HORIZON

SUMMER, 1974 · VOLUME XVI, NUMBER 3

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HORIZON

SUMMER, 1974 · VOLUME XVI, NUMBER 3

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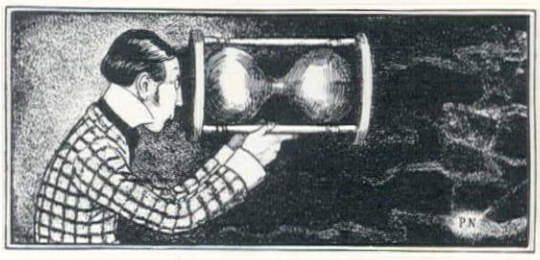
Looking Back at the Future



"If we do not learn from history, we shall be compelled to relive it. True. But if we do not change the future, we shall be compelled to endure it. And that could be worse."

So says Alvin Toffler, a founder and nurturer of the modern futurist movement, and—readers will recall—twice a contributor to HORIZON. Futurology—i.e., the scientific study of the future with an eye to altering it, or at least preparing for it—is an invention of midcentury America, and, along with shopping malls and fried chicken, a growth industry. It has joined the college curriculum and the lecture circuit; it has taken on the life style of Big Consultation; and it exhibits all the cultural and technocratic hubris required to chart the course of civilization.

To return to Mr. Toffler's remark quoted above, the old saw about learning from history may well be true, provided one leaves aside such knotty questions as what to learn and when and from whom. It was all too easy to learn at Munich that it is useless to make treaties with dictators, only to discover years later that it is not. Still, one must try to learn *something* from the past. But change the future? A most curious idea indeed; for in one sense we cannot change it, since it is indeterminable; and in another sense we cannot keep from changing it, for each of us changes it merely by his presence in society, though not always in the way envisioned.

Beginning on page 32 of this issue we undertake the examination of the future as a concept. Where did the idea come from anyway? What did an ancient Sumerian think about the future? When did it become something to *do* something about? How silly can it get? What do historians think about it?

J. H. Plumb tackles the last question in an article with a pleasantly astonishing thesis. Historians presumably understand the course of human events; yet they cannot predict the future any more competently than your neighborhood astrologer. Why? Because history is packed with surprises. Things happen that

cannot be explained even after the fact. As one example, Professor Plumb takes the abolition of slavery. Moral considerations aside, there were no obvious practical reasons to abolish this ancient institution, and no one has yet adequately explained why it came to be abolished.

Scientific futurologists are not much better at prediction. A decade ago we were assured that by 1975 our population would be burgeoning, whereas, in fact, it has virtually reached stasis. We were warned in the 1960's that student revolutionaries would have seized control of the cities by now. Where are they? In 1960 who could have foretold that in ten years' time public schools in Arkansas would be more fully integrated than those in New York City? Thus, when our hardworking futurologists assure us that by the end of the century the sea will be hopelessly polluted, or that the future of art "seems no longer to lie with the creation of enduring masterworks but with defining alternative cultural strategies," they will perhaps forgive a couple of faint snorts in reply.

Following Mr. Toffler's advice, however, we might think about the future by looking at the past. This issue of the magazine is crowded with intelligent and awesomely powerful historical personae who thought about the future. Mao Tse-tung, of course, is still thinking about it. Princess Victoria worried about the future of Europe; as empress of Germany she intended to turn that land into a parliamentary democracy. But instead of an enlightened, demilitarized state, she mothered Kaiser Wilhelm II. Luckily, she did not live long enough to read the casualty figures from the Western Front. Adam Smith, for all his profound good sense, did not grasp the import of the industrial revolution that was taking place right before his eyes.

And lastly there is the pharaoh Akhenaten. He must have been meant to radically redirect the future of Egypt, for he departed from his predecessors' foreign and domestic policies in every way—with disastrous results. Succeeding generations scratched out his name, then tore down his capital city and carried the stones away.

Yet no amount of cautionary examples can keep us from thinking about the future. The idea of an unchanging world makes no sense to most of us, and that state of mind is what our articles on the future seek to explore. In thinking about the future, we may not learn much that is reliable about what is to come; but we may discover why we want to know and what we learn by inquiring. —S.T.

The Future Isn't What It Used to Be

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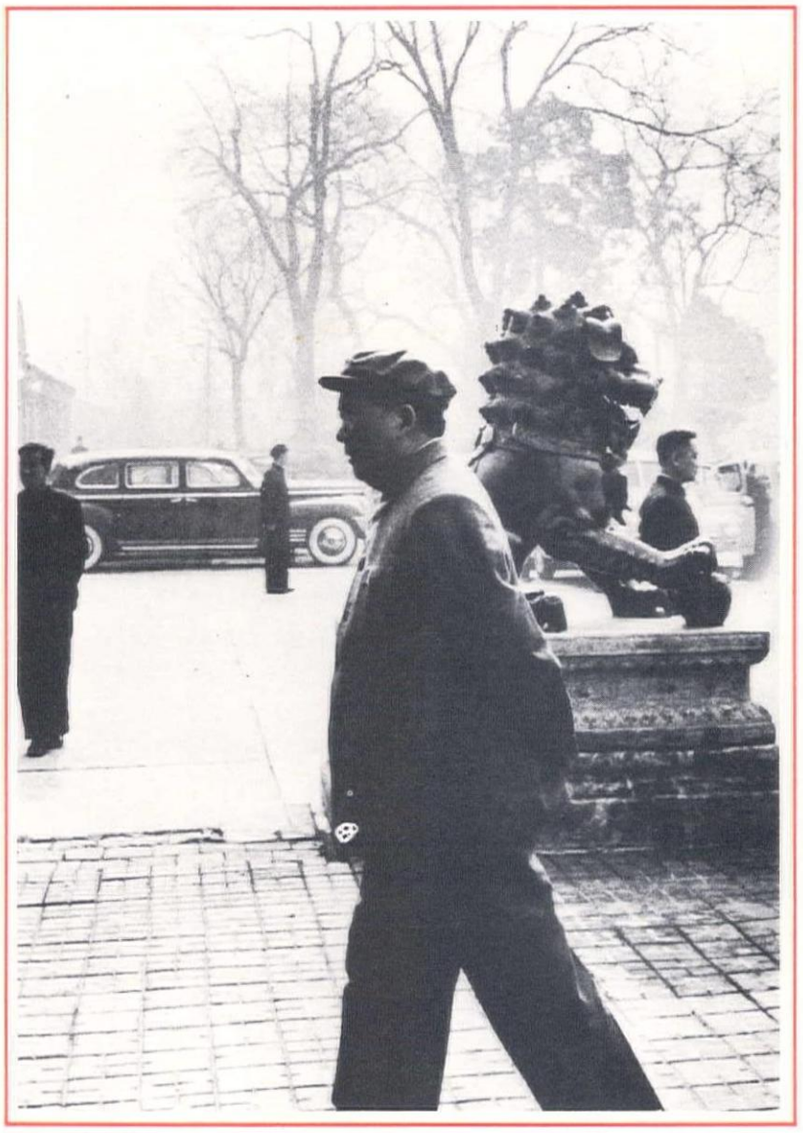
CAIRO MUSEUM—ROGER WOOD

COVER: Serene and regal, this is surely the face of Nefertiti, queen of the pharaoh Akhenaten. Found in a workshop at Tell el Amarna, this unfinished portrait still shows remnants of the paint lines that guided the sculptor's hand. Had he finished the work, a wig of faience or gilded wood would have topped the quartzite head, and the whole would have set upon a body of yet another material. Even incomplete, this masterwork proclaims the innovations in art occurring 3,500 years ago simultaneously with Akhenaten's religious revolution. Its ambiguities—and his—are described in an article by Lionel Casson beginning on page 64.

後周武帝宇文邕在
位十八年五帝共廿五年
毀滅佛法

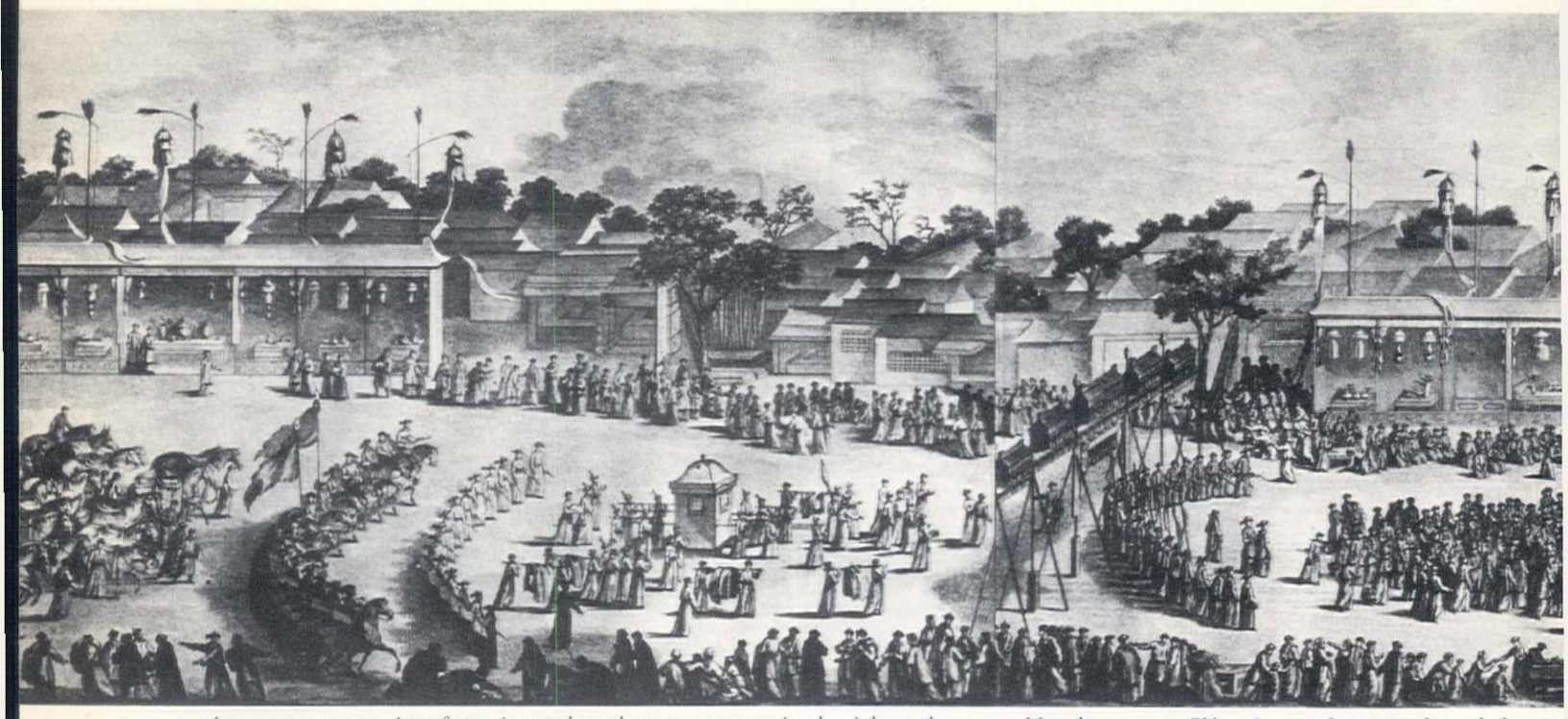
CHINA'S IMPERIAL TRADITION

Reports of its death have been greatly exaggerated



Keepers of the tradition: Chairman Mao, above, outside his residence in the Forbidden City in Peking; and the emperor Wu Ti, an early potentate, as he appeared, opposite, in the Thirteen Emperors scroll of the seventh century.

By DICK WILSON



An awesome procession of courtiers and cavalrymen accompanies the eighteenth-century Manchu emperor Ch'ien Lung as he passes through the stree

As Chairman Mao Tse-tung once observed to his American admirer Edgar Snow, it is difficult for the eight hundred million citizens of China "to overcome the habits of 3,000 years of emperor-worshiping tradition." It is equally hard, he could have added, for the political leaders of the People's Republic of China to disregard the patterns and practices of imperial rule.

In speaking of three thousand years, Mao, of course, exaggerated, as every Chinese does: not intentionally to mislead, but out of lack of interest in exactness. The Chinese Empire, one of the world's most underestimated triumphs, is usually dated from 221 B.C. to A.D. 1912, a span of 2,123 years. It was founded by the king of Chin, who conquered the five kingdoms that made up China and proclaimed himself emperor under the name Chin Shih Huang Ti—literally, the First Supreme and Absolute One of China. It ended in the February chill of Peking, 1912, when the boy-emperor Pu Yi formally abdicated the Dragon Throne and yielded to Sun Yat-sen, the first president of the new republic. (He later attempted a comeback under Japanese sponsorship, but eventually descended, by way of being the only Chinese allowed into the British Club at Tientsin, to a lowly gardener for the Communist regime.)

The empire had apparently been swept away, like the debris of a gorgeous feast that lasted too long. Yet in some ways its disappearance was deceptive, and for many Chinese the reality of the empire was not gone, merely transmuted.

The Chinese ship of state has always been powered by a bureaucracy, the emperor sometimes its helmsman, sometimes a mere figurehead. But the greatest Chinese leaders have united both functions in their person. Such a unity is essential to the basic concept of the Chinese imperial tradition: that of the Mandate of Heaven, an idea predating even Confucius. The emperor is both king and high priest, and so bad government, or bad conduct on his part, is doubly damaging and leads to withdrawal of the mandate. A rebellion against an unjust or oppressive emperor has only to be successful to be justified in the eyes of heaven. In this sense, Sun Yat-sen, Chiang Kai-shek, and Mao Tse-tung each adhered to the tradition of legitimizing their usurpation of authority; and moreover, each of them has acted, at various times, within the imperial terms of reference.

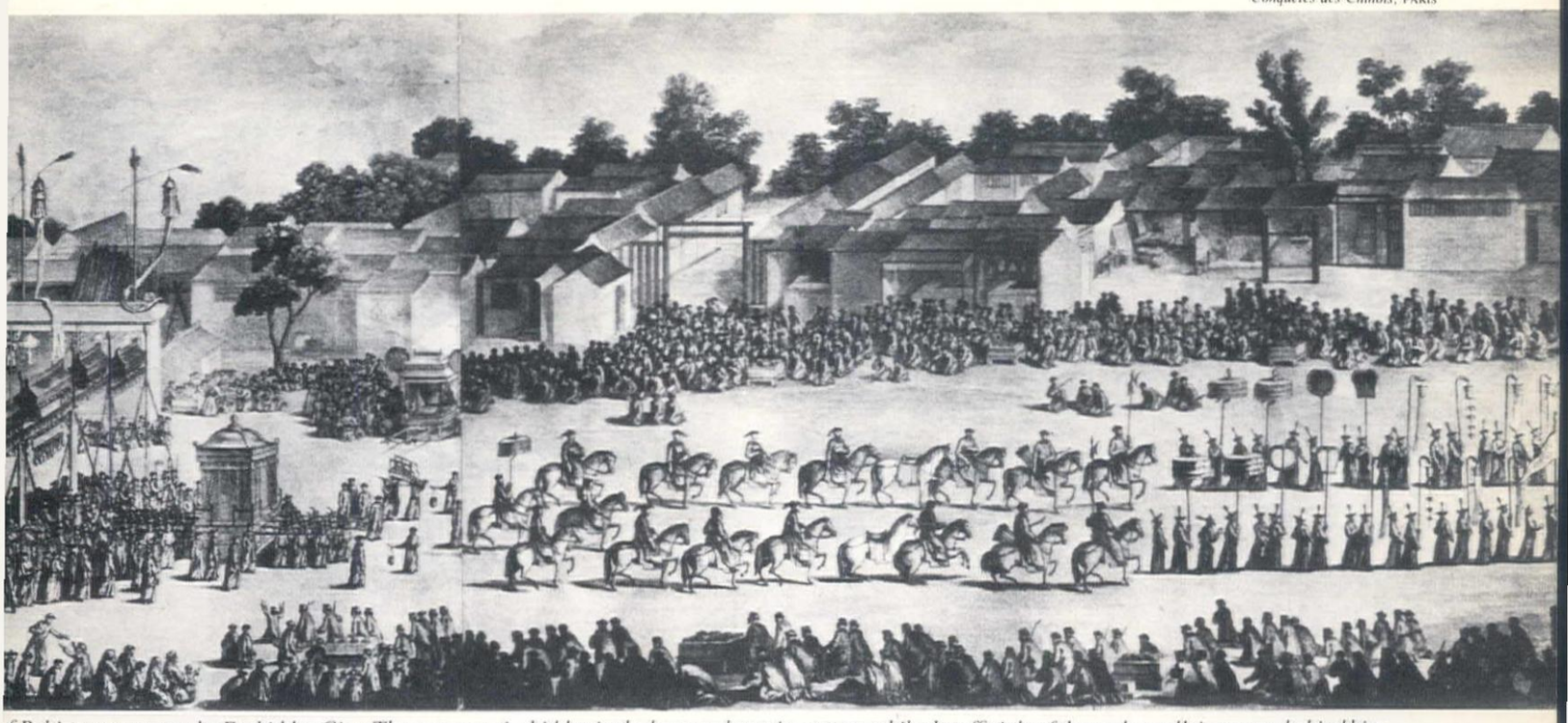
COURTESY OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, FREER GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON, D.C.

As dowager empress, Tzu Hsi strove to keep new ideas and "foreign devils" out of China —while leading a life of awesome opulence.

Mao, especially, has adapted the ways of the old imperial tradition to the needs of the new Communist state. Shunning extravagance in his personal life, he has nonetheless allowed the pageantry of spectacular parades and celebrations, taken it upon himself to guarantee the growth and prosperity of his nation, encouraged something akin to the old emperor-worship, and promoted the formation of a new religion with himself as its high priest.

Much, of course, has changed. Certainly the ostentation of former times has disappeared. Twelve centuries ago

Conquêtes des Chinois, PARIS



f Peking en route to the Forbidden City. The emperor sits hidden in the large palanquin, center, while the officials of the realm walk in a mass behind him.

an imperial concubine was waited on by hundreds of musicians, dancers, and acrobats. Seven hundred women attended her wardrobe, and chains of horsemen rode night and day in continuous shifts to bring fresh litchi nuts fifteen hundred miles from south China to the capital, Chang-an. The luxury of the court was described by the great poet Tu Fu, who for a time held office as a censor:

> They clothe their guests with warm furs of sable, entertain them with the finest music of pipe and string, feed them with the broth of camels' pad, with pungent tangerines and oranges ripened in frost. Meat is left to rot, wine to go sour. Outside those gates lie the bones of the frozen and starved. The flourishing and the withered are just a foot apart. It rends my heart.

The pinnacle of unjustified extravagance came in the nineteenth century with the dowager empress Tzu Hsi. While the Chinese state tottered from neglect, corruption, misrule, and foreign predations, the empress maintained the empty traditions of splendor at court. One of her capes had more than three thousand pearls, and one of her dressing rooms contained several thousand boxes of precious jewelry for everyday wear (ornaments for special occasions were stored elsewhere). Her four-inch-long nails on each third and little finger were shielded by jade or filigreed nail-guards, so that shaking her hand was like "clutching a handful of pencils." Tzu Hsi swallowed a potion of crushed pearls religiously every ten days in the belief that it was a powerful elixir. Her skin was sprayed daily with a mixture of glycerin and honeysuckle, and her lady-in-waiting, Princess Te-ling, claimed that the empress drank human milk every morning.

The court at this time included one man—the emperor—surrounded by three thousand women and three thousand eunuchs. The latter often acquired considerable power, and though the surgical operation was painful, the rewards were attractive, especially in times of general poverty. Tzu Hsi's chief eunuch is said to have castrated himself with his cobbler's knife in order to enter the court. He charged others up to 25,000 dollars for a five-minute audience with the dowager empress, with whom he split the fee, and finished his career with five million dollars' worth of goods and real estate.

Tzu Hsi herself was a good businesswoman. On her sixtieth birthday all her officials were expected to contribute a quarter of their annual salary, and her cut of the tributes that constantly poured in from the provinces was half (the rest was shared by the eunuchs and the army). Her personal fortune on her death in 1908 was estimated at more than 75 million dollars. Perhaps her most honest word was her alleged last: "Never again allow any woman to hold the supreme power in the state, and never again allow eunuchs to meddle in government affairs."

In postimperial China, Mme. Chiang Kai-shek, the most famous of the three Soong sisters, has adopted a life style that strongly suggests that of an empress in single-minded pursuit of power and

TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 10

ROBERT CAPA — MAGNUM

Mme. Chiang Kai-shek, presumably a good republican dedicated to the people, could—and often does—act like a bona fide empress.

Would-be bureaucrats of the Ch'ing dynasty, all of them scholars mill around while awaiting the results of their civil service examinations. Only those who passed the rigorous tests were given

NATIONAL PALACE MUSEUM COLLECTION, TAIPEI, TAIWAN, REPUBLIC OF CHINA

posts in Imperial China's unique system of government by scholar-bureaucrat. Despite his revolutionary aims, Mao, like his predecessors, rules through the same kind of centralized bureaucracy.

luxury. Chiang himself, however, has cultivated a colder, almost puritanical image, and Mao Tse-tung has never exhibited greed. Indeed, no greater contrast to the finery of the emperors could be found than the costume favored by Chairman Mao for his public appearances: frayed cuffs and collars, baggy tunic, unpressed trousers, and overworked socks, all in drab hues.

Mao is said to allow himself only two "luxuries." One is a swimming pool built for him by party colleagues, for which he insisted on reimbursing them out of royalties from his books (his official monthly salary as chairman of the world's largest political party is 600 renminbi, or a little over 200 dollars). The second is his library of Chinese and foreign books. Shelves lined with piles of dog-eared Chinese reports can usually be seen behind his enormous armchair in photographs of meetings with such visitors as Richard Nixon.

Though luxurious living does not appeal to Mao, he and his great republican predecessor, Sun Yat-sen, have appeared to some as founders of a new dynasty carrying on the old traditions in unfamiliar guises. Mao, for example, will inscribe in old-fashioned calligraphy on the bottom of Communist state documents such imperious comments as "The people should observe this," or "This should be done." And, like many bygone emperors, he often shuns the daily burdens of administration, and will sometimes leave Peking for months at a time, touring the provinces in semi-secrecy to see for himself what is going on. The government is left to Prime Minister Chou En-lai and his cadre of earnest bureaucrats, who have inherited a feature of the imperial tradition that helps explain its longevity.

From the beginning of the empire, the best brains were recruited to form a centralized civil service, and eventually selection and promotion were regularized with written examinations. The first emperor, Chin Shih Huang Ti, used this efficient bureaucracy to its fullest. He abolished the feudal system, rearranged the five kingdoms into the thirty-six provinces that still survive, reformed the tax system, introduced metal coinage to replace cowrie shells, supervised an irrigation system (parts of which have endured for more than two thousand years), gave China its first network of roads, and built the Great Wall.

MUSEE GUIMET, PARIS

In this detail from a painting of the time, the emperor Kuang Hsu and his entourage tour the countryside in 1689. Mao also makes frequent journeys to see what is going on among his countrymen, but far from traveling in pomp, he usually goes about in semi-secrecy.

All this was done in a comparatively short time. Chin Shih Huang Ti, who is described in contemporary accounts as having "a nose like a wasp, wide piercing eyes, the breast of an eagle, the voice of a wolf, and the heart of a tiger," ascended the throne of Chin at thirteen, became emperor by conquest at the age of thirty-eight, and died at fifty. As a French historian has written: "In twenty years he created a centralization strong enough to last for twenty-one centuries. . . . He was one of the mightiest geniuses to whose lot the reshaping of humanity has fallen."

One of the most striking aspects of the imperial tradition was the system of appointing censors, like ombudsmen of some Western democracies, to report on the deficiencies of government. The censor was entitled to criticize, in public, any official or member of the court—including the emperor—who had failed to achieve the high standards of Confucian morality. Several censors were appointed at a time, normally for a period of nine years. They had no power to punish or dismiss officials, but as one seventeenth-century European visitor observed, they were "honored and feared as though they were great princes."

The great Tang emperor, Li Shih-min, founder of the dynasty and known after his death by his "temple name," T'ai Tsung, was once infuriated by a censor named Wei Cheng, who persisted in contradicting him in front of the court. When he told his wife that he would never be master in his empire as long as this man was allowed to keep his position, the empress withdrew from their private chamber and returned dressed in her ceremonial robes. "I have heard," she said, "that an enlightened emperor finds courageous and outspoken censors. You have just admitted that you have such a one. I have robed myself in honor of this fact. . . ."

Echoes of this tradition can be heard today in the public self-criticism to which party leaders have subjected themselves from time to time, notably during the Cultural Revolution of 1966 to 1969 when the youthful Red Guards published all sorts of allegations about their seniors' misdeeds. And for a brief period in the 1950's, during the so-called Hundred Flowers Movement, intellectuals were encouraged to criticize the Communist regime with the old-style slogan "Let a Hundred Flowers Bloom and a Hundred Schools Contend." Mao reputedly delighted in it, welcoming the opportunity to convert people to socialism by argument rather than physical force or social coercion. More conventional party leaders, however, soon made it clear which school was going to contend the most successfully, and the other ninety-nine flowers wished they had anticipated the frost to come.

Opposite: Emperor Hou Chu, who ruled in the sixth century, is composing a poem in a painting attributed to a fourteenth-century artist. The Chinese have always admired learned emperors and Mao often displays his own talents as author and poet.

There are imperial precedents for intolerance, of course. Chin Shih Huang Ti dealt with opposition from the intellectuals of his day by allowing only seventy "scholars of great learning" to possess books of ideas (as distinct from technical manuals, which were freely available to all). These seventy were kept in powerless luxury at the court while others were forced to give up their precious books to the bonfire. Hundreds who resisted were sentenced to hard labor or buried alive. No wonder Mao dismissed Chin Shih Huang Ti as "lacking cultural refinement."

But along with power and glory went heavy responsibility, for the rights held by the emperor under the Mandate of Heaven were conditional, and in ancient times he was held accountable for the prosperity of the land and good harvests. In 1958, Mao and his party lieutenants spent a day or two shoveling earth alongside the citizens of Peking when the Ming Tombs dam was built on the outskirts of the city. Dr. Joseph Needham, a British science historian who witnessed this, wrote: "I should not hesitate to regard these manifestations as the extended modern equivalents and lineal descendents of the ancient rite in which it was customary for each emperor and his ministers to plough the ceremonial furrows every year."

The event Needham refers to, one of the most colorful in the old Peking calendar, took place in the Temple of Agriculture with the emperor symbolizing the unity of the Son of Heaven and his people before the forces of nature.

Even in relatively recent times the event was splendid. On February 20, 1888, the emperor Kuang Hsu, then a youth of sixteen, paid the traditional annual visit to the Temple of Heaven to pray for the harvest. At 9 A.M., wearing a dragon robe and an ermine cap topped with crimson velvet, he emerged from his palace on a chair borne by eight men, and at the outer gate of the Forbidden City he climbed a vermilion ladder to a great jade palanquin. Successive teams of thirty-two bearers—dressed in red silk, black fur-topped boots, and leopard-skin caps with velvet plumes attached by gold filigree—each transported the emperor five hundred yards. Ahead rode five giant carriages "ordinarily drawn by elephants," as the contemporary newspaper account explains, "which animals were this year absent from the fête by permission of the emperor, to whom the dangers of their suddenly getting ungovernable had been pointed out." Behind him on horseback were the Tartar bodyguards, the Manchu princes, and emirs, dukes, marquises, earls, and chamberlains, all armed with bows and arrows or swords. Infantrymen with whips and swords lined the two-and-a-half-mile route.

In 1949 Mao shoveled dirt for a dam-building project, in an act that recalled the ritual of imperial labor illustrated opposite in an eighteenth-century French engraving: the emperor guides an ox-drawn plow over the first furrow and thus reaffirms his kinship with heaven, earth, and the cosmic order.

At the temple the emperor donned a sacrificial vestment embroidered with a golden dragon, a white ermine cap surmounted by a giant pearl set in gold, and a necklace of 180 pearls. In this raiment he performed the rituals. "The knowledge," concluded the Peking newspaper account, "that our emperor thus worships the gods and reveres his ancestors so devoutly, and prays for the people that they may be fed and clothed, well protected, and happy all over the land, must surely fill us with loyalty and admiration for his august person."

For Mao Tse-tung, the major public rituals are the May Day parade, celebrating the international socialist brotherhood, and the October 1 parade, anniversary of the establishment of Communist rule over all of China. On these two days his moon face gazes serenely down on the massed ranks of the lucky men and women who march past the dais at T'ien An Men, the Gate of Heavenly Peace, in the center of Peking. Mao may lack the five thousand elephants that Marco Polo described at the New Year procession of the emperor Kublai Khan—"covered with housings of cloth, fancifully and richly worked with gold and silk"—but he has tanks and modern cannon instead. Recently these military exhibits have been missing from the parades, apparently through a desire to stress the nonaggressive and peaceful nature of the administration, but in the 1950's they were as proudly rolled out as the Great Khan's caparisoned elephants.

After such parades Mao retires to his residence in the Small Palace of the Fragrant Concubine, a modest dwelling (by imperial standards) near the shore of the South Lake at the eastern edge of the Forbidden City. Built by the emperor Yung Lo in the fifteenth century, this building, along with others in the same area, became the official residence of the president of the republic in the years following Pu Yi's abdication. But like so many of his imperial predecessors, Mao finds the buildings of the Forbidden City suffocating in summer, and adjourns to a tent near the lake.

Through the centuries the Chinese people have acquired a deeply ingrained respect for authority. Conversely, they believe that government is not the creature of one man, nor the instrument for the strongest will or personality of the day regardless of administrative capability. Rather, government is an integral part of the cosmic order. Sun Yat-sen

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

The magnificent family opposite had reason to look smug: they were relatives of a Ming dynasty emperor. Nepotism, once rampant, has in theory been stopped, but it survives in the power of Mao's third wife, Chiang Ching, above right, and in the swift political rise of Yao Wen-yuan, above left, rumored to be Mao's kinsman.

celebrated his installation as president by taking his cabinet to the tomb of Hung Wu, the first Ming emperor, to make ritual food offerings, light candles, and burn incense—and to assure the imperial ghost that the soil of China had been won back from the Manchu foreigners.

There is no record of Mao Tse-tung's having made a similar pilgrimage. But Mao is undoubtedly conscious of the similarity between the task he has set himself—of modernizing this gigantic nation—and the work of some of the great emperors. One of his most famous poems was written after the heady experience of flying for the first time. Seeing his native China from a godlike vantage point, Mao was moved to muse on its majesty as well as on the great men who had served it in the past:

Such is the beauty of these mountains
and rivers
That have been admired by unnumbered
heroes—
The great emperors of Chin and Han
Lacking literary brilliance,
Those of Tang and Sung
Having but few romantic inclinations,
And the prodigious Genghis Khan
Knowing only how to bend his bow and
shoot at vultures.
All are past and gone!
For men of vision
We must seek among the present
generation.

If anyone has succeeded in combining the roles of secular king and high priest (of the new religion, Communism, which in its implementation incorporates a surprising amount of what one might call rational modernization of an old-fashioned society), it is surely Mao. In 1945 he wrote an anonymous article urging his fellow Marxists to follow "Mao's way," and although the "little red book," *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung*, was an invention of the then defense minister Lin Piao in the 1960's, the deliberate cult of Mao goes back to 1942. It was accepted by the chairman himself, and by most of his highly rational colleagues, as a necessary political device to achieve discipline, promote ideology, and unite the party behind a revered and charismatic hero. Its appeal to the imperial tradition has never been acknowledged, but it must be a factor in the party's strategy.

As Mao's (non-Communist) biographer, Dr. Jerome Ch'en, has observed: "His words, even when intended only as a basis for discussion for the party leaders, were treated as infallible, unquestionable truth among the lower echelons of the party, government, and army." The ordinary man was conditioned to want edicts—even if they merely told him, as so many of Mao's sayings do, to think for himself, question authority, and weigh carefully the pros and cons of an action before embarking upon it.

Mao's profile is embossed in imperial gold on a million book covers and appears on millions of lapel badges, and in this guise he is hero-worshiped not merely by the Chinese but by thousands of foreigners, young radicals who see in him the last plausible "sea-green incorruptible" of the Marxist pantheon. He himself finds the badge cult wasteful, and once rebuked his followers for allocating so much metal to his reproductions: entering a hall to find everyone proudly displaying the *de rigueur* badge, he stretched out his arms and said, "So this is where my airplanes have gone."

But in moments of elation he betrays the ambition that has driven him through such sacrifice and struggle as the Long March to Yenan in 1934 and 1935. In their book on Mao's potential successors, *Heirs Apparent*, Ching Ping and Dennis Bloodworth recount the story of a dinner meeting between Mao and a colleague in Shanghai on a soft spring night in 1921. While the wine was flowing, Mao demanded to know who in the history of China had achieved something memorable without the help of others. His friend thought for a while, then suggested Han Kao-tsu, the first Han emperor, and Sun Yat-sen. "Right!" the future chairman cried, thumping the table with his fist. "I shall be the third."

And yet, it is quite possible that future generations of Chinese will regard Communism not as an achievement of Mao's but as a part of the Chinese tradition—just as they today regard Buddhism as Chinese, though it was imported from India in the first and second centuries A.D. and its more attractive elements virtually annexed to the pre-existing Confucian and Taoist thought. "China," an old proverb runs, "is a sea which salts all rivers that flow into it." Both the Mongols and the Manchus, the only two non-Chinese races that conquered China, were Sinicized by their rule of a culturally superior race. European Marxism has not escaped the same process, and in some rural areas Marx and Lenin, suitably transliterated into familiar Chinese names, are revered almost as new gods.

The emperors' mandate was to rule "all under Heaven," which meant not only China but the surrounding barbarian areas that still awaited the civilizing influence of China. After all, the Chinese name for China means "Middle Kingdom" and embodies the sense of a separate and self-contained culture. The decrees issued to King George III of England by the emperor Ch'ien Lung almost two centuries ago provide the most famous expression of this sentiment:

Our dynasty's majestic virtue has penetrated unto every country under heaven, and kings of all nations have offered their costly tribute

by land and sea. As your Ambassador can see for himself, we possess all things. I . . . have no use for your country's manufactures. . . . You, O King, from afar have yearned after the blessing of our civilization, and in your eagerness to come into touch with our converting influence have sent an Embassy across the sea. . . . But your . . . requests . . . completely fail to recognize the Throne's principle to . . . exercise a pacifying control over barbarian tribes, the world over. . . . My capital is the hub and center around which all quarters of the globe revolve.

The dowager empress Tzu Hsi had no doubt that "I am the cleverest woman who ever lived," even if she did have a portrait of Queen Victoria by her bedside. Moreover, the rival "emperors" of our own day respond to the same emotional tug when it comes to China's role in the world.

Chiang Kai-shek wrote thirty years ago that China was the only ancient state surviving, and pictured it as "fighting . . . for the freedom and liberation of mankind." An early Communist leader, Li Li-san, insisted in 1930 that the Chinese revolution would become "the final decisive class war of the world," and Chairman Mao's mouthpiece, the *People's Daily* of Peking, trumpeted China during the Cultural Revolution in 1967 as a "center to which the hearts of the revolutionary people of the world will turn." *Red Flag*, the party's theoretical magazine, argued at about the same time that if the Cultural Revolution had failed, "all China would have changed its color, and the history of mankind would have changed its color, and the history of mankind would have retrogressed." And here the messianic message of Communism fuses with the culture-centricity of the empire founded by the lord of Chin.

The republican regimes are not, of course, dynastic. But family ties are still so impelling that they can be used for political advantage. Chiang Kai-shek derived some of his legitimacy from the fact that he was a brother-in-law of Sun Yat-sen, and he is about to hand over his attenuated titles and estate to his son and prime minister, Chiang Ching-kuo.

Mao is far more discreet, and yet there is occasional speculation that the rising star in the Politburo, Yao Wen-yuan, is related to him. One rumor is that he is the chairman's son-in-law, having married Mao's daughter by Chiang Ching. Another story is that Yao's wife is Mao's niece, Wang Hai-jung, who is advancing in her own right to a senior position in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Yet a third version has it that Yao is none other than Mao's long-lost son An-lung, entrusted to a secret foster father during the dangerous years in the early 1930's when the Nationalists had a price on Mao's head.

No one in Peking will confirm any of these theories. It is no secret, however, that Mao's third wife, once a Shanghai actress known as Lan Ping ("Blue Duckweed") but now famous as Chiang Ching, has within the last five or six years built a political power base with which all Communist leaders must reckon. Again, there is a parallel: when the empress Tzu Hsi first arrived at the Forbidden City—wearing a black headdress, lavender gown, and high heels—she was Lan Kuei ("Little Orchid"), a concubine for the emperor Hsien Feng, and lucky enough to conceive his first male child, the successor-emperor through whom, as regent, she became the real ruler of the country.

Nepotism as such is not a characteristic of the Communists; far from it. The children of party leaders are, however, in a position to take advantage of political opportunities, and the Cultural Revolution revealed how many of them had become activists in their own generation. But the days are gone forever when the birth of an heir to the throne was celebrated, as in Tzu Hsi's time, by the freeing of all caged birds, general amnesty for prisoners, and a three-day moratorium on killing animals for food.

The Communists are not prevented, in the popular view, from inheriting the imperial mantle merely because they lack blue blood. That most rational of sages, Confucius, established 2,500 years ago that nobility depends not on birth or wealth but on the capacity for greatness that all men have within them. And many new dynasties were, in fact, founded by commoners. The first Ming emperor to whom Dr. Sun Yat-sen made obeisance was a starving beggar at the close of the Mongol era—and "one of the ugliest men ever to appear on earth," according to a contemporary account.

The common touch is a particularly important ingredient in Mao's charisma. His unself-conscious peasant traits ensure his popularity in a Politburo that has more than its share of intellectuals who are temperamentally aloof from the crowd. Equally important, Mao's Communism represents a swing of the pendulum—away from a Confucianism that had become absurdly formalized, and back to a philosophy that stresses the forces of nature and the need for rulers to retain human contact with their subjects, for teachers to act in society as well as give exhortatory lectures. The view of the third century B.C. philosopher Chuang-tzu, that all rulers are robbers and tricksters (and the robbers the real aristocrats), came very much alive in 1967 when Mao Tse-tung encouraged the young Red Guards to "bomb the Communist Party headquarters" because it had become a haven for faint-hearted reactionaries. As a high party official remarked of Mao a decade ago: "The first emperor is always the most glorious, but he is also the most fierce."

Mao Tse-tung and his successors are left to make what they will of the political importance of the imperial pattern. For his part, Mao has shown himself by no means shy in reaching for an imperial precedent or model where it suits his purpose. To the extent that his goal is to restore the health, unity, integrity, and world power of China, the ghosts of former emperors might well be applauding the modern emperor Mao.

Dick Wilson, whose career has included such diverse experiences as drilling Alaskan gold fields and teaching law at the University of Dacca, is a free-lance journalist. His latest book is The Long March, 1935, *published in 1972 by Viking Press.*

Generations of Chinese children once worshiped their emperor as a god; today this schoolgirl and her comrades opposite study Mao's "little red book" as holy writ.

INHERITORS OF THE EARTH?

The West has had its turn at world leadership, according to this historian, and may have to step aside for China

By ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE

Who is going to inherit the West's ascendancy in the world? Before 1914 this question would have seemed senseless. Before that apocalyptic date Westerners assumed that the West's ascendancy was well deserved, that it was beneficial to everybody, and that it had come to stay. In 1974 the West is manifestly sick, and its dominance appears as ephemeral as that of, say, the Mongols or the Moslems.

The worldwide ascendancy of the West is a consequence of the Industrial Revolution. The essence of this revolution was the opening of the throttle that normally restrains human greed. The greedy individual was told that the pursuit of his own interests was the best recipe for the maximization of social welfare. After two centuries of practice, this specious doctrine has proved false. Unfettered competitive private enterprise maximizes only the GNP, and the increased GNP has been distributed inequitably; for in a competition theoretically open to all, only a minority can be winners.

The victims of the Industrial Revolution have been the industrial workers. Their alienation from the society that has exploited them is the West's congenital weakness. Moreover, Western society's continual effort to increase its GNP is bringing it into collision with the non-Western majority of the human race and with the biosphere. It looks, then, as if the world were moving into a post-Western age, which for good or for evil will inherit some Western legacies.

One legacy is the unification of mankind's habitat through communication networks that have "annihilated distance." Today, these networks put people into instant communication, but they also consume irreplaceable stores of physical energy. We have no assurance that our present media will be at the disposal of our descendants for as long as the biosphere is habitable. Yet, as far as we can foresee, the new "media" will be indispensable; for Western technology has also made it possible to direct a nuclear rocket to any point on the globe's surface.

Another Western legacy is the preventive medicine that has dramatically reduced the rate of premature deaths. This lengthening of the expectation of life will be a beneficent legacy only if it is accompanied by a proportionate decrease in the birth rate. This has not yet happened in the greater part of the world, and the consequent increase in the population is a major problem.

The West is also bequeathing ideological legacies to the world—liberalism, communism, and nationalism, for instance, all secularized excerpts of Christianity and more successful than Christianity itself in captivating Asia and Africa. Nationalism is the most potent of the three, overriding both liberalism and communism whenever it comes into conflict with either of them.

Who will assume these Western legacies? The successor will not be the Soviet Union or Japan. These two mighty powers have Westernized themselves so successfully they have caught the West's congenital sickness. They are out of the running, and so are Black Africa and India. The Africans are preoccupied with local problems, and the Indian subcontinent is divided by religious and linguistic conflicts.

We must look for the West's heir in Eastern Asia, in some community capable of coping both with the legacies of the West and with the perennial problems of an agricultural society—in short, a community capable of starting a new chapter in the history of mankind.

It is China whose credentials as the West's potential heir are most worth examining. Still primarily an agricultural society, China has not yet diverged from the historic main line of human progress, and this gives it an important advantage. The agricultural revolution has been the most beneficent of mankind's technological achievements so far, for an agricultural human society lives in an amicable and durable symbiosis with nonhuman nature. Nevertheless, Malthus's thesis that population growth will outrun the increase in food production has repeatedly been proved correct in agricultural societies.

A classic case is the last chapter of China's history before its collision, in the Opium War, with the mechanized Western world. In China, between the sixth and the thirteenth century, the construction of a network of inland waterways made it possible to transport rice cheaply and in large quantities from southern paddies to northern cities. In the seventeenth century the introduction of new food plants from the Americas made it possible to expand the cultivated area and increase the food supply. In the same century a vigorous new dynasty, established by a non-Chinese people, the Manchus, rejuvenated the government.

In the eighteenth century China appeared to be at the peak of its power and prosperity. Yet in that same century a population explosion was already beginning to reduce the peasant's standard of living; and the economic adversity and consequent political instability of the nineteenth century probably would have occurred even had the British not precipitated the crisis.

The political bane of traditional agricultural civilizations has been the in-

cubus of a privileged "establishment." Civilization is made feasible by the production of a goods surplus that releases a minority of the population from agriculture and animal husbandry. But this minority has usually abused its power. The leaders have appropriated an inequitable share of the surplus, and usually misspent a large part of it building monuments or waging war.

Imperial China did not solve either the economic problem of limiting the population or the political problem of restraining the establishment. The breakdown of Chinese society in the nineteenth century was only one in a series of periodic breakdowns that usually culminated in a change of dynasty but did not bring any fundamental change. Each time, effective administration led to an increase in population. Then, as the regime degenerated, its demands became more onerous, until another political explosion occurred.

The course of Chinese history has been cyclical; yet China has been more successful than the West in solving two crucial problems: it has succeeded for centuries in holding together millions of people in relatively stable domestic peace and order, and it has also succeeded in assimilating a foreign ideology, Buddhism, in a way that enriched the indigenous civilization.

For more than five centuries China was split into a number of competing local states. But in 221 B.C. the country was unified politically, and since then its political unity has never been more than temporarily disrupted, while its cultural unity has never been lost.

As early as the second century B.C., the emperor Han Wu-ti realized that China's political unity must be buttressed by the creation of a professional civil service in which the qualification for entry would be merit, and the test of merit he chose was a proficiency in Confucian philosophy. But a Confucian education was expensive, so the opportunity of qualifying for the civil service was virtually a monopoly of the landlord class.

Chinese civil servants persistently abused their power, and this abuse was inherent in Confucian social philosophy, which held that a man's closest kin have the paramount claim on him. This gradation of loyalties is the normal human practice. However, it is a civil servant's professional duty to rise above these natural feelings, and thus, for civil servants, Confucian gradationalism is not a good ethical code.

Communism has now been substituted for Confucianism as China's official philosophy, and Communism has inherited from Christianity the belief that everyone has an obligation to all his fellow human beings. Will Communism be able to retain this universalism in the Chinese atmosphere, or is it likely to be "Confucianized"? The history of Buddhism in China throws some light on Communism's prospects there. Buddhism was introduced into China in the first or second century A.D., and for a time it looked as if Buddhism was going to give history a permanent new orientation. This prospect was only partly fulfilled. Between the eighth and the eleventh century Confucianism reasserted itself, but it achieved this by adopting Buddhist ideas and clothing them in Confucian dress.

Does Buddhism's fate give us a preview of Communism's probable fate? If it does, then Mao is justified in fearing that Communism may partially succumb to a resurgent Confucianism. On the other hand, the history of Buddhism in China also suggests that even if China were to revert to a traditional ideology, elements of Communism might nevertheless survive, camouflaged in Chinese dress.

What, then, is China going to make of the West's inescapable legacies? The West's legacy of preventive medicine is already aggravating the population explosion in China. A planned reduction of the birth rate has now become urgent. Are the Chinese people succeeding in this?

Is China going to succumb to the Western ideology of nationalism? Communism has boasted that it can inspire in its adherents a loyalty that transcends all narrower allegiances. However, "nationalistic" disputes have already alienated China from Russia. Will China's traditional universalism be able to reassert itself against nationalism, which in China is an exotic Western import?

China has now stepped out into the wider world of today, but we do not yet know what role it is going to play on this global stage. It could become simply the third of the competing super-powers, but an opportunity for playing a more constructive role is being offered China by the present plight of global society.

In the twentieth century mankind is in much the same state of mind as the Chinese were in the third century B.C. We are the prisoners of an age-old habit of political disunity and of consequent warfare between competing local states. This habit has become so deeply ingrained that we are reluctant to be liberated from it; yet we now recognize that if we fail to unite politically on a global scale, the "annihilation of distance" may result in the annihilation of life.

Dare we hope that China will meet the world's desperate need? Since the disintegration of the Roman Empire, Western statesmanship has been dedicated not to re-establishing political unity but to frustrating attempts to reattain it. The West has deliberately disqualified itself for unifying the world politically. China's past achievement and historical experience have endowed it with the qualifications that the West so conspicuously lacks. On the strength of that achievement, China has a more promising chance of shepherding mankind into political unity than any other country.

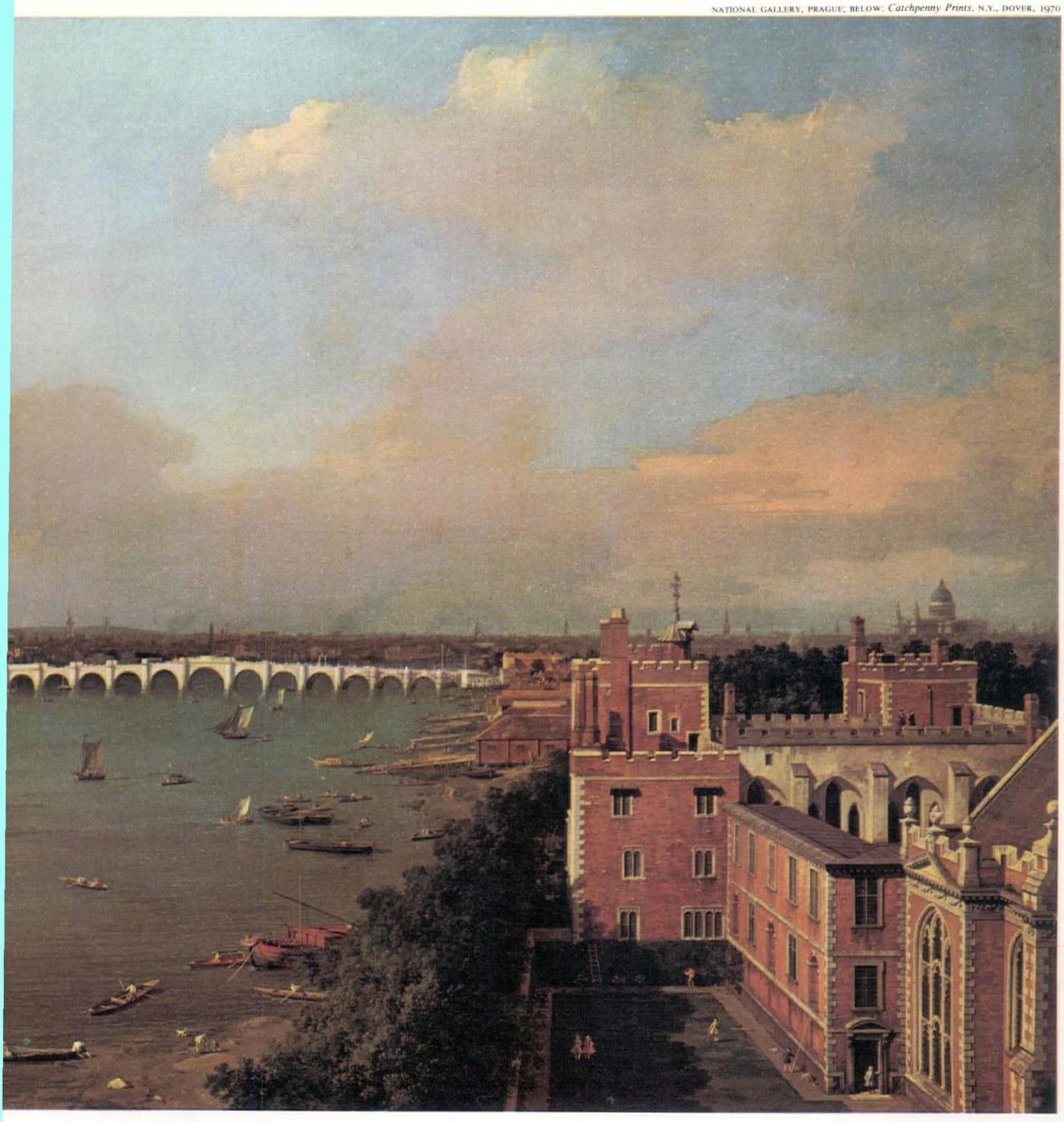
Will China try? And, if China tries, is it likely to succeed? We cannot foresee the future, but it is already manifest that if China tries and fails, mankind's prospects will be somber; for now that we have been overtaken by the invention of nuclear weapons, the price of persistent political disunity would sooner or later be self-liquidation.

Professor Toynbee wrote on "The Genesis of Pollution" in HORIZON, *Summer, 1973.*

As precisely as a surveyor's plan, A View of the Thames from Lambeth Palace, *above, pres*

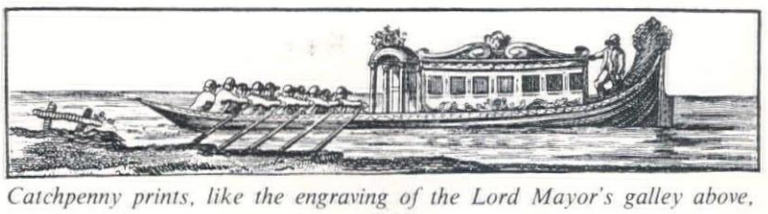
A Postcard From London

NATIONAL GALLERY, PRAGUE; BELOW: *Catchpenny Prints*, N.Y., DOVER, 1970

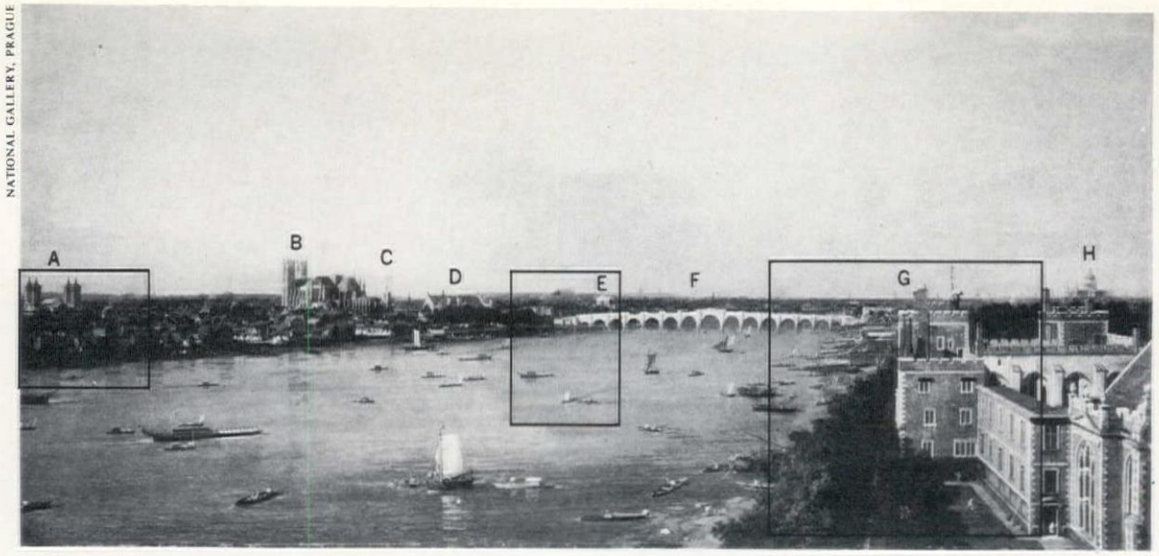


he city of London as it looked on a sparkling summer day in the middle of the eighteenth century.

Here is the best of cities in the best of seasons together with some observations about what really was happening behind those walls and in those narrow streets on that sunny afternoon



Catchpenny prints, like the engraving of the Lord Mayor's galley above, were done by anonymous artists of the day and peddled for small change.



NATIONAL GALLERY, PRAGUE

The prominent landmarks in Canaletto's painting are a) Saint John's Church, b) Westminster Abbey, c) Saint Margaret's Church, d) Westminster Hall, e) the Banqueting House, Whitehall, f) Westminster Bridge, g) Lambeth Palace, and h) Saint Paul's Cathedral. The details outlined are reproduced on the following pages.

Saint John's Church, whose four white spires quietly punctuate the left-hand edge of Canaletto's *View of the Thames from Lambeth Palace*, is something of a hazard these days. Rusty scaffolding props up its southern façade, and alarming signs warn of falling masonry. Nearby, the leaded windows of the snug brick town house at 8 Barton Street do not quite conceal the motorcyclist's blue helmet on the kitchen cabinet. The horse ferry that once operated below Saint John's is gone, and so is Grub Street, the old haunt of London journalists. On Horseferry Road itself, a Jolyon Restaurant now serves a more noxious cup of coffee than Canaletto could ever have had in the 1740's. Yet, not all the changes have been for the worse: no Londoner I know laments that the old Dung Wharf has given way to a branch of the National Westminster Bank.

To treat one of the best works of one of Italy's finest eighteenth-century painters as a mere tourist's memento of a London holiday—as no more than a picture postcard—must seem callous indeed. However, Canaletto's art was exactly that of the postcard maker. Before the days of the Polaroid and Kodak Instamatic, Canaletto used the camera obscura to outline the details of his panoramic souvenirs before he colored them in. He was the leading painter of *vedute*, or views, and he made quite a handsome living whacking them out for eighteenth-century tourists. His *View of the Thames from Lambeth Palace*, in fact, was sold in 1742 to a tourist, Ferdinand Filip, Prince of Lobkowicz and Duke of Sagan, and taken to Prague where today it hangs in the National Gallery.

Giovanni-Antonio Canal, known as "Little Canal," was born in Venice on October 9, 1697, the son of a theatrical scene painter. The father and son painted extravagant architectural fantasies as backdrops for Italian operas, and so Canaletto learned from the time of his childhood how to paint vast scenes with precise attention to illusionistic perspective. He learned, too, to see buildings as they are meant to be seen, as settings for human activity, or stories.

Yet, as it was soon observed of Canaletto, "his excellency lyes in painting things which fall immediately under his eye"—that is, real scenes rather than imagined ones. As a result, he established himself as a painter of views, following in the footsteps of such artists as Carlevaris, a *vedute* painter who was the current favorite of the English tourists. In Canaletto's day, properly raised Englishmen flocked to Italy for a refreshing taste of loud arguments, sudden passions, and art collecting. These Englishmen were aristocrats, or prosperous merchants, not riffraff—it was not called the Grand Tour for nothing—and every summer thousands of them threw themselves into Venetian life, enjoying the city's music, plays, feasts, gambling, and its marathon carnival.

In 1711, Owen McSwiney, a bankrupt ex-manager of the Drury Lane and Haymarket theatres in London, arrived in Italy and fell in with the actors and artists there. He made himself an impresario, arranging to export Italian opera to London, and an agent for Italian artists. In 1727 McSwiney began to buy Canaletto's *vedute* of Venice for the Duke of Richmond. Indeed, the artist seems to have been doing well enough by then to bargain, chisel, become temperamental, and generally behave the way Englishmen expected Italians to behave. "The fellow is whimsical and varys his prices, every day," McSwiney wrote to the duke, "and he that has a mind to have any of his work, must not seem to be too fond of it, for he'l be y^{e} worse treated for it, both in the price and the painting too. He has more work than he can doe, in any reasonable time, and well; but by the assistance of a particular friend of his, I get once in two months a piece sketched out and a little time after finished, by force of bribery."

In 1739, the French scholar Charles de Brosses summed up both Canaletto's talents and career in a letter to a friend: *"Sa manière est claire, gaie, vive . . . et d'un détail admirable. . . ."* Nearly all of the work Canaletto did at this time was bought up by one man, Joseph Smith, a merchant and art collector who became the British consul in Venice in

By CHARLES L. MEE, JR.

In a recent photograph taken from Canaletto's vantage point, the Thames is hemmed in by embankments and dominated by the nineteenth-century Houses of Parliament. The towers of Westminster Abbey are still visible, but a shorter Westminster Bridge, completed in 1862, has replaced the graceful span in the painting.

1744. But, with the little free time Smith left him, Canaletto did occasional *vedute* for Frederick, fourth Earl of Carlisle, and John, fourth Duke of Bedford.

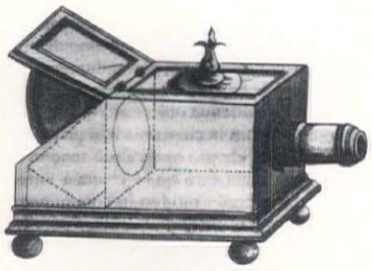
By the mid-forties, however, the tourist trade had been seriously upset by the War of the Austrian Succession. The English stayed home, and so Canaletto did the only thing he could: armed with letters of introduction from Joseph Smith, he went to London to seek his patrons there. He arrived toward the end of May, 1746, the "Famous Painter of Views," nearly fifty years old and prosperous enough to bring with him some money to invest in English funds. He took up residence at what is now 41 Beak Street, in a comfortable five-story brick town house around the corner from Carnaby Street and just next door to a little shop that still sells souvenirs and postcard views of London. The ground floor of the house is taken up today by the Lord Byron Greek Taverna, where Simon plays Exciting Bouzouki Music until 3:30 A.M.

The question was, of course, what could Canaletto paint in London? There were no canals, and it did not immediately occur to the English that Canaletto might want to paint, say, street scenes. Thomas Hill, former tutor to the Duke of Richmond, wrote the duke: "I told him [that is, McSwiney] the best service I thought you could do [for Canaletto] wd be to let him draw a view of the river from yr dining-room, which would give him as much reputation as any of his Venetian prospects." And so Canaletto began to paint the Thames. He painted it from the terrace of Richmond House, and from across the river looking toward Richmond House; he painted it from Somerset House and from Temple Gardens. He painted it from under Westminster Bridge, looking through an arch, from one bank and then from another, sitting in a boat, perched on the bridge, standing on the docks and in the mud.

George Vertue, the famous engraver, recorded that "on the whole of him something is obscure or strange, he dos not produce works so well done as those of Venice . . . especially his figures in his works done here, are apparently much inferior to those done abroad. . . ." The rumor went around town that this painter was not the real Canaletto, that the real Canaletto had stayed in Venice, or else that some assistant was working for him in London "in makeing or filling up his peices . . . of works with figures." It was true that many of Canaletto's English paintings did not show the same detail that he rendered so exactingly and vibrantly in his views of Venice, and, to my eye, he never quite got right the pastel-blue color of the English sky.

The rumor worried him, and in 1749 Canaletto placed an ad in the newspa-

Hanoverian London, LONDON, SECKER & WARBURG, 1971; BELOW: GERNSHEIM COLL., UNIV. OF TEXAS, AUSTIN



Above, the angle of Canaletto's view from Lambeth Palace is drawn on a map of London made in 1746. Canaletto and many other painters of the day used a camera obscura like the one at left to render views accurately. The lens of the camera, focused on a scene, admitted light, which projected an image onto the screen that was hinged to the camera. The artist then made a tracing to use as a guide.

BOTH: *Catchpenny Prints*, N.Y., DOVER, 1970

Knives to grind

per: "Signor Canaleto hereby invites any Gentleman that will be pleased to come to his house to see a picture done by him being *A View of St. James's Park*. . . ." We can assume that his performance reassured the English that they did have the genuine Canaletto in London. Although he returned to Venice for a brief visit in 1750, he stayed in London for the most part until 1754 and never lacked for patrons. He had many rivals in the *vedute* business, it is true. If we were to look very closely at *A View of the Thames from Lambeth Palace*, perhaps we would see one of his rivals, Robert Griffier. At about the same time Canaletto did this painting, Griffier was on the opposite bank of the Thames painting a view of Lambeth Palace. Down the same bank we might be able to make out Samuel Scott at work on one of his views of Westminster Bridge. Both of them might have been disconsolate, and somewhat bitter, over Canaletto's success. According to a water colorist named Edward Dayes, the rumor that a bogus Canaletto was in London had been started by a jealous "picture dealing tribe."

The view of the Thames from Lambeth Palace is, in fact, quite a good picture. Canaletto always painted in the sunshine, and he had an extraordinarily good eye for light. A mere view painter he may have been, but of them all he was the best, and few painters have left us with such warm, pleasant memories. Down along the right bank a man is pushing off a boat; in it there is a woman who appears to be holding a picnic basket. Out on the river a well-dressed man and woman and their oarsman are heading toward collision with a sailboat. And over on the far bank, that large sailboat in front of Westminster Abbey looks to me as though it is about to jibe; any second now the boom will swing around and the man in the brown jacket with his hand on the tiller will lose his hat to the river. No one will be hurt; Canaletto is just recording the amusing hazards of a lazy afternoon on the river.

The picture is so pleasant, as a matter of fact, that only a tourist could believe it. The eighteenth century was, above all, a time of wrenching contrast between rich and poor; of starvation, riots, soaring death rates; a time when workhouses took in abandoned infants and about 90 per cent of their charges died; a time when a working man was lucky to have fourteen shillings a week income, and the young Charles James Fox casually lost £140,000 gambling. We must, clearly, take a closer look at this charming view.

Directly across the river, at the extreme left of Canaletto's picture, is the coal wharf, where the red-coated man is standing idly in a boat. He can afford to stand there idly. He and his fellow coal heavers work irregularly; but when they do work they make good money, as much as ten shillings a day. If this man works two days a week, he can meet his budget for his wife and three children, living in one of the shacks nearby. His lodgings, coal, candles, and soap only cost five shillings a week; the rest goes for food and clothing. He will not be able to afford beer, it is true, but he will drink it anyway, several pints a day at least, and hope to make up on the budget later. The pubs nearby boast that a man can get drunk for only a penny, so that is a mere seven pence a week.

That we assume the coal heaver will be drunk seven days a week is not meant to cast aspersion on the laboring classes. Nearly everyone was drunk for the whole of the eighteenth century. "As drunk as a lord" was a phrase coined in the eighteenth century, and no less an authority than Dr. Johnson declared that "A man is never happy in the present unless he is drunk." The rich drank claret (ten shillings a bottle), the "middling people" beer, and the poor drank gin. For a population of 675,000 there were 15,188 inns, taverns, brandy houses, and beer dispensaries, or about one for every 44 men, women, and besotted children. Henry Fielding was not spending all his time writing rollicking novels; his reformist tracts, and Hogarth's famous *Gin Lane*, encouraged the passage of the gin acts that would soon help to curb the gin drinking. But at the time Canaletto was painting our picture, gin was the great escape for London's poor, and the merchants and aristocrats made a good profit on the trade. The greatest fortunes in England were based on land; on the land grew grain; and from the grain, gin was distilled. The more gin drunk the better. And business was brisk. One out of eight deaths among adult males at that time has been attributed to gin. At the time Canaletto was painting this picture, one of the costs of gin drinking was reckoned as a loss to London of 9,323 children a year. A young woman named Judith Dufour dropped in at a workhouse at about this time to take her two-year-old daughter for an afternoon outing; she strangled the child, left her in a ditch at Bethnal Green, sold the child's clothes, and spent the money on gin.

But we have forgotten about the red-coated man standing quietly, perhaps tipsily, in his boat. He looks very much like a beer drinker, and so he stands considerably above the more than 100,000 wretched, destitute, gin drinking, diseased thieves, whores, pimps, pilferers, pickpockets, and other wrecks. He may have a silver watch and silver buckles on his shoes, and he doubtless dines on roast beef and good wheat bread—which is better fare than the TV dinners many workingmen have today. We cannot rate his prospects too highly, but he does manage to survive, and in eighteenth-century London that in itself is an accomplishment.

Back on the shore behind him we might find bricklayers and carpenters—some of the roughly 100,000 skilled journeymen who rank above him—and masons, the building contractors of the day. They live quite remarkably well. A mason who went out to dinner at the

King's Arms at about this time returned home to find that he had been robbed of a silk gown, five cravats, a silk waistcoat, a silk coat, a gold-embroidered hat, a snuffbox, and two gold rings.

For a skilled journeyman, the pay was good, and fairly reliable—as much as 15 shillings a week for a mere 12 to 14 hours, with all day Sunday off. Not all of the journeymen appreciated their good state, of course. A member of Parliament was heard to complain to the Duke of Newcastle about the "impudence" of tailors who said they could not make ends meet on two shillings and seven pence a day. To the duke, whose own income could not have been more than 150 times greater, this must have been shocking talk indeed.

When the fortunate chap in the red coat works, he heaves his coal up onto the dock behind him, and it is carried away from the riverbank to Smiths Square. In the middle of the square stands Saint John's Church, which Dickens said resembled "some petrified monster, frightened and gigantic, on its back with its legs in the air." Smoke curls up from several chimneys near Smiths Square, so the locksmiths, stove smiths, coach carvers, gate smiths, and sign painters appear to be at work. Since it is summer, the chimney sweeps—seven-year-old boys seemed to be just about the right size—are out of work and begging or stealing. In another forty years, reform will touch even these unfortunates, and the boys will enjoy all sorts of heady privileges: they will not be given to masters before the age of eight, they will have to be bathed once a week (formerly they went four or five years without a bath), and they will not be sent up a chimney that is actually on fire.

Smiths Square is a typical little brick-house enclave of the "middling people" of London—the lacemen, cheesemongers, stationers, booksellers, printers, cabinetmakers, tailors, druggists, pub owners, perfumers, pawnbrokers, ironmongers, grocers, tobacconists, and victualers. They live exceedingly well. Their wives do not have to resort to fishmongering, or to ragpicking. Their drawing rooms are furnished with silk-upholstered chairs, decorative rugs, brass fittings for the fireplace, and fine mirrors. The men live and work in the same building, and their apprentices and helpers live in the kitchen, the shop, or the attic. Although they are conscientious workers, they have ample time to go to the pub and otherwise entertain themselves at cockfights, bull- and bear-baiting, and cricket games. In the same year Canaletto painted this picture, the cricket team from Kent, with Rumney (Lord John Sackville's gardener) as captain, edged out the all-England eleven by a score of 111 to 110 in the presence of the Prince of Wales. Jack Broughton was still the boxing champion of England, and would hold the title until 1750 when he was given the axe by a Norfolk butcher named Jack Slack. The public hangings at Tyburn and the floggings in Hyde Park, however, were by far two of the most popular entertainments of the age, and merchants mixed with apprentices, journeymen, and the Mob, or Scum.

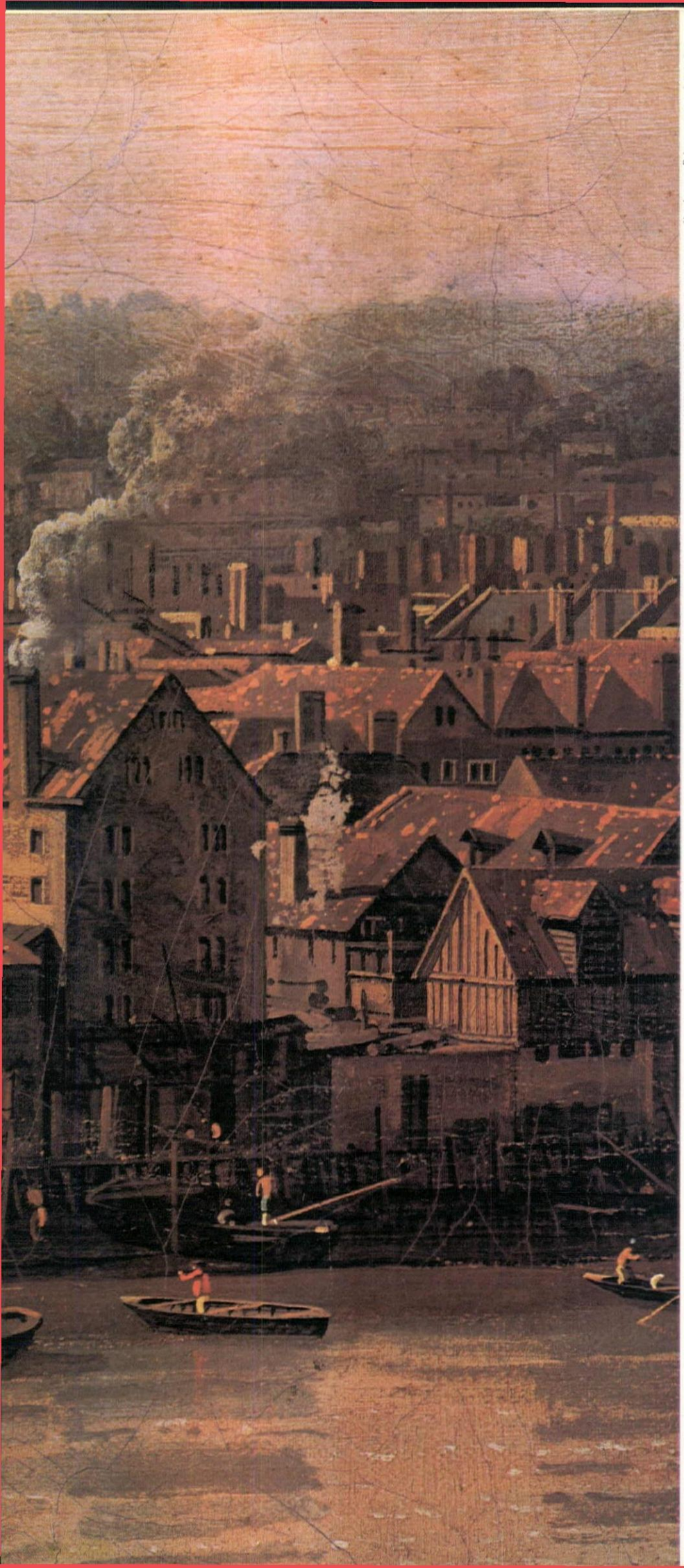
The merchants and shopkeepers spent vast amounts of time in the 551 coffeehouses of London, too. The first coffeehouses had come into being in the seventeenth century before the advent of the newspaper, and, although bright young men started journals all over London in the eighteenth century (including Steele's and Addison's weeklies, the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*), the coffeehouses remained meeting places where men discussed the affairs of the day. Each coffeehouse gradually acquired its own character—shippers in the Baltic trade gathered at the Maryland in Threadneedle Street, the underwriters for marine insurance gathered at Lloyd's coffeehouse, the merchant bankers at Temple Bar, the Whigs at Saint James's or Button's, and the Bedford in Covent Garden was the meeting place of Pope, Sheridan, Garrick, Fielding, and lesser literary men. A good many of these coffeehouses ultimately became London clubs, and Lloyd's, of course, became the famous association of insurance underwriters.

A game of shuttlecock

Just up the bank from the red-coated coal heaver is a large building with smoke coming from its chimney—an engine maker's establishment. It has been said that the Industrial Revolution "was like a storm that passed over London and broke elsewhere." This building, then, is one of the light showers that fell on London. I have not been able to find out just what engines were made in this factory. Possibly this was where silk-spinning machines were made for London's largest industries: one estimate, doubtless exaggerated, put the number of ribbon makers alone at 50,000. And with this bit of industrialism, London experienced early what Manchester and Leeds would not suffer until the nineteenth century: poor health of workers from sedentary, boring labor; maiming of child laborers by machinery; widespread depression, strikes, riots; and finally those orgies of rage when the workers rose up and smashed the looms.

On the whole, London was lucky to see its silk industry disintegrate and emigrate. The town's best source of wealth has always been wealth itself in the form of insurance policies, bank deposits, and various kinds of commercial paper. The English have always had a passion for banks if nothing else, and today it is nearly impossible to get to the local pub without passing a half-dozen branch banks. Adam Smith said that "the Stability of the Bank of England is equal to that of the British Government"—and, as it turned out, Smith overestimated the government. In Canaletto's day London was just about to become the world's financial center, and, while it would soon lose its American colonies, it never lost its banks.

Canaletto's inventory of the houses and wharves and chimney pots of Lon-



NATIONAL GALLERY, PRAGUE; ENGRAVING: *Caichpenny Prints*, N.Y., DOVER, 1970

don is astonishingly precise. Moving along from the engine maker's factory, he set down with painstaking care the brick wharf, the timber wharf, the stone wharf, the bricklayers' yard, the largish Brewers House, and another stone wharf. And then he came to a relatively imposing two-story red-brick building with white window sashes and a fine front door. This, a superb example of Georgian architecture, evidently belongs to a more prosperous merchant than any to be found on Smiths Square.

If we could see inside this commodious house, we would doubtless find floors of highly polished wood, curtains of damask, paneled walls with finely carved moldings painted buff and white. The doors are of heavy mahogany, with solid-brass fittings that make a barely audible "kerchunk" as they are closed. In the drawing room is a carved marble architrave around the fireplace, and the ornate frieze and cornice above the doors have a touch of gilding. Prosperous as this household is, Thomas Chippendale's furniture, "calculated to improve and refine the Present Taste," was probably too expensive. The family had to make do with some old Queen Anne chairs. English bone china is a few years in the future, and so is Wedgwood's pottery. The tea service is doubtless Chelsea Ware. The gentleman of the house, being a workingman of sorts, does not have the cumbersome lace cuffs of the aristocracy, but he wears a silk coat with a great many buttons, silk

Apple seller

The quadruple towers of Saint John's Church loom over coal wharves, where a red-coated coal heaver stands idle in his boat. Behind the wharves lies a crowded district where shopkeepers, craftsmen, and street hawkers worked and sold their wares. The only factory in the modern sense is an engine maker's plant, spewing smoke that wafts toward the trees of Saint James's Park in the distance.

waistcoat and breeches, and a wig. His wife can afford to ape the fashions of the rich, and she wears a fan-shaped skirt, tight-fitting bodice with a modest neckline, hair piled on top of her head, vast quantities of perfume to disguise the fragrance of eighteenth-century hygiene, and "white paint" makeup that contained lead and would eventually ruin her skin, make her hair fall out, give her the shakes, and at last cause her death. "Vanity" was a word much in vogue in the eighteenth century.

This neighborhood, Westminster, was a conservative neighborhood, and in parliamentary contests, it usually voted against the least whiff of reform. The Houses of Parliament, which in their nineteenth-century form so completely dominate this particular section of London today, are difficult to find in Canaletto's picture, nestled as they are between Westminster Abbey and the Thames. It is as though the voice of the people was required to augment the structure to its present magnificent proportions. For during the eighteenth century Parliament was firmly controlled by an elite of "gentle families."

Historians do not consider eighteenth-century English politics in the narrow sense of democratic elections; politics existed outside Parliament in such forums as newspapers, coffeehouse arguments, workers' strikes and riots. Yet, when all is said and done, the lower classes participated in politics only as highwaymen can be said to engage in commerce. Class structure, the law, and corruption kept all but the privileged few out of politics and forced the property-less and the poor to seek their rights and freedoms outside the law. Having created an outlaw class, the rich were left with nothing much to do but punish it. The most severe punishments of the eighteenth century were reserved for crimes against property. Somewhere between 150 and 250 (the more historians learn, the less they know for sure) categories of crime became subject to capital punishment, including assaults on gamekeepers and poaching on aristocratic hunting preserves. And so we should not be surprised that so many of the victims of hanging were lustily applauded on their way to the scaffold. Some years after Canaletto left London, when the Prince of Wales was robbed in Berkeley Square in broad daylight, there were those of the Scum who thought it was the eighteenth century's finest hour.

Parliament divided rich from poor, as it divides Canaletto's picture. Just above the Houses of Parliament is the new Westminster Bridge, begun in 1739. By this time, the timber supports on the bridge had become a town joke. It seemed the structure would never be finished, but it finally was, in 1750, helping enormously to hasten the redistribution of London's population. By the end of the eighteenth century, the poor had settled in East London, where they have remained ever since, commuting into the West to drive the carriages, deliver the milk, and sweep the streets. In 1748 an item appeared in a London paper: "If we look into the Streets, what a Medley of Neighborhood do we see! Here lives a Personage of high Distinction; next Door a Butcher with his stinking Shambles! A Tallow-chandler shall front my Lady's nice *Venetian* window; and two or three brawny naked curriers in their Pits shall face a fine Lady in her back Closet, and disturb her spiritual Thoughts." In some sense, Canaletto can be said to have documented the moment at which the medley of neighborhoods began to disappear and the modern city to take form: rich in the West, poor in the East.

Above Westminster Bridge we get the faintest glimpse of the distant rich. There is the Privy Garden, the home of the Horse Guards and the Admiralty, Scotland Yard—and just around the bend of the river are the new Northumberland House and Somerset House. At the extreme right of the picture is the great dome of Saint Paul's Cathedral, standing in a neighborhood that then had streets named Bolt and Tin Alley, Leg Alley, and Dirty Lane. That was Canaletto's London, or at least the London of his patrons—for he did not mix with them any more than he mixed with London's literary set. As many as 300 noble families had some sort of London establishment at one time or another during the eighteenth century, some modest, some grand, some designed by Nicholas Hawksmoor, James Gibbs, and, later, by the Adam brothers. These houses were not meant for quiet family living, but, with their profusion of drawing rooms and dining rooms, designed as settings for the social whirl, and it was doubtless the most brilliant social whirl London has ever known.

The rich and well-born live well in any age, but they have rarely lived quite as well as they did in eighteenth-century London. It is from this remarkably small, literate, impeccably tasteful set of people that we have taken our idea of eighteenth-century London. These are the people—followed in their fashions by some 3,000 to 4,000 "gentle" families—who bought the Chippendale furniture and Wedgwood pottery, applauded David Garrick and Mrs. Cibber and Peg Woffington in the theatre, purchased the drawings and paintings of Gainsborough and Reynolds, read the books by Fielding and Smollett and Richardson, and wore those magnificent silk coats with the hundreds of silver buttons and broad stiff cuffs and fine lace frills cascading from their sleeves to touch the second knuckle and render even the handling of a quill pen an all-but-impossible labor. They strolled in Vauxhall and Ranelagh Gardens and listened

A Thames waterman

A gilded state barge transports dignitaries downriver past two small boats, lower right, which seem about to collide. Before there were paved roads and lightweight carriages, the Thames was the city's main thoroughfare. Ferries and dinghies plied the river carrying everything from water to horses, and, as Canaletto observed, leisured Londoners out for a picnic or an afternoon sail.

to the music of Handel and watched fireworks displays set off over the Thames. It was the best of all possible worlds, and even a man as remote from the center of London society as Dr. Johnson could conclude, "When a man is tired of London, he is tired of life."

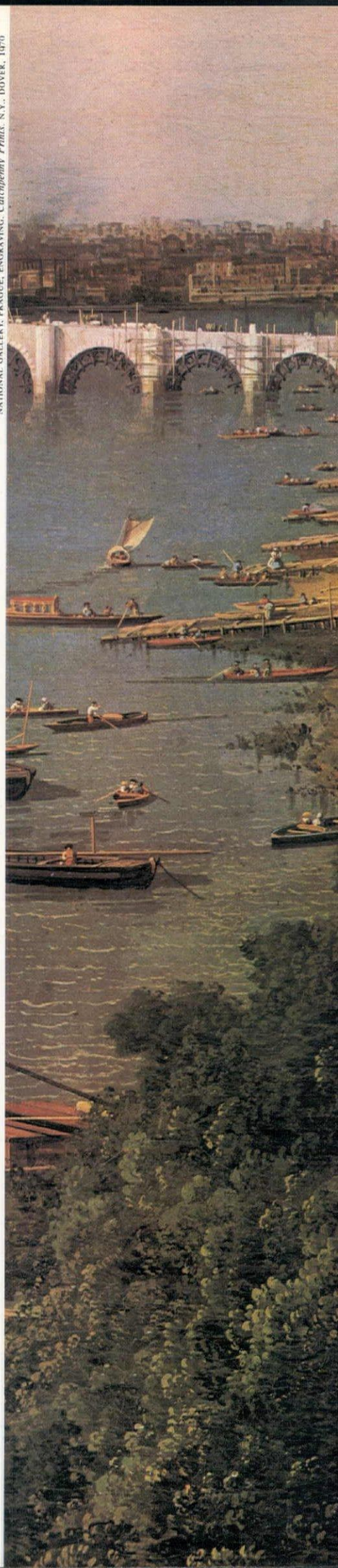
If we draw back from Canaletto's painting now, and look at it as a whole, surely its most surprising feature is that there are very few surprises in it. We detect no riots raging near the Thames, no one starving, no workmen heaving coal or stone onto the wharves, no merchant flogging his wares—nothing that William Hogarth would have recognized as the "real" London. But what makes an artist an artist is, of course, his powers of selection. And what did Canaletto choose to show us out of all the teeming, tumultuous life of London? He gives us a sunny day, an utter absence of conflict, a pervading warmth and tranquillity, a sense of solid, middle-class prosperity, an overpowering feeling of peace and well-being. This, doubtless, was what his patrons wished to think London was, and because Canaletto was so superbly able to present them with the felicitous image that London itself did not, his patrons kept him constantly at work, asserting again and again that eighteenth-century London was, in the broad, panoramic view, a remarkably pleasant place to live. We have always regarded Canaletto, working with his camera obscura and meticulously recording every detail with the utmost accuracy, as a very realistic painter. But the tricks of light and shade that he had learned along the shimmering canals of Venice transformed London into a sunny creation entirely his own.

Canaletto gave us, then, a view of a most agreeable town on a very pleasant summer day. I think he gave us, too, a little drama in the setting of the cityscape. As we look at the picture, we stand with the artist atop Morton's Tower of Lambeth Palace, the London residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury. We might well imagine that we are the guests of the archbishop. Directly below us is the courtyard of the palace, where we see a gardener leisurely pruning some vines, another workman looking aimlessly at a slender board, and several very well dressed men standing about waiting, I would guess, for tea time.

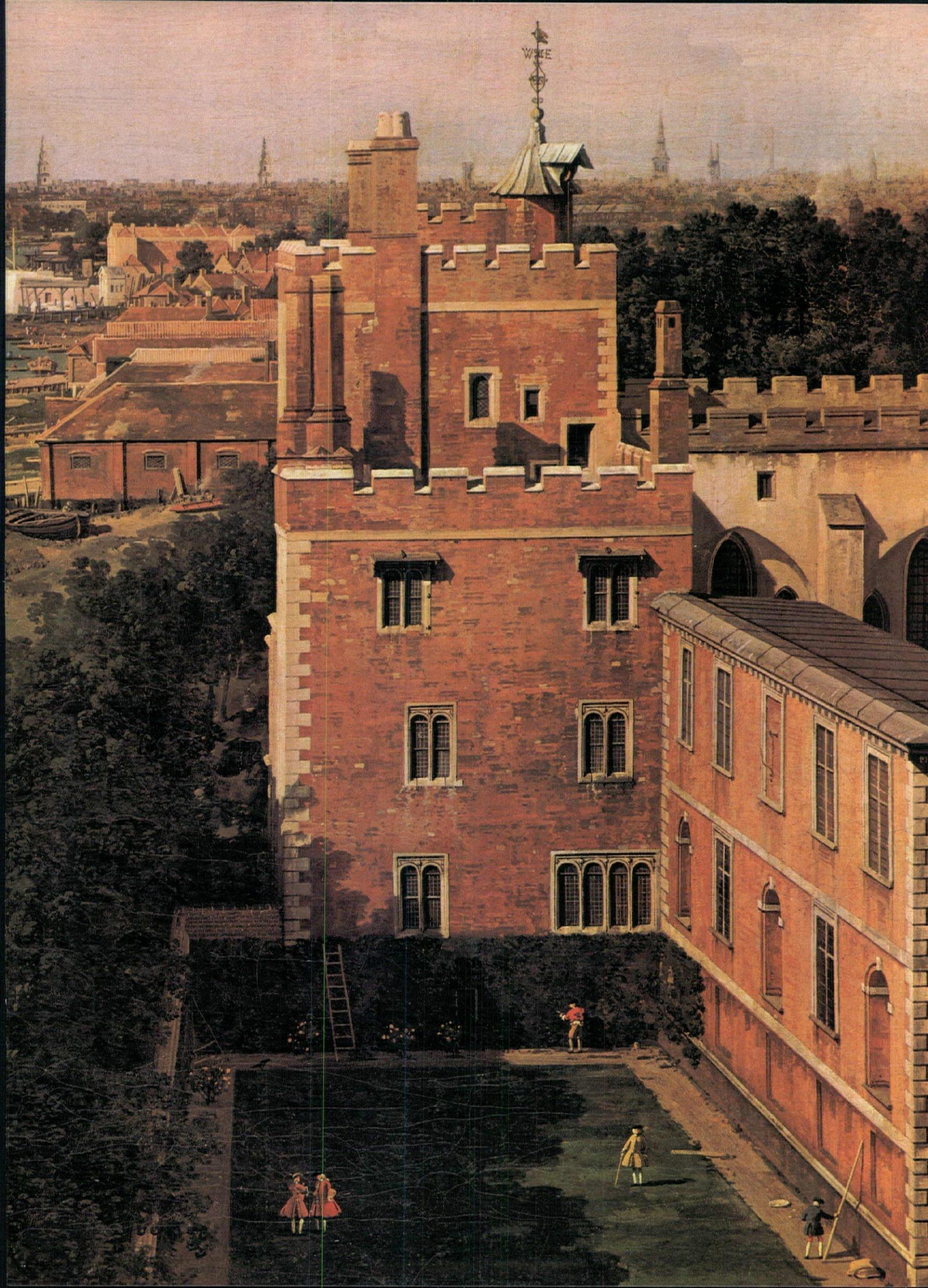
We can be fairly certain that it is tea time by looking at the angle of sunlight falling on Lambeth Palace. Now, if we look out on the river, we see the main characters in Canaletto's little drama: a gilded royal barge is making its way downriver, apparently, toward Westminster Bridge. But if we look more closely, we see that the royal barge is, in fact, pointed directly toward the barge houses just above, and adjoining, Lambeth Palace. Why the royal barge is not hauling up at the "front door," as it were—to the stairs that are just at the base of Morton's Tower—I don't know. But there it is, headed for the barge houses. A member of the royal family is coming to Lambeth Palace for tea—and we are fortunate enough to have been invited. Standing atop Morton's Tower, we have just come out to see the company on the way. It is a fine way to end a visit to London—a beautiful summer day, a leisurely, lingering afternoon, all given a gratifying *frisson* by tea with the archbishop and a member of the royal family. It is exactly the way I should like to remember London, and I cannot help thinking, as I look forward to the archbishop's delicious crumpets and tea cakes, that they don't make postcards the way they used to.

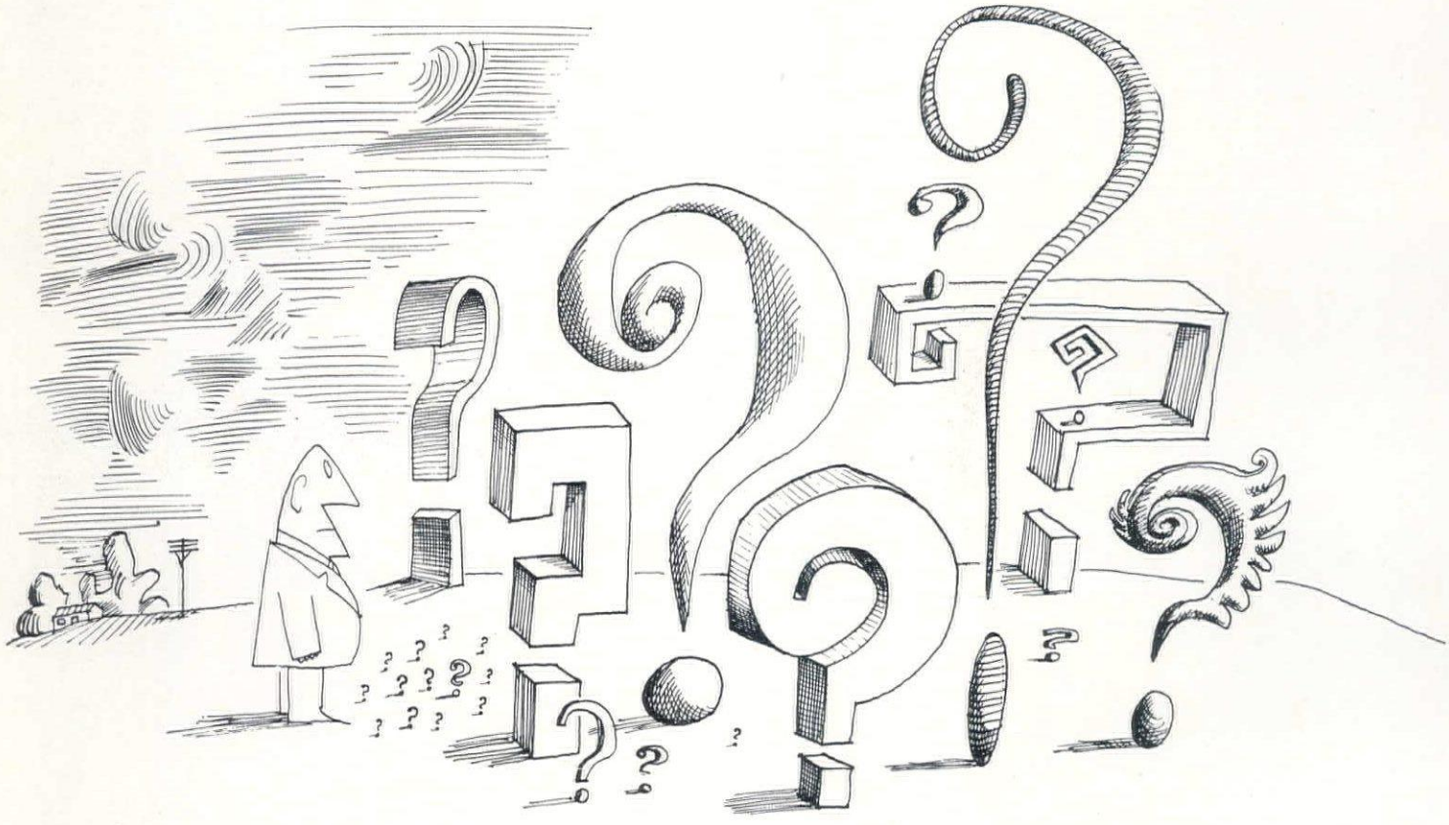
Pruning a tree

While a gardener tends to his work, at right, finely dressed gentlemen stroll in the courtyard of Lambeth Palace, residence of the archbishops of Canterbury since the thirteenth century. Beyond its walls, boats glide along the ragged edge of the waterfront and through the arches of the nearly completed Westminster Bridge. Canaletto, the Venetian painter of canal scenes, must have found the bustle of the Thames enormously appealing.



NATIONAL GALLERY, PRAGUE; ENGRAVING: *Catchpenny Prints*, N.Y., DOVER, 1970





The Future Isn't What It Used To Be

It is a relic, an industry, a myth.
For all our scientific prognostications, do we know any more
about it than the average Zoroastrian?

Introduction

By WALTER KARP

Man, it has been said, is the only creature who thinks about the future, but men have conceived of it in remarkably diverse ways. To a Maori savage in New Zealand, the future meant simply his children, his children's children, and their children's children in an unbroken chain that had begun with the original Chaos that begat his first ancestor. For their part, the ancient Greeks held two options about the future: following Hesiod, they saw it as one long slide from better to worse; following Plato, they expected that whatever exists now would disappear and then recur—every 72,000 years, according to Plato.

Before Saint Augustine the ancient thrall with cycles could have been something of a dagger in the heart of Christianity, for the pagan doctrine of recurrences denied the historic uniqueness of Christ. "Christ died for our sins, and rising, dies no more," was Augustine's pronouncement: around it he formulated, almost single-handedly, the Christian concept of history and futurity—a history in which every event is a unique, never-to-be-repeated portion of a comprehensive drama that began with the Fall, made its immense turn with Christ's mission of redemption, and will come to its end on the Day of Judgment, annihilating at its coming all men's tomorrows.

The medieval European lived with the threat that the awful Day of Judgment might burst upon this mortal vale tomorrow, but the Renaissance humanist constructed a different future. Inspired by the ancient world and the possibility of renewing that most excellent epoch, he pinned the universe on a wheel and saw the future as the next turn in the great cycle of birth, progress, perfection, corruption, and death. The Renaissance future, in short, depended on which stage one was supposed to be stuck in.

It was the Newtonian philosophy—i.e., science—that divided the eighteenth century from the Renaissance, and, as far as the French philosophes were concerned, buried forever the notion of cyclical time. Adopting the new scientific attitude and its proposed application to society, the philosophes believed that their century was more enlightened than any previous age. The implication was that human thought, at least, had managed to progress.

Men's notions of the future, then, have not only varied, they have also changed greatly in the course of time. The future, if nothing else, has a past—our own conception of it included.

The modern future was born, according to one precise dating, in the year 1770, when a Parisian hack writer named Louis-Sébastien Mercier wrote a book called *L'an 2440*. In that genuinely pioneer work, which had no imitators until 1790, when another Paris scribbler wrote *L'an 2000*, M. Mercier set out to predict, on the basis of current trends, the blissful state of human society (i.e., Paris) 670 years thereafter. Previous utopian authors had set their imaginary commonwealths in remote, imaginary places. It was Mercier's great distinction to set his in the remote, imagined future. Therein lies the modernity of his conception (which, it must be said, he had compounded, with a popularizer's rude vigor, from the hints and suggestions of contemporary French philosophes).

What Mercier assumed in his work, first and foremost, was an idea unknown to previous ages: that every single human institution is the product of continuous change in the past, a process that will go on un-

abated in the future, continually producing novelties. That assumption, essential to the modern conception of the future, is a commonplace today, but its validity is far from obvious. The most natural conception of one's world is not its susceptibility to change but its awful permanence: I will die, yet the world will abide; my death will leave a gap, yet others will fill it. As the anthropologist Robert Redfield has observed: "In primitive societies uninfluenced by civilization, the future is seen as the reproduction of the immediate past." The Maori's future will hold his descendants who will resemble his ancestors. Even Francis Bacon, the first modern man to imagine that the future promised great novelties, was thinking only of technological marvels. Man's mortality in a durable world is one of the prime facts of human experience, and that is why the reformer is so distinctly a modern type. In a world whose chief quality is seen as its permanence, reform agitation is barely distinguishable from criminal subversion. Even the great reformers of the past, Solon, Lycurgus, Hammurabi, were not reformers in the modern sense; they saw themselves as the givers of lasting, unchanging Law.

The primitive sense of the world's constancy is only apparently belied by the ancient doctrine, held by Greeks and Hindus alike, of cosmic cycles of time and destiny with an endless round of birth, dissolution, and rebirth. This is change of a sort, but it promises repetition, not novelty. "What has been passes, and will be," the classical maxim has it. "Nothing new under the sun," the Bible proclaims.

The truth is, cyclical conceptions of destiny were too vast and too cosmic to undermine the premodern sense of the human world's permanence. It is hard to believe, for example, that the Hindus trembled with future shock knowing that their world's duration was 4,320,000,000 years (one day in the life of Brahma), any more than our modern sense of impermanence is intensified by learning that our sun is growing old. In the practical sphere, the Greeks clearly ignored their own cyclical doctrines, for they believed that men's chief purpose is to win undying fame and not, as Plato said, to "Live in the grave without a name." Such ambition takes for granted a certain constancy in human things; for who, in a world seen as perpetually changing, would rely on future generations to sing his praises? The ancient longing for posthumous glory is essentially incompatible with the modern conception of the future. Whereas Plato thought the thirst for deathless fame innate in every man, we can barely understand it in any man.

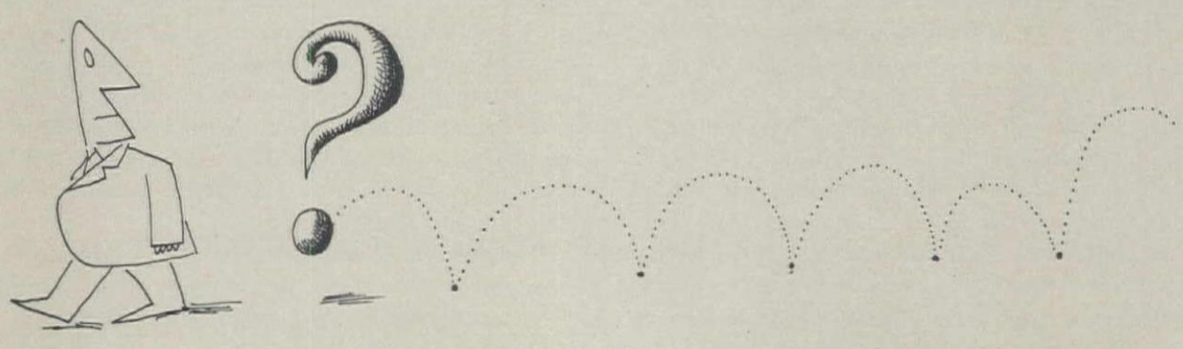
However cyclical doctrines may have modified men's sense of the human world's permanence, Mercier, for his part, jettisoned cyclical notions entirely. His Paris is not rotating on the great cosmic wheel, and its condition in A.D. 2440 is in no way a recurrence of things past. The Paris of his prediction will reach its new state by marching along the straight road of abstract time, changing from moment to moment, as a body falling to earth changes its speed from moment to moment. This linear conception of time is another essential ingredient of the modern conception of the future; like the Augustinian doctrine, it sees in history (future history included) a progression of unique events strung out on time's thread, like beads on an infinite string.

Yet *L'an 2440* is as remote from Augustine as it is from Plato or the philosophers of India. Mercier's future Paris is not the unfolding of the divine plan, and Providence plays no part in making it what it will be. The author of *L'an 2440* is utterly secular. He takes it for granted that man lives only in history and has no share in eternity, that human things are the creation, not of Providence, nor of Fate, nor of any superhuman agency, but only of natural, and knowable, historical causes. Precisely because this is so, said Mercier, the future of society is rationally predictable. All that is required is knowledge of the leading causes and trends that determine the future of the ever-changing world.

It took a century and more before the brash assumptions of a Parisian scribbler were made explicit, expanded, and elaborated by men of far greater intellect than Mercier's. It was done by pioneer sociologists who demonstrated that society as a whole could develop because all its parts were interdependent. At the same time, a new breed of historians appeared, who, forsaking the doings of kings and tyrants, began demonstrating that everything from the forms of law to the shapes of forks had a history, was the product of change in time. Then came philosophers of history who sought to discover the overall patterns and the pre-eminent forces in man's history—Condorcet with his ten stages of progress, Auguste Comte with his law of the "three stages" in the evolution of everything, Marx with his dialectics of economic change.

The result of such labors is the modern conception of the future, the root assumption being that everything human must change perpetually, that no human thing can transcend the processes of time. A conception at once so comprehensive and so deeply ingrained in people's minds inevitably has its effects. That society is changing so rapidly in our time is perhaps not entirely due to circumstance. It may be because, in part at least, we have accepted all too willingly what the modern conception of the future teaches: that the very desire for permanence is inherently futile and, as we would now say, "backward."

As for Louis-Sébastien Mercier, the world's first futurologist, he looked 670 years ahead in time and described a happy France, peopled by enlightened deists and ruled over by a Bourbon monarch.



On Mythic Shapes of Things to Come—Circular and Linear

By JOSEPH CAMPBELL

Is there, in fact, a power, a destiny, a divinity of some kind that "shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will"? The opinion of the majority has always been that there is: that "time marches on" to a future unalterable by human planning, and that the reasonable thing for us all to do is to put ourselves in accord with what some call "God's will" and others the "way of nature"; with what in early England was known as "weird," and in Greece and Rome was personified by the Fates. "The Fates," wrote the Roman Stoic philosopher Seneca, "lead him who will; him who won't, they drag."

This thought gains force today as we approach the end of our calamitous twentieth century—a century that once seemed to hold for mankind such promise, but now, with global pollution, overpopulation, social chaos, and the threat of atomic annihilation, seems instead to have wrought for us a future of disaster.

Two equally grandiose, though radically contrary, visions of destiny and the future of mankind have in the past inspired, shaped, and controlled human life and thought. The older of the two dates from the awestruck recognition by priestly sky watchers in the temple towers of old Sumer and Babylon that there is a mathematical regularity in the passage of sun, moon, and planets through the constellations of the zodiac. It was they who, in the fourth millennium B.C., invented writing and mathematical notation, decimal and sexagesimal reckoning, and the precise recording of astronomical observations. And it was they who conceived the idea of a great system of intermeshing cycles governing the life span and course of all things. Taking as their basic model the daily and yearly cycles of the sun and the monthly cycles of the moon, they saw the four stages of each (dawn, noon, evening, and night; the four seasons; and the four quarters of the moon) as matching the four phases of a human lifetime—youth, maturity, age, and approaching death.

Apparently this recognition of a cyclical order for all life so profoundly touched and inspired the mytho-poetic imagination that it crops up again and again in philosophical as well as religious contexts all over the world. Its classical formulation was in Hesiod's notion of a succession of world ages beginning with the Gold and declining in harmony and virtue through the Silver, Bronze, and Iron, with a fifth, the age of the Homeric heroes, introduced between the Bronze and the Iron—this last age, our own, being the worst and most miserable.

In India the same idea was developed

BRITISH MUSEUM; ADD. MS. 10294

The wheel of fortune goes round and round, and in this illumination of 1316 it is King Arthur who is the favorite of the moment.

in the mythology of an ever-revolving cycle of four ages, called yugas, of decreasing length and virtue. Krita Yuga, the ideal and perfect age, was 1,728,000 years long; Treta Yuga, one-quarter less virtuous, of 1,296,000 years; Dvapara Yuga, another quarter gone, 864,000 years; our own age, Kali Yuga, the worst, no more than 432,000 years. The sum of all four is 4,320,000 years, the length of a "Great Yuga." At the end of that time the sun's heat will supposedly ignite everything and a cosmic deluge dissolve all back into its source, the cosmic sea—whence, after another 4,320,000 years, a new universe will arise, unfolding like a lotus. (But apparently we are in no immediate danger of that predestined, terrible end: the date authoritatively recognized as the beginning of this Kali Yuga of ours is February 17, 3102 B.C.)

The number 432,000 is in itself of considerable interest. In the Icelandic Eddas it is told that in Odin's great hero-hall, Valhalla, there are 540 doors, and that on the last day of this world 800 warriors will go through each to meet the antigods in mutual slaughter. But $540 \times 800 = 432{,}000$ warriors: exactly the number of years in the Indian Kali Yuga. The ancient Babylonians (we learn from a Chaldean priest, Berossos, who wrote circa 280 B.C.) believed that from the day of the rise of the first Sumerian city, Kish, to the coming of the mythological flood, a period of 432,000 years elapsed, during which there reigned only ten kings, whose lives were all of enormous length. In the Bible it is recorded that from the time of Adam to that of Noah's flood there lived ten patriarchs whose lives were also long, the whole span of their antediluvian period being 1,656 years: that amounts to 86,400 seven-day weeks, or twice 43,200.

Slyly hidden as the number is in both its Eddic and its biblical occurrences, it must have signified to ancient sages some mystery—and indeed it did: the mystery of an amazing cosmic harmony that today we can partially document in scientific terms.

We know, for example, that even in Berossos's time astronomical observations had revealed the phenomenon known to us as the "precession of the equinoxes." According to this there is a lag of about fifty seconds a year in the cycling of the zodiacal signs. In seventy-two years this amounts to one degree; in 2,160 years, to one zodiacal sign; and in 25,920 years, to a complete round of all twelve signs—one "Great" or "Platonic Year," as it is called. Divide that Pla-

tonic year by the smallest division of time, the sixty seconds in the minute, and the result is . . . 432.

Furthermore, it is known (to quote one recent authority, Dr. Kenneth H. Cooper, author of *Aerobics*) that "A conditioned man, who exercises regularly, will have a resting heart rate of about 60 beats per minute or less. . . . Sixty per minute, times 60 minutes, equals 3,600 beats per hour. Times 24 hours, equals 86,400 beats per day"; or, in twelve hours, 43,200 beats. In other words we carry this cosmic rhythm with us, not only on our watches, ticking away 43,200 seconds twice a day, but in the beat of our hearts.

The number the ancients had found marked the rhythm of their life; it predestined the span of all the days and nights, and all the years, of their whole universe (the macrocosm of which every single thing is not only a living part but, simultaneously, a counterpart—a microcosm). Moreover, since the one life, which they believed lives in all, is everlasting, the wise put themselves in accord with all its intermeshing rhythms and participate, here and now, in its eternity. Even during the inevitable terminal ages, virtue and well-being lie not in resentment or resistance but in the knowledge that, whether in life or death, joy or pain, "all rests well in the everlasting." For as the wheel turns round and round, there is nothing to gain, nothing to lose; all returns anew, and the experience of eternity (for those in accord with the measure of the round) is Now.

An altogether contrary mythology is the one that we, in this later West, have inherited. We tend to see life as the arena of struggle between two powers, one "good," the other "evil." The earliest formal statement of this view appeared in the first millennium B.C., in the teachings of the Persian prophet Zoroaster. He developed the notion of an originally "good" creation, designed by the Lord of Light and Truth, Ahura Mazda, which in time was corrupted by the malice of the Lord of the Lie and Darkness, Angra Mainyu. Life and the universe are the corrupted products of that fall.

The moral teachings of Zoroaster the Savior, however, provide for victory of good over evil. The individual is not bound to the misery of corruption: immaculate in his origin, he may choose of his own "free will" (a new idea) to stand free of corruption and give battle to the powers of Darkness. And ultimately he will win. Instead of a never-ending cycle of declining and renewing world ages, bringing nothing but reappearances, history will culminate in a terminal season of universal war, and then, with the "Second Coming" of the Savior in the form of Saoshyant, unfold into restitution: Angra Mainyu and his infernal hosts will be annihilated, all creation purified, and perfect peace re-established.

It is not difficult to relate this to our own tradition. The return of the Jews to Jerusalem, following the Babylonian Captivity of 586–539 B.C., was accomplished under the patronage and protection of the Persian Achaemenian monarchs, whose religion was Zoroastrianism. The earlier Jewish concept of a Messiah had simply involved a king who would restore Judah to its place among nations; now this idea was expanded on the Persian model, and Israel itself became the world savior. In the period of the Dead Sea Scrolls (first century B.C.), this idea prompted such a frenzy of apocalyptic expectation that it unsettled a large portion of the Jewish world. Indeed, with this expectation John the Baptist preached and, following him, the Lord Jesus: "Truly I say to you, this generation will not pass away before all these things take place." They did not take place, but they have been projected into the future—with revivalists, at every outbreak of conspicuous disorder, predicting Armageddon and the millennium.

These then are the two great, traditional views of the destiny shaping our future: the first, the older, sees an unending series of irreversibly declining cycles ever and again renewed; and the second, a singular world-creation, once perfect but corrupted and to be restored—both views prophesying final disaster.

What, however, of "free will," announced in Zoroastrianism and emphatically proclaimed in both Judaism and Christianity? In all three of these traditions—in fact, wherever the human will has been recognized as free—it is circumscribed and limited not only by natural laws but by schedules for salvation and such superordinated theological principles as the "will of God," "God's grace," "foreknowledge," and "judgment." Today all those boundaries are being called into question.

Everywhere, in every area of our lives, what we thought were our natural laws have been broken: men have walked on the moon, the prospects of science and technology surpass even the fables of the Golden Age. Every one of the great traditional scriptures through which the "supernatural" decrees of God (or the gods) were delivered to us, we now recognize as a product of the human imagination—profound, edifying, wise perhaps, but human nevertheless.

Is the prophesied millennium at hand after all, with man himself—as man the scientist—in the role of his own savior? Or will the older, cyclical view prove true, and science only advance the hour of doom it was meant to stay?

Early in our century Oswald Spengler, in *The Decline of the West*, wrote of an irreversible historical pattern of growth, flowering, withering, and decay that has marked the destiny of every known civilization and is, he said, now undoing our own. William Butler Yeats, in his awesome prophecy, "The Second Coming," saw before us only a darkening sky clouded with unmastered forces. Picasso's engraving *Minotauromachy* renders a like vision, as does—even more dismally—T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land." Evidently, not all is well.

In the light of what we know of the long career of this "Spaceship Earth," as Buckminster Fuller has called it, we can be certain that the immediate future, whether of joy or of pain, will be only the beginning of a history hardly yet to be imagined. Mankind made its first ap-

pearance among the species of this earth, we have reason to believe, some two million years ago or more. Yet it was only six thousand years ago that the first high civilizations arose: first in Sumer and Egypt, next in Crete and India, then in China, Greece, and Rome, and, across the oceans, in Peru and Mexico—each with its own environment, style, and special history. Today they have been joined to a single destiny and future, the traditional place-bound forms of civilization fading like the figments of a dream. A new environment has even arisen, an environment of mechanical forms, brought forth not from the earth but from new insights of the mind. It represents a radical transformation of the ground conditions of human life and, thereby, a radical transformation of the future of our species.

In view of all of this, it is reasonable to conjecture by analogy: the animals of the primitive hunt furnished the mythic models through which earliest man interpreted the mysteries of life and death, his world, and his place within it; the priests of those early temple towers took the mystic mathematics of their planetary sky to be a pattern for the exaltation and guidance of the human spirit; and perhaps the search of our own scientists into a world more wondrous than the merely visible one will awaken within us latent dreams of a new destiny-image—a myth equivalent to the hundreds of thousands, even hundreds of millions, of years that may lie ahead of this "Spaceship Earth" before the miracle of its star expires and the rapture of its cycling ends.

If so, those two mythic models of destiny that in the bounded past controlled our thoughts and lives have already been left behind.

Joseph Campbell, the noted mythologist, is the author of Myths to Live By *(1972).*

The Hindsight Saga: A Sampling of Historic Surprises

By J. H. PLUMB

It was one of Lenin's more inspired insights that history always has the capacity to surprise. He was thinking mainly of political revolution, for as a revolutionary he *had* to be optimistic and hopeful in the darkest times in order to keep up the spirit of the faithful. Who could have forecast, in 1788, that within five years the French monarchy would be publicly obliterated and the destiny of France in the hands of Robespierre? No one. But historians, and people who read history, quickly lose their capacity for surprise as, indeed, we all tend to in our private lives. We can be shocked and astonished by the breakup of the marriage of close friends, or an adolescent's sudden desertion of his family, and yet within days, if not hours, we see incompatibilities we had not noticed or instabilities we had shrugged off as having little importance. We settle for causes, accept the event as inevitable, and forget completely the shock of surprise we initially felt.

For the historian, who never, or very rarely, experiences the events about which he writes, there is no initial shock, no immediate sense of surprise. By his very training a hunter of causes, he prefers not only to reduce chance to a minimum, but to plot the tides that sweep men and societies to their destined ends, forgetful that tides can suddenly break old barriers in a matter of hours and sweep through to new channels. And yet, unless we grasp that the historical process can always take men and their societies by surprise, we shall fail to understand our own immediate dangers, or—indeed—our opportunities.

There are some movements that are strange, unpredictable, and even when they surge into social dominance, not—if one is an honest historian—easy to explain. This perhaps is most profoundly true of religion. The success of both Christianity and Islam borders on the miraculous, but their victories have been so large and so lasting that it is hard to grasp just how extraordinary their successes were. A small, heretical Jewish sect—inner directed, not wishing for entanglement with political power—a cult that for several generations attracted the lower classes of society rather than the rich and powerful, is a strange beginning for one of the most institutionalized, authoritarian churches the world has known. Even stranger, perhaps, is the quick acceptance of martyrdom by the early Christians, for they lived in a society that was not only tolerant of belief but for centuries had placed intense value on the individual life in this world. No less surprising—indeed, more so—is that a world religion that could sweep to Indonesia in the East and to Spain in the West should flare up out of a tribal conflict in Arabia and, in an extraordinarily brief time, smash the polytheistic religions that had held communities together for centuries, replacing them with a simple, austere monotheism.

The microscope, a medieval pope, a famous abolition poster: none of them astonishing now, but all symbols of astonishing historical developments.

Arguments, of course, can be used to diminish the surprise and make it easier to understand the growth of both Islam and Christianity. The rise of Christianity has been explained by the economic and social fears of the late Romans, by the decay of institutions, by the lack of social co-

hesion for men and women who longed for it, by the need for heavenly expectations in the decaying world of the later Roman Empire. Indeed, by so many causes that the rise of Christianity becomes an inevitable consequence of Rome's decay. And, of course, it was not.

Islam certainly gripped a warlike people because it called for a holy war, and certainly, as it swept forward, gave purpose and hope to communities that lacked them. All this may be said, and much more, but such statements not only bury the historic shock and surprise in the triumphs of those religions, but also tend to obliterate the traumatic experiences of men and women and, indeed, of entire social groups. But how can men recapture the sensational and sudden change in age-old ways of life that conversion to Christianity or Islam brought to communities and to families —old gods, old life styles, suddenly and bleakly rejected?

Historians know that at times the change was fuzzier, less immediate, and they tend to seize on the transitional and thereby obscure the cataclysmic—obliterate the surprise. This is partly because, for the last two centuries or more, the dramatic changes in belief have not come except through political revolution. And so we tend to think that historical change of a dramatic and surprising kind can *only* come through political action—as in the revolution in Russia. This can make us blind, dull our thoughts and feelings, and intensify any surprise that history may have in store for us in the very near future.

One of the reasons the human story possesses, at times, such dramatic and swift changes of course (or appears to as we look back) is that historians, expert in political, military, or diplomatic history, are most at sea with the history of ideas—or rather, with explaining how ideas become social attitudes. Take two situations: the rise of science, and the abolition of slavery. Both are astonishing and totally at variance with what at the time appeared to be the natural course of history.

The ancient Greeks, the even more ancient Babylonians, the Hindus, Moslems, and Chinese, all produced mathematicians of great skill, observers of physical phenomena of great exactitude, and technological inventors of great ingenuity. Archimedes, for example, with his screw. The Greeks also produced a philosophy of science. Still, apart from the effects of technological invention, the impact on society was small. No one thought that the scientific attitude could explain the physical universe, or the nature of man. Science was, even in seventeenth-century Europe, a minor aspect of intellectual life. It would have seemed to a discerning historian in 1650, had he had the facts at his command, that science and technology were likely to play the same part in Europe as they did in imperial China. The surprising thing about the modern world is not that imperial China never developed a scientific attitude, but that Europe did. And yet, within one hundred years of 1650, a scientific attitude had become a social attitude: scores of men of quite simple education, like Josiah Wedgwood, believed with utmost conviction that all things in the physical universe would yield to experiment and be understood in material terms—an attitude that within the next hundred years luxuriated like a weed—with, of course, monumental social consequences in culture and belief. And yet, how the ideas and attitudes of a handful of intellectuals became, quite suddenly, a powerful social force remains as mysterious as the oracles at Delphi. And we should be astonished by what happened.

The same is true of slavery. The surprising thing about slavery is not its existence but its abolition. The origins of slavery are lost in time: all advanced societies after the Neolithic revolution used it to a greater or lesser degree, and continued to use it. What is too often forgotten is that blacks were bought and sold in eighteenth-century England; Liverpool, indeed, had a lively market. And the majority of the literate population, as well as the illiterate, accepted the institution. From the ancient world onward, a few voices—of philosophers, of theologians, of literary men of compassion—had been raised against the practice, but to no avail. The social impact of these intellectuals was negligible. And yet, in the second half of the eighteenth century in Pennsylvania, in Lancashire and London, in Denmark and France, the arguments against slavery took root. They became a passionate conviction, and men like Granville Sharp, neither theologian nor philosopher, dedicated their lives to its suppression. And with extraordinary success. Within one hundred years slavery was abolished throughout Europe, America, the West Indies, and being assailed by crusading governments throughout the rest of the world. Because slavery is so repugnant to us, and the element of surprise in its abolition has been obliterated. It is a miracle it vanished.

Equally surprising for the historian of the long view is the change in the last ten or twenty years, among the world's statesmen, journalists, economists, and publicists, in the concept of rich and poor nations. To statesmen and their retinues of commentators before the mid-twentieth century, as with their ancestors down the corridors of time, rich and poor nations were as inevitable as they were acceptable. Without the poor, how could there be the rich? But now, even though words rather than action tend to dominate, the idea of rich and poor nations is universally condemned. What is even more astonishing in the light of history is that billions of dollars are given by the rich nations to the poor. (Even "poor" is becoming an indecent word when applied to nations, and so, euphemistically, we call them "developing.")

Indeed, for a historian who can establish himself in the past and not the future, the world's development is full of surprises: in religion, in politics, in social attitudes, there are sudden, almost electrifying, shifts and changes that would, were they grasped, make historically minded commentators more wary of their confident prognostications. One particular instance is the doom-laden

voice of the modern demographer forecasting standing room only on this planet in another hundred years or so—a fashion, too, among scientists ignorant of history. They thoughtlessly expected population to grow in a straight line, as it were, ever upward. The slightest knowledge of the history of population would have taught them that population growth and population *decline* occur very oddly. Why did Elizabethan Englishmen want babies, and Stuart Englishmen not? Why did not only Europe's, but China's, population—indeed, the world's—leap forward in the eighteenth century? Why did France's population scarcely grow in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries?

Historians know there is no easy, simple, or even satisfactorily complex explanation of the changes, which are sudden and take the societies that experience them by surprise. Historians aware of these facts are not astonished that population growth should suddenly go into reverse. Indeed, one of the surprises of history in store for us may be a very sharp decline of global population over the next century. And it will not be the first time that great cities have emptied. To the perceptive historian, there would be nothing remarkable in the idea of Detroit buried under a mountain of rubble, not through natural disaster, but because it ceased to be. Nor should the automobile going the way of the coach-and-six raise a historical eyebrow.

The future, however, is just as obscure to the historian as to the nonhistorian, although he should be less surprised and quicker to discover "why" changes occur. But at least historians can teach others to be wary, can stress over and over again the element of surprise in the story of mankind and, perhaps, point out that historical surprises seem to occur most frequently—although certainly not always—in periods of rapid inflation, which dislocates belief and rots social structure and institutions. This is particularly true in the sphere of political history and the history of belief. We need to be alert, for all surprise is dangerous, and sudden changes in political structure, in belief, or in the style of life rarely take place without creating human misery.

Promise Them Anything but Give Them a Propaedeutic Scenario

By BRUCE MAZLISH

Birds' entrails, crystal balls, the stars in the heavens—man has resorted to all these and more in an effort to foretell the future. Today the seer's tools are charts, statistics, scenarios, projections, and extrapolations. His aim is objective knowledge, and his claim, that this knowledge is (more or less) scientific. He calls it futurology.

So the new field proliferates, and crystal balls are inflating to think-tank size. But before we accept futurology's claim to be scientific (how else secure funds from government or corporation?), we ought to take a closer look at its psychological aspect. We all remember Snow White's evil stepmother intoning, "Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the fairest of them all?" The mirror, as we know, dutifully tells the queen what she wishes to hear (up to a certain point, at least). Could it be that the scenarios of futurologists, like the queen's mirror, merely reflect their own faces?

Today's futurologists, of course, had predecessors—Condorcet and Malthus, for example, both late-eighteenth-century projectionists who offered competing versions of the future. Condorcet, the philosopher, looked forward to increased equality among individuals and nations and the "perfectibility of society." Malthus, a parson, envisioned a dismal scene where population perpetually outran food supply and starvation corrected any misguided efforts to achieve a more equitable and prosperous social system.

Futurology is no longer left to the occasional philosopher or parson. Our prophets announce the shape of the future from their desks at organizations such as the Commission on the Year 2000, England's Committee on the Next Thirty Years, the Futuribles of France, the Club of Rome, and even an Institute for the Future, recently formed by a consortium of companies such as Monsanto, Du Pont, and Chase Manhattan. Futurology is now a business.

BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Predicting the future: the crystal ball may be just as useful as a futurologist's scenario.

As such, it must keep a sharp eye on the desires of its clients. Herman Kahn of the Hudson Institute did himself no harm recently by telling his Japanese clients that their growth rate would continue unabated, soon making them a super-power. (Unfortunately, he overlooked the fuel crisis.) Lacking Kahn's finesse, the Rand Corporation has run into trouble with a recent and gloomy report on the future of St. Louis. One outraged alderman, dismissing the study as "crabgrass philosophy," moved that his board record "its deep appreciation to the Rand Corporation and its benefactors for choosing to spend their time and treasure in studying the city of St. Louis and fashioning its obituary. . . ." The resolution passed.

A better way to go about this business is illustrated in the glossy, 256-page, special issue of *Atlanta Magazine* called "Atlanta 2000." Here there is no gloom, only a dream. Filled with advertisements (mostly, it seems, real estate

come-ons and corporate invitations to "grow along with us"), the issue is rife with articles proffering futuristic schemes and drawings of the "new" Atlanta. And yet the magazine projects no significant future for blacks in a city that has just elected its first black mayor and has a sizable black population. Only whites will play on the beach, drive fancy cars, and dine in elegant surroundings. In the entire issue, if my count is right, there are only three blacks: a janitor hanging a picture while two whites look on, a woman advertising her personnel service, and a black face in the crowd watching an Atlanta Falcons football game. Somehow, all the problems, racial, political, ecological, have been wiped out of the Atlanta of the future. Futurology as wishful thinking? It seems so.

Even really thoughtful and responsible attempts at futurology share qualities of Atlanta's self-revelatory dream. One of the best is from the Commission on the Year 2000, headed by Daniel Bell and sponsored by the prestigious American Academy of Arts and Sciences. One suspects that Bell's desire to find even a piecemeal substitute for Marxist determinism has influenced his thinking about the future. Marx, of course, was a prominent futurologist, having predicted "scientifically" the decline of capitalism and the emergence of communism. Bell, rejecting this Marxist prediction, calls for (and predicts?) an "end of ideology": we are to approach the future on little cat feet, not assault it from behind the barricades.

In Bell's *Year 2000* the future is America—the first society to enter the coming postindustrial era. Thus the commission concentrates on the United States. It simply scants the possibility of a Chinese future different from ours, or of an independent Third World future. In *The Coming of Post-Industrial Society*, an extension of Bell's work on the Commission, the emphasis is the same. He forecasts a conflict between the "economizing mode," aimed at increasing efficiency and production, and the "sociologizing mode," reflecting humanistic values. Although cast in universal terms, Bell's analysis is rooted in American experience and reflects his feelings about such recent American phenomena as the counterculture. What meaning can that have for the Chinese—now, or in the year 2000?

Inevitably the study of the future brings us back to the present, sometimes to the past, and always to ourselves. If futurology tells us something about our dreams and nightmares, about our racial attitudes, our ecological orientation, our national parochialisms; if it makes us think about what developments we wish to halt, as well as foster, it will be of service. We are back, back to "Mirror, mirror on the wall. . . ."

Bruce Mazlish, the psychohistorian, is the author of In Search of Nixon *(1972).*

Some Fish to Throw Back into the Think Tank

Futurology Made Perfectly Clear

"Our emphasis is necessarily methodological, synoptic, and contextual . . . our attempt is to be 'heuristic,' 'propaedeutic,' and 'paradigmatic'. . . . Clearly, the most salient of the projections we can make is one that is 'surprise-free'; nevertheless it would be very surprising if . . . the real world did not produce many political and technological surprises."

—Herman Kahn and Anthony J. Wiener, *The Year 2000* (New York: Macmillan, 1967)

Don't Worry about a Thing

"The outlook for energy, which is the other truly basic natural resource, is much more favorable. In the last ten or twenty years, per capita increases have gone up fastest where they are needed most, in the less developed countries. In a sense, energy is the key that unlocks the doors to resource plenty. . . . Fortunately the outlook in the world is quite favorable for additional energy supplies. The Middle East, North Africa, and the Caribbean contain immense reserves of oil and natural gas. Pipelines and other means of transportation have improved so that these supplies can be made quite widely available. Coal exists in considerable abundance in many places, while large potentials of water power remain in Central Africa, Southeast Asia, numerous locations in Latin America, and elsewhere."

—Joseph L. Fisher, in *Environment and Policy: The Next Fifty Years*, edited by William R. Ewald, Jr. (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1968)

On the One Hand and on the Other

"Some Possibilities in the 1970s for a Basic Dramatic and/or Revolutionary Change in the International System and/or its Stability: *Relatively Unlikely Events But Almost Certainly Turning Points*

1. Major or minor nuclear war
2. Widespread nuclear proliferation (as opposed to an initial breakdown of the current five-power nuclear monopoly)
3. Other basic changes in the strategic balance
4. Collapse (as opposed to erosion) of Western morale —or the opposite
5. Collapse (as opposed to erosion) of Communist morale —or the opposite
6. Revival of an intense Cold War
7. A new ideology sufficiently dynamic to make a dramatic impact on world politics
8. Major reversal of alliances
9. Worldwide catastrophic food deficit
10. Sustained worldwide depression and/or collapse of world trade
11. Major revolution or other change in China or the Soviet Union completely changing prognosis for the country"

—Herman Kahn and B. Bruce-Briggs, *Things to Come: Thinking About the Seventies and Eighties* (New York: Macmillan, 1972)

Yesterday's Bright Tomorrow is Here Today—Isn't It?

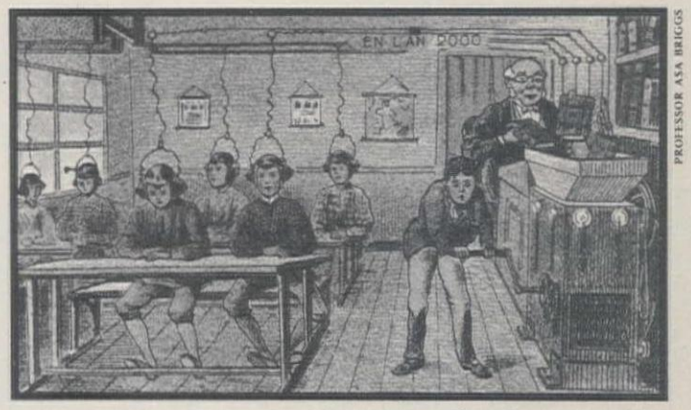
By GORDON COTLER

(What follows is either from the Proceedings of the American Scientific Association for 1874, or the fevered dream of a man who overdosed on futurology.)

In one of the livelier seminars at this year's convocation a panel of scholars projected America's scientific and social progress from this, the eve of the nation's one hundredth birthday, to its two hundredth. Giving wing to their imaginations, panel members led a rapt audience into the smoked-glass and cast-tin 1970's, a bewildering new world that nonetheless excited envy—a world where airships cross the country while passengers relax over meals freshly cooked on the engine room boilers and served on edible "china" of molded chickpeas; where men's minds are freed for contemplation by labor-saving machines that balance the checkbook or brush one's spats; where concern over the doctor shortage is forever banished by new educational methods that force-feed high-school students the latest techniques in leeching, cupping, bleeding, and billing. It will be a world of apartment towers that pierce the clouds, with cellars running almost as deep to hold tenants' wines, potatoes, and jerked meats; a world of new discoveries in metallurgy that forever end the need for time-consuming dental work and resoling shoes; a world that has seen the end of the twin scourges of baldness and tennis elbow, although its affluent inhabitants may well have to endure an increase in gout and childbed fever. It is a world that speaks one language, French, except in front of the servants or in Italian restaurants—although, curiously, France itself may no longer exist, say the geopoliticians, having been absorbed by the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

Such were the predictions of individual panelists who were willing to "go out on a limb." Summarized below are a few of the more cautious conclusions of the consensus.

TRANSPORTATION: Experts flatly declared that rapid urbanization will make the horse, as we know it today, obsolete. Despite a sharp increase in the use of the trolley car, by the 1950's streets and roads in and around our cities will be clogged with vehicles on private business, forcing breeders to develop a "compact" or "mini" horse. This useful creature will stand no more than twenty inches and be capable of quick starts and trouble-free operation on low oat-consumption. Public health specialists predict that without development of the minihorse our city streets will be rendered unsafe for urban dwellers with respiratory problems. The danger would come from air pollution caused by intolerable levels of horse dander. A corollary conclusion has it that an increased demand for "wheels" by families far from the center of cities will direct a disproportionate share of the nation's oat and hay production to fueling the rising number of minihorses. Production of beef cattle and hogs will fall well behind the rise in population, say the economists, and by 1970 the protein sources for urban dwellers will reside in bear, elk, buffalo (in declining numbers), wild geese and turkey, and such lesser game as the delicately flavored whooping crane.



The New Pedagogy, as envisioned in 1900: data from churned-up books is relayed electrically and painlessly to the adolescent brain.

THE LEISURE CHALLENGE: The panel was pleased to forecast that by the 1970's the American laboring man will have a drastically shortened work week, thanks to increased mechanization and to the employment, on many routine jobs, of low-paid but hardworking contract laborers from Japan. Devoting perhaps not much more than fifty hours of each week to his factory, the worker (and his employer) will be able to indulge in leisure and hobbies. Based on current projections, every city in America with a population in excess of fifty thousand will boast at least one opera house and sixty to seventy debating and literary societies. Horseshoe pitching will have become a national compulsion, with the shoes of the new minihorse requiring so much pitching skill and precision that the national champion will become a hero whose endorsement would make a best seller out of any given brand of razor strop.

And, say the experts, don't forget the ladies! By the 1970's, rising expectations will see the mother of the family no longer content to spend half of the day preparing a traditional Sunday dinner for father and the children. On their return from church, predicts a noted social scientist, the family will make do with roast fowl, stew, perhaps a joint, assorted vegetables, a hastily baked bread, and a few pies and preserved fruits, thus allowing the lady of the house an hour or two she can call her very own for her tatting or creative dressmaking.

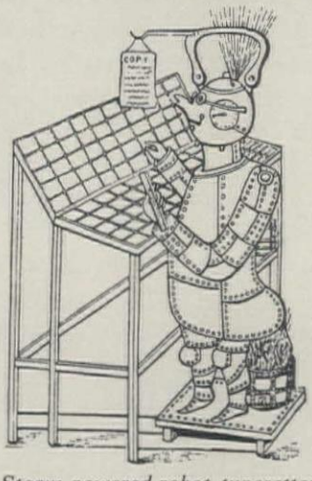
The shortened workday will permit more time for reading—not only books and periodicals, but the all-important morning newspaper. No longer will the householder in a large urban center have to content himself with a

TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 44

O Brave New World that Has Such Gimcracks in It!

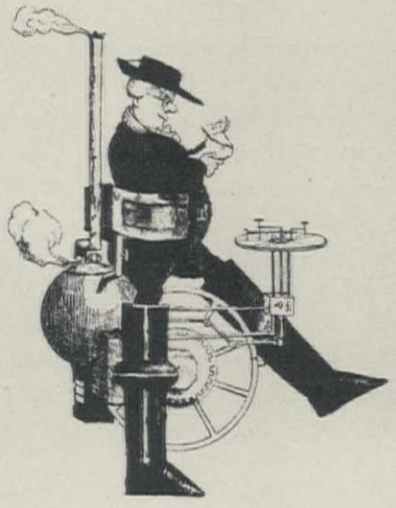
Predictions of the future can be nonsense, but what begins as satire often turns out to be uncannily true, as witness these nineteenth-century prophecies. Urban congestion, of course, is already with us, and new multipurpose skyscrapers just might resemble the fanciful creation below (1). Dictaphones (10) and sleep-teaching machines (4) are commonplace; thespians no longer need costumes (7); many couples share the breadwinning and the housekeeping (8); and that snooping device (9) is a near-perfect forecast of presidential office arrangements. A submarine railway for the Channel is in the works, and widespread use of computerized—if not robotized—typesetting (3) is around the corner. But where are the walking machine (5), the triple-decker tricycle (2), and the casino in the sky (6)? Waiting, no doubt, in a dusty corner of the patent office for the arrival of some far-sighted future entrepreneur.

2. *The tricycle of the future, 1885*

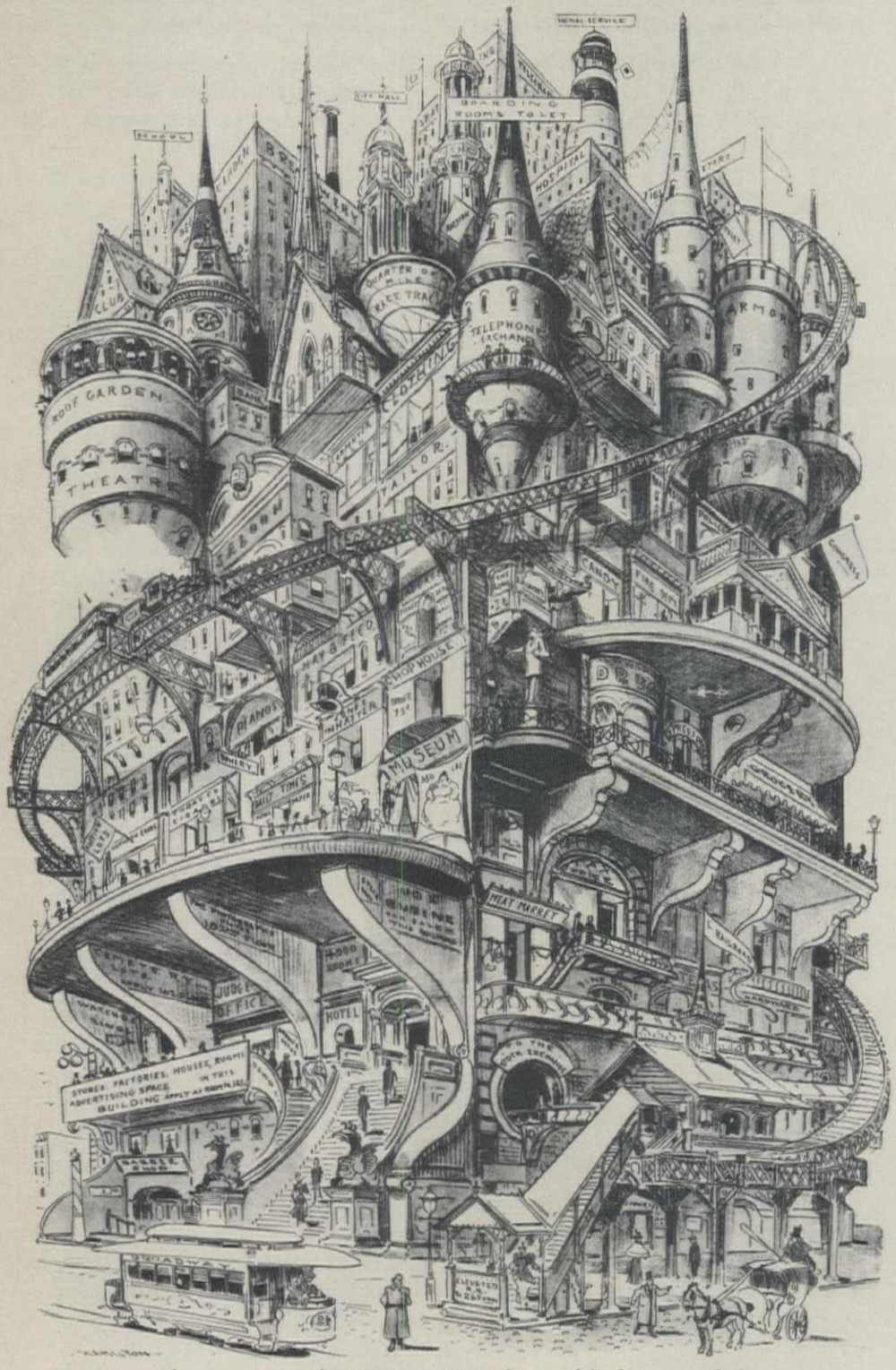


3. *Steam-powered robot typesetter*

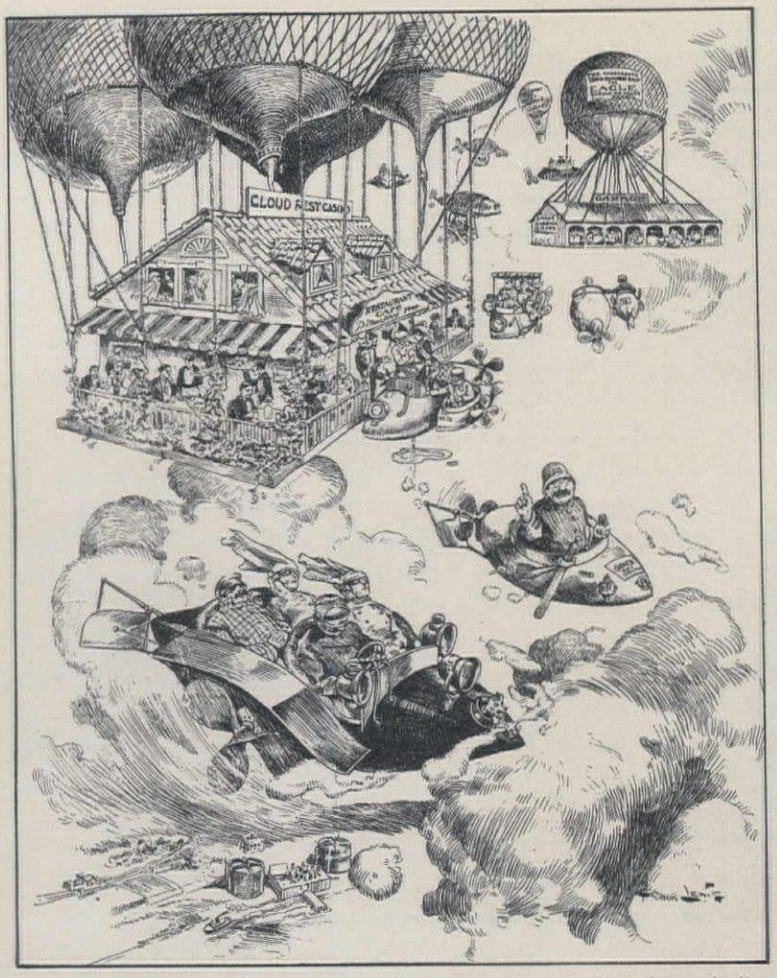
4. *Bedside "musicophone" of 1883*



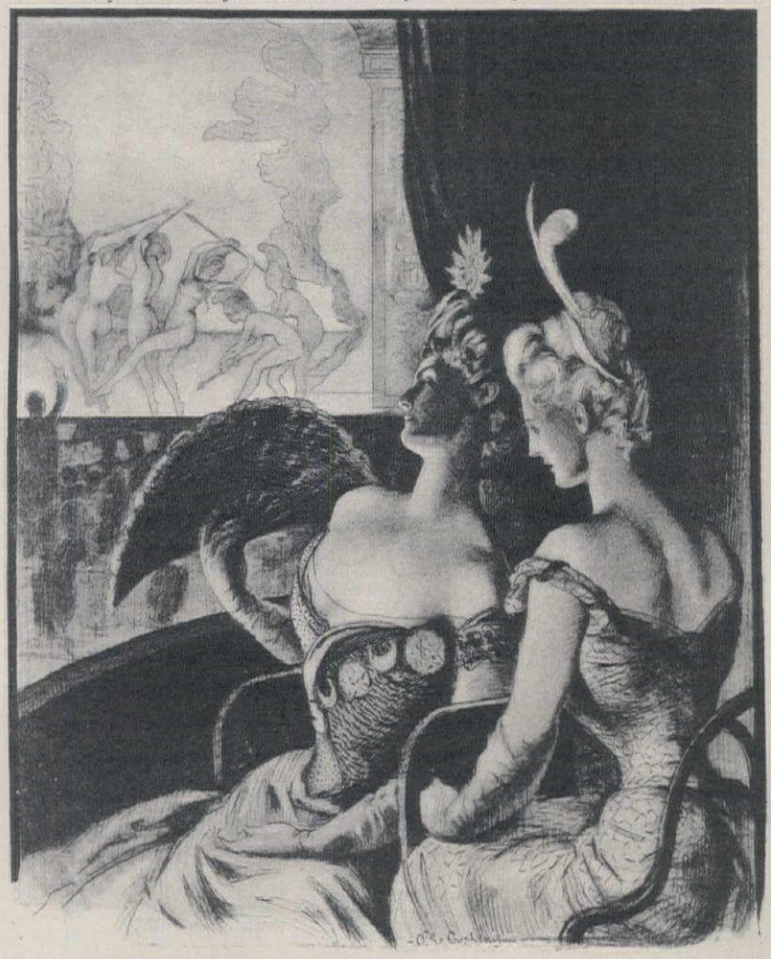
5. *Shortshanks's "walking machine"*



1. *A super skyscraper, or multipurpose apartment house of the future, in a* Judge *cartoon*



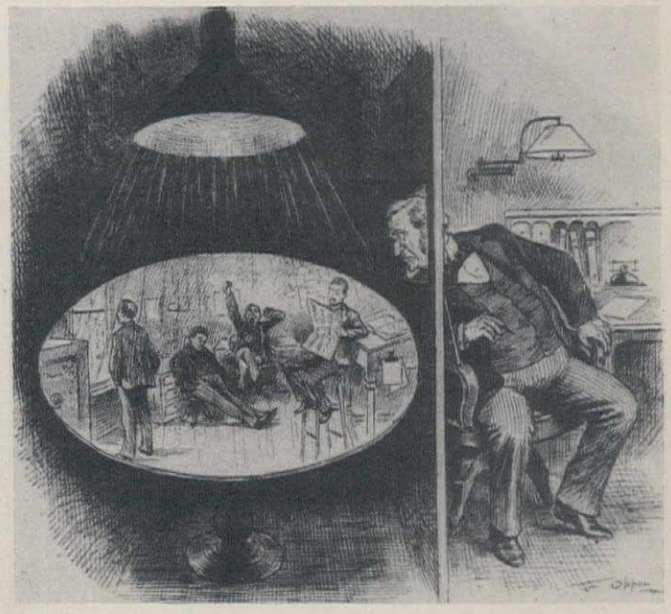
6. *"Daily scenes aloft when the air-ship becomes practical and popular"*



7. *The twentieth-century theatre, as viewed by* Life *in 1899*

ARTS ET METIERS GRAPHIQUES, *Caricatures*, 1932

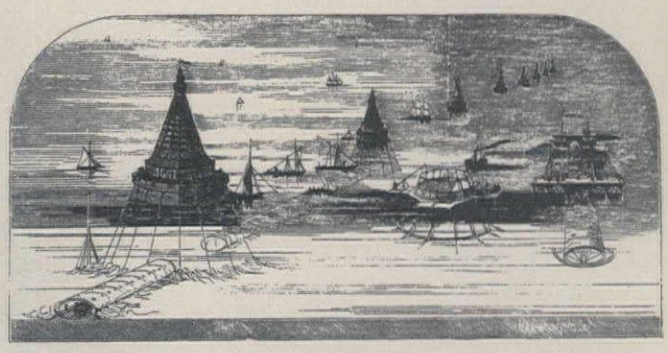
8. *The liberated household: father's work is never done*



9. *"Camera obscura for offices—much needed by business men"*

PROFESSOR ASA BRIGGS; ABOVE, BETTMANN ARCHIVE

10. *A French dictating machine, circa 1900*



11. *Anglo-French sub-Channel railway—projected cost: £87,400,000*

choice of six or eight morning journals. Twenty-five to thirty dailies will be available to the breakfast table, representing every shade of political, social, and moral opinion in the community. Increased competition for the attention of readers will almost certainly mean that the present average newsstand price of two cents a paper will be driven sharply downward. And the most popular newspapers, predicts one specialist, will be those that employ a revolutionary technique, soon to come off the drawing board, by which a piece of flatware or crockery is sealed in every copy.

POPULATION SHIFTS: The panel's demographers addressed perhaps the most hardheaded, practical question of the afternoon—where should a person with a few dollars to spare buy land as an investment for his great-grandchildren? A careful study of population trends yielded the following do's and don'ts. *Don't* sink money into the subtropical areas of the country, where the problems of public health, proper ventilation, and summer comfort are serious deterrents to land appreciation. Florida, Southern California, and the arid Phoenix area of the Arizona Territory, say the real estate experts, are doomed to remain semiwilderness fit mainly for Indians and alligator hunters. *Do*, they advise, concentrate your resources in the cool, dry Northwest. Cities to accommodate unborn millions will have to spring up, declare those who ought to know, in the salubrious climate of the Dakotas and the northern Wyoming Territory, where, fortunately, there is hard stone in sufficient quantity, they point out, to face the massive apartment towers that will have to be built. As for the built-up parts of the country, *don't* buy in the well-discounted downtown areas of the big cities, say the experts. *Do* look for good value just beyond the present town line; they offer in example such burgeoning megalopolises as Central City, Colorado, and Peahen, West Virginia. Pay cash, tuck the deed away, and be secure in the knowledge that your descendants will speak your name in whispers.

When the all too short afternoon drew to a close, the audience agreed that the ideas generated were likely to change their thinking about the new world lying just over the horizon!

Gordon Cotler, who hopes soon to begin work on a scenario for the year 2074, writes articles, television plays, and novels.

Annus Mirabilis—The Year 2000

In case you would like to start counting the days, or perhaps resettle on the isle of Yap while there is still time, here is a partial list of the delights that futurology projects for us.

Slave Labor

"The great majority of the housewives will wish to be relieved completely from the routine operations of the home such as scrubbing the floors or the bath or the cooker, or washing the clothes or washing up, or dusting or sweeping, or making beds.

By far the most logical step to allow this variety of human homes and still relieve the housewife of routine, is to provide a robot slave which can be trained to the requirements of a particular home and can be programmed to carry out half a dozen or more standard operations (for example, scrubbing, sweeping and dusting, washing-up, laying tables, making beds), when so switched by the housewife. It will be a machine having no more emotions than a car, but having a memory for instructions and a limited degree of instructed or built-in adaptability according to the positions in which it finds various types of objects. It will operate other more specialized machines, for example, the vacuum cleaner or clothes-washing machine."

—Meredith Wooldridge Thring, "A Robot in the House," quoted in Herman Kahn and Anthony J. Wiener, *The Year 2000* (New York: Macmillan, 1967)

Getting By with a Little Help from Your Friends

"It may become comparatively easy for an American to obtain several thousand dollars a year from friends and relatives or other sources, and to subsist without undergoing any real hardship, other than deprivation of luxuries."

—Kahn and Wiener, *The Year 2000*

A Punch Card in Every Pot

"Pondering the kitchen of the future, General Electric Company conjures up a vision of an automated food preparation system. One section would store freeze-dried or frozen foods. Another would consist of a microwave oven. To order a meal, the housewife would simply punch out a few instructions, and the food would then be transferred from the storage compartments to the oven at proper intervals and cooked so that everything would be ready for serving in the correct order. . . . Comments Swift and Company's Mr. Murphy: 'By the year 2000, we'll have eliminated the pot and the pan.' "

—Thomas J. Bray, "Food: Where It Will Come From," in *Here Comes Tomorrow! Living and Working in the Year 2000*, by the staff of the *Wall Street Journal* (Princeton: Dow Jones Books, 1966, 1967)

The Great Outdoors

"Roger Revelle, director of Harvard University's Center for Population Studies, estimates that in 2000 there will be two Americans for every foot of coastline in the country. . . . To accommodate this increase, he says, not only must more land be set aside for parks and similar facilities but 'we need to find new patterns of use that will allow the number of visitors to be greatly increased.' Among the possibilities suggested by Mr. Revelle—some of which admittedly might detract a bit from the charms of the wilderness—are wear-resistant footpaths through forests; electronic guide systems and fences that would keep crowds of hikers from tripping over each other; staggered visiting hours; and a rationing system that would allot each family a certain number of park visits per year."

—Alfred L. Malabre, Jr., "Population: Easing the Crush," in *Here Comes Tomorrow*

Washed Up the Creek by the Wave of the Future

By ORMONDE DE KAY, JR.

If political parties and ideologies, including the most reactionary, must constantly look ahead, they habitually look back, too, to the figures from whom they derive inspiration and legitimacy. Modern schools of painting and sculpture likewise proclaim their debts to past masters, or at least acknowledge them. One remarkable exception was an aesthetic movement with political overtones that flourished for a time in Europe in the early years of this century. Called, inevitably, futurism, it sought to wipe out every vestige of the past. As the poet Guillaume Apollinaire wrote in 1913, it was the first collective effort to suppress history in the name of art.

The birth of the new creed was announced on February 20, 1909, in Paris, on the front page of *Le Figaro*. Under the heading "Manifesto of Futurism," its principal themes were sounded:

We intend to sing the love of danger, the habit of energy and fearlessness. . . .

Up to now literature has exalted a pensive immobility, ecstasy, and sleep. We mean to exalt aggressive action, a feverish insomnia, the racer's stride, the mortal leap, the punch and the slap.

We assert that the world's magnificence has been enriched by a new beauty: the beauty of speed. A racing car whose hood is adorned with great pipes, like serpents of explosive breath . . . is more beautiful than the *Victory of Samothrace*. . . .

We shall glorify war—the world's only hygiene—militarism, patriotism, the destructive gesture of the freedom-bringers . . . and scorn for woman.

We shall destroy the museums, libraries, academies of every kind, will fight moralism, feminism, every opportunistic or utilitarian cowardice. . . .

Below the manifesto appeared the name of Filippo Tommaso Marinetti. Marinetti was not only the founder of futurism but also its Maecenas, chief promoter, and star performer: so the story of futurism is largely his.

Like those other bellicose superpatriots, Napoleon and Hitler, Marinetti spent his formative years outside the beloved "homeland." Born in 1876 in Alexandria, the son of an immensely successful speculator, he grew up passionately devoted to newly united Italy, ever ready to defend her honor with his fists against his Arab, Turkish, Syrian, Greek, French, Dutch, and Russian schoolmates. At sixteen, Marinetti went to Paris for his baccalaureate, then to Pavia and finally Genoa for a law degree. When his father died in 1907, leaving him his entire fortune, he was suddenly able not only to indulge a taste for fast cars but also to promote his visions of a strong, aggressive Italian nation and a dynamic new literature inspired by modern industrial technology. A handsome man with fierce, kaiser-style mustaches and piercing black eyes, a fluent talker and a veritable maniac for action, he quickly drew to himself a cluster of younger writers and artists.

With the launching of futurism, as R. W. Flint has observed, Marinetti was to become, with Apollinaire and Picasso, one of "the three main fomenters of twentieth-century modernism." Besides Apollinaire, he made converts of, among others, such towering talents as Vladimir Mayakovsky in Russia and D. H. Lawrence in England. That so martial, machine-oriented, and anti-humanitarian a creed as futurism should have aroused enthusiasm in such quarters seems puzzling—until one recalls how things were in Europe in the years just before World War I.

Although Italy, with her countless reminders of departed glory, was a special case, the weight of the past, of tradition, was only relatively less oppressive in the industrialized countries to the north; established culture lay embalmed in glass cases or was carefully nurtured, in the universities, by a self-perpetuating mandarinate of scholar-curators; and popular taste everywhere tended toward the shallow, the sentimental, the mediocre. The age was also, paradoxically, one of extremely rapid technological change—more rapid, perhaps, *pace* Alvin Toffler, than in any period since—generating correspondingly greater amounts of "future shock" as the introduction of automobiles, airplanes, and wireless telegraphy, of motion pictures and phonographs, of telephones, elevators, subways and elevated trains transformed the lives of urban multitudes—and kindled in the restless young the hope that technology might one day deliver them from the tedium of a social order whose most sacrosanct values were those of the counting house. So pervasive among young intellectuals and artists was disenchantment with bourgeois institutions, including parliamentary democracy; so intense their yearning for heroic action; so total their ignorance of the realities of modern warfare, that large numbers of them openly wished that war might come. Marinetti's exaltation of war, "the world's only hygiene," evoked, not shudders of horror, but nods of assent.

Futurism found and lost: Marinetti, right, wrote its passionate manifesto; Mussolini devised its disastrous political counterpart.

But it was in Italy that the central drama of futurism was played out, a drama which, often at the bidding of its irrepressible impresario-director, lapsed frequently into low farce.

Futurism's public manner owed much to promotional techniques pioneered by American hucksters: in Venice, one Sunday afternoon in July, Marinetti sounded a trumpet blast from the *loggia* of the Clock Tower, and then, with his confederates, flung down several thousand printed copies of a leaflet entitled "Against Past-loving Venice" as he bellowed the text through a megaphone. Then there were the "futurist evenings" in hired theatres, which often provoked audiences to riot. When not declaiming his own poetry, Marinetti might get painter-composer Luigi Russolo to perform on his noisemakers, or *intonarumori*, consisting of *ululatori, rombatori, crepitatori, sibilatori, stropicciatori, ronzatori, scoppiatori, gorgogliatori,* and *frusciatori* (howlers, roarers, cracklers, whistlers, rubbers, buzzers, exploders, gurglers, and rustlers). Marinetti's highly onomatopoeic poems likewise bristled with verbal mimicry of (naturally) rifle fire, artillery barrages, and exploding shells.

While Marinetti elaborated literary theories summed up in the slogans "words-in-freedom" and "simultaneity"; postulated a future "metalized man" who would resemble a machine not only in appearance but in actual physical makeup; wrote pamphlets, organized demonstrations, and plotted strategy, his comrades kept up the offensive on other fronts. Futurist painters flirted with cubism; the futurist architect Sant' Elia drew up plans for "the Futurist house, like a giant machine," that anticipated Le Corbusier; and futurist mathematicians solemnly "solved" divers metaphysical problems.

But futurism could not have remained isolated from events outside the realm of aesthetics even if Marinetti had wanted it to—which he emphatically did not. In 1911, when an Italian expeditionary force captured Tripoli from the Turks, Marinetti, on the scene as a war correspondent, approved by announcing that the Italian government had finally become futurist. The following year, fighting broke out in the Balkans, and in 1913 Marinetti observed the Battle of Adrianople, arriving there, he boasted, in an Isotta Fraschini, the most expensive car of the epoch. But all this was mere voyeurism; he itched to experience the cleansing joy of combat. At last, in August, 1914, the long-awaited "only hygiene" was applied to Europe on a continental scale as all the major powers went to war. All, that is, except Italy, which, though pledged by the terms of the Triple Alliance to go to the aid of Germany and Austria-Hungary, hung back from honoring her commitment.

From childhood on Marinetti had burned with hatred for Italy's former oppressor, Austria. And though he admired Nietzsche, he despised the Germans as dull-witted pedants wholly lacking that genial fire that was the hallmark of Italianity. For him, there was no question as to Italy's course: she must enter the war—on the Allied side.

Marinetti threw his energy into securing this end. Before long, he met an able young newspaper editor named Benito Mussolini: as a socialist, Mussolini favored a policy of neutrality for Italy, but gradually he came around to the futurist's point of view. And in May, 1915, after securing the Allies' assurance that the lands held by Austria and Serbia would be returned, Italy declared war on her erstwhile diplomatic partners.

Instantly, both men enlisted—Marinetti as an officer, Mussolini as a private. Both were wounded, the latter so badly that he was invalided home in 1917. The war ended with Italy victorious, but with the nation's economy in a slump and thousands of veterans roaming the streets looking for work. Mussolini, once again a newspaper editor but no longer a socialist, toyed with the idea of starting a veteran-based political party; and Marinetti, with a characteristically magnanimous gesture, turned over his huge Milan apartment to needy wounded veterans.

In 1919 the new Fascist party put up its first list of nineteen candidates; it included Mussolini, Marinetti . . . and the conductor Arturo Toscanini. All nineteen were defeated. In 1920 Marinetti, discovering that Mussolini was being funded by industrialists and bankers, indignantly quit the party.

But his independence was short-lived: in 1924, by which time Mussolini had arrived at an accommodation with the despised monarchy and assumed control of the state, Marinetti announced, not very convincingly, that Fascism had fulfilled his "minimal program," and rejoined its ranks. The philosopher Benedetto Croce, who had himself once been the target of a tumultuous futurist demonstration in Naples, was not surprised. "For anyone who has a sense of historical connections," he wrote, "the ideological origins of Fascism can be found in Futurism, in the determination to go down into the streets, to impose their own opinions, to stop the mouths of those who disagree, not to fear riots or fights in the eagerness to break with all traditions, in this exaltation of youth . . . characteristic of Futurism. . . ."

From then on Marinetti's career traced a slow decline, marked by occasional reminders that this aging millionaire dilettante had once stood—if in a muddled and misguided way—for noble ideals of liberty. In 1929 the man who had poured such withering scorn on the academy submitted to being named an *Accademico d'Italia,* and in 1935–36 he lent his presence and his fading prestige to Il Duce's squalid Ethiopian adventure. But in 1938, when Mussolini, at Hitler's insistence, began to persecute Italy's Jews, Marinetti published an open letter denouncing anti-Semitism in the arts.

The act took courage. But courage had never been Marinetti's short suit. Thus, in World War II, in his middle sixties, he volunteered for duty on the Russian front and served there for twenty-three months. In 1944 he returned sick to Italy—or, rather, to the makeshift Republic of Salò, which the Germans had set up with Mussolini technically in charge. And there in Bellagio, by Lake Como, he died.

Marinetti's very consistency had been his undoing: the rebel against history refused to learn from the violent history of his own time. Even after the cataclysm of 1914–18, he extolled war. And throughout the Fascist period, as the arts in Italy sank ever lower in subservience to the all-powerful state, he dreamed of the eventual triumph of a natural "proletariat of gifted men" under the banner "power to the artists."

Marinetti's creature, futurism, began as a revolutionary movement with a radical program for renewal—and ended in Fascism. Why? Croce's description of the futurists' bully-boy tactics yields an important clue, but the ultimate explanation is to be found in the profoundly reactionary nature of the movement itself. As G. M. Carsaniga has written: "Futurism encouraged writers and artists to cut themselves off from history in order to cultivate morbid superhuman ambitions. . . . Thus the natural outcome of Futurism was isolationism in art and Fascism in politics."

The metamorphosis of futurism into Fascism was, of course, a purely Italian phenomenon; but in 1940 (by which time futurism was definitely passé), Anne Morrow Lindbergh was calling Fascism (and Nazism) the "wave of the future." Five years later Mussolini and Hitler were dead and their works in ruins. The moral would seem to be twofold: that history avenges itself on those who seek to suppress it; and that attempts to impose a future—any future—must come out badly.

Amazing, Astounding Journeys into the Unknown—and Back

By ROBERT SILVERBERG

Sometimes I have the feeling I am literally living in the future—not so much because I earn my living writing science fiction as because I've been reading it for more than thirty years. When I was a boy, "the future" was the gaudy place I read about in gaudy-looking magazines like *Astounding Stories* and *Amazing Stories;* and amazing and astounding it was, too, a world of glistening gadgetry and sleek convenience far different from the drab wartime era I lived in. Now I live deep in that future, and these are some of the wonders I encounter daily:

A digital, solid-state clock radio awakens me in my home near San Francisco. I leave my electrically heated water bed and breakfast on orange juice, bacon, and English muffins, all purchased months ago and stored in a home freezer until yesterday. I make a couple of telephone calls, tapping the numbers out swiftly on electronic push buttons. I get into a rotary-engine car that transports me silently down a maze of freeways to the airport, where I board the hourly shuttle to Los Angeles. By midmorning I am in Los Angeles International Airport. I present my credit card at the car-rental desk, sign the computer-printed rental agreement, and then head for the fifty-story high-rise where I have a business conference. After lunch I buy a new stereo recording of Wagner's *Die Walküre* on four discs. On the flight home I sit next to two engineers who are helping design a new nuclear power plant upstate; they spread papers out and work intently with pocket-sized integrated-circuit calculators. By dinnertime I am home, and later that evening I settle in front of the color television to watch a concert by the Leningrad Philharmonic, broadcast live by orbiting satellite.

Like everybody else I take these things for granted most of the time, but now and then I look around and blink: this is 1974, which sounded so impossibly far away in the stories I read as a boy; the fantastic future has erupted all about me right on schedule, and I come in contact, a hundred times a day, with yesterday's science fiction.

Science fiction views the future: a spaceship nears the lunar surface in an illustration for Verne's From the Earth to the Moon.

Does that mean that science-fiction writers are such clear-eyed prophets that we can turn to them for an accurate depiction of the year 2000? Hardly. For one thing, most of us do not see ourselves primarily as prophets, and are apt to create in one story projections contradicting those of the one before. For another, those who go into prophecy seriously are much better at foreseeing general patterns than at discerning particular trends. It is not really difficult to extend technological or social trends into the future, but specific predictions are more a matter of luck than of genius.

Consider an example from the work of a writer who is among the very best: Robert A. Heinlein, author of *Stranger in a Strange Land.* In 1949 a Hollywood producer asked Heinlein to write the screenplay for a documentary-style movie about the first voyage to the moon and to serve as the film's technical adviser. The result, *Destination Moon* (1950), was thoughtfully done, right down to the smallest detail.

Heinlein's lunar ship was an atomic-powered, single-stage rocket designed and built by three men on behalf of a small syndicate of private investors. When the government refuses to let the inventors test their engine at its California construction site, they decide to blast off in less than twenty-four hours with an untested engine and themselves

as crew. A Federal court order is issued to block the takeoff, but the intrepid astronauts escape. Once in space they correct their course—with slide rule, almanac, and office calculator—and off they go to Luna, where they manage a hazardous manual landing, don space suits, and step forth to claim the moon for the United States.

In 1950 the story seemed a little melodramatic but otherwise plausible and technologically convincing; today it seems merely quaint, if not absurd. Neither Heinlein nor anyone else in science fiction foresaw that it would take a decade of work and twenty billion dollars to get men to the moon; no one realized the job would be a colossal co-operative enterprise by scores of the nation's largest corporations; no one imagined the tracking stations and gigantic computer installation, the multistage, liquid-fuel rocket, or the most astounding aspect of the entire venture: that the astronauts would transmit home a live video view of man's first footsteps on the moon.

So it has gone with most attempts at nuts-and-bolts prophecy. As Arthur C. Clarke, another of science fiction's highly respected seers, has pointed out, "The real future is not *logically* foreseeable." In the nineteenth century, for instance, many writers anticipated the airplane, but apparently no one foresaw the internal-combustion engine, the radio, or motion pictures.

Social predictions were almost always wide of the mark: nineteenth-century science fiction dresses twentieth-century Americans in Victorian garb and Victorian ideals, and nowhere can we find a realistic augury of today's informal dress, casual nudity, and sexual permissiveness. Political predictions were generally no better. The decline of Great Britain as an international power, for instance, was not foreseen; the rise of Japan and the United States were obvious enough to most writers, but tales of the often-predicted Japanese-American war usually assumed that Hawaii's Japanese-Americans would defect to the side of their ancestors. In World War II, of course, they fought for the Allies.

Nevertheless, embedded in this mass of error and shortsightedness, there are some surprisingly keen predictions. H. G. Wells, in "The Land Ironclads" (1903), virtually invented the military tank; in *The War in the Air* (1908) he portrayed aerial warfare much as it would be conducted in Europe less than a decade later; and *The World Set Free* (1914) predicted tapping the atomic energy of uranium (albeit in 1953) and the devastation of the world by what Wells called "atom-bombs."

In 1944 *Astounding Stories* published what seemed at the time a stunning prediction. "Deadline," a routine cloak-and-dagger tale by Cleve Cartmill, included such lines as: "U^{235} has been separated in quantity sufficient for preliminary atomic-power research. . . . It was extracted from uranium ores by new atomic isotope separation methods. . . . The explosion of a pound of U^{235} . . . releases as much energy as a hundred million pounds of TNT. . . ."

The story was published just as Manhattan Project scientists were nearing the climax of their work, and military intelligence agents hurriedly called on *Astounding*'s editor, John W. Campbell, to trace the source of their security leak. Campbell calmly pointed out that everything in Cartmill's story was based on reports published as early as 1939.

The Cartmill incident illustrates how limited the prophetic powers of science-fiction writers actually are. When they predict a specific technological development, it is usually done by keeping close watch over current scientific research and then projecting the consequences. Even Wells's 1914 vision of atomic bombs was simply a remarkable extrapolation of existing facts: Wells knew about radioactivity and saw the rest.

Today, most science fiction writers, concerned with possibilities rather than probabilities, begin with some plausible premise about the future and create a logical, internally consistent story around it, self-contained and exhaustive. It is a kind of intellectual game, and when played fairly and well it can be marvelously stimulating.

It can also be a useful game, for writers of science fiction show us not one future but many. By doing so, they serve the valuable purpose of conditioning us against "future shock." As Isaac Asimov pointed out more than twenty years ago, science fiction "is social experimentation on paper; social guesses plucked out of air. And this is the great service of science fiction. To accustom the reader to the possibility of change, to have him think along various lines—perhaps very daring lines."

Contemporary science fiction often accomplishes this by taking a metaphorical and symbolic approach to the future. Asimov's own far-flung galactic empires turn our eyes to the stars with a new receptivity; Ray Bradbury's *The Martian Chronicles* (1950) inspires awe and respect for what is alien and fragile. The point is perhaps best made in the greatest of all visionary novels, Olaf Stapledon's *Last and First Men* (1930).

In a calm historical reverie Stapledon's narrator traces the evolution of humanity through the next two billion years—a period in which the Earth is destroyed and mankind takes refuge first on Venus, then on Neptune. Several times the human race is reduced to a few dozen individuals; always they begin again, reconstructing civilization and reshaping even their own physical forms. Species succeeds species: the Fourth Men are giant brains, the Fifth Men superb, titanic creatures, the Seventh amiable, birdlike beings. Stapledon does not mean for us to take these fanciful inventions literally; he is saying that the future will bring unimaginable change, yet the human spirit will endure all transformations—even unto the time of the Eighteenth Men.

It is these Eighteenth Men who must submit to the final catastrophe of cosmic explosion, and one of them pronounces this epitaph for humanity: "It is very good to have been man. . . . We shall make after all a fair conclusion to this brief music. . . ."

Robert Silverberg writes fiction about the future and nonfiction about the past.

"Life was Better"

A Glimpse of the Poor Man's Belle Epoque

Church Street, Minot's main thoroughfare, ran between "The Hill" and "The Vale," each the domain of a rival family of the local gentry.

At the turn of the century in Minot, a French hamlet set in the bleak, wooded highlands of Burgundy, a carpenter named Hippolyte Amiot put aside his hammer and his plane, took up a camera, and began to scan his world with a true hobbyist's passion. Recently his work, as well as some anonymous photographs from Minot, have been rediscovered and assembled for a study by the Laboratoire d'Anthropologie sociale du Collège de France, under the sponsorship of the Centre National de Recherche Scientifique. From these old plates emerges a singular view of a forgotten side of La Belle Epoque.

Amiot's world had none of the Parisian gloss and glitter that Proust made synonymous with the age, but it had its own beauty. The five hundred or so citizens of Minot lived close to nature and divided themselves into classes—based not on money, wardrobes, or wit but on the amount of farmland they owned. A few vegetables, a sack of potatoes, or half a pig served as currency; the townspeople used coins only to buy shoes or to give as an offering at mass.

Life's major events were celebrated at church. Amiot, wrapped in a black cape, lugged his cumbersome camera to Sunday mass and weddings and focused it on his self-conscious neighbors, stiff in their formal clothes. But the average day was filled with chores, and Amiot captured his friends at work, too—the handyman shuffling to a job, or the cobbler, proud in an era when craftsmen would scrap an imperfect product and begin again.

"We were all poor," one of Minot's old-timers recalls today, but "Life was better. . . . In the old days there would be swapping between neighbors. People got along; they would help each other." Today, "it's every man for himself."

The old days have faded now. Minot's population has declined; even most of the horses and sheep are gone. Machines do the farming. The Paquis, where carnival bonfires once roared, serves as the garbage dump. But the photographs of Amiot's village, along with his townsmen's reminiscences on the following pages of HORIZON, recall the dignity, the cohesion, and the quiet pleasures that were a part of small-town life in a simpler time.

—S.F.

Townspeople leaving church. "There was blessed bread at mass," made by the local baker and passed from neighbor to neighbor.

The venerable handyman on the move. "The old people, as long as they could lift their feet, went to mind the cows . . . or to cut wood."

A mother and her baby. Childhood was brief. "Once one was seven, one was a person; and those who were ten years old were already men."

The village shoemaker. "Except for our shoes, we didn't buy anything. House slippers were made in the winter evenings while visiting."

Two solemn chums at their first Communion. "The parents chose the Communion comrade; one did not have the right to refuse."

ANONYMOUS

Newlyweds, the day after the vows. The bride wears a black silk dress, meant to last "for all the ceremonies" of her lifetime.

The guests at a wedding party, jubilant despite the rain. "In the past, marriages were arranged in the evenings, betwee

ANONYMOUS

families; one said, 'those two, they should get married,' and, faith, those marriages held . . . even better than today."

Scotland's Greatest Son

In *The Wealth of Nations* Adam Smith gave the world a new and witty and literate perception of the dismal science. But what would he have said about ITT?

In June of 1973 economists gathered from all over the world in the Royal Burgh of Kirkcaldy, immediately across the Firth of Forth from Edinburgh, to celebrate the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of the town's — most would say Scotland's—greatest son. That was Adam Smith, who was born there in 1723, the son of the local collector of customs, and who, after study at the evidently excellent local school, went on to the University of Glasgow and then to Balliol for six years. Returning to Scotland, he became, first, professor of logic and then, in 1752, professor of moral philosophy at Glasgow. This chair he resigned in 1764 to travel on the Continent as the well-paid tutor of the young Duke of Buccleuch, a family possessed to this day of a vast acreage of dubious land on the border. In Europe Smith made the acquaintance of the physiocratic philosophers and economists Quesnay and Turgot, as well as Voltaire and other notable contemporaries, and used his time and mind well. He then returned to Kirkcaldy where, for the next twelve years, subject to lengthy sojourns in London and to the despair of some of his friends who feared he would never finish, he engaged himself in the writing of *The Wealth of Nations*.

This great book was published in 1776, a few weeks before the Declaration of Independence, and if there is coincidence in the dates, there was also association in the events. Unlike his friend David Hume (who died that August), Smith deplored the separation. He had wanted instead full union, full and equal representation of the erstwhile colonies in Parliament, free trade within the Union, equal taxation along with equal representation, and the prospect that, as the American part developed in wealth and population, the capital would be removed from London to some new Constantinople in the West. Practical men must have shuddered.

However, *The Wealth of Nations*, at least among the knowledgeable, was an immediate success. Gibbon wrote, "What an excellent work is that with which our common friend Mr. Adam Smith has enriched the public . . . most profound ideas expressed in the most perspicacious language." Hume, in a much quoted letter, was exuberant:

> Euge! Belle! Dear Mr. Smith. I am much pleased with your performance, and the perusal of it has taken from me a state of great anxiety. It was a work of so much expectation, by yourself, by your friends, and by the public, that I trembled for its appearance, but am now much relieved . . . it has depth and solidity and acuteness, and is so much illustrated by curious facts that it must at last attract the public attention.

The public response—to two volumes costing £1 16s., the equivalent of perhaps thirty dollars today—was also good. The first edition was soon sold out, although this intelligence would be more valuable were the size of the edition known. Smith spent the next couple of years in London being, one gathers, much fêted by his contemporaries for his accomplishment, and then, having been appointed Commissioner of Customs in Edinburgh, an admirable sinecure, he returned to Scotland. He died in Edinburgh in 1790.

By this time, *The Wealth of Nations*, though at first ignored by politicians, was having an influence on men of affairs. A year and a half after Smith's death, Pitt, introducing his budget, said of Smith that his "extensive knowledge of detail and depth of philosophical research will, I believe, furnish the best solution of every question connected with the history of commerce and with the system of political economy." Not since, in the nonsocialist world at least, has a politician committed himself so courageously to an economist.

Smith has not been a popular subject for biographers. He was a bachelor. His best-remembered personal trait was his absent-mindedness. Once, according to legend, he fell into deep thought and walked fifteen miles in his dressing gown before regaining consciousness. His manuscripts, by his instruction, were destroyed at his death. He disliked writing letters, and few of these have survived. The papers of those with whom he did correspond, or which reflected his influence, were destroyed, mostly because of lack of interest, and some, it appears, as late as 1941 or 1942. Adam Smith's only other major published work, *The Theory of Moral Sentiments*, reflects in-

By JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

terests antecedent to those in political economy. It is often cited by scholars but little read. No biography of Adam Smith has superseded that by John Rae, published nearly eighty years ago.

If Smith's life has attracted little attention, perhaps it is because so much attention has centered on *Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations*, to give the title of his masterpiece its full resonance. With *Das Kapital* and the Bible, *Wealth of Nations* enjoys the distinction of being one of the three books that people may refer to at will without feeling they should have read it. Scholarly dispute over what is Smith's principal contribution has gone on endlessly. This is partly because there is so much in the book that every reader has full opportunity to exercise his own preference.

Exercising that preference, I have always thought that two of Smith's achievements have been neglected. One, mentioned by Gibbon, is his gift for language. Few writers ever, and certainly no economist since, have been as amusing, lucid, or resourceful—or on occasion as devastating. Most rightly remember his conclusion that "People of the same trade seldom meet together, even for merriment and diversion, but the conversation ends in a conspiracy against the public, or in some contrivance to raise prices." There are many more such gems. He noted that "The late resolution of the Quakers in Pennsylvania to set at liberty all their negro slaves may satisfy us that their number cannot be very great." And, anticipating Thorstein Veblen, that "With the greater part of rich people, the chief enjoyment of riches consists in the parade of riches." On the function or nonfunction of stockholders, no one in the next two centuries was more penetrating in however many words: "[Stockholders] seldom pretend to understand anything of the business of the company, and when the spirit of faction happens not to prevail among them, give themselves no trouble about it, but receive contentedly such half-yearly or yearly dividend, as the directors think proper to make to them." One of Smith's most famous observations, it may be noted, is not in *Wealth of Nations*. On hearing from Sir John Sinclair in October, 1777, that Burgoyne had surrendered at Saratoga and of his friend's fear that the nation was ruined, Smith said, "There is a great deal of ruin in a nation."

MARY EVANS PICTURE LIBRARY, LONDON

Gussied up and properly shod (he usually wore his bedroom slippers), Smith appears in an engraving of 1790, the year of his death.

Also neglected now are the "curious facts" that enchanted Hume and of which *Wealth of Nations* is a treasure house. Their intrusion has, in fact, been deplored. As a writer Smith was a superb carpenter but a poor architect. The facts appear in lengthy digressions that have been criticized as such. But for any discriminating reader it is worth the interruption to learn that the expenses of the civil government of the Massachusetts Bay Colony "before the commencement of the present disturbances," meaning the Revolution, were only £18,000 a year and that this was a rather sizable sum compared with New York and Pennsylvania at £4,500 each and New Jersey at £1,200. (These and numerous other details on the Colonies reflect an interest John Rae believes was stimulated by Benjamin Franklin, with whom Smith was closely acquainted.)

Also, were it not for Smith we might not know that after a bad storm, or "inundation," the citizens of the Swiss canton of Underwald (Unterwalden) came together in an assembly where each publicly confessed his wealth to the multitude and was then assessed *pro rata* for the repair of the damage. Or that, at least by Smith's exceptionally precise calculation, Isocrates earned £3,333 6s. 8d. (upward of 50,000 dollars) for what "we would call one course of lectures, a number which will not appear extraordinary from so great a city to so famous a teacher, who taught, too, what was at that time the most fashionable of all sciences, rhetoric." Or that Plutarch was paid the same. Or, continuing with professors, that those who are subject to reward unrelated to their capacity to attract students will perform their duty in "as careless and slovenly a manner" as authority will permit and that in "the university of Oxford, the greater part of the public professors [those with endowed chairs] have, for these many years, given up altogether even the pretence of teaching."

So no one should neglect Smith's contribution to expository prose and "curious facts." Now as to economic thought and policy. Here a sharp and

ADAM SMITH ON SELF-INTEREST:

"It is not from the benevolence of the butcher, the brewer, or the baker that we expect our dinner but from their regard to their self-interest. We address ourselves not to their humanity, but to their self-love, and never talk to them of our necessities, but of their advantages."

obvious distinction must be made between what was important in 1776 and what is important now. The first is very great; the second, save in the imagination of those who misuse Smith as a prophet of reaction, is much less so. The business corporation, which Smith deplored, and the wealth that accumulated in consequence of his advice combined against him. But first we must consider his meaning in 1776.

Smith's economic contribution to his own time can be thought of as falling into three categories—method, system, and advice. The second, overflowing onto the third, is by far the most important.

As to method, Smith gave to political economy, later to become economics, the basic structure which was to survive almost intact at least for the next hundred and fifty years. This structure begins with the problem of value—how prices are set. Then comes the question of how the proceeds are shared—how the participants in production are rewarded. This latter involves the great trinity of labor, capital, and land. Along the way is the role of money. Thereafter come banking, international trade, taxation, public works, defense, and the other functions of the state. Other writers, notably the physiocrats, had previously given political economy a fairly systematic frame, although, as Alexander Gray observed, they had "embellished it with strange frills." But it was Smith who, for the English-speaking world, provided the enduring structure.

The structure, in turn, was more important than what it enclosed. Although Smith's treatment of value, wages, profits, and rents was suggestive and often incisive, it was, in all respects, a beginning and not an end. So it was regarded by Ricardo, Malthus, and the two Mills. Thus, as one example, Smith held that the supply of workers would increase *pari passu* with an increase in the sustenance available for their support. Ricardo translated this thought into the iron law of wages—the rule that wages would tend always to fall to the bare minimum necessary to sustain life. And Malthus, going a step further, adduced his immortal conclusion that people everywhere would proliferate to the point of starvation. Subsequent scholars—the marginal-utility theorists, Alfred Marshall, others—added further modifications to the theory of prices, wages, interest, profits, and rent, and yet further transmutations were of course to follow. Smith was left far behind.

For Smith, the structure he gave to economics and the explanation of economic behavior that it contained were only steps in the creation of his larger system—his complete view of how economic life should be arranged and governed. This was his central achievement. It provides a set of guiding rules for economic policy that are comprehensive and consistent without being arbitrary or dogmatic.

The Smithian system requires that the individual, suitably educated, be left free to pursue his own interest. In doing so, he serves not perfectly, but better than by any alternative arrangement, the common public purpose. Self-interest or selfishness guides men, as though by the influence of an unseen hand, to the exercise of the diligence and intelligence that maximize productive effort and thus the public good. Private vice becomes a public virtue.

In pursuit of private interest, producers exploit the opportunities inherent in the division of labor—in, broadly speaking, the specialized development of skill for the performance of each small part of a total task of production. Combined with the division of labor is the natural propensity of man "to truck, barter or exchange." The freedom of the individual to do his best both in production and in exchange is inhibited by regulation and taxation. Thus the hand of the state should weigh on him as lightly as possible. The limiting factor on the division of labor—roughly, the scale of specialized productive activity—is the size of the market. Obviously, this should be as wide as possible.

There follows Smith's special case against internal, monopolistic, or international restrictions on trade. The case against international barriers gains force from the fact that both well-being and national strength derive not from the accumulation of precious metal, as Smith's mercantilist precursors had held, but—as one would now say and as Smith in effect did say—from the productivity of the labor force. Given an industrious and productive labor force, in the most majestic of Smith's arguments, the supply of gold will take care of itself.

Such, in greatest compression, is the Smithian system—the one that Pitt proclaimed as "the best solution of every question connected . . . with the system of political economy."

Smith's third contribution was in the field of practical policy. His advice—on banking, education, colonies, taxation (including the famous canons and extending even to recommendations for the reform of taxation in France), public works, joint-stock companies, agriculture—was infinitely abundant. It could be that no economist since has offered so much. With many exceptions and frequent modifications to fit the circumstance, it is in keeping with Smith's system. The bias in favor of freeing or unburdening the individual to pursue his interest is omnipresent, and so is his belief that men will toil effectively only in the pursuit of pecuniary self-interest. There will be occasion for a further word on this advice; now we must see what of Smith survives.

Needless to say, the mordant language and the curious facts survive; it is too bad they are not more read and enjoyed. Also, Smith's concept of the economic problem—and the division of the subject between value and distribution

—are still to be found in that part of the textbooks that economists call microeconomics (and those given to tasteless insider abbreviation call "micro"). His particular conclusions as to how prices, wages, rents, and return to capital are determined, and his views on gold, paper currency, banks, and the like, are now only of antiquarian interest.

Nor does much of the abundant advice just mentioned have modern meaning. It better illuminates life in the eighteenth century than any current problems. Until recently the textbooks on taxation included reverent mention of Smith's four great canons. But no one now coming to them without knowledge of their author would think them very remarkable. That taxes should be certain or predictable and arbitrary in their bite; that they should be so levied and collected as to fit the reasonable convenience of the taxpayer; and that the cost of collection should be a modest part of the total take was important in 1776. But these three things are pretty well accepted now.

Smith's fourth canon, that the "subjects of every state ought to contribute towards the support of the government, as nearly as possible, in proportion to their respective abilities; that is, in proportion to the revenue which they respectively enjoy under the protection of the state," could be taken as an enduring prescription for a proportional (i.e., fixed percentage) as distinct from a progressive income tax. Some beleaguered rich have so argued. In fact, Smith was speaking only of what seemed possible and sensible in his own time. He would have moved with the times. It might be added that his modest prescription gives no comfort to tax shelters, special treatment of state and municipal bonds, the oil-depletion allowance, or those who believe that they were intended by nature to be untroubled by the IRS. Numerous of the big rich in the United States would find even Adam Smith's proportional prescription rather costly as compared with what they now pay.

The next and more interesting question concerns Smith's system—his rules for guiding economic life. What of that survives? Is economic life still guided in appreciable measure by the unseen hand of self-interest—in modern language, by the market? What has happened to the notion of the minimal state, and is it forever dead? And what of Smith's plea for the widest possible market both within and between nations?

In truth, time has dealt harshly with Smith's system. On one important matter he was simply wrong. Further damage was done by an institution, the business corporation, for which he saw little future and which, on the whole, he deplored. And his system was gravely impaired by the very success of the prescription that he offered.

Smith's error was his underestimate of man's capacity, perhaps with some social conditioning, for co-operation. He thought it negligible. Men would work assiduously for their own pecuniary advantage; on shared tasks, even for shared reward, they would continue to do as little as authority allowed. Only in defeating or circumventing that authority—in minimizing physical and intellectual toil, maximizing indolence and sloth—would they bring real effort and ingenuity to bear. But not otherwise. People work only if working for themselves. There is no more persistent theme in *Wealth of Nations*. It is why government tasks are poorly performed. It is why civil servants are an uncivil and feckless crew. It is his case against the British bureaucracy in India. It is why the Oxford professors lapse into idleness. And it is why, in Smith's view, joint-stock companies, except for routine tasks, have little to commend them. Their best chance for survival, one to which the minds of the directors almost invariably turn, is to obtain a monopoly of their industry or trade, a tendency to which Smith devotes some of his finest scorn. Otherwise, their employees or servants devote themselves not to enriching the company but to enriching themselves or not enriching anyone.

In fact, experience since Smith has shown that man's capacity for co-operative effort is very great. Perhaps this was the product of education and social conditioning, something that no one writing in the eighteenth century could have foreseen. Perhaps Smith, handicapped by his environment, judged all races by the Scotch (as we are correctly called). Most likely he failed to see the pride people could have in their organization, their desire for the good opinion or esteem of their co-workers, maybe what Veblen called their instinct to workmanship.

In any case, governments in the performance of public tasks, some of great technical and military complexity, corporations in pursuit of growth, profit, and power, and socialist states in pursuit of national development and power have been able to enlist a great intensity of co-operative effort. And both corporate and socialist economic activities have been able to unite an instinct to co-operation with a promise of individual economic reward and gain from both. At least in the industrialized world, highly organized forms of economic activity enlist a great intensity of co-operative effort.

The most spectacular example of co-operative effort—or perhaps, to speak more precisely, of a successful marriage of co-operative and self-serving en-

ADAM SMITH ON CHILDBEARING:

"Poverty, though it no doubt discourages, does not always prevent marriage. It seems even to be favourable to generation. A half-starved Highland woman frequently bears more than twenty children, while a pampered fine lady is often incapable of bearing any, and is generally exhausted by two or three. . . . But poverty . . . is extremely unfavourable to the rearing of children. The tender plant is produced, but in so cold a soil and so severe a climate, soon withers and dies."

ADAM SMITH ON BANKRUPTCY:

"Bankruptcy is perhaps the greatest and most humiliating calamity which can befall an innocent man. The greater part of men, therefore, are sufficiently careful to avoid it. Some indeed, do not avoid it; as some do not avoid the gallows."

deavor—has, of course, been the corporation. This, for the reasons just noted, Smith did not think possible. And the development of the corporation, in turn, was destructive of the minimal state that Smith prescribed.

For this there were several reasons. The corporation had needs—franchises, rights-of-way, capital, qualified manpower, technical support, highways for its motor cars, airways for its airplanes—which only the state could supply. A state that served its corporations satisfactorily quickly ceased, except in the hopes of truly romantic conservatives, to be minimal.

Also, a less evident point, the economy of the great corporation, when combined with that of the unions (which were in some measure the response to it), was no longer stable. The corporation retained earnings for investment; there was no certainty that all of such savings would be invested. The resulting shortage of demand could be cumulative, for wages and prices would no longer adjust to arrest the downward spiral. And in other circumstances wages and prices might force each other up to produce an enduring and cumulative inflation. The state was called upon to offset the tendency to recession by stabilizing the demand for goods. This was the message of Keynes. And the state had to intervene to stabilize prices and wages if inflation were to be kept within tolerable limits. Both actions were heavy blows at the Smithian state.

The corporation, as it became very large, also ceased to be subordinate to the market. It fixed prices, sought out supplies, influenced consumers, and otherwise exercised power not different in kind from the power of the the state itself. As Smith would have foreseen, this power was exercised in the interest of its possessors, and on numerous matters—the use of air, water, and land—the corporate interest diverged from the public interest. It also diverged where, as in the case of the weapons firms, the corporation was able to persuade the state to be its customer. Corporate interest did not coincide with the public interest as the Smithian system assumed. And there were yet further appeals to the government for redress and further enhancement of the state. This development, on which I will have a later word, has proceeded with explosivė speed, especially since World War II.

Finally, Smith's system was destroyed by its own success. In the nineteenth century and with a rather deliberate recognition of their source, Britain was governed by Smith's ideas. So, though more by instinct than by deliberate philosophical commitment, was the United States. And directly, or through such great disciples as the French economist J. B. Say, Smith's influence extended to Western Europe. In the context of time and place, the Smithian system worked; there was a vast release of productive energy, a great increase in wealth, a large though highly uneven increase in living standards. Then came the corporation with its superior access to capital (including that reserved from its own earnings), its great ability to adapt science and technology to its purposes, and its strong commitment to its own growth through expanding sales and output. This, and by a new order of magnitude, added to the increase in output, income, and consumption.

This was the next nail. It is not possible to combine a highly productive economy with a minimal state. Public regulation had to develop in step with private consumption; public services must bear some reasonable relationship to the supply of private services and goods. Both points are accepted in practice if not in principle. A country cannot have a high consumption of automobiles, alcohol, medication, transportation, communications, or even cosmetics, without rules governing their use. The greater the wealth, the more men needed to protect it, and the more required to pick up the discarded containers in which so much of it comes. And in rough accord with increased private consumption goes an increased demand for public services—for education, health care, parks and public recreation, postal services, and the infinity of other things that must be provided, or are best provided, by the state.

Among numerous conservatives there is still a conviction that the society of the minimal state was deliberately destroyed by socialists, planners, *étatists*, and other wicked men who did not know what they were about, or knew all too well. Far more of the responsibility lies with Smith himself. Along with the corporation, his system created the wealth that made his state impossible.

In one last area, it will be insisted, Adam Smith does survive. Men still respect his inspired and inspiring call for the widest possible market, one that will facilitate in the greatest degree the division of labor. And after two centuries the dominant body of opinion in industrial nations resists tariffs and quotas. And in Europe the nation-states have created the ultimate monument to Adam Smith, the European Economic Community. In even more specific tribute to Smith, it is usually called the Common Market.

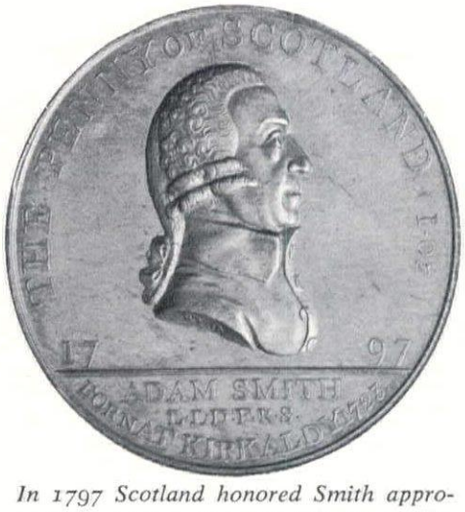
Even here, however, there is less of Smith than meets the eye. Since the eighteenth century, or, for that matter, in the last fifty years, domestic markets have grown enormously. That of insular Britain today is far greater than that of imperial Britain at the height of empire. The technical opportunities in large-scale production have developed enormously since 1776. But national markets have developed much, much more. Proof lies in the fact that General Motors, IBM, Shell, Nestlé, do not produce in ever larger plants as would be the case if they needed to realize the full opportunities inherent in the division of labor. Rather, they produce the same items in

numerous small plants. Except perhaps in the very small industrial countries—Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg—domestic markets have long been large enough so that even were they confined to the home market, producers would realize the full economies of scale, the full technical advantages of the division of labor.

The Common Market, and the modern enlightenment on international trade, owe much more to the nontechnical needs of the modern multinational corporation than they do to Adam Smith. The multinational corporation stands astride national boundaries. Instead of seeking tariff support of the state against countries that have a comparative advantage, it can go to the advantaged countries to produce what it needs. At the same time, modern marketing techniques require that it be able to follow its products into other countries to persuade consumers and governments and, in concert with other producers, to avoid the price competition that would be disastrous for all. So, for the multinational corporation, tariffs, to speak loosely and generally, are both unnecessary and a nuisance. It would not have escaped the attention of Adam Smith, although it has escaped the attention of many in these last few years, that where there are no corporations, the Common Market is less than common and very much less than popular. The tariff enlightenment following World War II has resulted not from a belated reading of *Wealth of Nations* but from the much more powerful tendency for what serves the needs of large enterprises to become sound public policy.

But if time and the revolution that he helped set in motion have overtaken Smith's system and Smith's advice, there is one further respect in which he remains wonderfully relevant. That is in the example he sets for professional economists—for what, at the moment, is a troubled, rather saddened discipline. Smith is not a prophet for our time, but, as we have seen, he was magnificently in touch with his own time. He broke with the mercantilist orthodoxy to bring economic ideas abreast of the industrial and agricultural changes that were only then just visible on the horizon. His writing in relation to the Industrial Revolution involved both prophecy and self-fulfilling prophecy. He sensed, even if he did not fully see, what was about to come, and he greatly helped to make it come.

The instinct of the economist, now as never before, is to remain with the past. On that, there is a doctrine, a theory—one that is now wonderfully refined. And there are practical advantages. An economist's capital lies in what he knows—sometimes what he learned in graduate school. Or he has investment in a textbook. To adhere to and articulate the accepted view protects this investment. It also keeps a scholar clear of



In 1797 Scotland honored Smith appropriately, issuing a penny with his profile.

controversy, something that is usually regarded as a trifle uncouth or indecent. To stay with what is accepted is also consistent with the good life—with the fur-lined comfort of the daily routine between suburb, classroom, and office. To this blandishment, economists are no more immune than other people. The tragedy lies in their resulting obsolescence. As the economic world changes, that proceeds relentlessly, and it is a painful thing.

Remarkably, the same institution, the corporation, which helped to take the economic world away from Adam Smith, has, in its explosive development in modern times, taken it away from the mature generation of present-day economists. As even economists in their nonprofessional life concede, the modern corporation controls prices and costs, organizes suppliers, persuades consumers, guides the Pentagon, shapes public opinion, buys presidents, and is otherwise a dominant influence in the state. It also, alas, in its modern and comprehensively powerful form, figures not at all in the accepted economic theory. That theory still holds the business firm to be solely subordinate to the market, solely subject to the authority of the state, and ultimately the passive servant of the sovereign citizen. There is no ITT in the system. So there is no control of prices, no weapons culture, no dangerously laggard industries, no deeply endemic inequality—there is only incidental damage to the environment arising from minor and hitherto uncelebrated defects (what are called external diseconomies) in the price system. To have to lose touch with reality is the tragedy. And matters are made worse by a younger generation of scholars that accepts and explores the problem of economic power and struggles, sometimes rather crudely, to come to terms with it. Older scholars are left with the barren hope that they can somehow consolidate their forces and thus exclude the threat. It is a fate that calls less for criticism than for compassion.

It is not a fate that Adam Smith would have suffered. Given his avid empiricism, his deep commitment to reality, his profound concern for practical reform, he would have made the modern corporation and its power, and the related power of the unions and the state, an integral part of his theoretical system. His problem would have been different. With his contempt for theoretical pretense, his intense interest in practical questions, he might have had trouble getting tenure in a first-rate modern university.

John Kenneth Galbraith's most recent books are A China Passage *and* Economics and the Public Purpose, *both published in 1973 by Houghton Mifflin. He is now writing about a subject dear to us all—money.*

THE MAVERICK PHARAOH

LOUVRE — JOHN ROSS

The pharaoh Akhenaten

A monotheist and worshiper of the sun god Aten, Akhenaten created a religious revolution. Was he an idealist, a reformer, a visionary, or a megalomaniac?

By LIONEL CASSON

Imagine a museum wall lined with royal portraits in the formal, traditional manner of Vandyke or Velázquez—and right in the center, a portrait that looks as if it had been done by Picasso or Rouault. Imagine a wall lined with old-fashioned, ceremonious court scenes, a king in full regalia seated in majesty on his throne, graciously receiving courtiers, or solemnly leading a procession—and right in the center, a picture of him munching on a chop or cooing over a baby. This is the effect of the portraits and court scenes of Pharaoh Amenhotep IV, or Akhenaten, to use the name he preferred, who ruled Egypt from about 1378 to 1362 B.C. None of his predecessors had ever commissioned their like; no successor ever would.

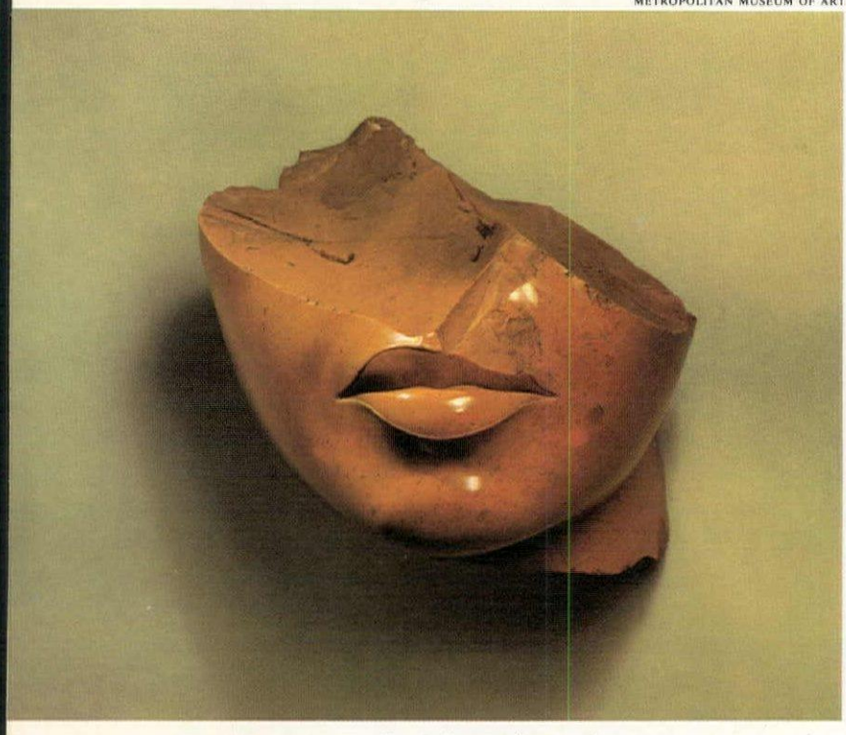
He belonged to the Eighteenth Dynasty, a family of vigorous and able rulers who took over the throne in about 1600 B.C. and made Egypt into a mighty empire with boundaries that extended deep into the Sudan on the south and almost as far as Asia Minor to the north. His great-great-grandfather, Thutmose III, warrior par excellence, had founded the empire; his great-grandfather, Amenhotep II, stalwart athlete and army commander, had consolidated it; and his own father, Amenhotep III, enjoyed all its fruits in a lush, splendid court. But one glance at the son's portraits clearly shows that the path he chose to follow was none of these.

The writer of twentieth-century history has enormous archives, veritable mountains of documents, at his disposal; one of his major problems, in fact, is selection and elimination. As we go back in time beyond the Middle Ages, the evidence peters out, aside from a few limited areas. Still, there are the narratives of Herodotus, Thucydides, Livy, and other pioneers in the art of history to rely on, but for a long time that was the end of the road. Behind lay an age that offered neither documents nor narratives; except for a fitful gleam here and there in early books of the Old Testament, the darkness was total.

The situation began to brighten in the opening decades of the nineteenth century when Jean François Champollion first deciphered the hieroglyphic code, unlocked the door to what the archaeologists had found, and let the first light into the history of ancient Egypt. But the rays, as it turns out, have hardly been dazzling. Since most Egyptian writing of historical significance occurs on the walls of tombs, palaces, and temples, or on certain public monuments, the sum total of what has been found forms no extensive unified corpus but instead a skimpy and utterly haphazard miscellany. As much or more light is often shed by the plentiful pictures and sculptures portraying pharaohs and their officials. Reconstructing Egypt's past from such materials is not so much composing history as putting

Opposite: the pharaoh Akhenaten and his queen Nefertiti (behind him) raise offerings to the god Aten, symbolized in the disk that sends down rays of sunlight curiously tipped with hands. At far left their daughter Merytaten jingles a sistrum. Only the royal family worshiped Aten directly; the rest had to be content with revering royal statues and reliefs like this one. The spindly shanks, heavy haunch, and jutting chin are characteristic mannerisms of the Amarna style, named after Akhenaten's new capital city.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART



Part of a royal portrait

MYSTERIOUS FRAGMENTS AND GUESSING GAMES

With fragments of sculpture such as these—flung aside by later generations eager to return to ancient gods and modes of belief—the mystery of Akhenaten's Amarna revolution unfolds and deepens. Modern scholars can only guess at their significance. The yellow jasper sculpture above may or may not show Queen Tiye, Akhenaten's mother. The clasped hands opposite could have come from statuary of the king and queen or a group of royal children (like the head, the hands were carved separately in a mass-production method: the market for Amarna art must have been vast). Below, the elegantly shod feet in relief might belong to Nefertiti (for the first time in Egyptian art, the carvers differentiated right from left foot with admirable realism). Beneath that is a sculptor's sketch for two portraits, but is it a fake, or a masterful study of Nefertiti and Akhenaten? Experts still squabble. The fragment at the bottom has provoked elaborate reconstructions. Is Nefertiti perched on her husband's knee, playing with two daughters in unregal domesticity?

together a jigsaw puzzle, the majority of whose pieces have been lost, and those preserved mostly bent or broken or worn beyond recognition. Even today, after a century and a half of Egyptological blood, sweat, and tears, we are sure of little beyond a skeletal outline of events and the general trend of Egyptian thought.

As a result, there are discouragingly few aspects of Egyptian history that are well known or understood. One of the few, it so happens, is the position of the pharaoh. The ancient Egyptians were a nation dedicated to the proposition that their pharaoh was a colleague of the multitudinous deities this god-loving people worshiped, and directly responsible for the welfare of themselves and their land. This inevitably led them into entertaining the loftiest conception possible of whatever man sat upon their throne. In their art—and we must often turn to this as a source of historical information in the absence of any better—a pharaoh appears with the features, and in poses, appropriate to a monarch whose rule was absolute, whose being was divine—and this holds for art belonging either to the mighty pyramid-building Fourth Dynasty of circa 2500 B.C. or to the obscure Twenty-fourth of eighteen hundred years later.

All pharaohs, that is, except Akhenaten. He had himself depicted not as a traditional pharaoh but almost as a caricature of one, a creature with egg-shaped head, elongated chin, scrawny neck, drooping shoulders, potbelly, spindly legs, buttocks and thighs as thick and rounded as a woman's. As if to underline this feminine aspect, his nude statues actually show him without genitalia. Why the sudden switch from heroic god-man to downright antihero? What lay behind such flouting of Egypt's time-honored ways?

The problem has intrigued and baffled historians. For over a century they have juggled the bits and pieces of Egyptian history in an effort to arrive at an answer. The discoverers of the first examples of these *outré* portrayals were convinced they were dealing with representations of a woman. When the deciphering of the inscriptions revealed beyond any doubt that the subject was a pharaoh, Auguste Mariette, the great French Egyptologist, suggested that perhaps the poor fellow had been captured while campaigning in the Sudan and castrated, with the effects visible in his portraits—a suggestion that, as a recent historian put it, shows all "the vivid imagination one would expect of one of the librettists of *Aida*." As more scraps of information were collected, they began to add up to something far more significant, a bizarre chapter in Egyptian history: Akhenaten, it seems, alone among twenty-six dynasties of pharaohs whose rule spanned two and a half millenniums, was an iconoclastic religious reformer.

His predecessors in the Eighteenth Dynasty had all been proper god-fearing pharaohs, honoring in due measure the various deities in the well-stocked Egyptian pantheon, although manifesting a distinct predilection for one in particular, Amon. This god's center was far up the Nile at Thebes, and here they erected temples for him so vast that today the ruins compete with the pyramids as Egypt's most spectacular tourist

attraction; an army of resident priests, in an organized hierarchy, took care of his cult. Amon, though represented as a crowned king, was conceived as a spirit, invisible to the eye but present everywhere in everything. In his grandiose houses of worship one passed from the sunlight through chambers of increasing shadow to the dim obscurity of a holy of holies open only to the specially authorized—an eminently suitable arrangement for a deity whose name meant "the hidden one."

The young prince, Amenhotep IV, to give him his "baptismal" name as it were, at first kept any iconoclastic ideas he may have had well in hand: his early portraits show a figure in the typical heroic Egyptian mold. In the course of time he married Nefertiti, a sister or cousin, or neither (the point is argued), who must have been a beauty if she looked like the well-known portrait head, and she promptly bore him the first of six daughters.

Early in his reign, however, he began to evince a marked disinterest in the dynasty's favorite, Amon, and marked interest in the sun god, Re, particularly in the deity's visible manifestation, the radiant disk, or Aten, to give it its Egyptian name. In doing so he was on well-trodden ground, venturing into nothing unorthodox: the cult of Re had started a thousand years before the young king was born, and his father and grandfather had even transformed the Aten itself into a divinity and offered worship to it. But his attachment obviously went a good deal further. After some six years on the throne, he took the dramatic step of changing his name from Amenhotep, "Amon is Satisfied," to Akhenaten, "The Effective Spirit of Aten," and took an even more dramatic step by moving away from Thebes and out of the shadow of the awesome temples of Amon. About 250 miles farther down the Nile, at a place now called Tell el Amarna, he built a whole new city for his particular divine favorite, dubbing it Akhetaten, "The Horizon of Aten."

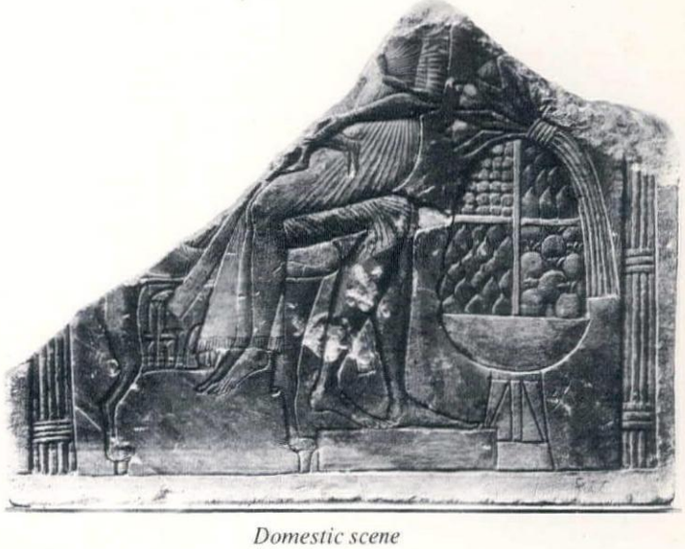
It was a well-planned complex that included a great temple to Aten, a royal palace, administration buildings, an elegant residential section for the members of the court, a humbler area for the rank and file, workshops, and, of course, in the hills roundabout, those ubiquitous concomitants of Egyptian civilization, elaborate tombs. The temple of Aten, in dramatic contrast to Amon's, was open, bathed in the sun's light. Temple, palace, mansions, and tombs were decorated with the art that is the hallmark of the iconoclastic movement: portrayals of the pharaoh in all his grotesqueness and in scenes of startling intimacy. The pharaoh's taste inevitably set a style: painters and sculptors dutifully gave eggheads and potbellies to the queen and princesses, and courtiers deferentially instructed their own portraitists to follow suit.

To Akhenaten, Aten was the sole god, and the god not only of Egypt but of all peoples, creator not only of the Valley of the Nile but of the universe. A hymn, presumably by Akhenaten and inscribed on the wall of a tomb belonging to one of his high officials, still survives; in it he addresses Aten in phraseology reminiscent of the 104th Psalm. Yet even such language was by itself no breach of orthodoxy: Akhenaten's predecessors had, by way of flattery, addressed Amon and Re in similarly rever-

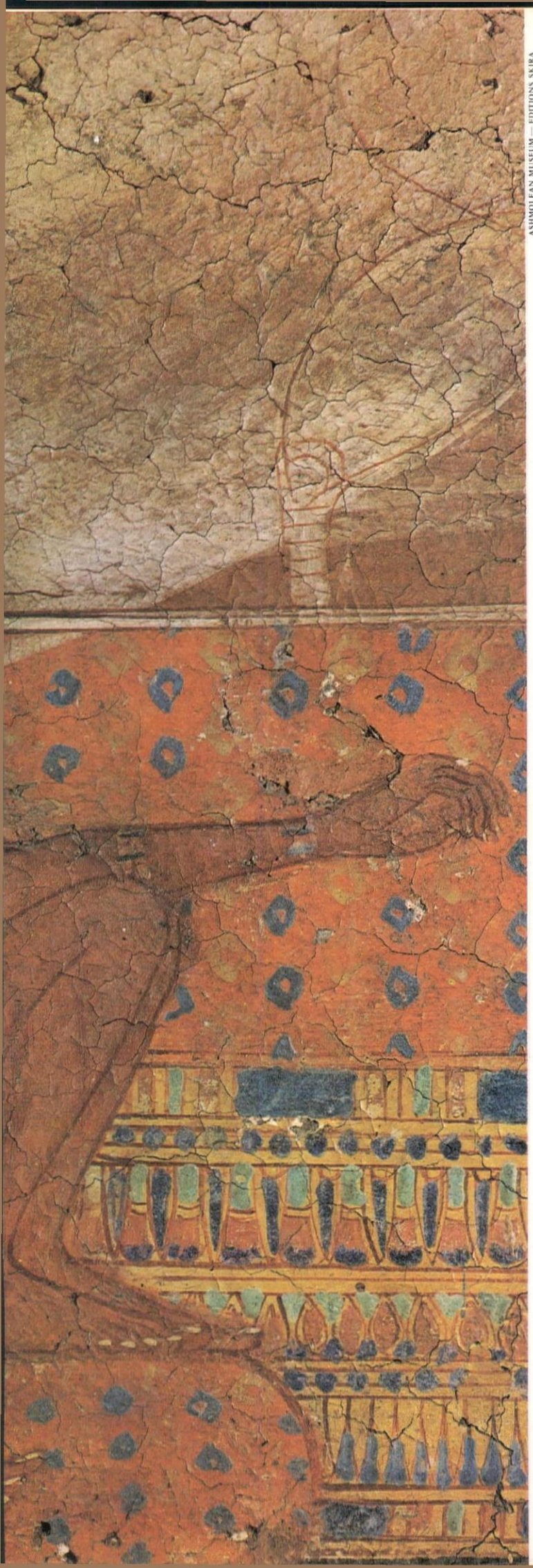
Regal handclasp

A queen's feet

Sculptor's sketch



Domestic scene



ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM — EDITIONS SKIRA

ent terms. But at some point in his career the independent-minded pharaoh took a step that was unquestionably a breach, a step that no Egyptian had ever taken before or would ever take again. He declared monotheism throughout the land.

To drive the point home he sent men armed with mallets and chisels to strike out the offending name of Amon wherever they found it, whether on vast temple walls or on tiny scarabs, whether in the heart of Thebes or deep in the Sudan. He even had them strike out such terms as "the gods." Though Aten was to be the one god, the sole god, he was not, however, accessible to all worshipers. Only Akhenaten and his family might pray to Aten directly; for all others an intermediary was necessary. And so, in the decorative scenes Akhenaten ordered his artists to make, we see the divine disk sending out hand-shaped rays that are directed toward the pharaoh and his family alone while courtiers all about bow to him in adoration. This was, to be sure, pharaonic, in the manner of the august pyramid builders of more than a millennium earlier; still, even Akhenaten's predecessors in the Eighteenth Dynasty, who had forged Egypt into a worldly, internationally minded power, had never assumed so awesome a stance.

After a number of years, no more than a dozen at most, it all came to an abrupt end. Akhenaten died—we have no idea how. Tutankhamon, possibly his younger brother, eventually succeeded, and during his reign the clock was turned decisively back; the new city was abandoned, the court returned to its former quarters, Aten was forgotten, and Amon resumed his quondam sway. Eventually, about 1349 B.C., an army commander, Haremhab, took over the throne—he may have gained it by marrying into the royal family—and, during a long and vigorous reign, nearly wiped out the traces of these iconoclastic years. Either he, or perhaps Ramses and the dynasty that followed him on the throne, set the chisel wielders to work again, this time to destroy the name of Akhenaten.

The outline of events given above represents what most Egyptologists would agree upon. It is difficult, however, to resist the temptation to go further, to seek causes, to explain, to make some sense out of the strange interlude. And so, over the years, a number of Akhenatens have emerged, each reflecting the writer's predilections and prejudices.

James Henry Breasted, for decades the leading figure at the University of Chicago's famed Oriental Institute, whose books on ancient Egypt were definitive for generations of Americans before World War II, was enthralled by the revolutionary pharaoh. He endowed this "lonely idealist of the Fourteenth

Opposite: the tender affection so characteristic of Akhenaten's family scenes is expressed by two of his six daughters, Neferneferuatentasherit and Neferneferure. These two frail figures with shaved heads sit naked but bejeweled beneath their mother's enormous sandaled heel, top right, in this detail of a mural from the King's House at Tell el Amarna. Was the head-binding of infants an Amarna fashion? Or, more likely, did the king order his painters and sculptors to portray all royalty in the new, exaggerated style that he preferred?

AGYPTISCHES MUSEUM, WEST BERLIN; BELOW: LOUVRE

Nefertiti

FIRST LADIES

The bust of Nefertiti above has been called "the most publicized work of antiquity," and is now a visual cliché; even so, it validates the meaning of her name—"The Beautiful One Is Come." The queen's finely modeled plaster features probably served as a guide for sculptors who carved the myriad portraits needed by the new regime. Below, Nefertiti's pleated gown reveals a figure as voluptuous as that of any Venus, suggesting her complex role as queen, mother, priestess, goddess, and erotic symbol of the new religion.

Queen's torso

Century before Christ" with a sensitive love of light and nature comparable to Ruskin's or Wordsworth's, with "an imperial imagination" comparable to Alexander the Great's, with a profound and creative religious vision. He was passionately convinced that Akhenaten, a "God-intoxicated man," was the true father of monotheism. From one of the pharaoh's hymns to Aten, he compared such lines as these,

> How manifold are thy works!
> Thou didst create the earth according to thy heart . . .

with Psalm 104:24,

> O Lord, how manifold are thy works!
> In wisdom hast thou made them all. . . .

And these,

> When thou settest in the western horizon of the sky,
> The earth is in darkness like death . . .
> Every lion cometh forth from his den,
> All serpents, they sting. . . .

with Psalm 104:20-21,

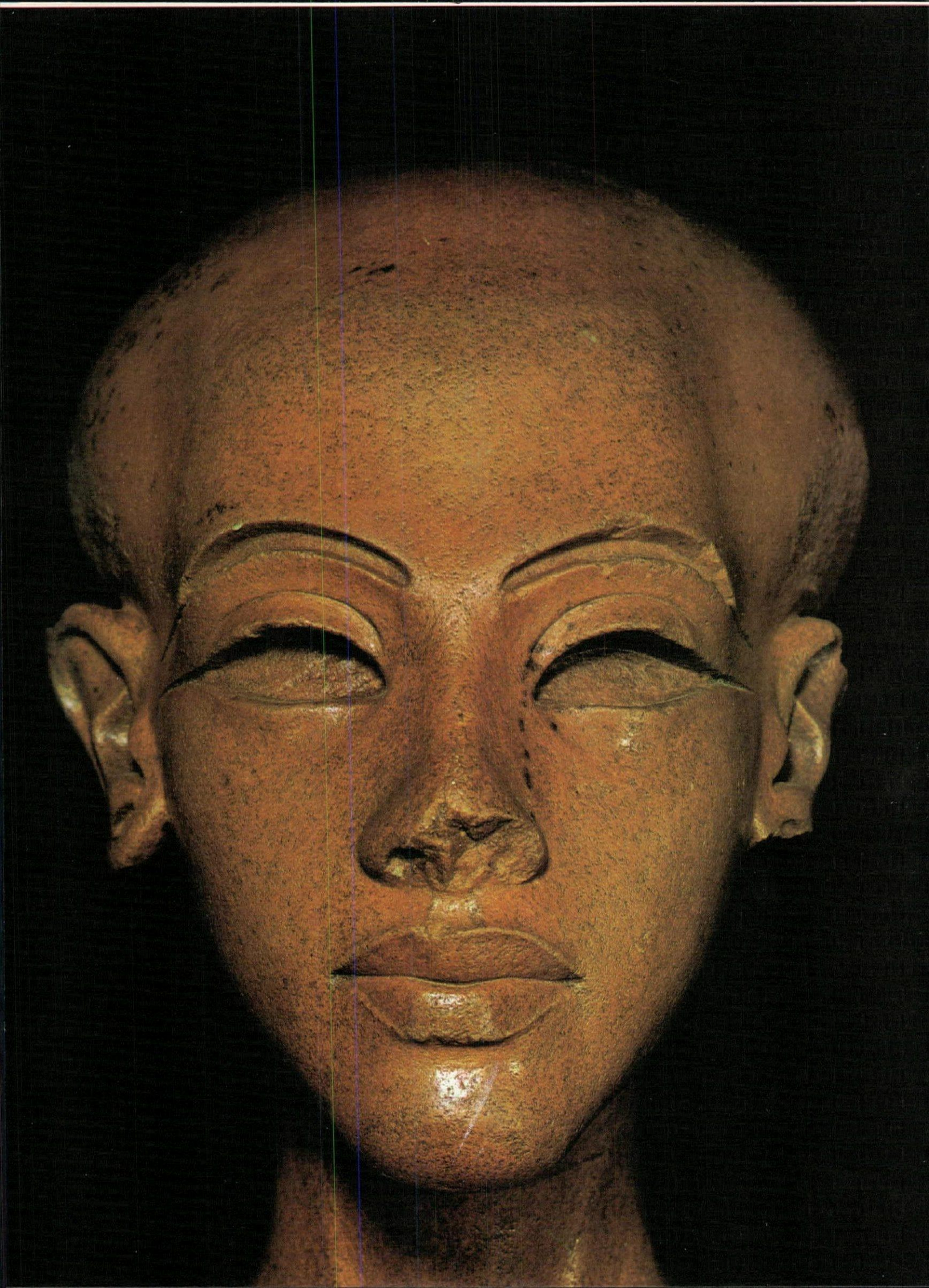
> Thou makest darkness, and it is night,
> Wherein all the beasts of the field creep forth.
> The young lions roar after their prey.

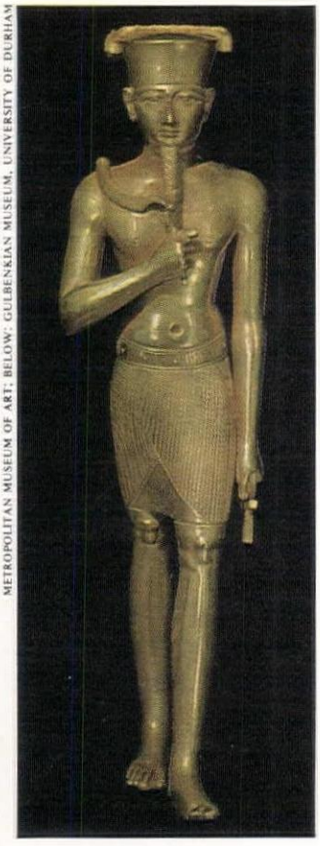
He concluded that Akhenaten's prayer was the direct source for the Hebrew psalmist. Breasted paints a picture of his hero that is exhilarating and exciting—but *Aïda* is exciting, too, and with just about as much basis in fact.

Balancing Breasted's religious visionary is the political and social reformer conjured up by a school infected with Marxist ideals. Akhenaten's creation of a new god and his retirement from Thebes, in their view, were moves in a class struggle, with the idealistic pharaoh upholding the cause of those under the heel of the Establishment. Heading a group of self-made men, he challenged the traditional ruling families and the traditional ideology, only to fall before an alliance of the army and the reactionary priesthood, particularly that of Amon, which was frantically eager to regain its lost power and revenues. It is a script no less imaginative than Breasted's.

One side of Akhenaten that has exercised a particular fascination has been the grotesque appearance he made his portraitists record so carefully. Was it pure mannerism on his part to have himself pictured that way? Or did he actually look like that? And, if so, what effect did it have on his ideals, on his chosen activities, since obviously no one of such a physique could possibly cast himself in the role of a conqueror like Thutmose III or a hunter and athlete like Amenhotep II. This is a point on which doctors might presumably have something to say, and several of them have. They point out that there is a pi-

When Nefertiti disappeared from center stage, her eldest daughter, Merytaten, took her place. The head opposite is presumably a portrait of the princess by the master sculptor, Bek. He single-handedly created the Amarna style, here demonstrated in the bulging, elongated features. Bright inlay once filled the hollowed eyes and brows.





METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART; BELOW: GULBENKIAN MUSEUM, UNIVERSITY OF DURHAM

The god Amon

AKHENATEN'S INHERITANCE

From his father Akhenaten received an empire at the peak of its power and prosperity. Chief among the gods in this earlier era was Amon, whose golden image above once bore a double-feathered crown. The power of the Amon priesthood is said to have rivaled the pharaoh's. The court of the time was cosmopolitan and sophisticated, abounding with luxuries such as the statue of the little Nubian servant girl below, who bears an alabaster cosmetic pot to her waiting mistress.

Cosmetic pot

tuitary disorder called Fröhlich's syndrome that produces symptoms remarkably similar to the features visible in Akhenaten's portraits: distortion of the skull; excessive growth of the jaw; plumping out of the abdomen, buttocks, and thighs; overly slender lower limbs; and infantile genitalia, at times so embedded in fat as to be invisible. It sounds convincing—until we remember that victims of the ailment are impotent, whereas Akhenaten presumably fathered at least six daughters. A few historians, determined to salvage the enticing medical explanation at any price, convinced themselves that, in the reliefs showing Akhenaten fondling his babes, the pharaoh doth protest too much; they suggest that his father, who was still collecting recruits for his harem when well on in years, may have solved the son's embarrassing position by doing the sexual honors for him. Not *Aïda* this time, but *Tobacco Road.*

There often seems to be a pendulumlike rhythm to historical reconstruction. Our grandfathers' heroes tend to become our villains or vice versa. Julius Caesar has swung from the cool, efficient savior of his country to a ruthless dictator; Alexander the Great, from a visionary embued with thoughts of an international brotherhood to a bloody conqueror. So it has been with Akhenaten. In the most recent reconstructions of his life and career, we find a figure that is a far cry from an inspired religious reformer or a standard-bearer for the oppressed.

In an illuminating and often subtle history of Egypt's culture, first published in 1951 and frequently reprinted, the late John A. Wilson, one of Breasted's successors at the Oriental Institute, gave a reconstruction of Akhenaten's reign that emphasized its connections with the mainstream of Egyptian history. As he saw it, Akhenaten was independent-minded and avant-garde, sensitively responsive to the new currents that had been generated by Egypt's transformation to an international power. A freer, more naturalistic movement in art had already begun during the reigns of his grandfather and father, and he favored it. A movement was also underway to modernize the rigidly formal, traditional language, incorporating into it foreign and even colloquial phrases. He favored that too. But above all, he favored a new religion.

This religion was by no means totally novel; indeed, many of its ideas and modes of expression had existed before his time and would live on for centuries after his death, ultimately affecting Hebrew literature. His particular version, however, definitely put him at odds with the powerful clerical establishment of the prevailing sect. His religious bent may well have been connected with his unusual physique; though by no means the result of any illness, it probably did close off certain areas to him and send him along intellectual paths.

Larger than life, Akhenaten's parents, Amenhotep III and his chief wife, Queen Tiye, are portrayed opposite with three tiny princesses. This debonair pharaoh cemented his far-flung kingdom with diplomatic marriages and a spate of progeny too numerous to count. Absorbed in religious reform, Akhenaten would neglect affairs of state, so well managed by his forebears, with disastrous results for the dynasty.

When his father died, the young thinker was free to put into effect the ideas he had been germinating. He now began to order his artists to use the style we always associate with him, one which, though based on the naturalistic movement already well under way, pushed it to extremes. As we know from his own statements, he treasured truth above all, and we can assume that he would seek truth in art with portrayals of himself as he actually looked, with pictures of scenes that actually took place. After six years at Thebes, stronghold of the priests of Amon who, since their authority and revenues were being threatened, must have bitterly opposed him, he gathered together a coterie of devoted adherents from families of no particular standing—in their tomb inscriptions, they recorded heartfelt gratitude to the pharaoh for their rise in fortune—and built a capital where he could implement his ideas undisturbed.

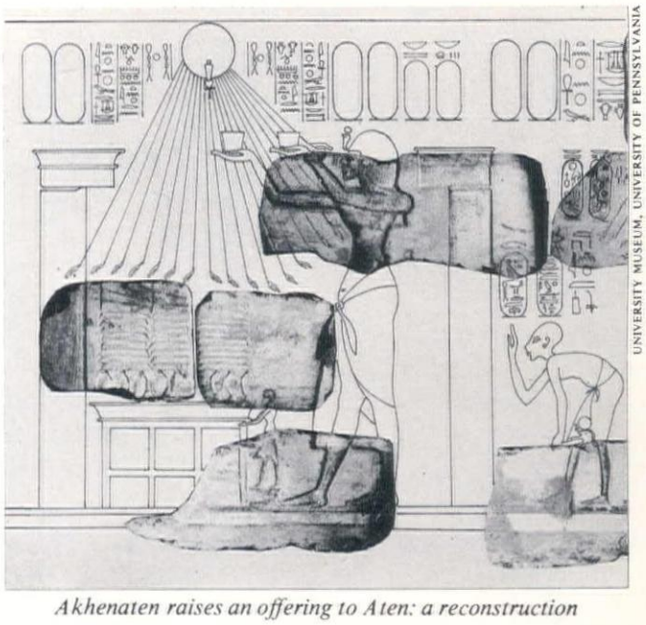
But the forces against him were too strong. His mother visited him from Thebes—we have portraits of her from the hands of one of the sculptors at the new center—probably to warn him that he was headed for trouble. Even his idyllic family life was affected: Nefertiti was banned from the main palace—we find her name erased there and replaced by her eldest daughter's—and sent to a subsidiary residence at the northern end of the city. He decided upon his younger brother, Smenkhare, as co-regent, married him to his eldest daughter, and, it seems, used him as go-between to effect a compromise with his enemies. There is evidence, however, that the young man returned to Thebes and there took up again with the priests of Amon. Nefertiti, however, remained stubbornly devoted to the cause of revolution, and she must have kept the boy Tutankhamon, who would succeed to the throne after Smenkhare, safely in her clutches, for their names appear together in her new dwelling. Eventually both Akhenaten and Smenkhare disappear from the scene, probably carried off by death; Tutankhamon ascends the throne, and, bowing to the forces about him, engineers a return to the *status quo ante*.

Wilson's reconstruction is certainly persuasive—but still just a reconstruction, based largely on inference from a word here, a picture there, an erasure. Nor has it convinced everybody. It certainly did not convince Cyril Aldred, a well-known English Egyptologist who, in 1968, after more than twenty years of work, published a full-scale study of the reign. (In 1972 he took his studies further in the catalogue he prepared for an exhibit of Amarna art.) He paints a considerably different picture.

Aldred begins by assuming that Amenhotep III did not die in 1378, the year that Akhenaten's reign began. Rather, he suggests, that was the year the father made his son co-regent, a step that certain pharaohs took to ensure a smooth succession. What is more, argues Aldred, the old pharaoh did not die until practically a dozen years later, in about 1367. And, though he

In the detail from a single building block, opposite, Akhenaten's hand offers an olive branch laden with fruit to the rays of Aten. The graceful carving of the hand has a quality that could pass for perspective—a device invented three thousand years later.

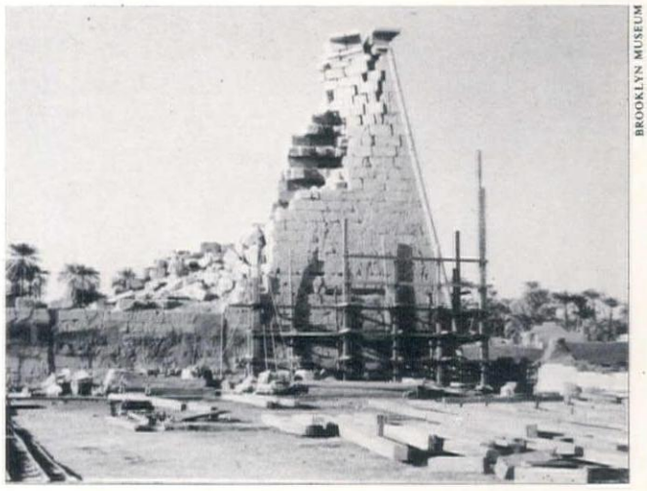
AN ARCHAEOLOGICAL JIGSAW PUZZLE



UNIVERSITY MUSEUM, UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

Akhenaten raises an offering to Aten: a reconstruction

The reconstruction above results from the labors of a University of Pennsylvania team immersed in an archaeological jigsaw puzzle—the piecing together of demolished reliefs that once decorated Akhenaten's temple to Aten at Karnak. This mammoth structure, which extended perhaps a mile into the desert, was destroyed by the pharaoh Haremhab (erstwhile general of Akhenaten's armies) during the religious counterrevolution twenty years after Akhenaten's death. Roughly 35,000 remaining blocks have now been photographed, and a computer in Cairo has winnowed the pictures so that contiguous details of reliefs can be rejoined photographically. Thus far, more than 6,000 so-called "temporary scenes," including the detail above, have emerged—some made up of as many as sixty blocks. The core of the ruined pylon, below, has produced additional blocks from Akhenaten's ill-fated temple. French scholars are puzzling over the findings in the ongoing effort to unscramble remnants of Akhenaten's architecture, so thoroughly demolished by subsequent Amon-loving pharaohs.



BROOKLYN MUSEUM

Haremhab's Ninth Pylon at Karnak

and his queen continued to worship Amon, they were by no means opposed to their son's new religion; they actually accompanied him to his new capital, living there the rest of their lives. It was, in other words, during the queen's residence, and not on any short visit, that a local sculptor portrayed her. The bitterness between the priesthoods of Amon and Akhenaten lasted only until the former were won over; any great conflict is a fiction of historians whose thinking has been colored by the long chapters of conflict between church and state in European history. In ancient Egypt, after all, the pharaoh *was* the church. Indeed, Akhenaten may very well have transferred the bulk of the priesthood of Amon to his new city and put them all to work in the service of Aten.

In his new surroundings Akhenaten devoted himself wholeheartedly to his religious interests. His father had taken his exalted position as god-king very seriously; with the son it became a form of megalomania, and he promoted himself to co-deity with Aten, with this sole, divine power who ruled the whole world—there is no god but the one god, and Akhenaten is his only priest. At first he did not actively disturb the worship of Egypt's welter of deities, not even of Amon, but simply ignored them, letting people carry on as they always had. His courtiers were by no means unknown parvenus but the younger sons of the well-known families that had surrounded his father. The expressions of thanks in their tombs are not to be taken literally but as conventional flattery of a pharaoh.

Then, in the last five years of his reign, Akhenaten was struck by a series of personal blows. In quick succession he lost all the people dear to him: first his father; then his second daughter; then his devoted wife (her name was erased because at her death the palace was turned over to the eldest daughter, who succeeded her as first lady); then his eldest daughter herself, along with her husband, Akhenaten's brother Smenkhare, whom he obviously cherished greatly and with whom he may actually have had homosexual relations (one of the intimate court scenes he ordered sculpted shows the two in a most affectionate pose); and eventually his mother.

Under the impact of these blows something gave way, and this is when Akhenaten unleashed his fury on Egypt's other gods and embarked on his war against Amon. Thus, Aldred strips Akhenaten of practically all his revolutionary aspects: the political and social structure remained the same as under his predecessors; his chief innovation in art was the mannerism of his own portrayals; as a religious leader he turned the clock as much backward as forward—though the worship of a single god to the exclusion of others was indeed new, he only came to it *in extremis* and at the end of his reign, while his conception of himself as the deity's intermediary was a throwback to the pharaoh's position in the days of the pyramid builders.

As even this brief résumé reveals, Aldred was working with the same scraps of information as Wilson, yet produced a considerably different picture by putting them in different combinations, and by adding a few pieces that not everybody is at all sure belong. The co-regency between Amenhotep III and Akhenaten is of crucial importance for Aldred's reconstruction, but whether there was such a co-regency and, if so, how long it lasted, is a point that has raised nearly as much scholarly wrangling as the identity of the Dark Lady of the Sonnets or the killer of the princes in the Tower.

Akhenaten's successor, his younger brother Tutankhamon, died at nineteen, leaving evidence in his richly furnished tomb of the return to the orthodoxy of Amon worship. At right, in a detail from the back of Tutankhamon's gilded throne, his queen, Akhenaten's daughter, touches him with perfumed salve from the bowl in her hand as the Aten disk sheds its rays. The pharaoh's name is inscribed as Tutanaten—"the life of Aten is pleasing"—on the side of the throne. On the back, however, his name appears as Tutankhamon (dedicated to Amon), signaling the extinction of a moment of monotheism in antiquity.

Another recent treatment of Akhenaten is by F. J. Giles, whose study, based on a thesis about the intriguing pharaoh written at the University of London, goes even further than Aldred's. Giles suggests that Amenhotep III shared a long coregency with his son but that he was the senior and directing partner throughout. As Giles sees it, it was this energetic pharaoh, noted for his many large-scale building projects, who erected the first shrines to Aten and who vigorously pushed along the new cult. Early in the game he became aware that his heir apparent was distinctly unbalanced and so allowed him to build his new city—a gilded jail, in fact, where he could be kept safely out of the way. When the old man finally died, his wife became regent, and when death carried her off within six months, Smenkhare joined in a co-regency. But he died prematurely after only three years, and finally Akhenaten had the throne of Egypt to himself. He had but a year and a half to live, yet it was enough for him to run amuck and embark on his persecution of Amon. Giles even refuses to let us have our lovely portrait of Nefertiti. It was found in a workshop in the new city, and Giles dates it to the time when the court abandoned the place; if it is a queen, he argues, she is probably Tutankhamon's.

Ancient Egypt, with its age-old dedication to tradition, was no place for mavericks. Akhenaten was the only one in the long list of its royalty, and his successors did their best to rewrite the records and leave him out. In the official list of pharaohs, Haremhab's first year begins right after Amenhotep III's last, neatly consigning to oblivion all the rulers tainted with heresy.

But, barring a phenomenal piece of luck and any stray bits of new information that archaeology may produce, we very likely will never know much more about Akhenaten than we do now. The answer to the seductive question of what made him a maverick will remain forever unknown. Was he an inspired visionary? convinced but misguided reformer? megalomaniac? madman? Take your pick—or, if you prefer, wait for further choices. That these will be forthcoming is the one sure thing.

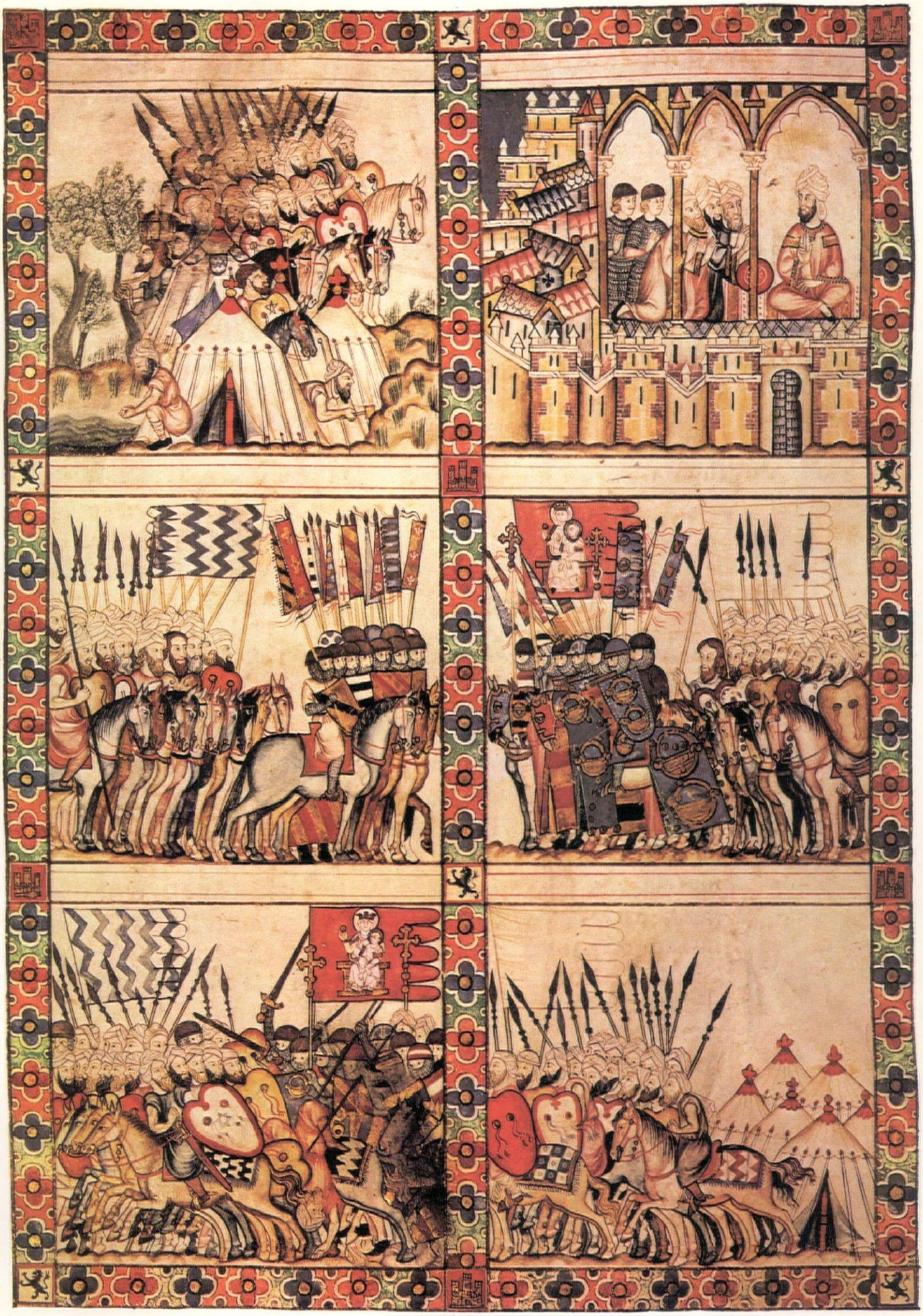
Lionel Casson, a professor of classics at New York University, wrote about "The Search for Imhotep" in the Summer, 1969, HORIZON. *His most recent book is* Travel in the Ancient World.

Alfonso The Learned of Castile

In this miniature from the Cantigas de Santa Maria, *a collection of poems that Alfonso compiled in praise of the Virgin, the king displays a parchment bearing the opening words of the book. The pictures opposite, also from the* Cantigas, *recount in comic-strip fashion a clash between turbaned Moors and Christians fighting under Santa Maria's standard.*

A Renaissance man in the Middle Ages, he marshaled the talents of Christians, Jews, and Moslems in an extraordinary outpouring of scholarship and art

By FREDERIC V. GRUNFELD



"He has such a passion for knowledge that all the good, learned men who go to him are well contented," wrote the troubadour Girault Riquier about Alfonso X, the thirteenth-century king of Castile who was to go down in history as Alfonso *El Sabio* ("The Learned"). Most of the other poet-composers who frequented his court were equally enthusiastic about the treatment they received there. Folquet de Lunel rhymed and sang of it as a *Cort ses erguelh e cort ses vilania*—"a court without pride or villainy, in which no good man's hopes for reward are disappointed, a court without constraints or oppression, in which one listens to reason, a court where there are a hundred givers of rewards"—i.e., the arts were subsidized.

Alfonso's domain extended well beyond the boundaries of Castile itself, for he was also, by the grace of God, king of León, Galicia, Seville, Córdoba, Murcia, Jaén, and the Algarve, which meant that he ruled over the greater part of Spain from the Bay of Biscay to the Guadalquivir, and over a polyglot population that spoke Portuguese-Galician and Arabic as well as several dialects of Castilian. His southern provinces had been wrested from the Moors only a few years before his accession to the throne in 1252: Seville, his favorite capital, and some of the other ex-Islamic towns still preserved their superb Moorish architecture—notably the great castles, like Alcazar of Seville, and the mosques, like the Great Mosque of Córdoba, which the Christians had simply redecorated and converted into churches. A no less useful legacy were the Arabic books that had survived the wars, and the tradition of scholarship and literature that had accounted for the glories of Andalusian civilization under the preceding four or five hundred years of Moslem rule.

PIETY AND THE BEAST

In the course of retelling various miracles ascribed to the Virgin, the thirteen hundred miniatures of the Cantigas *"document virtually every aspect of life in thirteenth-century Spain." Above, the nearer animal, a bullock, had been promised to the Virgin but was led off to be sold; it ran away and entered a church to pay homage to her at the altar. The friars have yoked it to a cart to haul stones for use in building a part of the church.*

Culturally, Alfonso's kingdom was thus strategically located on the cusp between East and West, and (unlike his more fanatical successors, who tried to uproot everything that was non-Christian in Spain) Alfonso decided to make the best of both worlds. His court became a meeting place for Christian, Islamic, and Jewish scholarship and art, as well as a refuge for the last of the troubadour poets fleeing the south of France in the aftermath of the Albigensian Crusade.

Alfonso's lifelong interest in secularizing culture made him, as it were, the first Renaissance Man of the Middle Ages: one of his senior scholars, Jehuda ben Moses Cohen, describes him as a king "in whom God has placed intelligence, and understanding and knowledge above all the princes of his time." His task, as he saw it, was to mobilize the intellectual energies of Spain, and to that end he commissioned the leading scholars of the day to produce an imposing array of books on history, law, astronomy, magic, mythology, and gamesplay. It was not a question of his merely being a royal dilettante: he himself usually took a direct hand in the production of these manuscripts, either as contributing author or as royal editor in chief. His literary method is described in a passage of his *General Estoria*: "The king writes a book, not in the sense that he writes it with his own hand, but in the sense that he gathers the material for it, amends, edits, and corrects it, shows the manner in which it should be presented, and orders what is to be written; and for this reason we say that the king writes the book."

Alfonso's astronomers were responsible for the compilation of planetary movements (based on Arabic models) known as the "Alfonsine Tables," which, in subsequent editions, were to be essential to navigation down to the time of Columbus; their appearance in 1272 signaled the dawn of European science. As a lawgiver, Alfonso codified the *Siete Partidas* in

which Roman law was reconciled to the ancient regional laws and customs of Spain. His chronicle of Spain ranks as the first history of a European nation, other than the Anglo-Saxon, to be written in a modern European language. His book on chess is the first European work of its kind, and also the most beautiful ever produced.

But the most astonishing of all his books are the superbly illustrated manuscripts of the *Cantigas de Santa Maria*—the royal collection of poems in praise of the Virgin, which is one of the great art treasures of the Middle Ages yet still one of the least known. If ever a work of art held up a mirror to its time, it is this vast compendium of music and poetry and pictures, now preserved in the library of the Escorial Palace near Madrid. The four surviving *Cantigas* are illuminated with over thirteen hundred miniatures in various stages of completion; they document virtually every aspect of life in thirteenth-century Spain, from architecture and warfare to medicine and sexual relations. Using a frame-by-frame narrative technique that anticipates the comic strip, the artists of Alfonso's court created a sort of time capsule that preserves the very essence of an age that has been called the "most fascinating and excellent moment of man's creative history."

Here the whole pageant of medieval humanity passes in review: cloth merchants sail to England to buy wool; foreign pilgrims brave the dangers of the long road to Santiago de Compostela; Moorish horsemen are arrayed against the Christian cavalry; jongleurs fiddle and sing for the great lords in their castles. Day-to-day life in the towns and villages of Spain is depicted with an astonishing wealth and variety of detail: we meet the apothecary, the innkeeper, the greengrocer, and the moneylender; people play stickball and watch bullfights, peasants plow their fields and ride to market in oxcarts, a farmer's family sits up with a sick mule in the stable; women give birth and nurse their infants, gamblers brawl in taverns, prostitutes ply their trade in the streets, monks prepare feasts in their refectories, *caballeros* go hawking and hunting, a queen is carried in a sedan chair. . . . The medical department includes physicians dispensing drugs, nurses bandaging the wounded, an operation for the removal of an arrow from a soldier's head, the amputation of a diseased foot, several cases of dementia, a fever epidemic, leprosy, a monk evidently suffering from delerium tremens, and a hospital scene where patients, seven to a bed, are treated in a clinic founded by a humanitarian (a rare figure indeed in Alfonso's *Cantigas*) who tenderly nurses the poor "and gives to all, bread and wine and meat and fish."

Some of the other scenarios involve naval engagements and we see battle scenes with lovingly executed renderings of weapons and armor; shipwrecks, drownings, robbers and rapists attacking wayfarers, murder in the cathedral; the pursuit of cattle rustlers, criminals of all kinds being arrested and punished. We see them flogged, hanged, decapitated, stoned, speared, dragged through the streets, and burned at the stake.

The sexual situations depicted in the *Cantigas* might have been chosen by Ingmar Bergman: a young girl who has vowed to preserve her chastity is forcibly deflowered by her bridegroom and his accomplices; a woman loses her husband and sleeps with her own son instead; when they have a child she kills it by throwing it down a toilet (bathroom fixtures are, of course, included among the architectural details).

A knight seduces a nun and abducts her from the convent. A prioress has to undress before a bishop to prove she is not pregnant. A monk cannot break the habit of making love to women, "both married ones and unmarried ones, nor did he leave virgins alone, nor nuns, nor sisters of

HOUSEHOLD FINANCE

At right, a moneylender (Jewish, as Christians were forbidden to charge interest) tots up a loan he has miraculously regained; at left, he hides it. (Swastikas, pagan symbols of the union of Earth-Mother with God-Father, did not then contrast jarringly with Stars of David.) The moneylender has received an image of the Virgin as surety for the loan; after hiding the money, he demands repayment, but she speaks out—and he turns Christian.

charity." A black man sleeps with a white woman; both are arrested in bed at her mother-in-law's instigation and condemned to the stake, but Santa Maria intervenes to save the white woman, though not, be it noted, the black man.

All of these stories are narrated and illustrated with complete candor; it was an age without our elaborate notions about what is unmentionable, an age that still assumed that "all the news is fit to illuminate." Nor was it strange that these sensual and sinful activities should appear in a book of religious songs: at the crucial moment (and usually at the eleventh hour) the Madonna dispenses justice and mercy, or resolves the problem with a miracle. Some of these are simply household miracles, of course, as in the story of the peasant from Segovia "who lived in a village and lost a cow he loved very much":

e en aquala ssazon
foran y outras perdudas,
a de lobos log' enton
comestas ou mal mordudas. . . .

and at the same time
others were lost,
or eaten by wolves,
or badly bitten. . . .

The peasant prayed to Santa Maria to bring back his cow, vowing to give her its first offspring in repayment: "And the cow came back, unharmed and unhurt, with its ears hanging low." Eventually it bore a bull calf, and the peasant, forgetting his vow, took the calf to market. But it got away and went into a church to pay homage to the Madonna. From then on "there was not a better work bull in the village," and its owner became a very pious man. In some of the other domestic cantigas the intercession of the Virgin is not so much miraculous as merely therapeutic. One of the songs, for example, tells about the troubles of a merchant's wife whose husband is out "enjoying himself with his *barragana*" (harlot), but in due course, after the wife has prayed to the Virgin, the other woman sees the error of her ways, makes friends with the wife, and allows the married couple to be reconciled.

There are 423 cantigas that have been preserved with their music, all of them written in the Galician dialect that is much closer to Portuguese than Castilian and that was the preferred poetic idiom of thirteenth-century Spain. Every tenth cantiga is a *loor*, or lyrical song of praise, while the rest deal in ballad fashion with the miracles. To what extent Alfonso himself was the author of the *Cantigas* is a question that has exercised many scholarly minds: certainly he played an editorial role in all of them, and he must have composed a considerable number himself, judging from the texts that bear a distinctive personal touch. In some of them he recounts his experiences in the first person:

Porén uos direi o que pàssou per mí
iazend' en Bitoira enfermo, assí
que todos citudauan que morress' alí
et non atendian de mí bon solaz. . . .

With this I shall tell you what happened to me
When lying ill at Vittoria, and
Everyone believed I would die there,
And did not expect me to recover. . . .

And he goes on to relate how, refusing the remedies prescribed by physicians, he asked that the book of the *Cantigas* be placed on his body; the

THE DEVIL TO PAY

Many cantigas tell of ordinary folk—peasants and townspeople, sailors and vagabonds—and the accompanying miniatures record their activities in all their diversity and vitality. In the scene of urban lowlife above—set, perhaps, outside a tavern—a hairy demon looks on with grim satisfaction as his dupes indulge in their favorite vices. Question: is the prostitute in front of him merely fondling her sightless client—or robbing him blind?

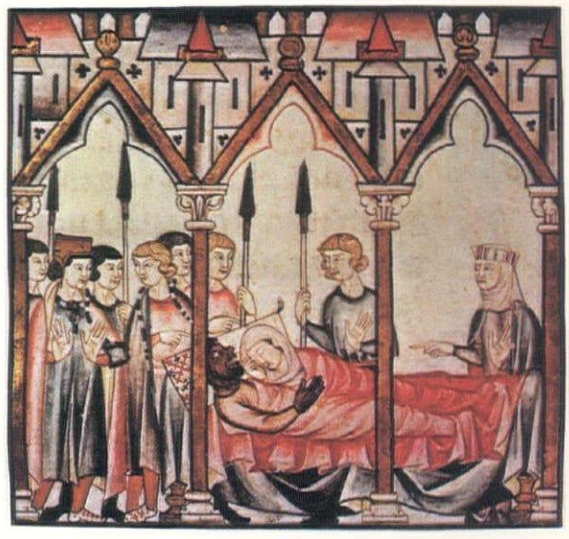
cure was immediate. He was indeed a man with an extraordinary faith in the power of the written word.

The cantigas were written for solo voice, and were to be accompanied by one or perhaps two or three instruments, one of which the singer may have played himself. It was the troubadours and jongleurs of the court who performed not only Alfonso's religious works but also the worldly songs that are ascribed to him, notably the curious "cursing-out" songs known as *cantigas de maldizer*, in which he denounces his enemies, and the *cantigas de amor*, with their bawdy folk humor about the possibilities and impossibilities of love. When love songs were performed, the singers were usually women, but in the miniatures of the *Cantigas de Santa Maria* only male singers are represented, portrayed sometimes as colorful minstrels, sometimes as tonsured clerics.

The range of instruments shown in these illuminated manuscripts is nothing short of incredible: one of them illustrates more than fifty different types of instruments available to a great court with a well-stocked music room. Christian, Moorish, and Jewish musicians play trumpets and horns, large and small lutes, vielles both plucked and bowed, gitterns, rebecs, psalteries, mandolas, organistra (hurdy-gurdies), chime bells, drums, cymbals, castanets, tabors and tabor pipes, bagpipes, recorders, flutes, shawms and double-shawms (two primitive oboes whose mouthpieces are tied together), and a great many other varieties no longer on the active list. Their function, of course, was not to play together to produce a pattern of harmonies (that intriguing idea had not yet appeared on the musical horizon), but to play in pairs or small groups to mark the rhythm of a dance, or to support the solo voice in unison and, at the octave, double the melody and supply a sort of drone for it.

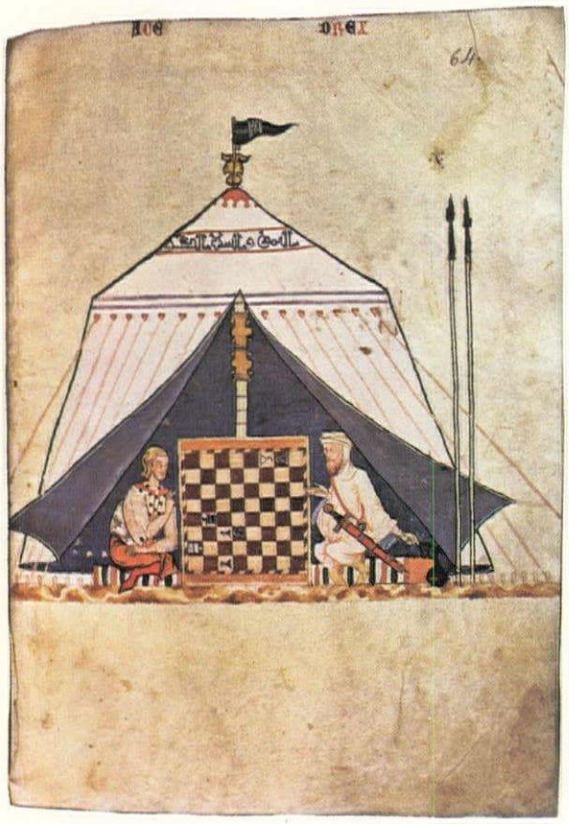
Many of these instruments had first come to Spain with the Moors. The lute, for example, derives from the Arabic *al-'ud*, "the wood." How many of Alfonso's musicians were also Moorish is not known, for household accounts have disappeared. The records of his son Sancho IV, however, indicate that in 1293 there were twenty-seven minstrels at the court of Castile, including thirteen Moors, one Jew, and twelve Christians, and these proportions were probably not much different from what they had been during Alfonso's reign. Seville, the apple of his eye, had been the musical center of Moorish Spain prior to its capture by Alfonso's father, Fernando III, in 1248, and its craftsmen had long been renowned for their musical instruments. During the Moorish epoch, the rulers of Andalusia had been in the habit of importing singers, poets, and books from the ancient centers of Persian culture: the famous Ziryab ("the Blackbird") had come to Spain from the court of Harun al-Rashid in Baghdad to found a great school of singing whose influence, it is said, can still be heard in the quivering melismas of the Andalusian *cante jondo*. Students from all parts of the Islamic world had flocked to Seville to learn singing, and to Córdoba to study science and "derive knowledge from the mouth of the doctors and *'ulama* who swarmed in it." Under the liberal-minded caliph al-Hakam II, the library of Córdoba is reported to have contained approximately 400,000 volumes—though many of these were afterward destroyed by more fanatical Moslem overlords, and what was left of the library must have been among the 80,000 Arabic books burned by the equally fanatical Cardinal Jiménez after the Christian conquest of Granada in 1492.

The Moorish adventure in Spain has been compared to a great torch



A Mother-in-law's Treachery

Even if no miscegenation were involved, this scene would appear to represent a clear-cut case of lust. But in the thirteenth century, as today, things were not always what they seemed. The true villainess, in fact, is not the sleeping girl but her mother-in-law (right), who has sent the black Moor, a servant, to compromise her. The "lovers" are sentenced to burn, but the Virgin handily saves the girl—though not the presumably nonbelieving Moor.



CHECKMATE

If the perpendicular style of chess playing above would seem to entail problems for the players, it affords the onlooker a fine view of the game. Which is, after all, the point, this miniature being an illustration from Alfonso's treatise on gamesplay, the Libro de los juegos. *The Moor (right) has clearly bested his fair-haired Christian opponent; is he, as his gesture toward the wine flask suggests, offering him a consolatory drink?*

bringing light into a world of darkness. Certainly a cultural gap did exist, and the disparity is best illustrated by the two kinds of architecture erected by the Moors and the Christians in their respective corners of the peninsula —on the one hand, the heavy, windowless structures of the Romanesque style, stamped with the siege mentality of the Middle Ages; and on the other, the airy, elegant lines of Moorish architecture, with its soaring columns and lacy arches, its screens and courtyards and audience chambers, their stalactite ceilings defying the law of gravity. It was no wonder that this culture became the envy of Europe and that, despite the intermittent warfare between them, the Christian kings felt obliged to match the Moorish emirs in music and literature: hence the presence of Moorish minstrels at the court of a king who spent much of his time enlarging the Christian Marian repertoire.

Whether the Moorish tradition influenced the music of the cantigas is a question still hotly debated among scholars, for the subsequent burning of the books in Granada destroyed most of the evidence on which a valid comparison might have been based. Most of the melodies seem to have northern antecedents, at any rate; they sound very close to Catalan and Galician folksongs and dances, with the occasional intrusion of a song from Provence or a Gregorian chant. But the strophic form of Alfonso's poetry is demonstrably borrowed from the Arabic verse form known as the *zéjel*, which also begins with a short refrain that recurs after every stanza of the poem. The *zéjel* had been a great favorite with the Moorish poets of Andalusia, yet it was not really an Arabic invention but rather a Moorish adaptation of a form of folk poetry indigenous to Spain. Indeed, its strophic form can be traced back to the pagan fertility dances of ancient Iberia, in which the men and women lined up facing one another in two concentric circles, shouting couplets to each other as they danced. Vestiges of such May dances and harvest ceremonies still exist today as Christian folk dances: in some remote, mountainous parts of the country the peasants persist in dancing them every year before certain shrines of the Virgin.

The basic verse pattern of Alfonso's cantigas, in other words, had been handed down from pagan to Visigoth to Moor to Christian, and corresponded to one of the fundamental life-affirming rhythms of the Spanish dance. And the form was not unrelated to the subject matter: that too has a great deal to do with fertility, and women who want to conceive, and lovemaking and childbirth, and the miraculous saving of children and crops and farm animals. Seen in this light, the cantigas are a fascinating reflection, not only of their times, but of the whole medieval metamorphosis of the Madonna—the gradual identification of the ancient but still powerful Earth-Mother of the Mediterranean with the Christian image of the Virgin Mary.

This esoteric link with a half-forgotten fertility cult is confirmed by the scores of swastikas that are associated with the images of the Madonna in many of these miniatures: the swastika (long before its perversion by the Nazis) was a great pre-Christian symbol representing, among other things, sexual union of Mother-Earth with God-Father, and this symbolism was still dimly understood in the Middle Ages. An inscription on the swastika on the miter of Saint Thomas à Becket, for example, reads, "Hail to thee, earth, O mother of man. May you thrive in God's embrace. Overflow with fruit for man's benefit." A similar (but more conscious) transformation of sensual impulses into religious experience had just taken place in troubadour poetry. When the Inquisition began suppressing the heresies of Provence, the troubadour poets managed to convert to the new line by ap-

plying their old formulas for love-poetry to religious verse, substituting Saint Mary's name for that of the former object of their poetic passion. Most devout Christians could see nothing subversive in this process. "We are the jongleurs of God," Saint Francis of Assisi told his followers at the beginning of the thirteenth century, to encourage them to learn from the troubadours. Alfonso, too, referred to himself repeatedly as the "troubadour of the Virgin." And when he addresses the Madonna in the prologue to the entire series, he says, *quero seer oy mais seu trobador*—"I want to be nothing else than your troubadour."

But there was always more than one string to Alfonso's lyre, and his vast range of scholarly interests took him far beyond religion and into problem areas that were afterward to be condemned as heretical. (His father, Fernando *El Santo*, was canonized by Pope Clement X for his orthodoxy, but sainthood for Alfonso was conspicuously unforthcoming.) Some of the early chronicles state that Alfonso had both the Koran and the Talmud translated into Castilian, but no traces of these have been found—perhaps because they were destroyed in less tolerant centuries by the Inquisition, which Alfonso had taken such pains to keep out of Castile: in his *Fuero Real* of 1255, he established an independent secular legislation on religious matters, which removed his kingdom from all papal interference. One heretical work that did survive is the *Book of Mohammed's Ladder*, or *Livre de leschiele Mahomet*, which he had translated from the Arabic into Castilian, and thence into French. It deals with the Prophet's ascent through the seven astronomical heavens of the Ptolemaic system, led by the Angel Gabriel, until he reaches the throne of God; later, still with Gabriel as his guide, he learns of the sevenfold division of hell and its monsters and torments. The resemblance to the *Divine Comedy* is too striking to be missed, and it has been suggested that Dante may have seen a copy of this translation—or that he may have discovered the same legend by some other route.

Most of Alfonso's technical and scientific books also derive from Arabic or Persian sources. The *Libros del saber de astronomía* (*Books of Astronomical Knowledge*) include Jehuda ben Moses Cohen's translation of a catalogue of the stars by "Abderrahman the Sufi," and five books on various kinds of timekeeping mechanisms (sun, water, clockwork, candle) by Rabbi Isaac ibn Sid' ("Rabicag") and Samuel ha-Levi, as well as treatises on the "round astrolabe" and "flat astrolabe" of Rabbi Isaac. The *Libro de las formas* (*Book of Star-Judging*) and *Libro de las cruces* (*Book of Crosses*) are astrological works adapted from various Arabic authorities, and there are four *Lapidarios* that deal with the scientific, medical, and magical properties of 360 different stones.

But the most fascinating of these Moorish-inspired reference works is the *Libro de los juegos*, another of Alfonso's magnificently illuminated manuscripts, and the first great chess treatise of Europe. It contains instructional diagrams for some 150 games, mainly of chess but also of dice and backgammon. The hundred-odd chess problems—"Black mates White in five moves," and so on—not only illustrate the position of the pieces on the board but also portray the players. A black Moorish king may play against a white Christian king; ladies are pitted against gentlemen of the court (one of the first recorded instances in medieval Europe of true sexual equality, at least with respect to gamesplay); Arabian lords are shown in their resplendent costumes, and Alfonso himself is depicted playing against one of the women of his court. Sometimes musicians are in at-

SERENADING THE QUEEN OF HEAVEN

The cantigas were written to be sung solo, most often by a troubadour or jongleur, and Alfonso's court rang with music. His musicians—Christians, Moors, and Jews—accompanied the singers on an astonishing range of instruments, including double-shawms (primitive oboes, above), trumpets, horns, lutes, vielles, gitterns, rebecs, psalteries, mandolas, chime bells, drums, cymbals, castanets, tabors, tabor pipes, bagpipes, recorders, and flutes.

tendance, playing soft background music on lutes or harps while the players ponder their next move. The book also explains how to play chess in combination with dice, and how to set up the four-cornered "chess of the four seasons" and the *grant acedrex* ("great chess") of India, played on a board with twelve squares in each row and twenty-four pieces to a side. There is even a seven-sided game of "chess which one plays with astronomy," in which the pieces symbolize the planetary system. Evidently, chess was one of Alfonso's great passions, and in the introduction he goes to great lengths to explain that "God has intended men to enjoy themselves with many games," and that these include not only jousting, fencing, and such, but also "sitting games" like chess, which can be played by night as well as by day:

> Even women who do not go riding and who stay at home can take pleasure in them, as well as old or weak men, or those who like to enjoy themselves in private to avoid the annoyance and unpleasantness of public places, or those who have fallen into another's power, either in prison, or slavery, or as seafarers, and in general all those who have time on their hands because they have no opportunity to ride, or hunt, or go anywhere, and are obliged to stay at home, and are looking for a pleasant pastime which will bring them comfort and dispel their ennui. And for that reason, I, Don Alfonso . . . have commanded this book to be written.

This is the tone of a man accustomed to command, and to cover all possible legal contingencies as he does so. One can almost hear his voice as he dictates these words to his secretary (there is a miniature in the book which shows him doing just that, seated on a throne and wearing a golden crown on his blond head, while some players deferentially await his instructions). We know that he always took a keen interest in the style of the books produced under his patronage: there is a note in one of the astronomy volumes to the effect that "the king corrected it and ordered it to be written, and he deleted the materials that he thought superfluous and redundant and not in correct Castilian, and he added others that he thought appropriate; and, as to the language, he corrected it himself."

A Good Sport Strikes Out

Batter up! These young men, clad in smocks, are playing ball in a meadow; they have been building a church, and have set an image of the Virgin at the entrance. The cantiga here illustrated tells how one of them placed his ring on a finger of the image by way of dedicating himself to her. When, later, he marries, the Virgin makes him get up from the side of his bride and then leads him off to spend the rest of his life as a hermit.

What makes all this even more remarkable is that Alfonso and his committee of scholars were the first people to write Castilian prose: they were in the curious position of codifying their own language in the course of systematizing what they knew about the world. While Latin continued to be used for such purposes in the rest of Europe (and he himself went on writing poetry in Galician), Alfonso deliberately established *el nuestro lenguaje de Castilla* as the official language of the kingdom; it was to become one of the few unifying factors in Spanish history.

The books that did most to establish Alfonso as "the father of Castilian prose" are the two great chronicles, the *Estoria de España* and the *General Estoria*, for which "I, Don Alfonso . . . gathered many writings and many histories of ancient facts, and chose from amongst them the best and most truthful I could find, and from them I had this book made, and I ordered that all the facts I chose should be included." They contain very little original material as such, for the *General History* breaks off at the birth of Christ, and the *History of Spain* is compiled from earlier chronicles, Arabic accounts, and even some epic poetry, including the twelfth-century ballad of the Cid. What does emerge from Alfonso's description of Spain is a sense of his personal vision of this realm being "like a paradise of God"—a fertile land of great mineral wealth and natural abundance, "foremost among nations in ingenuity, bold and powerful in war . . . and with a great love of learning."

That, in essence, was Alfonso's ambition for his kingdom, and at every

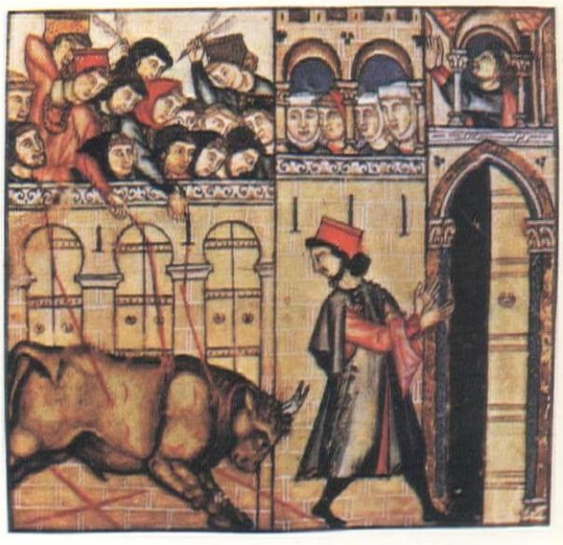
opportunity he tried to expand its intellectual resources. One of his first concerns after inheriting the crown was to establish a new university at Seville, and at the same time he strengthened the university that already existed at Salamanca—where, among other things, he decreed that music should henceforth be included in the curriculum: "There shall be a *maestro de organo* [i.e., a teacher of theory and composition] to whom I shall give fifty maravedis a year." His comprehensive legal code, the *Siete Partidas*, includes the first Spanish laws concerning universities, and again he is very specific about the privileges he wants them to enjoy:

> The town in which a university is to be established should have good air and beautiful environs, so that the professors who teach the sciences, and the students who learn them, can live healthily and sleep pleasantly in the afternoon, when they have become fatigued by their studies [lectures often began as early as 6 A.M. and went on well past midday]. There should also be an abundance of bread and wine, and of good inns in which they can live and pass their time, without great cost. We also declare that the citizens of the town in which the university is established should protect and honor the teachers and scholars, and all of their belongings. And the messengers who come to them from their home towns should not be arrested or interfered with, even if their parents happen to be in debt.

Alfonso stipulated that students and teachers had the right to form corporations and to elect their own rectors, who would have power to discipline their members except in cases where blood had been shed. Students were prohibited from carrying arms and from bribing the examiners; they were entitled to quiet places for study, and to lending libraries where they could rent their textbooks. It was an educational code so far ahead of its time that modern university students are still trying to gain most of the rights that Alfonso reserved for them seven hundred years ago.

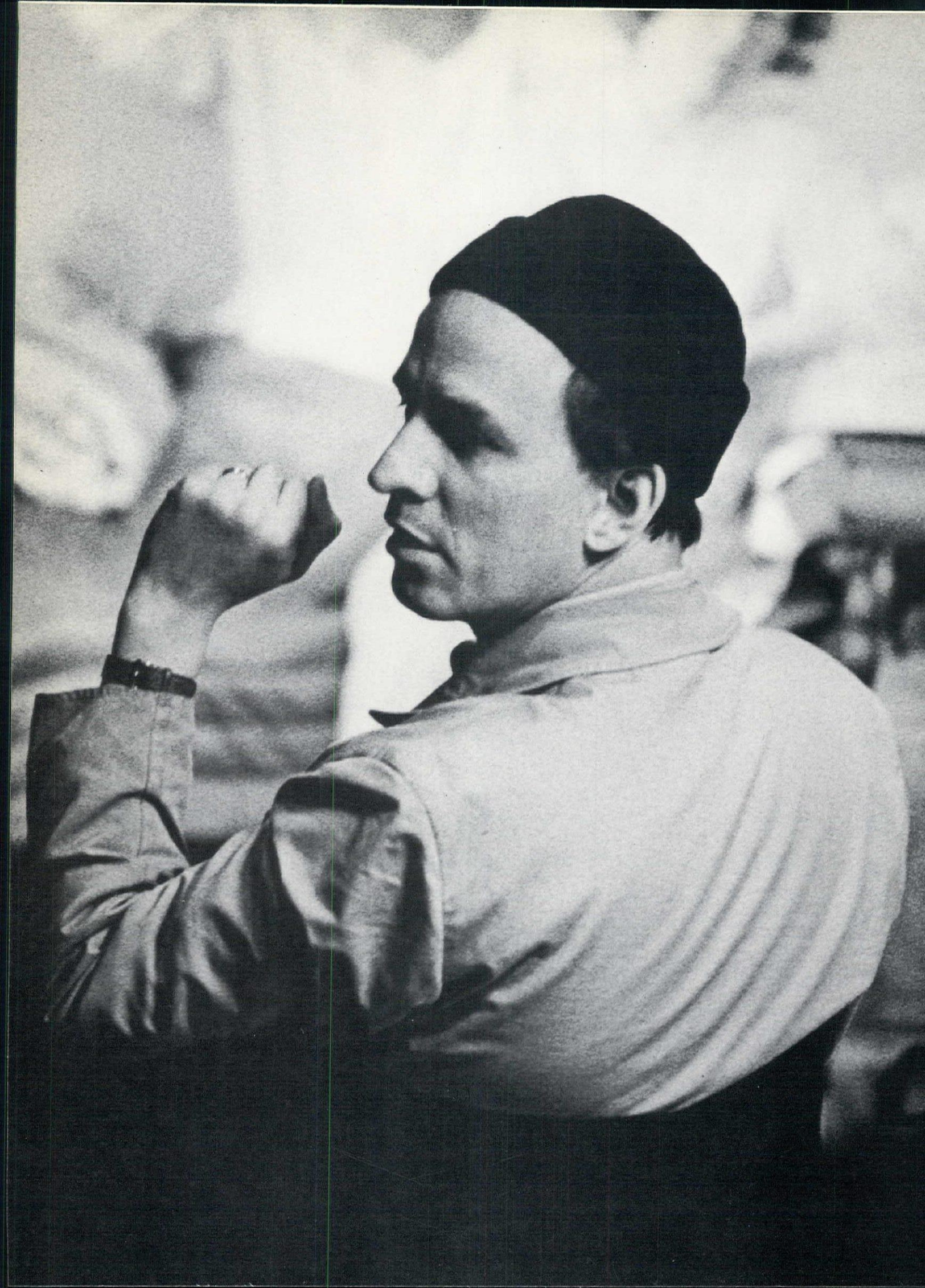
If intellectual achievement counted in political life, Alfonso would have been the most successful of monarchs. In fact he was nothing of the kind. His reign was marked by economic and political disasters. In the words of one later chronicler, "he studied the heavens and watched the stars, while losing the earth and his kingdom." Through his mother, Beatrice of Swabia, he had inherited a claim to represent the Hohenstaufen line, and in 1257 he was actually named emperor by four of the seven Electors of the Holy Roman Empire. The election was declared invalid, however, and Alfonso never managed to have his title recognized by the popes. The result was that he spent a great deal of Spanish money pursuing his European ambitions, was obliged to raise taxes and debase the coinage, lost the support of his nobles and the middle classes, and lived to see his own son take the field against him in a civil war.

Of all his domains, only Seville remained loyal to him. Before his death at sixty-three, in 1284, he was reduced to trying to pawn his crown jewels in order to pay the army. It was as though he had fallen victim to that peculiar *maldizer* that Spanish destiny reserves for intellectual excellence of any kind—the ironic and persistent twist of the Spanish tale that had Columbus imprisoned after discovering a new world, Cervantes living in dire poverty, Goya dying in exile, and Lorca shot in an olive grove. "Affliction has fallen on me," Alfonso wrote to his cousin, Alonso Pérez de Guzman, shortly before his death. "All men will know my misfortune and its sharpness, which I suffer unjustly from my son, my friends, and my prelates. Instead of making peace, they have done wrong—not in secret or disguise but with bold openness. I find no protection within mine own land, neither defender nor champion. I have not deserved thus. . . ."



SAVED FROM A GORY END

¡Toro! *If any character in the* Cantigas *does* not *deserve rough treatment it is the hapless fellow above, who, the poet tells us, has always trusted Santa Maria and lauded her unstintingly, giving money, for her sake, to all who ask for it. Luckily for him, his friend the priest (upper right) is already asking the Virgin for aid. Seconds after the action shown here, the bull will abruptly swoon away, to rise purged of desire to hurt anyone ever again.*



BERGMAN'S *PERSONA*

This dark and beautiful film deals ultimately with heroism—an uncommon theme in our time

The word "persona" has several meanings: among them, mask (in the original Latin); person; and a character in a play. *Persona* is the consummate title for Ingmar Bergman's film.

Made in 1965, it is the twenty-seventh film he directed, the twenty-ninth screenplay he wrote or collaborated on. Bergman was born in 1918 near Stockholm, the son of a Lutheran minister, and began his lifework in the theatre where, despite his immense film activity, he has spent more than half of his directing career. But film, of course, is what made Bergman's international reputation. By the time he came to *Persona* he was known as one of the cinema's prime explorers of psyche and spirit—strongly influenced by Strindberg—through such films as *The Virgin Spring* and his trilogy, *Through a Glass Darkly*, *Winter Light*, and *The Silence*. Bergman made all of these with Sven Nykvist, his only cinematographer since 1959, and with a "company" of actors, most of whom he had worked with in the theatre for many years. His specific impulse toward *Persona*, Bergman has said, came out of an addition to that company: he had seen a film featuring a new Norwegian actress, Liv Ullmann, and was impressed by her striking resemblance to a long-time colleague, Bibi Andersson.

In Persona*'s mysterious prologue a boy gropes toward a woman's face. Opposite, Ingmar Bergman, the director of the 1965 film.*

Persona has often been called difficult and abstruse, yet in a poll conducted in 1972 by a British film journal to determine the ten favorite films of eighty-nine critics around the world, *Persona* tied for fifth place with Antonioni's *L'Avventura*. This statistical tally is relevant only in that it substantiates the position of this "difficult" work in the treasury of film art. I am not going to try to show that the picture is not difficult, that its materials are not dark. I want to analyze, if I can, why its difficulty is fruitful; and to demonstrate that in addition to engaging profound subjects it is, through its very being as an artwork, a profound statement on modern life.

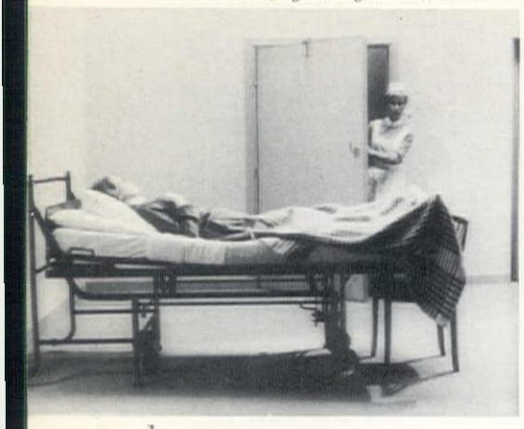
I propose three separate looks at *Persona*. But I emphasize that these looks are arbitrarily separated: in our experience of the film, all three of these views —and doubtless others as well —occur simultaneously.

First, a map of the story. The picture begins, before the titles and through them, with a series of images, some of which are previsions of matters treated later, some of which set the tone for matters treated later. Then we are in a hospital. A nurse, Sister Alma (Bibi Andersson), is assigned by a doctor (Margaretha Krook) to the case of Elisabet Vogler (Liv Ullmann). Elisabet is an actress of about Alma's age, successful, who has become mute. She is physically well, she is very intelligent; but from some psychic imperative she has decided not to speak—not even to her husband and young son.

Although Alma has seen the actress on stage and film and idolizes her, she has inexplicable misgivings about taking the case after she meets Elisabet. But the doctor persuades her to continue and then has a talk with Elisabet. While the actress keeps absolutely silent as usual, the physician shows sharp perception of her patient's condition. She says that Elisabet is in a state of revulsion with the world and herself, and is convinced that every word she might speak would only add to the sum of the world's lies. What can she do? "Suicide?" reflects the doctor. "No, too vulgar." But at least Elisabet can decide to keep silent. Elisabet's quality of at-

By STANLEY KAUFFMANN

ALL: JOHN SIMON, *Ingmar Bergman Directs*, COLLECTION HALCYON ENTERPRISES—COURTESY UNITED ARTISTS



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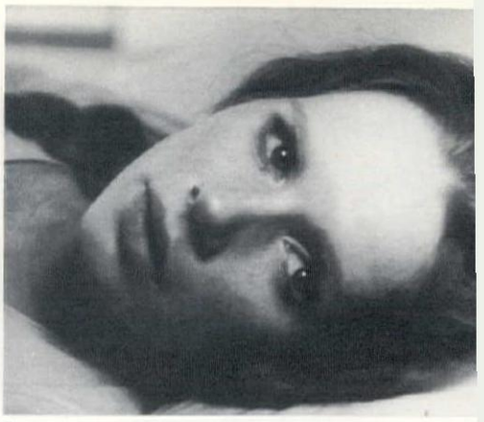

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tention indicates that the doctor has diagnosed matters fairly accurately.

The doctor has a cottage by the sea. She says there is no point in keeping Elisabet in the hospital, so she is sending the patient and the nurse to her cottage until, as she puts it, the actress is ready to move on to other roles.

Most of the film takes place in this small, isolated house on the rocky Swedish coast; and all the rest of the action, except for one episode with another person, is between these two women, only one of whom speaks. Precisely because the other woman only and always listens, Alma soon progresses into details of her life at its most intimate and recessed. The cottage becomes a kind of confessional. Alma feels drawn almost entreatingly to Elisabet, her patient, and stimulated by being here alone with this famous artist, who listens to her; she tells Elisabet about a long, wretched love affair she had with a married man, about the fiancé she has now, and more.

Then one day Alma drives to town to mail some letters, including one of Elisabet's to the doctor. Elisabet has accidentally left her letter unsealed, and Alma can't resist reading it. In it Elisabet has written patronizingly of Alma, saying that she likes the nurse who has taken to telling her secrets, and that she finds it amusing to study her.

The shock is severe for Alma who, though not naive, is straightforward. Her attitude toward Elisabet changes drastically. No longer a nurse and an aspiring friend, she becomes a competitor, an avenger, desperate to vindicate herself in a particular way—by being recognized as a person. Eventually this leads to a physical fight between the two women, during which Alma, in a fury, almost throws a pot of boiling water at Elisabet—*her patient*—and provokes the one unequivocal utterance the actress makes in the film, a cry of "Don't!"

Later, the tearful Alma follows the outraged Elisabet down the beach, explaining how fond she had become of the actress and how badly the letter had hurt her, saying that she knows they must leave this place soon and that she hopes they can part as friends. But Elisabet keeps walking, as stony as the stony beach.

Now Alma, failed as a nurse, offended as a person, scorned as a suppliant, starts to crack. She begins to have fantasies that border on hallucination, including one about Elisabet's husband whom she has never seen. In an effort to reclaim herself, Alma takes off her informal country wear and puts on her nurse's uniform; this doesn't help. She has not only ceased to be her earlier self, she has slipped even closer toward Elisabet, as she imagines her.

She confronts the actress and tells her —twice, once with the camera on the other woman, once with it on herself—why she thinks Elisabet had a child and then rejected the boy: that the actress had thought of motherhood as a role but the reality had frightened her. The account ends with Alma gibbering.

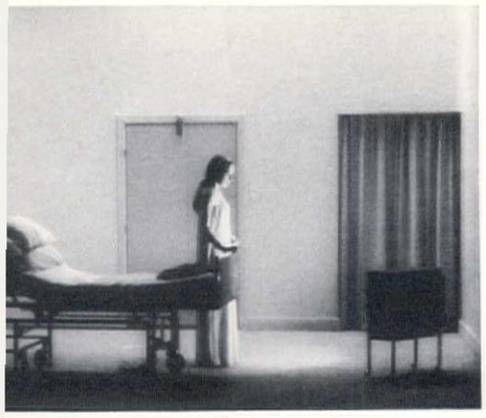
These are the last words she speaks in the film, except for some dream utterances. We see the two women packing in silence, closing the house. We see a very quiet Alma leaving. A voice on the soundtrack tells us that Elisabet returned to the theatre "in December" and continued her career (and we get a glimpse of her acting again). Then we see the quiet Alma getting the bus to take her away from the coast. There is a quick reprise of two images from the very beginning, and the film ends.

Now, a second look at *Persona*, to see how and—principally—why Bergman told this story.

First, the performances by Andersson and Ullmann. They are perfect. Any lesser word would be footling. Andersson, carrying almost all the dialogue, never fluctuates from a complete grip on the truth of the moment and the means of conveying it truly. Ullmann, silent almost throughout, nevertheless creates a complex human being in herself and by the *use* of things that are said to her. To see the film again now is to "hear" Ullmann by virtue of her subsequent appearances; to see it when it was released was to witness an extraordinary debut, silent but eloquent.

As for the film itself, it begins with a black screen and a thrum of electronic sound. The carbon arcs of a film projector glow into presence, and in a series of disjointed flashes, we see—among other images—a strip of film beginning to roll through a projector, bits of old slapstick comedy, a sheep being dissected, a spike being driven through a hand. Then we are in a morgue, with bodies under sheets. A telephone rings. A dead old woman's eyes blink open. A dead boy sits up, puts on glasses, starts to read. Then he reaches toward the camera and, in a reverse shot, we see that he is reaching toward a woman's immense face behind glass. It becomes another woman's face. (Later we learn that these are Elisabet and Alma.) The faces blur together. The credits of the film appear.

The very start emphasizes that what



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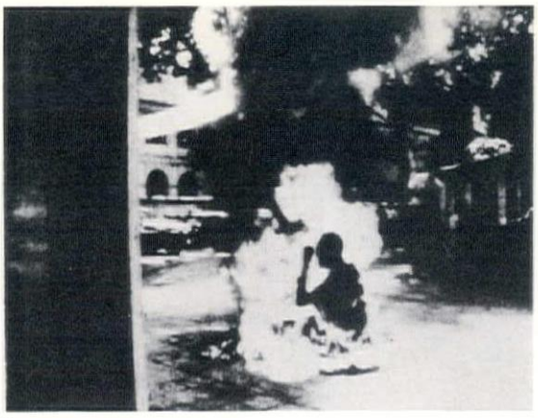

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The scene: a stark hospital room. Alma, a nurse (Bibi Andersson), greets her new patient, Elisabet (Liv Ullmann), an actress who has become deranged during a performance and refuses to speak (1). Two crucial moments illuminate Elisabet's dilemma: Alma turns on the radio (2), and the camera holds on Elisabet's face as she listens to Bach (3). Later, she watches the news on television (4), sees a Buddhist monk immolate himself to protest religious persecution in Vietnam (5), and is horrified (6). Bach, in his music, and the monk, in his sacrifice, have attained a perfection Elisabet despairs of reaching.

we are going to see is a film: reality is not going to be re-created, it is going to be abstracted and represented. The "meaning" of the various disjointed images is never patly explicated. When I first saw *Persona*, my feeling, enforced by subsequent viewings and unchanged by others' views, was that Bergman was giving us a quick, jagged tour of Elisabet's mind. This is one of the relatively few sequences in which the film is subjectively hers; usually it is either Alma's or objective. It can even be argued that the film-projector and filmstrip opening are Elisabet's, since (as the doctor notes) she sees life as a show, a succession of roles.

After the credits Nykvist's magic camera sketches in photographically the outlines of a door, and Alma comes through it and faces us. The "prologue" began with black, into which white penetrated; the body of the film begins with a reversal of this process, as if blackness and whiteness are being established as the visual poles of the work.

The camera holds on the nurse, from the front, then from behind. The doctor who addresses her is seen only vaguely in the background. Thus Bergman insinuates that Alma is abstracted from the world, a distilled presence, that what we are seeing is only *seeming* realism. When the doctor says that Elisabet stopped dead in the middle of a stage performance of *Electra*, we see a flash of this, but there is a camera filming the performance—surely a theatrical oddity. Again Bergman seems to be reminding us that everything we see here as reality is itself observed by at least one other reality. Thus his very method keeps asking the question: What is truth?

The light of that first scene and the feeling of a real room floating in space continue in Elisabet's room as the nurse and the patient become acquainted. Two moments here are especially important to what follows. First, Alma turns on a bedside radio for Elisabet's amusement, and a soap-opera actress begins to talk moonily of love. Elisabet giggles, then angrily switches it off. Alma puts on some music for her—Bach, as it happens—and leaves her. Then comes a minute that is powerful in its simplicity and simple in its power. The camera holds on Elisabet's face turned to the radio; she listens, her eyes unblinking. (Bergman has said that, to him, film means faces.) The light dims; it is twilight, yet this is a theatrical fading. (Again Bergman leads us subtly over the edge of realism.) In the dusk Elisabet stares intently, held by the music, *feeding* on it. After a long, motionless moment, she turns her head as if in pain.

This scene is crucial to the film. It is no facile utilization of great music, like the Mozart in *Elvira Madigan*. Bach is not mere soundtrack accompaniment; he is in this scene, his music is part of the drama. It provides the best statement that Bergman could find of the perfection that is out of Elisabet's reach, so unattainable that she has decided to be silent rather than settle for less. This music, we may infer, is particularly pertinent because of what we know about her. One of the masterstrokes in the script is that Bergman has made Elisabet an actress, not because she must "lie" every night, pretending to be someone else, but because the truth in that pretense—the truth of art—is greater than any truth she can achieve in her own life. So she is constantly abraded by the difference between the truth of concept and the circumscriptions of self and action as woman and wife and mother. (Remember, too, that she stopped cold for the first time while playing Electra, the Argive princess whose fierce mission is to cleanse away stain and impurity at whatever cost to herself.) This crystalline moment of Bach is a statement in art to an artist, of a perfection that never existed except in imagination; it is also a reminder of a time when such imagination was possible—a time now gone.

This is underscored in the second of the two moments. Later that night Elisabet watches television—a filmed report of the Vietnam war. In her nightgown she shrinks into a corner of the hospital room, now lit only by ghostly television light, and watches a Buddhist monk burn himself to death, a man whose protest against imperfection is so strong that it takes the form of permanent silence. Elisabet watches in horror, perhaps with a touch of shame but possibly with some touch of re-enforcement for her present "role."

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These two moments—one of purity from the past, one of agony in the present—come to her through electronic media of the twentieth century.

The first scene on the island—the two women walking alongside a stone wall, then peeling mushrooms together—is one of the few sequences in sunlight. Most of these island scenes occur at night or in the rain or in the soft gray light that Bergman and Nykvist have long since established as the climate of the human "interior."

And in this isolated place, with these two physically similar women dressed in similar country clothes, we see a drama of virtually isolated forces, opposed yet melding. One woman of strength and intellect has had a vision of nullity. The other woman, of strength and intelligence, is there to bring Elisabet back (in effect) to her point of view, to a plane of function. Yet the reverse happens: without philosophical process, Alma is drawn more and more to the cavern in which Elisabet is now hiding. What attracts Alma consciously is Elisabet-as-artist; the nurse is happy to be with this gifted and renowned woman. What attracts Alma unconsciously is the sense that Elisabet has found some sort of explanation for the bewilderments of existence, that the actress's so-called abnormality may be a *reasonable* reaction to the confusions and pollutions of life.

Alma's hunger for clarity is sharpest in the sequence where the two women draw closest, a sequence where Alma recounts the story of a sex orgy—a spontaneous occasion she had suddenly found herself participating in. As she tells the story she again feels the surprise and dismay that she was ever able to do these things, to enjoy them, then return to her fiancé and make love with him later that night. She bursts into tears at the end of the story, shocked again at this enlarged self-knowledge with which she cannot deal. In this sequence Bergman has Elisabet lying on her bed next to a lamp, while Alma sits in an armchair in the shadows. The lamp and Elisabet's face seem to be drawing this secret story out of Alma, almost to be promising her relief and an answer.

And that night, apparently because of this closeness and this promise, the film moves for the first time into dream—deliberately difficult to distinguish from reality, perhaps because reality in this film is itself a form of abstraction. But it is Alma's dream: in it a breeze moves the gauzy curtains on the doorway to her bedroom and through them floats Elisabet in her nightgown. In one of the most miraculously photographed intimate scenes in all of film, the two women embrace—a communion that is physical without being overtly sexual, a gesture of affinity. This is apparently a symbol of what Alma wishes could happen, a wish to join Elisabet wherever in her inner secretness she is hiding. (Of course, the next morning when Alma asks Elisabet whether she came into her bedroom the night before, the actress shakes her head.)

As with this dream scene, the texture of what we see at every moment fulfills what the film is about. Take, for instance, the first scene after Alma has read the unsealed letter. The sun shines, as it did on the first island day. Alma, on the terrace in a bathing suit and barefoot, breaks a glass and sweeps up the pieces. She discovers one more glass splinter. She picks it up, then she hears Elisabet coming and puts the splinter back. Then she goes inside while Elisabet, also in bathing clothes and barefoot, walks up and down. We wait with Alma. The cry of pain comes, and we see Elisabet glance sharply and suspiciously at Alma, who is watching from inside. Alma stares back stolidly—and then the film itself disintegrates. A hole burns through it and it tears apart. It is as if the tissue of this abstraction—the film we are watching—has been torn by this sudden savage reversal of feeling.

Following the doctor's orders, the two women move to a cottage, where Alma begins to share, instead of mitigate, Elisabet's sense of alienation. One night Alma (1) describes to the silent actress (2) a sexual episode in which she had once participated—and is shocked by her own fallibility. Later that night she dreams (3) that Elisabet floats through the bedroom's filmy curtains (4, 5) and embraces her (6)—an act symbolic of her wish to join in Elisabet's secret life.

Then the film fights its way back into being. The next sequence (after a swift reprise of a few flashes from the "prologue") begins quite out of focus, as Elisabet moves around the house, doing some little chores. Slowly, almost painfully, the picture focuses again.

Later, when Alma tells her how hurt she has been by the letter, Elisabet seems only to be startled by the fact that Alma read the letter, and does not yield an inch in apology. Alma gets more and more desperate as she realizes that soon they must leave this place; as she sees that she is getting further and further away from acknowledgment by this woman in whom she has confided so much; as she hates herself for still wanting that acknowledgment; as she feels snared and infuriated by Elisabet's unshakable silence, which now is colored by pride and resentment. That silence seems to have vanquished everything in Alma: her competence as a nurse, her attempt to draw close as a friend, even her unconscious attempts to hover on the edge of Elisabet's philosophical view.

And interwoven with these scenes of their waking hours, their conflict, her defeat, are Alma's fantasies and dreams: in one, Elisabet's husband makes love to her, thinking her Elisabet, while the actress looks on. In another, the earlier beautiful night embrace recurs as a kind of glimpse of lost happiness. Another fantasy goes back even earlier to Elisabet's hospital room, where Alma finally gets the actress to speak just one word—the word "nothing."

The climactic scene, in which Alma imagines and twice tells the selfish "role-playing" reasons why the actress had a child, ends with her face and Elisabet's split vertically and joined on the screen. Our first thought, especially since the talk is of a child, is of the two blurred faces that the boy saw in the morgue; but here the joining looks harsh, ugly, schizoid. It is like a danger signal, like the gibberish to which Alma is reduced. Then, in a frenzy of seeming frustration and self-hate, Alma pounds the table, scratches her forearm fiercely, draws blood. Suddenly Elisabet leans forward and sucks that blood. Perhaps she is saying: "You wanted union? I give you a blood bond." Or perhaps it is an act of expiation, the only moment when Elisabet literally and figuratively bows to Alma, as if she had implanted a poison that now she wants to draw.

If it is the latter, we never learn positively that it works. Elisabet returns to her career, we know. The shaken Alma returns to her profession and her fiancé —presumably.

The last images are of film running out of the projector and the carbon arcs burning down into darkness; and so the film, to the very end proclaiming itself a film, finishes.

A last look at *Persona*—beneath the action and the forces of the action. In the year the film was released I saw it two or three times and thought that it was an agon between, to put it crudely, intellectual and biological impulses. The mind of modern man sees the futility of life, the entropy of ideal and hope. But the biological destiny of man is to survive, possibly so that he is able to have such perceptions. The entirely rational disaffection of Elisabet sucks in and almost swamps the extrarational, vitalist Alma, who pulls herself free to go on living on the other side of this experience, profoundly altered but not by untruth.

Now, after some half dozen further viewings in the intervening years, I think this analysis is valid enough but incomplete. I think that what Bergman has done here is to explore the possibilities for modern tragedy. It is modern because it depends neither on Aristotelian flaw nor on fate nor on vengeance nor on any of the great instruments of the past, but on diurnal life. The tragedy lies in the realization of the insuperable distance between truth and

Betrayal: Alma is "amusing to study," writes Elisabet (1) in a letter she neglects to seal. The nurse reads the note, broods (2), and plots her revenge. She plants a splinter of glass in the barefoot Elisabet's path (3) and retreats behind a cottage window to wait (4). The cry of pain comes, and suddenly, the picture, like the friendship between the two women, begins to disintegrate (5, 6).

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possibility. Not death or blindness or suicide is the outcome but *existence*, with greater perception for both women.

Bernard Shaw once congratulated Chekhov because, unlike Ibsen, the Russian understood that the tragedy of the Hedda Gablers in real life is that they do not shoot themselves, they go on living. Elisabet knows (as the doctor indicated) that she will go on living her various roles in the tragedy of *life*, rather than completing an architecturally modeled tragedy in one sequence of her life. Alma's tragedy is that, though primed by experience to be vulnerable to Elisabet's vision, she might not have reached it by herself and must now discover whether she can bear it. Her early misgivings about taking this case may have been a premonition of her vulnerability. Now her premonition is realized: she is not an intellectual "role-player": she now has a new persona to live with.

In an essay on *Persona* the American critic Robert Boyers wrote: "The tragic hero is one who loses confidence in reality as he has always known it, and articulated it." The life that Alma will make for herself, he says, "will be tragic, because to be conscious, and to go on living, is to suffer as only our heroes can."

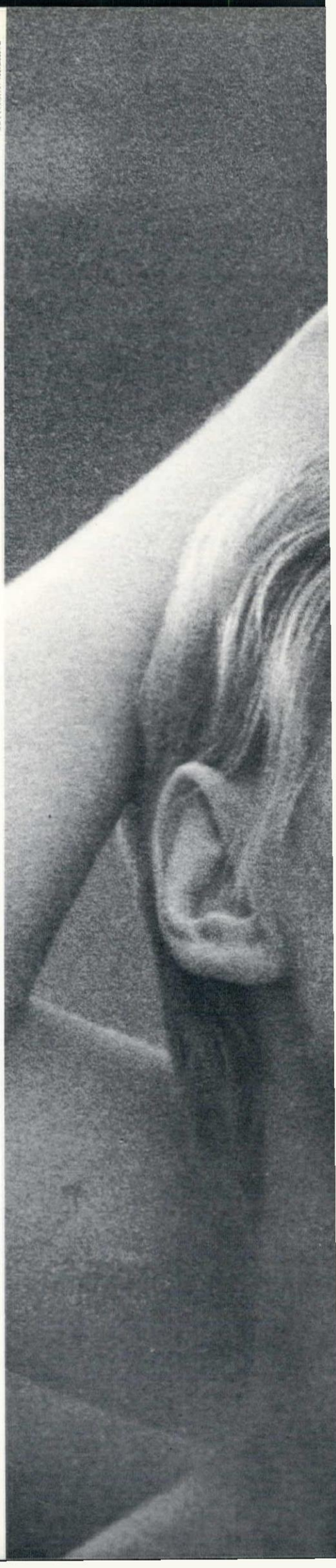
As I understand Bergman, he feels that traditional tragedy is impossible today because, in this god-hungry, probably godless universe, tragedy consists of this very consciousness, this comprehension of the dimensions of imagination and concept, not the dimensions of act and fact. Structurally, however, Bergman has drawn on the ancient sources of the tragic mode. (Surely *Electra* is cited to suggest this.) Some critics have said that *Persona* is related to Strindberg's *The Stronger*, a short, two-character play in which a wife confronts her husband's mistress, in which the mistress is silent throughout while the wife speaks, and which leaves us undecided as to which of the two is the stronger. Of course Bergman knows the play, but its domestic gnaw is a long way from the current and thrust of his much larger work. Particularly in the light of his theatre background, I think he may have been strongly influenced by the distilled quality of Greek tragedy in its earliest form—with only two actors (which *Persona* essentially has) in one place (also essentially true here).

To Ingmar Bergman, the human face is the essential element of film art, and in Persona, *images of his heroines' faces are presented to the viewer as portraits—to be pondered as one might ponder over a portrait on canvas.*

Yet, native of the modern sensibility that Bergman is, he could not rest with archaism. To his impulse toward classic distillation he added his understanding of contemporary self-awareness—the literal awareness of self as an entity to be watched, the compulsion, almost injunction, to observe one's own life as a performance, plus the corollary quest for authenticity in a world where one is now sentenced to observe himself. So, in using the twentieth century's own medium to make a twentieth-century tragedy, Bergman incorporated this modern truth by making the film itself know, so to speak, that it is a film. The work that is watched knows that it is a work made to be watched, not an all-inclusive "real" world; thus in its very being it reflects the self-awareness of its characters and its era.

Finally, this difficult, dark, unremitting film is exalting. First, because it shows that a superb artist can still deal with our most terrible knowledges, that high art is still possible in an age that has doubted this possibility. Second, because in the interior action of that art, we see contemporary human beings, in all their feeble self-reliance, still able to experience and survive the very worst, which is one other definition of the heroic. Like Antonioni, like other major modern artists, Bergman has found art to be both a source of moral insight and a means of taking its consequences.

Persona can be rented in 16 mm. form from United Artists 16, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York, New York 10019. Grossman Publishers has a paperbound edition of the original screenplay, which differs substantially from the finished film.



BETTMANN ARCHIVE

SONG OF THE CREATURES

Saint Francis set us straight about the democracy of all God's creatures, but he still enjoyed a pig's foot stew and never thought of becoming a vegetarian

By MORRIS BISHOP

Morris Bishop, who over the years contributed more than twenty essays to HORIZON, died last November at the age of eighty. He won his first poetry prize before 1910 and wrote his last book—on Saint Francis, from which the following excerpt is taken—just before he died. His interests were broad: for years he contributed light verse to the *New Yorker*; he wrote scholarly biographies of such men as Pascal and La Rochefoucauld and Champlain; and he tossed off a murder mystery called *The Widening Stain*. The span of his career was certainly long, a fact he brought home one day over luncheon at the Algonquin Hotel: when it was time to order dessert, Bishop glanced down the menu and spied bread and butter pudding at $1.25. "I'll have to try that," he said. "When I was a boy you couldn't lift $1.25 worth of bread and butter pudding."

His life encompassed all of our century; his sympathies reached back much farther—through France and down into Italy and all the way back to the "Middle" and "Dark" ages. His literary style has always been astonishing for its apparent ease—and the style was a reflection of the man. Bishop was indeed at ease and at home in other times and places. Where other historians strained to discern the outlines of an age, he went back and walked the streets until he was on the friendliest terms with men and women of other centuries. His imagination, like that of Saint Francis, was an empathic one, the kind that makes great historians, and saints.

Everyone knows about Saint Francis and his conversations with birds and beasts; several years ago Lynn White suggested in the pages of HORIZON (Summer, 1967) that this nature lover should be made the patron saint of ecology. But most of us have forgotten, if we ever knew, that Saint Francis was also a poet. He wrote only one major poem, "The Song of the Creatures," a lyric love poem to the natural world—penned when he was dying, under the care of the one woman he loved, Chiara di Favorone (Santa Clara, Saint Clare), whom he had encouraged to become a "bride of Christ." With this little poem, as Morris Bishop wrote, "He initiated the great course of Italian poetic literature. . . . He was the forerunner of Dante, Petrarch, Leopardi, Montale."

The following selection from *Saint Francis of Assisi*, to be published soon by Little, Brown, is about "The Song of the Creatures." The translation of the poem is Bishop's own. —C.L.M.

In October, 1224, Saint Francis of Assisi descended from Mount La Verna—where he had miraculously received the stigmata—to the hermitage of the Portiuncula. He rested only briefly. During the following winter and spring, despite his pains, he undertook donkey-borne tours of Umbria, stopping sometimes to preach in three or four villages in a single day. He would not heed the adjurations of his companions to consult a doctor—probably a good thing.

In the summer of 1225 he paid a visit to his friend Chiara, the founder of an order of nuns called the Poor Clares, in her cloister at San Damiano. While there he was attacked by an acute eye trouble, so severe that he could hardly be moved. A cell of reed mats was constructed for him against, or more likely within, the little house accommodating the chaplain and two lay workers, questing brothers, who did the outdoor work and collected alms and groceries for the sisters. We are sometimes told by modern writers that Francis was tenderly nursed by Chiara. But there is something peculiar about this. San Damiano had been put under a strict papal enclosure by Honorius III in 1218, and the two saints could properly have communicated only through a grilled window. This Pyramus-and-Thisbe situation was a torturing one for both; but maybe Francis in his weakness, and Chiara in her resolve, defied the pope.

To add to Francis's sufferings, his cell was ridden with field mice. These would run over his body and filch the food from under his groping fingers. He took the mice to be the devil's minions; he never uttered any praise of mice or claimed any brotherhood with them. He prayed to be delivered from the creatures, and received from Heaven the an-

In 1235 Bonaventura Berlinghieri painted a large panel with scenes from Saint Francis's life. In the detail opposite, the gaunt holy man (at right) converses with the birds.

swer that he should cease complaining, that the greatest of treasures was reserved for him, the treasure of salvation in eternal life.

And now, stricken as he was, he revealed a new Francis, the poet. As a youth he had, of course, composed minstrel songs and *vers d'occasion*, light verse for light moments. Now he attempted a serious poem expressing his love for the beautiful world and its inhabitants, his praise of all the loveliness fading before his stricken eyes, and in doing so he initiated the great course of Italian poetic literature. Before him Italy could show a vernacular poetic school only in half-foreign Sicily. He was the forerunner of Dante, Petrarch, Leopardi, and Montale.

His poem is the *"Cantico di Frate Sole"* ("Canticle of Brother Sun"), also known in English as "The Song of the Creatures." It begins:

Altissimo omnipotente bon Signore,
tu so le laude la gloria e l'onore e onne
benedizione . . .

Most high and most holy, most powerful Lord,
Whom with honor and blessing and
praise we acclaim.
No man can be worthy to utter the word,
The Name of thy Name!

To Thee and thy creatures we proffer
our praise:
To our brother the Sun in the heavens
ashine,
Who brings us the beauty and joy of
our days,
Thy emblem and sign.

We praise thee, O Lord, for our sister
the moon,
For the stars of the night shining
sweetly together,
For our brother the wind, for the bright
of the noon,
For all of thy weather.

For our sister the water, so humble
and chaste,
For beautiful fire, with his perilous
powers,
For our mother the earth, who holds
us embraced,
Who delights us with flowers.

The "Song of the Creatures" has been called a nature poem animated by a pantheistic spirit. It is that indeed, but Francis would have protested that he was no pantheist. He would have called himself a humble celebrant of God's bounty in providing man with beauty and wonder; his poem was a religious poem. The world was not God though it was godlike, a manifestation of God, responding gratefully to its creator. Tommaso da Celano was in the right of it; he wrote: "In every work, Saint Francis admired the Workman; he credited the Creator with all the qualities he discovered in every creature. He rejoiced in all the works emerging from the hand of God; and, taking his start from this joyous spectacle, he found his way to Him who is the cause, principle, and life of the universe. In contemplating a beautiful object, he could contemplate the perfect beauty." Thus Francis, though unlearned, had his own coherent aesthetic theory.

For most moderns, devout worshipers or not, Francis represents the appreciation and love of nature, of the physical world, of mere wonderful earth and fire and water. This was one of Francis's discoveries, revelations. Of course the men of the early Middle Ages recognized and loved natural beauty—flowers and bird song and graceful animals and sweet faces. But in their poems and paintings they conventionalized beauty. In their lyric poems the year was perpetually Maytime, with unnamed flowers blooming and unspecified birds caroling. Their paintings, still rigidly Byzantine, showed backgrounds of formalized rocks and chasms. Francis's nature was a reality, alive, diverse, conscious of its creator and responsive to Him. It was observed in love, and celebrated with joy.

At San Damiano, then, Francis dictated the "Song of the Creatures," with an accompanying melody, which has been lost. Chiara was certainly one of the first to hear it. He then did nothing but sing his canticle for a week. He proposed to send a group of friars from village to village, preaching; and after the sermon they would all chant his poem. Francis was not devoid of author's vanity.

Now it happened that at this time Francis's old friend and patron, Bishop Guido of Assisi, was enjoying a bitter quarrel with the mayor, Oportulo. The mayor had fined some of the bishop's adherents; the bishop excommunicated the mayor; the mayor forbade all citizens to speak to the bishop, to deal with him, or to bring him food.

Francis grieved that his Christian friends should so yield to un-Christian behavior. He summoned one of the brothers and said: "Go to see the Mayor and tell him from me to proceed to the Bishop's palace with the notables of the commune." (He takes as a matter of course his right to command the masters of church and state.) Then he ordered the brothers to join the assemblage and at the right moment to demand silence and to sing his canticle in praise of the Lord for all His creatures; and at the end to add this stanza:

We praise Thee for those who for thy sake
forgive,
Whom sorrow and sickness will never cast
down,
Who in peace persevering will resolute live;
They shall merit thy crown.

The praise was directed significantly at the quarreling officials, but surely Francis was thinking of his own fate. The party duly assembled and the stanza of pardon was sung. The mayor clasped his hands as for the reading of the Gospel, and he wept abundantly. And he proclaimed: "Not only do I pardon the Bishop, whom I must recognize as my master, but I would pardon the murderer of my brother or of my son!" He knelt and begged the bishop for forgiveness. The bishop raised him up, saying: "My office requires humility, but I am testy-tempered by nature; you must pardon me." So both embraced and exchanged the kiss of peace, with much tenderness and affection.

The incident illustrates the power of Christian love, and also Francis's use of love to persuade and command. Love is the clue to Francis. He loved all the

aspects of the external world, from sun, moon, earth, fire, and water to insects and stones in the road. He especially loved living creatures, and of them especially birds. Best of the birds, to him, were the cowled larks, earth-colored like monks, and humble, but such sweet singers! The larks returned his love. On the night before his death a great multitude came and wheeled above his roof, singing their farewell. On another occasion a swarm of birds—wood pigeons, crows, rooks—assembled on a tree to hear his sermon, and at the end bowed their heads reverently. He tamed many birds for pets, or rather companions—his familiar hawk at La Verna, a loving moor hen, a family of robins, one of whom suffered death as penalty for gluttony.

Only less than birds Francis loved the beasts. He was always moved by the beauty of innocent lambs, symbolic of his Saviour. Once, at Greccio, a brother brought him a hare taken in a snare. Said Francis: "Come here, little Brother Hare. Why did you let yourself get caught?" The hare ran to Francis and buried his head in the saintly breast. Francis caressed him for a time, then set him free; but the hare would merely come bounding back to his rescuer, who finally had him carried to the forest to get lost. On the other hand Francis did not extend his tender love to the poor, familiar ass, which must be forever ill fed and well beaten to its duty. And he never had a kind word for field mice.

One of the most celebrated, and least convincing, of the animal stories is that of the wolf of Gubbio. A huge and terrible wolf appeared in the neighborhood and devoured both animals and men, so that countrymen armed themselves as if going out to battle. Therefore Francis, putting all his trust in God, issued forth to overcome him. The dreadful beast sprang ravening at the presumptuous human, and Francis made the sign of the cross upon him; whereat the wolf closed his jaws and lay down humbly. Francis reproved Brother Wolf for his misdeeds and promised him that if he would reform no man or dog would mistreat him. Brother Wolf wagged his tail, twitched his ears, and bowed his head in acquiescence. So the pact was made; and the wolf lifted up his right paw and laid it gently in Francis's hand. The wolf lived for two more years in Gubbio, visiting people's houses freely, doing no hurt, and being kindly fed. Not even did any dog ever bark at him.

So the citizens of Gubbio maintain today. But in La Verna, not far away, they will tell you that Brother Wolf was in fact a brigand named Lupo, who would put his victims on a rock pinnacle, remove the plank used for access, and leave them to die of hunger or pay ransom. All this wickedness was ended by Francis's intervention.

Saint Francis's love was not limited to birds and beasts. When possible he would throw fresh-caught fish back into the water, urging them not to let themselves be taken again. A cicada made its home beside the Master's cell, and sang there lustily. Francis summoned the creature; it settled on his hand. Said Francis: "Sing, Sister Cicada, and by your joyous stridulations praise the God who made you." Whenever Francis left his cell he would tickle the insect and bid it sing. Then he ordered it to be gone, for fear that he might make of his conquest a pretext for vanity. He spent a full day watching bees at their work and applauding their industry. (But he did not like ants, which work too long and hard.) He gave the bees honey and wine to sustain them in winter. He would pick up worms on the path and set them aside, lest they be crushed.

He loved flowers, too, and preached to the spring fields in bloom. He insisted that space be left in the kitchen garden for flowers, which proclaim the beauty of the Father and suggest the perfume of eternal suavity. He said: "Every creature cries aloud: 'God made me for thee, O man!' " He loved the living woods, and ordered the woodcutters merely to trim trees, not destroy them. The trees, he said, should remember Jesus dead on their cross. He was fascinated by fire, and would not allow it to be roughly extinguished. Water he loved also, especially in running brooks; he walked reverently on stones. When washing his hands, he was careful not to spill water where a foot might tread on it.

Curiously, this lover of all life did not take the next logical, almost inevitable step and refuse to eat meat. On one occasion, simple Brother Juniper attacked a herd of swine with a kitchen knife, cut off a foot, and served it to the Master. Francis ate it with gusto; he expressed the utmost sympathy with the robbed swineherd, who was uttering dolorous cries, but none for the squealing three-legged pig. Francis hardly attained consistency, a precarious state.

Of Francis's ability to lure birds and beasts there can hardly be any question. But the modern reader may well inquire as to the nature of his alluring power and may ask science for an explanation. Unfortunately science seems to refuse a comprehensible answer, or hides it in inaccessible periodicals. Of course men have been talking with birds since the time of King Solomon, and modern ethologists aplenty penetrate their intimate lives. Konrad Lorenz's goslings follow him, quacking "Mama! Mama!" and Lorenz quacks back in their language. And Indian fakirs pipe to their swaying cobras, while commercial moose calls summon amorous moose, and ornithologists with tape-recorded bird voices befool the birds.

But the scientists deny that they have any magic faculty, mesmeric power, radar, or smell; they say they depend on free food and immobility, and patience; especially patience. Animals, they say, are very inquisitive creatures. Sit quiet and barely move, they say, and the wild things will come to find out what is going on. In Tanzania Jane van Lawick-Goodall made the chimpanzees her friends through infinite patience, not by any magical gift of communication. And if Francis possessed any secret for attracting his little brothers and sisters he never revealed it. Or perhaps by inference he ascribed his power only to love, which science cannot reproduce under laboratory conditions.

Empress Victoria

ALL: THE ROYAL LIBRARY, WINDSOR CASTLE

Vicky, England's princess royal, about 1856

Her doting parents married her off as a democratic missionary to Germany. She became the helpless antagonist of all things Prussian, including her son Kaiser Wilhelm II

By THEO ARONSON

The marriage of Queen Victoria's eldest daughter and namesake, the princess royal of England, to Prince Friedrich Wilhelm, the future king of Prussia, had been designed as the first step toward an understanding between the two countries. Prince Albert, the father of the bride, had always dreamed of the day when his native Germany—a patchwork of small and large states, most of them despotisms—would be united into a single, democratic country.

The lead for such a movement, reasoned Albert, would have to come from Prussia: although far from liberal, it was the most dynamic of the states, and Protestant. Injected with generous doses of British greatness and British enlightenment, Prussia could set about liberalizing the states and welding them into a Greater Germany, which would dominate the Continent, hold the balance between fickle France and reactionary Russia, and, with England, set a shining example for the rest of Europe.

Thus Prince Albert—backed by his adoring wife, the queen—decided on a union of the royal houses of Great Britain and Prussia. Fortunately, there were two excellent candidates at hand: Prince Friedrich Wilhelm—nicknamed Fritz—was a tall, handsome, good-natured young man with progressive views; Vicky, the princess royal, was a prodigy.

From babyhood, Vicky had shown signs of an exceptional intelligence. She was quick-witted, hardworking, and eager to learn. She delighted her father. That earnest, conscientious prince found in her an ideal pupil. To his tireless course of instruction she responded with an enthusiasm and a comprehension little short of amazing. In addition to being clever, she was attractive, vivacious, and energetic, and Albert never doubted that one day she could play a significant role in European affairs. To this end he instilled in her his brand of democracy. By the time he had finished with her, his concept of constitutional monarchy could hardly have had a more dedicated exponent.

In the autumn of 1855, when Fritz was twenty-four and Vicky only fifteen,

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Victoria and Albert invited the Prussian prince to Balmoral. To the gratification of all, the two young people fell in love. But it was not until the princess had turned seventeen that they married. After a two-day honeymoon at Windsor, they left for Berlin. Realization of Prince Albert's dream had begun: this idealistic young couple—particularly Vicky—would introduce his ideas to Prussia and lead that country, and ultimately Germany, to a liberal future.

Vicky was deeply conscious of her vocation, but there were obstacles: her father-in-law, King Wilhelm I of Prussia, was a firm believer in *Gottesgnadentum*—the theory of the divine right of kings—and along with the conservative and insular class of Prussian landowning noblemen known as the Junkers, he dismissed parliamentary rule, constitutional monarchy, and a united Germany as so much nonsense. Yet, at the start of Wilhelm I's reign in 1861, Vicky—now crown princess—could take comfort in the fact that, at sixty-four, the king could not live much longer. Then too, King Wilhelm's conservatism was that of a weak man who fears change; with patience and perseverance, she might yet enlighten him.

At least that was the theory. In practice it all worked out very differently: year succeeded year with the old king showing no signs of dying. In the year after his accession, he had appointed Otto von Bismarck, an astute and ruthless Junker, as first minister. And for the remainder of Wilhelm I's long reign, it was Bismarck who ruled, dooming all hope of encouraging the king to follow a more democratic line. Bismarck never loosened his grip; the crown prince and princess sat by helplessly while the state developed along lines utterly opposed to everything they had planned.

Thirty years went by as Vicky waited to fulfill her mission. Paradoxically, during those years Bismarck realized Prince Albert's dream of uniting Germany—not by parliamentary persuasion but by blood and iron. Wars against Denmark, Austria, and France established Prussia as the leading military power on the Continent, and by January, 1871, Bismarck had coerced the German states into an empire with Wilhelm of Prussia as the emperor. Instead of creating the enlightened *Kulturstaat* of her dreams, Vicky watched Germany turn into an oppressive and powerful *Militärstaat*.

The blame for the crown prince and princess's unhappy position, however, was not all Bismarck's. At least some of the fault was theirs. Prince Friedrich, despite the soldierly magnificence of his appearance, was a weak man—fretful, irresolute, easily depressed. Nor was he

With the air of a child bride, Vicky posed with Prince Friedrich Wilhelm of Prussia on their honeymoon at Windsor Castle in 1858.

quite the dedicated liberal Albert had assumed. "He is not born a free Englishman," explained Vicky to her mother, "and all Prussians have not the feeling of independence and love of justice and constitutional liberty they ought to have. . . ." A dutiful son, he hated opposing his father. A patriot, he could not help delighting in Bismarck's aggrandizement of Prussia. A proud Hohenzollern, he looked forward to becoming kaiser of the triumphant new Reich.

Vicky was very different. No one could doubt the strength of her character or beliefs. Short, plump, and high colored now, her hair neatly braided into a coronet, her clothes simple, she could have been mistaken for a sensible, middle-class Prussian *Hausfrau*. But Vicky read widely and had a keen mind. And, in the Berlin of her day, when women were expected to confine themselves to *Küche, Kinderstube, Krankenstube und Kirche*—kitchen, nursery, sickroom, and church—she was remarkably emancipated. Her diverse passions—not only for painting, poetry, and architecture, but also for politics, economics, and social reform—and her unorthodox tastes—for open windows, modern plumbing, and long walks—repeatedly astonished her hidebound contemporaries. She was dogmatic, impetuous, and frequently tactless.

Most annoying to the Prussians, however, was her persistent Englishness. When Vicky arrived in Berlin, Bismarck had announced that she would be a blessing to her new country only if she left the Englishwoman behind and became a Prussian. It was sound advice, but Vicky was incapable of following it. To her, England was always "home," superior in every way to Prussia. It was, she claimed to her mother, "my country which I shall love so passionately to my dying day . . . too proud to have belonged to ever let myself forget." With grating tactlessness, Vicky continued to sing the praises of all things English, and before long the Prussians began to scorn her as *die Engländerin*. "To be friends with the present regime is impossible," Vicky complained to Queen Victoria, "and yet to be in opposition is a thing as impossible. I always feel like a fly struggling in a very tangled web, and a feeling of weariness and depression, often of disgust and hopelessness, takes possession of me. . . ."

In addition to political difficulties, Vicky had domestic problems. Her marriage was happy enough. She and Fritz had been in love when they married, and were to remain so. They suited each other very well. Their differences were complementary: if she was quick and clever, he was placid and serious; she

Three kaisers and an infant crown prince, in 1882: Wilhelm I holds his great grandson, child of the future Wilhelm II, at right; Vicky's unhappy Fritz looks on.

dazzled guests, he won their hearts. At home in their town and country palaces —the Kronprinzen-Palais in Berlin and the Neue Palais at Potsdam—they lived simply, avoiding the formality, friction, and philistinism of other Prussian royal households.

Between 1850 and 1872 Vicky bore four boys and eight girls, and, although in the early days they made a delightful, harmonious family group, the harmony did not last long. One son died in infancy, another at the age of eleven. Vicky felt their deaths keenly: their passing left her, she sighed, with two stupid sons—"good boys, but nothing in them." And, as the boys matured, their goodness diminished. The younger, Prince Henry, became a shallow, opinionated youth, "ignorant, green, and misled," complained his mother to Queen Victoria; the elder, Prince Wilhelm—the future Kaiser Wilhelm II—was infinitely worse.

At his birth in January, 1859, a nerve in Wilhelm's neck had been injured, leaving him with a poor sense of balance and a stunted left arm that was practically useless. To a large extent he overcame his physical handicap: he learned to ride, shoot, and swim; if he kept his left arm bent, he looked almost normal. Still, his deformity took an emotional toll: the more Vicky pitied him, the more inadequate he felt, and the more he resented her concern. She wanted him to resemble her father, Prince Albert; he wanted to be like his autocratic and soldierly grandfather, Kaiser Wilhelm I.

Perhaps to compensate for his deformity, Prince Wilhelm became arrogant, bombastic, and conceited; his views grew increasingly reactionary. Bismarck had solved the questions of the day, and not with majority votes. To identify himself with his parents' views, concluded Prince Wilhelm, would be not only distasteful but also extremely shortsighted. Instead, he later wrote, the Iron Chancellor "became the idol in my temple, and I worshipped him."

The chancellor was delighted. Having always disapproved of the crown prince and princess, he enlisted their son in his battle against them. With Wilhelm I's blessing, he involved the boy in affairs of state—a galling affront to Fritz and Vicky, whom Bismarck had always kept at arm's length.

By the late 1880's the German imperial family had split into two irreconcilable parts: on the one side, the reactionary old kaiser and his grandson Prince Wilhelm; on the other, the progressive crown prince and princess. Of Prince Albert's scheme for a model democratic state, so optimistically initiated almost thirty years before, not a vestige remained in the militant, thrusting, and powerful Second Reich.

Whether Fritz and Vicky would be able to inaugurate their long-delayed plans when the old kaiser finally died remained to be seen. To many it seemed extremely doubtful. After more than a quarter of a century in power, Bismarck had blunted the spirit of freedom in Germany. Would Fritz, already nearing sixty, have enough time to undo all Bismarck's work and set Germany on a liberal course? Would not Prince Wilhelm, on ascending the throne, simply nullify his father's efforts and revert to the autocratic rule of his grandfather's day? It was a difficult situation. Admittedly the ninety-year-old kaiser could not last much longer, but in the summer of 1887 this was small comfort to Vicky. A further blow had fallen: her husband was seriously ill.

The previous winter Fritz had suffered from a persistent sore throat, and in March, 1887, a specialist, Professor Karl Gerhardt, had discovered a small growth on the left vocal cord. Six leading German doctors decided that the growth was cancerous. They advised an immediate operation, which, if the patient survived, would probably render him permanently voiceless. Before going ahead they called for Norell Mackenzie, an Englishman and one of Europe's leading specialists on diseases of the throat. Sick with worry, Vicky cabled the queen: would she see that the doctor set off at once? "Greatly distressed," wrote the queen in her journal, "and cannot bear to think of poor

darling Vicky's anguish and sorrow."

Dr. Mackenzie arrived in Berlin on May 20, 1887. He took a specimen of the growth and sent it to a German pathologist. Informed that the tumor was benign, Mackenzie advised against the operation, suggested that the crown prince come to England for treatment, and predicted a speedy recovery. The crown princess was exultant. "We are much more hopeful and reassured about Fritz's throat now," she told her mother. The suspense had been agonizing, "but I own the hope held out is a very great relief, and as I am sanguine by nature, I easily cling to it. . . ."

The German doctors were distinctly less sanguine, but they could not agree on what should be done. Some advised the operation; others suggested carrying out Mackenzie's treatment in Berlin; Dr. Gerhardt wanted Mackenzie himself to treat the patient. "I now leave it to them to settle their minds amongst themselves and shall not interfere with them," wrote Vicky. "Fritz *ought* to be under [Mackenzie's] care and we must see *how* we can carefully effect this."

She needed to be careful. Many people at court, ignorant of the seriousness of the crown prince's illness (he had no very clear idea himself), considered it wrong for Fritz to leave Germany when his father's health was waning. Others said that the crown princess was anxious to whisk him away to England in order to manipulate him more easily.

But contrary to popular belief, Vicky did not insist on the trip home until Dr. Gerhardt reluctantly gave his permission. Queen Victoria's Jubilee celebrations provided the excuse; Fritz, who had a taste for ceremony, longed to represent the kaiser at the Thanksgiving Service in Westminster Abbey—all the more so because Prince Wilhelm was offering to go in his place.

No one seeing the fifty-five-year-old German crown prince riding in Queen Victoria's Jubilee cavalcade would have imagined that he was seriously ill. So tall, so manfully bearded and spectacularly uniformed, Fritz looked the very picture of royal dignity and radiant health. Even the queen, who knew that something was wrong, remarked on how healthy and handsome he looked. After the festivities the couple spent two months in England while Mackenzie treated Fritz. Everyone was convinced that his complete recovery was simply a matter of time. "He is wonderfully better," remarked the queen, and in a rush of premature relief she knighted Dr. Mackenzie.

In the autumn the couple left England and traveled to San Remo on the Mediterranean for Fritz's convalescence. Meanwhile public opinion in Berlin grew increasingly critical. Some said that Fritz should return home at once; certain liberals feared that Prince Wilhelm was gaining too much influence. Others suspected Mackenzie was a fraud and that the German doctors' diagnosis of cancer had been correct. They blamed Vicky for everything, claiming that her main concern was to keep Fritz alive long enough for her to become empress; that her persistent optimism had filled her husband with false hopes and misled the public about the seriousness of his illness; that her passion for power and her hatred of her elder son were costing Fritz his life.

The accusations were entirely without foundation. Ambitious, willful, and emotional as Vicky was, her only concern was to save her husband's life and alleviate his suffering. If she was too optimistic, that, she insisted, was her duty. "You know how sensitive and apprehensive, how suspicious and despondent Fritz is by nature," she wrote to her mother; it was up to her to counteract his melancholy by remaining cheerful.

Besides, Vicky was convinced that the conservatives, determined to bring reactionary Prince Wilhelm to power, were exaggerating the seriousness of Fritz's illness, working to replace Mackenzie with a doctor who would persuade him to renounce the throne, and trying to force an operation that would certainly cost Fritz his voice, perhaps even his life. Making no secret of his impatience, Prince Wilhelm had already shocked even Bismarck by prematurely drafting an imperial edict for distribution on the day of his accession. "Against this," declared Vicky to her mother, "it is my duty to fight!"

The fight grew tougher when, twenty-four hours after the couple settled at San Remo, Dr. Mackenzie examined Fritz's throat and discovered a new growth. The crown prince begged to be told if it was cancer. "I am sorry to say, Sir," answered Mackenzie, "it looks very much like it, but it is impossible to be certain." After a moment of silence, Fritz calmly thanked the doctor for his frankness. Only later, alone with his wife, did he break down. Sobbing bitterly, he gasped: "I had so hoped to be of use to my country. Why is Heaven so cruel to me? What have I done to be thus stricken down and condemned . . .?"

There was now no doubt that Fritz would not live much longer. Would the crown prince outlast his ailing father or would Prince Wilhelm be the next kaiser? The German public whispered a half-forgotten prophecy that Kaiser Wilhelm I would die at ninety-six and be succeeded by a man with one arm. They treated Fritz, complained Vicky to Queen Victoria, as "a mere passing shadow soon to be replaced by reality in the shape of Wilhelm." On his two visits to San Remo Prince Wilhelm was arrogant and unsympathetic. Behaving as if he were already emperor, he insisted on giving orders to the doctors and is even said to have claimed precedence over his mother as he entered the local Lutheran church. I "pitched into him," Vicky assured her mother, "with considerable violence." "I will not have him dictate to me—the head on my shoulders is every bit as good as his." Undaunted, Prince Wilhelm returned to Berlin with the German doctors' assurance that his father would not live much longer and a firm hope that Wilhelm II might yet succeed Wilhelm I.

But his hopes were in vain. On March 9, 1888, the old emperor died, two weeks short of turning ninety-one. Fritz was strolling through the grounds at San Remo when he received the news that he

was now Kaiser Friedrich III. Returning to the villa, he went into the drawing room where his household had assembled, wrote out the announcement of his accession, and invested his wife with the highest decoration he could bestow—the Order of the Black Eagle. He handed Dr. Mackenzie a note: "I thank you for having made me live long enough to recompense the valiant courage of my wife."

Queen Victoria's reaction to the news was more effusive. "My OWN dear *Empress Victoria,*" she wrote, "it does seem an impossible dream, may God bless her! You know *how* little I care for rank or Titles—but I cannot *deny* that *after all* that has been done & said, I am *thankful* & *proud* that dear Fritz & you shd have come to the Throne."

On a bitterly cold night two days later the frail emperor arrived in Berlin to begin his long-deferred reign. "I pray," wrote the new empress to her mother, "that he may be spared to be a blessing to his people and to Europe."

Some six weeks later Queen Victoria came to Berlin to visit the new German emperor and empress. Afraid that she would interfere with his policies, Bismarck had opposed the visit, but it was a tremendous success nevertheless. When she arrived on April 24, 1888, the plump, imperious queen was impressed by the "great crowds, who were most enthusiastic, cheering and throwing flowers into the carriage" and pronounced the people "very friendly."

The situation at Charlottenburg Palace was distinctly less encouraging. Although Fritz looked well, he spent almost all his time in bed, and Dr. Mackenzie said that the crown prince could not last more than a few weeks. Vicky looked, thought her mother, "careworn and thinner," and was liable to burst into tears whenever she was alone with the queen. "Her despair at what she seems to look on as the certain end is terrible," noted Victoria. "William," complained the empress to her mother, "fancies himself completely the Emperor—and an absolute and autocratic one." "He is," she said, "in a 'ring,' a *coterie,* whose main endeavour is, as it were to paralyze Fritz in every way."

Vicky's political difficulties were as bad as her domestic ones. Her husband's regime was simply a travesty of what they had planned. Because of his helpless state, the emperor had been obliged to confirm Bismarck in office, and the chancellor lost no opportunity to nullify even Friedrich III's most moderate attempts at reform, or to persecute the empress. *Die Engländerin,* he claimed, made the kaiser "as dependent and submissive as a dog, you'd hardly believe to what extent." According to her enemies, the empress now ruled the land: she plied her mute husband with wine to get him through public appearances, was always present to speak on his behalf, and quickly pointed out how well he looked to foster the impression that his reign—under her influence—would be a long one. They even whispered that she was urging the emperor to appoint her regent.

"We are living in sad times here in Berlin," concluded the British military attaché in Berlin in April, 1888. "It seems as if a curse had come over this country, leaving but one bright spot and that is where stands a solitary woman, doing her duty faithfully and tenderly by her sick husband against all odds. It is one of the most tragic episodes in a country and a life recorded in history."

Queen Victoria did what she could to alleviate her daughter's suffering. She talked to the kaiser, listened to her daughter's outpourings, and asked Prince Wilhelm to be more considerate to his mother. But her greatest achievement was her audience with Bismarck on April 25, the day after her arrival in Berlin. At the prospect of coming face to face with the formidable old lady, all Bismarck's self-confidence evaporated. He felt certain that he was in for a difficult time. The queen's aide-de-camp reported that the chancellor was "unmistakably nervous and ill at ease"; he wanted to know exactly where the queen would be in the audience chamber and whether she would be seated or standing. But the meeting went admirably. The queen appealed to Bismarck to stand by "poor Vicky" and, for the sake of "dear Fritz," not to appoint Prince Wilhelm as regent. Bismarck emerged from the interview mopping his brow and exclaiming, "That was a woman! one could do business with her!" and at the state dinner that evening he tried to be as agreeable as possible: drawing Vicky's attention to a candy wrapper bearing her likeness, he unbuttoned his coat and placed the bonbon beside his heart.

The queen left for home the following evening after a poignant parting with Fritz and a tearful farewell to Vicky. "It was terrible," wrote Victoria, ". . . to think of all she was suffering and might have to go through. My poor child . . ."

In June the emperor and the empress left Berlin for the Neue Palais. They traveled by steamer up the Havel, and all along the river banks cheering crowds gathered to see the emperor. On his arrival at the Palais—where Fritz had spent some of the happiest days of his life—he scribbled out a request that the palace be known henceforth as Friedrichskron.

Even now Fritz insisted on doing as much as his weakened state would allow. He made entries in his diary, wrote letters, studied the newspapers, signed documents, issued instructions. When the king of Sweden visited Friedrichskron, the kaiser put on his uniform and received him decorously. Such instances of her husband's devotion to duty only fueled Vicky's fury at his enemies, who, knowing nothing of his courage, spoke of him as a listless, half-imbecilic creature, propped up and goaded on by his ambitious wife. There were even wild rumors that he had already died and that Vicky and her liberal coterie were concealing the fact from the nation.

The kaiser was anxious about his wife's fate after his death; he knew that she could expect little sympathy from Prince Wilhelm. One day, when Bismarck was visiting, the emperor sum-

moned the empress, took her hand, and laid it in Bismarck's. As the mute and dying man looked from one to the other, both realized that he was committing his wife to the chancellor's care. Bismarck murmured that he would never forget his obligations to the empress.

But Vicky refused to be taken in; Bismarck might harbor a certain feudal loyalty to the emperor, but she knew that this feeling did not extend to her. How little she trusted him—and her son Wilhelm—became clear during her husband's last days. She had already seen to it that her own and her daughters' inheritance would be made over before Wilhelm assumed control of the family revenues. Now, determined to have justice done to her own and Fritz's memory, she made sure that their private papers did not fall into unsympathetic hands. During their visit to England the year before, she had deposited three boxes of papers in a safe at Buckingham Palace. On June 14, 1888, she made arrangements to smuggle more of their personal papers home.

Vicky acted just in time. Kaiser Friedrich III died the next day. "I cannot, cannot realize the dreadful truth," wrote the anguished queen. "The misfortune is awful. My poor child's whole future gone, ruined, which they had prepared themselves for for nearly thirty years." To her grandson, now Kaiser Wilhelm II, the queen wired, "I am broken hearted. . . . Help and do all you can for your poor dear Mother and try to follow in your best, noblest, and kindest of father's footsteps."

But her advice fell on deaf ears. The minute his father died Wilhelm ordered a regiment of hussars to seal off the palace, to let no one, including the imperial family, leave without a signed permit, and to conduct a thorough search. The new kaiser wanted to find his late father's private papers; he probably hoped, imagined the empress, to uncover traces of "liberal plots." While one of his generals ransacked the late emperor's desk, the kaiser himself, in his red hussar's uniform, searched his mother's rooms. They found nothing: the papers were safely hidden at Buckingham Palace.

Two royal widows, Vicky and Queen Victoria (who holds a portrait of Albert), met in England in 1889; their plan for Germany had long since evaporated.

Next, defying his father's instructions, Wilhelm permitted an autopsy to prove publicly that the German doctors' diagnosis of cancer had been right all along, and ordered the name of Friedrichskron changed back to Neue Palais. As a final insult to Fritz's memory, Kaiser Wilhelm II publicly announced that he intended to follow in the footsteps of Kaiser Wilhelm I.

Kaiser Friedrich III's reign, designed by Prince Albert to be one of the most glorious in history, had lasted for less than a hundred days. It had been, in the words of his empress, "a mere passing shadow."

Cast out of public life by her son, Vicky retreated to the chestnut-covered hills at Kronberg. There, in a vast castle—built in mock-Tudor style and named Friedrichshof, after Fritz—she saw to her daughters' marriages, and, as she wrote, "with a padlock on my mouth" watched Kaiser Wilhelm II turn Prince Albert's dreams to ashes. In 1901, shortly after her mother's death, Vicky died of cancer. That her ideals were never realized in Germany is one of the great tragedies of the nineteenth century.

"We had a mission," the embittered empress had written her mother after Fritz's death," we felt and we knew it—we were Papa's and your children! We were faithful to what we believed and knew to be right. We loved Germany—we wished to see her strong and great, not only with the sword, but in all that was righteous, in culture, in progress and in liberty. We wished to see all the people happy and free, growing and developing in all that is good. We tried hard to learn and study and prepare for the time in which we should be called to work for the nation. We had treasured up such experience! Bitterly, hardly bought!—that is all now wasted. . . ."

This article is adapted from Theo Aronson's book Grandmama of Europe, *a study of Queen Victoria's crowned descendants, to be published this year by Bobbs-Merrill.*

The Heart of Midlothian

"My favorite among the Scottish novels,
the one with the most dramatic
story and the fewest trappings of romance"

I went back to the Waverley novels not long ago. As a little boy in pajamas, lying next to the radiator on winter mornings, I had raced through most of those twenty-five closely printed volumes in their maroon cloth bindings. That was in my father's Pittsburgh waiting room, where patients seldom came before five o'clock, and then not many. "Get dressed for breakfast!" my father would break in, perhaps at the moment when King Richard in disguise was trolling out a ballad with the Holy Clerk of Copmanhurst, also known as Friar Tuck. "Aw, do I have to eat?" I whimpered. After breakfast—if it was Saturday—I would rush to open the book once again.

Scott, I felt dimly, took his own time about getting into a story, but once the action started he displayed his magic power of holding one's attention to the end. One Saturday, however, I came to *The Pirate,* with its promising title for little boys, but with hardly any action for more than a hundred pages. I closed the book then, and although I later inherited the twenty-five maroon Waverleys, they were to stay closed for nearly half a century.

In 1970 Edgar Johnson published a two-volume life of Scott that traces his extraordinary career from day to day, without omitting a dinner party, and that has reminded us of his once enormous popularity with readers all over the world. Even before Johnson's work appeared, I had gone back to the novels in order to learn whether the Wizard of the North still cast his magic spell. I have a mixed report to make after my reading. Scott's romances of chivalry, even *Ivanhoe* and *The Talisman,* now seem to me books for children (granted that the children have a larger vocabulary, by my halidome, than is presently acquired in American high schools). But Scott also wrote homelier novels, realistic in their psychology, about the manners of his countrymen, and most of these Scottish books—even *The Pirate* —have retained an appeal to more sophisticated readers.

By all means my favorite among the Scottish novels, the one with the most dramatic story and the fewest trappings of romance, is *The Heart of Midlothian.*

It starts in the year 1736. A mob has set fire to the solid oak door of the Edinburgh prison, or tolbooth, known as the very heart of the shire of Midlothian. Inside the prison is Jock Porteous, once captain of the city guard, then condemned to death for having ordered his guardsmen to fire on a not very menacing crowd of burghers. He has been reprieved by Queen Caroline, but now the mob is about to seize and lynch him. Another prisoner is young Effie Deans, the wayward daughter of a dairyman, or "cow feeder," who is soon to be tried for her life under a stern Scottish law. Since Effie has borne a child in secret and the child has disappeared, she is presumed guilty of murder.

At the height of his fame, Sir Walter Scott was painted, pen in hand, by his friend Sir Thomas Lawrence. Above is an engraving after the portrait, which Scott said "made so much out of an old weather-beaten block."

"Flee, Effie, flee!" says Geordie Robertson, the leader of the mob, who is Effie's outlawed lover. She refuses to stir from the strong room of the prison. "Better lose life," she murmurs, "since lost is good fame." ("Better *tyne* life" is what the author makes her say, but his readers have learned to guess at the meaning of Scottish words.) Geordie is called away to lead Porteous to the gallows. Then the mob disperses quietly, after leaving behind a guinea to pay for the rope that hanged him.

At Effie's trial a few weeks later, the decisive question is whether she concealed her pregnancy. If she confessed it to anyone—even to her older sister, Jeanie, the heroine of the novel—she will not be executed. The truth is that she had confessed it to no one, but Jeanie can save her by telling a white lie. Jeanie bears no resemblance to Scott's other and more romantic heroines. "She

By MALCOLM COWLEY

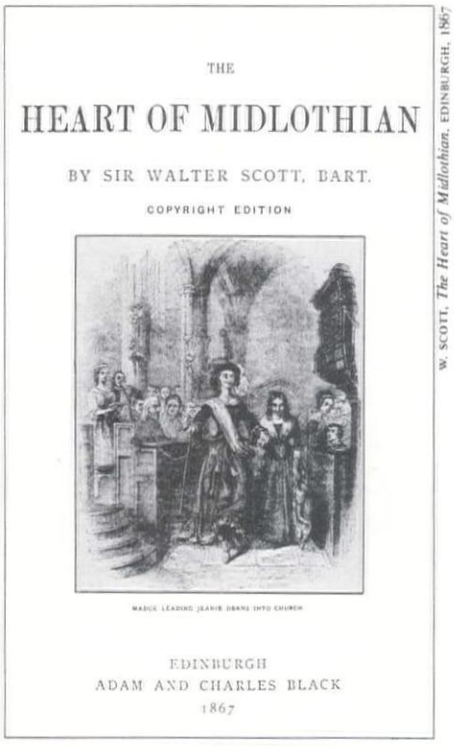
was short," he says of her, "and rather too stoutly made for her size, had grey eyes, light-coloured hair, a round good-humoured face much tanned with the sun, and her only peculiar charm was an air of inexpressible serenity" owed to a good conscience. In the trial scene that is the climax of the novel, Jeanie refuses to perjure herself. Nevertheless she is determined to save her sister, and after Effie has been sentenced to death, Jeanie sets out for London to plead for a pardon.

She walks barefoot until she crosses the English border; then she puts on shoes and stockings for the honor of Scotland. In the course of an adventurous journey she is befriended by innkeepers, abducted by highwaymen, and released by a crazy woman. Jeanie also learns that Geordie Robertson, the outlaw, is really George Staunton, the heir of an English baronet.

When she reaches London, the great Duke of Argyle receives her as a compatriot and obtains for her a private audience with Queen Caroline. It soon transpires that the queen was outraged by the hanging of Captain Porteous after she had given him a reprieve, but Jeanie goes on with her plea for mercy. "When the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low," she says, ". . . oh, my Leddy, then it isna what we hae dune for oursells, but what we hae dune for others, that we think on maist pleasantly. And the thoughts that ye hae intervened to spare the puir thing's life will be sweeter in that hour, come when it may, than if a word of your mouth could hang the haill Porteous mob at the tail of ae tow."

"This is eloquence," the queen says, and gives Jeanie a sewing case in which is a note for fifty pounds. Sister Effie receives her pardon and runs off to marry George Staunton.

At this point let us interrupt the story for a glance at Scott when writing it. *The Heart of Midlothian* was his seventh novel in five years. He had started it in the middle of January, 1818, two weeks after the publication of *Rob Roy,* and by February 1 the early chapters were being


THE

HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

COPYRIGHT EDITION

EDINBURGH
ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK
1867

W. SCOTT, *The Heart of Midlothian*, EDINBURGH, 1867

The title page of the 1867 edition

set in type. Scott seldom revised what he had written and often did not read it over until the publisher sent him the proofs: "It would take longer to read than to write," he explained.

During the next three months, however, the novel was interrupted by other duties and distractions: by long reviews for *Blackwood's* and *The Edinburgh Review;* by work on Abbotsford, the new mansion that was demanding more and more of his time; by his discovering the crown regalia of Scotland; and especially by attacks of "stomach cramps" (either colitis or gallstones, or both) that made him howl like a beast until the pain was deadened by laudanum. The attacks had ceased by May, when it was time to resume his duties as Clerk of the Court of Session. At his Edinburgh house, he worked on the novel every morning before the court convened and almost every evening until he was exhausted.

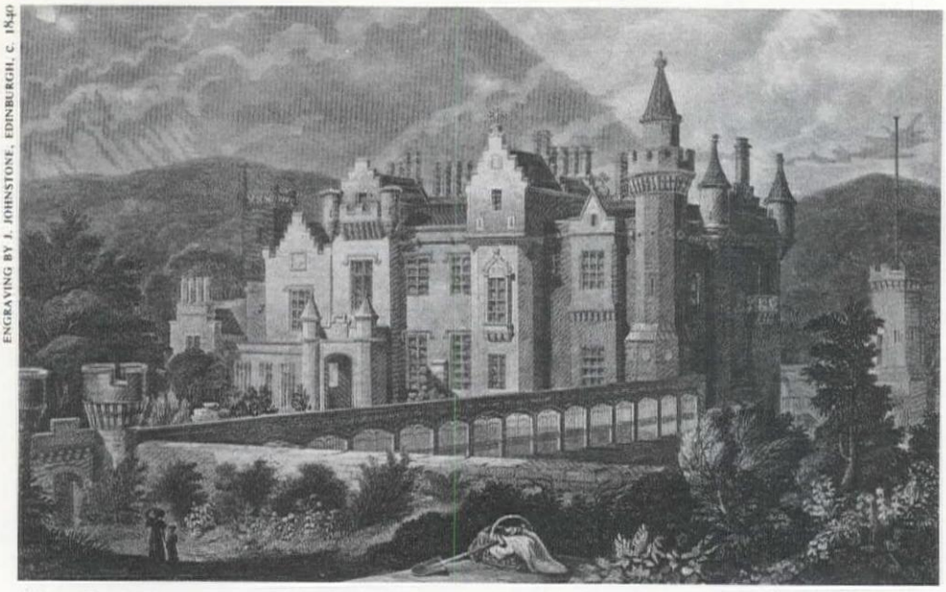
On one of those warm evenings John Gibson Lockhart, later Scott's son-in-law and biographer, was dining at a neighboring house with other convibulous young men. The host asked permission to change seats with him. "Here is a confounded hand in sight of me here," he said, "which has often bothered me before, and now it won't let me fill my glass with a good will." Lockhart glanced out the window and saw the hand, which reminded him uneasily of the writing on the wall at Belshazzar's feast. "Since we sat down," the host continued, "I have been watching it—it fascinates my eye—it never stops—page after page is finished and thrown on that heap of MS., and it still goes on unwearied—and so it will be till candles are brought in, and God knows how long after that."

"Some stupid, dogged, engrossing clerk, probably," one of the guests exclaimed. "No, boys," said the host's father, "I well know what hand that is—'tis Walter Scott's."

The hand raced on all during May and June. Scott once asserted that his most successful books and passages were those written with the greatest rapidity. Jeanie's audience with Queen Caroline must have been one of those passages, for it appealed to conflicting sides of his imagination: to his sympathy with peasants as well as his admiration for the nobility; to his Scottish patriotism as well as his loyalty to the English crown.

That scene is the turning in Jeanie's story, but still the story had to be rounded out. In the fourth and final volume of the novel, Scott is obviously hurrying to point a moral. Jeanie goes back to Scotland in the Duke of Argyle's calash. She has a happy reunion with her suitor, the penniless clergyman Reuben Butler, whom the duke is about to install in a comfortable parish. Her years will now be spent as a happy housewife and mother.

Effie, after learning fashionable manners in a French convent, appears in London society as the great Lady Staunton. She is, however, childless and disconsolate and still hopes to find the son who was spirited away from her a few hours after his birth. He is rumored to be hiding near Reuben Butler's parish, where Sir George goes to look for him. But the lost son has become an outlaw, as Geordie Robertson had been, and during a robbery attempt, he kills his father. Lady Staunton retires to a convent.



ENGRAVING BY J. JOHNSTONE, EDINBURGH, C. 1820

Abbotsford, above, is the neo-Gothic dream mansion that Scott built with his literary earnings.

"READER—" Scott says with what must have been a sense of dogged achievement,

> This tale shall not be told in vain, if it shall be found to illustrate the great truth that guilt, though it may attain temporal splendour, can never confer real happiness; that the evil consequences of our crimes long survive their commission, and, like the ghosts of the murdered, for ever haunt the steps of the malefactor; and that the paths of virtue, though seldom those of worldly greatness, are always those of pleasantness and peace.

Those final lines, like a preacher's benediction, went off to the printer at the beginning of July, 1818. The first three volumes of the novel had already been bound, and the complete work was ready in two weeks. On July 17 the smack *Caledonia* sailed from Leith, the harbor of Edinburgh, with a cargo consisting of nothing but copies of *Midlothian* consigned to the London trade. I take these details from Edgar Johnson's biography, which also tells us that the years after the Napoleonic Wars were a period of economic distress north of the border. The only flourishing industry in all of Scotland, one visiting Englishman reported, was the Waverley novels.

It would be more accurate to say that Scott himself was the flourishing industry, with his amazing productiveness in poetry and prose and his gift for making the public devour whatever he wrote, under whatever pseudonym. *Midlothian* was not even signed "by the Author of *Waverley*," who was already being called "the Great Unknown." In the course of his rather sharp dealings with publishers, Scott had assumed another disguise, and the book was attributed to Jedediah Cleishbotham (read "Flogbottom"), the schoolmaster of Gandercleugh (read "Gander Hollow"). This work by a masquerading author was, however, snatched up as eagerly as the novels that had preceded it. "I have not only read it myself," wrote Lady Louisa Stuart, one of the few to whom Scott had confided his secret, "but am in a house where everybody is tearing it out of each other's hands, and talking of nothing else."

After calculating that *Midlothian* would pay off his debts, Scott had borrowed money to buy another broad tract of land near Abbotsford—"which makes me a great laird," he said. He admitted grandly that he wrote for money. "I do say it in spite of Adam Smith and his followers, that a successful author is a productive labourer, and that his works constitute as effectual a part of the public wealth as that which is created by any other manufacture. . . . Why are the author's bales of books to be esteemed a less profitable part of the public stock than the goods of any other manufacturer?" Here, in his "Introductory Epistle" to *The Fortunes of Nigel*, Scott was offering a sound statement of his economic role. Not only did his shiploads of books provide work for hundreds of printers and papermakers but they enticed great hordes of tourists to venture across the border, until he became the patron saint of Scottish innkeepers.

"As for my own emolument," he said in the same epistle, "it is won by my toil, and I account myself answerable to Heaven only for the mode in which I expend it." Actually he expended it for broad acres, a gaslit neo-Gothic mansion (later to be copied by American robber barons), the support of needy relatives and men of letters, the entertainment of countless guests (with a bagpiper skirling at his dinners), and a sort of works project at Abbotsford that employed scores of artisans and farm hands. He wanted to live like a great nobleman, without counting the shillings, and the emolument he won by his unremitting toil was always spent before he had even earned it.

For each of his novels he demanded a very large payment in advance, usually more than the publisher had cash to offer. He was therefore given promissory notes for six, twelve, and eighteen months, which he promptly had discounted at an Edinburgh bank. That involved a risk: if the publisher failed to meet payment on the notes, Scott himself would have to make them good. In January, 1826, when the Waverley novels were reaching the peak of their success, there was a financial panic and both of his publishers went bankrupt: Constable in Edinburgh and Hurst, Robinson in London. So did the printing house of John Ballantyne and Company, in which Scott was a silent partner, and he had personal debts as well. It took a posse of Scottish lawyers and bankers to disentangle his financial affairs; even Edgar Johnson does not quite manage to explain them. His total indebtedness, mostly incurred by his publishers, amounted to £130,000, or, in terms of present buying power, something close to $3,000,000.

One result of the disaster was to reveal that the poet and great laird was also the novelist. "Scott ruined!" the Earl of

Dudley exclaimed, "the author of *Waverley* ruined! Good God, let every man to whom he has given months of delight give him a sixpence, and he will rise tomorrow morning richer than Rothschild!" Offers of loans came pouring in, but Scott refused them all, just as he had already refused to evade his creditors by going into bankruptcy. He was determined to repay the enormous debt by his own efforts. "Unless I die," he wrote Lockhart, "I will beat up against this foul weather—a penny I will not borrow." And in the journal he had started to keep, he noted, "My own right hand shall do it." At times the journal became a dialogue between himself and Duty, who constantly demanded more and more daily pages of manuscript from him:

> And long ere dinner-time, I have
> Full eight close pages wrote;
> What, Duty, hast thou now to crave?
> Well done, Sir Walter Scott!

During the half-dozen years that remained to him, Scott published an amazing number of books, besides a quantity of miscellaneous journalism that would have kept an ordinary writer busy; this last was written in what might have been his idle moments. During his working hours he produced five more of the Waverley novels, a book of stories, a *History of Scotland* in two volumes, *Tales of a Grandfather* in four series, a work on demonology, and a *Life of Napoleon* that was longer than the five novels together and that earned £18,000 for his creditors in the first month after publication. Scott was writing himself to death.

His right hand failed him in the winter of 1830, when he suffered a paralytic stroke, the first of a series, and his last books had to be dictated to secretaries. Plainly inferior as they were to his earlier work, the public continued to read them. Before he died, in September, 1832, Scott had earned vastly more than any author before him, in any nation, and had paid most of his debt, eleven shillings in the pound. The rest of it was paid in full, twenty years later, by the sale of copyrights to his new publisher, Robert Cadell, who became a very rich man as a result of the transaction.

Who reads Sir Walter Scott today? In his own time, and as late as the end of the nineteenth century, almost everybody read him. He created a new image of what could be achieved by a successful man of letters. He inspired hundreds of younger novelists—Balzac, Manzoni, Tolstoy, and Hawthorne among others—to try to do for their native lands what Sir Walter had done for Scotland. Even Joyce was affected by Scott's example when he spoke of forging "in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race"; and of course there is William Faulkner of Mississippi.

In the United States, where the Waverley novels were not protected by copyright and hence could be sold at much lower prices, they were even more popular than in Great Britain. Said *The North American Review*, "The victories of Napoleon were not so wide, nor his monuments so likely to endure." Said John Hay in 1897, when Scott's bust was unveiled in Westminster Abbey, "I have heard from my father—a pioneer of Kentucky—that in the early days of this century men would saddle their horses and ride them from all the neighboring counties to the principal post-town of the region when a new novel by the Author of Waverley was expected." Tournaments were held throughout the South to emulate the famous one at Ashby de la Zouch where Ivanhoe was crowned with the victor's chaplet by the fair Rowena.

Nobody is interested in tournaments anymore, except when the name is improperly applied to gala parades with floats. Chivalry itself is being derided as a form of male chauvinism, and Scott, the author who revived it, has fewer admirers than other nineteenth-century giants. Perhaps he has more than Thackeray—that is a question—but undoubtedly his work is less discussed than that of Jane Austen, Charles Dickens, the Brontë sisters, George Eliot, or Henry James.

If there should be a revival of interest—and signs of it have appeared, including Edgar Johnson's biography—it will not be centered on Scott's stories about knights in armor. Engrossing as these managed to be, even to Kentucky pioneers, they represent only one side of his double character. On that side he was feudal, opposed to reform, allied with the great nobility, and a minor noble himself by grace of George IV, who shared his dreams of the past. On the other side, however, he was a man of the new age, a reckless enterpriser allied with the middle classes and, on a deeper level, with the Scottish peasantry. It is this more democratic and realistic side of his work that can be relished today.

It is, as I reported, best shown in *The Heart of Midlothian*. Not only is the heroine a cow feeder's daughter, but most of the persons she meets are innkeepers, lawyers, highwaymen, small lairds, or dominies, all portrayed with affection and with Scott's keen eye for the grotesque in everyday life. One remembers the Laird of Dumbiedikes in his laced hat and nightgown; he is slow, loutish, and scrimping, but "a gude creature" with a dogged passion for Jeanie. One remembers Rory Bean, the Laird's "willyard" Highland pony. One remembers Jim Ratcliffe, called Daddie Rat by "all the smugglers, thieves, and banditti about Edinburgh."

The reader thinks of Dickens, and it is true that Scott has the same gift for vivifying any character from low life that he touches even briefly. No, he is not as good as Dickens at his best, but he is better at characters from high life, such as Queen Caroline and the Duke of Argyle, and better, too, at telling a headlong story. *Midlothian*, in the end, is an unusually rich novel, about which the contemporary reader is likely to agree with William Hazlitt's judgment of 1822: "Wert thou to live a thousand years and write a thousand romances, thou wouldst never, old True-penny, beat thy own *Heart of Mid-Lothian!*"

Malcolm Cowley, the noted critic, editor, poet, and literary historian, is the author of, inter alia, A Second Flowering: Works and Days of the Lost Generation.

The Most Unforgettable Character I Never Met

Or, how not being introduced to a famous author can provide its own satisfactions

I never met him. Almost everything I know about him stems from reading his books. During the war I was often very close to him but never saw him: in Scotland, in the same convoy in the Atlantic, in Capetown, in the Middle East where occasionally I heard, mostly with laughter, of something he had said or done. ("I do not propose to alter the habits of a lifetime to suit your temporary convenience" was his reputed remark to a senior officer who was furious with him for having gone on leave without permission.) This, and the contents of a half dozen letters he wrote me from 1958 on, is the sum total of my knowledge of Evelyn Waugh.

Our correspondence began when the publishers of a travel book I had written sent him a "printer's proof," hoping to elicit what is known in the trade as a "quote" that could be used in advertising or on the jacket. Nothing, I thought, would be more likely to enrage him. But after a few days a meticulously handwritten postcard arrived with a splendid "quote" and permission to cut it or tinker with it if necessary. (There was no need to do so, and anyway, the publishers wouldn't have dared.)

I wrote him a pondered letter of thanks in the careful calligraphic script I was then cultivating. Almost by return mail, I received a reply. His writing paper had COMBE FLOREY HOUSE (his residence in Somerset) in such grotesque black Gothic lettering that it looked like an invoice from a nineteenth-century undertaker's establishment.

He was very kind, confessing that up to that moment he had confused me with P. H. Newby, the author of *Picnic at Sakkara*, "whose works I have long

PRIVATE COLLECTION

On the steps of White's Club, Evelyn Waugh impatiently awaits a taxi; this caricature was drawn by his friend Osbert Lancaster.

relished." Then, after going on about my book for a bit and noting some slanginess and errors of syntax, he suddenly, with undisguised malevolence, asked me how I knew that Wilfred Thesiger—the famous explorer whom I had met on his way into the Hindu Kush while I was tottering, half-dead, out of it—was wearing, as I had written, "an old tweed jacket of the sort worn by Eton boys." "You were never at Eton," he wrote, and I could almost hear a triumphal snort of the kind that Charles Ryder's father utters in *Brideshead Revisited* when he suggests that his son should attempt to negotiate a loan from the Jews in Jermyn Street to tide him over during his vacation from Oxford.

He was quite right about my not having been to Eton, but neither had he. Why had he bothered to find out and how? I did not realize then, not yet having read *The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold*, that there was a distinct possibility that phantom voices were already accusing him of pretending to have been at Eton himself.

I was anxious to propitiate him but reluctant to grovel. I really had seen Eton boys wearing just such jackets in the playing fields while I was traveling on top of a bus from Slough to Windsor. Before replying, to make doubly sure I had not been mistaken, I got in touch with Thesiger, who was spending one of his rare periods in civilization, and asked him about it.

"Certainly," he said. "You're quite right. It's my old 'change coat' from Billings and Edmonds." (Billings and Edmonds was, and is, a well-known school outfitters in Hanover Street.)

Thinking what a gigantically impressive schoolboy Thesiger, a great crag of a man, must have been if he was still wearing the same coat at the age of forty-five, I was about to write Waugh when the question arose of publishing my travel book in the United States. Apparently my books were unintelligible to anyone except a handful of reviewers and readers, not because of the lofty intellectual plane on which they were written, but because they were "too English." The potential American publisher would bring it out only if some savant or well-known writer, preferably an authority on Central Asia, could be persuaded to "explain" the work to the readers and tell them that it was, in fact, worth reading.

At first I thought of creating a mythical savant—an Orientalist with a war-

By ERIC NEWBY

time career in some special force, distinguished but not too famous—and writing the introduction myself. Then I thought of Evelyn Waugh. And so, when I wrote to him telling what Thesiger had said about his old change coat, I delicately placed my dilemma before him. At the same time, and in the kind of suicidal gesture to which Basil Seal, one of his own favorite creations, was particularly prone, I intimated that there was no such wine as the *Clos de Bère* of 1904, which, in *Brideshead Revisited*, he has Rex Mottram give Charles Ryder when they dine together at Paillard's in Paris. Didn't he mean *Clos de Bèze*?

A few days passed and then a much longer letter arrived from him. Long, because it contained a complete preface to my book written especially with the intention of placating American readers. Although it failed to do so, it was an excellent piece but rather sad, written, as he said, by a man "whose travelling days are done." It was plain that before writing it he had taken the trouble to read my first book. There was no mention of *Clos de Bère* or *Bèze*.

How was I to repay this act of kindness? With money? But how much money did you offer someone of the stature and fame of Evelyn Waugh for putting you on your feet? It was an insoluble problem. Then I thought of the *Clos de Bère/Bèze*. Why not send him a half dozen bottles, two or three magnums if such existed, of this splendid Burgundy (not, of course, the 1904, which, even if it was still drinkable, would be beyond my means) with my thanks and a note to the effect that the label, which my wine merchants would alter to read *Clos de Bère*, was a case of Nature imitating Art?

Those wine merchants, Berry Brothers and Rudd, were not at all enthusiastic about my plan. They did not have the pleasure of serving Mr. Waugh, they said, implying that they would, however, welcome the opportunity of doing so; and they would certainly not lend their name to the sort of deception that I was proposing.

In the end I had to content myself with sending him three magnums of *Clos de Bèze*, correctly labeled. I forget the year. At the time it did not occur to me, as it would now that I am older and more lawless, to alter the spelling on the labels myself, which would have been childishly simple, or to commission an art student to produce some bogus ones.

This was in August, 1958. He wrote that he was delighted to receive the wine, since "I don't often get presents nowadays." And, more surprising, "I have seldom ever had one as splendid as these three magnums." Yet more surprising (or was he just being stubborn?), "It is not a wine I have ever tasted." Would I, he said, visit him on his fifty-eighth, fifty-ninth, and sixtieth birthdays, the days on which he had resolved to drink the wine, the first falling due in late October, 1961? I replied, rather vaguely, that I would be happy to do so, but I never went. It would have been impossible anyway, because he didn't specify the actual date. In any event I had no intention of going and I am sure if he had known this he would have applauded my decision. It would have spoiled our relationship to have met.

Altogether I saw him four times. Once he was at the law courts, which curiosity impelled me to visit during his fantastic law suit with Nancy Spain of the *Daily Express*. That day, at least, I am convinced that he was wearing a false mustache. Spain herself was wearing one of the nearly full-length mink coats that the Beaverbrook Press used to keep in moth balls for such events (which occurred with some regularity), but over trousers, which were eccentric then. The damages awarded were derisory.

Once I saw him on the steps of White's Club, at the top of Saint James's Street, signaling for a taxi, exactly as he appears in a little picture by Osbert Lancaster that later came up for sale in Redfern Gallery and that I regret not having purchased. He subsequently bought it himself, in order, as he said, to frighten his children.

The third time he nearly bowled me over turning into King Street, Saint James's, probably hotfooting it for Christie's or, possibly, the London Library. That time I think he recognized me, because he not only looked at me intently but turned after he had passed, as I did. We were like the two Englishmen in Kinglake's *Eothen* who, traveling in opposite directions in the Sinai Desert in the 1850's, passed one another without uttering a single word. The only difference was that they were mounted on camels.

The last time was one afternoon when I was having tea *en famille* at the Ritz. Seated in a corner under a niche containing a piece of statuary, he was dressed in one of his indestructible, immensely checked suits and eating buttered toast, or it might have been muffins. It was difficult to see through the murk in that vast room on an autumn afternoon, so he looked, more than anything, like a drawing by Phiz in *Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour*. "Go on," said my children when I told them who it was, "talk to him."

I would have liked to, but I was afraid that when I introduced myself he might say, as he could well have made one of his characters say (Ivor Claire, for example, the idle, elegant Captain of the Blues who in *Officers and Gentlemen*—the second novel in Waugh's wartime trilogy—deserts his men in Crete and is later saved from disgrace by the Establishment and shipped off to Burma, where he wins a D.S.O.): "And what does that mean to me?"

Claire's particular butt was Trimmer, a rather caddish one-time barber who, through no fault of his own, becomes an equally undeserving hero. Like Trimmer, I had been in a Highland regiment; like Trimmer, I had gained an unmerited decoration. But unlike Trimmer, I did not have the constitution to accept such a rebuff.

So I didn't speak.

Besides letters to Evelyn Waugh, Eric Newby has written Slowly Down the Ganges, *published in England in 1966, a chronicle of his twelve-hundred-mile journey down the river—most of the way by rowboat.*

The Lobal Society of Southpaws

Their actions are cryptic, their logic elliptic, and now we know why

Left-handers are different, not so much in the way they use their hands as in the distressing way they use—or fail to use—their heads. They are mavericks. Unpredictable. And possibly a little more interesting than the other 90 per cent of the population.

Left-handers usually take a certain pride in their handedness, as if it were a badge of membership in an elite group. Any group that includes Charlemagne, Rock Hudson, Paul McCartney, Leonardo da Vinci, Benjamin Franklin, Jack the Ripper, *and* the Boston Strangler must be select, if not elite.

Baseball players have traditionally recognized the essential difference. Casey Stengel, a southpaw, even explained it: "Left-handers have much more enthusiasm for life. They sleep on the wrong side of the bed, and their heads become stagnant on that side."

Others have been equally sensitive to the psychological vagaries of left-handers, and there is some statistical evidence to back them up. After years of studying handedness, Bryng Bryngelson of the University of Minnesota concluded that left-handers are usually more creative—and more introverted—than right-handers. But not even the trained eye can always pinpoint a left-hander. A certain frowziness may be involved—a vagrant cowlick, a missing button, an unfocused gaze, inarticulateness, a tendency to mumble—though of course the same traits can be found in almost anyone under twenty-five. Yet some aspects of the left-handed psyche *are* universal.

For example, left-handers tend to be painfully slow and inaccurate readers. They have a habit of transposing numbers (reading *37* for *73*), flopping letters (reading *plump* for *plumb*), and even turning whole words around (reading *tap* for *pat*).

Allied to his affliction is poor spelling. Most left-handers spell like half-drunk Elizabethan typesetters, throwing the letters into any sort of jumble. In severe cases, this can be symptomatic of a disease called dyslexia. A lot of left-handers seem to suffer mildly from it, and almost half the children in remedial reading courses are left-handed —the only place in the world where they don't form a clear minority.

Not surprisingly, left-handers are prone to puns and word play, which are, after all, only organized versions of dyslexia. Lewis Carroll is said to have been left-handed, and *Through the Looking Glass* is the most left-handed book ever written. The world behind the mirror is opposite in every way from Alice's (right-handed) real world—corkscrews turn the wrong way, queens stand on the wrong side of kings—and of course there is "Jabberwocky," Carroll's great masterpiece of word play.

But the most interesting quirk of left-handers is their maddening habit of thinking in ellipses rather than straight lines. Their train of thought is apt to meander through the whole alphabet on the way from A to B. Left-handed thinking is inelegant, tortuous,

and graceless. Tristram Shandy must have been left-handed. With their essential illogic, left-handers come up with odd associations, such as "Did you know that a Camel cigarette is exactly the same length as the width of Todd-AO movie film?"

Of course, a mind that makes odd associations can be marvelously inventive, *vide* Messrs. da Vinci and Franklin. Leonardo's friends all knew man would never fly, yet by putting ideas together in his own way he designed a rig that apparently *could* have flown. As for Ben's rocking chair, if it wasn't a left-handed conception, why hadn't it occurred to anyone before to combine those ancient artifacts, the chair and the cradle?

Until recently, the mysteries of the left-personality seemed to be unsolvable, like the whereabouts of Judge Crater or the true value of the cubit. But breakthroughs in neurosurgery, of all places, have suddenly changed all that. Doctors have found that the two lobes of the brain have entirely different personalities, and perform different functions. In general, the lobe that controls the right hand also controls speech and rational thought. The lobe that controls the left hand is nonverbal, highly musical, and seems to house our visual understanding. It is, in a sense, nonrational, and feels rather than thinks. Significantly, the two lobes compete with each other, especially in childhood, and around the age of ten one of them will rise to dominance.

The majority (i.e., right-handers), whose speaking/rational lobe is in command, tend to think logically. Conversely, left-handers, whose nonverbal/"artistic" lobe runs the show, are apt to think intuitively.

If this is a true reading of the entrails, then clearly left-handed nuttiness isn't wrong-handedness, but wrong-headedness, and therefore left-handers shouldn't be expected to read or spell well, study philosophy and mathematics, or become computer programmers and lawyers. Instead, they should get jobs as jazz musicians, abstract expressionists, and baseball players. Married couples in inter-handed unions should recognize that one's partner's inability to appreciate music or pick up his socks may be explained, in part, by his handedness. Psychotherapists should be able to cut their treatment time in half. (Why are you so scatterbrained? Because you're left-handed. Why are you so dull? Because you're right-handed.)

Of course, none of this will happen. The right-handers are too much in control to give a damn, and the left-handers are too unorganized, and unorganizable, to do anything about it. Still, it's a comfort to know what I've suspected is true: we left-handers are a different breed of cat.

James T. de Kay is a left-handed television producer and author-illustrator of The Left-Handed Book *(M. Evans, 1966).*

By JAMES T. DE KAY