the next five years his pace of composition slowed even further. He produced only one work, a play based on the Medea legend. It was a great success, but Ovid never wrote for the theatre again. In fact, it is unlikely that this play was written for the stage; it was probably intended for reading, or for recitation before small groups.

Meanwhile, Augustus had been pressing ahead with his plan for a new, great, moral society; laws regulating all aspects of family life and marriage were enacted, including an important piece of legislation in 18 B.C. that made it a crime, punishable by exile, to seduce a married woman. Virgil was dead by now, but other writers dutifully supported these policies and piled literary praises on the efforts of the princeps to launder the souls of his countrymen. Ovid was silent.

He was silent for another five years after *Medea* was published, until, in about 2 B.C., he started a new work. As usual, it progressed slowly, but by A.D. 1 it was ready for general publication.

If Ovid had deliberately set out to oppose Augustus, he couldn't have chosen a better way to do it. Already, in *Heroides*, one of his characters had said, "I'm tired of the old-fashioned virtue. I'll tell you what virtue is—it's whatever makes you feel good." And the word used for virtue is the Virgilian *pietas*, everything that Augustus wanted to restore to Roman life. Now Ovid drew the battle lines even more sharply. His new book, flying in the face of the legislation against seducing, is a handbook on that gentle art. Called *Ars Amatoria*, it is an ancient "Sex and the Single Male," and it scandalized Rome.



Pythagoras instructs his disciple Numa, legendary second king of Rome (Book XV).

Ovid divided his advice into three parts: finding them, getting them, and keeping them. His guide is specific and practical, though readers looking for a marriage manual or for pornography will have slim pickings; only twice is Ovid explicit enough to raise a censor's pencil: once when he offers some hints on how women should position themselves during intercourse so as to show off their good points; and a second time when he advises both partners in the sex act on the principles of mutual pleasure-giving. For the most part, it is the psychology of the man-woman relationship, its shadowy tensions, the emotional landscape of longing, flirtation, and seduction, that fascinates Ovid. As for morals, they are of no interest to him. *Militat omnis amans*, "being in love is like going to war," and all is fair in love and war. Love is contradictions: treachery and fidelity, lies and truth, pain and pleasure. Accept that, says Ovid; don't fight it, you can't.

The appeal of this kind of writing, of course, doesn't lie in the value of the advice. (Who ever seduced anyone by the book?). Under the guise of instructing, Ovid was really describing what people were doing, even if they never dared to admit it. He tried to cover himself by assuring his readers that married, respectable freewomen were not expected to be combatants in Cupid's warfare. But everyone must have seen through this thin disclaimer. After all, hadn't Ovid himself written, "The chaste woman is the woman who has never been asked"?

Ars Amatoria created a furore, but Ovid was quick to point out that in spite of all the criticism, or perhaps because of it, he was being read more avidly than ever before. "I am to elegy what Virgil is to the epic," he said. He immediately brought out two more books, one of them called *Antidote to Love*, in



The elderly Nestor recounts the Trojan War (Book XII).

which he turns his previous book upside down and gives, among other things, a lecture on how *not* to enjoy the sexual experience.

Ovid must have felt fairly safe in cocking a literary snook at Augustus's moral reforms. After all, the princeps' own daughter, Julia, had long been notorious for her swinging life-style. It was said that she wandered about the Forum picking up strangers; she would make arrangements to meet someone back in the Forum at night, and then, surrounded by statues of Roman dignitaries, make love to him. At last his daughter's escapades proved too much for Augustus. In 2 B.C. he exiled her to the island of Pandateria.

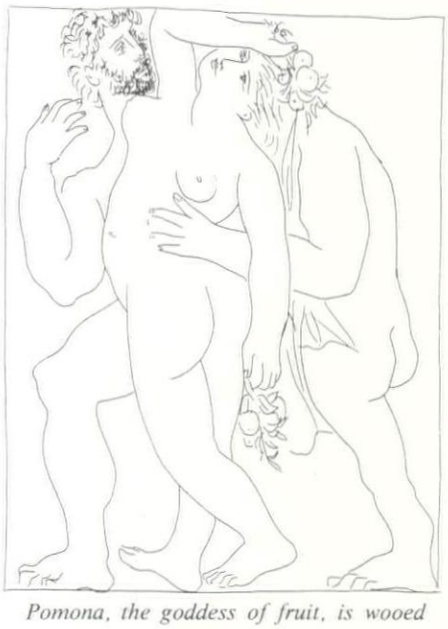
By now, Ovid was in his mid-forties, the beginning of a period of intense activity for him. He embarked on two major enterprises simultaneously. One was a most unlikely-seeming project—setting the Roman calendar to verse. On second look, though, it was a perfect occasion for Ovid to mend fences. Like modern Italy, imperial Rome had a plethora of holy days, many of them created as a result of Julius Caesar's reform of the calendar. And Caesar was Augustus's adoptive father, now deified. Since each of the holy days had a folk tale or colorful ritual associated with it, Ovid's talents had abundant material to work with, and though he never completed the poetic calendar, he spent the rest of his life playing with the idea, adding to it from time to time. Six books, six months of the year, survive in finished form.

For his other new work Ovid abandoned elegiacs altogether and wrote in hexameters. The subject was nothing less than a history of the universe, starting with primal chaos and ending with that image of supreme order, Augustus's principate. Again, the political advantages of the theme are obvious. But more important for Ovid as an artist was the underlying image that supplies the connecting thread running through this vast work: transformation.

Calling the poem *Metamorphoses*, Ovid set out to tell every story of a transformed shape or being that was known to mythology, religion, folk tale, or history. Each story was meant to elide into the next, so that a continuous chain of creation could be seen linking the origins of life and the highest point in life's evolution: the Roman state. For the next five years Ovid concentrated his energies on this work, weaving together stories of gods transformed into trees, men turned into beasts, elements into gods. The stories are by turn grotesque, lyrical, chilling, phantasmagoric. In many of them love is the transforming agent, but this is not the central concern. *Metamorphoses* is a psychic portrait of the artist (Ovid realized as much), who contains within himself all these struggling and competing forms, constantly shifting in a dreamlike melting and intersection of masks, some beautiful, some ugly, some spiritual, some earthbound. Not only the artist, but the whole universe, Ovid implies, is in a state of flux, a constant becoming, changing, transforming.

Typical in its grotesquerie and vivid detail is the story of Erysichthon, a lumberman "who believed in no gods, never sacrificed to any of them." Erysichthon cuts down an oak tree sacred to the goddess Ceres, and Ceres retaliates by summoning the spirit of Famine "from the farthest border of icebound Scythia." Famine arrives, "a hole for her belly, breasts dangling from the latticework of her spine, bulging joints on spindly limbs," and infiltrates the marrow of Erysichthon's bones, "breathing herself into his very veins." From that moment nothing satisfies him. He eats incessantly, consuming his entire fortune until he has nothing left to sell, except—his own daughter. He finds a man to buy her, but she is saved from her new husband by Neptune, who transforms her into a fisherboy; no sooner is her real shape restored than her insatiable father sells her again, and again Neptune has to disguise her. This happens many times, the girl takes on many shapes—bird, deer, cow—until even this means of making money fails Erysichthon and he is reduced to satisfying his appetite in the only possible way that is left to him: "He started to chew his own limbs, nibbling away at them, one piece at a time, and fed his body on . . . his gradually disappearing body."

Working on *Metamorphoses*, which may have paralleled an inner transformation in his own consciousness, Ovid felt the pressures easing. The scandal of *Ars Amatoria* was forgotten. He was married again, for the third time, and happily. He was a celebrated author, with his own following among younger poets. Though not close to Augustus,



Pomona, the goddess of fruit, is wooed by the disguised Vertumnus (Book XIV).

he had influential friends. He had a daughter, also married, living in Libya. His work habits were slow, but there was no need to hurry. He would take his notebooks out into his garden, sit on a couch, and work on elegiacs for the Roman calendar, ponder the fantasies of *Metamorphoses,* talk literature with his friends, go to the theatre, perhaps hear some of his earlier works recited. It was a good life.

In the summer of A.D. 8 Ovid was vacationing at the villa of his good friend Cotta Maximus, on Elba, when a messenger came from Rome with a summons. Ovid was to appear before Augustus as soon as possible. A few days later, after a short, painful interview, he knew his fate. He was to set out not later than a certain date for a small garrison town on the Black Sea, called Tomi, and remain there until further notice. It could have been worse. His property might have been confiscated; he might have been charged with treason and tried before the Senate; he might have been quickly "liquidated" one dark night. But it was bad enough.

It was bad enough for him to contemplate suicide and destroy a copy of the half-revised *Metamorphoses;* bad enough for his friends to desert him and for his servants to turn insolent. Ovid



Jupiter appears to Semele, the mother of Dionysus (Book III).



After a great deluge, Deucalion and his wife Pyrrha create a new human race (Book I).

was paralyzed with despair. He kept setting a date for his departure, then letting the date slip by. Soon he had no choice. His wife offered to join him in exile, but he told her to stay behind and work for his pardon. He was confident it would come. A few months, a year or two at most—and he'd be back in Rome. He, Ovid, the greatest poet of his day, could not be incarcerated in the wilderness forever. He was only fifty, still a young man. He would surely be allowed to return.

Ovid never saw Rome again.

What was his crime? Officially the charge was that his writings, in particular *Ars Amatoria,* had a "tendency to corrupt"; unofficially, he was accused of being accessory to some act in which he had . . . what? We shall never know. Ovid, writing for publication, draws a teasing veil over the specifics. It was an "error," he says, a "stupidity," a "simple-mindedness"—something he had witnessed but kept, foolishly, to himself; on the other hand, he admits Augustus had a right to be angry.

Only one clue exists to the crime. The emperor's granddaughter, Julia, had turned out like her mother in more than name. As her adulteries became more and more outrageous, Augustus was forced to act again. That same year, A.D. 8, both Julia and her latest lover had been exiled. Did Ovid allow his villa to be used for one of Julia's affairs? Did he come into possession of some politically dangerous information about her and the anti-Augustus factions in the capital? It is useless to speculate. Nothing in history or in Ovid's own writings clearly explains the reasons for Augustus's displeasure.

Ovid made the perilous journey eastward to his new home. On the way he was nearly wrecked in a sudden storm in the Aegean, but nothing prepared him for what was to come. He had always depended on calm Italian sun, good company, leisure, and servants; now he found himself struggling with sickness, loneliness, and helpless rage in a grim outpost of civilization.

Tomi was a cramped little town, inhabited by descendants of Greek settlers and surrounded by walls to protect it from roaming gangs of bandits. The climate was wretched, with subzero temperatures in winter that froze the sea; the landscape was flat, barren, and treeless; the natives spoke no Latin and dressed in furs and leggings instead of togas; there were no libraries, theatres, villas—no culture. The food was terrible, the water undrinkable. For Ovid, it was Siberia.

To his amazement, Ovid found he could still write. His favorite metaphor for his years in Tomi was of living death, and yet it was as if an autonomous nerve continued to twitch, moving his pen, even after the rest of him had died. The writings from this period are a remarkable and poignant document of a soul in anguish. Augustus had tried to turn Ovid into a nonperson. Ovid fought back by writing, stubbornly refusing to become a nonentity. Pampered by life, he was ill-prepared for the role of political martyr. In a sense, Ovid had always been a clever child impressing his elders with his precocious brilliance. Now, aged fifty, he had to became a man, and he didn't have much time left.

The record of this struggle shows him pathetic, silly, cowardly, whining. And he knows it. But such is his honesty that he conceals nothing, and the result is the exposure of a writer's raw nerves.

Ovid's first reaction to the crisis was denial. He refused to call Tomi "home." He avoided learning the local language; instead, he conversed with the natives in gestures, and had to suffer the humiliation of watching them discuss him to his face without being able to understand what they said. To keep his command of his mother tongue, he spoke to himself in Latin. Only that which took place in Rome was real; he celebrated his wife's birthday as a kind of charade, dressing in a clean white toga and observing the occasion alone. He refused to celebrate his own birthday.

All this time he was working desperately to have his sentence reversed. He wrote to his influential friends, pestered his wife to redouble her efforts, bombarded Augustus with petitions. But letters took more than six months to reach Rome; a great many of his former friends forgot about him, or were afraid to help. Ovid kept on writing, elegy after elegy.

Apart from keeping his sense of self alive, writing served him in other ways. He tells us that it was often a sedative; at other times, a safety valve for his intense feelings; or again, he could take mental journeys, imagine himself back in Rome, hold fantasy conversations with old acquaintances.

These seething, often contradictory, emotions are set down with the accuracy and fluidity that he once lavished on a description of his mistress's body. But the tension produces poignant signs of strain, such as his admission that writing this way makes him feel as if he were a dancer performing in pitch darkness.

Three years passed, four, five. Always he dreamed of his return. Surely he *would* return.

But he never did. Back in Rome, Augustus was getting old, and old men are stubborn. The news of Ovid's exile had been a sensation, but sensations are fleeting. Ovid was forgotten, and all his pitiful letters from exile couldn't bring him back to life. Even luck was against him. Just when he thought he was on the point of winning his case, Augustus died. In the transfer of power to his son, Tiberius, no one had the time to think of Ovid's stale grievance. He was left to rot in Tomi.

As he entered his eighth year of exile Ovid began to make a peace of sorts with his fate. He accepted the freedom of the city of Tomi. He started to learn the language, even wrote a poem in it. He had been surprised and hurt to find that the local inhabitants were offended by his harsh descriptions of their homeland. He hastened to make amends, saying it was not them but their climate he detested. He resolved to think no more of Rome, but rather to make his own Rome where he was.

Cynics might read into Ovid's last poems a personal psychotherapy, a literary equivalent of basket weaving or constructing ships in bottles. I prefer to see these poems, autobiographical fragments, diaries, records of a soul in hell, as an act of courage, a true "performance in the dark," by an artist who refused to be extinguished by administrative fiat.

Wherever vines are planted, the bud stirs in the green shoot
(But vines don't grow in Tomi)
Wherever trees are planted, the branch swells with leaves
(But trees don't grow in Tomi)
And in that other place, there are festivals, and games,
Races and parades, plays in every theatre—
A man could be happy, so happy in that city,
If he were free to go there.



Phaeton and the chariot of the sun tumble from the sky (Book II).



Eurydice, Orpheus's wife, dies after being bitten by a snake (Book X).

In A.D. 17 or 18 the town of Tomi, little known before or since, had the one event of note in its history. Its most distinguished citizen, freeman of the city, indefatigable letter writer, friend of senators and poets, Publius Ovidius Naso, died.

Ovid had the last word. The barbarians plundered Augustus's Rome, his Forum lies in ruins today, but Ovid's works survive. His "crime," whatever it was, was forgotten, and the world welcomed him, as Tomi in its own meager way had done, as an honorary citizen. Abelard, Chrétien de Troyes, Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Molière, Picasso —all owed and acknowledged their debt to him; recently, his *Metamorphoses* were adapted and performed on Broadway. Meanwhile, in Sulmona today, Ovid's statue, not Augustus's, stands in the main square. Spring comes every year just as Ovid must have seen it in his mind's eye two thousand years ago on the frozen shores of the Black Sea: rosemary, basil, and wisteria perfume the little lanes under the cypress trees; the donkey bells tinkle between crumbling yellow walls; and people practice the arts of love.

Kenneth Cavander, a free-lance writer and former classics professor, adapted Boccaccio's Decameron *for the stage.*





ROGER-VIOLLET

Monet's Garden

In the countryside of northern France he made a garden, and there—as he grew old and his eyesight failed him—perceived and painted sunlight and water, trees and flowers, as no one ever had before

Aside from its other satisfactions, painting is a healthy profession. Painters are outdoors a great deal, they work with their hands, they are absorbed in small, practical dexterities such as stretching canvases and mixing colors and cleaning brushes, and the very act of painting constitutes a mild form of physical exercise. Great masters particularly seem to enjoy a better than average life expectancy: Titian is thought by some authorities to have lived to ninety-nine, and in our own time Picasso is still at work in his nineties. Monet lived to be eighty-six. His life conveniently divided into halves, for it was in 1883, when he was forty-three, that he settled in Giverny, on the border of Normandy and the Île de France.

The move to Giverny reflected a change in fortune. The heroic period of impressionism, when Claude Monet and his friends were banned from the government-sponsored biannual Salon and their works were laughed at by art critics, was over. Now, he was in the process of passing from hardship to wealth, from ridicule to glory.

The creator in his Eden: standing on the bank of his lily pond at Giverny, Claude Monet is surrounded by the elements that became favorite subjects for painting in his later years—lily pads on water, willows, clumps of flowers, and the wisteria-covered Japanese footbridge that arches over the pond.

He could afford to keep his distance from the group named after his 1872 canvas *Impression Rising Sun,* and told an interviewer in 1880: "I am in Impressionist but I seldom see my colleagues ... the little chapel has become a school that opens its doors to any hack."

Monet was leaving behind the legend of a youth spent defying the artistic canons of his time. Like every innovator, he had to struggle to impose a style that appeared discordant, even barbaric, because it was a departure from what preceded it. His tenacity, his single-mindedness, had been remarkable, beginning with his arrival in Paris and his enrollment in a life class where the professor, craning his neck to look at his work, commented: "Very good, young man, but too much like the model. You have before you a stocky man and you paint him stocky. He has big feet and you paint big feet. When you draw a figure you must think of antiquity." Monet left and never returned.

Boudin had already taught him that "one brushstroke after nature is worth more than days of work in the studio," and Monet took his easel outdoors and painted what he saw, without thinking of antiquity. Nothing stopped him. He painted the Seine when it was frozen over, with a hot-water bottle to keep his fingers from going numb. He wrote his friend the art critic Gustav Geffroy: "I painted today under snow falling that

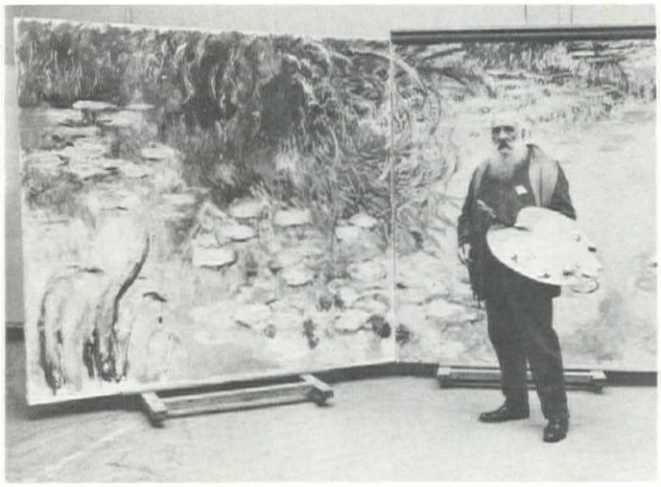
By SANCHE DE GRAMONT

never stopped. You would have laughed to see me white all over with icicles hanging from my beard."

The poverty of the early years was not ordinary poverty, it was poverty within the context of a coherent group that was beginning to assert itself. These were the years of desperate letters with the recurring phrases "my need is greater than ever," "I am without a penny," "my situation is critical," and of a halfhearted suicide attempt in 1868, when, after he was evicted with his wife and child from a seaside hotel at Fécamp, he threw himself into the harbor. But his pleading letters were answered, by fellow artists like Manet and Bazille, who had independent incomes, or by collectors and dealers. Monet was constantly penniless and constantly rescued by his friends. He was able to keep painting thanks to his own stubbornness and their support.

Monet caught a glimpse of financial security when he met the dealer Durand-Ruel in 1870 in London, where the painter had rather timorously decided to sit out the Franco-Prussian War. In two years Durand-Ruel bought sixty-eight canvases for more than thirty-two thousand francs. In addition, Durand-Ruel put Monet in touch with collectors who bought his works privately, collectors like Ernest Hoschedé, the gregarious director of the department store Au Gagne-Petit. The meeting with Hoschedé was crucial for Monet, who formed an attachment to his wife, a buxom woman named Alice. Circumstances brought them together. In 1878 Hoschedé declared bankruptcy, sold his collection of impressionists, and fled to Brussels, deserting his family. The following year Monet lost his frail wife, Camille, the model for an early portrait much admired by Zola, probably as the result of a botched abortion. After a nine-month period of mourning, Monet took in Alice Hoschedé, who brought along five children and a dowry. After that, Monet wrote no more pleading letters. He was in any case fetching higher prices and could count on advances from Durand-Ruel. But with five Hoschedé children in addition to his two sons by Camille, he needed a place in the country.

He found a simple house with an orchard in the village of Giverny, about one hundred miles northwest of Paris at the juncture of the Seine and one of its branches, the Epte. Giverny, in those days, was a model of French rural life, complete with its village idiot, its beggar woman rumored to have accumulated secret wealth, its domino players in the café, its burly blacksmith, and its taciturn, suspicious villagers who baked their own bread and only ate meat on Sunday. In those days the Epte, which passed in front of Monet's house, was so clear you could see the fish on the bottom nibbling at the bait on the lines. The Seine was dotted with sandy islands, and the neat fields of small farms rolled away from either bank.



Palette in hand, the octogenarian painter stands before two panels of one of his last works: a study of water lilies destined to line the walls of two specially designed rooms in the Orangerie in Paris.

At first the villagers did not take to Monet, a massive, bearded figure who refused to indulge in those daily chats about the weather that to French rural folk are the infallible sign of an outgoing nature. Monet was an "horzin," which is what outsiders are called in that part of France. When he set his easel in a field to paint his famous series of haystacks seen at different times of the day, the owner of the field informed him that the haystack was about to be torn down for threshing. Monet had to rent the haystack until he was done with it. A similar problem arose when he began to paint a line of poplars along the riverbank. As Monet later explained it to Marc Elder, who had come to visit him at Giverny on behalf of the Nantes Museum: "I had to buy them to finish painting them. . . . The township of Limetz had put them up for auction. . . . The only thing I could do was put in a bid myself, while telling myself 'this whim will cost you plenty, my man.' Then I thought of going to see a woodcutter who wanted the poplars. I asked him how much he was willing to pay, and I promised to pay the difference if the price went over that, on condition that . . . he leave the trees standing a few months. And that was what we did."

The villagers accepted Monet when he became more prosperous, and when they were sure he was not a Bohemian. In 1889, as the result of a highly successful retrospective he shared with Rodin, he was able to buy the Giverny house, as well as a strip of marshland separated from the garden by a dirt path and a railway line, where he built his water-lily pond. When Monet was not painting, he was working on his garden, the subject of much of his later work. He had misgivings about the paintings, but not about the garden, which he called his masterpiece. He told Marc Elder: "I'm not ashamed to say I'm proud of it! . . . Forty years ago, when I first came here, there was only a peasant's house and a modest orchard . . . but fruit trees don't do well here. We have a layer of clay instead of topsoil: the water is trapped and the plum trees rot without giving fruit."

Monet composed the arrangement of his flowers as he would have the colors on his canvases. He covered every square foot of the garden with an abun-

dance of blossoms that seemed disorderly until one became aware of secret harmonies and elusive patterns. He studied seed catalogues and added new species each year. The long paths were lined with clusters of irises, climbing clematis, huge peonies, zinnias so tall and stiff they seemed to be standing on metal stems, star-shaped dahlias, and Monet's favorite rose, the sulphur-colored Mermaid. Blue agapanthus bordered the pond he had made by diverting the water of the Epte. A concrete sluice at either end controlled the flow of water. The pond was bordered by willows and poplars, and thrown over its narrow neck was a high-arched Japanese bridge. The water lilies that covered the pond were not seeded, but planted: they did not float on the pond's surface, but were rooted in the sludge at the bottom. Monet hired five gardeners, one of whom was responsible only for the pond—for weeding it, removing algae and water-lily leaves, and keeping it so clean that it mirrored the sky.

Monet did not plant water lilies to paint them. He was not that programmatic. "It took me a long time to understand my water lilies," he said. "I planted them for the pleasure of it; I cultivated them without thinking of painting them . . . and then suddenly I had the revelation of the magic of the pond. I took my palette . . . and since that day I've scarcely had another model." This was an exaggeration, for the years at Giverny were also the years when he traveled to London, Venice, and Norway in search of new landscapes. But he always returned to the water lilies. He painted them from 1892 until his death thirty-four years later. He wrote his friend Geffroy: "I've gone back again to things that are simply impossible: water, with the weeds on the bottom waving under it, marvelous to see, but to want to paint it is enough to drive one mad. Still, this is the sort of thing I'm always tackling."

Life at Giverny was governed by Monet's working habits. He rose early to take advantage of the light. Meals were at eleven thirty and seven. At night he liked to read his favorite books out loud, Flaubert, Zola, Tolstoy. In the fall he took the children mushroom-hunting. When he was painting, he did not tolerate interruption. He is recorded as telling unexpected visitors: "Gentlemen, I never receive when I am working. Never. I am lost if I am interrupted while I am at work. You understand, gentlemen, I pursue a patch of light. . . . It is terrible, this light which escapes one, taking color with it."

Each day Monet's family waited for signs—if his work was going well, he sang at the table, told jokes, asked for good wine, and made his own salad dressing. There were other meals when the only sound was the click of fork against plate, days of melancholy when he stayed in bed and worked himself up to the only acts of violence he ever committed—lacerating, burning, or kicking holes into his canvases.

For Monet, a painting was never finished, it was abandoned. His old friend Clémenceau complained that he did not know when to stop, that he kept retouching to the painting's disadvantage. Clémenceau saw certain similarities between himself and Monet. "Monet paints the way I would have if I had been a painter," he said. "It's obstinate painting." But "we don't see things the same way," he told Monet. "When I look at a tree I see a tree, but you see the degree of color, the transitions." "How true that is," replied Monet, "to such a degree that when I was at the bedside of someone I loved dearly who had died, I caught myself instinctively studying the shades of color death had imposed on that motionless face . . . be sorry for me, my friend." This was a reference to Camille, whom Monet had in fact painted on her deathbed, still warm, in a rush of somewhat morbid inspiration.

It was Monet's conceit that he was a simple, forthright fellow who only painted what he saw; a sort of gifted rustic to whom theories of style and history of art were unnecessary complications. "I paint like a child," he liked to say. He told Mrs. Perry, an American lady painter who spent some time in Giverny: "Paint what you really see, not what you think you ought to see . . . Merely think, here is a square of blue . . . here a streak of yellow and paint it just as it looks to you, the exact color and shape, until it gives you your own naive impression of the scene."

But the notion of a naive painter who was "only an eye, but what an eye," in Cézanne's now-hackneyed phrase, does not stand up to scrutiny. Anyone who has seen the Rouen cathedral or the water-lily pond at Giverny, and who has then gone back to the paintings, will be struck by the flamboyant interpretation, as far from reality in its way as elongated El Greco figures are from the normal human anatomy. The magnificent Gothic cathedral of Rouen, in bright sunshine as under clouds, remains a large mass of gray stone. The purples and pinks that shimmer in the Monet canvases are not provided by the eye, but by Monet's chromatic imagination. The pink clouds and whirls of magenta and gold in the water-lily series exist only on the surface of the canvas, not in nature. Monet went further than the other impressionists in abandoning literal representation. He used the same techniques, the separation of the brushstrokes, the use of raw colors, the many-layered surface, the paint scraped on in thick dabs; but in his later work, the subject became no more than a distant starting point, increasingly ambiguous, increasingly overwhelmed by near-abstract plays of color and light. Monet, in fact, was the opposite of what he thought he was. He wanted to capture reality with the utmost fidelity, but his work is that of an imagist and a visionary. It was when the twenty-nine-year-old Kandinsky saw a Monet exhibit in Moscow in 1895 that he first realized what an abstract painting could be.

Monet was also part of a historical development. It was not an accident that painters in the second half of the nineteenth century took their easels outside and painted the play of light on nature. Painters had sketched outdoors following the French occupation of

Algeria in 1834, when they traveled to North Africa and were won over by the "Arab picturesque," the bright colors and street scenes. Painting outdoors meant painting fast, before the scene changed or the light shifted. As Delacroix told an aspiring painter: "Sir, if you cannot paint a workman falling from a roof during the time of his fall, then you will not do great things." That was one lesson that Monet, shuffling his stack of canvases every few minutes as the light kept changing, learned well. At the same time, there was a tendency to turn away from heroic subjects and allegories. As Courbet said: "I will never paint an angel because I have never seen one." Instead Courbet painted, in 1849, two road workers breaking rocks. The era of romantic exaggeration had expired in the bloody Paris streets of the 1848 revolution, and impressionism, with its scenes of daily life, of people eating picnic lunches or walking through fields of poppies, mirrored the tranquil bourgeois prosperity of the Second Empire and the Third Republic. Art also moved away from the precise representation of a subject, for a reason that in retrospect seems obvious. By 1827 Niepce had submitted his first outdoor photograph to the Royal Society, and by 1850 the daguerreotype was a popular form of portraiture. The impressionists had to do what the camera could not: render a subject through dabs of color, and concentrate on the principal difference between a canvas and a photograph—the pigmentation.

Monet was in a very real sense the product of developments like these. To give an example of how a small, practical improvement can contribute to an art style, it was in 1861 that paints were first sold in soft metal tubes. They made outdoor painting a great deal more convenient: instead of having to mix oil and powder to prepare his colors, the painter had only to squeeze the tube, and he could now paint in a strong wind. Also, chemically treated colors like viridian green and alizarin crimson made their appearance at this time, giving a new range to Monet's palette. All these factors should be kept in mind when we look at a water-lily panel and wonder, as did a young woman I recently stood next to at the Orangerie: "How did he do it?"

Of course, the mystery remains. For a painter cannot paint any farther from the canvas than the length of his arm. When one moves in as close to a Monet canvas as Monet must have stood to paint it, one is struck by the full force of his genius, for how could these incoherent blurs of color turn into cathedrals and fields of flowers? In Monet's case, the ability to imagine what his painting would look like from a distance is more than a technical achievement, it is the key to his personal vision.

An additional mystery is that Monet, like his great friend Clémenceau, surpassed himself in old age. Clémenceau, at the age of seventy-six, was brought back to power in the third year of World War I and became the symbol of French tenacity. At the same time that Clémenceau was visiting the front at Verdun, Monet, little more than two hundred miles away and one year older than Clémenceau, was shut up in a vast new studio completing his most ambitious work, a series of long panels designed to show the entire circumference of his water-lily pond. The studio, a converted barn with steel girders rising fifty feet from the floor to support a skylight, was finished in 1916. Monet then had the canvases stretched and mounted on wheeled easels. "I wanted to lock myself up with my work," he later explained, "so I would not think of all the horrors that were being committed. I lived there for five years, hardly putting down my brushes." Besides the war, personal tragedies—the death of Alice and of his eldest son—made him shut himself up with his work.

The water-lily panels were his first studio paintings, done from studies and from his memory of the pond. He had been painting it since 1892, and had already had two exhibits of water lilies, one in 1900 and one in 1908. Has any other subject, with the possible exception of Cézanne's Mont Sainte-Victoire, so obsessed a painter? The dealer René Gimpel visited Monet while he was working on the panels, and recorded in his journal that he had seen a dozen huge canvases presenting "a panorama made up of water and lilies, of light and sky. In that infinitude, water and sky have neither beginning nor end. We seem to be present at one of the first hours in the birth of the world. It is mysterious, poetic, delightfully unreal . . . it is a discomfort and a pleasure to see oneself surrounded by water on all sides."

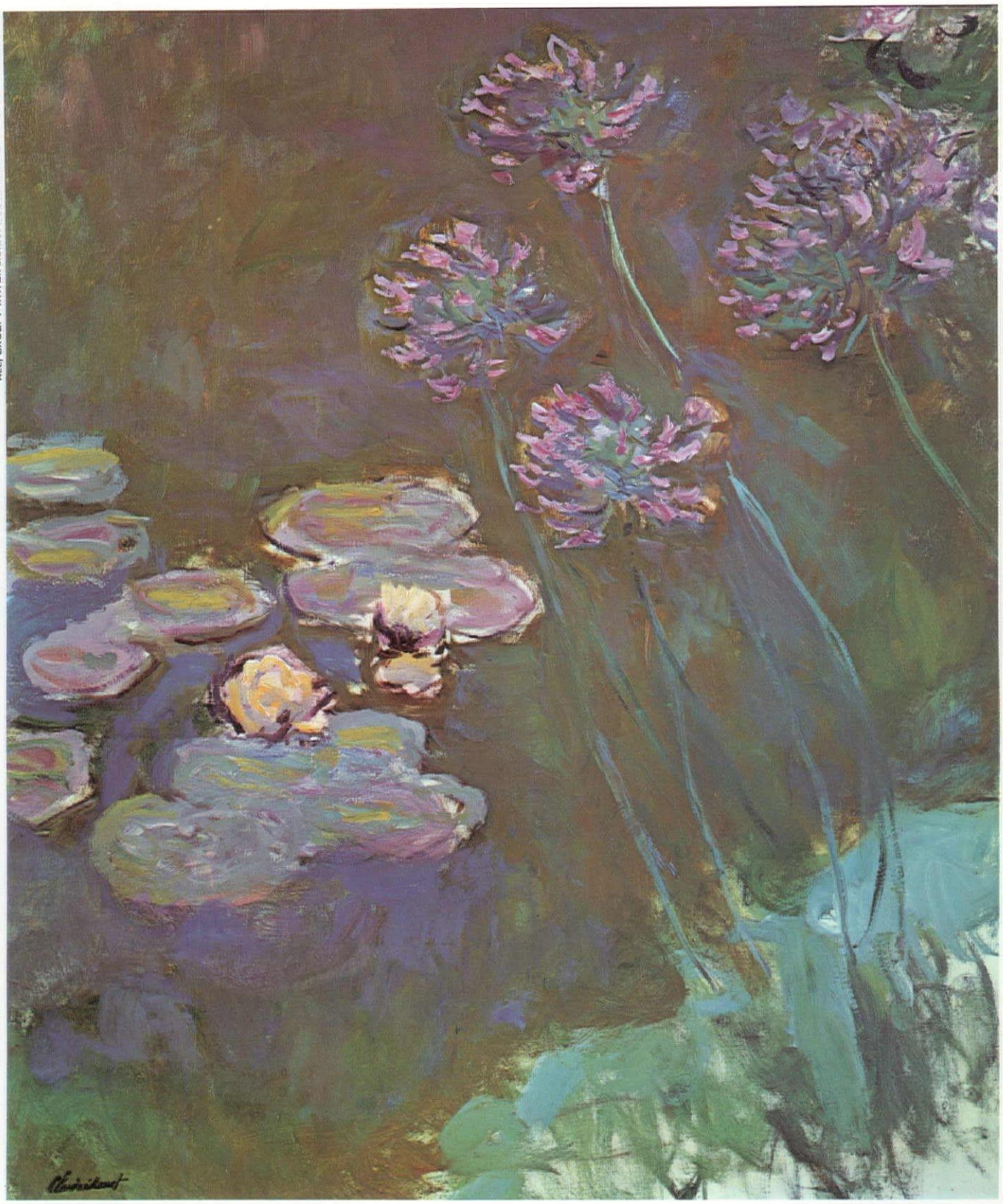
While Monet was painting the water-lily panels, which were not completed

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Pictures from the Water Garden: A Foldout Color Portfolio

In 1889, when Monet was able to buy the country house he had first rented six years earlier, he also bought a strip of marshy land across the road; there he had workmen dig a shallow pond with sluices at either end and divert water into it from a nearby river. Around the pond he planted willows, iris, and bamboo, and in it he planted various kinds of water lilies; finally, in 1892, he had a decorative Japanese footbridge built across the pond's lower end. For a time, this "water garden" served the painter chiefly as a convenient retreat, a place for rest and meditation, but then, more and more often, he was drawn to it for subjects: he began to paint the flowers, the trees, the footbridge, and, especially, the pond itself, striving to fix on canvas the evanescent play of sunlight on water and the ever-changing skyscapes reflected in its depths. As his obsession grew, after 1899, the shoreline in his aquatic studies steadily receded until it disappeared from the composition. Monet painted several of his finest works, including the ones reproduced on the following pages, in his last but still productive years at Giverny, where he died, at the age of eighty-six, in 1926.

ALL, EXCEPT WATER LILIES: MUSEE MARMOTTAN, PARIS–ROUTHIER

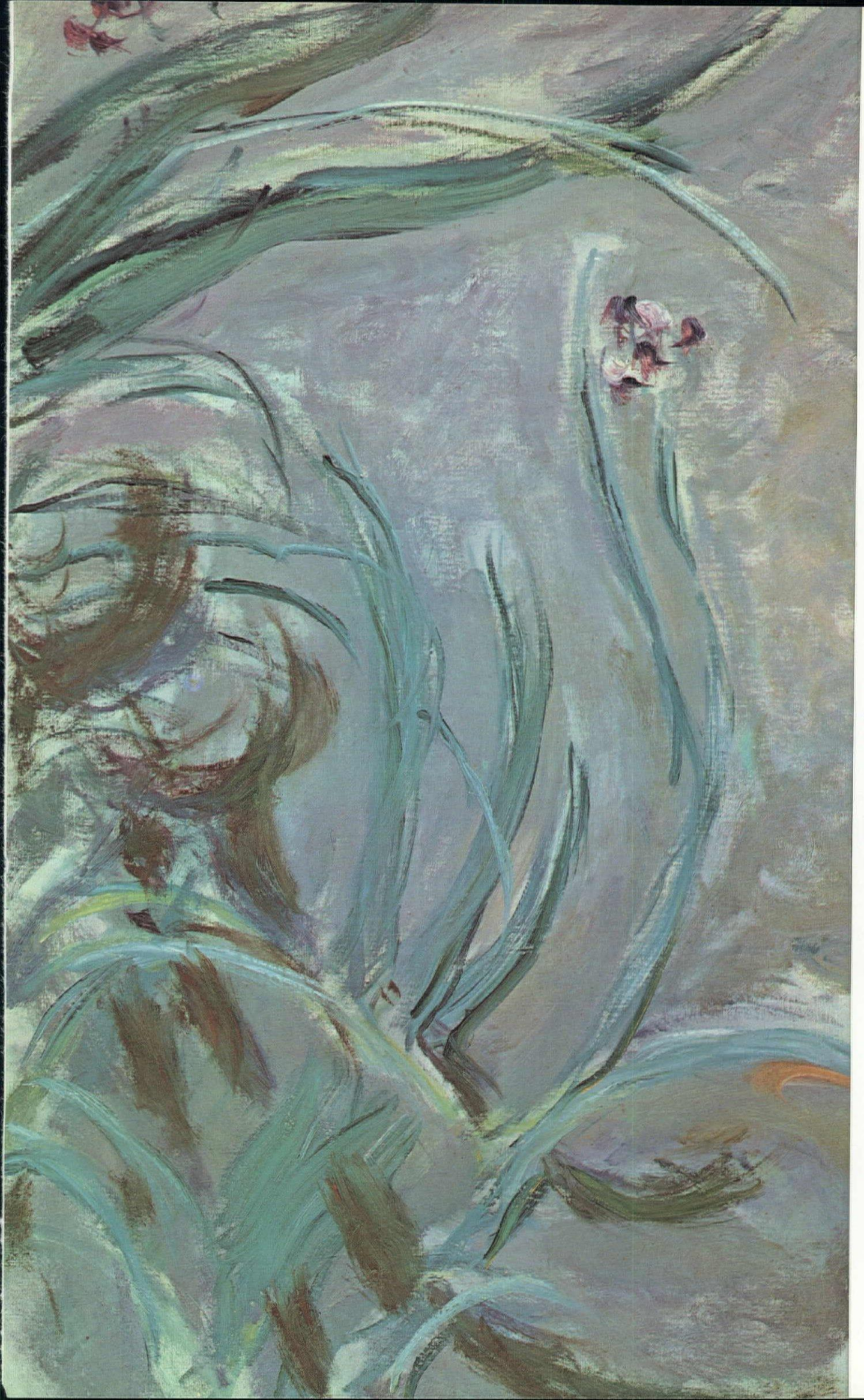


ABOVE: WATER LILIES AND AGAPANTHUS; FOLLOWING PAGE: IRIS



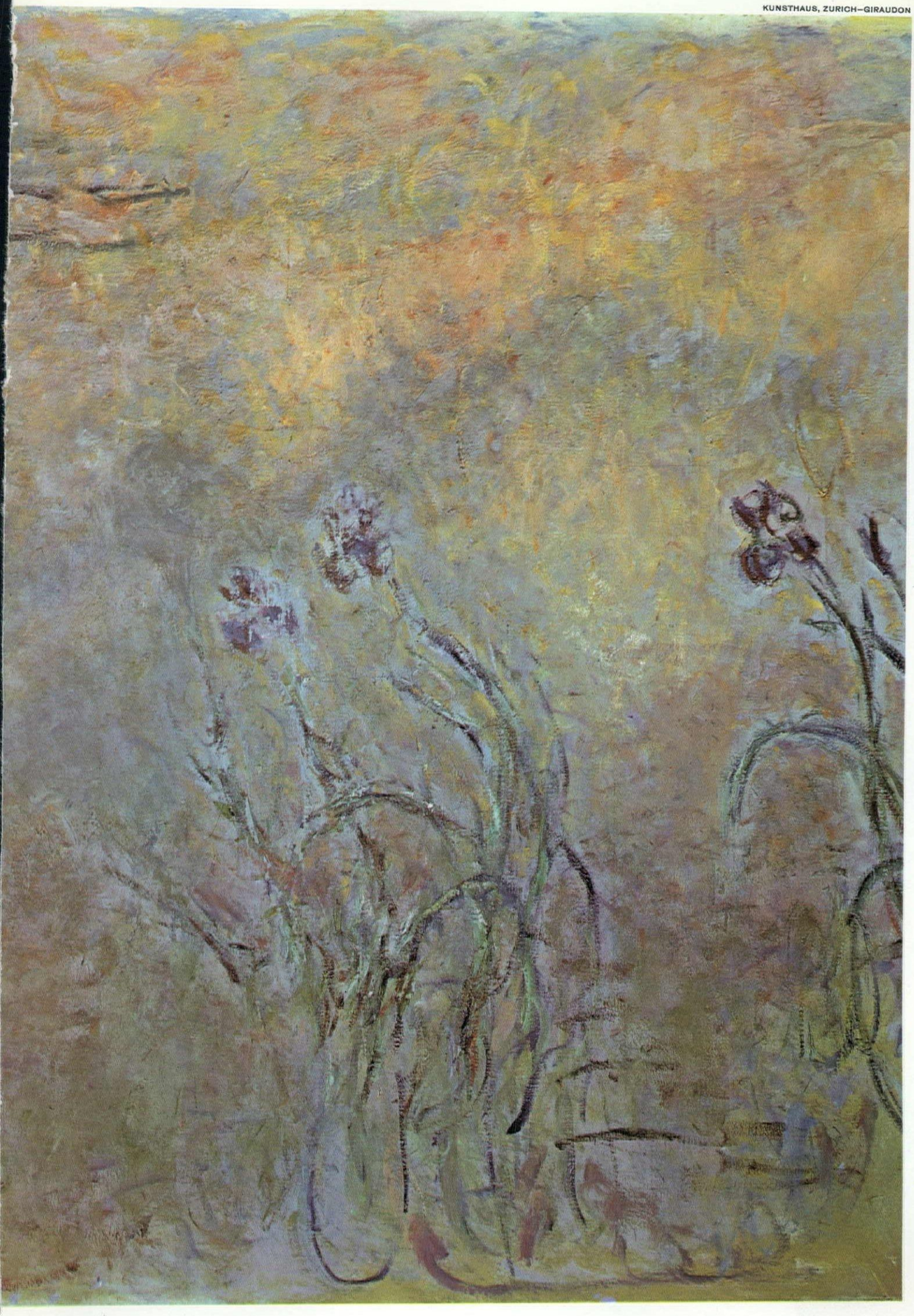


WATER LILIES





KUNSTHAUS, ZURICH—GIRAUDON





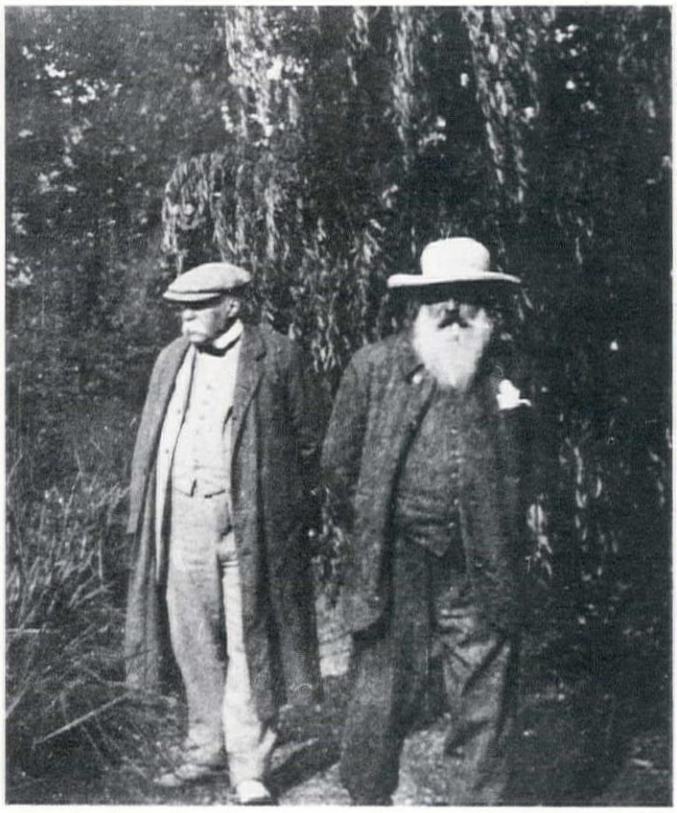


ABOVE: THE WILLOW; PRECEDING PAGE: WATER FLOWERS

TEXT CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

until 1921, his sight began to fail. Clémenceau, who brought encouragement on almost every weekend, urged him to agree to a cataract operation. Monet kept putting it off. In November, 1919, he wrote his friend: "I am very frightened that any operation would be fatal, that once one eye was meddled with it would be the turn of the other eye. I prefer to keep my poor eyesight, even to give up painting, in order to continue to see what I love, sky, water, trees."

The veil that had formed over his eyes darkened until Monet's misgivings about the operation were outweighed by his fear of total blindness. He entered a Neuilly clinic in 1923 and was operated on by a Doctor Coutela for a cataract in his right eye, in those days quite a complicated affair. He was given cocaine shots in the optic nerve as an anesthetic. When the cataract was peeled off, Monet marveled at a sudden rainbow of colors that was followed by total obscurity. He had to remain for ten days in a dark room on a bed without a pillow, fed on bouillon, with a nurse by his side in case of cocaine hallucinations. In the weeks that followed, Monet tried different glasses but complained about double vision. A well-known oculist, Dr. Jacques Mawas, made him glasses with newly developed Zeiss lenses. With these glasses, and after an operation on his left eye, he could see more clearly and was able to work.



ROGER-VIOLLET

Monet's closest friend in old age was Georges Clémenceau, at left.

The water-lily panels represent a dual departure from Monet's own rules. He made a religion of painting *au grand air*, but these were painted in his studio. He insisted that he painted only what he saw, but these were painted when his eyes were betraying him. Did Monet, with his weakening vision, know what colors he was using? Are the bold brushstrokes and the iridescent light an accident of failing sight? If further proof is needed of the part imagination played in Monet's rendering of nature, it can be found in the water-lily panels. One can imagine a near-blind Monet, like a deaf Beethoven, still in control of his medium. There was a film over Monet's eyes, but there is no film blurring these canvases, the most luminous he painted and the most complex in composition. The viewer is surrounded by an environment, part sky and part water, hovering in mid-air, without gravity, but dense as the Sargasso Sea.

It was to please Clémenceau that Monet agreed to give the water-lily panels to a nation that had ignored his work. When the donation act was signed, in 1922, there was not a single Monet in a state museum. Two oval rooms were designed in the Orangerie to receive the panels, and Monet stubbornly supervised their installation, insisting that the panels be flush with the ground, so the visitor would have the impression of walking around the pond.

Monet could have put away his brushes, now that he was assured of official recognition. But after the cataract operation came a final, surprising burst of activity. These last paintings, which have been on public view only since 1967, when they were left by Monet's son Michel to the Marmottan Museum in Paris, are a radical departure from his earlier style. The charming landscapes of his impressionist period do not seem to have been painted by the man who, in 1922 and 1923, finished the Japanese Bridge and Alley of Roses series. The difference in periods is the difference between a cat and a tiger.

In the Japanese Bridge series, perhaps the most fully realized of these late works, the paint looks as if it had been squeezed by the tubeful directly onto the canvas. It has a rough, granular texture, a nap like a carpet. The outlines vanish, the form of the bridge is barely suggested by blots of color, until, in the last painting of the series, it disappears completely and one is left with the bridge's expression, like the Cheshire cat's smile. It is clear when one looks at these works why Chagall venerates Monet as the supreme colorist, for Chagall's palette, his luminous pinks and blues, are all to be found in a single painting, the *House in the Roses*. It is also clear why action painters admit their debt to Monet, who stopped trying to paint "pretty" and used thick layers of color and slashing brushstrokes to convey an aspect of nature both untamed and alarming.

Monet was satisfied with his work and wrote his friend André Barbier in 1925: "I am working constantly and with great joy . . . my sight is much improved. . . . I am pleased with what I am doing and I wonder whether I will live to be a hundred." He fell short of that goal by fourteen years, dying December 5, 1926, as he waited impatiently for a shipment of lilac bulbs that Japanese friends had promised to send him.

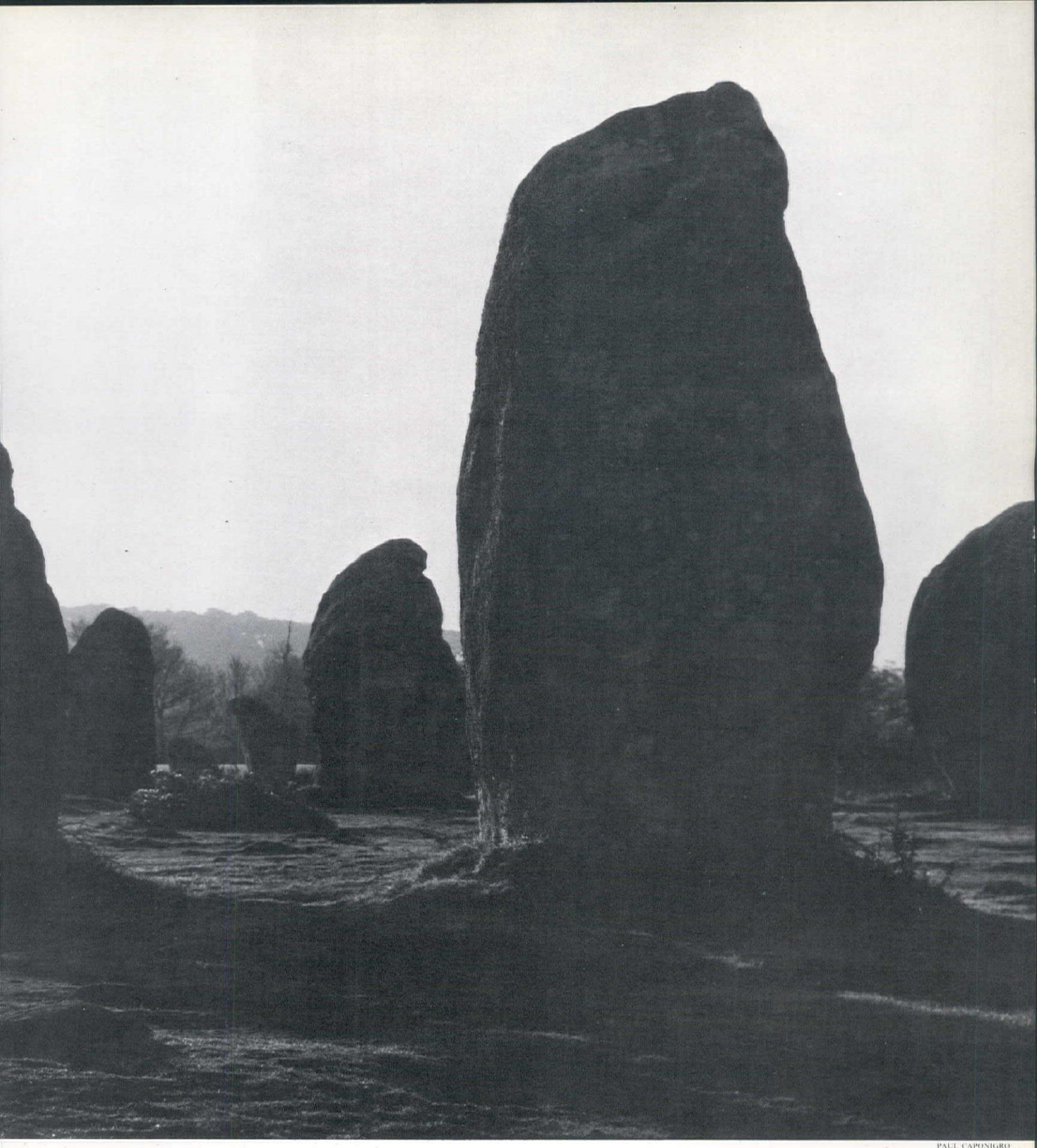
Sanche de Gramont is a Pulitzer Prize journalist and author of The French.



Standing like sentinels, these giant menhirs at Kermario in Brittany are part of a vast megalithic complex.

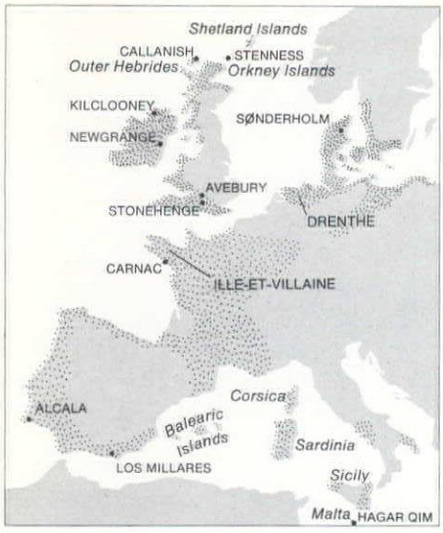
THE BIG STONES

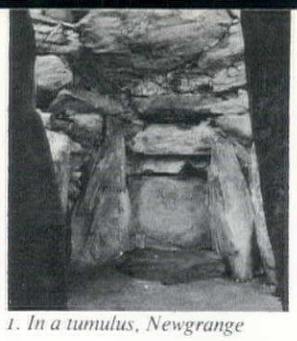
By GEOFFREY BIBBY



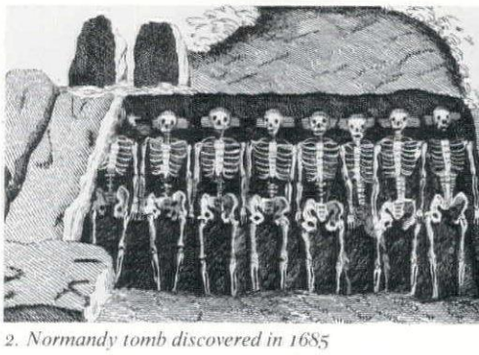
PAUL CAPONIGRO

Was our civilization invented in the Near East and exported to Europe? So we have thought until now, but thanks to some ancient tree rings, we are confronted with centuries of Western culture we did not know we had, and European stone monuments older than the pyramids





1. In a tumulus, Newgrange



2. Normandy tomb discovered in 1685

Megalithic monuments have been found on every inhabited continent except Australia, and even on Pacific islands, but the chamber tombs and standing stones of western Europe are among the most extensive, and are by far the best known. The map at left shows their distribution, together with some of the principal sites and concentrations, while the pictures at right and opposite give an idea of their variety. The tomb structures (such as 4 and 5) were originally covered with earth. The function of the standing stones (3 and 8), eroded over the millenniums, is still unknown.

People had always known they were there, those jumbles of giant stones. They were found along the coasts of Spain and Portugal and deep into France. From Brittany they extended north over southern and western England, Wales and Ireland, as far as the Shetland Islands. From Holland they extended eastward over northern Germany, and by way of Denmark, into southern Sweden.

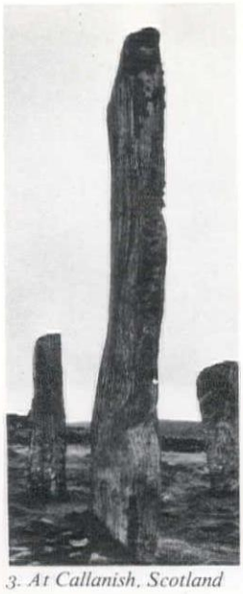
Throughout this region they lay in their thousands, odd and varied monuments of huge, roughly dressed stones. In some cases a ring of mighty boulders would surround a barrow, sometimes with colossal stones protruding, half buried, from the barrow's center; in other places stood "dolmens," or "cromlechs," upright stones surmounted by massive capstones; elsewhere were "menhirs," single standing stones, sometimes alone, sometimes in lines or avenues, sometimes in circles. And among them were groupings of immense slabs, tumbled tons of granite or sandstone, where the collapse of a capstone had reduced a pattern to chaos. Most of these monuments were in ruins: capstones were fallen, rows of stones showed wide gaps, and tree roots had overturned the standing slabs.

Still, there were exceptions. At a dozen or so places along the Atlantic, turf-covered barrows stood intact, and the intrepid visitor, squeezing himself between two stone uprights, could traverse a long passageway lined with massive stones. At its end he would find himself in a large chamber, also walled and roofed with colossal slabs, and sometimes giving onto smaller side chambers.

These monuments were certainly not of natural origin. They had to be supernatural, for no mortal man could have raised such colossal blocks of granite one upon the other. Clearly they belonged to the remote past, when giants and heroes and demigods roamed the earth. In northern Germany and Holland the long, narrow chambers were called "giants' beds," and in Denmark, "giants' chambers." The Celts of Brittany, Wales, and Ireland knew that the Little People could lift giant stones, and so the Celts named their monuments accordingly. In some rested the heroes of old, in "King Asgar's Grave" or *Coetan Arthur*. These fairy hills and giants' chambers were known to contain treasure for the man who was bold enough to go after it.

The coming of Christianity did little to weaken the popular belief in the supernatural origin of the great stone monuments. Names like the "Devil's Den" and the "Devil's Ring and Finger" identified the agency now considered to be responsible. And it was said of many a standing stone that the Devil had hurled it at the nearest church, but had fallen short in his aim. Only with the new rationalism of the Renaissance was it realized that the stone monuments of western and northern Europe must be the works of man. Efforts were made to explain them on these terms, sometimes with results as fanciful as those that had gone before.

Not long after the beginning of the seventeenth century James I of England sent his architect, Inigo Jones, to examine the greatest stone monument of them all, Stonehenge on the Salisbury Plain. Jones declared in his report that it was a Roman temple, dedicated to Coelus, the father of the gods, and built in "a most grave Tuscan manner." Forty years later, in 1662, a certain Walter Charleton disagreed: "Having diligently compared STONE-HENG with other Antiquities of the same Kind, at this Day standing in Denmark, and finding a perfect Resemblance in most, if not in all Particulars observable, on both Sides; and acquainting my self moreover with the Uses of those rudely-magnificent Structures, for many hundreds of years together; I now at length conceive it to have been Erected by the DANES, when They had this Nation in Subjection; and principally, if not wholly design'd to be a Court Royal, or Place for the Election and Inauguration of their Kings." Charleton was one of the first to realize that the stone monuments were not isolated phenomena, but were related in form and probably in purpose over considerable distances. The dolmens of Scandinavia, to which he was presumably comparing Stonehenge, were believed at the time to have been the crowning places of Viking kings.



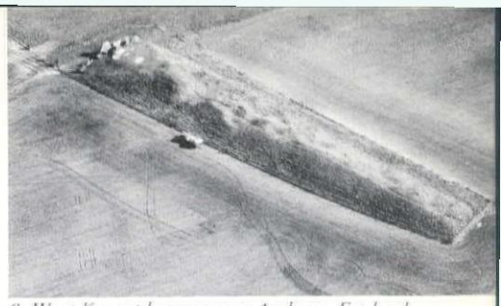
3. At Callanish, Scotland



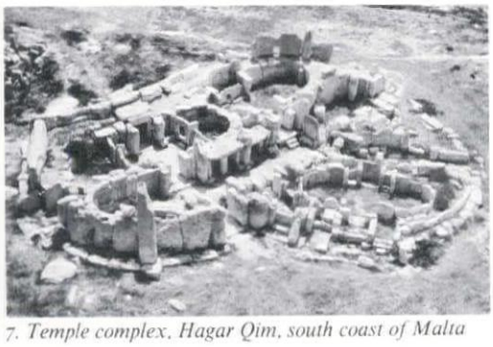
4. Dolmen at Sønderholm, Denmark



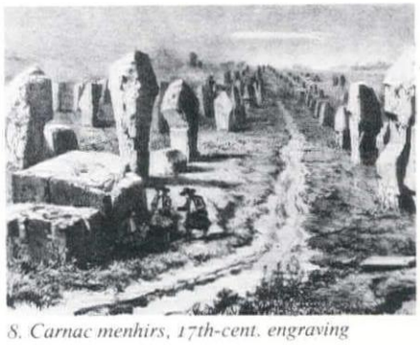
5. Dolmen, Kilclooney, Ireland



6. West Kennet barrow near Avebury, England



7. Temple complex, Hagar Qim, south coast of Malta



8. Carnac menhirs, 17th-cent. engraving



9. Lowlands grave, 18th-cent. print

It was common practice by this time to ascribe these "rude monuments" to the last pre-Christian inhabitants of each country—in Scandinavia to the Vikings, in France to the Gauls, in Britain to the Celts, and in particular to the Celtic priests and judges, the druids. The attribution of England's monuments to the druids was the invention of John Aubrey, the seventeenth-century discoverer of the great stone circle of Avebury, and the theory was developed in the following century by the "interpreter" of Stonehenge, William Stukeley. Both men had pieced together, from scattered classical references to the druids, the image of an esoteric religion in which all Christianity was foreshadowed. Stukeley not only gave Stonehenge its now notorious reputation as a druid temple, but also explained away every type of ancient monument found in southern England as the grave or temple of a king, bard, priestess, druid, or archdruid. Not until well into the nineteenth century did these explanations begin to give way before the questionings of a new school of rationalists, the first archaeologists.

In 1819 Christian Thomsen arranged the collections of the Danish Museum of Antiquities in three cultural groupings, which he called the Stone Age, the Bronze Age, and the Iron Age; and in 1836 he published *A Guide to Scandinavian Antiquities*, in which he asserted that these three ages were chronologically consecutive. After this, it was no longer possible to lump together stone axes and iron swords, flint arrowheads and bronze bucklers, as "pre-Roman" or "Gothic" or "Ancient British," or to ascribe the "rude stone monuments" indiscriminately to Gauls, Romans, Celts, or druids. Now, whenever two artifacts came together, the museum curator was bound to speculate about which was the older, and the field archaeologist was forced to become an explorer of time.

In 1840 Thomsen's pupil and successor, Jens Worsaae, produced the first regional survey of stone monuments, including the dolmens of Denmark, the large chambers consisting of four or five or six large standing stones surmounted by one large capstone. (It is at this time that the term "megalith"—Greek for "great stone"—was coined to designate the giant structures.) On the basis of excavation, he stated that the dolmens were not altars or crowning places of Germanic kings, but graves, and that their contents, skeletons accompanied by stone axes or daggers and triangular flint arrowheads, proved beyond a doubt that they belonged to the Age of Stone. Thirteen years later Dr. Lukis, of Jersey, produced a similar survey of the Channel Island monuments, confirming Worsaae's view that these megalithic chambers were of Stone Age date and were sepulchers—used, he said, repeatedly for successive burials. He also noted that the megaliths of northern France, the Channel Islands, and England and Wales showed so many identical features that they must have been built by the same race.

The next link in this chain of reasoning was forged in 1870 by another Dane, Conrad Engelhardt, who wrote: "Megalith graves extend in one almost unbroken chain from the Gulf of Riga along the south coast of the Baltic and the North Sea, through Scandinavia and Britain, along the eastern shores of the Atlantic Ocean and the southern shores of the Mediterranean as far as Tripoli; also in scattered groups covering Palestine, Syria, Seleucia, Tartary and Persia as far as India, where they again appear in large numbers. They are on the whole confined to the coastal stretches, to the lowlands and the river valleys. Considered as a whole, they are all of identical ground plan and mode of construction, and their monumental character appears to have originated in one and the same culture." He added that all the graves of this character appeared to be communal tombs containing a large number of bodies, and he pointed out that while the megalithic tombs of Scandinavia, Great Britain, Ireland, and northern France were unquestionably of Stone Age date, no objects of metal being found there at all, those of southern France, Spain, Portugal, and North Africa normally contained objects of bronze, while farther east, particularly in India, even iron objects were found in the megalithic

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PAUL CAPONIGRO

La Roche-aux-Fées (Fairy Rock) consists of slabs weighing about forty-five tons that had to be hauled more than two miles. It is the most impressive engineering feat of ancient Brittany.

tombs. This might mean, he said, that the megalithic culture originated in the north and gradually spread southward, but it is equally likely that southern and western Europe possessed and used bronze at a time when the metal was unknown in the north.

The problem of dating this apparently homogeneous "megalithic culture," not merely in terms of "Stone Age" and "Bronze Age" but in actual chronological years, was now becoming paramount. At that time the only way to find a date for a prehistoric artifact or structure was to look for resemblances between it and objects from the early civilizations of the Near and Middle East, where written records went back to long before the dawn of European history. A theory of "diffusion" *had* to be adopted, a theory proposing that objects in Europe had been derived from similar objects in the Near East and were of approximately the same date. In 1894 the chief propounder of this theory, Oscar Montelius of Sweden, applied this "typological" method to the thousands of stone graves then known. He was the first to point out the virtual identity in form of the megalithic graves with another type of communal tomb, the so-called tholos tomb found in Greece and Asia Minor, Malta and the Balearic Islands. Here was the same tumulus, the same passageway, the same burial chamber. The only difference was that the Mediterranean tombs were not built of megaliths, but of ordinary blocks of stone laid in horizontal courses.

Some of these tholos tombs, in Crete and on the mainland of Greece, could be dated through their contents, which included Egyptian imports, to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries B. C.; a similar date was therefore suggested for the megalithic tombs of Europe.

The inevitable climax of "hyperdiffusionism" came about twenty years later, when Sir Grafton Elliot Smith, a professor of anatomy, wrote *The Migrations of Early Culture*, and W. J. Perry, a lecturer in comparative religion, published *The Children of the Sun* and *The Growth of Civilization*. In these books the bold claim was made that all civilization had originated in Egypt and had spread from there to the rest of the world. They pointed out the resemblances of the mastabas, the earliest grave structures of the Pharaohs, and the later rock-cut tombs of Egypt, to the rock-cut tombs and megalithic grave-chambers of other parts of the world. "But on the outskirts of this old civilization," says Perry, "in the Sudan, in Syria and Palestine, in South Italy, in many parts of North Africa, Spain and Portugal, France, Britain, Holland, Denmark, North Germany, and in a few other spots in Europe, and in countries around the Mediterranean, as well as in certain outlying parts of the earth, there appeared, along with other signs of culture derived from the region of the Ancient East, and primarily from Egypt, monuments of large stones that reproduce faithfully the essential features of the mastaba graves of the early dynastic times in Egypt." He claimed that in the twelfth dynasty, about 2000 B.C., colonists from Egypt had regularly set out with the purpose of prospecting for metals and other objects of value, and that they had spread from there along the coasts of Europe, looking for copper, tin, silver, gold, jet, and amber. They moved eastward, building their colonies—and their megalithic tombs—along the coasts of Asia, initiating the Polynesian migrations into the Pacific, and eventually establishing their megalithic culture in Central America.

It was a valiant attempt to fit the whole puzzling megalithic complex into a single generalized framework. But the attempt met a storm of protest from orthodox archaeologists. They criticized the Egyptian origin of the megalithic idea as being unsupported by evidence; in opposition to the assertion that the main purpose of the megalith builders was to exploit metals, they pointed out that the artifacts found in the stone tombs of northern Europe showed no signs of any knowledge of metalworking. With Egypt discarded, however, it was generally agreed that the source of the megaliths must be sought in the eastern Mediterranean; and with the prospector theory excluded, there remained that of the missionary.

The missionary idea reconciled some very awkward facts. In pointing out the similarity of all megalithic graves from Cyprus to Sweden by way of Spain, Montelius had ignored the most awkward fact of all. In these identical tombs, besides the skeletons laid to rest in precisely the same way, were artifacts—tools and weapons of flint and vessels of pottery—that differed totally from one area to another. Obviously, there could have been no megalith-building people with a common culture. The only tradition that these people shared was

their method of burying their dead.

Once the word "missionary" was uttered, everything fell into place. Clearly, some religion, the most permanent feature of which was the construction of massive stone tombs for communal burial, had been disseminated from the East by a relatively small band of proselytizers—too small to make any appreciable mark on the material culture of the settlements to which they carried their message, but sufficiently influential to impose the new spiritual ideas on their hosts. The analogy of the Christian missionaries proselytizing among the uncivilized races of mankind in the nineteenth century lent this theory added credence.

The routes followed by missionaries of various "denominations" could be determined from the prevalence of various types of graves. One sect that made "porthole" entrances to their communal tombs had apparently crossed France and spread northeast across northern Germany to Sweden. Another group seemed to have made its way along the Pyrenees from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic, and then, via Brittany, to England and Ireland. A third sect probably circumnavigated Spain, leaving "congregations" there before sailing to Ireland and on around Scotland to Sweden and Denmark.

It all hung together. And the first breach in this structure only came with the invention of a method of establishing exact dates, a method independent of any theory of diffusion of ideas.

The basic ingredient of all organic matter is carbon. It is the major constituent of animal and vegetable life, and in the form of carbon dioxide, is one of the principal components of the air. Carbon is absorbed by plants from the carbon dioxide in the air, and this assimilated carbon in the plants is in turn consumed by animals and man. This carbon is partly used to replace structural wastage and to build up new structure—the process we call growth—and the by-product of this process breathed out as carbon dioxide. There is therefore a constant exchange of carbon occurring in any living organism.

Today we know that carbon is not the simple element that in preatomic times we thought it was. It consists of three isotopes, distinct substances that are chemically indistinguishable but that have different physical characteristics, the most obvious being a difference in atomic weight. Ordinary carbon has an atomic weight of 12; with C-12, however, are mixed minute traces of C-13 and C-14—in the case of the latter, about one atom of C-14 to a million million atoms of C-12. These increments of heavier carbon, the C-14 atoms, are produced in the upper atmosphere. There, cosmic ray particles bombard various atoms to produce neutrons. When such neutrons encounter an atom of nitrogen, whose atomic weight is 14, the nitrogen absorbs them, and is converted to carbon of the same atomic weight.

Like the ordinary carbon, this "heavy carbon" is absorbed from the atmosphere, directly or at one or more removes, by every living thing, a process that would be of only academic interest, if it were not for one important fact: Carbon-14 is radioactive.

Radioactive materials do two things: they emit particles at a rate that can be determined by a Geiger counter, and they break down, in the process, into other, normally nonradioactive substances. Every radioactive substance breaks down at a fixed rate; thus, the amount of radioactivity in a quantity of material will be reduced, after a particular, measurable period of time, to half, and after the same period again, to a quarter, and so on. This period is the "half-life" of the substance.

Since the amount of C-14 in the carbon of the atmosphere is kept constant by the continual stream of cosmic rays, and since every living creature keeps renewing its C-14 by absorbing carbon, every living creature is radioactive—and to exactly the same degree.

This rather disturbing conclusion was reached by Professor Willard F. Libby of the University of Chicago, in 1946. Soon after, he took his reasoning a step further. When an organism dies, it ceases to absorb new carbon, so that the natural breakdown of its C-14 is not counterbalanced by new intake. As a result, its proportion of C-14 to C-12 will slowly drop—*and drop at a fixed rate*. The half-life of C-14 was found to be 5,570 years; therefore a plant cut down 5,570 years ago would produce only half as many clicks on a Geiger counter as a plant cut down yesterday.

Significantly, the converse is also true. If a piece of wood gives only half as many clicks as a modern piece, then it is 5,570 years old. Any other proportion of clicks could likewise be converted into a date, as far back as the limits of accuracy of the machine permit. The application of this dating method to archaeology was immediately obvious, and for the last twenty-five years samples of wood, charcoal, seeds, shells, and bones from excavations have been submitted to Carbon-14 laboratories to obtain dates for them.

As the number of samples has accumulated a chronology has emerged, of sites and of assemblages of connected sites, of cultures and of major stages of progress in prehistory, over a very large area and a very long period of time. Radiocarbon dating has produced some surprises. In particular, it has shown that the archaeologists' guesses at the dates of two cultural landmarks —the origins of agriculture and civilization in the Middle East, and the introduction of agriculture into Europe —were extremely conservative.

It had previously been thought that agriculture had developed in Mesopotamia and the Nile valley about 4500 B.C.; that an urban civilization had grown up there about a thousand years later; and that agriculture had percolated into southeastern Europe about 3000 B.C. The Carbon-14 samples gave dates for these stages that are several thousand years earlier than the archaeologists had deemed possible. Neolithic agricultural village sites, such as Jarmo in northern Mesopotamia and Beidha in southern Palestine, gave car-

bon dates in the region of 7300 B.C., while at Jericho, and at Çatal Hüyük in southern Asia Minor, walled cities appeared to have existed at approximately the same date, well before 7000 B.C. The earliest agricultural settlements in southeastern Europe, such as Vinča and Starčevo in Yugoslavia and Karanovo in Bulgaria, gave dates in the region of 5500–5000 B.C., two thousand years and more earlier than had been postulated. The first agriculturalists were seen to have reached the northern extremes of Europe, England, and Scandinavia, by about 3300 B.C.

But these dates, while surprising, did not upset the established theories of the progress of Western culture. The beginnings of agriculture were still firmly rooted in the Middle East, and had still spread out from there into Europe. And the dates for the later stages in the growth of European culture, those dates that had been based on comparisons with the established written chronology of the Middle East, stood up to the challenge of Carbon-14 dating: the samples showed close agreement with the dates already postulated.

Only in the case of the megaliths did the new system of dating necessitate any major revision of the theories. The megalithic graves of northern and western Europe had been derived, it will be recalled, from the tholos tombs of the Aegean and the eastern Mediterranean, which could be dated, via Egyptian chronology, to about 1600 B.C. But now C-14 dates began to appear suggesting that the chambered tombs of southern England or of Denmark, for example, should more correctly be dated to the closing centuries of the third millennium, to 2300–2200 B.C.

This clashed head-on with the existing theory. It began to look as if the "megalithic missionaries" had sailed out from the eastern Mediterranean several hundred years before the tholos tombs had even been built; and it proved necessary, if the theory was to survive at all, to find an earlier origin for the megalithic tombs, in the earliest rock-cut tombs of Crete and the Aegean. But, these tombs did not resemble nearly so closely the megalithic tombs of Europe, and the theory began to quiver at its foundations. Even worse, newer and earlier dates for the megaliths of Europe began to appear.

Then the very basis of Carbon-14 dating came under attack. C-14 dating was based on the assumption that the proportional relationship between C-12 and C-14 in the atmosphere of the earth, and therefore in the vegetation of the earth, had at all times been constant. In 1953 Professor Edmund Schulman of the University of Arizona discovered that certain trees still growing on the eastern slopes of the Sierra Nevada in California were over 4,500 years old. The age of these trees, known as the bristlecone pine, was able to be determined with complete exactitude by counting the number of annual growth rings circling the core of the tree. These tree rings, each of known date, consisted largely of carbon and could therefore be tested in the radiocarbon laboratories. Such tests, then, would not be used to prove the date of the ring, but rather the accuracy of the Carbon-14 dating process. For some years now, Schulman's successor, Professor Charles Wesley Ferguson, has continued work on the testing of the radiocarbon process by the use of these bristlecone tree rings—and rings from even older, dead bristlecone pines, which take the sequence back beyond 5000 B.C.

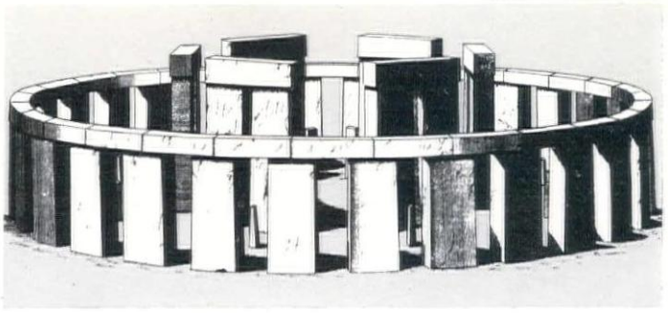
The results have been disturbing in the extreme. For while the radiocarbon dates agree with the tree ring dates comparatively closely over the past two thousand years, thereafter the two lists begin to diverge, so that a tree ring laid down in 2000 B.C., for example, gives a Carbon-14 date of only about 1700 B.C., while the tree ring from 5000 B.C. gives a Carbon-14 date that is almost a thousand years later. This discrepancy could only be accounted for by the occurrence of a much higher proportion of radioactive carbon in the atmosphere seven thousand years ago.

Whatever the reason, the result for the archaeologist must be to add a number of years, varying according to the age, to every radiocarbon date hitherto obtained. The beginnings of agriculture and of metallurgy, and the introduction of agriculture into Europe, have all been shown to have occurred even earlier than the already phenomenally early dates determined by radiocarbon. And among those features that had to be pushed still further back was the whole megalithic complex.

As newer and ever earlier Carbon-14 dates for megalithic structures began to come in, and as these dates were corrected to their true value by the bristlecone calibration, three things became obvious. First, the oldest megalithic graves of Europe were older than any tholos structure of the eastern Mediterranean, older than the pyramids, older than the earliest mastabas, older, in fact, than any stone sepulcher known in the Middle East. Second, the earliest megalithic structures were not those of southern Europe and the Mediterranean coasts. The earliest dates recorded come from the passage graves of Brittany and are in the neighborhood of 4800 B.C. And third, the megalithic sepulchers are not a phenomenon belonging to a short period of time. For while the first megalithic graves were built not long after the middle of the fifth millennium B.C., passage graves of a similar type were being built in eastern France, northern Germany, and Denmark more than two thousand years later.

Such a span of time has made it legitimate to speculate whether there is any reason to consider the "megalithic culture" as one homogeneous phenomenon at all. What we have, in fact, are: passage graves in Brittany, 4800–3300 B.C.; megalithic tombs in Spain and Portugal, perhaps equally old; gallery graves and passage graves in western Britain, Ireland, and the Isles of Scotland going back to about 3800 B.C.; passage graves in Denmark and adjacent regions going back to 3400 B.C., with some dolmens perhaps a few hundred years older; and gallery graves and long cists in eastern France and northern

OVERLEAF: PAUL CAPONIGRO



Awesome in size and in the precision of its design, Stonehenge remains a mystery despite speculation. When Inigo Jones drew this reconstruction about 1620, he thought it was a Roman temple. Others imagined that it was a druid monument and the scene of bloody rites. Today it is studied as an astronomical observatory.

Germany that need not be older than 2600 B.C. Such a list, it can be claimed, is not even the skeleton of a prehistory—it is a scatter of isolated and very dry bones. Some archaeologists are suggesting that it is, and can be, nothing more than that; that the bones are not from the same animal and cannot be put together to form a skeleton, much less be clothed with flesh.

In reaction to the diffusionist theory of the megalithic missionary, it must be asked whether there needs to be any connection at all between the various parts of the megalithic complex, whether perhaps the word "megalith" has not confused the issue, suggesting a unity of idea and culture that a phrase like "built of large stones" would never have induced. At different periods in the course of two thousand years, it is said, in widely different parts of Europe widely different peoples decided to bury their dead in chambers, probably built in imitation of their houses and covered with earth or rocks. And some of these burial houses happened to be "built of large stones."

That may indeed be all there is to it. But let us not be frightened by the distances involved, remembering that a man could walk from one end of the "megalithic complex" to the other in four months. And let us not be frightened by the time span, remembering that today we build churches that are architecturally related to structures built for the same purpose and even the same religion more than eighteen hundred years ago. Therefore, let us at least try to fit the bare bones together.

Surely it is carrying antidiffusionism to extremes to suggest that when the people of western England and Ireland were building the colossal burial chambers of West Kennet and Newgrange they were completely unaware that across the Channel, in Brittany, similar stone chambers had been built a thousand years before, and were still being built. Is it reasonable to claim that the builders of the giants' chambers of Denmark neither knew nor cared that similar graves were a-building across the North Sea? Can it be a coincidence that Brittany, where the oldest stone graves yet dated lie, is also the area most thickly covered with such graves and also with other "megalithic" monuments, avenues and circles of free-standing stones? The present spread of dates could well support a theory that there had, after all, been a "megalithic religion," or at least a megalithic tradition, spreading out, not from the Near East but from the Far West, from the Atlantic coasts of northwest France.

But how far did this tradition spread? How much contact was there between the different parts of the ancient world? If we must give up the diffusion of megalithic missionaries, how much must we give up of the diffusion of ideas? We know now that Newgrange was not inspired by the pyramids. But were the pyramids inspired by Newgrange? After all, the Great Pyramid is just a megalithic monument, a burial chamber with a passage "built of large stones," and covered with a heap of stones. In the end it all comes back to the question of how far ideas can spread in space, and how long traditions can extend in time.

Our own legends are some thirteen to fifteen hundred years old. The heroes of our myths—magical, legendary, older-than-time—King Arthur and the warriors of the Nibelungenlied, belong to the period A.D. 400–600. Three or four hundred years before them came another civilization, the Greco-Roman. And *their* legendary heroes, Achilles and Theseus and Hercules, were some thirteen to fifteen hundred years older than they, from about 1400–1200 B.C. And before them came another civilization, that of the Hittites and the Babylonians and the Egyptians—and *its* heroes, Gilgamesh and Utu-Napishtim and Imhotep, lived, if they lived at all, some thirteen to fifteen hundred years earlier again, perhaps 3000–2700 B.C.

But who were the legendary, mythical heroes, older than time, of whom Gilgamesh knew and spoke? For if legends are some thirteen to fifteen hundred years old, then the legends that Gilgamesh knew, that were told by the pyramid builders, would be tales of people who lived, if they lived at all, at the time when the first giants' graves were being built in Brittany.

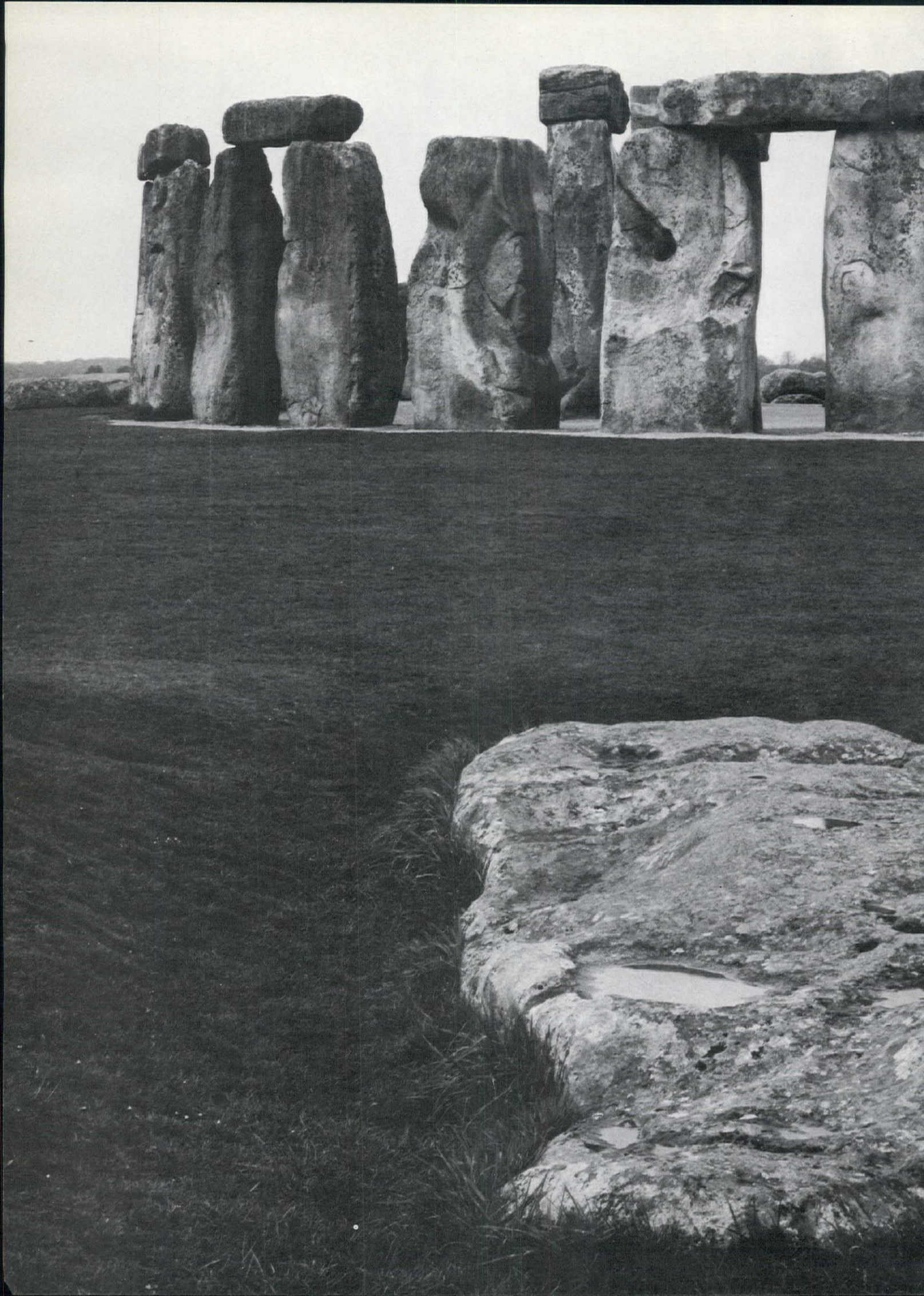
And even so we are far from the beginning. Gilgamesh lived, and the pyramids were built, about 4,600 years ago. But then the city wall around the first walled town of Jericho lay covered by 4,600 years of accumulated sand and rubble. We are but halfway back to the start of settled agricultural communities.

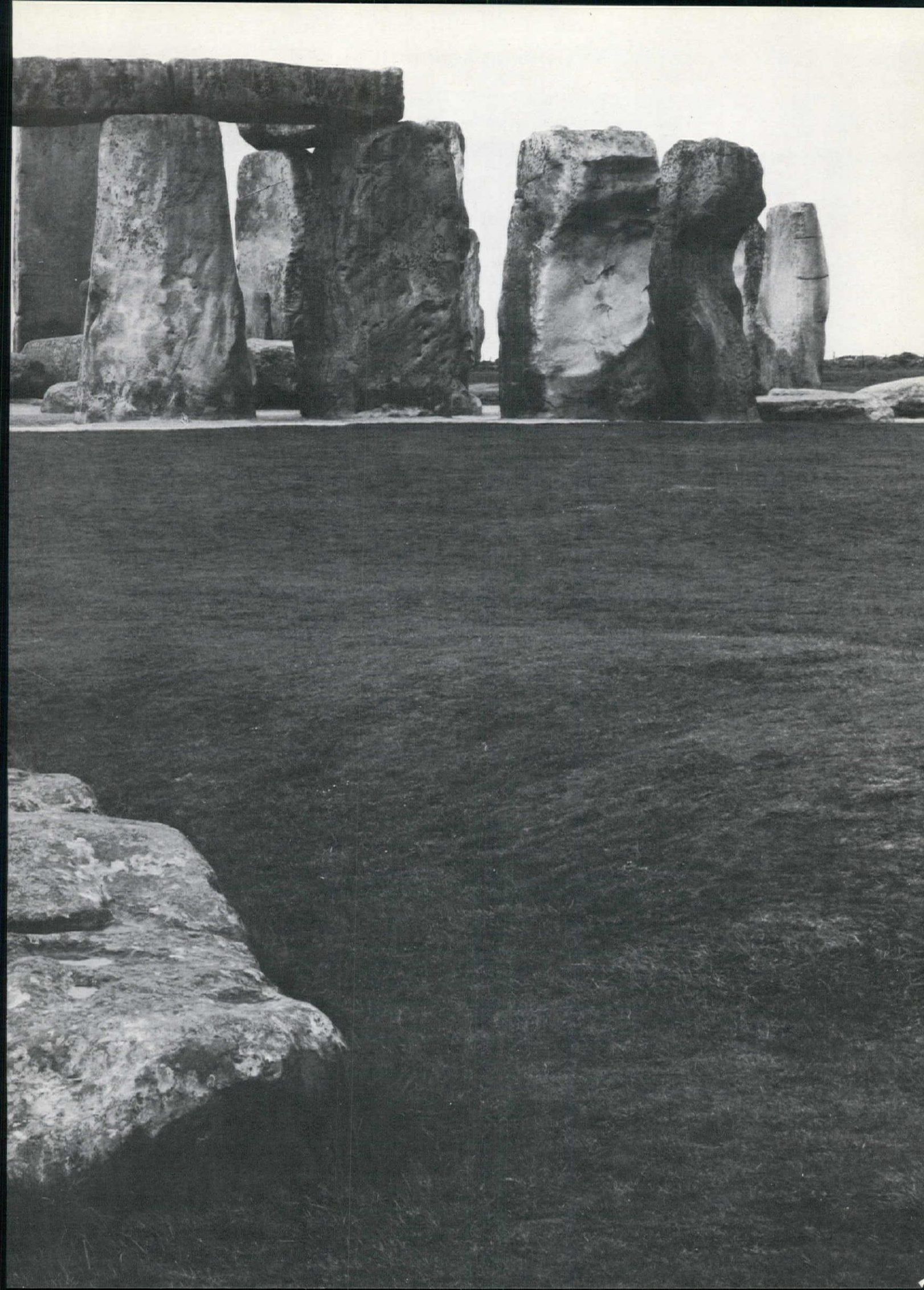
And that, surely, is the significance of Carbon-14 and the bristlecone pine. Not that they have pushed the megaliths back beyond the pyramids; but that they have given the archaeologist—and, through him, all of us—several millenniums of extra time.

We are having difficulty in assimilating these new millenniums, in seeing them as stretches of time just as long, just as full of events and changes and generations of men, as the millenniums closer to our time. But it will perhaps help if we can see the builders of the first megaliths on the rocky coasts of Brittany, six and a half thousand years ago, as living on a continent to which the first pioneer farmers had come over a thousand years before—as even then the heirs of two and a half thousand years of settled town and village life.

Geoffrey Bibby, the excavator of Dilmun, is a frequent contributor to HORIZON.

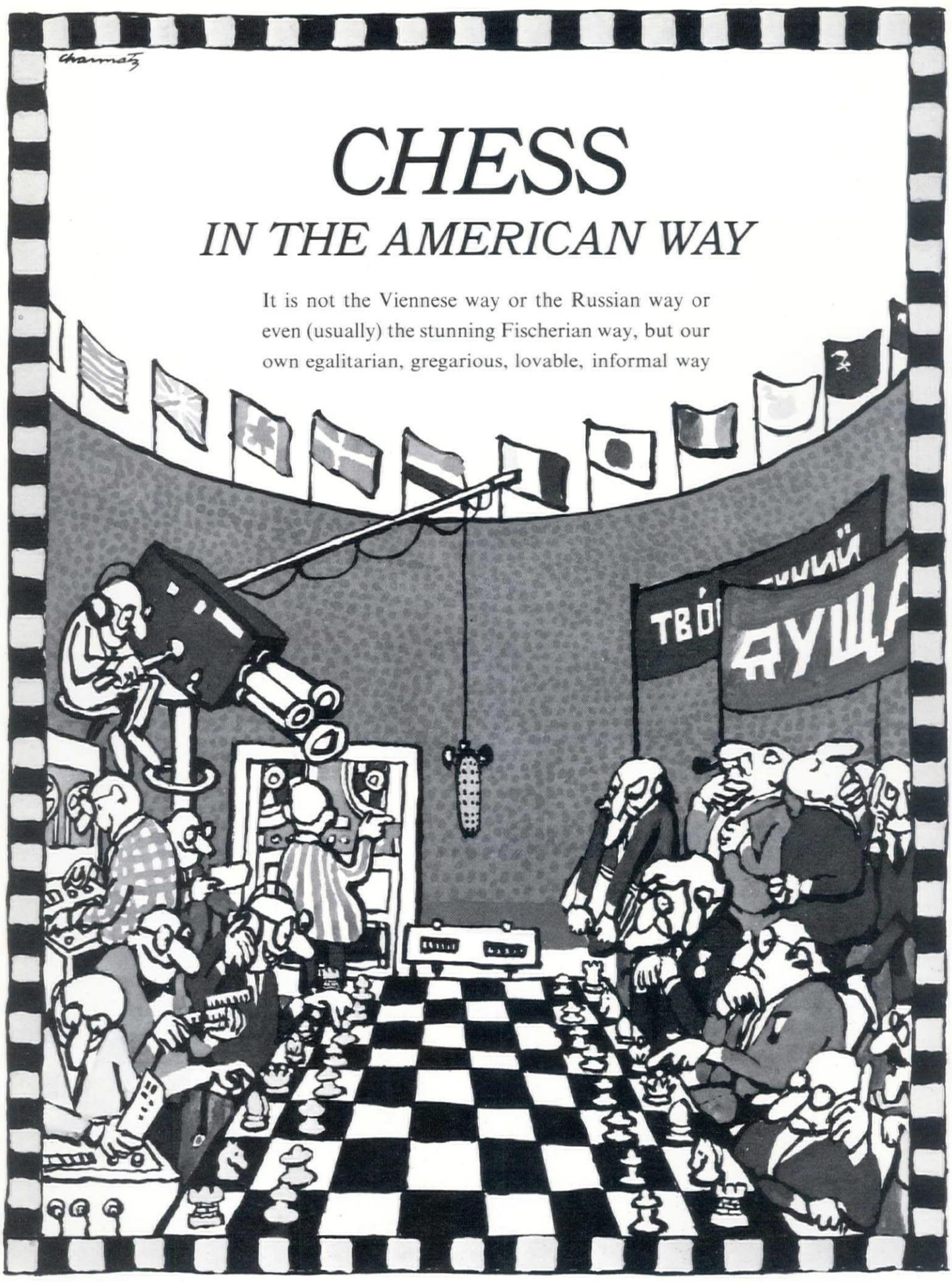
OVERLEAF: *An eroded Stonehenge looms behind the "slaughter-stone."*





CHESS
IN THE AMERICAN WAY

It is not the Viennese way or the Russian way or even (usually) the stunning Fischerian way, but our own egalitarian, gregarious, lovable, informal way



Ten years ago, Walter Mitty himself, had he been a chess player, would not have dreamed that in the summer of 1972 a chess match would get banner headlines in that voice of the people, the New York *Daily News*, that there would be five hours a day of chess coverage on television, that American chess masters would make money (yes, *money*) analyzing moves for a large and enthusiastic audience. Back around 1960, America's few active chess players saw themselves condemned to live forever as an impecunious, socially suspect minority in a nation of bridge players, golfers, and football fans.

They were wrong. During the last ten years, American chess has gone from strength to strength, and today there exists in this country a lively, distinctive chess culture. Bobby Fischer's becoming world champion didn't do American chess any harm, but it was really just icing on the cake. It threw the warming glow of nationwide attention on a game that had already emerged from its once almost subterranean existence.

It is true that chess in the United States is not what it is in Soviet Russia, and probably never will be. Four million Russians regularly participate in organized chess but only about 70,000 to 100,000 Americans. Among the eighty-three black belts of chess—the players recognized as "active international grandmasters" by the Fédération Internationale des Echecs, or FIDE—there are more than thirty Russians and only eight Americans. To explain this imbalance, American players invariably point out that in the U.S.S.R. chess has the massive support of the state. But that is only part of the story.

The basic rules of chess have not changed in five hundred years. In every other respect, though, the game has worn as many faces as there have been eras and cultures in which it has been played. As chess is different now in America and Russia, so is it different in both countries from what it was in the Europe of seventy-five and one hundred years ago.

Chess as we know it was born in the Middle Ages, when the rules of an ancient game that had traveled to Europe from India were gradually changed to make for a livelier contest. The queen, for example, was transformed from the weakest piece on the board into the strongest. For several centuries, chess remained chiefly a patrician pastime, but as prosperity began to spread downward, so did chess. It seems no accident that the appearance of the first great theoretician of chess, the Frenchman André Philidor, preceded by only a few years the collapse of the *ancien régime* in the French Revolution. Within a few decades of Philidor's death in 1795, chess gained in popularity as never before and spread like wildfire from London and Paris—long the only centers of chess activity—through western and Central Europe.

The rise of chess coincided with the rise of the European bourgeoisie. The orderliness and intellectuality of the game, and the absence of any element of chance, appealed to people who cherished order, admired intellectual accomplishment, and considered gambling not quite respectable. Even the asocial character of chess proved to be an asset. Social relationships in Victorian times were rather formal. There was little casual entertaining in the home, and for the males of the bourgeoisie, at least, most social life went on in clubs and coffeehouses. Even there, manners were, by our standards, almost comically formal: Berliners or Viennese who had sat at the same table two nights a week for thirty years might still address each other as *"Herr Doktor," "Herr Geheimrat," "Herr Professor."* Chess, which lets you spend several hours in the company of someone else without exchanging a dozen words, was perfect for this kind of relationship.

The heyday of chess in western and Central Europe lasted until World War II. Since then, the game has been on the decline there, as the old bourgeoisie, which thought of itself as cultured rather than affluent, was replaced by a middle class on the American pattern. Today, chess is no more popular in non-Communist Europe than in the United States.

In eastern Europe chess caught on more slowly, but ultimately it found its most fertile soil there, especially in Russia. Even the climate was in its favor. In the bitter Russian winter, what could be better than a game for which all you need is one other person, some easily portable equipment, a stove, and a roof over your head? (You don't really even need that other person. A chess buff can contentedly spend hours alone at the board, playing over master games or studying a tricky position.)

By the time the Communists came to power, chess was firmly established in Russia. The new leaders took a close interest in the game, since it was cheap to support, encouraged association in an atmosphere of decorum, and promised international acclaim, by virtue of the established intellectual reputation of chess, for any successes the Soviet Union might score.

But the Kremlin had to wait to see its investment pay off. Between the two world wars, Soviet chess players did not shine in international competition, partly because of the rigid isolation in which the U.S.S.R. kept itself and partly because many of the strongest players had fled the country in the wake of the revolution. In the 1930's the Americans were the ones to beat at the chess Olympiads, biennial contests among six-man national teams. Even after the Second World War, Russia's chess reputation was somewhat shaky, until the world championship tournament arranged by FIDE in 1948, to which three Russians were invited.

One of the Russians, Mikhail Botvinnik, won, and from then until last summer's encounter in Reykjavík, Soviet chess never looked back. A whole generation of brilliant Russian players came to the fore, their talent developed by intensive training and intense competition at home, and mowed down all opposition in tournament after tournament. According to the official Soviet line, Russians came to dominate chess



because the Soviet system had liberated once-buried wellsprings of intellectual creativity in the human personality. It would be about as plausible to assert that Americans dominate golf because our way of life allows us to develop a special intimacy with grass, sand, and wind.

The fact is that any nation will excel at any game that is both popular and strongly supported by some outside interest, such as the state supporting chess in Russia or the networks and their advertisers supporting golf in America. Only two conditions, really, must be met: there must be abundant opportunities for playing the game at every level, and a truly gifted player must be able to make a career of the game. The outstanding American golfer can count on a decent living as a club pro or college instructor; his counterpart in the Soviet chess world is assured of a comfortable berth as a coach or as an editor on one of the many chess publications. The Russian superstar of chess has no hope of becoming a millionaire, but he receives as perquisites many of the good things of life that a Palmer or a Nicklaus must pay for out of his earnings—and he probably stands a better chance of having his name become a household word in his country.

For a long time in America, everything seemed to work against chess that worked for it in Europe. It has even been claimed that something about chess is alien to the American psyche, which is hard to accept in the face of the historical evidence. The most astounding chess career of all was that of an American, Paul Morphy, whose exploits a hundred years ago make Fischer seem like a plodder. Then there were those unbeaten American teams at the chess Olympiads of the thirties, and Americans have continued to do well in international tournaments. Their performances since World War II have been comparable to those of players from Hungary or Czechoslovakia, where chess is highly popular and is subsidized by the state. The United States can claim, in fact, to be the strongest chess-playing country of the non-Communist world.

Compatible as chess is with the psyches of at least some Americans, there can be no doubt that it clashes with our traditional patterns of behavior. We are a gregarious people, and chess is an asocial game, requiring players to sit in near-total silence for one or two hours if they are middling good or for four or five if they are topnotch. A similar atmosphere pervades serious bridge, which also demands great concentration and rigidly proscribes all chitchat during play, but a bridge hand lasts minutes, not hours. And, as a partnership game, bridge has a built-in element of sociability.

Another trouble with chess is that it is incredibly time-consuming, and not just because the game itself is so slow-paced. Not being Bobby Fischer, you don't need to subscribe to some fifty chess periodicals, or know by heart all the eight-thousand-odd lines of play recorded in the current edition of *Modern Chess Openings*. But if you don't want to take one drubbing after another, even at the local-club level, you do have to try to profit from the plentiful lessons of chess history and to keep up with the innovations that master-level players and game annotators keep producing in a never-ending flow. If you are serious about chess, you had better forget about all other hobbies.

Finally, chess is quintessentially an intellectual game. Actually, it demands a fairly special, though not uncommon, kind of intelligence, a kind possessed by many who are not intellectuals and even by some who are pretty dimwitted about everything else. According to Reuben Fine, a psychoanalyst and inactive American grandmaster, all dedicated chess players unconsciously relish the opportunities the game affords to let one's libido run riot in a decently sublimated fashion. Whether Fine is right or wrong, it is true that the game's appeal is most likely to be perceived by intellectuals. So it seems likely that the persistent strain of anti-intellectualism in American life has not been conducive to the growth of chess.

Yet chess in America is alive and well. Since World War II, this country has changed in ways that have created a more favorable, uniquely American climate for the game. Like so much else, chess has profited from our mushrooming population and the widespread increase in leisure time. Many more potential players have had a chance to discover the game and develop an interest in it. Out of every hundred Americans casting about for a hobby, perhaps no more than one will opt for chess, but if you add up even only every other hundredth American, you still get a million.

Still more important for chess may be the subtle way in which America has become intellectualized, Disneyland and the Beverly Hillbillies notwithstanding. It has been intellectualized by the electronic computer, which requires its legions of attendants to use their minds in accordance with set, formal, and totally abstract rules. Because of its glamour and versatility, the computer has exerted a noticeable influence on many besides its designers and programmers. There isn't a recent business-school graduate, for example, who has not at least dabbled in games theory, one of several new intellectual oceans made easily navigable by the computer. An extraordinary number of Americans are now required by their jobs to do a lot of abstract thinking; even more have come to recognize that there is nothing wrong with this sort of thinking and that it may even be fun.

The new computer culture is much less limited geographically than was our



traditional intellectual culture. Up to World War II, work at a high level of abstraction was carried out in the Northeast, California, and a very few places in between. Nowadays, people who do completely abstract work can be found in almost every country where the human population outnumbers the livestock. And many of these people are playing chess.

The new American chess culture they have created is lively, free-wheeling, sometimes disorganized to the point of chaos, and about as different from its monolithic Soviet counterpart as an American national convention is from a Russian party congress. In the Soviet Union the serious chess player belongs to a chess club, which forms part of a vast, intricate hierarchy controlled from Moscow. Competitively, he plays mostly at his local club, and when he ventures farther afield, he usually plays *for* his club. He generally confronts opponents at roughly his own level of skill and only rarely confronts a player about whose record he knows nothing.

The serious American player probably also belongs to a chess club, where he drops in maybe a couple of times a week. But club structure in this country is much looser, and for most players the club is not all that important. When a match is scheduled between club teams, there is almost always someone who begs off at the last moment or simply fails to show up. The typical American chess player is as competitive, as gregarious, and as fond of moving around as his non-chess-playing compatriots. That is why, in American chess, the five-round "Swiss system" open tournament, run off in a single weekend, is where the action is.

Anyone with the five to thirty dollars it may cost to get in can play in these tournaments. If he turns out to be unfamiliar with the more abstruse rules of chess, he will make the tournament director unhappy, but he won't be disqualified. Pairings for the first round are decided by lot; in subsequent rounds, winners meet winners and losers, losers. A rank beginner who is still shaky about



castling, therefore, has nearly as good a chance as a chess veteran to be beaten by one of the best players in the country.

Last July, the month when Fischer and Boris Spassky squared off in Iceland, no fewer than eighty-three opens were held from Maine to California. A chess player in just about any part of the country could have found competition within easy driving distance on one or more weekends in the month. At the smaller opens he would have played in fairly Spartan surroundings, but the major ones would have included cocktail parties, tours to local points of interest, awards banquets, and much of the other hoopla beloved of Americans meeting in convention.

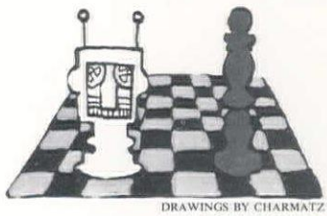
The typical American player wants to know how good he is, who he is better or worse than, and whether or not he is improving. Hence a second unique feature of the American chess scene is the rating system of the United States Chess Federation, which reflects numerically the performance of every player in every formal chess competition recognized by the USCF. When you win or draw with a higher-rated player, you gain points (in proportion to the rating difference between you and your opponent); when you lose or draw with a lower-rated player, you lose points. According to your rating, you fall into one of eight classes, ranging from E (1,199 points or less) through A, Expert, and Master to Senior Master (2,400 and up). At last count, there were over 20,000 active rated players and twenty-five active Senior Masters (excluding visiting foreign stars attracted by the hefty prizes offered at our bigger opens). Fischer's rating was a dizzying 2,824.

In Europe, especially in Russia, the American rating system for a long time was denounced as formalistic and somehow unsportsmanlike. Nevertheless, two years ago FIDE started a system of numerical ratings for participants in international tournaments. The free-wheeling Swiss tournament, too, has begun to appear in Europe, where it was once considered an abomination. These developments reveal more about the strength of the American way of chess than does Fischer's victory over Spassky, since Bobby would probably have done as well had he been born in Andorra instead of Chicago.

Fischer is atypical in every respect. Anyone who concludes from his behavior that eccentricity is part of the current grandmaster style is quite wrong. There have been a good many eccentric grandmasters, but they lived fifty or one hundred years ago. Fischer, with his many peculiarities—from his insistence on tomblike silence in the playing hall and his disdain for all opponents to his refusal *ever* to cross against a red light—is really a throwback to an earlier age of chess.

A history of the bizarre in chess might well begin with that first American meteor, Paul Morphy. Born and brought up in New Orleans, he came to New York in 1857, when he was twenty, and defeated all the best players there. He repeated this performance in Paris and London, missing only Howard Staunton, the strongest English player, who found one excuse after another for avoiding so dangerous an opponent. After eighteen months of triumph Morphy returned to New Orleans, and never again played competitive chess. Eventually, he fell into paranoia, marked by deep suspicions of most of his relatives and an ungovernable fear of being cheated out of the estate left him by his father. He died suddenly, at forty-seven, apparently of a stroke.

Morphy is often described as the first world champion of chess, but officially the title did not exist when he played. It



DRAWINGS BY CHARMATZ

came into being in 1866, when William Steinitz, an Austrian who spent most of his adult years in England and the United States, hit upon the simple expedient of proclaiming himself champion. That his claim was accepted was a tribute to his play rather than his personality: he was incurably contentious and cantankerous. Toward the end of his life Steinitz became convinced that he possessed telepathic powers and could communicate over the telephone without lifting the receiver. When friends and acquaintances failed to respond to his subliminal summons, they were berated for their insensitivity.

Steinitz lost the world championship in 1894, and by 1921 the new champion was the Cuban José Raul Capablanca, who kept predicting the imminent demise of chess. It was really a childishly simple game, he maintained, at which he, at least, never had to work very hard. Soon, lesser players would make the same discovery, and then nobody would want to play any more. Capablanca may have been the strongest player of all time, and he once went undefeated in tournament competition for an incredible fifty-three games. But he did lose now and then, and against this eventuality he had a well-prepared line of defense. He was a notorious womanizer and, when he was doing poorly in a tournament, not averse to having it put about that his nocturnal exertions in various beds kept him from performing more effectively at the chessboard.

Capablanca's successor as champion was Alekhine, whom Fine has succinctly described as the "sadist of the chess world." Another chess luminary of that time was Aron Nimzowitsch, who was as engaging as Alekhine was unpleasant. Nimzowitsch wrote what is probably one of the most important books on chess theory of this century, to which he gave the modest title *My System.* In other ways, too, he had the knack of directness. Once he was told by his doctor to get more exercise, so he took to doing his calisthenics in the tournament hall while waiting for his opponent to move.

Apart from Fischer's antics, nothing like calisthenics has been seen at an international chess tournament for a long time. The blame for the almost stodgy decorum now practiced by most grandmasters rests squarely on the Russians, who set the tone in international chess by sheer force of numbers. That party line that says that excellence at chess is an expression of the Soviet personality also says this personality is a very well adjusted one, so that an eccentric chess master becomes a self-contradiction.

The Soviet personality has not yet, however, won out completely over the grandmaster crotchet. Botvinnik withdrew in a huff from world championship competition when FIDE changed the rules to his disadvantage as ex-champion. Spassky, the current ex-champion, seems to have had exceptional trouble living up to Russian expectations of a grandmaster. He went through a protracted slump when his first marriage broke up, twice fell out with his trainer, and was three times suspended from play abroad by the Soviet Chess Federation. If grandmaster life in Russia seems perennially placid and purposeful, it may be because the rest of the world is rarely told when it isn't.

In non-Communist countries, few grandmasters have the time to behave eccentrically. Many of them work at professions or businesses that limit their participation in competitive international chess. Besides Fischer, the Dane Bent Larsen, the West's second-strongest player, was until recently the only grandmaster this side of Berlin who made a living at chess. Fischer did it by leading an austere bachelor existence, Larsen by entering more tournaments than was always good for his game. The roster of American grandmasters in the mid-1960's included a data-processing technician, a computer programmer, a college teacher, a professional gambler, a Catholic priest, and a mutual-funds salesman. The strong upsurge of chess has meant a really startling change in the lives of these men, all but one of whom have turned themselves into chess professionals over the last few years.

Despite this and all the other good news for our chess players, at times it is hard to escape the feeling that American chess is hopelessly lagging. The Soviets hold their national championship every fall; the American championship tournament as often as not comes off only every other year, usually in some cramped playing hall that would not be given a second glance by a high-school drama club. In Russia, there are five chess magazines of national circulation; in America, there is only one.

Where it really counts, though, the Americans may not be so badly off. The Soviet Union for some reason has produced not nearly as many outstanding young chess players as it once did. Of the four young stars whom chess fans are watching most closely these days, only one is a Russian; the others are a West German, a Brazilian, and an Australian. Up until the mid-1960's, hardly any American under twenty-five, aside from Fischer, got to play in international tournaments, but today, college-age American players are a familiar sight on the tournament circuit from Israel to Iceland. Our junior varsity is doing better than it used to, and the Soviets' is doing worse.

Chess is not likely, though, to become our national pastime. Forever pragmatic, Americans like to feel that their games and sports contribute to their education for life. Chess players often make this claim for their game, but it won't stand up: the rules of chess are ironclad and fully known, the rules of life are not. Everything in chess is aboveboard; unless you face an opponent who is sick, depressed, or otherwise distracted, you cannot count on a helping hand from luck, and you cannot bluff or lie or hide anything you do. So if it's an education for life you are seeking, don't play chess. Play poker.

For both Englebert and Merian Kirchner, chess itself and forays into its checkered history have been among the main relaxations of their journalistic careers.



The Rhythmical Time-Fountain

It might have gurgled
in our capital city, but Nottingham, alas,
shall have it instead

A giant sunflower, a "consortium" of revolving animal musicians, a water wheel, a squirrel riding a flying fish, and a pheasant rowing itself along with a small squirrel acting as coxswain (above), are but a few of the inhabitants in the whimsical world of Rowland Emett's latest contrivance, the Rhythmical Time-fountain. The original, delicately tinted design for the fountain appears overleaf.



CAPITAL AND COUNTIES PROPERTY CO. LTD., LONDON

Emett adjusts the clockface for his fountain

Fantastical contraptions that actually work—sort of—are nothing new to Emett. During his career, he has been a commercial draftsman, an aircraft designer, and a *Punch* cartoonist. His most famous creation for *Punch* was the Far Tottering and Oyster Creek Railway, an ingenious mode of transport that never, apparently, went anywhere at all. A request to design a full-scale, functioning version of the railway for the Festival of Britain in 1951 (which carried some two million people) did prompt him, however, to invent workable, if still fanciful, machines.

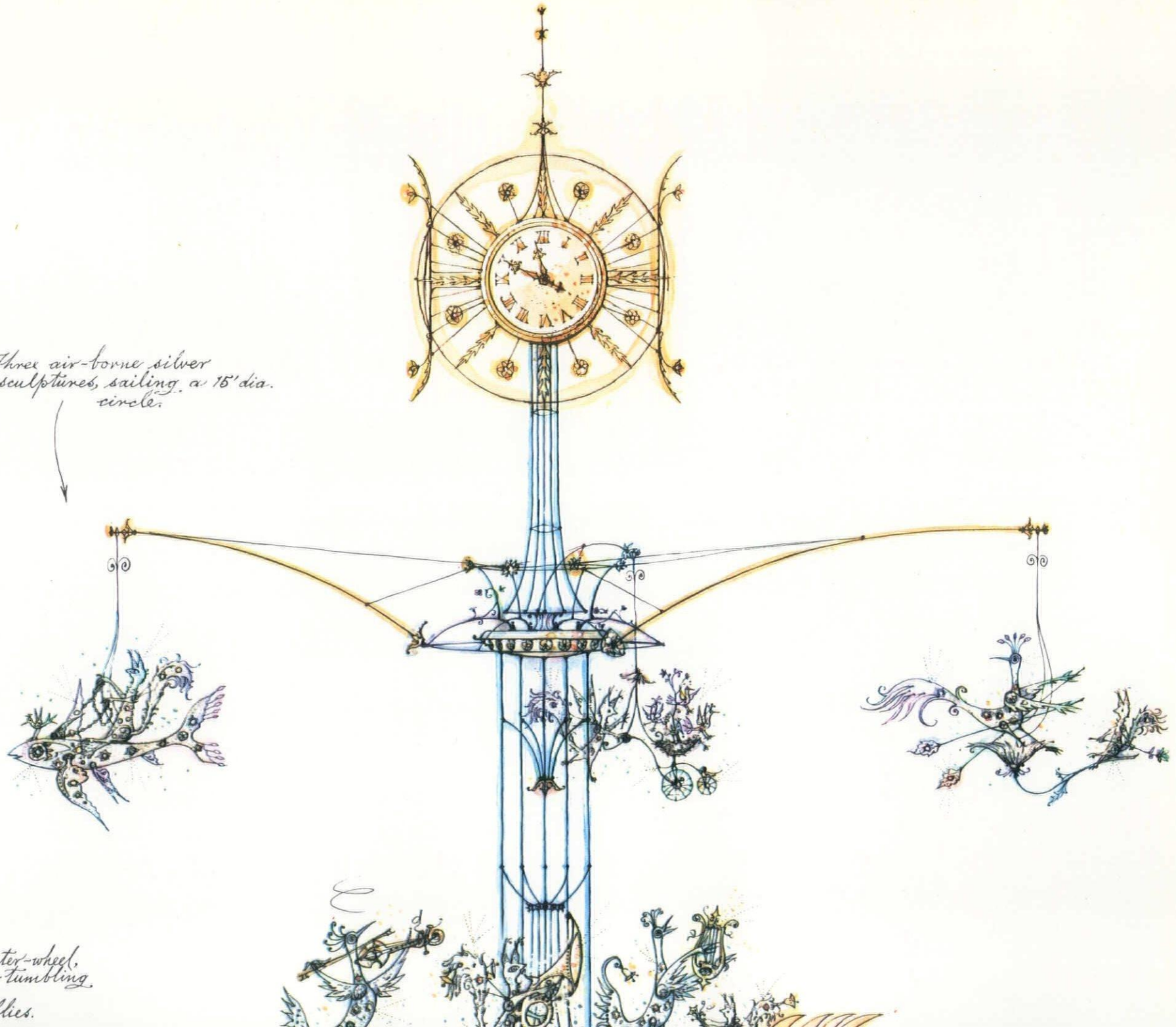
Among the numerous delightful creations Emett has devised are the Animated Early Household Machines that appeared in the 1968 film *Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang*. One of these, the Little Dragon Carpet Cleaner, comes complete with flapping wings and a head, equipped with electric eyes and a pair of spectacles, that snuffles from side to side ferreting out specks of dust. A later contrivance, the Honeywell-Emett Forget-Me-Not Computer, has a peripheral unit named F.R.E.D. (the Fantastically Rapid Evaluator and Dispenser), which nonchalantly feeds information into the computer, looking, perhaps, a bit bored by the whole thing.

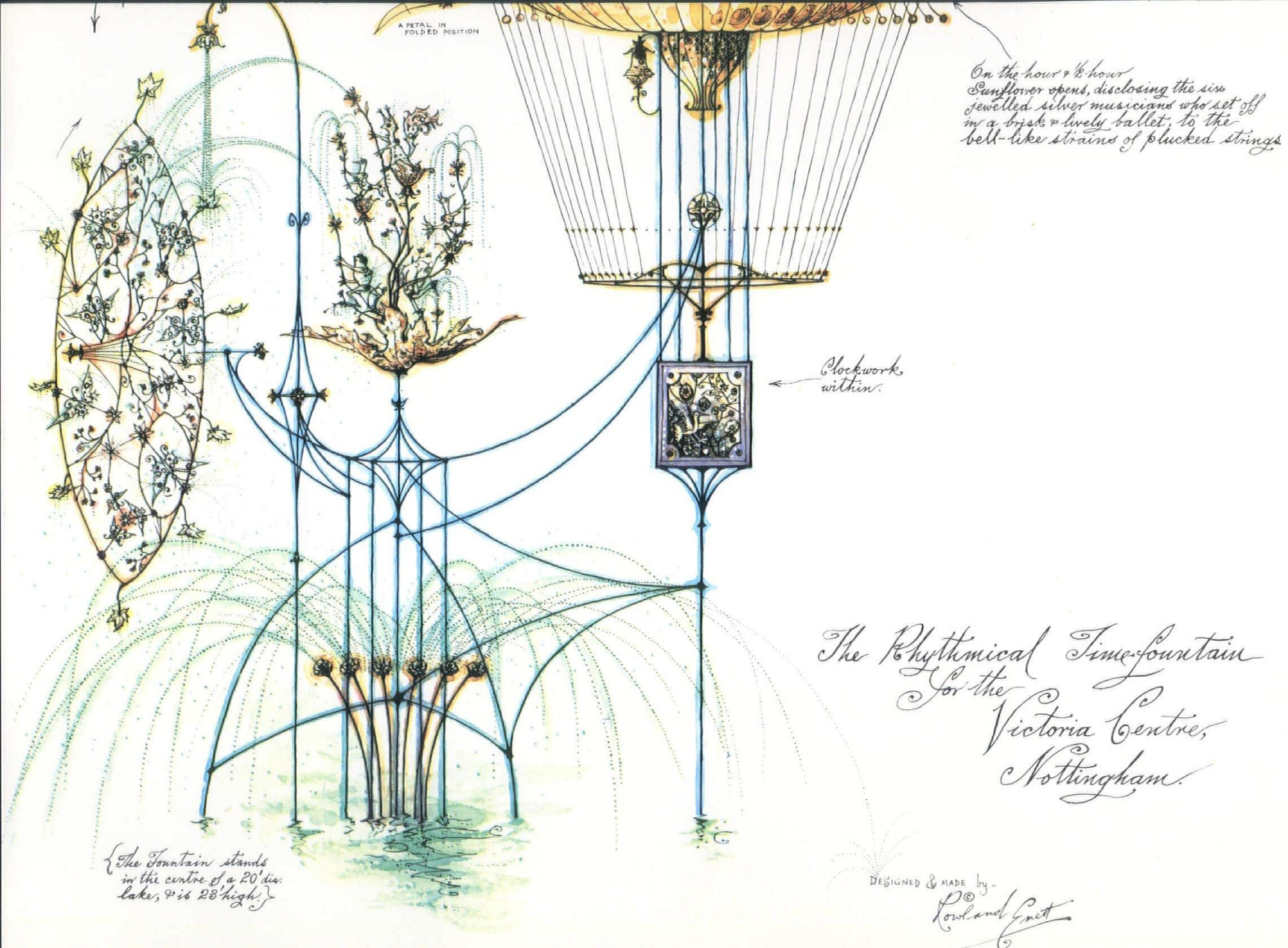
What next? Why, a clock-fountain, of course, to be constructed of silvered steel, glass jewels that catch the light, and burnished copper for the monumental sunflower at its center. Originally designed for the Smithsonian Institution's National Zoological Park (but—for a host of administrative and financial reasons—not built there), the fountain is currently rising in the mall of Nottingham's Victoria Centre. Completely enclosed and air-conditioned, the impressive new shopping center is the first of its kind in England.

Most clocks, Emett realized, strike only on the hour or half-hour, not doing much of anything in between—obviously a great waste of time. So Emett's fountain is in perpetual motion: the water wheel with its begemmed butterflies revolves; the large animal-figures sail in a circular path; the giant sunflower opens to reveal animal musicians who whirl and twirl in time to their music.

Simple clocks, and simple fountains, may never be the same. After watching the Rhythmical Time-fountain in all its glory, one woman was so overwhelmed that she rushed up to Emett, threw her arms around him, and declared, "Rowland, it has a soul!"

—K.E.


Three air-borne silver sculptures, sailing a 15' dia. circle.
Flower-strewn water-wheel, alive with free-tumbling bejewelled silver butterflies.


A PETAL IN FOLDED POSITION
On the hour & ½-hour Sunflower opens, disclosing the six jewelled silver musicians who set off in a brisk & lively ballet, to the bell-like strains of plucked strings.
Clockwork within.
The Rhythmical Time-fountain for the Victoria Centre, Nottingham.
{The Fountain stands in the centre of a 20' dia. lake, & is 28' high.}
DESIGNED & MADE by.
©
Rowland Emett



CULVER PICTURES

Why We Cannot Forget Dreyfus

The time was *la belle époque*, and the stage was France. But the chief actors in the drama—the double agents, perfidious generals, conniving politicians, and anti-Semites posing as patriots—have remained on the political scene ever since

The Dreyfus Affair, as Charles Péguy wrote in his memoir-meditation *Notre Jeunesse*, was a "chosen" event that happened to the Jews and the French, two chosen peoples. Péguy, of course, had a religious mind: he was a religious Catholic, a religious French nationalist, and a religious defender of the Dreyfusist cause. It is not necessary to believe in a literal vocation of events, nor subscribe to any of the French poet's overlapping mystiques, to sense a profound and almost intelligible insight underlying his prose. Whether or not one views the Dreyfus Affair in Péguy's terms as a kind of transcendent morality play staged by two sets of elite performers for the benefit of mankind, one can scarcely fail to recognize in it an archetypal quality that makes it one of history's classic productions.

Apart from anything else, it is a deeply moving human drama on the ageless theme of innocence falsely accused and triumphantly vindicated, but it is several other things as well. It is not only timeless but topical. Its key episodes illustrate basic modern social, cultural, and political patterns, or dilemmas, and not merely nineteenth-century French ones. As Hannah Arendt has said, the affair was "a kind of dress-rehearsal for the performance of our time." Its central characters wear the costumes and speak the idiom—and are driven by the passions—of *la belle époque*, but the types they represent are remarkably, sometimes disquietingly, contemporary.

In the rare photograph opposite, Dreyfus wears the insignia of a lieutenant colonel, the rank he held during the First World War.

In reading the history of the affair, we have the impression that we have seen the same actors in other spectacles closer to our own day. Some of the roles they play seem almost clichés.

The predestined Innocent Scapegoat: Capt. Alfred Dreyfus himself, sentenced in 1894 as a spy and traitor to solitary confinement on Devil's Island for life, retried after five years, pardoned, and finally vindicated. (The certainty of his innocence is one of the few traditional interpretations of the affair spared by modern historians' compulsive revisionism, though as late as 1964 a book written by the daughter of one of the generals in the case still fiercely maintained that Dreyfus was guilty as originally charged.) Contemporary newspaper reports, artists' sketches of courtroom scenes, and political cartoons make it clear why he was predestined to this role. His pale, somewhat sheeplike face, with the almost too discreetly Semitic nose, his rimless pince-nez, elegant uniform, and stilted manner—all corresponded to the prevailing French stereotype of what a wealthy, overly brainy, pushy young Jewish staff officer should look like. Add to this his sensitivity, his worldly naiveté and naive worldliness, his inner uncertainty and superficial arrogance, and, one might almost say, his excessive innocence.

Next, the Deluded Spy Catcher, deluded by, among several other things, his own carefully cultivated image of patriotic infallibility: Col. Jean Sandherr, head of the military counter-espionage and secret intelligence service, alias the Statistical Section of the War Ministry, who instigated the arrest of Dreyfus. As some historians now see it, however, he was not perhaps the original instigator.

Another hauntingly familiar if somewhat blurry figure is Col. Sandherr's plebeian assistant, Col. Hubert Henry, who forged some of the evidence against Dreyfus and ended in a prison cell with his throat cut by his own razor (though one cannot even now be sure if it was by his own hand). Henry is the faceless, or two-faced, Backroom Operator, with his string of undercover informers, his agents provocateurs, his double or triple agents—all of them adept at dramatic courtroom revelations, at intercepting private communications and ferreting out bedroom secrets, at "bugging" apartments (yes, it was already being done then), at fishing secret documents out of enemy wastebaskets, or at counterfeiting such documents when the national interest

By EDMOND TAYLOR



ALL: BIBLIOTHEQUE NATIONALE—ARCHIVES PHOTOGRAPHIQUES

After four years' confinement on Devil's Island, Dreyfus was brought back to France in 1899 for a second trial. On his way to the Rennes courtroom each day, Dreyfus was forced to pass through a guard of dishonor, above—fellow soldiers pointedly turning their backs on the "traitor."

seemed to require them. The pattern of police manipulations and officialized conspiracy underlying the Dreyfus Affair foreshadows some of the most characteristic, as well as lurid, scandals and sensations of our epoch; it might be said that it was the symbolic gateway into the sulfurous underworld of twentieth-century history.

Above all, there was the Tyrant General, or Tyrant Bureaucrat (sometimes cast as the Killer Cop), the commander or official who sets himself above the nation's law. In the Dreyfus Affair, as far as is known, he was also the ultimate villain: Gen. Auguste Mercier, the French minister of war who railroaded Dreyfus to Devil's Island, a truly archetypal ogre-figure straight out of Céline, or *The Naked and the Dead*, or *Catch-22*.

Like all classics, whether in literature or on the stage or screen or in history, the Dreyfus Affair has a perennial relevance to the passions and concerns of later generations, but the particular concerns to which it is relevant naturally differ at various periods. Thus the fall of the French Republic in 1940 and the whole ignominious story of the Vichy regime called attention to the Dreyfus Affair as the origin of a festering abscess that for years had been poisoning French democracy.

Today, when nearly everybody is at least a lip-service republican, and almost nobody admits to being an anti-Semite (one is merely anti-Zionist or opposed to Israeli imperialism), the Dreyfus Affair has lost some of the tragic topicality it acquired during the 1930's and 1940's as the first major eruption of the antidemocratic and anti-Semitic forces in modern society that were to culminate in Hitler's National Socialism. On the other hand, the anti-Communist witch hunts launched by the late Senator Joseph A. McCarthy during the late 1940's and the early 1950's —neither anti-Semitic nor overtly anti-democratic—retrospectively endow the affair with a broader significance.

In both cases the delusive dread of subversion turned into what often appeared to be mass paranoia. Only the name of the invisible enemy differed: Communist Conspiracy (or World Communism) in America; Secret Judah in France. In both cases demagogic manipulations of the media played a key role in fostering the psychosis. In McCarthy's America, it is true, there were no significant mob outbreaks such as the bloody street riots and pogroms that took place in France and in Algeria at the climax of the affair. But Senator McCarthy demonstrated that what might be termed the media-mob—a free press that wittingly or unwittingly allows itself to become a tool of demagoguery—can be as deadly as the street variety. By his demoniac skill in manipulating the channels of communication, he succeeded, on occasion, in producing a mob mentality among millions of normally decent, sane Americans.

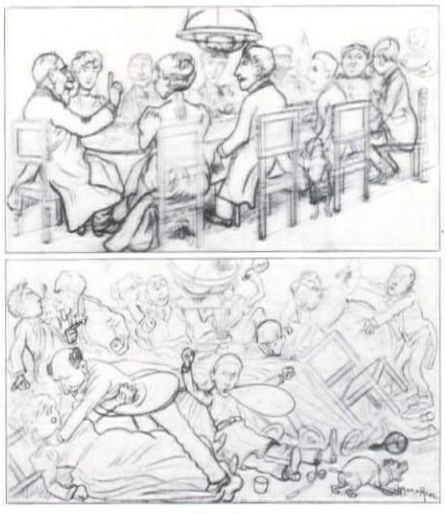
Developments in the world since the McCarthy seizure died down have by no means deprived the Dreyfus Affair of its fascination as a classic case history of mob manipulation and the mob mentality in a modern democ-

racy. The manifestations of public delirium that marked its climax now seem less significant, however, than the progressive subversion of reality in the minds of the French official elite, and the degenerative processes in late nineteenth-century bourgeois society that underlay it. Both the *fin-de-siècle* atmosphere of a social order starting to decay at the top, and the hardening of bureaucratic error into institutionalized delusion, are evident at the very beginning of the affair.

There remains some uncertainty as to exactly when the case did start. A cone of darkness still lies at its center, despite a great deal of patient research during the past twenty years and several new discoveries. A modern German historian, Siegfried Thalheimer, had advanced the controversial thesis that the affair as an anti-Jewish plot may have been conceived during the summer of 1894, when some unidentified member of Col. Sandherr's cloak-and-dagger agency happened to read a serial in *Le Petit Journal,* a mass-circulation Parisian daily. The fictitious story concerned a French officer falsely accused of having betrayed his country under circumstances astonishingly like those responsible for the real-life persecution a few months later of Capt. Dreyfus. Certainly it would be appropriate if what was to become an official lie had begun as penny fiction.

Administratively, the Dreyfus Affair began on the morning of September 27, 1894, when the records officer of the Statistical Section logged in a piece of paper handed him by Col. (then Major) Henry. The paper, since known in French history as the *bordereau,* was a partly torn sheet of onionskin, on which an unknown hand had written in ink an undated, unsigned message of several paragraphs. The contents indicated that it had been intended as a covering note to go with several documents involving French military secrets of the highest importance. (Very much later, it was found that the data in question was of little value to a potential enemy.)

According to the official version—



"Un Diner en Famille," an 1898 cartoon by "Caran d'Ache" for Le Figaro, *reflects the bitter controversy aroused by the affair. At top, the polite dinner guests assemble, agreeing not to speak of Dreyfus; but, inevitably, the question does arise, and the civilized meal erupts into a free-for-all.*

challenged by some historians, but as yet never disproved—Henry had received the *bordereau* the day before from one of his agents, a charwoman employed at the German embassy. His story was that she had found it in the wastebasket of the military attaché, Col. Max von Schwartzkoppen, who later declared that he had never seen it. Because several memorandums mentioned in the *bordereau* dealt with subjects on which high-level staff work had recently been done, and because they were mistakenly thought to contain information not available at any lower level, Henry and his chief, Col. Sandherr, concluded that its author must be an officer on the army's general staff.

To explain the impact of Sandherr's "discovery" on his superiors, it may be useful to recall certain aspects of the military and the social history of the period. Spy fever was endemic at the time, as it was in the 1950's, and for several of the same reasons. International tensions were already increasing nearly a quarter of a century before the outbreak of World War I, and the leading military powers were constantly making advances in weaponry that might prove decisive if they could be kept secret.

During the previous few years several sensational spy cases had agitated French public opinion and had made the army command jittery. In 1892, for example, the American military attaché had been caught buying secret information from a civilian employee of the Navy Ministry and passing it to his German colleague, presumably on an exchange basis.

Money or blackmail—rather than ideological sympathy—is usually the most frequent motivating force behind such espionage-treason cases, but a steamy haze of sexuality often overhangs them as well. One thing that made the Dreyfus Affair so hard to unravel, for instance, was the fact that the messages between Schwartzkoppen and his Italian colleague, Col. A. Panizzardi, which the French regularly intercepted, were signed "Alexandrine" by both parties and were sprinkled with apparently homosexual endearments. Also, Schwartzkoppen used his mistress—the wife of a Dutch diplomat—to pen some of his spy correspondence.

A similar haze overhung the whole political and social life of the epoch, especially in Paris and Vienna. Though sexual freedom was less unbridled than it is today, at least for women, the gap between official morality and common practice in the dominant social classes was undoubtedly greater. Hence, probably, the obsession with the theme of sexual treason that runs through all French literature of the period.

Whether or not the prevalent concern with sexual betrayal and subversion unconsciously predisposed the guardians of France's national security to see treason in or under every bed, they did have some grounds for feeling that corrupt, mysterious influences were threatening the nation and the army. Col. Sandherr, for example, had built up a disturbing file on a former captain attached to the personal staff of Gen. Félix Gustave Saussier, the military governor of Paris.

This suspect, a shady character named Maurice Weil, had earlier been cashiered from the army because of a financial scandal. He was currently involved in a typically unsavory bedroom



GEORGES PICQUART



EMILE ZOLA



AUGUSTE MERCIER

Antagonists: Col. Picquart concluded from the evidence that Dreyfus was innocent; for this contention, he was dismissed from the army. Zola's J'Accuse *said that Dreyfus had been railroaded to Devil's Island; Zola was found guilty of libel, but the case at least was reopened. Gen. Mercier masterminded Dreyfus's two convictions by lying, concocting evidence, and challenging the court in 1899 to choose between himself and "this Jewish captain"; the court chose Mercier.*

imbroglio of the period. On the one hand, he was sharing his beautiful Viennese wife with Gen. Saussier, then in his randy sixties. On the other hand, Sandherr believed that he was somehow in touch with German intelligence and was selling secret information that his wife obtained from her elderly lover—who, of course, had access to the most sensitive military data.

Though Sandherr's judgment in such matters was anything but reliable—he was approaching the terminal stage of syphilitic paralysis—for once he may have been right. Several historians and memorialists (including Maurice Paléologue, a well-known French diplomat who at the time of the Dreyfus Affair was the Quai d'Orsay's liaison man with the army's Statistical Section and with the national police) have argued that Weil was an accomplice, perhaps a key figure, in an espionage conspiracy for which Dreyfus was wrongly convicted. The Weil-Saussier trio was unquestionably a security hazard. For fear of antagonizing one of the most powerful officers in the French army, however, Gen. Mercier had ordered Sandherr to drop his investigation of Weil. The fact that the latter was a Jew made the situation seem all the more scandalous and dangerous to rabid anti-Semites like Sandherr, who were always suspecting some vast, shadowy Jewish plot, and it even seemed risky to the more rational Mercier. One can imagine their feelings when another Jewish spy seemed to turn up in the general staff itself.

"I should have known!" Sandherr exclaimed when one section head on the staff, to whom he had shown the *bordereau*, thought he recognized the handwriting of Capt. Alfred Dreyfus, who had just completed his two years' assignment as a general staff probationer and who was the first Jew ever to be admitted into the army's holy of holies. On Mercier's orders, a specimen of Dreyfus's handwriting and the *bordereau* were submitted to another officer, an amateur graphologist (and as we now know, a full-time crackpot), Maj. Mercier du Paty de Clam. Du Paty, who fancied himself a spy chaser and a student of the occult, as well as a handwriting expert, was a titled, monocled, military fop, who looked and acted like a character in a Feydeau farce. His opinion was that the two handwriting samples were indeed suspiciously alike.

A professional handwriting expert from the Bank of France soon gave a contradictory verdict. The police investigation failed to turn up any hint of a motive for treason; like other émigrés from German-occupied Alsace, which he had left as a child, Dreyfus had always manifested a passionate French nationalism. He had no suspicious associations, nor was he in financial difficulty or living above his known means. Nevertheless, Mercier ordered his arrest. Held in solitary confinement, Dreyfus was completely bewildered by the whole Kafkaesque proceeding and nearly went insane.

The premier, Charles Alexandre Dupuy, the foreign minister, Gabriel Hanotaux, and other cabinet colleagues whom Mercier consulted, had advised against hasty action in the case: the reactions of both the French public and the German Kaiser were dangerously unpredictable. Gen. Saussier, under whose jurisdiction the trial would be held, had recommended sending the suspected traitor to get himself killed on the Tunisian border. Moreover, Dreyfus's arrest violated a cardinal rule of counterespionage procedure, because, if he were guilty, it gave warning to his possible accomplices.

Though Mercier pressed both Sandherr and Du Paty, inexplicably assigned as a preliminary investigating officer, to find proof of Dreyfus's guilt, the case against him remained full of holes. His trial opened on December 1, *in camera*, and produced no convincing new evidence. The attitude of the judges at its close indicated that he would be released.

The decisive factor in the conviction of Dreyfus, as we now know, was a sealed envelope containing a War Ministry memorandum slipped by Du Paty to the president of the court shortly before the judges retired to consider their verdict. It embodied two main elements: Du Paty's own report and conclusions on his investigation, and a mixed collection of data assembled by Sandherr.

The Statistical Section's contribution included an intercepted note from Schwartzkoppen to Panizzardi alluding to "that scoundrel D–" (later identified as a ministry clerk who had been peddling classified French maps), and two reports from an undercover informant of Henry's, warning of an unidentified "wolf or two in your sheepfold." Henry had doctored one of these reports so that it pointed explicitly to Dreyfus.

By themselves neither Sandherr's file nor Du Paty's report—a windy essay on the psychological indications of Dreyfus's guilt—carried much conviction. Mercier had them amalgamated, and ordered a sharper edge given to

Du Paty's flaccid prose. Then, in a few pseudo-objective sentences, he gave his own "inference": the facts might apply to Capt. Dreyfus. It was a thinly disguised recommendation from the war minister, regarded by the army as its supreme authority, to the colonels, captains, and majors of the court to convict Dreyfus.

By having Du Paty deliver his memorandum at the last minute in a semiclandestine way, and by enjoining the court to keep its contents secret, Mercier deprived the defense of its legal right to know the prosecution's full case. Almost certainly he was aware that he was committing a criminal act. Curiously, nobody else at the time appears to have realized it. The judges who found Dreyfus guilty without giving him a proper chance to prove his innocence seem to have assumed that some overriding national interest had compelled the war minister to set himself above the law, above honor.

Several historians have made the same assumption. Paléologue's gossipy, not always accurate memoirs, published in 1955, revived old controversies with the "revelation" that Mercier had been trying to save the honor of the army by covering up the real traitor, General X, a member of his personal staff. The need to prevent any public airing of the Saussier-Weil scandal has likewise been cited. One recent anti-Dreyfusard apologist has tried to resuscitate the legend of the army sacrificing Dreyfus to protect a French double agent involved in some tortuous cloak-and-dagger scheme for deceiving the Germans. Dreyfusard writers have sometimes depicted Mercier as a man swept away by a wave of anti-Semitic hysteria, as so stupid that he allowed Sandherr and Du Paty to convince him of the Jewish captain's guilt, or as a mere accomplice in a monarchist-clerical plot against the Republic.

None of these versions, as Marcel Thomas has demonstrated in his scholarly study *L'Affaire sans Dreyfus*, gibe completely with the evidence now available. Up until a late stage of the affair, the only certain plotter was Mercier himself. He was neither a fool nor a fanatic. He knew that Du Paty was a kook, and Sandherr a professional paranoiac on the verge of becoming a clinical one. Though Mercier was to end his career as an ultrareactionary member of the French senate, he was not as yet affiliated with any right-wing faction in the army; on the contrary, he had built himself up a reputation as a "republican" general.

Thalheimer offers a convincing, if somewhat polemic, analysis of Mercier's character. He was an early example, the German historian believes, of a new human type: the depersonalized military technician, like the Nazi generals of Hitler's *Wehrmacht*, who from Verdun to Vietnam has left his ruthless mark on modern history. Such men lack the old-fashioned professional officer's code of honor and chivalry; their only ideal is efficiency. Human values mean nothing to them. Their one goal is power—for themselves or for the organizational machine with which they identify.

Mercier's exact motives for illegally condemning a brother officer to life-in-death have never been satisfactorily explained. It has been suggested that Dreyfus's arrest was a snap decision, and the general was known as the kind of officer who took pride in never reversing himself. An acquittal would likewise have reduced Mercier's ministerial life expectancy to zero. But it seems more likely that the political situation in France at the time supplied him with weightier, if no more edifying, reasons for his misfeasance.

As Mercier knew, virtually all classes in the country revered the army, despite its inglorious collapse in 1870. ("Young people today," the Catholic novelist Georges Bernanos wrote after the First World War, "can scarcely realize how the public of 1894 felt about their defeated army. They worshipped it.") The army was regarded not only as the symbol of national unity, but also as the last bastion of traditional values against the real or imagined influences thought to be undermining French society.

To millions of Frenchmen the ultimate source of moral decay, political corruption, and revolutionary agitation in the nation was the growing influence of the Jews. French anti-Semitism of the period was not merely a caste prejudice found in the army and in fashionable society; it had popular roots. It reflected, among other things, a widespread loss of confidence in the moral integrity of the bourgeois elite, which, in rising to power and wealth under the Third Republic, had largely ceased to believe in its own professed ideals. The Panama scandal of 1892, in which legislators, officials, and publicists had been exposed as the recipients of clandestine largesse from two crooked Jewish financiers, had given such reactions a pathological violence. Right-wing Catholic, Bonapartist, and Royalist demagogues, like Edouard Drumont, editor of the incendiary Paris daily *La Libre Parole*, were not only fanning the anti-Semitism of the mob but deliberately turning it against the bourgeois establishment of the regime. The natural defenders of the republic were for the most part either discredited, like Georges Clémenceau, who had been splattered by some of the Panama mud, or disaffected, like the leader of the parliamentary socialists, Jean Jaurès. Many young workers and intellectuals felt themselves being drawn toward the extreme left. The faction of the establishment currently in power, led by President Jean Paul Casimir-Périer, might be rated as moderately conservative: its commitment to the ideals of the republic was particularly moderate.

At this conjuncture, the discovery of Dreyfus's "treason" promoted, as well as seriously threatened, Mercier's political ambitions. (That he had such ambitions is demonstrated by his emergence as a candidate, albeit an unofficial and unsuccessful one, in the presidential elections of 1895.) Without renouncing his "republican" past, he could become the hero of the mob and of all the reactionary interests, whose

prospects were once more looking bright in France. He had only to make sure that he was identified in the public and military mind as the vigilant, incorruptible war minister who had promptly unmasked the Jewish traitor on his staff and courageously defied the powers of darkness to demand his punishment. If such thoughts had not occurred to Mercier before, they can hardly have failed to enter his mind around the middle of November, after he had allowed his personal belief in Dreyfus's guilt to reach the press, and when Drumont, who had earlier dubbed him a "cardboard general" and denounced him as the source of "the stink in the War Ministry," began extolling his "blunt patriotism." From then on, Mercier was saddled with his new right-wing political personality, and with the administrative crime he had already decided to commit. Inevitably, the army was saddled with them, too.

At first, Dreyfus's conviction seemed to end the affair. Almost nobody outside his family questioned his guilt. Jaurès, who was later to become a leading Dreyfusard, criticized the verdict only on the grounds that the traitor should have been shot. The Paris crowd shouting "death to the Jews" during the sadistic ritual of public degradation, when Dreyfus's insignia as an officer were torn off his tunic and thrown in his face, was a cross section of the nation. Mercier's selection of Devil's Island, off the steaming coast of French Guiana, for Dreyfus's confinement, and the barbarous regime to which he was subjected there, were applauded by the public as just punishments for his crime.

It was the classic interaction of chance and necessity that set the wheels of truth in motion. In the spring of 1896, another disconcerting find from Schwartzkoppen's wastebasket was laid before the new head of the Statistical Section, Lt. Col. Marie Georges Picquart. It was the reconstructed fragments of the subsequently famous *"petit bleu"*: a note written by the German attaché, though never mailed, to a French officer, Maj. Ferdinand Walsin-Esterhazy, and definitely suspect in tone. Esterhazy, Picquart learned, was a dissolute, chronically impecunious aristocrat, with a good military record and a shady private life. Currently assigned as a battalion commander in a provincial garrison, he had once served in the Statistical Section himself and was intimate with the unsavory Weil. Picquart, who up to then had taken Dreyfus's guilt for granted, compared a sample of Esterhazy's writing with the *bordereau* Dreyfus was supposed to have written. The hand seemed to be the same. Thus, the spy who had been selling France's military secrets to the Germans was apparently Esterhazy, not Dreyfus. (Schwartzkoppen later confirmed this.)

Picquart shared the prevailing French military prejudice against Jews, and had disliked Dreyfus personally, but his mind was open to the truth and he had an uncompromising Christian conscience. He promptly reported his discovery and conclusions to the new war minister, Gen. Jean Baptiste Billot, to the chief of staff, Gen. Raoul Le Mouton de Boisdeffre—an accomplice in Mercier's abuse of office—and to the latter's deputy, Gen. Charles Albert Gonse, a cynical old windbag. The first two were evasive, and refused to let him call in a handwriting expert or to question Esterhazy. Gonse said that Dreyfus's innocence was unimportant and flatly declared, "the case can't be reopened." When Picquart expressed his indignation, he was removed from the Statistical Section and reassigned to the dangerous Tunisian frontier.

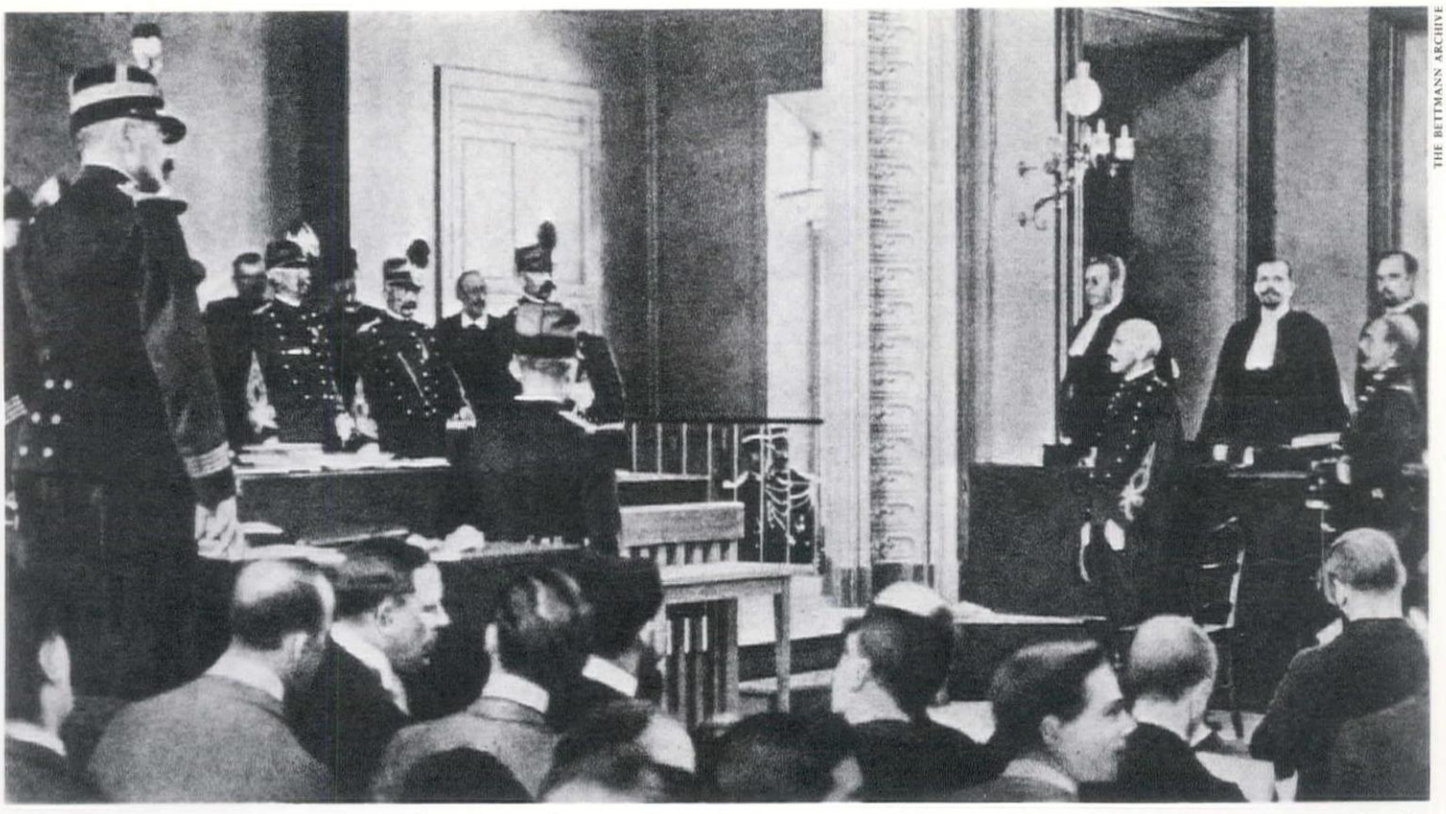
As yet unaware of Mercier's dereliction in the trial, Picquart, an honorable but disciplined officer, made no public protest. For his own protection, however, he left with his lawyer a confidential summary of his role in the Esterhazy investigation. When its substance accidentally leaked out, the Dreyfus case truly became The Affair. An equally accidental revelation of the scandalous trial procedure fueled the public controversy that now erupted.

Spearheaded by Bernard Lazare, a clear-minded, courageous Jewish man of letters, and Joseph Reinach, a noted historian-politician, Dreyfus's champions organized the first mobilization of intellectuals in modern history. (The present usage of the word, and the now classic rites of intellectual protest, stem from the affair.) Péguy, the young Proust, and a whole cluster of noted scholars were prominent in the movement; Clémenceau, Jaurès, and a respected Alsatian senator, Auguste Scheurer-Kestner, supplied the political-journalistic heavy artillery. Emile Zola, in his *J'Accuse,* bitterly castigated the general staff, and became a symbol for the Dreyfusards when he was arrested for libel. French public opinion became increasingly polarized between Dreyfusards and anti-Dreyfusards.

The army, backed by most of the rightist, clerical, or simply conservative forces in the nation, dug in its heels. Through a succession of arrogant war ministers, it cowed a succession of timid premiers. The general staff fed the anti-Dreyfusard press with a steady flow of leaks, lies, and forgeries. One criminally irresponsible rumor, probably planted by Mercier himself—and unquestionably given credence by his refusal to deny it—had Kaiser Wilhelm II personally instructing his ambassador to meet Dreyfus's price. Mercier was said to possess a photographic copy of the Kaiser's handwritten dispatch, but the threat of a declaration of war had forced the French government to return the original at the beginning of the affair.

Dreyfus's guilt became an article of faith in what almost seemed a new state religion; more fantastically, so for a time did Esterhazy's innocence. The impudent adventurer clearly terrified the French generals with his reckless interviews and unpredictable antics. At his own request, Esterhazy appeared before a court martial, which quickly exonerated him. A cheering nationalist mob carried him away in triumph.

Zola's trial for libel goaded the generals into using both the Big Lie and the Big Stick. Mercier denied under oath



THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Dreyfus, fourth from right, rises to face the judges at his second trial in 1899. Behind him is his defense counsel, Edgar Demange, who also represented him in 1894. In the foreground are clerks and members of the audience, mainly journalists, who each day overflowed the courtroom.

that he had interfered in the Dreyfus trial. Col. Henry, now head of the Statistical Section, swore no less falsely that Picquart, called as a defense witness, had shown the secret file on Dreyfus to his lawyer, a criminal breach of security. (Picquart had already been discharged from the army and would soon be sentenced to prison on this charge.) Henry likewise threw the Quai d'Orsay into a panic by alluding in open court to the Kaiser's mythical correspondence concerning Dreyfus. An officer who had been the army investigator in the Esterhazy case, Brig. Gen. Gabriel de Pellieux, upset nearly everybody by citing a document that in his opinion proved Esterhazy's innocence and Dreyfus's guilt: a hitherto unmentioned note from the German "Alexandrine" to his Italian sister (or brother) soul. The trouble was, as the Quai d'Orsay knew and the upper echelons of the general staff at least suspected, the note had been faked for Henry by one of the professional forgers used in his section and would not stand up under close scrutiny.

Boisdeffre, called as a witness to confirm the testimony of Pellieux and Henry, decided that things had gone far enough. Like the other generals involved in the affair, he was no putschist, but now he delivered a thinly veiled ultimatum to the civilian judges and jurors who had to decide whether Zola was guilty. "I confirm Gen. Pellieux's testimony," he solemnly affirmed (another perjury hardly mattered at that point). "I have nothing more to say. . . . If the nation has no confidence in the army's leaders, they are ready to leave the heavy task to others."

The roar of the huge nationalist mob encircling the court building, waiting to lynch Zola if he should be acquitted, added point to Boisdeffre's warning. The jurors, though civilians, were patriots, and they knew where their duty, as well as their safety, lay. The novelist, sentenced to twelve months in jail, managed to get out of the courtroom alive and flee to England.

Necessity now took over entirely. New military blunders and new leaks had to occur. Six months later, just as a new war minister was preparing to have the Dreyfusard leadership put on trial for conspiracy against the security of the state, an overzealous subordinate in the general staff, plowing through the Dreyfus file, uncovered Henry's forgery. There was no hope of secrecy.

Henry duly "confessed" his crime to Boisdeffre and was put under arrest. The next morning he was found in his cell with his throat cut, apparently a suicide, an accomplice who was beyond embarrassing his principals. Boisdeffre resigned. So did his minister, Godefroy Cavaignac. Picquart was released. Esterhazy decamped.

The Dreyfusard campaign for a new trial was now irresistible. Charles Maurras, at the time a relatively obscure young Provençal poet and right-wing intellectual, helped to save the anti-Dreyfusards from a total rout. Henry, he wrote in the Royalist *Gazette de France*, was not a criminal but a martyr. What he had committed was a "patriotic forgery." His innocent blood was on the hands of the infamous "Jewish Syndicate."

The doctrine of Henry's martyrdom and of the patriotic forgery grew, as the German historian Ernst Nolte has written, into the "vital lie" of Maurras's whole existence—and of many other French existences. It was one of the

mythological wellsprings of French proto- or crypto-fascism, whose chief theoretician he became. Eventually, nearly fifty years later, it gained the French superpatriot a life sentence for wartime collaboration with his country's enemies. Immediately, however, it catapulted him to fame and put new heart into the demoralized anti-Dreyfusards. Drumont launched a public subscription on behalf of Henry's widow. Even such respectable nationalist intellectuals as Maurice Barrès and the young Paul Valéry contributed. (The same inversion of values under the impact of mob emotion occurred during the McCarthy craze in the United States, when Whittaker Chambers, the repentant traitor turned police informer, became a minor national hero, and general of the army George C. Marshall, the embodiment of military honor and disinterested patriotism in his generation, appeared a suspect figure to a great number of deluded American superpatriots.)

Ultranationalists and Catholic fanatics called for a massacre of the Jews to avenge their martyr's blood; anti-Semitic mobs in Algeria had already begun sacking and killing without waiting for the pretext. A harebrained nationalist agitator, Paul Déroulède, tried to lead the army into a coup d'état on the occasion of President Félix Faure's funeral; the new president of the Republic, Emile Loubet, was assaulted while at the races.

By the time the French court of appeals had set aside Dreyfus's conviction and a new military court had been convened—the trial opened in Rennes, as far away as possible from the mobs of the capital, on August 7, 1899—the generals had regained their nerve. Dreyfus, tragically aged by his ordeal, remained as wooden and unconvincing as ever in affirming his innocence. Mercier, cool, trim, and soldierly, asserted his own innocence with authority.

The former war minister completely dominated the proceedings, visibly awing the judges with his personality, rank, and prestige. He repeated all the old lies and added one astonishing new one. Directly contradicting the testimony of Casimir-Périer, who had been president at the beginning of the affair, Mercier swore that in January, 1895, the announcement of a visit from the German ambassador had prompted the president to warn him, Mercier, to hold himself ready in case a general mobilization had to be ordered in the next few hours. At the origin of this narrowly averted international crisis, he hinted, was an unmentionable matter relating to the affair (the imaginary dispatch from Wilhelm II once more).

The ultimate issue, in the eyes of the Rennes judges, was the same as it had been in Paris five years before. Either Dreyfus was lying, or Mercier was. And generals don't lie. Mercier told the court, "You will have to choose between me, your former War Minister . . . and this Jewish captain . . ." Dreyfus was once again found guilty of treason, though the court, out of compassion, reduced his sentence to ten years' detention in France.

Fortunately for justice, the country now had a president of the Republic who believed in the republic, and a premier, Pierre Marie Waldeck-Rousseau, with some backbone. Moreover, the French workers had begun to realize that the injustice done a wealthy Jewish captain by the generals was not an affair concerning the bourgeoisie alone.

Since there was no way short of civil war of forcing the army to reverse itself, the politically reinvigorated and morally chastened republican establishment in France did what it could. Dreyfus was offered a pardon and accepted it, to the dismay of his partisans. "I was never a Dreyfusard," he is said to have once told some friends. A few years later the court of appeals, perhaps a bit irregularly, formally acquitted him. He was restored to his normal rank in the army reserve and given the Legion of Honor. Later, during World War I, he served as a colonel. Picquart became a war minister in Clémenceau's cabinet of 1906.

Opposite, seemingly unbowed by the events of his long, tormented life, Dreyfus peers at the camera shortly before his death in 1935.

The anticlerical reaction generated by the affair had already caused a number of military heads to roll in the administrative dust. But not Mercier's—he was a senator then—and not Esterhazy's. He was living abroad in modest but secure retirement, and for years some mysterious benefactor continued to pay a regular monthly sum into his bank account. Upon his death he bequeathed his papers to a French writer, hoping to convince history that he had been a patriotic double agent, working with Henry and Sandherr to deceive the Germans. Unfortunately the key documents proved to be missing. Gen. Saussier retired with honor, and the Weil couple were left undisturbed.

Although its end was something of an anticlimax, the Dreyfus Affair has some positive as well as negative lessons for all who are concerned about the future of democracy in the modern world. It shows that in an ailing society, especially one already gravely intoxicated by anti-Semitism, one or two authentic traitors, plus a single power-hungry bureaucratic tyrant and three or four unscrupulous careerists, helped by the blind, amoral esprit de corps that characterizes every power machine, by a minority of antirepublican activists, by a craven political elite, by an apathetic public and an irresponsible press, can come within a hairsbreadth of destroying the republic. But it likewise demonstrates that a scarcely larger minority of militant republicans, led by a tiny band of dedicated men, none of them saints or heroes, but all honest believers in the democratic principles of equal justice and the rule of law, can save the republic from these self-betrayals. In this sense the Dreyfus Affair was an exemplary—or as Péguy said, chosen—episode in modern history.

Edmond Taylor's latest article for HORIZON *was on the Portuguese poet Luiz Vaz de Camoëns, in the Autumn, 1972, issue.*



PRIVATE COLLECTION, PARIS

The Last Imperial Bonaparte

The first three Napoleons
died in bed,
but the uncrowned Napoleon IV
met an end that
matched the glory of his name



COLLECTION OF GEORGES SIROT

The Prince Imperial and his fussy mother, Empress Eugénie, were photographed around 1860, at the height of the Second Empire.

By GENE SMITH

They had originally thought to title him King of Algiers. But Napoleon Bonaparte's son had been called "King of Rome," and he had not met a happy end. So Napoleon's nephew, Napoleon III, chose for *his* son, born on March 16, 1856, the title of Prince Imperial.

His mother, the empress Eugénie, screamed for fifteen hours giving him birth. Her husband roamed up and down the Tuileries corridors sobbing and drumming his fingers on windows. Finally, the assembled courtiers looking on gasped with relief. From the Invalides there soon was heard the pounding of a one hundred and one gun salute. (For a princess there would have been but twenty-one.)

The layette of Louis, Child of France, filled three rooms. At the age of two days he was given the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor. At eighteen months his riding lessons began; at three years he was able to sit his pony at military reviews. A serious child, plump, he lived in a toy-soldier Napoleonic atmosphere, with miniature uniforms, epaulettes, a busby, and a grenadier's commission. His governesses and tutors were forbidden to tell him fairy stories. Tales of the Grande Armée would take their place. The surest way to secure his obedience was to tell him he was disgracing the uniform.

His father, the emperor, could deny him nothing and was afraid to discipline him in any way. "He wouldn't love me any more." The empress was tougher, ordering her son to be a little man. Once, told to pass some chocolates around the room, the Prince Imperial took one for himself before all the guests had been served. A hand shot out and clutched his neck. The empress forced him to spit out the candy. Her lessons had their effect. At Biarritz, their small boat hit a rock, the waves poured in, the pilot drowned, and they were soaked. "Don't be afraid," the empress said; her son replied, "My name is Napoleon."

He did not seem bright. He could not concentrate on his lessons. He showed great interest in drawing and sculpting; it was instantly discouraged. For he was to be emperor, to be Napoleon IV, to do what no French royal or imperial son had done in two hundred years—directly succeed his father on the throne. The nation's Little Prince, he went out in a carriage and four, with postilions, with an escort of the lancers or spahis. He loved soldiers, the army, war games. When a bruise on his leg abscessed, he begged the doctors not to use chloroform so that he might have a chance to show bravery under pain.

Eighteen-seventy and the war against Prussia found him in a paroxysm of delight. Fourteen years old, with his kepi rakishly tilted and his hand grasping his sword handle, he went to the wars with his father. "Louis, do your duty," his mother said, tracing a cross on his forehead. At camp, in Metz, he walked about with his hand tucked into his waistcoat à la Napoleon the Great, asking soldiers if all was well and thrilling to the shouts of "To Berlin!"

The sad, early battles took him unawares. He was not explicitly told how badly the French had done, but in the faces of the constantly retreating troops and the shattered men in the ambulance trains he saw the indications. With his father holding his hand, he drifted back before the Prussians. It came to him that this was defeat. He could not eat or sleep, and, seen peering out of a coach always heading away from the weakening front lines, he presented the appearance of a worried, feverish boy. The troops turned sullen, shouting from the ranks quick, anonymous go-to-hells. Chaos and the smell of rout surrounded them. The news was always bad.

The emperor called upon Marshal Achille Bazaine, the final hope. "To your charge I commit the last army of France. Think of the Prince Imperial." Bazaine surrendered the one hundred and forty thousand men. Even before that, the emperor had realized the game was up. He possessed only one thought: to die well and leave a memory upon which his son could build anew. He separated himself from the Prince Imperi-

al, sending him toward Belgium, and went to wander the front lines in search of a lucky shell. It did not find him. He ended up handing over his sword to Bismarck and King William.

Meanwhile, his son said that he had had enough of retreating. "We'll stay here—we'll fight them!" he shouted at his overseers, who were urging him to leave Mézières. They convinced him to go only by saying that they spoke in the name of his father, the emperor. Dressed as a peasant boy, ensconced in a third-class train compartment, he passed over the border into Belgium to be recognized by crowds whispering that it was the poor little prince. White-faced, trying to smile, he held up his cap. His hand was shaking.

Exactly forty days after he had left Saint-Cloud, thinking he was going to another Austerlitz and another Jena, he crossed the Channel as a refugee. His mother joined him at Hastings and they went to live in a large villa outside London. The ex-emperor, released, was soon with them. In Paris, the mob burned the Tuileries, and Prussian shells smashed Saint-Cloud.

They sent him to school in England. (Even from Prussian captivity Napoleon III had written Eugénie that Louis must get on with his studies.) He advanced to enrollment in the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich as Cadet His Imperial Highness the Prince Imperial. He began to blossom. His fellows found him gay, outgoing, able to take a joke even though in repose his face wore a melancholy look. He was at Woolwich in 1873 when a messenger came to rush him to his parents' home. He arrived to find his mother. "Louis, I have only you now," she said. He knelt by his father's bed, arising as the heir.

On his eighteenth birthday, a year later, the faithful gathered. They heard a suddenly impressive young man saying in ringing tones that if France wanted him he was ready. He sent his greetings to his homeland. His life, his sword, were always at her service. The French government, forbidding all serving officers to attend the ceremonies, trembled. Twice before a Napoleon had come to throw a republic into the dust.

He loitered about in England. He had no money of his own. His rigid mother, always fearful of self-indulgence, gave him a pittance to live on. He could not accept invitations to weekends because he did not have money to tip the servants; he had to borrow in order to give dinners for his friends. He refused to ask his mother for more.

He had a romance—or so it was said—with the princess Beatrice, Victoria's youngest daughter. He rode—on a third-rate horse, the only one he could afford. He waited. Meanwhile there were disturbances in Zululand, and all the cadets of his class at Woolwich went out to discipline the restless natives. His mother refused to allow him to go. "Do you want me to be the Little Prince all my life?" he asked her. He spoke of France. "She must know what I can do." Eugénie relented and appealed to the queen. Disraeli sighed that two women could not be successfully opposed. Escorted to the departure point by his mother, the Prince Imperial left for the Cape from Southampton.

He loved Africa and being with his friends from Woolwich, camping out, going on patrol. But he was terribly reckless. Headquarters ordered him to desk duty. He chafed for a while, but on June 1, 1879, he was assigned to a patrol that was to select a campsite for the force that would, the following day, cross the Blood River. In British kit, white sash, and pith helmet he rode with one other officer and six troopers to the deserted village of Etuki. They took a break there. The two officers chatted about Napoleon the Great's campaigns. Suddenly a native guide came running up. He had seen a Zulu nearby. The British lieutenant immediately jumped into the saddle. The Prince Imperial put one foot into a stirrup and waited for the troopers to mount. "Are you all ready?" he called. Then a horde of Zulus emerged from the six-foot-high grasses and were upon them.

Spears flashed. The British officer clapped spurs into his horse and ran for it. The patrol followed. The Prince Imperial's horse panicked and shied, dislodging him. He ran alongside, clinging to a stirrup leather. A trooper rode by. "Sir, for God's sake get mounted!"

His horse, Fate, was bolting. He grabbed the pommel with his left hand and vaulted up. He was nearly aboard when the pommel broke. He was using one of the notoriously cheapmake regulation saddles, and the pommel was hardly more than paper. Other officers had private saddles—and ever afterward it was said that his mother's parsimoniousness had prevented him from having one. He went down on his face, grass filling his mouth. The horse ran after the vanishing patrol.

He got up, his right arm useless. Zulu war cries sounded. He ran a few steps and then turned to face the natives. He pulled out his revolver with his left hand. He walked toward them slowly, firing. They flung spears. One lodged in his leg. He pulled it out and attacked them. They surrounded him. The next day the British found Napoleon IV lying naked on his back. There were seventeen spear wounds—all in front. A lion, the natives who had killed him said later. He was twenty-three.

Eugénie's oldest retainer came to give her the news. "My son is ill?" she asked. There was no answer. "Only speak!" she cried, waiting for a response. None came. "I shall go out to Africa at once." There was silence. *"Oh!"* She fell and was insensible for hours.

He was buried next to his father, in a chapel by their house. Thirty-nine years later France and France's allies threw the Germans back across the Rhine. Eugénie went to the two graves and, old, half-blind, a year from her own death, read aloud the terms of the armistice. The Prince Imperial would have been so proud and happy, she said to those who watched and listened.

A journalist and historian, Gene Smith has written, among other books, When the Cheering Stopped, *an eloquent account of the last years of Woodrow Wilson.*



"Who can like the Highlands?"

Asked Dr. Johnson after Boswell had dragged him from Edinburgh to Inverness to Skye and back to the Lowlands. Boswell could, and soon set about immortalizing the tour

Among the arts of life, Cocteau once observed, was knowing just how far to go *too* far, and this was an art that Boswell always practiced in his long relationship with Samuel Johnson. We are sometimes apt to assume that once he had encountered Johnson, at Tom Davies's bookshop, on May 16, 1763, had survived a couple of tremendous knockdown snubs and, soon afterward, had dared to visit the sage at his "uncouth" London lodgings, the affection that sprang up between them ran a fairly simple course, and that Boswell remained the obedient disciple who accepted Johnson's every word as law.

The facts are very different. Though the young Scotsman never lost his profound respect for the magisterial English writer, he refused to adopt a purely passive role, and on occasions even presumed to tease him by throwing off some tendentious remark that might produce a sudden blaze of fury. He loved taking risks. Would not Johnson admit, he had inquired, that Jean Jacques Rousseau was perhaps a good man? And had David Hume, that "great Infidel," been an entirely despicable personage? From the volcanic explosions that he knew were bound to follow, Boswell had derived a keen enjoyment.

Another favorite pastime was getting his stubborn old friend into an unaccustomed and, if possible, slightly incongruous situation. Thus, in 1776, he managed to persuade Johnson to dine at the same table with the notorious "patriot" and demagogue John Wilkes. It had required much maneuvering, and when Boswell "had him fairly seated in a hackney-coach" on his way to the party, he felt, he tells us, as exultant "as a fortune-hunter who has got an heiress into a post-chaise . . . to set out for Gretna Green." But his major coup was one that he achieved during August, 1773. He then induced Johnson, who pretended that he detested Scotsmen and despised their barren country, to venture across the Scottish border and, not only spend some days in Edinburgh, but penetrate the barbaric Highlands and undertake a tour around the Hebrides. Johnson's curiosity, it was true, had already been aroused by reading Martin's book, *Description of the Western Islands of Scotland,* which suggested, says Boswell, "that we might there contemplate a system of life almost totally different from what we had been accustomed to see," and "find simplicity and wildness . . ." But it needed a great deal of quiet diplomacy to overcome the old man's natural sloth.

In the summer of 1773 Samuel Johnson was a man of nearly sixty-four, deaf, corpulent, and shortsighted. For the last eighteen years, since the publication of his *Dictionary,* he had been a famous London personage, renowned not only as an arbiter of literary taste but as an authoritative moralist and an eloquent conversationalist. James Boswell, on the other hand, was no more than thirty-two, a brisk young advocate practicing at the Edinburgh bar and the eldest son of a distinguished Scottish law lord who bore the courtesy title of Lord Auchinleck. Boswell, too, had acquired some literary fame. His account of his romantic visit to Corsica, where he had visited the patriot leader General Paoli, had appeared in 1768 and received extremely favorable notices. Then, in 1769, after much philandering and promiscuous "raking," he had decided he must settle down, and married his plain but devoted cousin, Margaret Montgomerie. Of Mrs. Boswell, Johnson unkindly remarked that she had "the mien and manner of a gentlewoman, and such a person and mind as would not in any place either be admired or condemned." Though Boswell had a deep regard for his wife, he had proved a recklessly unfaithful husband. A lifelong manic-depressive, he was perpetually oscillating between moods of



In 1785 Boswell published the journal of his tour with Dr. Johnson; by the following year Samuel Collings and Thomas Rowlandson had produced a fine satire on it, which Boswell received in "good Humour." The engraving above and those on the following pages are Rowlandson's after drawings by Collings. Here, Dr. Johnson, with a walking stick, strolls with Boswell in the sewerless streets of Edinburgh. "I could not prevent his being assailed by the evening effluvia," noted Boswell. Opposite is a cloud-capped mountain on the Isle of Skye, toward which the two travelers would soon be bound.

By PETER QUENNELL

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR HORIZON BY SONJA BULLATY AND ANGELO LOMEO



The Canongate Tolbooth in Edinburgh, above, a municipal landmark erected in 1591, was a short walk from Boswell's house in the Old Town, where the future biographer grudgingly practiced law. Boswell came to meet Johnson at an inn near the Tolbooth on August 14, 1773, and they commenced their trip to the Highlands a few days later.

Tea at the Boswells': At ten past midnight the servant yawns and Boswell is asleep, but an unconcerned Dr. Johnson keeps on consuming tea and talking to Boswell's long-suffering wife. Boswell assured himself that his wife and his hero got along well at their meeting, but the satirical Rowlandson suspected otherwise—and he was right. With his ugly face, his dingy clothes, his grunting and slurping, Dr. Johnson was not likely to be Mrs. Boswell's cup of tea.



self-indulgent gaiety and bouts of the profoundest gloom. Once he had secured Samuel Johnson as a traveling companion, his spirits soared to dizzy heights.

Johnson finally reached Edinburgh on Saturday, August 14, 1773, and dispatched a note announcing his safe arrival, from "Boyd's Inn, at the head of Canongate," whither Boswell promptly hurried. Though he had already been somewhat annoyed by the slovenly habits of a Scottish waiter, "he embraced me cordially"; but as they walked arm in arm up the High Street to Boswell's house in James's Court, the disciple regretted that he "could not prevent his being assailed by the evening effluvia of Edinburgh"—the stench of its open drains and of the torrents of "foul water" that were still frequently discharged from windows. Once they entered the house, however, Mrs. Boswell, a patient and well-trained wife, extended him an extremely civil welcome and immediately provided tea. Johnson was pleased: "his address to her was most courteous and engaging, and his conversation soon charmed her into a forgetfulness of his external appearance." Here Boswell was wrong; Mrs. Boswell, despite her admirable manners, could not learn to like Johnson, whom she rated an exceedingly queer and inconvenient guest. But, at least in one respect, she was much more scrupulous than Boswell. When Johnson bade her farewell, he left behind him a single volume "of a pretty full and curious Diary," which—with a forbearance that her husband found astonishing—she failed to appropriate and copy out!

After some interesting conversations with the local notabilities, Boswell and Johnson began their journey northward, on Wednesday, August 18, Johnson wearing "a very wide brown cloth greatcoat with pockets which might have almost held the two volumes of his folio dictionary," and carrying a heavy oak staff. Boswell, no doubt, was much more fashionably dressed, and they were accompanied by his body servant, "Joseph Ritter, a Bohemian, a fine stately fellow above six feet high." For the story of the subsequent adventures, we can consult three firsthand sources: Johnson's own topographic account of *A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland,* which he published in 1775; Boswell's *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides,* which, as a trial run for his famous biography, emerged in 1785; and the original text of the *Journal,* edited by Frederick A. Pottle and Charles H. Bennett, which appeared in 1936. Of these, the latter is by far the most vivid. With the assistance of the Shakespearian scholar Edmond Malone, Boswell made extensive alterations before he allowed his journal to be printed—rephrasing, cutting, and wherever a passage seemed too caustic or too indecorous, prudently removing it. Even so, the narrative caused offense, and one of the Scottish lairds who figures in the story threatened that he would challenge the author to a duel.

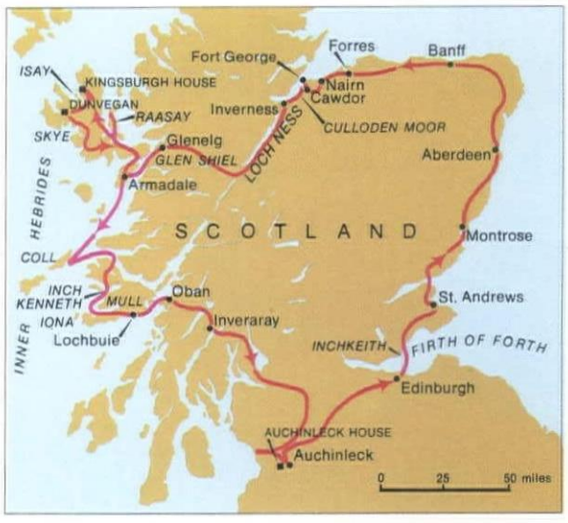
The expedition lasted from August 18 till November 9. It began quietly; the food was good, and the beds were not uncomfortable. Having crossed the Firth of Forth, they traveled north, up Scotland's eastern coast, through Saint Andrews, Montrose, and Aberdeen; then westerly to Banff and Forres, Nairn, Cawdor, Fort George, and the county town of Inverness. On their way they were hospitably entertained, viewed "natural curiosities," and scrambled around ruined castles. Johnson conversed with the eccentric Lord Monboddo, whose theories about the virtues of the noble savage he had previously dismissed as arrant nonsense; and when they approached Forres and drove over the blasted heath where Macbeth was reputed to have met the Weird

Sisters, and where the corpse of a highwayman now hung in chains, he solemnly quoted from the tragedy. Later, when they had reached their inn, he "diverted himself with trying to frighten me," and pretended that the witches themselves would "come and dance at the foot of my bed." Boswell was not to be put down—"I said he would be the most frightened of the two"; but he admits to being "really a little uneasy. However, the door of my room opened into his. . . . and I soon fell asleep."

So far they had had few real adventures, but after Inverness the prospect changed. Beside Loch Ness "the scene was as remote and agreeably wild" as the most romantic tourist could have hoped. And at Glen Shiel, although Johnson would not allow a mountain that Boswell found "immense" to be anything more than "a considerable protuberance," he agreed, readily enough, that they were now face to face with untamed nature. Nor did the rough inhabitants, among whose children Johnson distributed coppers, fail to satisfy their expectations—"some were as black and wild . . . as any American savages whatever." Meanwhile, the road grew increasingly rough and steep; both travelers began to show signs of exhaustion, and between Rattachan and Glenelg they very nearly quarreled. That night, in a "raw and dirty" room, they were obliged to sleep on hay, Johnson "buttoned up in his greatcoat," Boswell huddling beneath a pile of clothes. Boswell slept badly and awakened with miserable thoughts of their dispute the previous afternoon. But Johnson comforted him. "Let's think no more on't," he said, and on Thursday, September 2, at a quarter to nine, in a particularly heavy rainstorm, "we got into a boat for Skye."

At this point, they entered a new world. Here, at last, was the different "system of life" that they had been seeking since they left Edinburgh. That system had now a tragic side; it would very soon have vanished. Scotland was never a rich country, though the Lowland establishment, to which Boswell's father belonged, led a prosperous existence. But farther north, the "rage for emigration" that Boswell noticed throughout the Hebrides was rapidly depopulating the Scottish landscape, and before 1775 some thirty thousand Highlanders would have sought a transatlantic refuge. After the Jacobite revolt of 1745, the whole social fabric of the Highlands had been ruthlessly reorganized. "If civilization was to go forward in the north . . ." writes the Whig historian G. M. Trevelyan, "it was essential to put down the warlike organization of the tribes and the extra-legal allegiance to the chiefs . . . An Afghanistan could no longer be tolerated within fifty miles of the 'modern Athens,' " Edinburgh. The British government, which set about these changes, had displayed "all the customary ignorance of civilized man" confronting a primitive society. Hereditary chieftains were transformed into mere landlords, their feudal retainers into ordinary tenants; and many of the new landlords, forgetting their ancient loyalties, did not hesitate to raise rents and to expel the unhappy crofters from their mountain farms and substitute enormous sheep runs.

Among the Western Islands, however, some traces of the feudal system lingered, and memories of the '45 and the gallant Young Pretender were still handed down in conversation. As our travelers crossed to Skye, they were shown "the land of Moidart," on which Prince Charles had first set foot. But when they themselves disembarked, at Armadale, they were welcomed ashore by a somewhat unexpected type of Scottish laird. True, Sir Alexander Macdonald was properly attired in the decorative tartan of his clan, and received them with appropriate courtesy, while "my lady



This map shows the route that Johnson and Boswell chose for their three-month excursion into the Highlands. Heading up the east coast from Edinburgh, they crossed the Firth of Forth, paused at Saint Andrews, and went on toward Aberdeen. From Banff they proceeded west toward Culloden Moor and Inverness, then down the shore of Loch Ness, over to Glenelg, and into the Hebrides. From there they eventually went south to Inveraray Castle, seat of the dukes of Argyll, and then into the more civilized Lowlands. Almost all they saw is still there, and the western isles are still as beautiful and untouched as on that day in 1773 when the two travelers set out to see the wonders of Scotland.



stood at the top of the bank and made a kind of jumping for joy." Otherwise the chieftain of the Macdonalds proved an extremely unattractive character. His ancestral seat had burned down, and he inhabited a modern house, which, since Edinburgh offered greater comforts, he was now preparing to abandon. Nor did he keep a generous table. Boswell reports:

> We had an ill-dressed dinner . . . I alone drank port wine. No claret appeared. We had indeed mountain and Frontignac and Scotch porter. But except what I did myself, there was no hospitable convivial intercourse, no ringing of glasses. Nay, I observed that when Captain Macdonald and Mr. Macqueen came in after we were sat down to dinner, Sir Alexander let them stand round the room and stuck his fork into a liver pudding . . . There was no wheat-loaf, but only a kind of bannock or cake . . . Sir Alexander himself drank punch . . . which he distributed to those men who were accustomed even in their own houses to much better. He gave it with a pewter dividing-spoon which had served the broth. At tea there were few cups and no tea-tongs nor a supernumerary tea-spoon, so we used our fingers.

He had been "quite hurt," Boswell adds, "with the meanness and unsuitable appearance of everything," and thereafter the relations between host and guests steadily deteriorated. Always a tactless man, Boswell could not refrain from taking Sir Alexander to task about his shabby treatment of his people: "I fell upon him with perhaps too great violence," criticizing not only his own behavior but "my lady's neither having a maid, nor being dressed better than one. In short, I gave him a volley. He was thrown into a violent passion . . ." Boswell's bad behavior may perhaps be excused by the fact that it had rained heavily throughout the day, but Johnson had developed a strong dislike for his foolish and pretentious, though unquestionably good-looking, hostess. Some days later, when they had at length escaped from the Macdonalds, he summoned Boswell "to his bed-side . . . and to my astonishment he *took off* Lady Macdonald leaning forward with a hand on each cheek and her mouth open . . . To see a beauty represented by Mr. Johnson was excessively high. I told him it was a masterpiece . . ." Lady Macdonald's vapid appearance seems to have haunted Johnson's memory. "She was as bad as negative badness could be," he added on September 20; ". . . insipid beauty would not go a great way . . . such a woman might be cut out of a cabbage, if there was a skilful artificer."

After their disagreeable experiences at Armadale, their next stopping place, a farmhouse called Coirechatachan, the home of Mr. Mackinnon, "a jolly big man," proved a very pleasant refuge, for the house was simple, but trimly and comfortably furnished, and Mrs. Mackinnon, "a decent well-behaved old gentlewoman in a black silk gown," served them an abundant supper:

> a large dish of minced beef collops, a large dish of fricasee of fowl, I believe a dish called fried chicken . . . a dish of ham or tongue, some excellent haddocks, some herrings, a large bowl of rich milk, frothed, as good a bread-pudding as I ever tasted, full of raisins and lemon or orange peel, and sillabubs made with port wine . . .

Johnson and Boswell remained at Coirechatachan from the sixth until the eighth. Their intention was now to visit Raasay, a smaller island off the eastern coast of Skye, and on the morning of the eighth, when the wind had abated and the day proved fine and clear, they rode down to the shore and climbed into "a good stout open boat." As their pilot they had Malcolm



By the Well of the Dead at Culloden Moor, where the British destroyed a Highland army in 1746, a headstone marks a clan chief's grave. Boswell "several times burst into tears" when a Culloden veteran recounted to them the battle that broke the power of the Scots clans forever.

Below, Rowlandson's engraving records the scene at the Firth of Forth where Boswell forced a piece of dried fish on Johnson as a means, he said, of "scottifying *his palate . . . With difficulty I prevailed with him to let a bit of one of them lie in his mouth. He did not like it." Among other Johnsonian dislikes was the damage wreaked upon Saint Andrew's Cathedral by fanatical followers of John Knox. At the cathedral Boswell "happened to ask where John Knox was buried. Dr. Johnson burst out, 'I hope in the highway. I have been looking at his reformations.'"*



Saint Andrew's Cathedral, opposite, was already in ruins when Johnson and Boswell paid it a visit. Neglect and the vandalism of Presbyterian zealots had taken their toll.



At his first sight of Dunvegan Castle Boswell remarked with satisfaction, "This is feudal indeed." What pleased Johnson, however, was discovering that the MacLeods, who were the masters of Dunvegan, had adopted English ways and had sent their women to be educated in England. Served a "civilized" (i.e., English) tea, Johnson "became quite joyous," for the ruder Scots, he complained, "polluted" their tea by serving it with smelly cheeses. There was one touchy moment during the travelers' week-long stay at the castle when Johnson insisted to his hostess that neither women nor men were naturally good. "Lady MacLeod started, saying low, 'This is worse than Swift.'"

At the top of Dun Caan, a mountain on the Isle of Raasay, Boswell and two Highlanders danced a reel after washing down their picnic with brandy and punch. In the satirical version below, the fat and sottish Boswell cavorts with his journal clutched in one hand and his inkhorn dangling from a buttonhole. "My exertions as a dancer," Boswell himself explained on another occasion, "are all forced by a reflex desire to promote lively good humor."



MacLeod, a member of the Raasay family, celebrated for the fidelity with which he had served Prince Charles during the revolt of 1745, whose rough-bearded and weather-beaten face, blue bonnet, purple kilt, and "short cloth green coat with gold cord" immediately delighted Boswell. It was a stormy passage, and they were lashed by winds and waves, but while they rowed the boatmen sang, and "as we came to shore, the music of rowers was succeeded by that of reapers" at work in the hills above. On landing, they met Raasay—like all Highland lairds, he bore the name of his ancestral heritage—and "a large company" of friends and followers, and were escorted to the house, at which they found coffee and tea prepared "in genteel order" on the table. "We had a dram of excellent brandy, according to the Highland custom . . . On a sideboard was served up directly . . . mutton-chops and tarts, with porter, claret, mountain, and punch." Then "a fiddler appeared, and a little ball began."

"This is truly the patriarchal life. This is what we came to find," Johnson soon observed to Boswell. Among the MacLeods they discovered a rare mixture of sophistication and simplicity; nearly every detail was harmonious. "Minute things mark civilized life. We had here [notes Boswell] variety of preserves, and two parrots in cages were set out before the door to bask in the sun." Raasay's household furnishings, moreover, included "some elegantly bound books." Yet one adjunct of a civilized house seems to have been lacking. Although in the old castle that Boswell explored on the island, he found a well-built "necessary-house," the modern building that had replaced the castle possessed no form of indoor sanitation, and Boswell feels obliged to admit "how rare that convenience is amongst us." Being a forthright man, he did not hesitate to suggest to Raasay that he should not lag behind his ancestors. His host agreed with him but Boswell suspected, he writes, that many years might pass before the laird built himself a decent privy.

Apart from this oddity, there was nothing about Raasay with which the travelers could find fault. The day often ended in a little ball, the whole house resounding to the strains of Highland music. On September 10, Boswell records, "I exerted myself in an extraordinary degree in dancing . . . drinking porter heartily at intervals . . ." On the eleventh, "there was such a numerous company, mostly young people . . . such a flow of familiar talk, so much noise and so much singing and dancing, that there was not much opportunity" to enjoy the delights of Johnson's "majestic conversation." At the time, he "seemed sensible of this," and probably a trifle vexed, but he admitted afterward "that he had never seen a family where there was such airiness and gaiety," and that there appeared to be "no jealousy, no discontent among them."

On the twelfth, however, although it was a Sunday and neither Johnson nor Boswell approved of Sunday traveling, they "resolved to set out" and sailed back to Skye, where, at Kingsburgh, they met the famous Flora Macdonald, the Jacobite heroine who had once smuggled Prince Charles, disguised as her maid, through the watchful English army. "A little woman . . . mild and genteel . . . mighty soft and well-bred," she was now married to the local laird, and to watch "Mr. Samuel Johnson salute Miss Flora Macdonald" Boswell considered "a wonderful romantic scene . . ." At Kingsburgh they also consumed an "excellent roasted turkey, porter to drink at table, and after supper claret and punch"; and the evening concluded with a "jovial bout."

Not until October 3 did they eventually leave Skye, bound for the neigh-

Dame Flora, chief of the MacLeods, presides at Dunvegan Castle on the Isle of Skye, where two centuries before, Boswell had pronounced the tea "admirable."





boring islands of Coll and Mull. The voyage began agreeably. Though Johnson suffered from seasickness, Boswell enjoyed the brisk movement of their sturdy little sailing boat, ate bread and cheese, "and drank whisky and rum and brandy." But then, after they had passed Eigg and Muck, the sky darkened, the waves rose, and a storm began to blow up. Of all their strange adventures this was the most unnerving, and Boswell, who had previously "exulted in being a stout seaman," confesses that he was "much frightened." Night had now fallen. "It was very dark indeed, and there was a very heavy rain . . . The sparks of the peat-fire in the boat flew terribly about. . . . I saw tonight what I never saw before, a prodigious sea with immense billows coming upon a vessel, so as that it seemed hardly possible to escape. There was something grandly horrible in the sight. I am glad I have seen it once. . . . I endeavoured to compose my mind. . . . Piety afforded me a good deal of comfort. I prayed fervently to GOD . . ."

Having invoked the deity, he begged for some employment, and one of their traveling companions, Mr. Maclean of Coll, "with a lucky readiness put into my hands a rope," which had been attached to a masthead, "and bid me hold it fast till he bid me pull. This could not be of the least service," but "diverted my fear to a certain degree, by making me think I was occupied." Johnson, meanwhile, had remained completely calm. Boswell discovered him "lying in philosophic tranquillity, with a greyhound of Coll's at his back keeping him warm," and his own narrative gives a prosaic account of their passage. The wind, he wrote, "blew against us . . . with such violence, that we, being no seasoned sailors, were willing to call it a tempest. I was sea-sick and lay down. Mr. *Boswell* kept the deck."

The next morning they ran into the harbor of Coll, on which they were detained by foul weather until the fourteenth. But time "slipped along easily enough"; they viewed the ancient castle, ate delicious new-baked shortbread, and Boswell drank "pleasant rum punch soured with lemon shrub." In this castle, as in the medieval fortress at Raasay, Boswell was again amused to notice a convenient "little-house," and "I rebuked Coll, as I did Raasay, by observing that his ancestors were more civilized than the family now is in that very essential particular . . . Coll promised to me he would erect one soon. Mr. Johnson and I talked of it. . . . He said if ever a man thinks at all, it is there. He generally thinks then with great intentness. . . . I said a man was always happy there . . ."

Mull, whither they sailed from Coll, struck them as a somewhat less inclement place. For one thing, it was far more densely populated, and "after having been shut up in Coll, the sight of such an assemblage of . . . habitations, containing such a variety of people . . . gave me much gaiety of spirit. Mr. Johnson said, 'Boswell is now all alive. He is like Antaeus; he gets new vigour whenever he touches land.' " As usual, Johnson ate heartily, but he was not always in a good mood. The landscape of Mull, he complained, was even gloomier than that of Skye, "a most dolorous country!"; and the diminutive horse on which his hosts had mounted him was hardly able to support his weight. During their peregrinations he was often obliged to walk, and he had somehow lost his cherished stick. It was with considerable relief that after coasting along the island's western shore, landing to inspect a gigantic seaside cavern, passing a "tolerably comfortable" night in a barn at Icolmkill, and visiting the venerable ruins of Iona, they found themselves at Lochbuie, where a convenient ferry would take them uneventfully to Oban on the mainland.



Sheep graze on Isay, a tiny island off Skye. Its owner, MacLeod, offered it to Johnson on condition that he live there at least one month each year. In a fit of laughter at such an idea, Dr. Johnson replied that he would take over the island, fortify it, and invade the Isle of Muck.

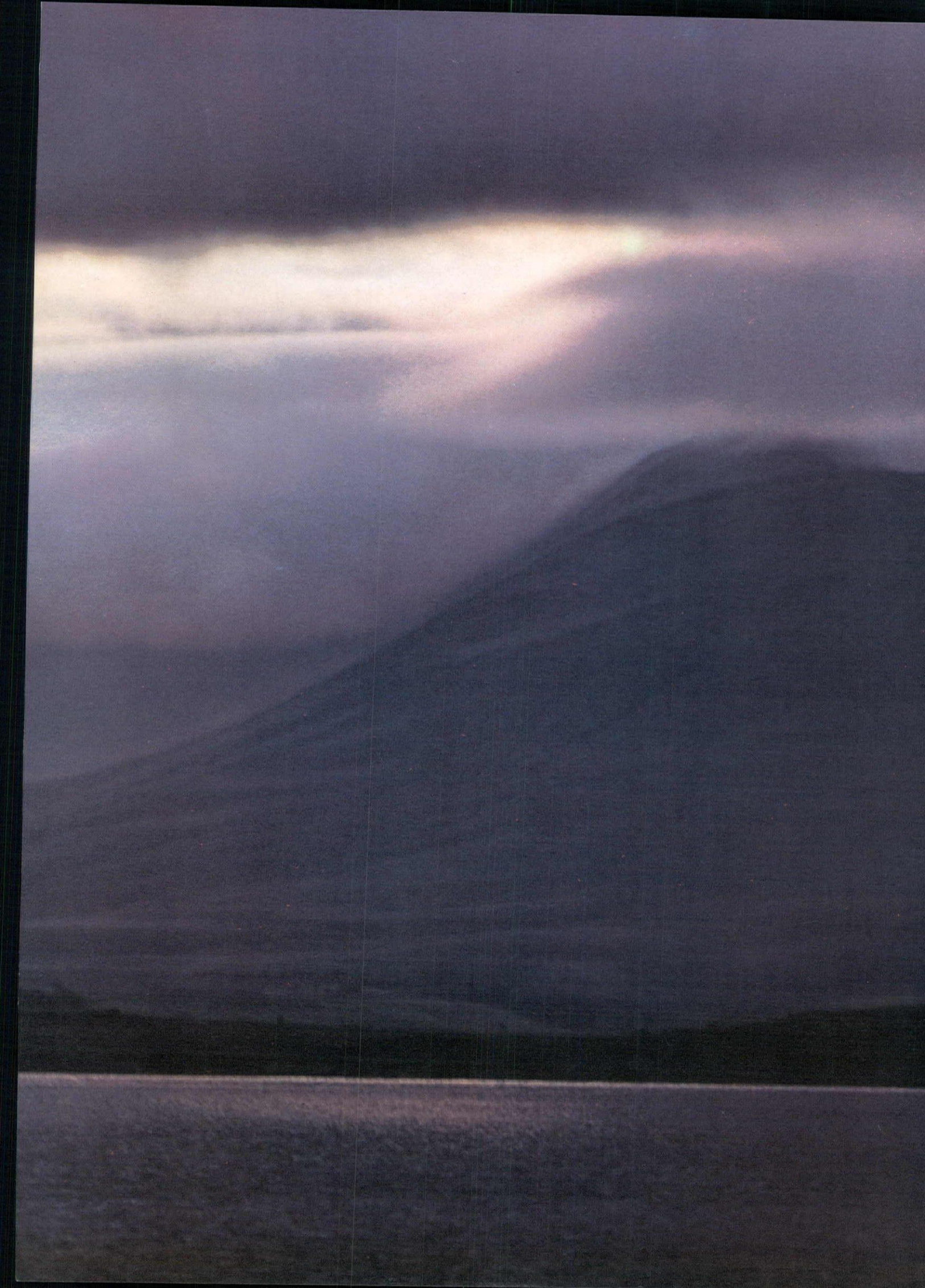
After getting drunk with his Hebridean hosts, below, Boswell suffers the dual agony of a painful hangover and a Johnsonian reproof. Entering Boswell's room, Johnson accosted him, " 'What, drunk yet?' . . . 'Sir,' [Boswell replied] 'they kept me up.' He answered, 'No, you kept them up, you drunken dog.' " When Boswell was offered a dram of brandy by friends to relieve his headache, Johnson snorted, " 'Ay . . . fill him drunk again. Do it in the morning, that we may laugh at him all day.' "



OVERLEAF: *A sea mist obscures the barren mountains of Mull, a virtually treeless island whose "gloom of desolation" put Johnson in a foul mood. When a Mull native made off with his walking stick, Johnson insisted that it would never be returned. "Consider, sir," he remarked to Boswell, "the value of such a* piece of timber *here!"*

A piper in Highland dress mounts a hilltop on the Isle of Skye.







In the ruined cathedral of Iona, Boswell, a naturally religious—at least, a profoundly superstitious—man, had fallen on his knees and "offered up my adorations to GOD," besides addressing "a few words to Saint Columbus," and had there "warmed my soul with religious resolutions. . . . I hoped that ever after having been in this holy place, I should maintain an exemplary conduct." Perhaps it was his sense of relief at escaping from the Hebrides that later undermined his resolutions. Their host, Lochbuie, "a bluff, hearty, rosy old gentleman, of a strong voice and no great depth of understanding," furnished an indifferent dinner. "I think a sort of stewed mutton was the principal dish." But the port he produced was admirable:

. . . he and I drank each a bottle of it. Then we drank a bowl of punch. I was seized with an avidity for drinking, and Lochbuie and I became mighty social. Another bowl was made. Mr. Johnson had gone to bed as the first was finished, and had admonished me, "Don't drink any more *poonch*." I must own that I was resolved to drink more, for I was by this time a good deal intoxicated; and I gave no answer, but slunk away from him, with a consciousness of my being brutish and yet a determination to go somewhat deeper. What I might have done I know not. But luckily before I had tasted the second bowl, I grew very sick . . .

When he awoke the next day, Boswell was "humbled . . . to find that my holy resolutions . . . had been so ineffectual." They then embarked on the ferry to the mainland, and after a night at Oban, arrived the next night at Inveraray. The Duke of Argyll, to whom Boswell hastened to pay his respects, gave them dinner at the castle. He himself revealed an "obliging complacency." The Duchess's attitude toward Boswell, however—they had chosen different sides in the famous "Douglas Cause," a lengthy lawsuit concerning the alleged illegitimacy of the heir to the Douglas estates—was extremely cold and supercilious. This hurt his pride; but, as they were shown through the castle, "I never shall forget [he writes] the enchanting impression made upon my fancy by some of the ladies' maids tripping about in neat morning dresses."

At this point, when they re-enter civilization, the story of their Hebridean tour concludes. But on their way home, the travelers halted at Auchinleck for Boswell to enjoy the spectacle of his father, Lord Auchinleck, the stern, sententious Scottish law lord, confronting his second father, Samuel Johnson. It was not an entirely successful meeting:

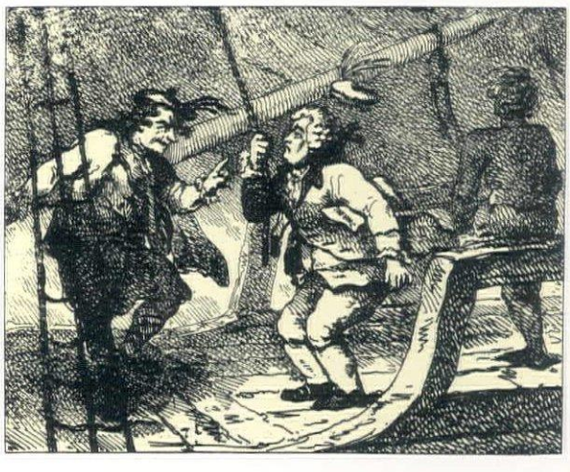
I cannot be certain [writes Boswell on November 6] whether it was on this day or a former that Dr. Johnson and my father came in collision. If I recollect right, the contest began while my father was showing him his collection of medals; and Oliver Cromwell's coin unfortunately introduced Charles the First, and Toryism. They became exceedingly warm and violent, and I was very much distressed by being present at such an altercation between two men, both of whom I reverenced; yet I durst not interfere. It would certainly be very unbecoming in me to exhibit my honoured father and my respected friend as intellectual gladiators, for the entertainment of the public; and therefore I suppress what would, I dare say, make an interesting scene . . .

Finally, on the evening of November 9, 1773, Johnson and his guide returned to Edinburgh, and Mrs. Boswell's sober company, "after an absence of eighty-three days." Both were glad to have made their adventurous journey; neither was anxious to repeat it. For Johnson and Boswell were not romantics by nature; and, although Boswell was the more romantic of the two, he had little talent for describing seas and mountains, and



Saint Martin's Cross, erected before the eleventh century, is one of the relics of the medieval Christian center on Iona. "The island," noted Johnson, "once the metropolis of learning and piety, has now no school for education, nor temple for worship, only two inhabitants that can speak English, and not one that can write or read."

Caught in a storm at sea, Boswell tugs on a rope at the bidding of a Hebridean who hoped the useless occupation would distract the terrified Boswell. Adding to Boswell's fright was that, while praying to God for help, "I was disturbed by the objections against a particular providence and against hoping that the petitions of an individual would have any influence with the Divinity . . . but Dr. Ogden's excellent doctrine on the efficacy of intercession prevailed." Dr. Johnson lay below "in philosophic tranquillity."



At Inch Kenneth is this tomb of a Maclean chieftain and his wife.

admitted to "a wretched deficiency in expressing visible objects." Words like "grand" and "tremendous" often start from his pen when he rehearses his recollections of some splendid Highland landscape, but he seldom evokes the spirit of a place so that it rises before the reader's eyes. Johnson's mood was even less visionary. True, contemplating "the black coast of Skye" while the boatmen chanted their wild native songs, he had observed briefly, "This is very solemn," but the romantic solemnity of the surroundings had no deep effect on his imagination. Sightseeing for its own sake he had never found enjoyable, and once, when Mr. Thrale, who was devoted to beautiful "prospects," wished him to admire a stretch of hills and valley, he had grown decidedly irritable. "Never heard such nonsense," he exclaimed. "A blade of grass is always a blade of grass whether in one country or another: let us if we *do* talk, talk about something: men and women are my subjects of enquiry . . ."

Boswell, too, was more concerned with the study of human character. Samuel Johnson was a more fascinating subject than any cliff or stream or ruined castle—the old man like a "magnificent Triton," seated high on the stern of the boat that was carrying them toward Raasay, stalking "like a giant among the luxuriant thistles and nettles" that covered the desolate isle of Inchkeith, or, in a genial mood, allowing Boswell to crown him with "a large blue bonnet . . . His age, his size, and his bushy grey wig . . . presented the image of a venerable *sennachie* . . ."

Meanwhile, Johnson's conversation was perpetually entertaining and instructive. Could there be a single topic on which, if the ground were properly prepared, he was not ready to discourse at length?

After the ladies were gone [Boswell recollects during their visit to Dunvegan], we talked of the Highlanders not having sheets; and so on we went to the advantage of wearing linen. Mr. Johnson said, "All animal substances are less cleanly than vegetable. Wool, of which flannel is made, is an animal substance; flannel therefore is not so cleanly as linen . . ." And then he came out with this saying: "I have often thought that if I kept a seraglio, the ladies should all wear linen gowns, or cotton . . . I would have no silk; you cannot tell when it is clean. It will be very nasty before it is perceived to be so. Linen detects its own dirtiness."

To hear Mr. Johnson . . . talk of his keeping a seraglio and saying too, "I have *often* thought," was truly curious.

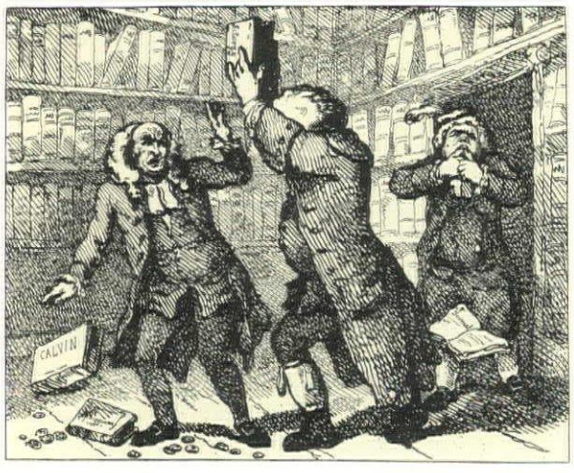
All this Boswell packed into the diary that he brought home with him to James's Court. Johnson had read the manuscript as it developed day by day and on September 20 had announced that it was "a very pretty Journal." From Boswell's point of view, the notes that he had succeeded in putting together would alone have justified their expedition, and when they parted on November 22, he sank back satisfied, if somewhat weary. Johnson himself pretended to have been well pleased. "He said to me often that the time he spent in this tour was the pleasantest part of his life, and asked me if I would lose the recollection of it for five hundred pounds. I answered I would not; and he applauded my setting such a value on an accession of new images in my mind." Yet, a few days earlier, at Auchinleck, when a neighboring gentleman "asked Dr. Johnson how he liked the Highlands," the attitude he adopted was very different. "Who *can* like the Highlands?" he inquired; and the gentleman (Boswell informs us) wisely "asked no more questions."

Noted English author, essayist, and social historian Peter Quennell has written biographies of Shakespeare, Byron, Ruskin, and, most recently, Pope.

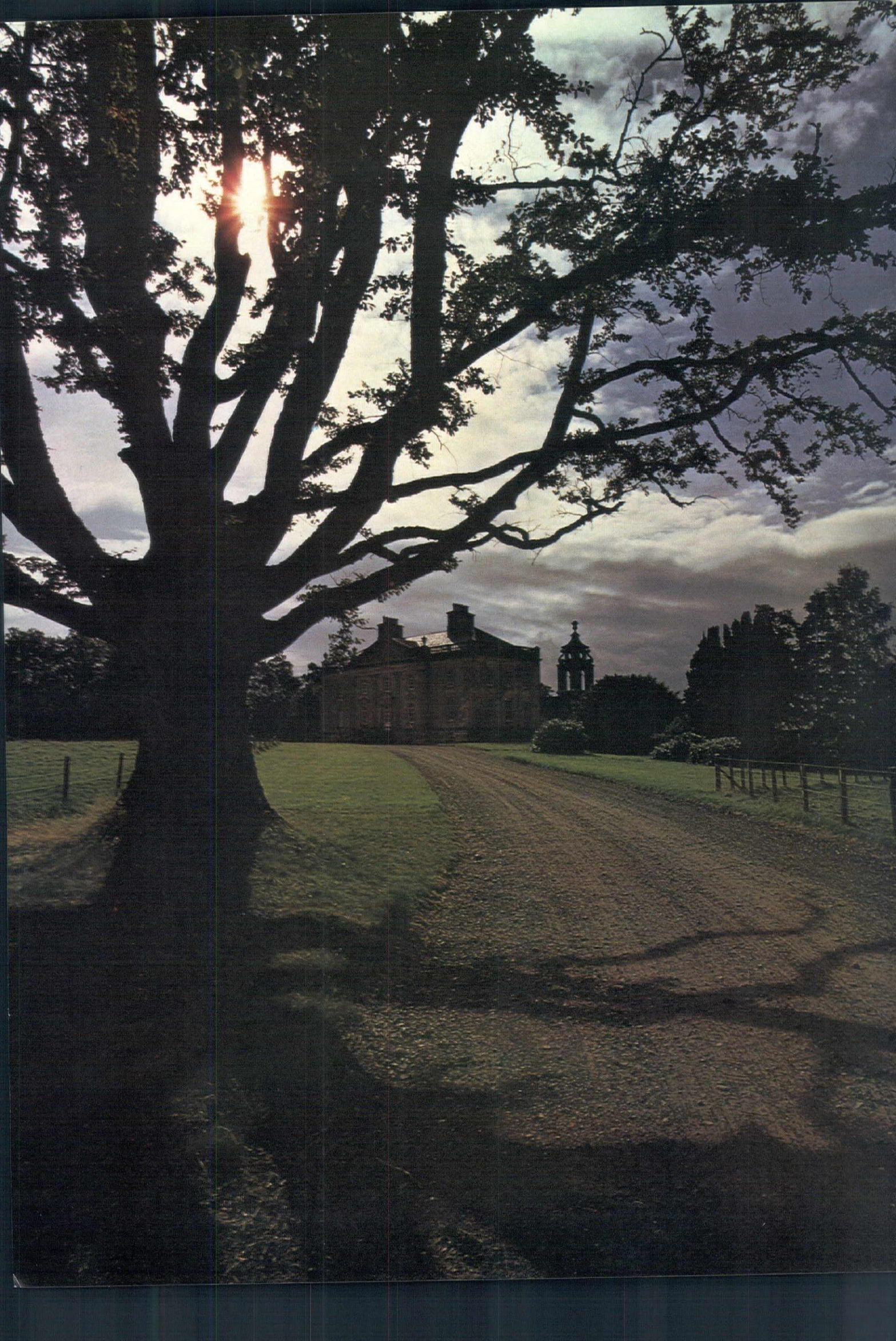


Highland serving girls suggest why, two hundred years before, the sight of "ladies' maids tripping about" at Inveraray Castle made an "enchanting impression" on Boswell.

At Auchinleck, Dr. Johnson, a vehement Tory, fell into a "warm and violent" quarrel with Boswell's father, a hotly partisan Whig. The fight, which occurred at the end of the tour, erupted when Boswell's father showed Johnson a medal bearing the likeness of Cromwell, representative of all that Johnson abhorred. Writing of the quarrel years later, Boswell consoled himself with the thought that the two combatants were now united in heaven, "where," he observed with the fatuity that made him and Dr. Johnson immortal, "there is no room for Whiggism."



Built by Boswell's father, Auchinleck House, in southern Scotland, was modish and uninteresting to Johnson when Boswell took him to stay there.





Dragon Ladies, Water Fairies, Fish Maidens, Rain Mothers, and Other Hybrid Critters

Now you see them, now you don't. These powerful, shimmering phenomena of the Chinese imagination reveal themselves but briefly through mist and clouds

Your buoyant troops on dimpling ocean tread,
Wafting the moist air from his oozy bed,
AQUATIC NYMPHS!—YOU lead with viewless march
The winged Vapours up the aerial arch,
On each broad cloud a thousand sails expand,
And steer the shadowy treasure o'er the land,
Through vernal skies the gathering drops diffuse,
Plunge in soft rains, or sink in silver dews.

—*Erasmus Darwin, "The Economy of Vegetation," in* The Botanic Garden

Dr. Erasmus Darwin, the marvel of his age, presents in these verses a poetic myth, an allegory of the formation of clouds, rain, snow, hail, and dew. That he should represent the spirits of water in its multiple manifestations as female would have seemed entirely natural to the ancient Chinese. Nymphs, naiads, and Nereids, however exotic and strange, would have charmed them, and they could easily have found equivalents among their own rain mothers, mist-clad maidens, and their lake and river queens. In the ancient Far East, femininity was deeply involved in myth and in metaphysics, in poetry and in religious practice. The essence of the female was fertility, and fertility meant water. Maleness in its most perfect and concentrated form was exhibited by the blazing sun and the sky. The essential female was concentrated in the moist, receptive earth, in the waters that fed its crops, and in the rainfall that derives



The dragon-footed goddess of the Lo River, opposite in a Chinese scroll illustrating a third-century poem, is wafted by the wind to a romantic encounter with a poet. Watery nymphs beloved by mortal men have also figured in Occidental literature. Undine, above, a Danube nymph, is the heroine of a nineteenth-century German tale. She marries a knight and then drowns him in her tears.

in an unending cycle from its lakes and rivers. *He* was the fertilizing heat; *she* the fertile dampness.

In Chinese mythology, goddesses of lakes, rivers, and seas were frequently the spirits of drowned women—often suicides. They had, in a sense, given themselves freely to the element whose nature they shared. Now they reigned in palaces of shell and coral, attended by obsequious turtles and trains of glittering fish, to aid, it may be, men who traveled by water, or who acted benevolently to them or to their finny kin. They have a western counterpart in the maiden Sabrina, elegantly presented in Milton's *Comus*. A suicide by drowning, the girl was borne by water nymphs to the hall of King Nereus, where she ". . . underwent a quick immortal change,/Made Goddess of this river." Her devotees addressed her as follows:

Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
Listen for dear honour's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen and save!

As Chinese society became more and more male-oriented and even male-dominated down through the centuries, mythology sometimes provided the lady protectresses of the waters with husbands. These underwater kings were particularly evident in the north, the source of the tradition of male authority, while the meres and streams of the well-watered and somewhat "un-Chinese" Yangtze basin in the ancient southland allowed more freedom and independence to its fishy princesses. Even when later orthodoxy assigned them fathers, husbands, or brothers as lords and protectors, these remained shadowy figures in literature, dim beside the radiant vitality of the true rulers of the water—the lovely goddesses.

All these divine women had some affinity with dragons, whose ever-chang-

By EDWARD H. SCHAFER

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Nü Kua, at left above, half serpent and half woman, is entwined with her consort Fu Hsi, the legendary first emperor of China. As primordial creators and inventors, they hold architects' tools. This ink rubbing is from a Han dynasty tomb of the second century.

ing shapes could sometimes be glimpsed in wind-torn storm clouds. The dragons of China shared nothing with the dragons of northern Europe other than the fact that they often adopted a serpentine form. The dragon of our Western tradition—as in the Beowulf epic and in Wagnerian operas—is a fire-breathing treasure-keeper, a malignant, reptilian troglodyte. Not so the rain-bringing Chinese dragon, whose protean capabilities were endless: it might crouch in a tiny pond, assuming the semblance of a minnow or frog, or swell to enormous proportions as it mounted the winds and drove the rain clouds across the land. Indeed, *any* water creature might prove to be a dragon—a crocodile, an alligator, a turtle, or a fish. All of these, says an old text, "have the spirit-power that enables them to make thunder, lightning, wind, and rain."

The alligators of the Yangtze River and its adjacent lakes were notable dragons. Their bellowing during the mating season corresponded with the arrival of the spring monsoon rains coming up from the South China Sea—clearly they were summoning the rain clouds! The dragon was entirely a beneficent creature, a spirit cowboy in the form of a horned serpent herding the nimbus clouds over the parched land. Its close relationship to the mistresses of rain and water is obvious.

The likeness was sometimes physical. The scaly body of a serpent was an attribute of many ancient Chinese deities. A noteworthy instance is the primordial goddess Nü Kua, creator of man and repairer of the sky. In antiquity she was represented as a snake (or dragon) with the head and upper torso of a woman. She is the counterpart of the Greek nymphs who were half woman, half serpent—in short, she was a lamia, like Mélusine in the famous medieval French story. The Chinese also believed in draconic Nereids, who lived under the surface of the salt sea, where they wove golden textiles on their supernatural looms. Their tears became pearls. In poetry, a white-sleeved dancing maiden may represent the ancient rainbow-goddess, while her sinewy movements delicately suggest the passage of the rain dragon through the moist air.

A famous Buddhist poet of the tenth century A.D., Kuan-hsiu, gives us a vision of such a divine creature. He shows an antique belle posed with magic sword in hand, in front of a fairy hall, her long dress trailing behind her as if she were floating through the air. The poem begins:

> The lovely person is like a roving dragon,
> Cloaked in a costume of golden wood-ducks;
> In her hand she holds a foot-long ancient sabre—
> There she is, by that white jade hall!

Even mortal women possessed power over dragons. This was generally conceived to be a form of erotic power. A very old legend tells how the frothy sperm of the guardian dragons of the mythical Hsia dynasty, back at the beginning of time, was kept in a casket in the palace of a Chou dynasty king, many hundreds of years later. This vital essence escaped, and dragons congealed from it to cause panic in the palace of the parvenu king. The regenerated dragons were finally exorcised by the imprecations of naked women—presumably female shamans. (Shamanesses were the mortal counterparts of rain goddesses, and in a state of ecstasy could send their souls on long journeys in supernatural worlds. In Chou times their most important official role was to perform the rain dance to break a prolonged drought—that is, to compel the activity of the dragons.)

Some women had very intimate relations with dragons. Popular literature abounds in stories of girls made pregnant by dragons. The encounter usually takes place while they are engaged in some activity near a body of water—say, bathing or laundering. Sometimes they give birth to a hero, sometimes to an actual dragon. The fortunate damsels were often worshiped as water spirits afterward, or were incorporated in a rainmaking cult. An example is a medieval tale that tells how, as she was washing clothes by the riverside, a young woman was covered by a white mist (essence of dragon), and then conceived. She killed herself out of shame, poor uncomprehending country girl, but a slave released two infant dragons from her womb by Caesarean section, and later the dragon lover visited her grave.

Despite their natural affinity to women, which derived from the watery nature of both, dragons appear in these tales as fertilizing males, and sometimes as powerful dragon-kings. But they are part of the whole rain cycle: the women (goddesses, human lasses, shamanesses) are the repositories of moisture—the cool, receptive soil, or the lake or marsh; the dragons are the active, falling rain. Both are manifestations of the infinite transmutations of the water principle.

The grandest copulations between women and dragons were those that engendered future kings. Many instances are solemnly recorded in the Chinese dynastic histories. Two good examples have to do with rulers of the Wei dynasty, a family of kings of nomadic origin (originally called Tabghach) who ruled the north Chinese in the fifth and sixth centuries of our era. They adapted the Chinese myth of the dragon ancestor to their own ancestral legends. The first tale tells how a remote ancestor of the dynasty, a bow-wielding nomad with a troupe of horsemen, encountered a handsome woman in the course of a wilderness hunt. "I am a

daughter of Heaven," she said, "and have received a mandate to become your mate." After the happy union, she disappears "like wind and rain." The following year she meets the chieftain in the same place and presents him with an infant son, the future founder of the dynasty's fortunes.

Here the divine woman, identified by the swirls of blowing rain, finds a human consort. In the other story, which pertains to a much later time, when the Wei monarchs were well established in northern China, it is told how a great lady of the palace dreamed that she was pursued by the sun, which found her hiding under her bed. The sun changed into a dragon and coiled around her. From this mating came yet another monarch of Wei. Here the woman is human, and her mate a divine rain-creature, despite his transient solar guise. Impregnation by a dragon did not preclude the efficacy of normal sexual relations with His Majesty. Rather it served to authenticate the divine source of the imperial blood, and it guaranteed the legitimacy of the young prince. Confirmation was particularly needed in view of the doubtful nomadic origins of the dynasty.

The Western world knows something of such unions: the god Ammon took the form of a serpent to visit Olympias, wife of King Philip II of Macedon, and made her the mother of Alexander the Great. Similarly, the Roman emperor Augustus was the son of a deity revealed as a serpent. It is said that his mother could never rid herself of the spots left by the creature on her body.

The goddess who made the greatest impression on the Chinese imagination was a lovely but nameless being who is generally referred to as the Woman, or Deity, of Wu-shan. The name of her ordinary residence, Wu-shan, means Shaman Mountain. It was a holy place, far up the Yangtze River, centuries before the beginning of the Christian Era. She was a goddess of rain and fertility who revealed herself to human beings as a kind of luminous nimbus or ectoplasm —a shifting, misty form in which the colors of the rainbow played. Out of this shimmering aureole the lovely form of the goddess herself would gradually take shape. The rainbow was, therefore, both the symbol and the quintessential spirit of the goddess—who was also the ancestress of the royal clan. Fertilized by the sun, she had the power to bear divine kings, to bring rain, and to assure men, plants, and animals of progeny.

The accepted version of her myth appears in two long, rhapsodic poems, with prose introductions, attributed to an ancient poet at the court of the southern state of Ch'u, Sung Yü. In the first of these the poet is discovered strolling with his king by a shrine in the central Chinese marshlands. Here the king is amazed to see a misty column that constantly changes its shape. He asks Sung Yü what it might be, and the poet replies, "It is what is styled 'Morning Cloud,' " and he goes on to tell the story of an ancient king, his present companion's ancestor. That monarch had fallen asleep at this very spot and saw, as in a trance or vision, the figure of a dazzling creature who described herself as "the Woman of Wu-shan." She said she had come from that place to visit the king, and offered to lie with him—or, as the Chinese reads, "to prepare his pillow and mat." Later, as she departs, she says, "I am the morning clouds at daybreak! I am the driving rain at evening!" In the rest of the poem there is a long and florid description of the goddess's holy powers over the weather, as the entity that dominates the whole natural world. During her periods of greatest activity,

> Even
> Eagle and osprey—
> Goshawk and sparrow hawk—
> Fly aloft
> or
> Cower in hiding.

Nothing can withstand the might of this tender vision, now seen as a rainbow-clad beauty.

Sung Yü's sovereign is overwhelmed by the reported delights of a supernatural union. He tells, in the second of the two poems, of the physical beauties of the goddess, whom he himself has encountered in a dream, and also of the melancholy caused by the goddess's departure. Some critics think that it was not this later king but Sung Yü, as poet-shaman, who made love to the goddess. The glittering language of the poem can be interpreted either way. Whatever the interpretation, these two rhapsodies spawned a great progeny of imitations and a host of allusions of greater or lesser subtlety in medieval poetry. Undoubtedly the Woman of Shaman Mountain was an ancient fertility goddess whose ritual mating with a shaman-king was necessary to the well-being of the land. The author of the "Sung Yü poems" has partially humanized her, investing her with unearthly glamour, but at the same time has transformed her from a religious vision into an erotic apparition. Later poets revive her as a classic beauty in enchanting epiphanies, or as an unhappy ghost, or simply as an example of the sorrows of parted lovers. Indeed, the expression "clouds and rain," extracted from the goddess's speech in the first of the Sung Yü poems, became a common metaphor of sexual intercourse. Here is a short poem about her, written in the eighth century by Chang Chiu-ling, a great minister as well as a poet:

> Shaman Mountain comes close to the sky.
> A misted scene with a stretch of blue sparkle.
> Here it was that the King of Ch'u dreamed.
> Dreamed that he won the soul of a divine woman.
> The divine woman has long since gone away.
> Clouds and rain are gloomy, dark—and empty.
> Here is only the wail of the monkeys of Pa.
> No note of sorrow is to be heard.

In prose she could be degraded to the form of a fish, a lowly avatar of a dragon. An early medieval story tells that in A.D. 477 a man was angling in a stream. He caught a large white fish, which promptly turned into a lovely maiden. He married her, and she left him only temporarily to visit her home at Kao-t'ang, the ancient cult site of the great rain and rainbow goddess of antiquity. She was, in fact, that goddess. Such un-

dines might even manifest themselves in mammalian form—there were sportive otter goddesses in the rivers of China.

Next only in the affection of Chinese poets to the pastel and gossamer figure of the delicate rainbow goddess is the goddess of the river Hsiang, which flows northward from the mountains of southernmost China to join the Yangtze in the center of its tangle with the great lakes. Although, like the misty lover of kings, she is native to the old state of Ch'u, she is no transformed weather-woman but the great spirit and protectress of an important body of water, her domain regularly including not only the Hsiang River but also the wide expanse of Lake Tung-t'ing and the central flow of the mighty Yangtze itself. In her classical form she appears in two courtly versions of shamanistic chants, in which the male shaman woos the elusive lady, though somewhat less successfully than Sung Yü and his liege lord wooed the Woman of Wu-shan.

Some early critics and their followers have assumed that these two ancient poems tell of two different spirits. As a result, later writers tell of the *two* goddesses of the Hsiang. Her (or their) legend was also arbitrarily attached to that of the ancient god-king Shun, so that in medieval times these artificial twins are regularly referred to as the "Two Consorts." But there is really no ancient support for either the fission or the marriage, and the best traditions point to a sole goddess, not subject to a male. She is the "Child of God," in medieval poetry. For centuries she haunted—and still haunts—the long reaches of the Hsiang, and her tears spot the beautiful bamboos that adorn its banks. In a poem by the precocious ninth-century writer Li Ho, she is identified with the Wu-shan goddess, transferred to the moist subtropical forests. Whether as one divine maiden or as two, this important river-spirit turns up frequently in medieval prose fiction also, usually in the shape of a lovely woman, her fishy attributes erased, to charm and help young scholars who wander into her domain. When she modestly announces that she is the daughter of a dragon-king, she is simply identifying herself as a person of quality, well worth the attention of an educated and noble youth. The ancient and powerful Mistress of the River has become a sentimental dream-girl, like Undine in the nineteenth-century German tale by Friedrich de la Motte-Fouqué.

The same Li Ho who declared that the Woman of Wu Shan and the Lady of Hsiang were one is noted as much for his eccentric talents as for the supernatural themes he preferred. He was preoccupied with ghosts, shamanesses, haunted animals, frightful atmospheres, and with enchantments and nightmares. Long after his early death critics spoke of his "ghostly talent." He was enchanted with the ancient poems of Ch'u and their divine water-women. But he was also an original creator. If he drew sometimes on the linguistic imagery of those old poems, he always revivified it, or transformed it into something completely his own.

There is nothing pedantic, familiar, or archaistic about his re-creation. Some of his dragon-women have no direct classical prototypes but are his own artifacts, suggested perhaps by a phrase or an image in the old rhapsodies. But these novel evocations bring an almost overwhelming conviction of the reality of the divine creatures they describe. They are no conventional deities, nor flattering masks for popular courtesans, as in the style of his contemporaries. They are truly strange, inhuman, and—except for Li Ho's talent—ineffable. The poet somehow manages to express their remoteness from all normal experience in the most elegant metaphors. In a sense, he is a possessed shaman, describing his completely unique and original supernatural protectress not in hysterical chants but in carefully composed verse, in the most difficult and fantastic imagery. He is also the mortal lover of an unearthly being—ultimately unattainable.

Here is an attempt to put his "Lady of Cowrie Palace" into English. It is a hopeless task, since the whole poem rings with metallic sounds that cannot be transferred from Chinese and contains multiple allusions and double images that can only be hinted at. Li Ho shows an underwater world with a palace of grandeur and power comparable to a palace presided over by a human king or queen. But this aqueous domain is the residence of an immortal queen, more icy and passionless than the Snow Queen of Hans Christian Andersen. Both she and her world are frozen, immobile, ageless, static, metallic, crystalline—and unapproachable. The goddess is deathless; she fears no change or corruption. But she can share nothing with a mortal creature. Such poems as this are rare in Chinese literature, but they are unique contributions to the literature of the world.

Clink! Clink! the Lake Woman toys with
golden rings.
A birdlike crown—cocked tail, folded
wings.
In her six palaces there is no speech—all
life is leisure.
High hangs a silver plate, reflecting blue
hills.
Long eyebrows of frozen green—how many
thousand years?
Pure and cool, indifferent to age—*luan*-
bird in a mirror.
Her autumn skin hardly feels the cold
of the jade dress.
The light of void is firm and unwavering
—water like the sky.

The only water goddess whose literary repute was as great as that of the Wu-shan goddess and the Hsiang goddess was the goddess of the Lo River, for which the ancient capital of Lo-yang was named. She is unique in being a female divinity much honored in northern China. But her reputation in poetry came relatively late. It is based on a famous rhapsodic treatment of her by Ts'ao Chih in the third-century A.D. owing much in style to the ancient Sung Yü poems. Here we shall consider her as an example of the transformation of such deities in early medieval prose.

The story we have chosen is refined in every way: it deals with classical

themes; it is written in the most acceptable classical prose; it shows the common tendency toward euhemerization—i.e., making divine figures as much like human beings as possible; it embodies a faintly disguised commentary on Ts'ao Chih's famous poem; and it concludes with a theme common in T'ang dynasty novellas—a secular, romantic encounter between a young scholar and a divine being in the form of a beautiful woman.

The tale is at least as old as the ninth-century A.D., but it purports to tell of a much earlier period. It tells how Hsiao K'uang, a private gentleman playing his zither in quiet meditation one evening near the Lo River, attracts the attention of a mysterious woman who identifies herself as the Lo Goddess, the central figure of Ts'ao Chih's classic. She involves the young man in a critical discussion of the poem. At one point she asks, rather coyly, if Hsiao K'uang agrees with Ts'ao Chih's description of her as "as sinuous as a roving dragon." Presently another underwater girl appears. She is styled "Silk-Weaving Maiden" and identified as the "dear daughter of the dragon lord of the Reach of Lo." Her sobriquet recalls that the Chinese dragon-mermaids were famous for their mysterious textiles—supposedly the same as the classical *pinakon,* woven from the byssus of mussels. In the ensuing dialogue Hsiao K'uang asks pointed questions about the nature of dragons. The maiden is much more a real dragon than the "sinuous" goddess and is very well informed about the genus and its habits: she becomes professor and scholiast. It is not true, she says, that dragons fear iron; a pair of famous magical swords were not transformed (as was commonly believed) into dragons. As for the allegation that dragons crave the blood of swallows, she states categorically that "Dragons are pure and insubstantial. Their food and drink is the dewy vapor of night . . . such cravings are doubtless limited to the like of krakens and clam-monsters. . . ." When our hero asks, "What does a dragon enjoy?" she answers, "It enjoys sleep. If



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Called forth by a shaman, the Goddess of the Hsiang River appears with her attendant in a fourteenth-century scroll that illustrates The Nine Songs, *a poetic work of the fourth century* B.C. *She is here turned into a courtly lady devoid of all dragonlike attributes.*

large—for a thousand years; small ones, not less than several hundred years." After such a long hibernation, a dragon will enter into a nirvanalike state to renew itself:

> Form and vitality alike, of spontaneous origin,
> Are dispersed into the true void.
> While not integrated into an embryo,
> While not congealed and crystallized,
> It is like a creature settled in the Formless,
> Elemental and rarefied in undifferentiated tenebrosity.

In this condition the dragon can conceal itself in a mustard seed, while retaining all its mighty powers as potential energy. The maiden refuses to reveal to the youth how a human being might acquire similar powers. She then abandons her role of instructor, and the trio passes the night in wine-drinking, poetic composition, and delicately hinted at love-making. Finally Hsiao K'uang leaves his otherworldly friends, who present him with a luminous pearl—a symbol of the moon, and frequently associated with dragon-women—and a length of byssus cloth.

Much to be contrasted with this high-toned, rather didactic story, are prose tales that picture divine water-creatures as hapless and helpless when they fall into the hands of men. Instead of the confidence and power so characteristic of the divine ladies in the story of Hsiao K'uang, we have only impotence.

> Ch'en K'uei, a common person of Tan-t'u, built a fishweir by the side of the Kiang. When the tide went out he found a woman six feet tall in the weir. She was well formed and complexioned, but without dress or underskirt. With the departure of the water, she was unable to move, and lay there in the sand. He spoke to her, but she did not answer. A certain man came up and violated her. That night, K'uei dreamed that she said, "I am the spirit of the Kiang. Yesterday I lost my way and fell into milord's weir, where a mean fellow abused me. Now I must explain to the Honored Spirit, who will kill him." K'uei did not presume to return home, and, with the coming of the tide, she went off by herself, following the water. Her violator subsequently fell ill and died.

Justice was done. But a goddess of the greatest of all Chinese rivers is here shown at the mercy of any passer-by. Whether presenting an ancient goddess in exalted or debased condition, early medieval prose fiction tended to show her more intimately than did poetry. In the poetic myths the hero—king or poet or shaman (all, like Odin, are ultimately the same in the primitive tradition of China)—meets the goddess in an ultimately unsatisfactory relationship on the banks of the river she rules over; she is indescribably beautiful, and even when helpful, aloof. In the newer prose tales the hero—poet or young scholar or magistrate (all are ultimately the same in the more mature tradition of China)—chats intimately with her, and may even visit her in her pearly palace under the waves. She no longer flashes mysteriously and dragonlike out of rainbows and rain flurries, but sways coquettishly in her rainbow-colored, diaphanous costume. She is only a dragon by courtesy—but her mystery persists. Like a dragon, her divine permutations are beyond the comprehension of ordinary men.

Edward H. Schafer, Professor of Oriental Languages at the University of California, wrote The Golden Peaches of Samarkand *and* The Vermilion Bird.



EISENSTEIN'S *POTEMKIN*

At the height of his faith, this "artist of revolution" created a film "that both proclaimed his faith and transcended it, a work of political fire that lives because it is a work of art"

Sometimes one imagines that there is a small but constant supply of genius throughout the world and that a particular juncture of circumstances in any one place touches the local supply to life. Otherwise, how explain the sudden flowering of Athenian architecture or Elizabethan drama or Italian Renaissance painting? Can one believe that there had been no previous talent and that geniuses were born on cue? It almost seems that the right confluence of events brings dormant, omnipresent genius awake; without those events, nothing. Possibly the man with the greatest potential genius for symphonic composition lived in New Guinea five hundred years ago, but there was nothing in his world to evoke his abilities.

This theory, admittedly fanciful, gets some support from what happened in Soviet Russia in the 1920's. A new revolutionary state was born as a new revolutionary art emerged, and that combination brought forth at least three superb creators in the new art: Vsevolod Pudovkin, Alexander Dovzhenko, and—the most important because the most influential—Sergei M. Eisenstein. Conjecturally, all of them might have had outstanding careers in other fields, but the Soviet revolution and its need for film, one might say, made geniuses of them.

On location in the Winter Palace in 1927, Eisenstein seated himself on the dead czar's throne and, substituting megaphone for scepter and work clothes for mantle, posed impishly as king of the new proletarian cinema.

For all the joy and ebullience that attended the birth of Soviet film and Eisenstein's entrance into it, his career as a whole is a sad story, and it puts my comments on *Potemkin* in true, cruelly ironic light to have some of the biographical facts first. Sergei Mikhailovich Eisenstein was born in Riga in 1898, studied engineering in St. Petersburg, entered the Red Army in 1918 to fight in the civil war, and came to Moscow in 1920 to resume his studies. In the interval before the university was to reopen, he began to design sets for a proletarian theatre—he was a gifted draftsman—and never returned to engineering. He went on to do some designing for the renowned theatre director Vsevolod Meyerhold, and then in 1923–24 he himself directed a play called *Gas Masks*. But his impulse toward direction, as he later wrote, was much more cinematic than theatrical: he staged the play in a gasworks!

From there he moved quickly into film. His first was *Strike* (1924), his second was *Potemkin* (1925), which is sometimes known as *Battleship Potemkin* or *The Armored Cruiser Potemkin*.

Absolutely congruent with his bursting film energies was his fervor for the Communist revolution and the establishment of the Soviet state. These factors are integral in any discussion of Eisenstein. To think of him as a director who just happened to be Russian or who (in those early days) was subservient to a state-controlled industry and managed to get some good art into his films despite this subservience, is to miss the core of Eisenstein. His early works were exponents of his beliefs.

With his next completed film, *October*, released in 1928, the complications begin. Originally the film had sequences showing Trotsky's part in the revolution of 1917, but while Eisenstein was finishing it, Stalin's ascent forced Trotsky into disrepute, then into exile. Eisenstein had to revise his film to take account of this rewriting of history.

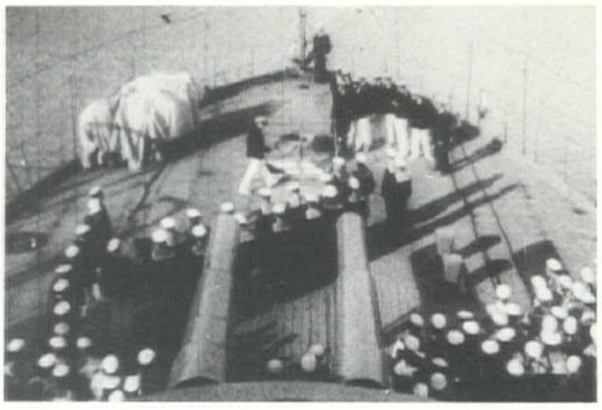
His troubles increased as time went on. The Stalin era was not exactly a continuation of the high, shining Bolshevik days. To sum it up: the rest of his career, until his death in 1948, is a story of frustration and frequent abortion. Out of numerous projects he completed only four more films. Even an expedition he made to the West ended abortively. He was allowed to go to America in 1930, where he discussed several films with a Hollywood studio but made none. He then shot a lot of footage in Mexico for *¡Que Viva Mexico!*, a film he never edited, although others have arranged versions of it.

He spent much of his time in his later

By STANLEY KAUFFMANN



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Cutting rapidly from the captain's harsh acts to the crew's responses to them—the technique is known as montage—Eisenstein shows the birth of revolution aboard the battleship Potemkin: *"We've had enough garbage to eat!" protest the crewmen, as they eye with disgust the spoiled meat that touches off their revolt (1). Enraged, the captain isolates the rebels and has them covered with a tarpaulin (2). "I'll kill you like dogs!" he screams. Czarist sailors prepare to shoot their comrades (3). A sailor's stricken face, in typical close-up, used for the essential gesture, serves to underline the tension (4). "Brothers!" he cries, and the mutiny is on.*

years teaching at the State Institute of Cinematography in Moscow, writing (most of these writings are not yet in English), and not complaining about the state. Still the facts speak for themselves: this furiously imaginative and energetic man left a total of only six completed films. One virtually completed film, *Bezhin Meadow*, was apparently destroyed by the Soviet government in 1938, although the official line is that it was destroyed by German bombs in World War II. (Isaac Babel worked on the final script of *Bezhin Meadow*, which was based on a Turgenev story that echoes the ideological difference between Eisenstein and his conservative father.) The U.S.S.R.'s waste of Eisenstein, melancholy in any view, is especially grim when seen in the light that blazes off the screen from *Potemkin*.

When it was first shown abroad in 1926, *Potemkin* was hailed by many, including such disparate figures as Max Reinhardt and Douglas Fairbanks, as the best film that had yet been made anywhere. Agree with that opinion or not; few can see this relatively short picture—five reels, eighty-six minutes—without being catapulted into an experience that is shaking in itself and illuminating of much that followed in film history.

During the mid-1920's the Soviets were trying to consolidate ideologically their political and military victories, and they called on the arts to help. Eisenstein was assigned to make a huge film called *The Year 1905*, dealing with the events of the earlier, unsuccessful outbreak against czarism. He shot a good deal of film on some of those events, but in the cutting room it was the *Potemkin* story alone that emerged.

That story is compact. While the ship is anchored in the Black Sea near Odessa in June, 1905, the restive crew protest against the maggoty meat they are served. The captain orders the execution of the dissenters. Instead of obeying orders, the firing squad joins the crew in mutiny and they take over the ship. One of the leaders is killed; his body is taken ashore so that it may lie "in state." The sympathetic citizens of Odessa pay homage to him and support the sailors on the anchored vessel with gifts of food. When the townspeople gather on a huge flight of steps overlooking the harbor to cheer the *Potemkin*, the czar's troops appear and march down the steps, scattering the crowd and killing some of them. The government sends a naval squadron to retake the *Potemkin*. At the moment of encounter, the fleet allows the mutineers to pass through. In fact, the ship sailed to Constanta in Rumania, where the crew opened her seacocks, then sought refuge inland; however, Eisenstein leaves the story open-ended, with the *Potemkin* sailing onward through the friendly squadron, bearing the seed of revolution that was to bloom in Russia twelve years later.

Now, irrespective of the viewer's political beliefs, this story is a natural thriller. Nothing has more wide or direct theatrical appeal than resistance to tyranny, whether it is Spartacus or William Tell or the Boston Tea Party. Any competent Soviet director could have made the *Potemkin* story into a compelling film. But Eisenstein—and, to repeat, this is the core of his importance—was an *artist of revolution*, not merely a good director, not merely a gifted propagandist. That revolution



4.

was as central and generative for his art as, to cite a lofty precedent, Christianity was for Giotto. There are hundreds of fourteenth-century Italian frescoes and canvases that present Christian ideas more or less affectingly, but the Arena Chapel in Padua is the work of a Christian genius and a genius that was Christian. In proportion, the same relationship exists between Eisenstein's genius and Soviet communism.

The dynamics that drove him to make his art special can be traced to Marxist concepts and, I think, to none more clearly than some found in the *Communist Manifesto* of 1848 by Marx and Engels. I do not maintain that Eisenstein used the *Manifesto* as an explicit text, but he certainly knew it well and took its ideas to heart. One idea in the *Manifesto* seems outstandingly relevant. In the second section, where the authors anticipate objections to their arguments, they write:

> Does it require deep intuition to comprehend that man's ideas, views and conceptions, in one word, man's consciousness, changes with every change in the conditions of his material existence, in his social relations and in his social life?

Straight to this profound concept, that a changed world means a changed awareness of the world, Eisenstein struck in his film-making, and never more effectively than in *Potemkin*. Clearly he felt that a new society meant a new kind of *vision*; that the way people saw things must be altered; that it was insufficient to put new material before old eyes. Anyone anywhere could tell a story of heroic resistance in traditional style; Eisenstein believed (and later wrote) that it was his duty as a revolutionary artist to find an aesthetically revolutionary way to tell a politically revolutionary story.

The prime decision was in the visual texture. He wanted to avoid historical drama; he wanted to make a drama of history. He and his lifelong cameraman, Eduard Tissé, aimed at a kind of newsreel look: not blatant graininess (there is, indeed, a good deal of subtle black-and-white gradation) but not painterly chiaroscuro either, no imitation museum-look. Essentially, he wanted to give the feeling of extraordinary eavesdropping.

A recent scion of this approach was Pontecorvo's *The Battle of Algiers*. But Pontecorvo relied more than Eisenstein did on individual performances. That was Eisenstein's second decision; he used very few professional actors. Mostly, he used ordinary people whose faces and bodies he liked for particular roles—a furnaceman as the ship's doctor, a gardener as the ship's priest—and each one gave a relatively short performance that the director could control easily and heighten with camera angles and editing, in a kind of mosaic process. Eisenstein called this approach "typage," the casting of people with such striking faces—often introduced in close-up, sometimes intense close-up—that our very first glimpse tells us most of what we need to know about the actor as an element in the mosaic. In his subsequent films *Alexander Nevsky* and both parts of *Ivan the Terrible*, Eisenstein combined typage with large roles for fine professional actors, but in *Potemkin* human depths come from combining pieces rather than exploring any one piece.

Typage leads directly to the cinematic technique most closely associated with Eisenstein: montage. Basically,



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montage is editing: the selection and arrangement of bits of film to produce certain effects. Every film ever made, from *Potemkin* to TV commercials, literally contains montage. But Eisenstein's use of montage was different from any use of it before him, including the work of his acknowledged master, D. W. Griffith. It is immediately recognizable as Eisenstein's and is the source of much that has followed.

He wrote often on the subject, which for him was the heart of cinema. For him, there were five kinds of montage. Briefly put, these are: metric montage, which is simply a relation between the lengths of the various pieces; rhythmic montage, which is based on the contents, in movement and composition, of the various pieces; tonal montage, based on the emotional colors of the pieces; overtonal montage, which is the conflict between the principal tone of the piece and its overtonal implications; and intellectual montage, a conflict that arises when similar actions are seen in conjunction but have been performed for different reasons (for example, a hammer blow by a blacksmith, a hammer blow by a murderer).

These were not academic formulations. For Eisenstein the five kinds of montage were organs of a vibrant, live art. With them, and combinations of them, he fashioned *Potemkin* into a kind of bomb that penetrates our customary "entertainment" apperceptions, bursts below the surface, and shakes us from within.

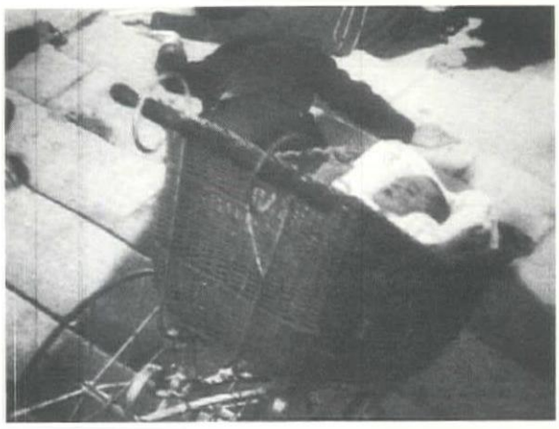
The story itself he phrased into five movements: Part One, Men and Maggots; Part Two, Drama on the Quarterdeck; Part Three, An Appeal from the Dead; Part Four, The Odessa Steps; Part Five, Meeting the Squadron. Each of these parts, like an act in a good drama, is a structure in itself, with its own cantilevered stress and tensions, that contributes to the structure of the whole.

Commentators have pointed out that both the montage in *Potemkin* and its five-part structure had their origins, at least partly, in practical considerations. Raw film stock was in meager supply in the early Soviet days. Much of what was available was in relatively short snippets, so directors had to work mostly in short takes. Eisenstein developed the aesthetics of montage out of exigency. Also, most Soviet theatres at the time had only one projector: there was a pause when one reel ended and another reel had to be put on the machine. The five parts of *Potemkin* are on five reels, so the pauses came at reasonably appropriate moments. But, as often in the history of art, the practical needs were not constrictive but stimulating.

With the very opening moments of *Potemkin*, we know we are in the presence of something new, and the miracle is that we know it every time we see the film. The waves beat at the shore, the lookouts converse, the ship steams across the sea, and all this is modeled with an energy that is controlled yet urgent, that bursts upon us. Then, when we cut to the crew's quarters and move among the slung hammocks, we know we are in the hands of an artist who understands the difference between naturalism and realism. The scene of the sleeping sailors is accurate enough, yet Eisenstein does not overlook the arabesques that the hammocks form; he uses these graceful, intersecting curves as a contrast to the turbulence of the waves seen earlier and to the mutiny



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Odessa's citizens, who have thronged the city's steps to cheer the mutineers, are gunned down by czarist troops (1). Through the deft use of technical devices, Eisenstein charges the massacre with harrowing energy. Ellipsis: the blow is not seen, but blood spurts from the face of a wounded woman (2). Intercutting: shots crosscut between flashes of the fleeing masses and the downhill bouncing of an abandoned baby carriage (3). Rhythmic montage: against the relentless downward drumming of the soldiers' feet on the steps, Eisenstein opposes the slow pace of a stunned mother's agonized ascent. Holding her murdered boy, she struggles upward toward certain death (4).

that is to come. Shortly thereafter, he uses the swinging of the suspended tables in the mess hall in the same way—another moment of irrepressible grace in iron surroundings.

Fiercely, electrically, the film charges forward into the confrontation between officers and men, the action caught in flashes that simultaneously anatomize and unify it, in Eisenstein's double aim to show things as they are yet make us see them as never before. One of his methods, which has been likened to cubism and is a forerunner of a technique used in *Last Year at Marienbad*, is to show an action and then repeat it immediately from a slightly changed point of view. A justly celebrated instance of this is the moment when a young sailor smashes a plate inscribed "Give us this day our daily bread." We see his action twice in rapid succession, from two angles, and the effect is intensification, italicized rage.

Eisenstein shot the quarter-deck sequence on board *The Twelve Apostles*, the surviving sister ship of the *Potemkin*, which had to be altered somewhat but which nevertheless gives the sequence a steely verisimilitude. (Remember *Gas Masks*!) When the obdurate sailors are herded together and a tarpaulin thrown over them before they are to be shot—itself a simple, dehumanizing image—the firing squad takes aim and the film cuts away: to a close-up of two cannon, to a view of the ship at anchor, as if to implicate the environment. Of course, it is D. W. Griffith's old technique of intercutting to distend a moment of climax, but it is used here for thematic as well as visceral effect.

At the last moment the firing squad goes over to the sailors' side, and in the fight that follows, Eisenstein uses another of his favorite devices, which he called synecdoche. After the corrupt ship's doctor is thrown overboard, we see a close-up of his pince-nez dangling from the rigging—the same pince-nez he had worn when he inspected the maggoty meat and pronounced it edible. The man's corruption and what it evoked are in that shot.

And there is another such moment. Before the fight, we have seen the ship's priest, one of the clerics whom Eisenstein was constantly caricaturing in his films, lifting his crucifix and bidding the men obey. During the fight, when the priest is knocked down a flight of steps, we see a close-up of the crucifix, an edge of its lateral bar stuck in the deck where it has fallen, like an axe plunged into wood—an axe (Eisenstein implies) that has missed the necks for which it was intended.

The most noted sequence in the film, without question the most noted sequence in film history, is the Odessa Steps. It is oceanic. Using hundreds of people, Eisenstein created the sense of an immense, limitless upheaval. With the quick etching of a few killings—always suggested, never explicit—he creates more savagery than thousands of commonplace gory films. With crosscurrents of perspective and tempo, he evokes the collision of status quo and inevitable protest.

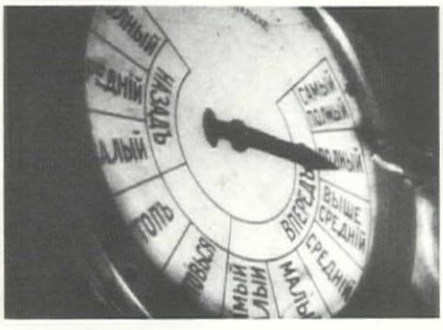
Here are two examples of Eisenstein's montage in this sequence that is a treasury of montage aesthetics. First, as he himself noted, the recurring shots of the soldiers' boots coming down the steps toward the frightened and angry citizens are always in a different rhythm from the rest of the sequence, ideationally establishing a different political



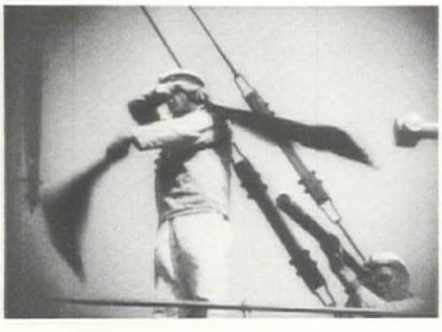
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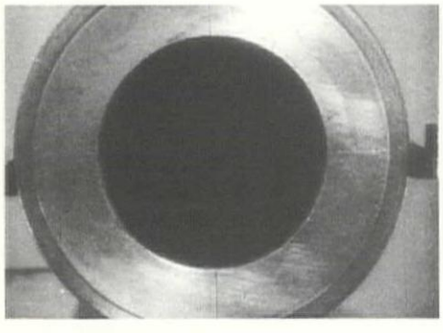
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6.

The czar dispatches cruisers to quell the Potemkin *uprising. Suspense builds as the rebels sight these ships (1), man their posts (2), and drive the* Potemkin *full speed ahead (3). In a forlorn final appeal a sailor signals "Join us!" (4). A cannon muzzle fills the screen (5): will it go off? Next, in close-up, we see a sailor break into an incredulous smile (6), as the czar's navy holds its fire. The jubilant* Potemkin *crew, opposite, pass by the squadron unharmed, carrying Eisenstein's message across the seas: "Now we stand on the threshold. . . . Now is the beginning."*

impulse, aesthetically creating an exciting counterbeat. Second, he establishes, by typage, the face of a woman with glasses protesting the soldiers' butchery. Shortly afterward, we see an officer swinging a saber at the camera; then we cut to her face, one lens of her glasses shattered, her eye streaming blood, her features frozen in shock. (The bank teller in *Bonnie and Clyde*, who was shot through the car window, is her direct descendant.) The suggestion of the blow's force by ellipsis is masterly enough; but in the brief two seconds in which we see the officer swinging his saber at us, there are *four different shots* of him, exploding his fury into a horrifying prism.

This episode raises one more point to be made about the whole sequence, the whole film. Even when one sees *Potemkin* without musical accompaniment, which is preferable to seeing it with most of the scores that have been tacked onto it, the effect is of roaring tumult. One strong impulse to the development of montage in the days of silent film was the attempt to create visually the effect of sound: shots of train whistles or church bells or door knockers were intercut, so that you could see what you couldn't hear. But in this film, by counterpoising rhythms and faces, marching boots and guns and moving masses, Eisenstein draws from that silent screen a mounting and immense "roar" that has rarely been surpassed in sound films.

The double vision of *Potemkin*, subjectivized and universal, is paralleled in its double effect throughout the world. Subjectively, it was made as a celebration for those already committed to communism; but it was also intended as propaganda for the unconverted world. Emotionally and aesthetically, if not politically, it has had a great effect; but those who control the film have much less faith in it than its maker had.

No important picture has been more seriously tampered with. Some versions have been snipped internally; political messages have been tacked onto some prints, fore and aft; thirty-five years ago, in New York, the picture was given a filmed prologue and epilogue spoken by American actors. The only music that Eisenstein approved was written by an Austrian, Edmund Meisel, for the Berlin première, and this score has only recently been rediscovered. Most prints of *Potemkin* have some other music appended. It must be specially emphasized that in the United States, at present, the original silent version is available only from the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

Eisenstein's career, in terms of its free growth, describes a curve that coincides with the rise and fall of worldwide, radical hope for Soviet communism. At the height of his faith he created a film that both proclaimed his faith and transcended it, a work of political fire that lives because it is a work of art. Its impact, on other film directors and also on the vision of writers and painters, has been large and continues to grow. *October*, his subsequent film, is widely known by another title, the title of John Reed's book, *Ten Days That Shook the World*. *Potemkin* is eighty-six minutes that shook the world of art.

Potemkin, in 16 mm. form, can be rented from the Film Department of the Museum of Modern Art, 11 West 53rd Street, New York, New York 10019; only the uncut version is recommended. *Eisenstein's Potemkin*, an invaluable shot-by-shot study by David Mayer, is available from Grossman Publishers in a paperbound edition. A "script" of *Potemkin*, which is in fact only a fairly detailed synopsis, is published by Simon and Schuster in paperback.



After the Facts

By RICHARD HOWARD

Johann Christian Friedrich HÖLDERLIN, born in 1770 in Württemberg, Germany. Poet, author of the romance *Hyperion,* lyric poems (1826); as a writer, he is said to stand on the border between classicism and romanticism. His love of Greek culture is expressed in verse or rhapsodic prose. Unlike many of his contemporaries, he remains highly thought of by modern readers of German literature. After some time spent wandering in France, Hölderlin died, after forty years of insanity, in Tübingen, 1843.

—*The Century Cyclopedia of Names,* Volume II

I

Villandry, "Les Douves" par Azay-le-Rideau,
December 28, 1822.
My dear M. Prüfe, do you not recall,
in reply to yours,
a letter from the late Louis Destourd,
Mayor of Villandry, Deputy from Blois?
I myself recall it, though I never saw
the text at the time,
for it has become the sad (though inspiring)
duty of his only daughter to dispose
of the lamented M. Destourd's effects,
among which I find,
with some emotion, your inquiry preserved.
To that, as to any solicitation,
his answers were doubtless satisfactory,
as far as they go,
yet my father left no orders that the case,
by the mere occasion of *his* rejoinder,
must be judged—say, by his daughter—to be *closed.*
Therefore I resume—
though responsibility, even were he
alive, would no longer be Papa's *alone,*
for since the period of your interest
I have myself turned
wife and mother, thrice over: need I remark,
it is my *maternity* which has tripled!
I remain married, with a felicity
to which I believe
that of my sons attests, to the *same husband,*
Henri Fourières, a fervent patron of the arts,
indeed a perfect virtuoso upon
the arpeggione,
and it is consonant with his character
as with his accomplishments that he spurs me
to speak of the events of years long ago
(before our marriage)
regarding which you wrote so purposefully
to poor Papa. It has occurred to *me,* as well,
that my narrative, my impressions, my words
may be of some use
in restoring to his proper genius
a poet, as you intimated, forlorn
in the prime of his prophetic mission.
Mad or even masked
as "Scardanelli" (the one clue you afford),
I would succor a man who discards his own
identity—let me describe to you more
circumstantially
than Papa ever could or *would* (my father
was the son, necessarily, of another age—
an age perhaps of clearer vision, clearly
one of drier eyes),
more *flagrantly,* as Papa would have phrased it,
the Episode I figured in to such effect.
Discover to your mysterious "patient"
my recollections,
for one memory makes us all remember,
and I am certain what so amazed me, then,
is with him, now, wherever his mind may be.
I have plagued *my* wits
to "place" the man—between your Schiller and your
Schlegel, though surely neither: too young, too fair,
yet the eminence you intimate was there.
Will you not name him?
It had been one of those autumn afternoons,
ageless, unswept, apparently infinite—
weather which to reminiscence seems a rule
of life in those days.
At first I scarcely glanced up from the volume
(the Cérieux edition, I have it still,
of Sénancour's romance, or is it nonsense
so to qualify
a work of such laborious melancholy?) . . .
As I say, I was not inclined to leave off
reading to Papa, for I supposed the sound
no more than the cry
of our peacocks, more strident at that season,
in fine weather. How like my father it was,
to cultivate the white variety alone
and fondly insist
the creatures supplied by harshness of accent
what they lacked in luster! Granting it was so,
the present intonation was too gentle,
too *lamentable*
to be the clamor of our particular birds,
and I suspect a sort of curiosity
conquered my reluctance to lay by the tale
of poor *Obermann.*
So I stood up (in white muslin, sprigged, white silk
ribbons on my straw bonnet, white string gloves, too
—white was my color then, all in white, and one
crimson cabbage rose),
took Papa's arm, and with him passed down the steps
of our terrace to the great basin below,
advancing with some concern, as I have said,
but no real alarm.
There, uttering at intervals the eerie
ululation I have just alluded to,
then falling silent, though the fountain guttered
a grief of its own,
there, beyond the basin, stood, or stooped, or knelt
—I cannot through the curtain of forced water
as through the fabric of Time itself be sure
of the man's posture—
a sad and shabby Stranger who showed, when we
circled the margin and ventured to approach,
by the misery of his apparel as by
the mist in his eyes,
that he was none of our neighbors, nor indeed
an inhabitant of our nation. With no
surprise, no deference, no vestige even
of obsequity
in his demeanor, the Wanderer addressed
himself to my father, though his gaze was fixed
on me, as if I were some white misgiving
in his darkened mind.
I shall never, I know, forget what he said—
though I must break off, my dear M. Prüfe,
before I have fairly begun, in order
to bring you the scene
in all its *enchantment* (the one word to choose):
our basin was quite embowered by a whole
people of Grecian gods, marbles we had bought
from "the Canova
of Blois," Théophile Clore. In pale attitudes
of power they ringed the pool, figures white
against the dingy water where the Stranger
knelt (I see that, now—
had I dropped my rose?) ensorcelled as we came
upon him—it was like a play! knelt before
the statue of Pomona, I think, gasping:
"It is Aglaia!
But the water should be brighter, like the Spring
of Erechtheus. It is unworthy of the gods
to see their images in a dark mirror.
But we are not—" this
with a terrible sigh, "we are not in Greece."
"Are you then a Greek?" asked Papa, gesturing,
"and are these your gods?" "These? Neither mine
nor yours.
We have come too late
for them. It is the world which is divine now,
and that is why there is no God. The divine
has no name, only the gods are named, like these,
and they change their
names."
My father was a man of principle, not
a man of faith, and would have pursued the point
(it is no common thing, to hold such discourse
with a Wanderer
in one's park), yet even as he made to speak,
the ragged man rushed on: "To be what we are—
that is to be divine. But the gods are dead,
the world is alone,
and knowledge—knowledge . . ." Here he fixed
upon me
eyes that seemed to draw my own into a pool

of dim oblivion, "knowledge is only
knowledge of our
death."
By these words it was apparent, to Papa,
the speaker was a German; he asked his name.
Thereupon the man fell again to his knees,
his face in his hands
(which I had occasion then to remark: thin,
pale for all the dirt, and curving at the tips
as if they would scoop the darkness hovering
round the blue pupils)
and promised to tell us . . . the next day! "It is
difficult for me, remembering my name.
To escape a city is one thing, to choose
a road, another."
These were the last words, for with them, as if
summoned *by* them, one of our peacocks appeared,
crest trembling like a lyre, coral claws oddly
raw upon the moss,
and with the hollow clash of an opening
parasol, spread his perfect fan before me,
white quills quivering, each one an inducement
to admiration.
Faced with this . . . rival, the Stranger turned away,
and I never saw him again. Nor have I
forgotten what I *heard*: that night I wakened
to a horrid scream,
never explained, from the servants' hall, a scream
like the peacocks' (though they do not cry at night).
Papa, next day, said the lunatic had fled,
but in my own mind
I cannot yet reconcile that Wanderer
saying "the gods are dead, the world is alone"
with the howling of the night, if that was he.
"He"—I mean the one
you desired my father to identify,
though with no more designation who he was
than the calling of Poet. *Will you not name him?*
Nor have I yet solved
the riddle of his departure, the gaze
he gave me (that I gave him back)—then nothing
but a shriek at midnight, and the man was gone.
Almost, I incline
to call it jealousy of a white peacock
paying court to a white girl. What is the use
of trying to fit the two visions together?
All of us have been
children, though we may not know what we knew
then,
nor have at the same hour the wisdom of those
who are at the end of their days. M. Prüfe,
perhaps my father's
emphasis upon that night's disorder has
prevailed over what was said the day before,
in the circle of the gods, and in sunlight,
as the white peacock
pronounced *his* judgment, and the Stranger spoke
of our immortality, or of what is not
immortal, merely fate. If I have redressed
the balance, do I
earn thereby an answer to your enigma?
Never, as you may discern, have I broken
faith with my bright recollection, for all
the days dividing
me from that strange encounter. Thus I remain,
with passionate hope for the recovery
of a mind so *memorable* I believe
it cannot forget
what it wrought as well upon your importunate
correspondent, Marianne Fourières, née
Destourd. May I depend on the indulgence
of a prompt reply?

II

Tübingen, the New Year. My dear Madame,
you have gone to some trouble, and you have
(in the circumstances) my gratitude
for your letter. I fear it comes too late.
Evidently you paid your visitor
the extravagant compliment which no
ordinary woman ever pays a man—
that of listening to him while he talks.
I cannot say the person you describe
(when you give him a moment from your own
preoccupations and predilections)
is the patient in my care. Certainly
he differs altogether from the fool
represented in your father's account.
That is immaterial. Such glimpses
as you afford when it is not yourself,
your father, or your finery you bring
before us—on stage, one might almost say—
fail to supply the means whereby I might
awaken in the man who answers to
"Scardanelli" those associations
which would bring home to himself a poet
absent so long in mind if not in flesh.
Men are like trees: last to go is the bark,
and it is indeed the rind of a man
living with us so long in Tübingen,
heedless of every bodily function,
refusing to have his fingernails cut,
and speaking—when he speaks—in Italian,
a language he has by no means mastered.
His social existence is more like that
of an early Christian than of a man
of the nineteenth century, and if much
must be excused him, there is much to be
excused. As you appear to realize,
it was my hope, in writing to your father,
that when faced with what had been his words
—spoken while he was yet the laureate
of our earth, our sun, our moon—the poet
might recover what had been his alone:
acceptance, after all, is that final
act which enables us to see clearly.
Alas, earth is no more than an old sun,
and the moon a dead earth. Many a time
I have shown to Signor Scardanelli
(as he must be called) manuscripts of his,
written at twenty. At twenty, Madame,
the Poet is always right. At sixty,
the Doctor is never wrong, and to these
confrontations his response is one blaze
of invariable babble, the rough
scratching of filthy talons on the page,
and then the poor creature begins to sing . . .
It was long my notion that what appears
nonsense in these "performances" of his
would recover itself into poetry
and more, but it is all monstrous, grotesque,
gross, and degrading. You write, let us say,
from the brink of prurience, of prying
at best, nor can you have a conception,
when you speak of his pale hands, his blue eyes,
even of his responses to questions!
what it means to minister to this man.
If he could ever regain acquaintance
with what he had spoken upon the edge
of darkness, from whose fall our dimensions
rise, then indeed might some resumption come.
The Cup, the Poem, the Light, are all drunk
in darkness—how else could they be taken?
But we are beyond the edge, the margin
where you and your father met a Stranger
who may or may not have been my patient.
I read him those passages of your tale
in which his own grievous utterances
were given. Nothing availed. With a burst
of derisive laughter, he who had once
been master of our German Muse, who had
dedicated his odes to Schiller and
his versions of Sophocles to Hegel—
this man, my dear lady, closed his eyelids
(reddened now by nights of staring dullness)
and murmured but one phrase so utterly
belied by his own condition (as by
his Italian comedy) that it dismays me
in the mere report. *"La Perfezione
è senza lamento."* The rest dithered
away into incoherence. Perhaps
my little experiment did no harm—
surely it did no good. Nothing changes,
all is changed. I am obliged, nonetheless,
for your telling of an episode to which
you bring the talents of a telling pen,
indeed. Your narrative shall be added
to a memorial volume the Friends of
the Poet are compiling in witness
to his life among us. What the witless
Scardanelli makes of these matters
is no matter. You have had, dear Madame,
a privileged or a preposterous
meeting—the risk of your choice remains
with you. Though futile to its possible
subject—or object, as he must now be called—
its record is of consequence, and I am,
as I was to the late M. Destourd,
your debtor, faithfully, Joachim Prüfe.

BORDER BY JACK BRESLOW

Pule, Si. Hula, No.

In their efforts to turn lazy Hawaiians into good Congregationalists, the Yankee missionaries minced no words—and produced the world's most useless phrase book

Language phrase books naturally reflect situations that travelers can expect to encounter. In East Africa, for example, one might wish to ask in Swahili, "Are there lions in the vicinity?" or, in China, to suggest a game of Ping-Pong. Phrase books are imperfect tools at best, but—from the tourist's point of view—surely the most useless phrase book currently in print is the *Hawaiian Phrase Book*, first published in the nineteenth century and reissued, in 1968, by Charles E. Tuttle Company, Rutland, Vermont, and Tokyo. Words that a visitor to Hawaii might like to throw into a conversation—*pau* (over, finished), *mahalo* (thanks), *pupule* (crazy), *hula* (dance)—are not to be found in its pages. Instead, the book contains the Hawaiian equivalents for "repent," "pray," "heaven," "hell," "tempt"—the last being rendered by the melodious *hoowalewale*. Some of the phrases offered even have a certain sinister charm, such as "You man in the canoe, come on board!" and the hesitant "Have you the black plague on board?"

Hawaiian is hardly an essential language nowadays, even in Hawaii. But it was once spoken by hundreds of thousands of people. Among the several reasons for its decline was the arrival of American missionaries in 1820. They relentlessly proselytized the Hawaiians, reversing their cultural values in an attempt to make them over into New England Congregationalists.

As the Congregational Board of Foreign Missions of Boston pointed out, their goal was "to cover these islands with fruitful farms, pleasant dwellings and schools and churches, raising the whole people to a state of Christian culture." The *Hawaiian Phrase Book* is invaluable as a study of a psychological attack—through language—on the native Hawaiian life style.

Consider the following dialogue on "bathing," as the book calls swimming in the sea:

AMERICAN: Do you bathe in a retired place?
HAWAIIAN: We do not . . .
AMERICAN: Do the men and women bathe separate?
HAWAIIAN: No, the men, women, with the boys and the girls always swim together.
AMERICAN: Alas! I am ashamed of you. . . . It is now very plain why so many children go astray. Because all those who bathe in that manner have no shame.
HAWAIIAN: When I become a teacher I will lift up my voice against this practice.

Teaching young children preoccupied the missionaries, and such phrases as "You are sitting idle" *(He noho wale iho no kou)*, "Why are you so late?" *(Heaha kou mea i lohi ai?)*, and "I will punish you!" figure copiously in the book. Even adjectives—as in the case of a "lying boy" *(he keikikane wahahee)* and a "saucy child" *(he keiki pakike)*—reveal how a teacher regarded her daydreaming pupils—dreaming, perhaps, of mixed bathing.



This "typical" conversation with a Hawaiian has a decidedly pre-Spock flavor:

HAWAIIAN: My parents were ignorant and never told me the right and wrong.
AMERICAN: When they told you not to do a thing, did you obey?
HAWAIIAN: No, native children never obey their parents, unless they choose.
AMERICAN: Did they not punish you then?
HAWAIIAN: No, they got angry sometimes and sometimes laughed when we refused, and that ended it.
AMERICAN: That is not the end of it at all. If children will not listen to good advice, then punish them until they will obey.
HAWAIIAN: But the Hawaiians say that it is bad to punish little children. It makes them angry and they cry.
AMERICAN: But if they are punished for doing that which is wrong they will fear and learn to do that which is right.
HAWAIIAN: It is true. You are wise and we are foolish.

And so the reformed native, thus edified, goes home to beat his children.

But it is with the section on servants and their behavior that the *Hawaiian Phrase Book* reaches its apogee. Somewhat plaintively, a native woman confronts her American employer:

HAWAIIAN: If I do wrong would you be angry?
AMERICAN: I should then be angry.
HAWAIIAN: At what wrong would you be angry?
AMERICAN: If you refuse to obey my orders.
If you are saucy.
If you are lazy.
If you forsake me and run off.
If you steal any of my plants.
And if you do not attend the family worship.
If you persist in going to places of ill repute.
If you leave the house without my permission.
And if you do not read the Bible constantly.

Throughout the book, we find a pervasive concern with the work ethic: "an idle man is always despised," we read, and as a result "his children are without clothes and his wife a wanderer." In fact, however, the Hawaiians did not really *have* to work very hard until the missionaries and traders introduced the tax collector *(luna ohi auhau)* and the Survey Office *(keena ana aina)*. Even the Sabbath *(he lapule)*, the supposed day of rest, was to be dedicated to prayer *(pule)* and Bible reading.

All that was a long time ago, and now Hawaii is a modern, progressive state. Nevertheless, it is worthwhile to recall the comment of a distinguished visitor to Hawaii, the Crown Prince of Tonga. He had gone on a tour of Honolulu and along the way a local dignitary asked him why Tonga hadn't sought outside capital and modernized itself like Hawaii. The prince replied: "I will tell you. This week I visited your museum in Honolulu where I saw many interesting relics of ancient Hawaiian culture, including the actual feather cloak worn by your former kings. My mother, you know, is still wearing hers."

By CHARLES F. BERLITZ