HORIZON

AUTUMN, 1976 • VOLUME XVIII, NUMBER 4

© 1976 by American Heritage Publishing Co., Inc. All rights reserved under Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article without permission is prohibited.
Printed in the United States of America.

HORIZON

AUTUMN, 1976 • VOLUME XVIII, NUMBER 4

EDITOR
Shirley Tomkievicz

MANAGING EDITOR: Priscilla Flood

ART DIRECTOR: Kenneth Munowitz

ARTICLES EDITOR: Charles E. McLaughlin

SENIOR ASSOCIATE EDITOR: Mary Sherman Parsons

ASSOCIATE EDITOR: Mary Z. Jenkins

ASSISTANT EDITOR: Marya Dalrymple

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT: Arthur S. Hayes

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: Walter Karp, Barbara Klaw

COPY EDITOR: Kendra K. Ho

ASSISTANT TO THE EDITOR: J. Muriel Vrotsos

ROVING EDITOR: Frederic V. Grunfeld

CHIEF, EUROPEAN BUREAU: Gertrudis Feliu, *11 rue du Bouloi, 75001 Paris*

LONDON EDITOR: Christine Sutherland, *51 Victoria Road, London W8*

ADVISORY BOARD
Gilbert Highet, *Chairman*, Frederick Burkhardt, Charles L. Mee, Jr., John Pfeiffer, John Walker

AMERICAN HERITAGE PUBLISHING COMPANY

CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
Samuel P. Reed

PRESIDENT AND PUBLISHER
Rhett Austell

EDITOR IN CHIEF, MAGAZINES: Alvin M. Josephy, Jr.

SENIOR EDITORS: Joseph J. Thorndike, Oliver Jensen

CONSULTING EDITOR: J. H. Plumb

EDITORIAL ART DIRECTOR: Murray Belsky

TREASURER: Anthony J. Sansiveri

PROMOTION DIRECTOR: Ernest Quick

PROMOTION ART DIRECTOR: David Van Inwegen

CIRCULATION DIRECTOR: Donald B. Barrows, Jr.

PRODUCTION DIRECTOR: Elbert Burr

HORIZON is published six times a year by American Heritage Publishing Co., Inc. Editorial and executive offices: 10 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10022. Treasurer and Secretary: Anthony J. Sansiveri. All correspondence about subscriptions should be addressed to: HORIZON Subscription Office, 381 West Center St., Marion, Ohio 43302.

Single copies: $5.00. Subscriptions: $26.00 per year in the U.S.; Canada and elsewhere: $28.00.
Hard-cover edition: Single copies: $7.50. Subscriptions: $32.00 per year in the U.S.; Canada and elsewhere: $34.00.

Cumulative indexes for Volumes I–V, VI–X, and XI–XV are available at $7.50. HORIZON is also indexed in the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature*. The editors welcome contributions but can assume no responsibility for unsolicited material. Title registered U.S. Patent Office. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices.

Blowing Out the Cobwebs

Jack Plumb

Twice a year, or often human gale descends HORIZON, blowing ou cobwebs, banging the shutters, and whi us about with cheerfu quite unmerciful v The gale, by name, is Plumb, Fellow of Ch College, Cambridge, fessor of modern En history, and, as the *Times Literary Supplemen* cently put it, "the most famous living English h rian." Though the *Times* did not say so, he is als enthusiastic sailor, a collector of fine porcelain silver, an immensely knowledgeable gourmet, —as befits his position as official wine stewar Christ's College—the possessor of one of the f cellars in all England.

His peers and colleagues have honored him wit ademic degrees, eminent lectureships, learned pr and somber summations. His students have hon him with that truest of accolades—discipleship among their number are some of the finest young torians in England. On the occasion of his retire from Cambridge, they published a volume of essa his honor. It is called *Historical Perspectives*, the of the column Professor Plumb wrote for several y in the English *Saturday Review* and the theme, i sence, of his life's work.

That work began with a typical Plumbian ques That is, Dr. Plumb seized something that ever had taken for granted and asked how it came t Specifically, young Jack Plumb—this was a long ago—asked himself how it was that England, the chaotic country in Europe circa 1688, became w thirty-five years the most durably stable nation i world—a question not without interest in our disorderly world. Two major works were the frui that inquiry and upon them, in the eyes of Dr. Plu fellow historians, rests his claim to enduring f One is a masterpiece of historical narrative and s analysis, *The Growth of Political Stability in Engl 1675–1725*. The second, which approaches the s subject by a quite different route, is his two-vol study of Robert Walpole, one of the finest poli biographies of our age.

Other writings followed swiftly, ranging through- :t the world of history—and throughout the world. hile most other historians write mainly for their low professionals, Dr. Plumb has reached out for a der audience. He has found it, too, because he is at truly rare figure, a scholar who is also a master of ıglish prose, a historian in the tradition of Gibbon, lacaulay, and his own mentor, George Trevelyan. As ıe novelist C. P. Snow has said of J. H. Plumb: "No :her historian can convey so vividly the feeling for ɔw men breathe, eat, breed, enjoy themselves, go ɔout their business, hope, worry and die."

It was Dr. Plumb's determination to break out of ıe confines of academic writing that brought him to HORIZON eighteen years ago. When plans for the magzine were being drawn up, Dr. Plumb saw in it, he ays, "the perfect vehicle" for bringing serious history ɔ an intelligent but nonacademic audience. Since then e has contributed some forty pieces to the magazine –"The Grand Tour," "Henry Fielding: The Journey ırough Gin Lane," "The Anarchy of Art," "The :dwardians," "The World of Saint-Simon," "Private .ives, Public Faces," among many other titles. To ead any or all of them is ample proof that history is ɔo important—and much too entertaining—to be :ft languishing in the academic quarterlies.

None of Dr. Plumb's readers, nor his colleagues ıere, can doubt his talent for getting to the heart of a ubject. Once, when the staff was discussing, in somewhat desultory fashion, a notion for an article on ɔrison reform,* Dr. Plumb turned the entire subject ıround by simply reminding us that it was not until the ate eighteenth century that society was rich enough to ɔunish criminals by imprisoning them. It is his "feelng for how men breathe, eat, breed, enjoy themselves" that has helped make him that most unfashionable of contemporary beings, the incorrigible ɔptimist. He will not forget (or let us forget, either) hat modern dentistry is superior to pliers, that a wellheated ranch house is superior to a picturesque hatched hut, and that humankind has made genuine ɔrogress in its struggle against brutishness and pain.

To shed light on the present by examining the long hadow of the past has always been the goal and the lelight of HORIZON. We owe much of our success—hough none of our shortcomings—to J. H. Plumb. His latest article, "The Commercialization of Childood," is a major feature of this issue. —W.K.

*Developed, eventually, by Kenneth Lamott. See "Is Prison Obsolete?" HORIZON, Summer, 1975.

The Contemporary World and Beyond

THE WORLD TRADE CENTER: DOES MEGA-ARCHITECTURE WORK? *Thomas Meehan* 4

IS THERE LIFE AFTER LIFE? *Albert Rosenfeld* 42

History

THE COMMERCIALIZATION OF CHILDHOOD *J. H. Plumb* 16

HOW SIBERIA WAS WON *Timothy Severin* 30

BUDAPEST, 1956: MEMOIRS OF A FREEDOM FIGHTER *Stephen Vizinczey* 56

THE SIEGE OF LEYDEN *Timothy Foote* 74

Art

A MASTERFUL BUT MYSTERIOUS PIETA *Priscilla Flood* 90

Archaeology

THE MESSAGE IN THE MARKINGS *Alexander Marshack* 64

Biography

NERO, UNMALIGNED *Lionel Casson* 48

Language and Letters

NEWSPEAK AMONG THE DIPLOMATS *Tarzie Vittachi* 88

THEATRE AS YOU LIKE IT *Stanley Kauffmann* 98

A TRIBUTE TO AGATHA CHRISTIE *Ellsworth S. Grant* 106

Making History

TERMINAL MADNESS *Charles L. Mee, Jr.* 104

Notions

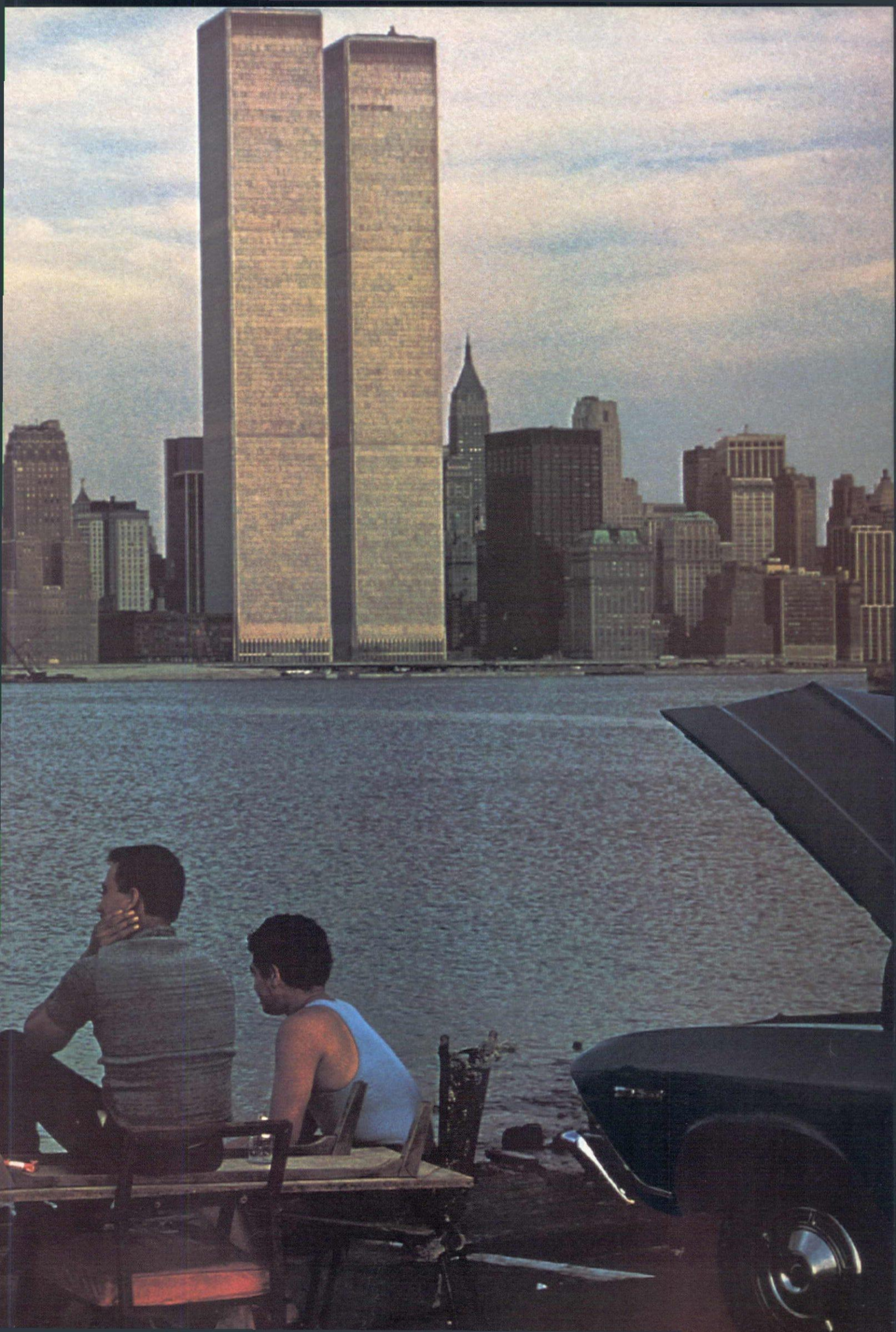
DRACULA RETURNS *Walter Karp* 40

THE NINE WORTHIES *William Goldhurst* 112

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 110

COVER: Like young gentlemen of the time, this eighteenth-century English doll wears a linen shirt, silk vest, and sturdy woolen coat trimmed with metal braid and buttons. It is one of countless toys, books, and games that proliferated in eighteenth-century England in response to a growing awareness of children's needs and interests. In an article beginning on page 16, J. H. Plumb describes the development of this new attitude and the resulting boom in the marketplace, a phenomenon that continues into our own day.

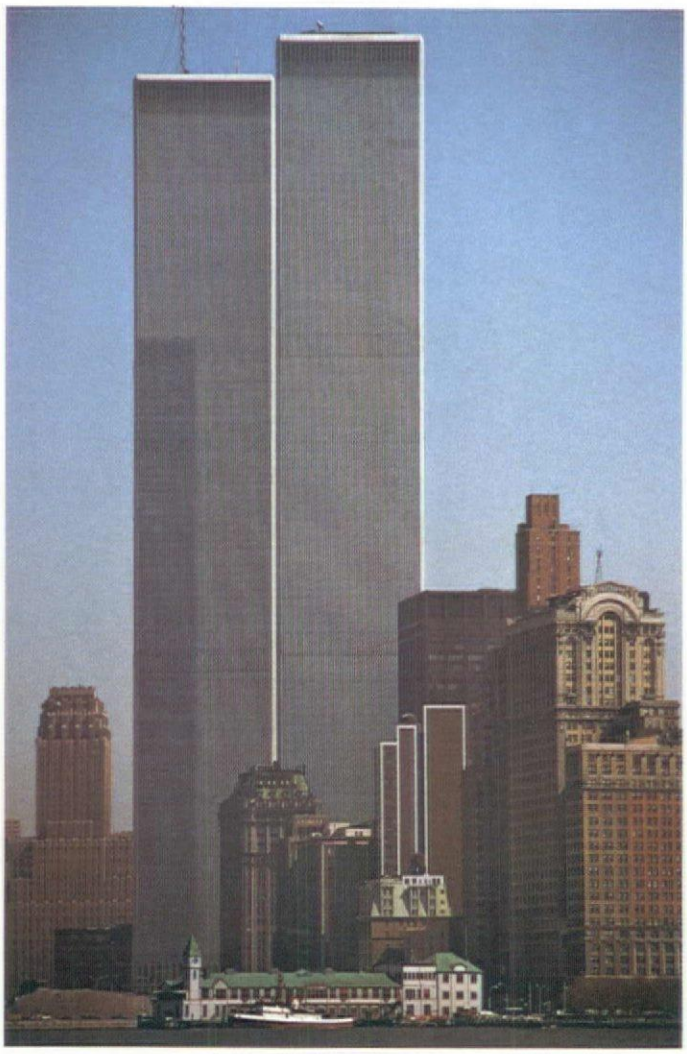
I.H.S.
ANDREW KOLLER



The World Trade Center:
Does Mega-architecture Work?

An inquiry into whether a building of 110 stories is fit for human habitation

In the distance, when viewed from the Staten Island ferry or the piers of Hoboken, the 1,350-foot-high towers of New York's World Trade Center remind me uneasily of a double image of the mysterious, tombstonelike monolith that is discovered on the moon by space explorers in Stanley Kubrick's *2001: A Space Odyssey*. And I'm put off by the place when I'm in it, too. There is something decidedly spooky about the fact that the towers are identical twins, clones of one another. I leave the lobby of one building, stroll for a couple of hundred feet along an enclosed concourse, and then enter what appears in every way to be the building I just left. Weird. Twilight Zone-y. All in all, the World Trade Center is not entirely of this planet or time continuum.



The world's second tallest building looms—twice—above the tip of lower Manhattan and dominates the city's skyline. The first of the three preceding views is from a Staten Island ferry in New York harbor, the second from a distant cemetery in the borough of Queens, and the third from New Jersey, looking across the Hudson River.

The World Trade Center, or WTC, is actually a complex of five buildings that stand on a sixteen-acre site in the southwest corner of Manhattan. Along with the 110-story towers, which are imaginatively known as the South Tower and the North Tower, there is also the 8-story United States Customhouse and a pair of 9-story office buildings that have been dubbed, in the same spirit, the Southeast Plaza Building and the Northeast Plaza Building. All of them are connected by a vast, shop-lined pedestrian concourse that has all the warmth of a suburban shopping mall. Someday, to complete the WTC, a 20-story, 850-room hotel will be built on the western edge of the place—that is, if a hotelier can be found to put up the money.

Like all gargantuan constructions, from aircraft carriers to the Superdome, the WTC is a statistic lover's delight. WTC publicists tell you it has 600,000 square feet of glass in 43,600 windows, 40,000 doorknobs, more than 200 elevators, parking space on three of its six underground levels for 2,000 cars, 30,000 workers, 20,000 daily visitors, and a Zip Code for each of the towers. The point of the publicists' spiel is to establish that the WTC is a hell of a big place, a claim that no one I know of has seriously questioned. What is in question is whether or not, as one of its severer critics has suggested, it is "the world's tallest fiasco"—that is, whether it is a success as a work of architecture, as a moneymaker, and simply—if most importantly—as a place for people to work for forty hours a week. Let me now, one at a time, look into those questions.

Construction of the towers, which began on September 1, 1966, took nearly seven years. They were briefly the tallest buildings in the world, until June, 1973, when—to the profound unhappiness of everyone at the WTC—the Sears Tower in Chicago was topped off at 1,450 feet, or a hundred feet higher than the WTC towers. Still the WTC contains 9,000,000 square feet of rentable office space, many times that of the Sears Tower and even more than all eighteen buildings in Rockefeller Center. But, of course, at a cost of approximately $800 million, the WTC was a good deal more expensive to build than

By THOMAS MEEHAN

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR HORIZON BY SONJA BULLATY AND ANGELO LOMEO

e Sears Tower, which came in at only .50 million.

The WTC was designed by Minoru amasaki of Birmingham, Michigan, a xty-three-year-old Seattle-born Jap-ıese-American who is widely recog-zed as one of this country's most dis-ıguished architects. Although not by /eryone. Wolf Von Eckardt, for ex-nple, referred to Yamasaki a while ago *Harper's* as a "popular architectural itsch-monger." Yamasaki, who orked in association with the New ork architectural firm of Emery Roth nd Sons, defends the design of the /TC by pointing out that he had to fit 30 acres of floor space into a 16-acre ite and still leave room outdoors for a ench or two. In consequence, says 'amasaki, there was nowhere to go but p. Twice. Once he'd settled on a ıatching set of 110-story buildings, 'amasaki was confronted with the ıroblem of making them stand up to the vinds that batter buildings of great ieight. His solution was to turn to what s known as "bearing-wall construc-ion." Almost all previous skyscrapers ıad had so-called cage construction, in vhich a steel framework of interior col-ımns bears all the vertical weight, and he exterior walls serve mainly as cur-ains to keep out the cold, the rain, and he pigeons. And to keep stenographers ınd their bosses from falling out of the ılace. But with bearing-wall construc-ion the exterior walls carry most of the 'ertical weight. Thus the exterior walls ıf the WTC towers had to be extraordi-ıarily strong—they are made of rein-'orced steel. The towers are indeed as-onishingly wind resistant. They sway ınly eleven inches even in hurricane-'orce winds, an amount that is supposed o be imperceptible to anyone working n the towers.

With bearing-wall construction, how-:ver, you pay an aesthetic price: each loor must be exactly the same size as the loor beneath it. The inevitable result is a ıox—in the case of the WTC towers, a ıair of giant cigarette cartons. With ıearing-wall construction, there can be none of the graceful setbacks and spires that distinguish such old-time New York skyscrapers as the Empire State Building and the Chrysler Building.

Bearing-wall construction has other disadvantages, too. Because exterior walls can contain only a small amount of glass, the floor-to-ceiling windows in the WTC towers had to be exceedingly narrow—they are only twenty-two inches wide and are spaced roughly two feet apart. In consequence, there is no place within the towers where you can get spectacular, panoramic views. And since the outer walls can vary only slightly in design from the ground floor to the top, they are a standing monument to architectural boredom. Moreover, to make matters worse, Yamasaki chose to add to the strength of the outer walls by sheathing them in aluminum. It was, as Glenn Collins noted in the *New York Times*, "the largest aluminum-siding job in the history of the world."

In further defense of his design, Yamasaki points with enormous pride to the plaza, where there are a few scraggly trees, some benches, a fountain, and several hideous pieces of outsized abstract sculpture. The plaza, says Yamasaki, who professes to care deeply about such matters, lends a human scale to the WTC. But standing in the center of it, in the shadow of the soaring towers, I found myself feeling somehow less than human—dwarfed and diminished, insectlike. And elsewhere in the WTC I came upon little that struck me as being on a human scale. The high-ceilinged, fifty-five-passenger elevators are a good deal larger than a couple of New York apartments I've lived in. And the purple-carpeted and chandelier-hung lobbies are no less than seven stories high. They are a combination of purple-veined Italian marble, stainless steel, and seventy-three-foot Gothic columns that curve up to pointed arches at the top. No wonder Ada Louise Huxtable, the architecture critic of the *New York Times*, called the lobbies "pure schmaltz" or that *Newsweek*'s Douglas Davis labeled them "sheer bombast."

For the most part, the critical reviews of the WTC have been unfavorable. "These are big buildings but . . . not great architecture," wrote Huxtable, adding that the WTC as a whole is "the ultimate Disneyland . . . blockbuster . . . General Motors Gothic." And, in *Newsweek*, Davis flatly declared that the towers were ugly—"an esthetic failure, a classic attempt to compromise too many motives and ideologies at once, soured further by a dose of hubris." America's pre-eminent architecture critic, Lewis Mumford, wrote:

> Elevators, load-bearing walls, these things are absolutely inconsequential. There's nothing revolutionary about the World Trade Center. Tall buildings are outmoded concepts—this is Victorian thinking. Skyscrapers have always been put up for reasons of advertising and publicity. They are not economically sound or efficient—in fact, they are ridiculously unprofitable—and the World Trade Center's fate is to be ripped down as nonsensical.

As someone who has lately spent a good deal of time looking at the WTC from every possible exterior and interior angle, I'd like to add my voice to those of its harsher critics. I'd say the WTC is an aluminum-sided disaster.

The World Trade Center is the creation of—and is owned and run by—the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey, a self-supporting, quasi-governmental agency that was set up in 1921 to deal with the planning, construction, and operation of all "transportation and terminal facilities and other facilities of commerce" that New Yorkers and their wary friends across the Hudson might have a common interest in. Since 1921 the Port Authority has spent $3 billion on "twenty-six land, sea, and air terminal and transportation facilities," including the George Washington Bridge, the Lincoln Tunnel, Newark Airport, and the Port Authority Bus Terminal. The WTC was its first entry into the office-building business, a venture that it justified by its mandate to provide "facilities of commerce"; supposedly all WTC tenants would be involved in international commerce. But the critics of the Port Authority, who are

probably numerous enough to fill Yankee Stadium, angrily claim that the agency had absolutely no right to build the WTC. "Basically," says Theodore Kheel, a prominent New York labor lawyer, "the Port Authority should be involved only in areas where the private sector needs help. Instead, it invades the office-building business, which is an area profitable beyond the need of any governmental assistance." Moreover, says Kheel and others, the Port Authority should have been concentrating its efforts during the past fifteen years on constructing mass-transportation facilities. For reasons best known only to itself, the agency has always heavily favored the private automobile over mass transportation. And now, when it might instead have been constructing an interstate system of high-speed monorails, the Port Authority has focused almost all of its attention on building the WTC, where, by the way, the agency itself now grandly occupies twenty of the upper floors in the North Tower. Apparently, as far as Port Authority executives are concerned, "living well is the best revenge" against Theodore Kheel and his ilk. We have no money with which to build monorails or anything else, replies the Port Authority petulantly to its critics, but that is mainly because it has nearly a billion dollars tied up in the WTC.

The construction of the WTC, Port Authority critics bitterly go on to say, was a boondoggle that put a lot of money into the pockets of a lot of friends of the Port Authority. And, they add, it was also an ego trip for the Port

People-movers: Eight escalators transport 50,000 workers and visitors each working day to and from the subway level of the WTC.

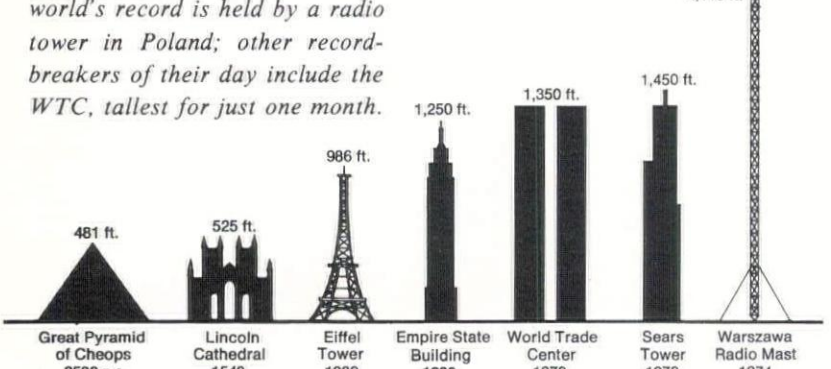
Authority's twelve commissioners, who envisioned themselves presiding over what they'd anticipated to be the world's tallest buildings. The driving force behind getting the New York and New Jersey legislatures to approve the construction of the WTC wasn't, however, the Port Authority at all but the Downtown–Lower Manhattan Association, a powerful cabal of financiers led by David Rockefeller, whose brother Nelson happened to be the governor of New York. (Some critics still call the towers David and Nelson.) Today the tenant that occupies the most space in the WTC—fifty floors in the South Tower—is none other than the state of New York, even though it has little to do with international commerce.

Before the WTC opened, its critics darkly predicted that because of the excess office space available in Manhattan, a result of the construction boom of the 1960's, the agency would be hard put to find tenants for the place. But the critics failed to reckon with the fact that the Port Authority is tax-exempt and that by underwriting the project with tax-exempt bonds it would pay about 5 per cent less in mortgage interest than a private builder. Thus the Port Authority was able to charge less rent. At th moment, it reports that the WTC is 8 per cent rented and is narrowly in th black. Still, of the 9,000,000 square fe of rentable space in the two towers som 1,200,000 remain vacant and anothe 2,800,000 are occupied by the state o New York and the Port Authority. I therefore, space weren't filled by th same people who built the place, th towers would be nearly half empt and the Port Authority would be in f nancial hot water. Nonetheless th WTC can be termed something of financial success.

In its press releases the Port Authorit frequently refers to the WTC as "a cit within a city," though if you count th 30,000 people who work there as th population, it's no bigger than Rahway New Jersey, or Prairie Village, Kansas But it uses as much electricity and gener ates as much raw sewage each day as city the size of Albany, which has a pop ulation of nearly 120,000. Of course most small cities don't have thousand of business people and tourists visitin them each day, most of whom probabl use the bathroom facilities at least onc while they are there.

That raw sewage, by the way, is emptied directly into the Hudson River and will be until the city completes a pumping station in a year or so to pipe the stuff to a treatment plant in Brooklyn. Not surprisingly, ecologists and environmentalists have been up in arms for years about the WTC's sewage disposal, and so have the New Jersey swimmers who were once able to use beaches in the Sandy Hook area but now find them foully polluted. But their complaints to the Port Authority and threats of lawsuits have been to no avail. From the time the WTC was planned, in fact, the Port Authority has shown little interest in the environmental effects of its project. In the first place, to make way for the WTC, the Port Authority saw to it that several historical blocks of old New York houses were condemned and torn down. And the agency was also behind the destruction of a neighborhood that had been the thriving

Tall, taller, tallest: the present world's record is held by a radio tower in Poland; other record-breakers of their day include the WTC, tallest for just one month.

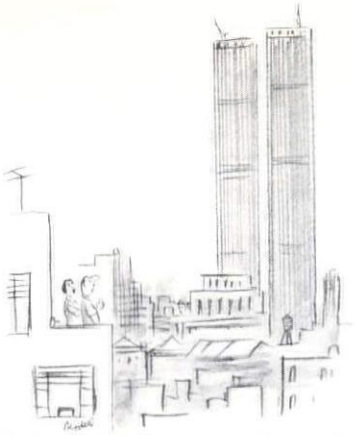


:enter of New York's radio-and-elec-
ronics equipment retail trade. Now, in
)lace of a lively and bustling business
:ection of low-lying buildings, the area
s dominated by the WTC towers, which
10t only cast giant shadows on the sur-
'ounding neighborhood but also block
he view of the Hudson River. The
WTC, in short, is wildly out of propor-
ion to its neighborhood and has in ef-
'ect destroyed it. According to a spokes-
nan for New York's Environmental
Protection Administration (an agency
hat didn't exist when the WTC was
)eing planned), the WTC is "a monu-
nent to the old way of planning—a
symbol of the process of bigness in disre-
gard of its impact on the environment."

Each working day at 7:00 A.M., bidden
)y computers, the fifty-five-passenger
express elevators in the towers, moving
into "morning up-peak position," de-
scend to the lobbies and stand silently
waiting for the arriving hordes. On
warm days, at 7:00 A.M., too, the WTC's
air-conditioning system, which is the
argest of its kind in the world, is auto-
natically switched on by 6,500 heat sen-
sors located at points throughout the
buildings, and a mammoth chilling
)lant, on the WTC's sixth and lowest
underground level, begins putting out
enough cool air to serve a city the size of
St. Joseph, Missouri. At shortly before
8:00 A.M., the first wave of workers
begins to arrive, swarming up stairways
and escalators into the concourse and
making their way to one of the WTC's
five buildings—headed for work at the
Australian Meat Board, the Compe-
tent Shipping Corporation, the Hsing
Chow Trading Company, the Nether-
ands Flower-Bulb Institute, Thunder-
storm Import-Export, Inc., or any one
)f the WTC's 500-odd tenants. Because

WIDE WORLD

Aerialist's dream: On August 7, 1974, to the cheers of the crowd 1,350 feet below, Philippe Petit walked between the towers. "I was dying of happiness," he said afterward.



"Maybe a little shrubbery or something would help."

office hours are staggered in order to spread the load on subways, buses, and commuter trains from New Jersey, a new wave of workers arrives at the WTC every fifteen minutes until 10:00 A.M. Even so, every mode of arriving transportation is invariably jam-packed each morning. "For an agency charged with the coordination of transportation," Theodore Kheel notes bitterly, "the Port Authority will do more to uncoordinate transportation in downtown Manhattan than any other factor." Many who work in the WTC are frightened by the crowding. "If you happened to slip and fall on the concourse during the morning rush," says Karen Fisher, a New York State employee, "you could be literally trampled to death."

At 11:30 A.M., the concourse begins to grow crowded with people who have been let out for an early lunch, and it stays fairly crowded until around 2:00 P.M., when the last of the lunchers has gone back upstairs to his office. Workers in the WTC can have lunch in one of the several restaurants and cafeterias within the buildings, but they are so mobbed at midday that many workers in the WTC choose to brown-bag it, eating either at their desks or, in good weather, outdoors in the plaza. There are so few benches there, however, that it's almost as difficult to get a seat as it is on the subway at rush hour. Many people end up either standing or else sitting right on the stone plaza.

At 3:00 P.M., once again bidden by computers, the express elevators in the towers move toward the upper floors, into "afternoon down-peak position," and stand waiting for the army of homeward-bound workers who will soon invade them. At 4:00 P.M. and in fifteen-minute intervals until 6:00 P.M., the 30,000 workers in the WTC crowd into the elevators, push their way once more through the jammed concourse, and disappear down the stairways and escalators into the subways and commuter trains. Shortly after 6:00, another day of international commerce has ended, and the buildings are left to a nighttime cleaning crew of 500.

For those whose offices are in the towers, especially on their upper floors, working in the WTC is radically different from working anywhere else. In the first place, many of them admit to being nagged by a constant fear of fire—what the Port Authority casually refers to as "The Towering Inferno" syndrome. For the most part, the fear is irrational, for the WTC is constructed entirely of fireproof materials. On the other hand, the WTC has already had a major fire, on February 13, 1975, when a blaze set by a disgruntled cleaning person on the eleventh floor of the North Tower caused more than a million dollars' worth of damage. What burned, however, wasn't the building itself but drapes, carpets, and furnishings, although the heat of the fire did blow out windows and cause some minor structural damage. Luckily, no one was injured and the fire didn't spread to any other floors, but it nonetheless proved that the towers were somewhat less fireproof than the Port Authority had been claiming. And it did little to ease the minds of those plagued by the fear of being trapped in a towering inferno.

Other inhabitants of the towers, sufferers from acrophobia, or fear of heights, are bothered constantly by the sensation of being a thousand or more feet above the ground and make it their jittery business to steer clear of the windows. For an acrophobiac in good form, the view from one of the WTC's upper floors isn't a pleasure but a nightmare. "But if you're afraid of heights, why the devil do you work here?" I asked Joan Sanchez, an acrophobiac whose office is on the seventy-eighth floor of the South Tower. "Why do people who get transferred by their companies go to live in

Pittsburgh or Tulsa?" she replied. "We work here because this is where our jobs are—and good jobs aren't easy to find these days. But I certainly wish we were at least on a lower floor."

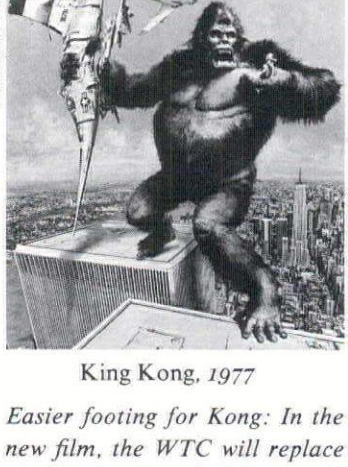
Although the Port Authority insists that it is impossible to feel the sway of the buildings, a number of those who work in the towers say otherwise. Tom DiNatale, an architect on the sixtieth floor of the South Tower, says, "When the wind is blowing I find myself feeling that I'm walking uphill. And when I sense that the building has stopped swaying, I actually find myself sliding backward on my heels." (I myself never felt any sway in the towers, but then I never was there on a good windy day.) Other tower workers also spoke to me of having often felt the buildings swaying, and of a fear of being in an elevator when its cables snapped. Perhaps because they are beset by so many fears, an inordinate number of workers in the towers suffer from frequent headaches, nausea, and dizziness—to the point where the buildings have not so jokingly been dubbed "the towering infirmaries."

Aside from nervous disorders, those who work in the towers have other bothersome problems. "Sometimes you're literally in a cloud up here," observes Peter Haight, a vice president of a banking firm that has offices on the ninety-fourth floor of the North Tower. "You have no idea of what the weather is like below. Before lunch, I'll call a friend of mine in another firm downstairs to see if I need to bring a raincoat. It's like working in an airplane. You see storms approaching from the west and lightning crackling beneath you." Other upper-floor workers have reported sighting helicopters and airplanes flying frighteningly close to the towers. On dark, stormy days, even people on the middle floors speak of feeling as though they were working in a black tunnel.

"I suppose the worst thing about working in the World Trade Center is the sense that hits you here of having no personal identity," says Miriam Lucas, a secretary for an import-export firm on

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM STILLS ARCHIVE, NEW YORK

King Kong, *1933*



PARAMOUNT PICTURES

King Kong, *1977*

Easier footing for Kong: In the new film, the WTC will replace the Empire State Building as the scene of the gorilla's last stand.

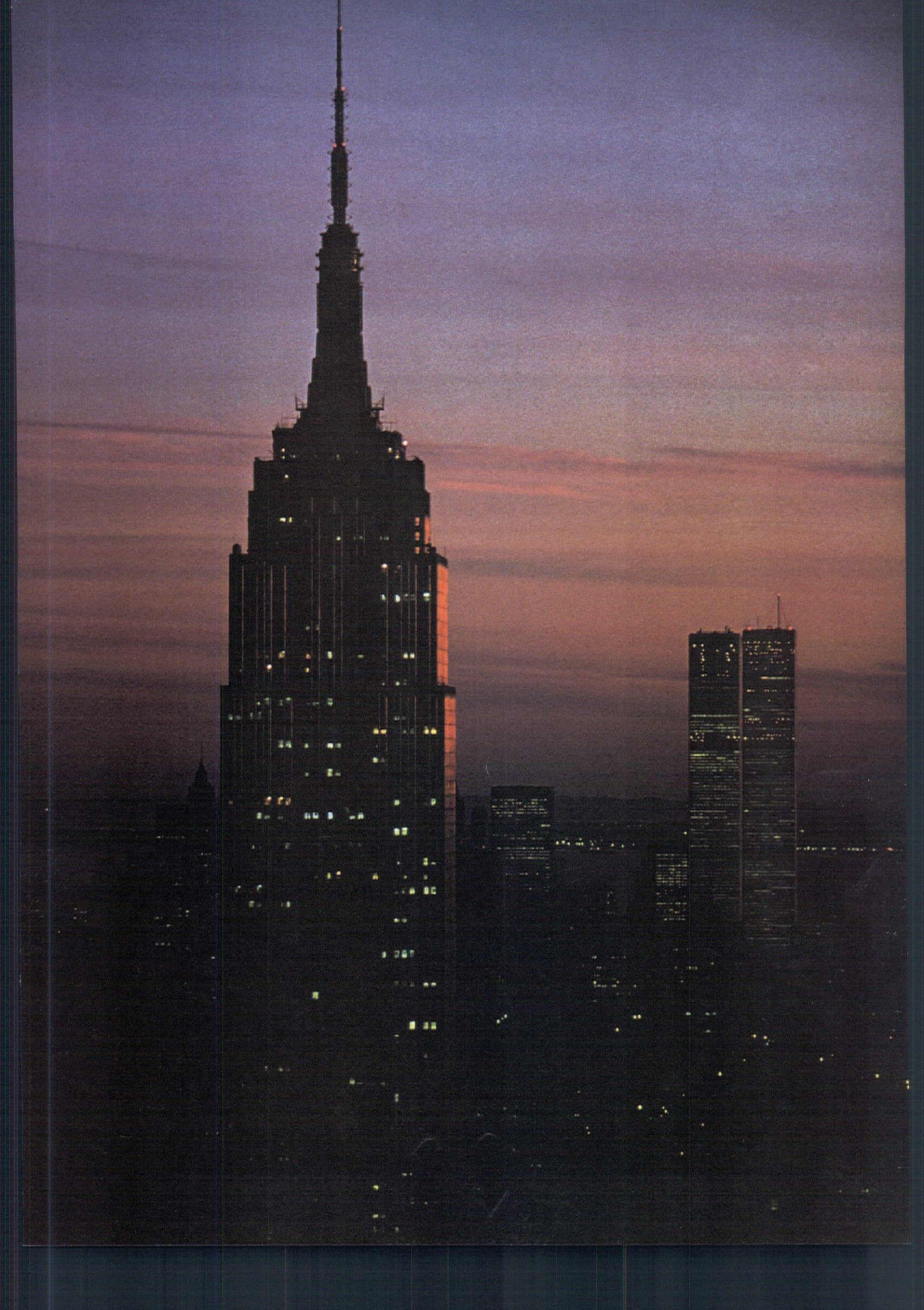
the sixty-third floor of the North Tower. "In the morning and evening rushes, you're one of a shoving, faceless mob jammed into subways and the concourse and the elevators. And then there's the odd feeling you get when working in your office of knowing that just about every floor in the building is exactly the same. But you don't know any of the people who are working on those floors. What I'm saying is that the World Trade Center, because of its size or whatever, is a curiously cold and impersonal place to work."

To get to her office from the lobby, Miriam Lucas takes a nonstop express elevator that lifts her in twenty-two ear-popping seconds to the forty-fourth floor. There she transfers to a local elevator that takes her to the sixty-third floor. In each of the towers, at the forty-fourth and seventy-eighth floors, there are what are futuristically known as skylobbies, transfer stations where there are also shops, banks, and restaurants. When she doesn't have lunch at her desk, she goes down to the forty-fourth-floor skylobby to a restaurant known the Skydive, and while in the skylob she can also cash her paycheck in branch of the Manufacturers Hanov Trust or have her hair done by the Ha bor View Hair Stylists.

From talking with Lucas and scor of others who have jobs in the place, I' come to the conclusion that the Wor Trade Center is no place to have work. But are outsized rectangul boxes the sort of places where we're ultimately going to end up in the twent first century or sooner? Or, on the oth hand, are they a dying breed? Perciv Goodman, a well-known New York a chitect, thinks the World Trade Cent is the last of the dinosaurs. "I think, a I hope, it represents the end of the li for that kind of building—and I say th despite the John Hancock and Sea buildings in Chicago. After all, t dinosaurs didn't die overnight." B other architects disagree. They predi that skyscrapers of immense height w continue to be built but that they will longer contain only office space. I stead, they say, a new breed of meg structures will contain not only offic but also apartments, theatres, resta rants, bars, swimming pools, and bow ing alleys. In short, they'll be self-co tained working, living, and recreation units—skyscrapers that you could co ceivably live and die in without ev leaving. The prospect is a trifle chilling

Nonetheless, there is one promine American architect who continues vi orously to champion buildings like t WTC towers—none other than Mino Yamasaki himself. "In the next ten fifteen years, I expect that a numb of one-hundred-and-fifty-story offi buildings will be put up in New York says Yamasaki, who has little but di dain for social planners, urban sent mentalists, and others who oppose t construction of tall buildings. And wh is to say that Yamasaki will be prov wrong? Dammit.

The WTC gets on Thomas Meehan nerves even at home, thirty miles nor of Manhattan. It hampers TV receptio



The Commercialization

of Childhood

In eighteenth-century England, picture books, playthings, and educational gimcracks became a thriving business: a trend that has continued from that time to this

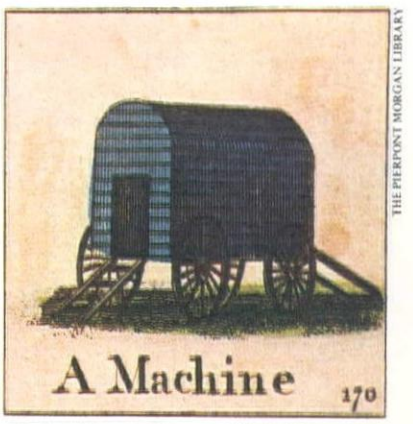
By J. H. PLUMB

Maypole-dancing, A Little Pretty Pocket-Book, *1787*

A new attitude toward children developed in England during the eighteenth century, an attitude that spread as easily to Boston, New York, and Philadelphia as it did to Birmingham, Leeds, and Glasgow. It was a gentler and more sensitive approach to children, one that was part of a wider change in social attitudes: a growing belief that nature was inherently good, not evil, and what evil there was derived from man and his institutions. The dominant attitude toward children in the seventeenth century had been autocratic, even ferocious: "The new borne babe," Richard Allestree wrote in 1658, "is full of the stains and pollutions of sin which it inherits from our first parents through their loins."

From birth, English children were constrained. They spent their first months, sometimes a year, bound tightly in swaddling clothes. Their common lot was fierce parental discipline. Even a man of such warm and kindly nature as Samuel Pepys thought nothing of beating his fifteen-year-old maid with a broomstick and locking her up for the night in his cellar, or whipping his boy-servant, or boxing his clerk's ears. Of two hundred manuals on child rearing prior to 1700, only three, those by Plutarch, Matteo Palmieri, and Jacopo Sadoleto, did not recommend that fathers beat their children.

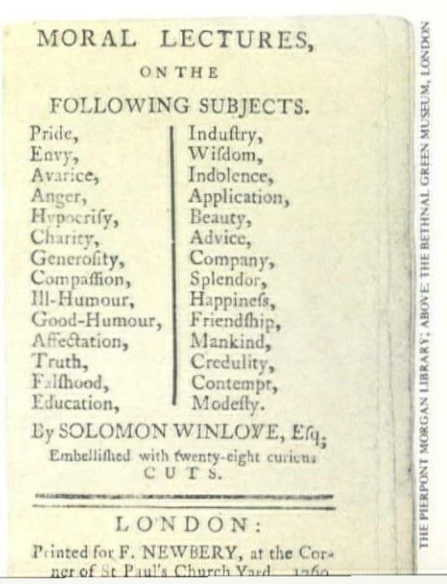
In 1693 John Locke finally gave expression to what was clearly a new and more liberal attitude toward child rearing and education in *Some Thoughts Concerning Education*. This was by far his most popular book; it was reprinted nineteen times before 1761 and was as well known in America as in England. Locke believed in arousing the child's interest in



THE PIERPONT MORGAN LIBRARY

Bathers' cart, Picture Alphabet, *1799*

Mother Goose, from a board game, 1788


MORAL LECTURES,
ON THE
FOLLOWING SUBJECTS.

Pride,	Induſtry,
Envy,	Wiſdom,
Avarice,	Indolence,
Anger,	Application,
Hypocriſy,	Beauty,
Charity,	Advice,
Generoſity,	Company,
Compaſſion,	Splendor,
Ill-Humour,	Happineſs,
Good-Humour,	Friendſhip,
Affectation,	Mankind,
Truth,	Credulity,
Falſhood,	Contempt,
Education,	Modeſty.

By SOLOMON WINLOVE, Eſq;
Embelliſhed with twenty-eight curious
CUTS.

LONDON:
Printed for F. NEWBERY, at the Corner of St Paul's Church Yard. 1760.

THE PIERPONT MORGAN LIBRARY; ABOVE: THE BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM, LONDON

Among the new elements in the eighteenth-century child's world were stylish dolls (opposite), books with colorful, appealing illustrations (above and at top, right), board games with characters from familiar stories (middle, right), and moral admonishments in the form of lectures written especially for young people (right).

nodeled after Lord
dy Clapham, 1700

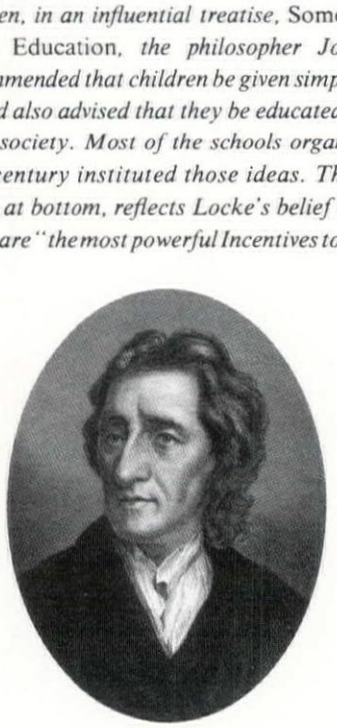
Contents page, Moral Lectures, *by "Solomon Winlove," 1769*

A. W. TUER, *History of the Horn-book*, 1896

Student and tutor, seventeenth century

Hornbook, eighteenth century

The student above reads his ABC's from a hornbook, a paddle-shaped plaque like that at right above that bore a printed text covered with transparent horn. In the seventeenth century few books were designed specifically for children. Then, in an influential treatise, Some Thoughts Concerning Education, *the philosopher John Locke, below, recommended that children be given simple stories of their own and also advised that they be educated for a practical role in society. Most of the schools organized in the eighteenth century instituted those ideas. The boy with a dunce cap, at bottom, reflects Locke's belief that esteem and disgrace are "the most powerful Incentives to the Mind."*



John Locke, 1632–1704

TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY, OSBORNE COLLECTION

Classroom, early nineteenth century

education by a system of esteem for those who did well, and shame fo those who were reluctant to learn. He disapproved of the time-honore method of flogging boys into learning, a sentiment that was alread widespread but to which his authority gave added force. He was equall opposed to bribing the child to work through material rewards: "Th *Rewards* and *Punishments* then, whereby we should keep Children i order, *are* quite of another kind; and of that force, that when we can ge them once to work, the Business, I think, is done, and the Difficulty i over. *Esteem* and *Disgrace* are, of all others, the most powerful Incer tives to the Mind, when once it is brought to relish them. If you can onc get into Children a Love of Credit, and an Apprehension of Shame an Disgrace, you have put into them the true Principle." As well as arguin for a more liberal attitude toward the child, Locke also pleaded for broader curriculum in schools. He believed education should fit man fc society as well as equip him with learning; hence he pressed for lessor not only in drawing but also in French. He opposed teaching languag by a rigid grounding in grammar and urged that Latin be taught by th direct method, as it would had it been a living language.

After Locke, education of children increasingly became social rath than religious. Greater emphasis was placed on its usefulness in tl child's future life in society. Although a knowledge of the classics w still regarded as the mark of a gentleman, more and more small schoo run for a profit, provided a far more practical education—in bookkee ing, penmanship, the English language, foreign languages, mathema ics, navigation, surveying, geography, and the use of globes. It was th type of education, not the grammar schools, that flourished vigorous in the eighteenth century.

By 1740, and perhaps before, children were no longer regarded sprigs of old Adam, whose wills had to be broken by the rod. Nor w education regarded as a genteel accomplishment; boys and girls we being educated in order to play effective and successful roles in aggressive commercial society. And because commercial opportuniti everywhere abounded, parents were willing to invest, as never before, the education of their children. Naturally enough this had a profou influence on the production of children's books.

Books by which children could be taught had existed from the fi days of printing—alphabets, grammars, and the like—but few were signed specifically for children. Authors and publishers made very lit attempt to entice the young mind with attractive and compelling ill trations and typography. It should be remembered that fairy stori ballads, riddles, and fables were intended as much for adults as children. Indeed, Aesop was not specifically adapted for children England until 1692, when Sir Roger L'Estrange produced his edition

The late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries saw the beg nings of new attitudes toward children's literature and methods learning to read. In 1694, "J. G." published *A Play-book for children allure them to read as soon as they can speak plain. Composed of sm pages, on purpose not to tire children, and printed with a fair and pleas letter. The matter and method plainer and easier than any yet exta* which was, for once, a true statement in a blurb. The author states in preface that he wishes to "decoy Children into reading." The book wide margins and large type; its language is simple and concrete a mostly within the compass of a child's experience. It did well enough be reprinted in 1703, by which time a few other authors, noticea

William Ronksley, were attempting to find methods and materials more suitable for very young children.

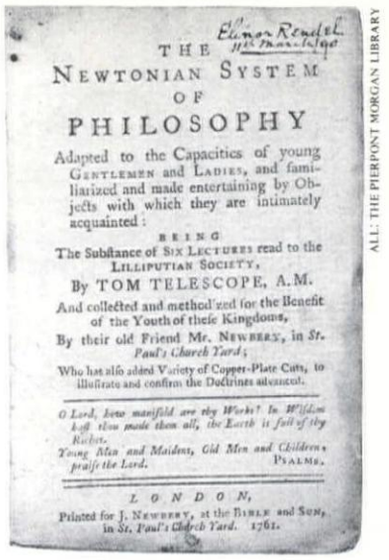
Ronksley believed in teaching by verse according to the meter of the Psalms—first week, words of one syllable, the next week words of two syllables, and so on. And he used jokes, riddles, and proverbs to sugar his pills. Even so, his and other innovative children's books of Queen Anne's reign were designed, quite obviously, to be chanted, to be learned by the ear rather than by the eye. They were meant more for teachers and parents to teach with than for a child to enjoy. Similar books were slow to appear, and it is not until the 1740's that the change in style of children's literature becomes marked. The entrepreneurial noses of Thomas Boreman and John Newbery twitched and scented a market for books written specifically for children that would be simple to produce and enticing to the eye. Of course, it was not quite as simple as that. Children do not buy books; adults do.

So the new children's literature was designed to attract adults, to project an image of those virtues that parents wished to inculcate in their offspring, as well as to beguile the child. By their simplicity, these alphabet and reading books also strengthened parents' confidence in their ability to teach their children to read at home. The new children's literature was aimed at the young, but only through the refraction of the approving parental eye.

By the 1740's and 1750's the market was there, ready to be exploited, and no man was quicker to seize the opportunity than John Newbery, whose *Little Pretty Pocket-Book*, published in 1744, captured the public imagination. Until the early nineteenth century Newbery's family continued to produce quantities of children's literature. Each decade the number of titles grew, and the most popular books were reprinted over and over again. The range was exceptional—from simple books for reading, writing, and arithmetic to *The Newtonian System of Philosophy Adapted to the Capacities of young Gentlemen and Ladies . . . Lectures read to the Lilliputian Society by Tom Telescope.*

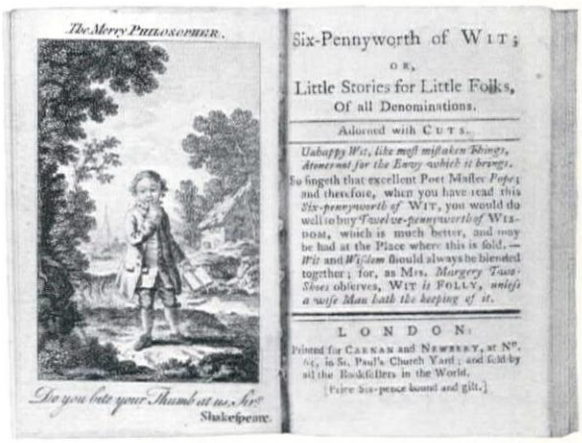
The latter book is crystal-clear and the examples are exceptionally apposite. Its attitudes toward the universe, humanity, philosophy, and the natural sciences would have drawn cheers from the Encyclopedists. It is not only a brilliantly produced book for adolescent children, but it also gives us a novel insight into how the ideas of the Enlightenment were being disseminated through society. How ideas are transformed into social attitudes is a most complex problem, and social historians have almost all neglected the influence of children's literature in changing the climate of ideas. *Tom Telescope* therefore deserves a closer study.

There are six lectures. The first is on matter and motion, quite brilliantly explained. The second deals with the universe, particularly the solar system, and also with the velocity of light. Tom Telescope then moves on to atmosphere and meteors, and to mountains, particularly volcanoes, and earthquakes, and to rivers and the sea. Minerals, vegetables, and animals follow, and the final lecture is on the natural philosophy of man—his senses, the nature of his understanding, and the origin of ideas, with a great deal on optics, including the prism, and a section on pleasure and pain. The book is relatively brief—only 125 pages—but is wide-ranging, giving a simple outline of the most advanced attitudes toward the universe and man's place in it. God is present through his works and also as the divine wisdom that reason, if pursued, will ultimately reveal to mankind.


THE
NEWTONIAN SYSTEM
OF
PHILOSOPHY
Adapted to the Capacities of young GENTLEMEN and LADIES, and familiarized and made entertaining by Objects with which they are intimately acquainted:
BEING
The Substance of SIX LECTURES read to the LILLIPUTIAN SOCIETY,
By TOM TELESCOPE, A.M.
And collected and methodized for the Benefit of the Youth of these Kingdoms,
By their old Friend Mr. NEWBERY, in St. Paul's Church Yard;
Who has also added Variety of Copper-Plate Cuts, to illustrate and confirm the Doctrines advanced.
O Lord, how manifold are thy Works! In Wisdom hast thou made them all, the Earth is full of thy Riches.
Young Men and Maidens, Old Men and Children, praise the Lord. PSALMS.
LONDON,
Printed for J. NEWBERY, at the BIBLE and SUN, in St. Paul's Church Yard. 1761.

ALL: THE PIERPONT MORGAN LIBRARY

Title page, Tom Telescope, *1761*


The Merry Philosopher.
Do you bite your Thumb at us, Sir?
Shakespeare.
Six-Pennyworth of WIT;
OR,
Little Stories for Little Folks,
Of all Denominations.
Adorned with CUTS.
Unhappy Wit, like most mistaken Things, Atones not for the Envy which it brings.
So sings the excellent Poet Master *Pope*; and therefore, when you have read this *Six-pennyworth of* WIT, you would do well to buy *Twelve-pennyworth of* WISDOM, which is much better, and may be had at the Place where this is sold.—*Wit* and *Wisdom* should always be blended together; for, as Mrs. *Margery Two-Shoes* observes, WIT *is* FOLLY, *unless a wise Man hath the keeping of it.*
LONDON:
Printed for CARNAN and NEWBERY, at No. 65, in St. Paul's Church Yard; and sold by all the Booksellers in the World.
[Price Six-pence bound and gilt.]

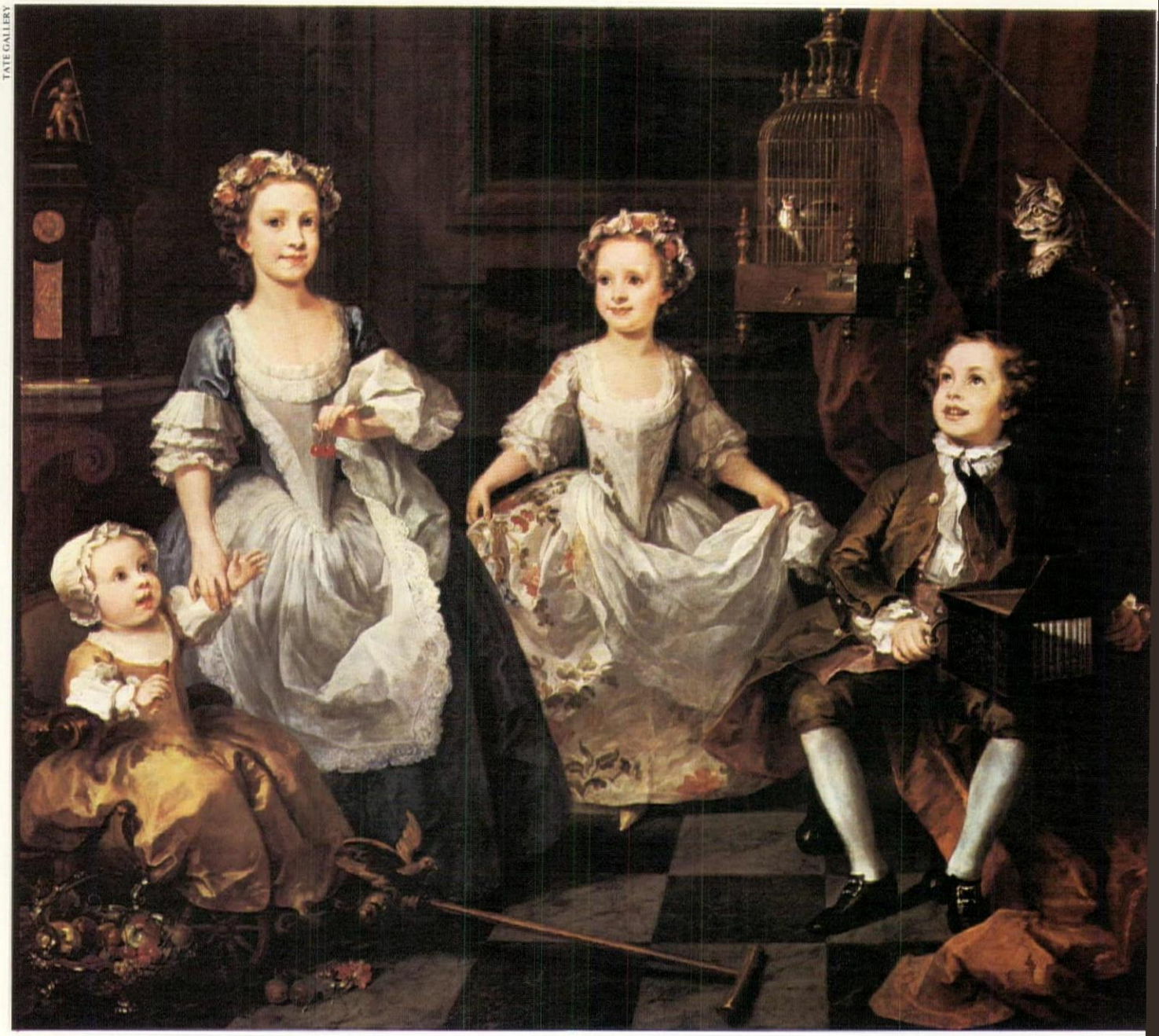
Opening pages of Six-Pennyworth of Wit, *circa 1769*

(101)
A *Chinese* Man and Woman in their proper Habits.
An Account of China.
THE Empire of *China* is a great and spacious Country on the East of *Asia*, much fam'd for its Fruitfulness, Wealth, Beautifulness of Towns, and incredible Number of Inhabitants. It is divided into seventeen Kingdoms, which contain 160 large Cities, 240 lesser, and 1200 Towns, the Chief of all is *Peking*. The Air is pure and serene, and the Inhabitants live to a great Age. Their Riches
H 3 consist

A page from A Museum, *circa 1750*

John Newbery was the first really successful entrepreneur of children's literature; beginning in 1744 and continuing until his death in 1767, he published over fifty new titles, most of which ran to several editions. For improving a child's mind there were Newbery books like The Newtonian System of Philosophy . . . by Tom Telescope *(top) and* A Museum for Young Gentlemen and Ladies *(bottom), and for fun there were less expensive books like* Six-Pennyworth of Wit *(middle), published by Newbery's heirs.*

TATE GALLERY



The Graham Children, *by William Hogarth, 1742*

As the children of a well-to-do London apothecary and his wife, Hogarth's subjects above have the appearance of cheerful contentment compared with the Puritan children below. Although not all eighteenth-century children owned the fine clothes and toys and the entertaining pets of the Graham household, less prosperous families could afford to choose from the new assortment of books and games.

MANSELL COLLECTION

A lecture from Father, sixteenth century

The philosophic attitude is purely Lockian, as the science is entirel Newtonian. "All our ideas, therefore," says Tom Telescope, "are ob tained either by *sensation* or *reflection*, that is to say, by means of ou five senses, as *seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting,* and *touching*, or by th *operations of the mind* [upon them]."

Although packed with lucid scientific information, the book ha many asides, allegories, and stories that plead for a compassionate hu manity, particularly toward animals. Tom's plea is based on the new a titude that cruelty to animals is improper. Cruelty between animals necessary to sustain the animal world; hence cruelty, in this aspect, is part of divine wisdom. But necessity alone permits human cruelty t ward animals in the shape of killing and eating. Wanton cruelty is repr hensible, particularly to young animals and, above all, young bird Most detestable of all is the taking or destruction of eggs (a commo theme in eighteenth-century children's books).

Tom has no patience, however, with those who put kindness animals before that to their fellow men. Tom's lecture reminds his hos ess, Lady Caroline, of her neighbor Sir Thomas, whom young Tom h

seen treat animals well if they please, "but rave, at the same time, in a merciless manner, at poor children who were shivering at his gate, and send them away empty handed." Another neighbor, Sir William, "is also of the same disposition; he will not sell a horse, that is declining, for fear he should fall into the hands of a master who might treat him with cruelty; but he is largely concerned in the slave trade (which, I think, is carried on by none but *we good Christians*, to the dishonour of our *coelestial Master*) and makes no difficulty of separating the husband from the wife, the parents from the children, and all of them . . . from their native country, to be sold in a foreign market, like so many horses, and often to the most merciless of the human race." Kindness to animals, yes, but greater kindness to human beings is the burden of Tom's final lecture.

Tom Telescope had an extraordinary success. Within a few weeks of its publication in 1761, it was on sale in Norwich and was being advertised there in the newspapers. A new edition was required in 1762, a third edition in 1766, and a fourth in 1770. All together there were at least ten editions by 1800. It is difficult, however, to be in any way certain of the size of these editions. Newbery printed fifteen hundred copies of his juvenile edition of Dr. Johnson's *Idler*; but there were editions of ten thousand for his very popular *Little Pretty Pocket-Book*. Doubtless the editions of *Tom Telescope* varied, the second probably much larger than the first, which, following Newbery's usual practice, would be small to test the market. By conservative estimate, the book probably enjoyed a sale of twenty-five to thirty thousand copies between 1760 and 1800, but the number could be far higher. Hence Lockian and Newtonian ideas, combined with a compassionate humanity, were being widely disseminated among the middle-class young.

Newbery's success with *Tom Telescope* did not go unnoticed, and the range of books on science designed for children grew. *A Museum*, published about 1750 and containing essays on natural history and the solar system, had run to fifteen editions by 1800. The Reverend Samuel Ward completed twelve such volumes on *The Modern System of Natural History* in 1776. In the same year, *Mr. Telltruth's Natural History of Birds and of Animals* was written for very young children—it too was full of the reasonableness of nature. And it cost only sixpence. In 1800 one publisher advertised thirty-eight books for children, covering the arts and sciences; of these, fifteen were scientific and only two dealt with religion. Geography, history, and the classics were rapidly adapted to the needs of juvenile readers.

Newbery and other publishers also produced quantities of moral tales, more beloved, one suspects, by parents than by children. Through Edward Augustus Kendall, the Newberys produced new types of fables, derived from the ballad of Cock Robin, in which birds develop human attributes, converse freely among themselves, and offer their own criticisms of human failure and shortcomings. Kendall wrote *The Swallow*, *The Wren*, *The Canary*, *The Sparrow*; and their themes are simple—cruelty to birds, taking eggs, breaking up nests, and caging finches are the marks of an evil boy. Cruelty is wicked, humane behavior laudable. Charity and benevolence will not only make a child happy but bring him the proper social rewards.

A similar burden is echoed in the potted biographies of eminent children and in the examples of historic characters held up for the edification of youth. The themes of most of them are avoidance of cruelty, violence, brutality, and the development of innocent virtues like

BRITISH MUSEUM

Accompanying the increase in the number of children's books was a profusion of playing cards and games. In about 1788 the publisher John Wallis introduced the Emblematical Cards for the Amusement of Youth, above, which extol industry (merchant ship), reason (anchor), kindness to animals (horn), and perseverance (guitar), but castigate the giddiness of youth (kite) and the "stubborn heart" (whip top).

OVERLEAF: *Wallis's board game of 1782, the Game of Human Life, instructed young people in moral conduct as they progressed from infancy (space 1) to youth, adulthood, middle age, old age, and finally to Immortality (space 84).*

N°1

The UTILITY and MORAL TENDENCY of this GAME.

If Parents who take upon themselves the pleasing task of instructing their children or others to whom that important trust may be delegated, will cause them to step at each Character, & request their attention to a few moral and judicious observations, explanatory of each Character as they proceed, & contrast the happiness of a Virtuous & well spent life with the fatal consequences arising from Vicious & criminal pursuits this Game may be rendered the most useful & amusing way that has hitherto

THE Game of Rule

The immortal Man, who has existed 84 years, seems worthy by his Talents to become a Model for the Close of Life, which can end only by Eternity. When we arrive at the N°84, we shall have gained all we can by this Game, but if we exceed this we must go back as many points, as we have proceeded beyond it.

The Age of Man is divided into seven periods of twelve years, viz. Infancy & Youth Prime of Life, Sedate middle age, Old age, Decrepitude & Delage. He passes through a variety of situations which are here attempted in the order they generally succeed each other

All the [illegible] players with a Totum each. A Game is commenced by

the only difference is that the Players can not stop at any of the seven ages, but must proceed as by necessity they have to encounter both the Vices & Virtues, consequently are which would be improper, those who have the chance at first, must continue the route with promptitude.

The always begat, shall receive a Stake, and shall proceed to N°2, the place of the C

the Negligent begat 11 shall pay a Stake & shall remain two rounds with

The Assiduous youth at 15 shall receive two Stakes, and

35 where he will find the Patriot

The Jester at 49

me Stake, & proceed to

at 56

The Duellist a

pay two Stakes, and

take the place of the Boy

The Complaisant must

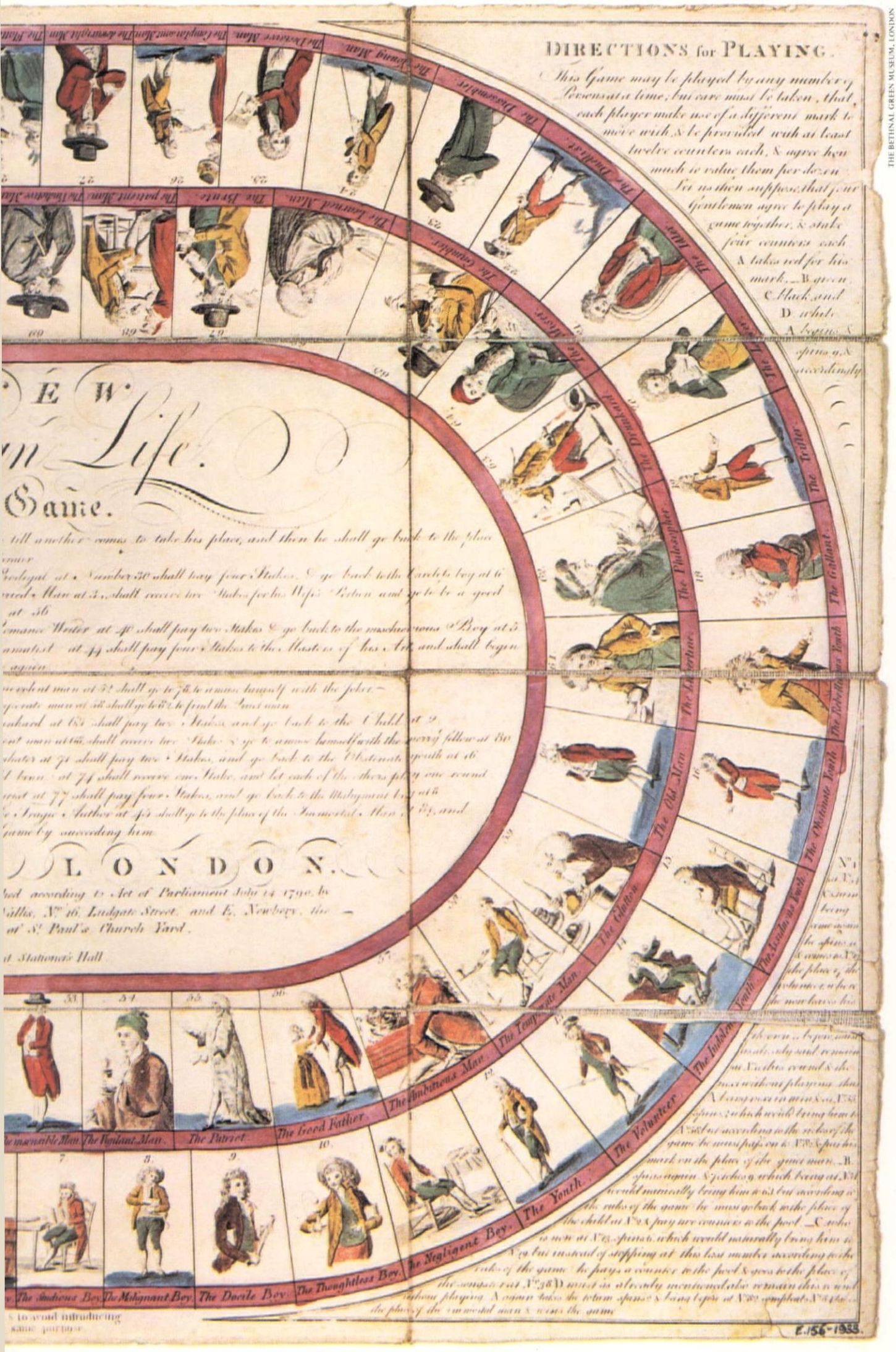
remain there, a

N°3

places his mark upon N°2 which is the dark boy B plays next & spins 7, but as the rules of the game specify instead of putting his mark on

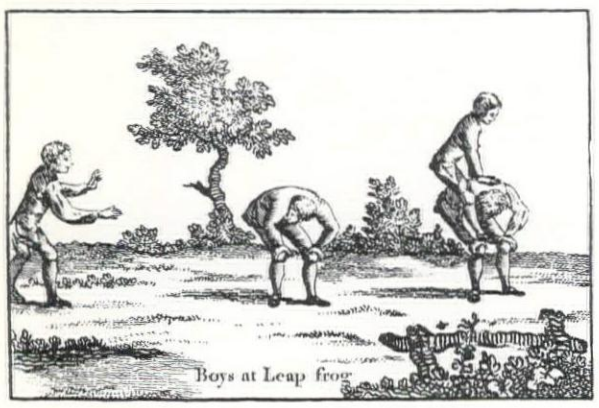
he must return 2 counters from the fool, & carry his mark to the traitor, at N°15 C turns next in turn spins only 2, & pushes mark on the place of the child at N°D being the last player, spins 11 & goes to the next open boy, but this being a puppet, he must pay 4 counters to the fool, & remain five rounds at N°11 without playing in his turn. A now resumes the totum & spins 12 which brings him from N°9 where he rests, N°21 but this being one of the seven ages, he cannot stop here for agreeable to the rules of the game he must proceed as far beyond the age of youth as he had to come to 12 which being three points, he must of course go to N°25 the place of the assiduous youth, but instead of that, he must receive two counters from the fool, & go to N°35 the place of the patriot. B now takes the totum, & spins 6, which being already at N°12 the place of the traitor he should naturally go to N°18, but that being the age of the sedate man, he must proceed six points beyond 18 & put his mark on the place of the vigilant man

N.B. It is necessary to inform the Purchaser the Totum must be a Dice for into private Families each Player must spin



THE BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM, LONDON

BOTH: *Catchpenny Prints*, DOVER, 1970



The games above are from catchpenny prints, sold on the street, often to children. In the eighteenth century, exercise came to be regarded as part of a child's education: the jumpers and pole-vaulters below come from a teacher's manual, Gymnastics for Youth: or a Practical Guide to Healthful and Amusing Exercises for the Use of Schools.

THE PIERPONT MORGAN LIBRARY

Leaping for fitness, 1800

obedience, sensitivity, a love of nature, and therefore of reason, which naturally leads to industry, benevolence, and compassion. Nothing was regarded as more edifying than the death of a model child.

Augustus Francis Emilian, perhaps the most nauseating boy in all children's literature, takes twelve pages to die in *Juvenile Biography*, a translation of an eighteenth-century French novel. After being on the point of death for more than thirty-six hours, Emilian rallies sufficiently at the last moment to say, although with painful effort, "What grieves me most is to quit you Mamma, as well as not to have lived long enough to be useful to my country." Not surprisingly, "At these immortal words a rattling in the throat stifled the half-articulated words." However, death did not come for another page and a half.

Even in the enlightened eighteenth century, there continued a savage, macabre streak in attitudes toward children. (Corpse viewing—practiced at Wesley's school at Kingswood—was thought of as salutary.) Yet, the desire to entertain, delight, and instruct children had disguised, if not obliterated, much of the heavy moralizing. Between 1780 and 1800, though, the moral note gets stronger. Mrs. Sarah Trimmer was the most formidable of children's writers at that time, and Mrs. Trimmer was not light of heart. The works of Mrs. Trimmer and Mrs. Anna Barbauld, another gentlewoman who produced countless instructive and moralistic tales, covered the shelves of the Newbery bookstore when Charles Lamb and his sister Mary went there in 1802. Lamb, himself a writer of children's stories, wrote indignantly to Samuel Taylor Coleridge: " 'Goody Two Shoes' is almost out of print. Mrs. Barbauld's stuff has banished all the old classics of the nursery; and the shopman at Newbery's hardly deigned to reach them off an old exploded corner of a shelf, when Mary asked for them. Mrs. B.'s and Mrs. Trimmer's nonsense lay in piles about. Knowledge insignificant and vapid as Mrs. B.'s books convey, it seems, must come to a child in the *shape* of *knowledge*, and his empty noddle must be turned with conceit of his own power when he has learnt that a Horse is an animal, and Billy is better than a Horse, and such like; instead of that beautiful Interest in wild tales which made the child a man, while all the time he suspected himself to be no bigger than a child. . . . Think what you would have been now, if instead of being fed with Tales and old wives' fables in childhood, you had been crammed with geography and natural history!"

Nevertheless, the contrast in the range of what was available for children between, say, 1700 and 1800, is vivid. By 1800 there was no subject, scientific or literary, that did not have a specialized literature designed for children—often beautifully and realistically illustrated, sometimes by such distinguished book illustrators as Thomas Bewick. The simpler textbooks—for reading, writing, and arithmetic—were carefully designed, with large lettering, appropriate illustration, and a small amount of print on a large page; and there were books for very young children, such as *A Pretty Plaything for Children.* Novels specifically written about children for children began with *Sandford and Merton*, by Thomas Day. And the arts, as well as letters, were catered to—Master Michael Angelo's *The Drawing School for Little Masters and Misses* appeared in 1773, and there were books designed to teach children the first steps in music. As with adult books of the same era, less prosperous children could buy their books a part at a time. Nor was it necessary to buy. the books; they could be borrowed. By 1810, there was a well established juvenile library at 157 New Bond Street. Some owners o

circulating libraries even maintained a special section for children.

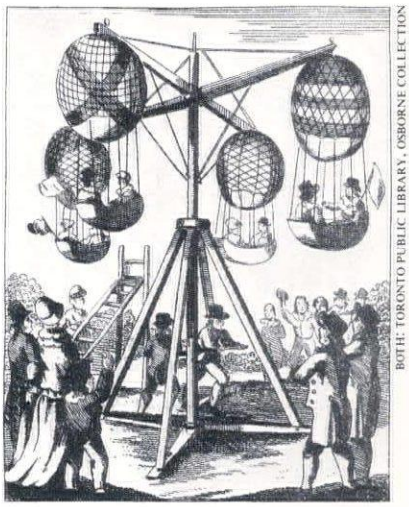
As well as becoming far more plentiful, children's books also became cheaper. John Newbery used every type of gimmick to extend his market. With the *Little Pretty Pocket-Book* he offered—for an extra twopence—a ball for the son or a pincushion for the daughter. He used new types of binding that did not stain, and he even tried giving a book away when the purchaser bought the binding. He advertised his books in every possible way—rarely did a parent finish one of his books without finding in the text a recommendation to read others. He sensed that there was a huge market ready for exploitation, and he was right.

Within twenty years children's books were a thriving part of the Newcastle printer's trade; indeed, educational books attracted a very large number of provincial printers in the late eighteenth century, for they were well aware of the hunger of shopkeepers, tradesmen, and artisans for education, not only for themselves, but also, and most emphatically, for their children. The printers of Philadelphia did not lag behind those of the English provinces; they were some of the earliest in the field of children's literature outside London. In 1768 Shorhawk and Anderton, principally a firm of druggists, advertised "a very great choice of books adapted for the instruction and amusement of all the little masters and mistresses in America." (John Newbery was also the proprietor of the famous Dr. James's Fever Powder, which he plugged remorselessly in his books: the relationship between the marketing of children's books and patent medicines was always close.)

By 1800 children's books had become very cheap; those costing a penny were plentiful, and this was at a time when books in general, because of inflation, had increased in price by 25 per cent. Nevertheless, Oliver and Boyd of Edinburgh turned them out by the score under the title of *Jack Dandy's Delight*. They published forty at sixpence, twenty-six at twopence, forty at one penny, and forty at a halfpenny. The penny books were well printed and delightfully illustrated. Only the poorest families of unskilled laborers could not afford a halfpenny. Like Thomas Paine's *The Rights of Man*, children's literature was within the range of the industrious working class, and particularly of those families whose social ambition had been stirred by the growing opportunities of a new industrialized society—more and more clerical jobs were available, and more and more parents were willing to make sacrifices to secure them for their children. Middle-class parents had begun to buy children's books in quantity.

From 1700 onward, the intellectual and cultural horizons of the middle-class child, and of the lower-middle-class child, had broadened vastly. There was an air of modernity about a great deal of his reading, a sense that he belonged to a new and exciting world. The same was true of a child's education, both the formal, so long as grammar school was avoided, and the informal. Itinerant lecturers in science, usually accompanied by complex electrical apparatuses, were exceptionally popular. Although their courses were mainly for adults, more often than not they offered cheap tickets for children. Indeed, this became a common practice for public amusements that were also partly educational.

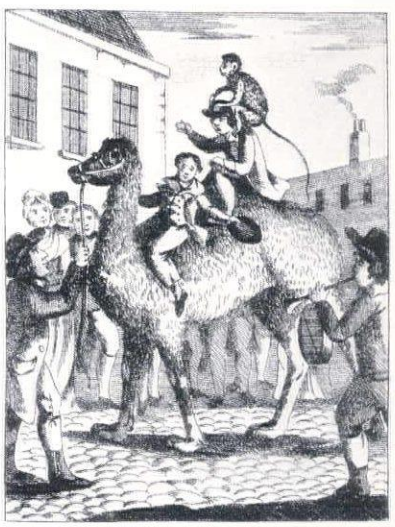
The range and variety of such amusements may be demonstrated by looking at what was available at Leeds, a prospering industrial and commercial city of Yorkshire, during the summer months of 1773. In April families at Leeds were regaled by Mr. Manuel of Turin with his display of automatons, including an Indian lady in her chariot moving



BOTH: TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY, OSBORNE COLLECTION

The Balloon Round-about, 1802

John Marshall's Stories of Instruction and Delight *of 1802 ingeniously combines moral lessons with engaging illustrations. In one vignette little Henry Wilson begs his parents for a turn on the gondola ride above, with the improbable result that "when his papa and mamma told him that it was a dangerous amusement, and not proper for him, he persisted no longer in his entreaties, but went quietly with them to view some other part of the fair." In another, a boy is diverted from his lesson by the camel and trick-playing monkey below and is punished by his father; his brother, "who had been a good boy and learnt his lesson, was rewarded."*

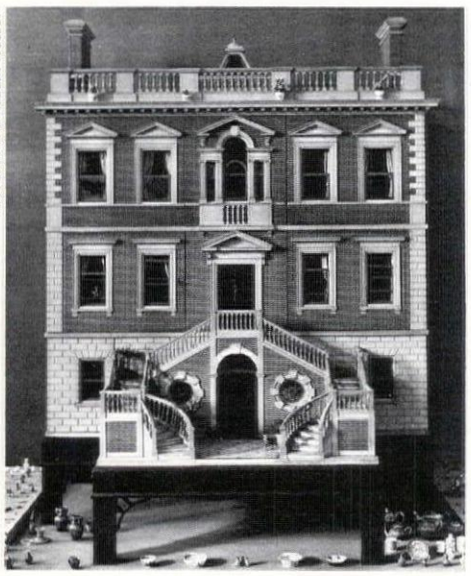


Street entertainment, 1802

THE BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM, LONDON

As dolls became more elaborate, so did their housing and equipment. This Georgian mansion, known as the Tate Baby House, was made in 1760. The finely wrought details of its façade, below, are matched by the exquisite furnishings that are revealed when the house is opened, above. The bottom floor has a kitchen and pantry, above are a parlor and dining room, and on the top floor are a pair of bedrooms.

VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM



around the table at ten miles an hour and the "Grand Turk, in the Seraglio dress, who walks about the table smoaking his pipe in a surprising manner." All the automatons, of course, were accompanied by mechanical musical instruments.

After Mr. Manuel, Mr. Pitt arrived with his principal marvel, a self-moving phaeton that traveled at six miles an hour, climbed hills, and started and stopped with the touch of a finger. He also brought along his electrifying machine, his camera obscura, his miraculous door that opened inside, outside, left, or right by the turn of a key. All this for one shilling. The phaeton either wore out, broke down, or proved too expensive to move, for it was dropped by Pitt, who continued for some years to travel the Midland circuit of Nottingham, Leicester, Coventry, and so on, but only with his scientific apparatus. Quite obviously he made a tolerable living from his traveling show.

On August 10 the attraction at Leeds was geographic, as a model of the city and suburbs of Paris arrived at the town hall. It covered eighteen square feet and was extremely elaborate. Viewing began at nine in the morning and closed at eight in the evening. In September a spectacular, double-column advertisement with woodcuts announced the arrival of

Astley's circus, with prices, as usual, at a shilling for front seats, sixpence for back, but Astley warned that boys trying to climb in would be taken care of by guards. He also brought along with him his famous "Chronoscope," an apparatus for measuring the velocity of projectiles.

The emphasis was on marvels, curiosities, usually mechanical or optical ones, that were new and remarkable. Hence children were given a keen sense of a new, developing, and changing world in which mechanical ingenuity and electricity and science in general played an active part—a totally different cultural atmosphere from the one their grandparents had lived in. Their cultural horizons, too, were widened by the availability of music to listen to in festivals and concerts, the cheapness of musical instruments, and the plentiful supply of music teachers. Art materials were to be found in every provincial town, and so were drawing masters, who taught in the home as well as in the school. Prints of old masters and modern artists were a commonplace of life. Visually, it was a far more exciting age for children than ever before.

Through most of these amusements, however, ran the theme of self-improvement and self-education. The same is true of indoor games as well as outdoor excursions. Playing cards had long been used to inculcate knowledge—largely geographic, historical, and classical. One of the earliest packs, from about 1700, taught carving lessons—hearts for joints of meat, diamonds for poultry, clubs for fish, and spades for meat pies. But more often than not these were imports, usually from France. The eighteenth century witnessed a rapid increase in English educational playing cards, so that almost every variety of knowledge or educational entertainment could be found imprinted on their faces. The majority of booksellers, provincial as well as metropolitan, stocked them. Some cards were designed for the education of adults, or at least adolescents, but there were packs, very simply designed, for young children so they could play and learn at the same time. One pack, for example, taught the first steps in music.

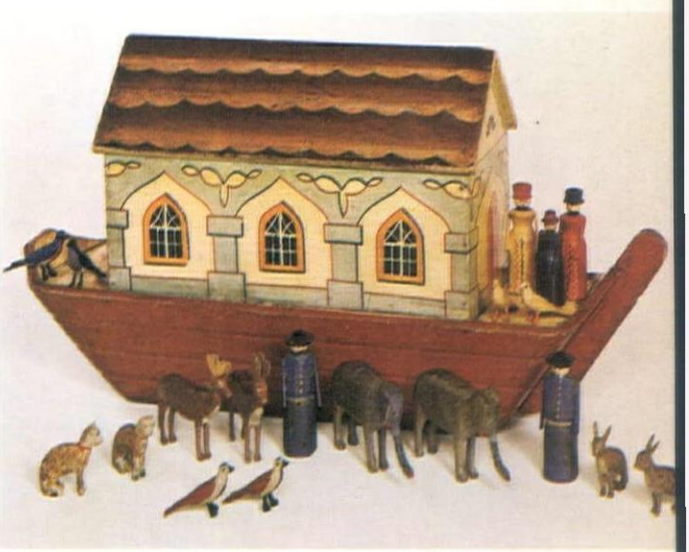
After playing cards, one of the earliest educational games to be developed was the jigsaw puzzle, seemingly an English invention by the printer-bookseller and young entrepreneur John Spilsbury, who in 1762 produced dissected maps for the teaching of geography. These enjoyed an immediate, perhaps a phenomenal, success, and by the mid-1760's Spilsbury had thirty different jigsaw maps for sale. Unfortunately he died young—in his twenties—but what he had launched quickly proliferated, not only in the teaching of history, geography, and morals, but also purely for fun, though even these puzzles tended to have a moral message of self-improvement.

The principal publisher of educational games became John Wallis, whose firm began to flourish in the 1780's and lasted until 1847, during which time it dominated the field of educational games, some of which were extremely complex. In the seventeenth century, Pierre du Val had used gambling games, with painted boards and dice, to teach geography and history; indeed, it has been said that Louis XIV learned his lessons this way, for the French court and aristocracy of the seventeenth century had no inhibitions about children gambling. In England the first dice game played on a painted board for instruction seems to have been invented by John Jefferys in 1759. His game was called A Journey through Europe, or The Play of Geography, and the players moved along a marked route according to the throw of their dice. This proved very popular and spawned a host of similar games, some of extreme

Wooden doll, 1600's *Fashion doll, 1792*

The austere carved doll at left above is the kind Puritan children played with. The doll at right, with its stuffed kidskin body, painted face, and fashionable dress and bonnet, reflects the taste for luxury in eighteenth-century toys. By the time it and the toys below were made, English toy manufacturers were enjoying a brisk, profitable business.

VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM



Painted wooden Noah's ark, 1780

HAMLYN GROUP, LONDON

Stagecoach and coachmen, 1790

Well-stocked toy shop, 1835

A London toy dealer, above, entertains young customers with his wares—a wheeled hobby horse, a puppet, drums, a doll's kitchen, and a wagon. The commercial success of toys, a phenomenon born in the eighteenth century, continues (often to the tune of parental outcries) in our own time with the likes of Buffalo Bob and his friend Howdy Doody, opposite, as pitchmen. And, enduring today in that smash hit of educational television, "Sesame Street," is the same combination of enjoyment and edification that characterized children's books and games in the eighteenth century.

CHILDREN'S TELEVISION WORKSHOP

"Sesame Street" characters, 1975

complexity, such as Walker's Geographical Pastime exhibiting a Complete Voyage Round the World in Two Hemispheres, which must have taken hours to play. There were also card games, often employing a rebus, which were extremely popular for teaching spelling, extending the vocabulary, and quickening the wits.

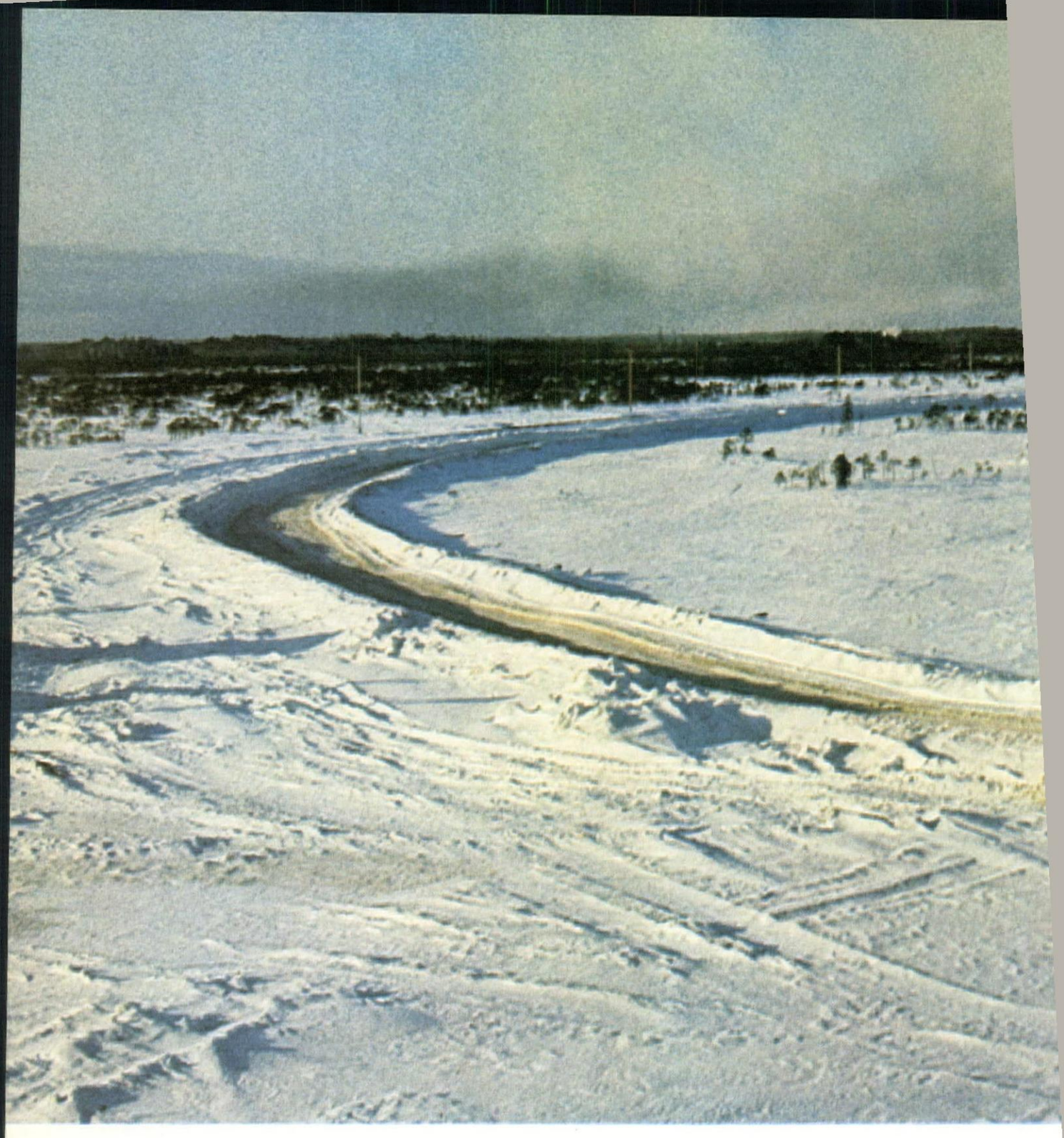
By the early nineteenth century, in spite of the novelist Maria Edgeworth's fulminations about their uselessness, almost as many kinds of educational toys were available as there are today. There were complex mechanical toys—water mills, printing presses, looms—which could be assembled and made to work. There were cheap inflatable globes, complicated perspective views, and toy theatres with movable scenery and actors, on which whole plays could be acted and re-acted from the scripts provided. There were scientific toys, camera obscuras and the like, made cheaply for children. By that time, too, there were large quantities of toys on the market whose educational value was present, if secondary—Noah's arks, animal farms, soldiers and forts of every variety for the potential soldier, and of course, dolls and doll houses. These varied from the extremely cheap—cutouts in paper with brightly colored interchangeable clothes—to elaborate models with wax or earthenware faces, jointed bodies, and complete wardrobes. And in London there were, by 1800 at least, two shops that specialized in making rocking horses. In 1730 there had been no specialized toy shops of any kind, whereas by 1780 toy shops abounded, and by 1820 the trade in toys, as in children's literature, had become very large indeed.

Children, in a sense, had become luxury objects upon which their parents were willing to spend larger and larger sums of money, not only for their education but also for their entertainment and amusement. Indeed, by the second half of the eighteenth century, the most advanced radicals had become deeply concerned by the growing indulgence of parents toward their children, particularly the waste of money on useless toys. Maria Edgeworth denounced dolls and doll houses, had no use for rocking horses, and strongly disapproved of stuffed lambs, squeaky pigs and cuckoos, and all simple action toys. She was for a pencil and plain paper, for toys that led to physical exercise—hoops, tops, and battledores—and for a pair of scissors and paper for a girl to cut out her fancies with. Later, boys should be given models of instruments used by manufacturers—spinning wheels, looms, paper mills, and the like. The interest in Maria Edgeworth's long discussion of toys lies in the huge variety that obviously abounded in the 1790's—a variety not as extensive, of course, as today's, but reflecting our world rather than the world of seventeenth-century England.

Whatever the attitudes of parents, or of educational reformers, children had become a trade, a field of commercial enterprise for the sharp-eyed entrepreneur. The competition was fiercest, the ingenuity greatest, in children's literature and in indoor games that taught as well as amused. Both fields were remarkably inventive, and their most important feature was that they encouraged teaching in the home. They were so skillfully designed, so beautifully illustrated, that they gave confidence to parents as well as children by the ease with which they could be used. Ease of comprehension was as important as the delight of the contents, and books that combined both had an enduring success generation after generation. The most permanent effect of this revolution in children's literature was to marry text and illustration. Like all true marriages, that has proved indissoluble.

Buffalo Bob Smith and Howdy Doody toys, 1

COLONIAL CLUB
5¢ CIGARS
SPEAKEASY
Season's Greetings
HOWDY DOODY
HOWDY DOODY
FIGURINE PAINTING KIT
HOWDY DOODY
HOWDY DOODY
MARIONETTE
HOWDY DOODY
Dominos



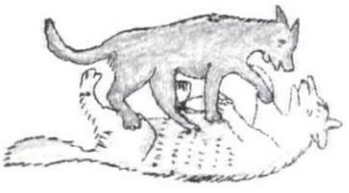
How Siberia Was Won

The vast lands and riches of northern Asia were won for Mother Russia four hundred years ago by an explorer named Yermak, who ranks right up there with Columbus

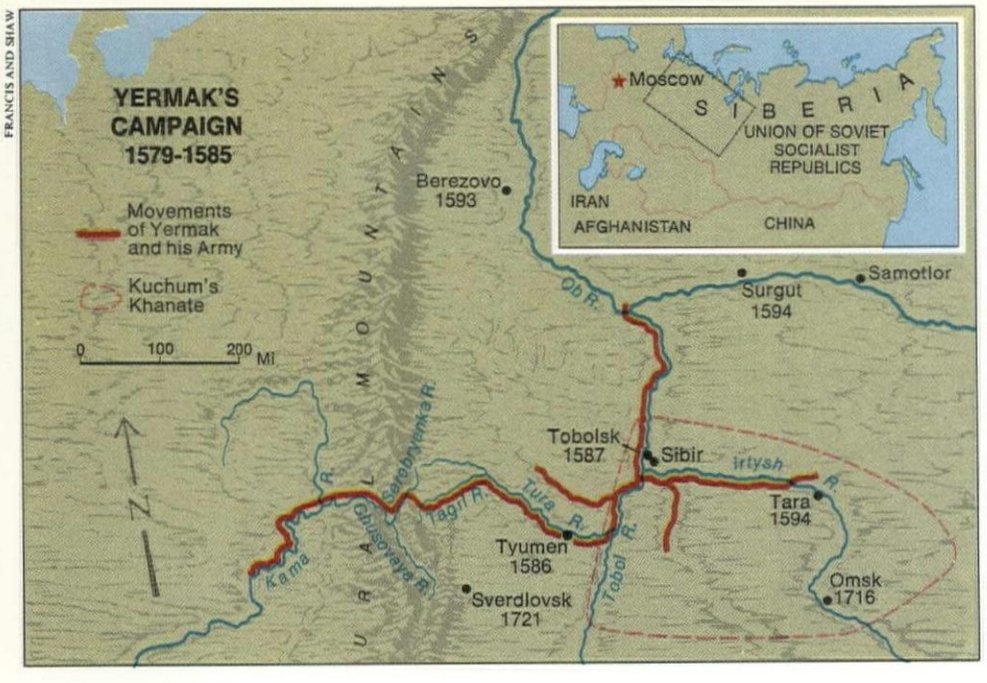
By TIMOTHY SEVERIN

HOWARD SOCHUREK; KUCHUM: CISARE VECELLIO, *Habiti Antichi e Moderni*, 1598—COURTESY GEORGE RAINBIRD LTD.

SOVFOTO; CENTER: LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



In the sixteenth century Russia's eastern border was the Urals; the territories beyond were the domain of the Moslem Tatars. The renegade soldier Yermak, left, set out in 1579 with some eight hundred men to conquer Kuchum, the khan of Siberia, right, and claim his lands for the czar. As the story is told in Russian legend, and in the drawing above, from about 1700, the small dark beast from the west defeated the white wolf of the forest. The prize was Siberia, whose wealth today is measured, in part, in the oil pumped at Samotlor, top.



A Siberian Samoyed

Yermak conquered what is now western Si beria; the area is mapped at left (and in dicated by the box in the inset map). He an his army followed the Serebryanka River, the traveled on the Tagil, Tura, and Tobol (thei route is drawn in red). Later Russian invad ers marched all the way to the Pacific Ocean

The greatest European explorer the world has ever known may not, after all, be Christopher Columbus, or Captain Cook, or Pizarro, or Cortes. If explorers are evaluated by the size of the territories they won for their countries and by how long their countries managed to hold those territories, then the most successful European explorer in history was a sixteenth-century brigand-adventurer by the name of Yermak. It was Yermak who made Russia an oriental power, thereby changing the map of Asia in his time. His explorations beyond the Ural Mountains started a train of events that was to add one-tenth of the world's land surface to the Russian empire.

When Yermak set out, Russia was only a fledgling state, a collection of principalities and conquered territories just getting used to calling the prince of Moscow their czar. In a period of only eighty years, he and his successors explored and staked claim to that vast third of Asia we call Siberia and carried the Russian flag three thousand miles from the Urals to the Pacific. The opening of Siberia was the largest and most enduring land grab ever made by Europeans, an exploration as aggressive and self-confident as any in the New World, and a highly charged and dramatic tale. Yet, partly because the Russian explorers were semiliterates who failed to make and hand down a detailed record of their deeds, Yermak has been scarcely noticed in the annals of discovery. (When he is mentioned, his name is often transliterated as Ermak, and followed, in the Russian manner, with his patronymic, Timofeev.)

The chief characters in this extraordinary story are suitably compelling. In Moscow ruled the aging and half-mad Ivan the Terrible, worn out by nearly a century of despotism, distrustful after a lifetime of scheming and plotting to stitch together his kingdom, and still threatened by a treacherous nobility within and foreign rivals without. Six months' journey to the east lived Kuchum Khan, the stone-blind ruler of Siberia, who, like the czar, had come to his throne in a welter of dynastic murder and who dreamed that the mantle of Genghis Khan had fallen upon his shoulders so that one day the Russians would again pay tribute to a Tatar overlord. Between the czar and the khan there appeared in 1577 the mysterious figure of Yermak, with a host of warriors at his back.

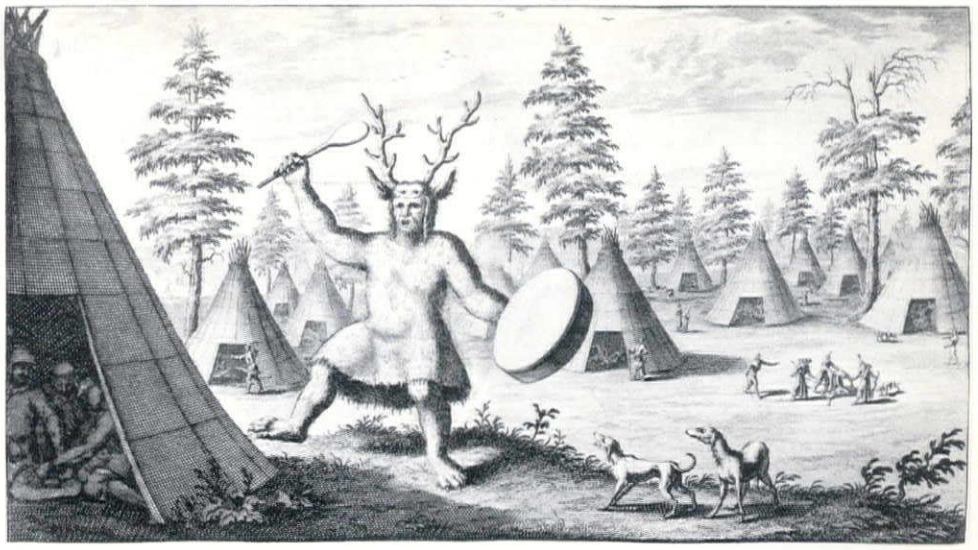
Just where Yermak came from no one has ever been sure. Tradition has it that his grandfather was a renegade serf, a coachman from Suzdal, near Moscow, who ran away to join the Cossacks of the lower Volga. The name Cossack, from the Russian *kazak* of Turco-Tatar origin, meaning "freebooter," was loosely applied in those early days. Sometimes it referred to the posses of vigilantes who defended the southern Russian frontier towns. At other times i was applied to bands of Tatar irregula cavalry who hired themselves out a mercenaries to the larger state armies. I Yermak's case it probably referred t the independent communities of "free' Cossacks who lived in the Crimea an on the banks of the Don and the Volga Those who had not been born Cossac were mostly runaways like Yermak' grandfather—from Russian service from the Tatar tribes, from the law, o even from the slave benches of Turkis galleys. The free Cossacks spoke Rus sian spiced with Turkish and Mongo words and often changed their names t break all ties with the past (Yermak' given name had been Vasili). They live in loose military-style communes calle "hosts," recognizing no master but thei own elected leaders, or atamans. The earned their keep by trade, mercenar hire, and a good deal of protectio money from the caravans.

In the summer of 1577 Ivan lost hi patience with the free Cossacks. The had previously been useful to him as oc casional mercenaries, but now they ha grown impudent and were openly at tacking Russian settlements and plur dering Russian traders; they had eve molested a Russian embassy on its way t the shah of Persia. The czar sent an arm of his new professional soldiers, th Strelitzes, against the Cossacks, and the promptly scattered—"like wolves," it was said. One band of about fiv

COPYRIGHT © 1976 BY TIMOTHY SEVERIN

Kuchum's Tatar people

Under Kuchum Khan, Siberia's Tatars dominated the Samoyeds, Ostyaks, Voguls, and other natives and took fur tribute from them. Powerful though the Tatars were, eighty years after Yermak came they and all the Siberian peoples—even the Tungus, right, who lived far to the east—were subjects of the Russian czar.



The shaman of the Tungus was a priest much like the medicine man of the North American Indian.

hundred men, who had been making a fat living as river highwaymen on the Volga, beat a hasty retreat up the Kama River and suddenly reappeared in Russia's easternmost frontier province under their ataman, Yermak.

In this area the Russian frontier was held not so much by the czar as by the powerful merchant family of the Stroganovs. Rich and successful pioneers, the Stroganovs leased vast tracts of frontier land from the crown until their fief grew to be almost a state within a state. They built their own towns, imported their own laborers, held their own law courts, and raised their own troops, for whom they manufactured their own cannon. Immensely experienced in frontier ways, the Stroganovs knew that to attempt to settle a Cossack host was to try to pen the wolf. Sooner or later five hundred heavily armed Cossacks were likely to revert to their old vices. So, after briefly employing Yermak and his men as guards, the Stroganovs offered to supply and equip them if they would march across the Urals into unknown territory.

The idea for an eastern expedition may have been proposed by Yermak himself, eager to plunder virgin lands, or it may have come from the czar, as a test of the strength of Kuchum Khan. But it is more likely that the Stroganovs proposed the expedition as a way to rid themselves of their unwelcome guests. Whoever devised the plan, it was readily accepted, and in July, 1579, Yermak and 540 Cossacks, reinforced by 300 Stroganov soldiers, set out across the mountains with icons on their shoulders and the figures of Russian saints embroidered on their war banners, which they proposed to raise against the pagan Siberian tribes and the dominant Moslem Tatars of the khanate.

The Urals represented the limit of habitable Christian land and the official frontier of Europe. Only a handful of fur traders had penetrated the mountains, and they spoke of the native Siberian Samoyeds as "self-eaters," claiming that in the depths of winter they turned cannibal and ate one another to sustain life. It was said that if a visitor arrived in their camp they either devoured him too, or, eager to please, slaughtered their own children and served them up as a banquet. What the Cossacks were to find, in fact, was a group of tribes that kept slaves, scalped their enemies, and in their funeral rites strangled reindeer over the grave.

Kuchum, khan of Siberia, was a steppe warlord in the old Mongol tradition, the battle-tried leader of a people who had terrorized Russia for two hundred years and who had more than once sacked Moscow itself. The Tatars were trained to the saddle and accustomed to harsh nomadic ways. They lived cheek by jowl with their herds of cattle and dwelt in smoke-filled tents of felt-covered lattice with no more possessions than their rugs and skins, a few sacks of provisions, and their weapons.

These cavalrymen were the main enemy Yermak's Cossacks and soldiers would have to face, and the Cossacks had long ago paid them the compliment of copying their military structure. In overall command of the expedition as senior ataman was Yermak. Beneath him were two other atamans, Ivan Kol'tso and Ivan Grossa, and under them four *esauly*, or captains. The rank and file was organized into sotnias, or companies, of a hundred or so men, each with its own sotnik, or commander. There were further subdivisions of fifties led by petty officers.

The problem of controlling the unruly free Cossacks was complicated by the fact that some of the Stroganov soldiers were Lithuanian and German prisoners of war seized by the czar and later redeemed as laborers by the Stroganovs. These foreigners, together with a smattering of Tatar renegades, made the expedition a very mixed force. And the best they managed for a secretariat were three priests who went along as spiritual advisers and a runaway monk who was more noted for being a good cook. Yermak maintained discipline by the traditional Cossack method: anyone who disobeyed his orders was tied in a sack weighted with sand and drowned.

For weapons Yermak's men carried

DANISH NATIONAL MUSEUM, COPENHAGEN

Ivan the Terrible

What we know of Yermak comes mainly from several seventeenth-century chronicles, or historical tales, all of them apparently derived from a single unknown source. The most detailed of these is the so-called Remezov Chronicle, a series of 154 drawings, each accompanied by a paragraph of explanation. (Six of these follow.) The author, Semen Remezov, a map maker and a native of the Siberian city of Tobolsk, who was probably helped by his four sons in preparing the manuscript, tells the whole tale of Yermak's exploits. He begins with Ivan issuing marching orders, goes on to describe the battles, and pictures the czar at his court in Moscow receiving the news of Yermak's success.

ALL: LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

"The pious czar Ivan Vasilievich sent against them a strong troop of hi men with orders to kill . . . them and put to death the . . . leaders.

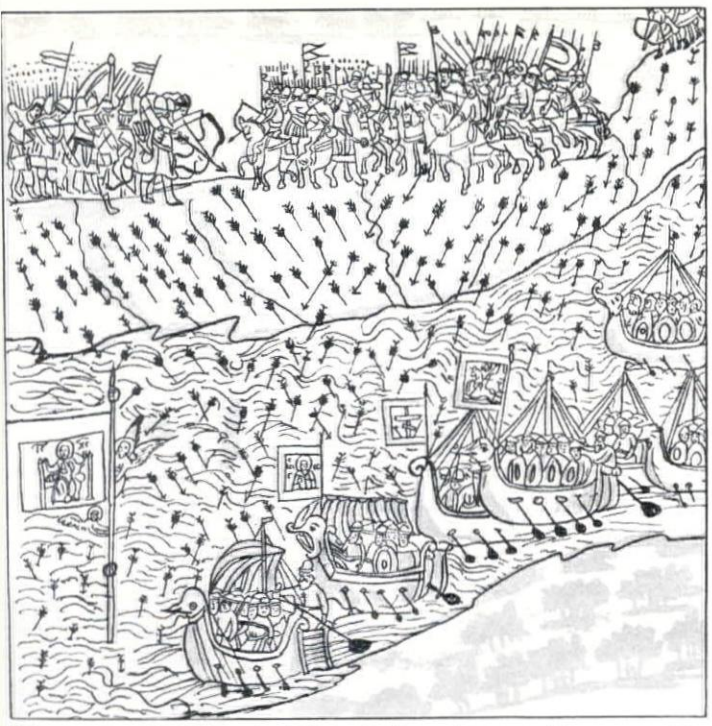
old-fashioned flintlock muskets, pikes, swords, battle-axes, and bows and arrows. Three small cannon were part of their original armament, but apparently these were too heavy to drag across the mountains and were abandoned. Each Cossack carried only three pounds of powder and three pounds of lead, together with his basic food supply of rye flour, oats, salt and biscuit, butter and—for every two men—half a salted pig's carcass.

The expedition headed up the Serebryanka River to the mountains. The going was slow because the Cossacks had to manhandle their craft over the shallows, and, furthermore, Yermak was relying on native guides in a territory where the Cossacks' reputation for ferocity had preceded them. One Cossack patrol was taken unawares and badly mauled by a war band of Voguls, one of the local tribes. Yermak and his men were still clambering up the western slopes of the Urals when cold weather caught them, and they were forced to build their winter camp and settle in.

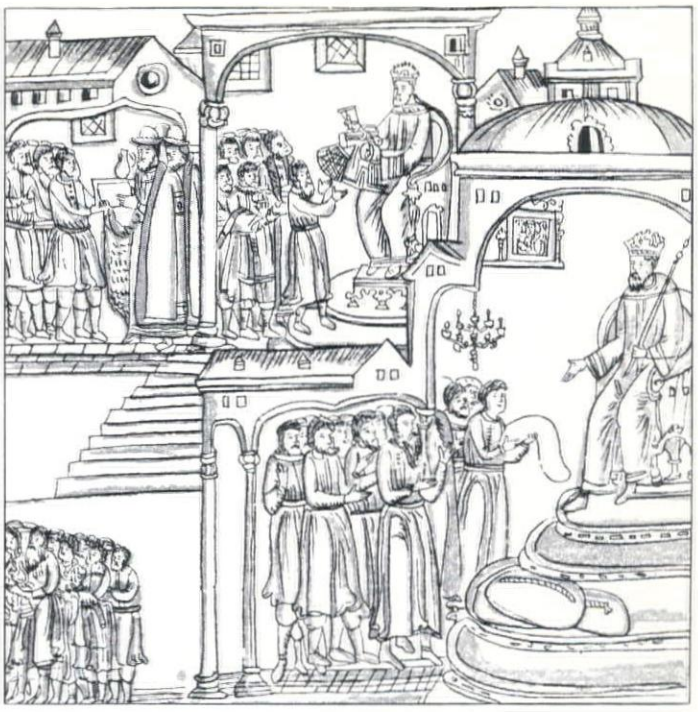
In the spring of 1580 the advance was renewed over the Ural ridge. By May Yermak's Cossacks had crossed the mountains by a newly found pass and reached the upper headwaters of the Tagil River, where they began to build rafts to take them into Siberia. Knowingly or not, Yermak was now on the point of taking advantage of Siberia's most convenient geographical feature: its great network of waterways. Three great rivers, the Ob, the Yenisei, and the Lena, run north and south. Each is shaped like a huge wishbone with a major tributary—the Irtysh joining the Ob, the Lower and Stony Tunguska rivers running into the Yenisei, and the Aldan into the Lena. Between these systems spreads a tracery of smaller tributaries separated by low, rolling hills, so that the traveler is able to transfer from one river basin to the next by easy portages. Thus Yermak's men could build and launch a boat on a mountain stream in the Urals, float down to the Ob, cross to the opposite bank and ascend another tributary as far as the head of navigation, and then cross the watershed to repeat the process in the next river basin. These expanded river systems cover almost the entire distance from the Urals to the Pacific. Indeed, in the farthest southeast they link with yet another wishbone river, the Amur, which flows past the borders of China to the sea. So when Yermak and his Cossacks set out on the Tagil they took the first step in a process that could bring them into every corner of north Asia.

It had taken the Cossacks severa weeks to build their rafts, start thei journey, and, once the water was dee enough, transfer to proper riverboats In the interval the Voguls of the area who were under Tatar domination, ha time to prepare an ambush. Yermak an his men were floating downstrean when, suddenly, they were met by flight of arrows. To the surprise of th Cossacks, a single volley from thei flintlocks was enough to terrify the na tives into flight, for the Voguls had ap parently had no experience of fightin against massed firearms. The Cossack promptly located and looted the Vogu camp before continuing downriver.

The Tagil led them into the Tura which, in turn, took them into th larger Tobol. There, near the rive junction and an old Tatar campsite Yermak set up his next winter camp from which the Cossacks could sall forth among the local tribes an demand the *yasak*, or fur tribute. It wa this yasak, the annual tax levied by th rulers of Siberia, that was to mak Siberia an El Dorado for the Cossacks The vast Siberian forests were fur-ric with sable, marten, fox, and squirrel and the harvest was beyond a poo man's dream. In Russia just two black



"The pagans shot from the hill at the boats innumerable arrows, like rain, but, saved by God, Yermak and his men sailed past this place."



"As the sovereign began to read and to hear that the kingdom of Sibir had been conquered and the khan defeated . . . he greatly rejoiced."

fox skins would sell for enough money to buy a new cabin, fifty acres of land, five good horses, ten cattle, twenty sheep, and a flock of chickens, and still leave more than half the capital sum. Little wonder, therefore, that Yermak's men went about terrorizing the Siberian natives into paying yasak with a ruthless efficiency that left the villages in smoking ruins and the local headman hanging by one foot from a tree.

That autumn, too, Yermak's luck turned. His scouts captured and brought to him one of Kuchum Khan's yasak gatherers, a Tatar chief named Kutugai. Yermak was able to get much useful information about Kuchum from the prisoner before releasing him unharmed and sending him back to his master dressed in a brightly colored Russian costume and loaded with gifts and compliments. The ruse was too flimsy to lull Kuchum's suspicions, and in May of the following year, when the rivers had unfrozen enough to allow Yermak's advance to continue, the Cossacks began to run into stiffer opposition. On the Tobol, Yermak's brigade was attacked by half a dozen Tatar princes, who were defeated only after a sharp skirmish, and at the hamlet of Berezov the Tatars sprang another ambush from the birch trees on the riverbank. Then, on July 16, 1581, Yermak's advance was brought to an abrupt halt by a heavy iron chain the enemy commander had slung across the river. It was Yermak's own boat, according to Cossack lore, that ran into the chain and was forced to turn tail, Yermak's crew rowing for their lives under a rain of arrows. Luckily he was far enough ahead of his main force to prevent it from blundering into the barricade as well. Since there was no question of breaking through the chain, Yermak decided to trick his opponents. When the boats had regrouped out of sight of the enemy, he put most of his Cossacks ashore with instructions to outflank the enemy position, while he himself led the boats in a feigned frontal assault. To deceive the enemy, Yermak had his men cut down bundles of birch poles, dress them in Cossack clothing, and arrange the dummies in the boats. The success of the trick became one of his legends: the Tatars, concentrating their fire on the boats, were smashed from the rear by Yermak's landing force and were utterly routed.

By now it was obvious to Yermak that he had pushed dangerously close to the heart of Kuchum's territory, and he advanced more carefully. For eight days, at the mouth of the river Tavda, he paused to rest his troops and learn more about Kuchum's position. From spies he heard that Kuchum was entrenching his capital at Sibir, the town from which Siberia was to take its name, and that Kuchum had summoned to his standard all allied tribes, including outlying bands of Voguls and Ostyaks. More important, the Siberian khan had ordered a defensive position prepared near the river Irtysh at a point overlooked by Mount Chuvash. Here the main Tatar army was assembling. Kuchum intended to draw the Cossacks out of the river to open ground, where his cavalry could be deployed. Years later, the legend arose that in the year of Yermak's great advance into Siberia the tribes living at the junction of the Ob and Irtysh saw every evening a small black hound appear from the west to meet a great gaunt white wolf from the east, and the two animals would fight on the riverbank. And every evening the small black hound drove the old wolf back into the forest.

So it was at the battle under Mount Chuvash. The contest lasted five days, and, it is said, Yermak's several hundred soldiers fought as many as ten thousand Tatar cavalry commanded by Kuchum's son and most experienced general, Mehmetkol. The blind khan himself

The warlike Mongolian Tatars

ALL: LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

"On the sixth day of August . . . Kuchum with a large number of warrior fell upon Yermak and his company as they were calmly sleeping."

The people whom the sixteenth-century Russians called Tatars were, in fact, several different but related groups, all of them descended from the tribe of Genghis Khan. In the drawing at right from the Remezov Chronicle, Kuchum Khan's Tatars, heavily armed, stage a midnight ambush of Yermak's camp. What ensued is not certain, but the chronicle says that Yermak tried to escape by riverboat and was drowned. His corpse (opposite, left) is found in the river; and the Tatars in a savage celebration (opposite, right) lay out the body and pierce it with arrows.

took up a vantage point on the slopes of the mountain so that he could hear from his accompanying nobles, the *mirzy*, of the progress of the battle. The contest was long and bloody, as the Cossacks hurled themselves again and again at the breastwork the Tatars had built, meanwhile warding off the counterattacks of the Tatar cavalry. Finally, near exhaustion, the Cossacks launched a grand assault, brandishing the standards of their saints and calling upon God to help them. An arrow storm felled so many of them that the Tatar defenders were encouraged to come out from behind their defenses to engage in hand-to-hand fighting. But under these conditions the firepower of the Cossack muskets began to tell, and the line of battle surged back to the Tatar breastwork. Kuchum's allies, the Voguls and Ostyaks, wavered, broke, and fled, and Mehmetkol himself was wounded. His departure in a small boat was a signal for the Tatar cavalry to turn and gallop away. On the mountainside, Kuchum, realizing that the battle was lost, rode with his escort back to Sibir to rescue his valuables.

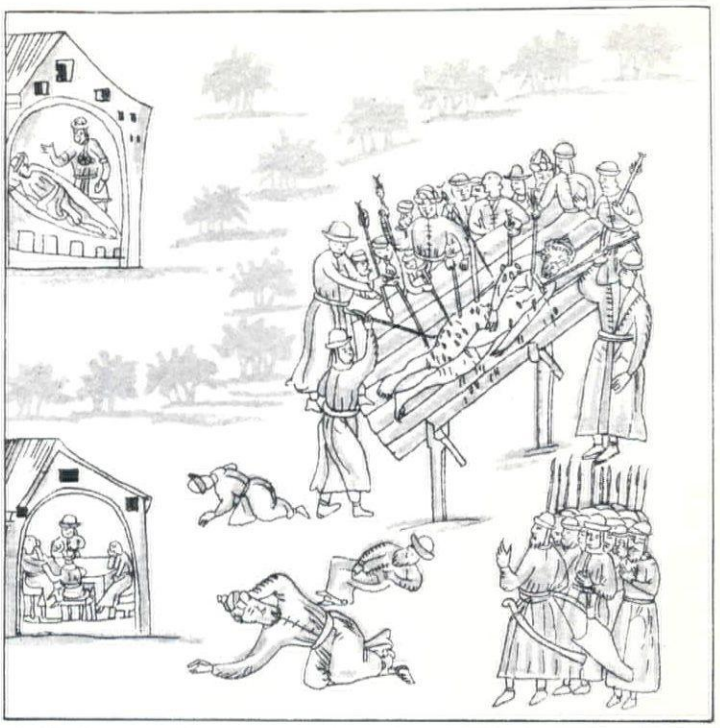
A few days later Yermak, at the head of his battered brigade, marched into a deserted Sibir. One hundred and seven Cossacks had lost their lives in the struggle to capture it. But Yermak found himself sorely pinched. He had routed his adversary but not killed him, and while Kuchum hid in the forests and recruited men for a counterattack the Cossacks were dangerously exposed. Many men had been lost, and the rest were weary and running short of munitions. Sibir made a poor winter camp, for Kuchum had stripped it of supplies, and, anyway, it was a modest place, little more than the houses of the khan's own retinue, defended on two sides by a wooden palisade while its other flanks were lapped by the Irtysh and a small tributary brook. Yet Yermak knew that retreat was out of the question. Winter would catch the Cossacks on the move, Kuchum's men would take heart if they heard that the Cossacks were in retreat, and the Siberian natives were likely to rise up and cut the stragglers to pieces. Moreover, there was nowhere for them to go. The Stroganovs would not be kindly disposed toward Cossacks stumbling out of Siberia in distress, and they were still unwelcome in Russia.

Yermak decided to cling to Sibir and boldly gambled on an appeal to the czar. He sent Kol'tso on an extraordinary winter march to the west. Traveling on snowshoes and with long, narrow sledges pulled by dogs and sometimes by reindeer, Kol'tso and a small escort carried a bold, almost impudent mes sage: Yermak was placing the con quered territories under the rule of th czar. With that news, as proof o Siberia's value he sent a magnificen tribute of fur—twenty-four hundre sable, twenty black fox skins, and fift beaver pelts.

In Moscow the reputation of th Siberian Cossacks could scarcely hav been lower. During their absence th Voguls and Ostyaks had taken to raid ing Russian territory, and the enrage and vindictive czar, now in the last yea of his life, had been writing impassione dispatches to the Stroganovs, accusin them of damaging his interests by allow ing the Cossacks to leave. He promise that unless they were recalled immedi ately he would order Yermak and hi atamans to be hanged and the Stro ganovs to be punished.

When Kol'tso arrived with his su perb gifts the czar's anger wa at its height. But the Siberia furs stunned the czar and his advisers The Cossack adventurers were turnin out to be loyal Russian empire builders The church bells of Moscow were run in celebration, special prayers of thanks giving were offered up, and at the pros pect of so much new wealth the czar or

"After drowning, Yermak floated up on the thirteenth day of August and his body was carried by the waters of the Irtysh to the riverbank."



"All who came thrust an arrow into Yermak's body, and blood issued afresh from the thrusts; birds flew around not daring to touch him."

dered the distribution of extra alms to Moscow's beggars. The Cossack messengers were given money and lodged at the czar's expense, and to Yermak the czar drafted a special message, praising his successes and granting him and all his followers a full and complete pardon. To seal his bond, Ivan promised to send a force of Russian Strelitzes under a voivode, or military governor, to relieve the hard-pressed Cossacks; and to Yermak himself Ivan dispatched a silver cup, two suits of body armor, and, from his own shoulders, a fur coat.

Meanwhile Yermak and his men, now numbering less than four hundred, were cut off from all outside contact. They were like people shut up in a darkened room who begin to lose track of time. The date of Sibir's fall became uncertain; all accounts agreed that it had been in October, but whether in 1582 or in 1583 nobody was sure. The march of seasons, the constant skirmishes with the Tatars, and the struggle to find food became all important. As Yermak strained to establish a degree of supremacy over the indigenous tribes, the Cossacks often treated them with unnecessary cruelty. If they refused to hand over their food caches or pay yasak, the Cossack scouts beat them or shot to maim. The Cossack reputation for ferocity built to such a pitch that in most villages it was enough to do a bit of target practice with the muskets or even to appear dressed in brightly colored clothes to persuade the terrified natives to deliver the yasak to them.

To have captured Kuchum's capital, Yermak learned, meant little. The enemy were nomads and the loss of Sibir did not cut the heart out of their resistance. The Tatars kept up constant pressure, circling Sibir and waiting for their chance. A party of some twenty Cossacks, fishing at Lake Abalak, was caught unawares by Mehmetkol. His Tatars killed all but one man, who escaped to take the news of the disaster to Sibir.

Once again Yermak showed how quickly he learned his lessons. He saw instantly that Siberia would be won only in quick raid and counterraid, and so he sent a flying column of sixty Cossacks to repay Mehmetkol. They located the Tatar camp and in a surprise night attack utterly defeated their enemy and took Mehmetkol prisoner. Yermak, hoping to use Mehmetkol as a pawn in negotiations with Kuchum, treated the Tatar prince handsomely. But Kuchum refused to negotiate, and Yermak sent Mehmetkol in chains to Moscow. Later the Siberian prince was to swear allegiance to the czar, and eventually he served as an officer in the Russian army.

By the time the czar's promised reinforcements finally arrived in Sibir, in the autumn of 1584, Yermak's Cossacks had subjugated most of the native tribes. But they were far from defeating the Tatars, and Cossacks on patrol were still being lost to Kuchum's raiders. Ironically, the arrival of Russian reinforcements produced the worst winter of all. Without enough food to feed the extra men, scurvy broke out in the stockade, the Russian voivode was one of the many men to perish, and the survivors took to cannibalism.

In the spring of 1585, Yermak's meteoric career blazed out as suddenly as it had begun. He decided to march south to consolidate his domains, and with fifty Cossacks began to probe along the Irtysh to locate new tribes and collect more yasak. He also hoped to rendezvous with a caravan that was rumored to be on its way from Bukhara to Sibir, a development that promised him a new supply route from the south. But the Bukharans never appeared. Instead Yermak stumbled unawares into his enemy. Never realizing that Kuchum's scouts had found him, Yermak made camp on the night of August 6 on a small

Siberian blockhouse, 1600's

Twelve miles from Sibir, the Tatar city that gave Siberia its name, Cossack followers of Yermak founded Tobolsk, at the junction of the Irtysh and Tobol rivers. As they pushed eastward, the Russians put up blockhouses like the one above that still stands in Yakutsk.

island near the mouth of the Vagay River, where it flows into the Irtysh. In a drenching rain the Cossacks never even heard Kuchum's warriors approach. The Tatar attack was a massacre. Most of the Cossacks were cut down before they were fully awake, and Yermak, clad in one of the coats of mail sent by the czar, had to batter his way through the Tatar ring. Then, according to legend, he ran for the safety of the Cossack boats. But, leaping out from the riverbank to the nearest boat, he fell short, plunged into the water, and was dragged down by the weight of his armor and drowned in the fast-running current.

In the confusion of battle the Tatars were not sure they had killed Yermak. It was only several days later that his corpse was found—and here begins a macabre tradition. A Tatar boy was fishing in the river when he caught sight of an object in the water. It turned out to be a man's foot, the body floating head downward. Drawing the corpse to the bank, the boy summoned the village elders. As they loosened the heavy armor, so the tale goes, fresh blood began to flow from Yermak's mouth and nose, though he was long since dead. Kuchum and his mirzy arrived, and when in a victory celebration they set up the corpse as a target and fired arrows into it, fresh blood poured once again from the wounds. Awed, the Tatars took down the corpse, which the carrion birds refused to touch, and gave Yermak's remains the solemn treatment the Siberian natives reserved for a dead bear. They held a feast to celebrate the passing of the hero's soul and then buried Yermak at the foot of a crooked pine tree on the bank of the river. The grave was declared a sacred place, and it was said that a ghostly blue light flickered over the spot at night. Some Tatars took to scraping earth from the grave to hang in small pouches round their necks. But most of them feared the grave, and over the years the spot was shunned, until Yermak's resting place was lost to memory.

On hearing of their leader's death, the Cossacks started a long retreat to the Urals, taking their spoils with them. Before they could cross back over the mountains, they met a second Russian army sent to relieve them, and together the Russians and the Cossacks slowly began to re-establish control over Yermak's old domain.

But this reconquest of Siberia was an altogether different campaign from Yermak's. The Cossacks now knew the terrain, and they had the memory of the heroic Yermak to urge them forward. Cossack ballads and stories were woven around his exploits, and in them Yermak took on a flesh-and-blood appearance no eyewitness had previously supplied. He became a man of colossal strength, broad-shouldered and compact, with a flat face, sharp brown eyes, and curly black hair. The accounts of his victories were supplemented by tales of his piety and devotion, of how he ordered his Cossacks to fast forty days before doing battle with the Moslem Tatars, of how, when his brigade first came to the place that was to be the site of Tobolsk, they saw an unearthly city rising before their eyes, with fine houses and a multitude of church steeples, and even heard ghostly church bells ringing in muffled joy.

The influence of Kuchum Khan, on the other hand, was sadly eroding. Some of his mirzy openly changed sides and pledged allegiance to the Russians; others tried to set up as independent princelings and were promptly gobbled up by the conquerors. Some Tatar nobles who foolishly accepted an invitation to a banquet at Tobolsk were disarmed by their Russian hosts and shipped off to Moscow, while their soldiers were hanged. Only Kuchum, like the white wolf of the legend, stayed free. With his family and a group of loyal followers, he withdrew to the borderlands to wage a bitter campaign of harassment until, in 1599, he was finally tracked down by a special force of Cossacks and Lithuanians led by renegade Tatars. They discovered Kuchum's camp, hidden in the marshes, and in a fearful battle killed two of his sons, six Mongol princes, ten mirzy, and one hundred and fifty of his last five hundred men. Another hundred were drowned as they tried to escape,

JOHN MASSEY STEWART

Yermak the warrior

HOWARD SOCHUREK

The oldest Russian city in Siberia is Tyumen, founded by Yermak in 1585. Today Tyumen is a major stop of the Trans-Siberian Railroad and has a branch of the state store, GUM, right. Farther east, at Irkutsk, a modern monument includes a bust of Yermak, above.

fifty more were taken prisoner, and eight of Kuchum's wives and five surviving sons were captured alive and sent to Moscow, where, draped in furs and scarlet cloaks and pulled on magnificent sledges, they made so grand an entry that the population turned out to cheer and stare at the once invincible Tatars.

Kuchum himself was spared these indignities. He escaped the massacre in the marshes and fled with his bodyguard, riding south to join the Nogai horde. But the Nogai remembered their dynastic feud and put to death the last independent khan of Siberia.

In Russia, from the day Kol'tso arrived in Moscow laden with Yermak's gifts for the czar, an attack of fur fever had been raging. Rumors spread that there were fabulous riches to be won in the east, and Russian adventurers began to pour across the Urals, either to join the Cossacks or to set up as *promyshlenniki*, private fur trappers and traders. The rewards were often immense, for the natives of the Yenisei proved to be so fur-rich that they lined their snowshoes with sable skins, and farther east there were tribes that thought it a great bargain to buy a copper caldron by filling it with as many fine sables as the pot would hold.

Behind the promyshlenniki came Russian government agents to build *ostrogi*, the garrison posts that commanded the waterways and tied Siberia firmly to Russian control. An ostrog was a lonely place, sometimes a month's journey from the nearest neighbor. Protected by a thirty-foot-high wall of logs, with a parapet for sentries and corner towers for cannon, it served as a dwelling place for the local commander, his detachment of troops, and an assortment of visiting peddlers, trappers, and Cossacks, as well as the government tax collector, watching over his monopoly of fur. They endured the floods and mire of spring, the mosquito swarms of summer, and the sudden frosts and gales of autumn. Then, in late November, came the notorious blizzards which forced even the reindeer-driving aborigines to lie down behind their animals, head to wind, for two or three days on end. Until early May the rivers were frozen solid, and in the ostrogi fresh milk, when it could be obtained, was sold by the chunk.

Yet within eighty years of Yermak's arrival all of Siberia was opened up. The Cossacks and promyshlenniki subjugated the reindeer-riding Chukchi, the pagan Tatars who worshiped the storm spirits of Lake Baikal, and the Tungus, who, because the ground never thawed, would sew the corpse of a fallen comrade in a bag of reindeer skin and hang it in a tree, along with the dead man's armor and a cooking pot, the whole assemblage mournfully clanking in the wind. Only when the Cossacks ran headlong into the mighty Chinese empire in the farthest east did they stop.

It had been a stunning display of European territorial adventure. Like the Spanish conquistadors before them and the French explorers of Canada who were to follow, the Cossacks represented a triumph of firearms over the bow and arrow and, more important, the success of a handful of audacious, self-confident men over entire native populations. But in Yermak the Cossacks had a unique symbol. He was a czarist outlaw transformed into a hero of Russian imperial destiny, a common man who became a great general, a river pirate made into an apostle of Christianity. Long after Yermak's death, when the Nogai horde planned war against the Kazaks, their mirzy wrote solemnly to the czar to ask to borrow Yermak's armor, which, they said, would bring them victory. And a hundred years after that, parties of Russians were still mounting expeditions to scour the Urals for the cave in which, according to legend, Yermak had cached his pirate's booty before he marched to conquer Siberia.

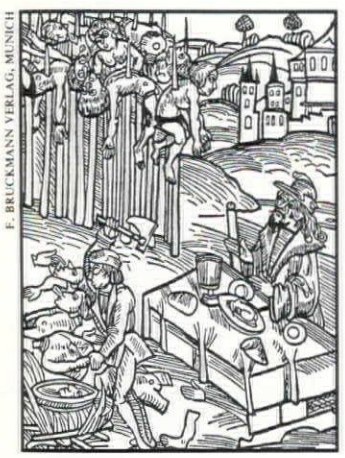
When last heard from, Timothy Severin, an English medievalist and adventurer, was sailing the North Atlantic in a thirty-six-foot-long Irish currach, as he thinks Saint Brendan could have done in the sixth century. This article is adapted from his forthcoming book, The Oriental Adventure, *published by Little, Brown.*

Dracula Returns

Or, vampirism as an antidote to the blues

Quite recently the peasants of Transylvania, a mountainous Rumanian province, discovered that they harbor a considerable tourist attraction. For the past few years visitors from the West have been coming round to inquire the whereabouts of Castle Dracula, home of the celebrated literary and cinematic vampire. The resulting confrontation between peasant and tourist is curiously ironic, a sort of mismeeting between a surviving folk culture and a thriving mass culture.

The Transylvanians know Dracula well. He is a national Rumanian hero, a fifteenth-century foe of the Turks and a heroic defender of the Christian faith. His name is Vlad, prince of Walachia, known locally as "the Impaler" for his cruelties, and as Dracula (son of the dragon) for the dragon emblem he bore



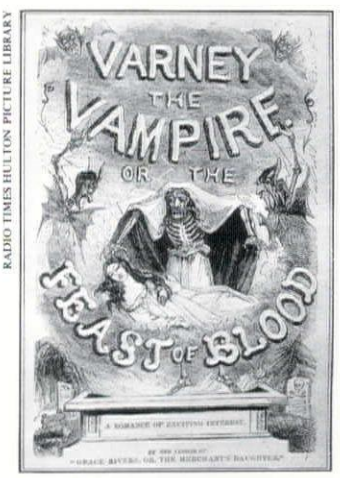
Prince Vlad the Impaler, or Dracula, lived up to his name.

on his battle flags. The peasants know many stories about the real Vlad Dracula but they never knew he was supposed to be a vampire. Until the tourists arrived, the local folk had never heard of Bram Stoker's novel *Dracula* and had never seen Bela Lugosi bid "welcome" to his latest victim.

That is only a minor irony. The deeper irony is that the visiting movie buffs do not actually believe in vampires, but the rural folk of Transylvania do. That a person might die and yet live on as a corpse, might sustain his corporeal "undeath" by sucking blood from the living is a fact of life in Transylvania, a fact attested to by parents and grandparents, by wise men and priests. To the Western visitor, a vampire is merely an artifact of the movies, supported by no folk memories whatever. In 1931, when Hollywood made its first Dracula film, the scriptwriters had to work in an explanation of vampirism for the benefit of American audiences. The vampire, in short, is at one and the same time a dying rural superstition confined chiefly to southeastern Europe and a twentieth-century reinvention that circulates around the world. Just how this circumstance came to be is more than a little puzzling.

As lurid superstitions go, vampirism has been less tenacious than many. Once, long ago, it could boast of near universality. Folklorists find the vampire legend in the chronicles of ancient Babylon, in India and China, in large segments of the primitive world. The ancient Greeks believed in vampires; it is thought to be one of the less reputable aspects of Mediterranean culture that the barbarians picked up when they began spreading over Europe. In the early Middle Ages, European chronicles were full of accounts of local people digging up corpses and impaling them to make sure they stayed dead. By the thirteenth century, however, the vampire legend seems to have disappeared for good from most parts of western Europe. Only in anarchic eastern Christendom did it survive and thrive, sanctioned and encouraged by the priests of the Orthodox Church, who preached that a person who dies excommunicate will live "undead" in his grave.

Most of the basic rules of vampirism, rules now familiar to every moviegoer, were elaborated in southeastern Europe: that a vampire will turn to dust when struck by the sun's rays; that a vampire will shun garlic and cringe in terror from an upheld cross; that he must be impaled through the heart to be killed; that his victims themselves become vampires; and so on.



Varney the Vampire *by one Thomas Prest caused a sensation when it appeared in 1847.*

That fellow Christians to the east lived in stark dread of vampire attacks was a fact well known in western Europe, but its impact was remarkably slight. One of the odder things about the vampire legend is the meager part it played in Western literary culture until, that is, the movie makers made it their own. The first vampire novel did not appear until 1819. It was the work of one John Polidori, a friend of both Byron and Mary Shelley. In 1847 a literary hack named Thomas Prest wrote the second vampire novel, *Varney the Vampire*. Alexandre Dumas wrote a vampire play. In 1872 Sheridan Le Fanu wrote a vampire short story. That pretty much covers the ground. Even in a century devoted to romantic fiction, horror

By WALTER KARP

ıles, and Gothic novels the vampire ·fused to take hold.

It is easy enough to see why. The vam- ire legend is a rude, *corporeal* sort of ıperstition, so absurd physically that it oes not seem to procure the necessary ıspension of disbelief. How could vam- ires get in and out of their graves? How ould swallowing blood keep their bod- :s alive? Witchcraft, psychic phenome- a, and ghosts at least have the merit of ıcorporeality. They have, so to speak, n acceptable place in the realm of pirit. But this clumsy Balkan explana- ion of disease (for that in large part is /hat the vampire provides) is hardly, on ts face, much more than another loomed sample of what Karl Marx alled "the idiocy of rural life." So, at ny rate, a thoughtful cultural observer night well have concluded as the nine- eenth century approached its close on a ıigh note of optimism, faith in progress, ınd industrial expansion.

History, as we know, has played cruel ricks upon nineteenth-century hopes ınd assumptions. In 1897, fifty years ıfter *Varney the Vampire*, a third vam- ıire novel made its appearance. Its au- hor was an Englishman named Abra- ıam "Bram" Stoker, private secretary ınd humble factotum to Sir Henry Ir- ing, the celebrated Victorian actor- nanager. Perhaps, as he saw his own life ıeing sucked away by the domineering Sir Henry, Stoker found in the vampire egend a lurid version of his personal ılight. In any event Stoker did some erious research into Rumanian folk- ore and effected the immortal marriage ıetween the Rumanian national hero ınd the Rumanian national superstı- ion. The result, of course, was *Dracula*, one of the most pop- ılar hack novels ever written. n the aristocratic figure of the :ount, deadly predator and ac- :ursed victim of death's fail- ıre to bring peace, Stoker cre- ıted the first, indeed the one ınd only, vampire to take a irm grip on the Western imag- nation. Dracula is *the* vampire of our time.

TOPIX

Bram Stoker

The question, inevitably, is, Why? Why on earth would the twentieth century suddenly find appealing an absurd and clumsy legend to which Western culture had been all but deaf since the age of Dante? Observers of popular culture, Edmund Wilson for one, link the popularity of horror films to periods of social disorder. That does not take us very far, but it is certainly true enough. What brought the vampire into mass culture was not Bram Stoker's novel itself, but the most traumatic single event in modern Western history, namely World War I, that monstrous, mechanical slaughterhouse of bodies and souls, of hopes and certitudes. Until the war, all Stoker's novel had accomplished was to bring the words "vampire" and "vamp" into currency. It was not until the war was over that Stoker's bloodthirsty count truly came into vogue, first as a popular play and then, with ten thousand times the impact, as the famous film starring Lugosi. From then on, the vampire was here to stay. The vampire, to quote the apt Quaker expression, "speaks to our condition," but what does it say?

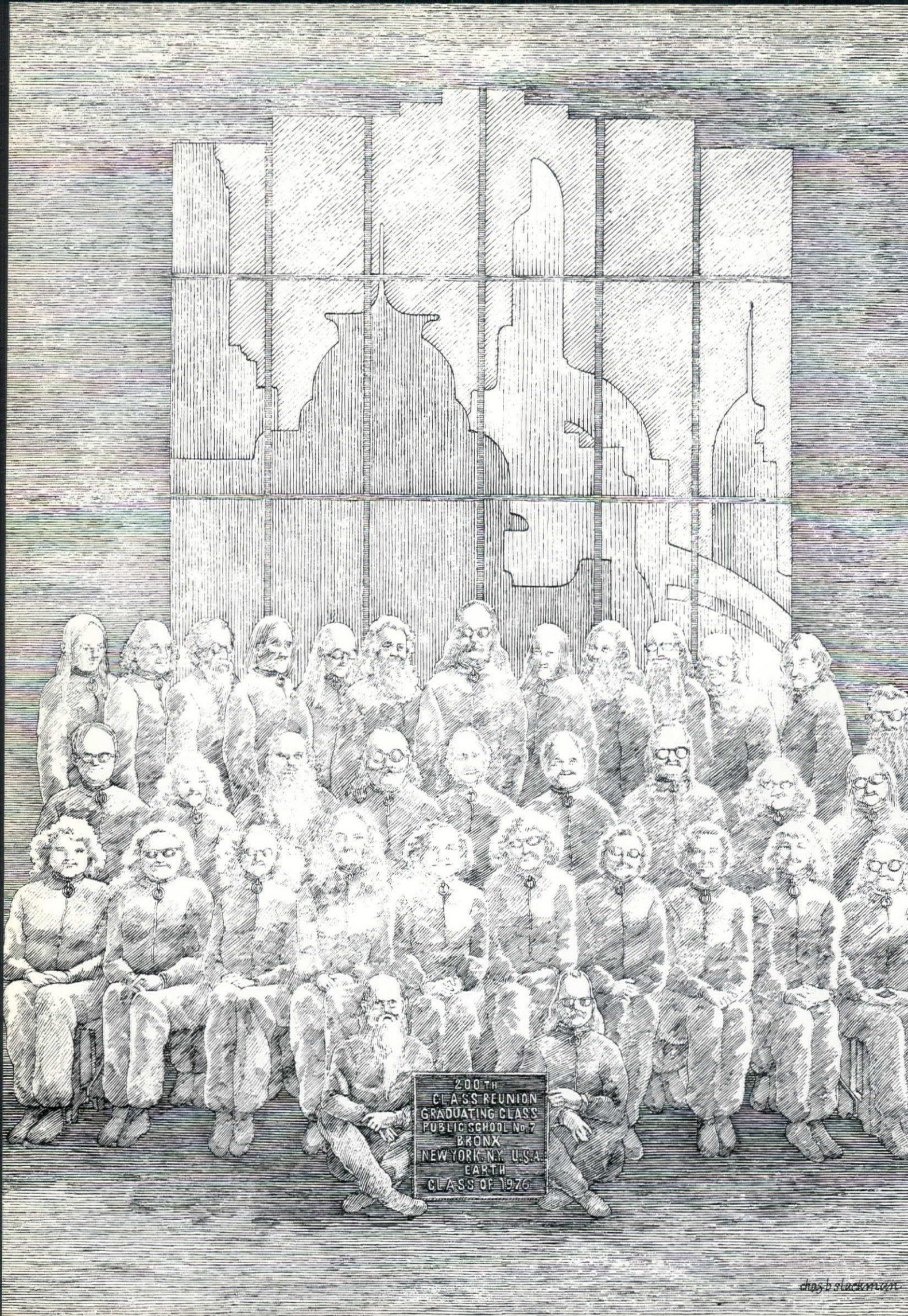
A contemporary writer of horror film scripts, Richard W. Dillard, has come closest, I think, to providing an answer. To Dillard, the vampire film is a modern-day version of the medieval morality play. Its moral purpose is to reconcile the viewer to death. The vampire cannot die and therefore represents, according to Dillard, mortality itself, gone awry and spawning horror. As the five-hundred-year-old count says, "There are far worse things awaiting man than death." The vampire film compels the audience to welcome death as a restoration of the natural order, the return of peace, and an end to horror.

Another standard feature of the vampire film is the character who secures the restoration. He is a middle-aged professor, deeply versed in the world's forgotten wisdom, about which the others scoff. He knows the ways of vampires, the uses of garlic, and the power of the cross. Wonderfully brave and dauntless, he is the true hero of every vampire movie, the only middle-aged bookworm to play the hero's role. When he holds up the cross and the count falls back in terror, who has not felt, at least once in his life, a genuine suffusion of joy and relief? The old lore and the scholar who remembers it have warded off unspeakable horror.

Such, according to Dillard, is the moral fable which the vampire film unfolds. The films themselves are often trashy and absurd, but the themes of nature deranged, of death as deliverance, of primitive lore as true knowledge are by no means trivial or silly. They reveal, I think, some aspects of the modern condition which might otherwise go unnoticed. We must feel that the natural order has indeed become deranged and untrustworthy. Weariness with life has bitten into our spirits. We would not applaud the magical power of the cross (albeit a little shamefacedly) if we did not yearn for older traditions destroyed by modern scientific knowledge. Doubtless most people do not feel this way most of the time. Yet if the odd revival of the vampire legend has any significance whatever, then it is equally true that not very long ago most people hardly felt this way at all.

BOTH: MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM STILLS ARCHIVE, NEW YORK

Stoker's Dracula *was the basis for a swarm of horror films, among them* Nosferatu, *a German silent (its vampire is at left), and the 1931 American classic with Bela Lugosi (he is at right, with friend).*


200TH
CLASS REUNION
GRADUATING CLASS
PUBLIC SCHOOL No. 7
BRONX
NEW YORK N.Y. U.S.A.
EARTH
CLASS OF 1976

Is There Life after Life?

Almost certainly so,
if the growing multitudes of anti-aging scientists have their way.
We had better be prepared
for the consequences of living to be 200 or so

Everyone born into the world follows a predictable course, unless his life is cut short by accident or disease. He develops to maturity, remains at a productive plateau for a number of years, then gradually declines, ages, and dies.

But not everyone does so at the same rate. A conspicuous minority remain vigorous longer than others. Consider, for example, Bertrand Russell, George Bernard Shaw, Margaret Sanger, Winston Churchill, Pablo Picasso, Albert Schweitzer, Marianne Moore, Konrad Adenauer, Grandma Moses, Wanda Landowska, Georgia O'Keeffe, Pablo Casals—all of them creative and productive in their eighties or nineties. Others not only remain vigorous in their later years, but live well past the century mark. Pockets of longevity have been reported in the Georgian Soviet Socialist Republic, in the Himalayan heights of Hunza in Kashmir, and among the Andean Indians of the Vilcabamba Valley in Peru and Ecuador.

Even in the United States some thirteen thousand men and women are more than one hundred years old. Of the 10 per cent over sixty-five, 86 per cent are afflicted with one or more of the chronic degenerative diseases. But few observers emphasize the reverse side of these statistics: that 14 per cent do *not* have these diseases. Though all old people eventually fall prey to deteriorative changes, many escape the major ravages of aging until they are very old indeed. Why is it that one man is bald and toothless twenty years sooner than his next-door neighbor? Does his neighbor just happen to be lucky, or is longevity somehow written into his genes?

COPYRIGHT © 1976 BY ALBERT ROSENFELD

Although we know of no organism—no person, no animal, no plant—that has lived forever, there exists in every organism an essential component, DNA, that does appear to "live forever," and in it we may one day find the clue to the riddle of aging. DNA, deoxyribonucleic acid, maintains headquarters in the nucleus of each living cell. It is millions of years old, yet it shows no signs of old age. As far as we know, DNA is the only organic substance in the universe that possesses the information to ensure its own virtual immortality through its unique ability to duplicate itself, again and again, almost without limit, as long as there are materials around from which it can make new copies of itself.

It is as if DNA used *us* to keep *itself* going. It discards individuals as blithely as a snake sheds its successive skins, and simply continues its own life in the next generation. We like to think that *we* use DNA, but one might just as readily speculate that the purpose of human life is to perpetuate DNA.

We take it as natural law that the outcome of every lived-out life must be aging and degeneration as precursors of death. But scientists have demonstrated in the past that even natural laws are subject to human amendment once we learn how they work. Now that we have begun to fathom DNA's game, perhaps we can learn, by manipulating the genetic information, to use our new knowledge to gain some measure of immortality for ourselves—to use DNA rather than permit ourselves, passively resigned to our fate, to be used by it.

A number of experiments in recent years have suggested convincingly that there is nothing absolute about the preordained end of life. If you restrict the diet of rats during early development to almost a semistarvation (though still nutritious) level, you extend their life spans. If, by a surgical procedure called parabiosis, you hook an old rat up to a younger one so that the two share a common blood circulation, as Siamese twins do, the older rat lives considerably longer than his unhooked-up littermates. An old cockroach, similarly hooked up to a young roach, will regain its youthful capacity to regenerate severed limbs.

If you feed antioxidant compounds to mice or suppress the activity of their immune systems in certain circumstances, you retard the rate of aging. If you lower the temperature of certain cold-blooded creatures, they live longer.

If you transplant skin cells from an aging animal to a younger one of the same species; then, as that one ages, retransplant the skin to another young one; and so on in serial fashion, the transplanted cells will outlive their original donor by a wide margin. If you add certain ingredients to the culture medium of human cells in tissue culture, these cells will likewise live longer than they otherwise would.

There is a rare childhood disease called progeria in which the victim, afflicted by an accelerated aging process, shows many signs of premature senes-

By ALBERT ROSENFELD

cence in early childhood and dies of apparent old age in his teens. If the aging process can thus be speeded up by accident, can it be slowed down by design?

The evidence is growing that it can. In hundreds of laboratories around the world there is an increasing sense of optimism based not just on hope but on rigorous experimental work. Not all the research comes under the formal label of gerontology. Much of it is basic biochemistry and genetics, immunology and microbiology, cell culture and molecular biology, neurophysiology and endocrinology.

If this optimism turns out to be warranted, as I think it almost certainly will, we will not for long be able to ignore the primary ethical question implied by the new biological possibilities: *should* we tamper with the aging process?

Many people argue that we should not. In this brash scientific era, we have been cavalier about interfering with the natural order. Few people have qualms about applying medications, surgery, or biotechnology that promises to cure, prevent, or ameliorate the discomfort of the sick and injured. There is much more hesitation, however, at the prospect of trying to extend human life, for is it not right that a person should die at his appointed hour? Even gerontologists, the very scientists who are most interested in lengthening the human life span, like to cite the story of Tithonus, the mythological prince of Troy.

Tithonus was loved by the goddess Eos, who persuaded Zeus to grant him immortality. She forgot, however, to ask for youth and strength to go with the added years. Though godlike in his immortality, Tithonus was as subject to senescence as any mortal. He grew old, feeble, utterly miserable, wishing for death but condemned to go on living. It was for him that Tennyson wrote the lines: "And after many a summer dies the swan/Me only cruel immortality/Consumes. . . ."

The theme of immortality as a curse persists through the centuries—as evidenced, for example, in the eternally senile Struldbruggs encountered by

Gulliver on Luggnagg. Gerontologists have no interest, of course, in turning us into a race of Tithonuses or Struldbruggs. What they seek to extend is not senility but the vigorous years of life.

Nonetheless, many people feel uneasy about the notion of extreme longevity. A few years ago, at Southern Illinois University, I was at a meeting of the Committee for the Future. Our assignment was grandiose: to set, for the next twenty years, goals and a program by which the human species could move toward solving some of its problems. As coordinator of the biological task force, I reported that one high-priority goal we had set was the conquest of old age and extension of the human life span.

Hands went up all over the place.

The first to speak was a clergyman. "Many of my parishioners," he said, "are bored with life at forty. I spend a lot of my counseling time trying to give people a reason for getting up the next morning and just making it through the day. Until we can make it worth people's while to live for seventy years, it seems pointless to try for a hundred and seventy. I would think that extending the human life span would be one of our *lowest*-priority goals—if indeed we should undertake it at all at this time."

As this clergyman knew, longevity does have consequences. If we were all to live a thousand years, the consequences would be so far-reaching as to exceed our present ability to imagine them. Those who have most energetically tried to imagine them are, of course, the science-fiction writers. Robert Heinlein has succeeded in conjuring up a number of tolerably livable futures. But in Alan E. Nourse's story "The Martyr," for example, many of the long-lived characters have a hard time accomplishing anything. Under the euphoric influence of knowing that they always have plenty of time, they never need to hurry. A research team preparing to launch a large spaceship is constantly on the verge of completing the project; but then someone sees a way to make the ship, and the mission, a little more perfect and—since there is plenty of time—why not? So they tear everything apart and start over again, and never get the ship launched at all.

Some writers have imagined scenarios in which the human race becomes much less adventurous, in which that long stretch of life becomes so precious that its beneficiaries are obsessed with mere survival. In "The Man in the Asbestos Suit," Stephen Leacock envisions a once-great city, several centuries hence, where no one ever dies of anything but accident or injury. Everyone goes around in an asbestos suit and spends all his time concentrating on not having an accident.

Such imaginings suggest some crucial questions. If people lived longer, would we prize life more—or less? Would we be more easily bored—or less so? Would we be happier, more creative, more "human" (whatever we think that means)? Would we be kinder—or more ruthless? Would we more readily accept death—or would we fight it more bitterly? The Cambridge philosopher Bernard Williams points out in *Problems of the Self*, "Death is said by some to not be an evil because it is not the end, and by others, because it is." Williams himself declares that immortality would be intolerable, but he does concede that it might be nice to live longer. How much longer? He would elect to die "shortly before the horrors of not doing so became evident." Our character and temperament, our social attitudes and

ethical standards, would partly depend upon how satisfactorily we managed the population problem.

"It has been calculated," writes Dean Juniper in *Man Against Mortality*, "and this gives us an idea of the extraordinary capacity of geometrical increase, that if life had been unnegated from the beginning, that is, if it had not been accompanied by death, we should now be part of a solid ball of flesh expanding into the universe at a speed approaching that of light." If people stay around for longer periods of time instead of dying off on the old schedules, they will fail to make room for new arrivals. Thus, the birth rate that produces zero population growth in the 1970's will not do so in a long-lived society. Furthermore, people who remained alive and vigorous longer would continue to consume the earth's resources through all those added years and therefore use them up at an accelerated rate. They would also continue to produce wastes and garbage, thus also accelerating the rate of planetary pollution.

Moreover, if the new breed remains physiologically young for many years, reproductive periods will be lengthened, so that they may want to go on producing children far beyond the usual cutoff point. The day might well arrive when prospective parents would be required to apply for a license to have a child—and, in order to do so, would have to wait for a vacancy. Enforcing such a requirement would, of course, be fraught with difficulties. If a state licenses any activity, it feels authorized to inquire into the qualifications of the applicants. In this case, the state would no doubt be interested in the quality of the potential offspring.

Thus the family would become politicized. After all, if society is going to add only a few new children in each generation, its leaders will want to be very selective. Under these conditions, children should be especially prized, well cared for, nurtured, and educated not merely by their own parents but by everyone. Yet the strict, compulsory birth limitation would mean disqualification from parenthood, and perhaps enforced sterilization, for many people adjudged to be "unfit," or merely insufficiently perfect. Most of us might fail the admission requirements to such a society.

In *The Wanting Seed* Anthony Burgess suggests that in order to achieve population control homosexuality might be encouraged. The rulers of the brave new society may well decide that sexual intercourse is no longer the ideal means for human propagation. They may opt for in vitro fertilization of selected donor eggs and sperm, perhaps prefrozen, the cloning of cells taken from preselected individuals, and the use of other advanced procreative biotechnologies. In what form, then, would the family survive? Would children be reared by the state or community rather than by individual parents? Which human qualities might be lost, and which gained?

But one need not look so far into the future. Extended life would have an immediate and profound impact. Suppose that only a modest number of vigorous years have been added to the average person's life. What would happen to social security programs, retirement benefits, insurance commitments, all of which are set up to make payments for a limited time? Think of the Veterans Administration budget if war veterans went on collecting indefinitely. Each working generation would be supporting several generations of retired people simultaneously.

Young people look to the day when their elders will step down and retire from active competition. They wait their turn, not always too patiently, for jobs, status, inheritance. But in a society where old people not only lived longer but were hardly distinguishable from the young in vigor and appearance, new hopes and opportunities would arise, and new frustrations and resentments would come into being.

If a sixty-five-year-old expected to remain vigorous and healthy for, say, another sixty-five or more years, current retirement policies would probably have to be changed. Healthy old people might be unwilling to give up either their possessions or their positions. The longer they lived, the less willing they would be. The power and wealth they might accumulate over a long lifetime would be formidable.

If people begin to think of themselves as their own heirs, how will they feel about their children? If people no longer need to worry about growing ill and weak, will they continue to cherish their progeny? If they can carry on their own names and images indefinitely, what need will there be for others to carry them vicariously?

A limit might have to be placed on life spans—or, at least, on the length of time a person would be permitted to spend on earth. Death control would go hand in hand with birth control. An upper limit of, say, two hundred or three hundred years might be set, after which a person might have a choice of going to live in orbit, or on another planet or asteroid, if space were available out there, or else having his life terminated.

Would people be any readier to depart after two or three centuries of life than they now are after three score and ten years? We have no way of knowing. For those reluctant to go, would there be an automatic death sentence? Could we bring ourselves to carry out the death penalty when the condemned had done no wrong, was still in the prime of life, and still wanted to live?

If we permitted the deliberate murder of healthy people in full possession of their faculties, how might we feel about the retarded, the crippled, the imperfect? Would we begin to think about eugenics and want to put these unfortunates "out of their misery"? Preventing hypothetical people from being conceived and born is not the same as putting existing individuals to death, and we place our humanity in jeopardy when we contemplate such measures.

Some strange relationships might develop between the short-lived and the long-lived. And there might be objections to permitting people to age and die

in the old way on the grounds that they would thus be unproductive and, moreover, represent an unfair drain on society's medical and custodial resources. In such a society, would people turn away from "ugly old people" even more than they do now? Now, at least, we see in old people our future selves and therefore look upon them with sympathy.

In a long-lived society all human relationships would change—including working arrangements, personal friendships, doctor-patient relationships, political associations, religion, sexual and romantic relationships, marriage and parenthood. We can count on many more changes coming about through new biotechnological options. We will possess a variety of interim biomedical strategies for delaying death, such as the successful transplantation of donor organs, the implantation of artificial parts, perhaps the growth of organs in vitro and their regeneration in vivo, and surely the control of immunological disorders, cancer, and the degenerative diseases—and ultimately for overcoming senescence and prolonging the life span. We may develop a large measure of control over our brains, enlarging their capacities enormously—through, for instance, biofeedback, cybernetics, and brain-computer communications.

We will have at our command an armamentarium of procreative biotechnologies, each with its accompanying risks and benefits: antenatal diagnosis and therapy and the whole range of birth control techniques—control of both fertility and infertility, artificial insemination, artificial enovulation, frozen egg and sperm banks, ova and ovary transplantation, superovulation, in vitro fertilization and in vitro gestation, cloning, genetic engineering, gene transplants, and gene therapy. We may well be in control of all the basic mechanisms of all life's processes, and thus trustees of our own evolution.

Are we ready to take on such awesome responsibilities? Can we really hope to maintain precious human qualities in such a world? Do we not need a constant infusion of "fresh blood" and young minds to help us cope with the challenge of changing circumstances? Would we not all become rigid, stultified, "set in our ways," desirous of preserving what makes us comfortable? Would we cease to be creative and thus be incapable of social evolution?

And what of our biological evolution? Could it proceed if death were indefinitely postponable and the turnover of generations (with fewer members in each) were to slow down? How could the species continue to evolve, or even to survive, in the face of environmental modifications if there were so few births that mutations rarely took place?

Even a superficial look at such dilemmas is enough to make many people hold their heads in alarm and holler, "Good heavens, haven't we got enough problems already? Let's not do it!"

Well, should we or shouldn't we?

I have many misgivings about pushing ahead with an anti-aging program We are pressed upon from all sides by a multiplicity of concerns like pollution and overpopulation. Nonetheless, small increases in the good years of individual lives will not greatly aggravate these problems. They are of such magnitude, and such immediacy, that they must be dealt with and solved long before the gerontologists have stirred their ingredients into the mix.

Moreover, not all the ingredients will necessarily be troublesome. Some may, indeed, provide substantial side benefits. One of them might be motivation. We may suddenly find it much easier to care about what happens to posterity if we ourselves were to *become* posterity. If we have a good chance of finding ourselves still on the scene to suffer the consequences of pollution, overpopulation, and bungled statesmanship, we might try to avoid those consequences. Owners or even long-term tenants take better care of their houses than transients do. Even those who care only for profits might take a different view of pollutants shooting up from smokestacks, of effluents being discharged into rivers, of oceanic oil spills, of pesticide poisoned wildlife, if it were their own air, drinking water, food, resources health, and comfort that were being endangered. We might become impatient with delays and dawdling—the exact opposite of Nourse's eternal procrastinators.

Any forecast of human behavior is problematical, but I think Stephen Leacock's "Man in the Asbestos Suit" is much too gloomy. I doubt that men and women will ever lose their sense of adventure. I am convinced that most of today's human values, our traditional sense of what is right and good versus what we feel is wrong and evil, will still serve us well in any future we envision—except those that are totalitarian.

It is virtually inevitable that anti-aging research programs will proceed, and that they will succeed. We will surely pursue the necessary lines of research for all the usual scientific and medical reasons. We do not know nearly enough about either the organism we inhabit or the diseases and impairments that afflict it, and we will hardly abandon biomedical research. The bundle of biological information that we need to understand life, to cure genetic diseases and defects, to discover the cause and cure of cancer and the secrets of immunology, to overcome the major degenerative disorders is the same bundle of information that will reveal the mechanisms of the aging process. We might as well accelerate success by deliberately seeking the gerontological answers, too.

Most of the varieties of biological control we have discussed connote the manipulation of ourselves from the outside, or at least with outside assistance. But we should not overlook the many new opportunities that exist for extended and life-enriching experiences from within ourselves. As George Leonard writes in *The Transformation*, "Any decisive outward movement of human consciousness requires an equal and opposite movement to greater depths. In the long run, there can be no successful outer trip without an inner trip." One revelation of the inner trip: "We are

strange and radiant creatures, flesh of the sun's flesh, most favored visible heirs of the primal consciousness." In this book of Leonard's, and those that preceded and followed it, he offers some luminous depictions of what life can be. Leonard describes a diversity of transcendental experiences, which, he emphasizes, are for the masses of people, and thus democratic rather than aristocratic. Moreover, he insists, "There can be the same sort of awareness in every daily situation. Walking can become an exercise in blending with the motion and stillness, the fields, of all surrounding objects. Every human interaction can partake of the essence of being. Each chore can be totally involving. Under these conditions, what we call 'boredom' is impossible."

The potential splendors of the upcoming era, even without "the immortality factor," have been delineated in shimmering terms by recent philosophers and sages all the way from Pierre Teilhard de Chardin to Sri Aurobindo. Leonard has called this period just ahead The Transformation; I have called it Genesis II; Kenneth Boulding —in *The Meaning of the Twentieth Century*—labeled it "post-civilization" (to be inhabited, perhaps, by Sir Julian Huxley's "trans-humans"); Jonas Salk has given it a name that may have the best chance of sticking—Epoch B, in contrast with Epoch A, denoting all of human history until now.

But many people would quite happily settle for more of the same kind of life they have, especially if endowed with reasonably good health and adequate means. To have time to travel everywhere, and go back again and again to favorite places. To go on learning—new skills, new sports, new languages, new musical instruments. To undertake a variety of careers and a diversity of relationships, for some, perhaps, a diversity of marriages. To read everything, listen to all the music, look at all the paintings. To savor and resavor experience and arrive—not at boredom—but at new levels of appreciation. To be around long enough to use one's talents.

We hope that people who live longer will become wiser, that their continued vigor will keep them thinking freshly and creatively, that the mature person —no longer prey to anxiety over his failing powers—will be anxious instead to ensure the future of his species.

The definition of that species, as Leonard suggests, might be expanded to include all life on earth—at least until life is discovered elsewhere. "Up to now," writes Leonard, "death has served as a primary mechanism of evolution, from the lower organisms up through humankind in society. . . . When the time comes—as it may well be coming—that individual human organisms can truly change and go on changing in ways that now seem hardly possible, when they can create and go on creating ever-changing cultures, then death will have lost its function where human evolution is concerned."

We know that most mutations are deleterious and only a minority contribute to positive evolution; and employing nature's clumsy, trial-and-error method, individuals sicken, suffer, and die in large numbers in order that the species may adapt and survive through the vicissitudes of environmental change. In the age of longevity, with genetic engineering at our service, perhaps we could create our own mutations with greater efficiency and incalculably less human misery (though of course we could cause incalculably more if we used our knowledge foolishly). Hence we would have no further need of the built-in fail-safe mechanisms we have called aging and death.

Who can predict how much a longer-lived person might achieve? Not only could he learn more facts and skills, but one of his highest talents might be creative mythologizing. We are in constant need of myths to live by, as Joseph Campbell, among others, has tirelessly emphasized—not fanciful stories to accept on faith, but rather a *likely* myth to believe in because it fits the knowledge we possess. It is not unreasonable to hope that such human seers might even provide us with political solutions to which our present limitations blind us. A new breed could arise who, merely by virtue of their longevity, through the acquisition of a steadily maturing wisdom and expanding awareness, would be worthy trustees of our further evolution to a destiny of our own choosing.

Our species is at a critical transition point. To fear the consequences of knowledge would be the surest road to disaster. We do not begin to know all we need to know. Why not take up, with some anticipatory exhilaration, the challenge of pursuing whatever path may bring us to our full humanhood?

I have talked rather glibly about controlling our own destiny and moving on to the next stage of evolution. But I would certainly prefer to see us postpone any hasty moves to that next evolutionary phase, which we can at best only dimly perceive, until we have firmly consolidated our present phase. We must learn to be truly human before we can aspire to be trans-human, or even to understand with any clarity what that means. To become truly human, however, will still require that we transcend our present selves in ways that will demand all the courage, compassion, imagination, good sense, and good cheer that we can muster. And the mustering of those resources would, I think, be considerably enhanced by the addition of good years to good lives.

Albert Rosenfeld is an adjunct professor at the University of Texas Medical Branch in Galveston. This article has been excerpted from his book Prolongevity, *which Knopf will publish in October.*

NERO, Unmaligned

Remembered for his excesses and little else, the eccentric emperor was a discriminating patron of the arts, a keen judge of men, and—while Rome burned—an energetic fire fighter

Gnaeus Domitius Ahenobarbus was a human beast. He once slaughtered a servant merely for refusing to drink as much as he was told. Driving on the Appian Way, he deliberately whipped up his horses to run over a child. When someone criticized him in the Forum, he gouged out the man's eyes on the spot. In A.D. 37 he was brought before the emperor Tiberius on charges of treason, adultery, and incest; only Tiberius's unexpected death saved him. About the one respectable thing he did was to marry a princess of the royal blood, Agrippina, a great-granddaughter of Augustus himself. He had one child by her, a boy whom they named Lucius Domitius; history knows him as the emperor Nero.

Nero's mother was a match for his father in cruelty, but in her it was disciplined by a calculating intelligence and cloaked by ostentatious deportment as a proper Roman matron. Her husband died in A.D. 40. Agrippina played her cards with such consummate skill that within nine years she had become the fourth wife of the emperor Claudius, despite his sworn resolve never to marry again (he had executed his third for publicly cuckolding him). A few months after the wedding Agrippina talked her new husband into adopting Nero, even though he had a son and two daughters of his own by previous marriages. In the ensuing years she manipulated the emperor into giving Nero all the outward

In a layered onyx cameo of the first century, the profile of Nero's mother, Agrippina (left, behind her husband Claudius and facing her parents), suggests both canniness and strength —characteristics that were Nero's, too, and are captured in the Roman bronze opposite.

marks of preference, and in 53 she engineered the boy's marriage to Octavia, one of Claudius's daughters. Then, in 54, when her husband dropped dead—she had fed him a dish of poisonous mushrooms, so the rumors said—she got the troops of the palace guard to acclaim Nero as the successor.

And so a sixteen-year-old youth suddenly found himself heading an empire whose lands stretched from Gibraltar to the Syrian desert, from Britain to the Sahara, and whose subjects ran the gamut from primitive tribesmen to the highly civilized inhabitants of the ancient centers of Greece and the Near East. He was an absolute autocrat. His power rested, in the first place, on an army whose loyalty his predecessors had carefully secured, and, in the second, on the good will of Rome's multitudinous subjects to whom his predecessors had promised and furnished decent government. However, he was obliged to make it look as if he were but a partner in power, as if he shared the rule with the members of Rome's aristocracy who sat in the traditional governing body, the senate. This was a bit of theatre which, though it fooled nobody, for form's sake had to be maintained. Augustus, the founder of the Roman Empire, had devised the arrangement, and the elderly Tiberius and Claudius had kept it up, though with nowhere near his success, since they lacked his gift for public relations. In between was the brief reign of the young whippersnapper Caligula, who was clear-eyed enough to see that a Roman emperor was little short of a god on earth but not clear-headed enough to realize he dare not act like one; he treated the senate with contempt—and was assassinated within four years.

However, Nero was no Caligula. What is more, he had some of the best brains in the nation at his side to guide him during his apprenticeship. Since the age of eleven he had been the pupil of Seneca, the philosopher and moralist; Seneca was now promoted from tutor to confidential assistant in the administration of the empire. One of Agrippina's adroit moves in paving the way for her son's elevation to the purple had been to get in her own man, Sextus Afranius Burrus, as head of the palace guard; he

By LIONEL CASSON

was made a high-level administrator and turned out to be a particularly able one. And then, at least in the beginning, there was Agrippina herself, the canniest politician in Rome, to keep the boy from any missteps.

The first five years or so of Nero's reign were, by all accounts, an unqualified success. His enemies—practically everything we hear about Nero comes in one way or another from his enemies—claimed that it was his advisers who were responsible for the operation of the government, and that the young emperor frittered away his time in frivolities and degeneracy. No doubt Seneca and Burrus did a great deal, but in many a key area Nero made his own contribution. He had a vast charm and an inborn sense of courtesy, gifts that helped him maintain harmonious relations with the stiff-necked senate, eternally resentful of their loss of power. He had a knack for selecting competent subordinates, and this resulted in the choice of a fine administrator for the city of Rome. His keen intelligence produced reforms in the law and the system of taxation (although a visionary proposal of his to abolish all indirect taxes and customs within the empire proved too heady for Rome's commercial interests).

Even in the quicksands of foreign policy he did well. He had inherited two troubling areas, Britain and the Near East, and he handled both with outstanding success, in good part because of the way he had of picking the right men for his jobs. Rome had invaded Britain in A.D. 43, during the reign of Claudius. A program of pacification followed, and this seemed to be going ahead without snags. Then, in 61, a revolt headed by a redoubtable native queen, Boudicca, exploded, the Roman forces that rushed to stop her were cut to pieces, her men massacred tens of thousands of Romans and other settlers, and the whole Roman position on the island hung by a thread. Nero's military appointee, however, kept his nerve and managed to save the day. At just the right moment Nero replaced him with a man whose talents lay in administration

Nero's mother, Agrippina

First wife, Octavia

Second wife, Poppaea

His mentor, Seneca

Nero disliked the brutality of the gladiatorial games, but to retain his power he was quick to arrange a murder or demand a suicide. He brought about the deaths of all the above members of his family and inner circle—and more.

rather than leading troops, and Britain gave the emperors no further trouble for more than three centuries.

Beyond Rome's eastern border lay the only nation strong enough to be a political rival to Rome, Parthia. A century earlier Rome had tried war—and left the field licking her wounds. Augustus, astute and practical, settled for diplomacy, and that worked well enough for a time. However, when Nero ascended the throne, it had lost its effect; that year the Parthians invaded Armenia, which Rome up to then had carefully maintained as a buffer state. Nero's solution was to appoint as commander in chief of the forces in the area a certain Gnaeus Domitius Corbulo and leave it to him to rectify matters. Corbulo, a martinet of the old school, drilled and drilled his men into Rome's best fighting force, and by the year 60 he had the Parthians out and Armeni back in the hands of a local king.

No doubt about it, the young rul was bright and able. Yet certain thing about him gave people pause—his arti tic and cultural interests, for exampl Nero was a passionate devotee of litera ture and music: he composed vers acted parts from Greek tragedy, and a siduously listened to the lyre-playing the greatest virtuoso of the day. The were not qualities one looked for in Roman, least of all a Roman chief state. Even worse, Nero was distres ingly cavalier about doing what was e pected of an emperor, such as maintai ing a grave demeanor, taking an intere in army matters, and watching gladi tors spill each other's blood.

And there were disturbing indicatio that he was, after all, the son of his f ther. With a gang of kindred spirits, h used to roam the streets at night inco nito, having a wild time housebreakin looting, raping, and mugging passer by. During one of these escapades h career was all but cut short when h barely missed being clobbered to dea by a resolute husband who stood h ground to defend his wife.

It was Nero's relations with h mother that revealed once and for all th Mr. Hyde that this charming, youthf Jekyll had within him. Agrippina, ha ing won a crown for her son, settle down to enjoy pulling the strings fro behind the throne. Nero quickly disco ered how strong-willed a partner power his mother could be, and equal quickly decided that there was no reas he had to put up with her. He neatly c her out of all official business and r moved one of her most useful tools, th minister of finance (replacing him with man so able that four subsequent em perors retained him in office—yet a other instance of his gift for pickin subordinates). And when Octavia, th dutiful princess to whom Agrippina ha married Nero, turned out to be unab to handle the imperial sexual appetite, took on as mistress one of his servants freed slave, thus thumbing his nose his mother and court propriety. Agri

pina flew into a rage and let it be known that she was thinking of taking up the cause of her stepson, whose claims to the succession were as good as Nero's, maybe better. This was a serious blunder. In 55 the emperor eliminated this rival—the story given out was that the boy had died of an epileptic fit—stripped Agrippina of her bodyguard, and moved her out of the palace.

For three years she managed to steer clear of danger, until Nero met Poppaea, the *femme fatale* of the day. The new inamorata was no mere slave: she belonged to one of Rome's best and most wealthy families, and being Nero's mistress was not enough for her. But Nero was still married to Octavia, and Agrippina, though she willy-nilly had to stomach her son's liaisons, would under no circumstances swallow a divorce. In 59 Nero settled matters by committing his second bloody crime: he killed his mother. The murder, of course, had to look like an act of god, and the scheme he thought up reveals yet another facet of the man, his fascination with mechanical devices. He concerted with the admiral of the fleet to design a collapsible boat. While his mother was staying at her seaside villa on the Bay of Naples, he invited her to dinner at his own villa nearby and then sent her home in the death trap. The boat collapsed on schedule but, by a freak, Agrippina escaped and made it safely to shore. So Nero perforce sent assassins; the story goes that, as one raised his sword for the *coup de grâce*, she pointed to her womb and cried, "Strike here!"

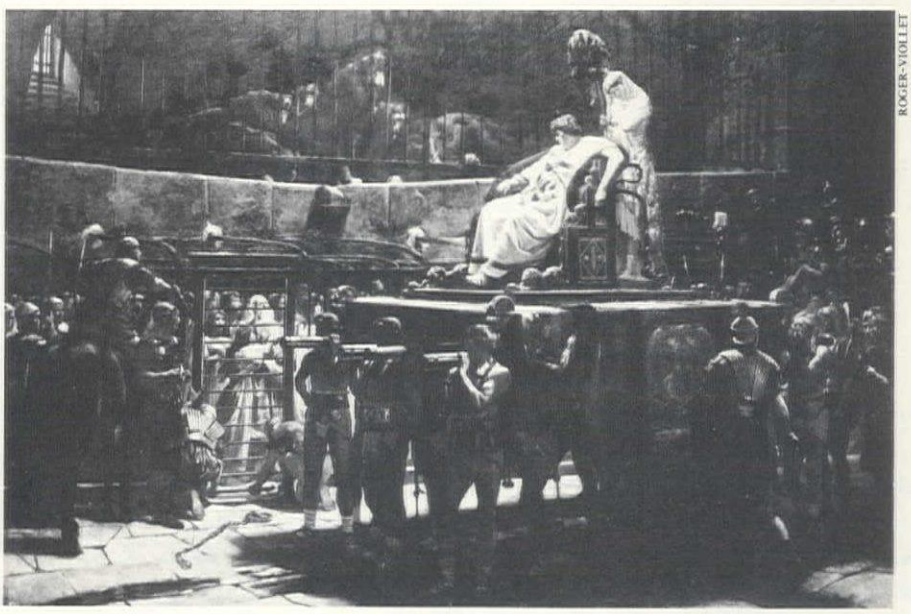
Nero had consulted with Burrus and Seneca about the murder. If not before, certainly by this time they must have realized they had a tiger by the tail. Somehow they managed to hold their charge in check for another two years, largely by encouraging his artistic interests and his appetite for grandiose public works. His passion for taking the stage to declaim or sing was stronger than ever, and he indulged it by giving ever more elaborate private performances; a special "emperor's claque" of five thousand young men carefully drilled in the art of

History's Favorite Villain

CULVER

Nero rhapsodizes from the palace roof.

In the oldest surviving full-length story of Nero's reign, Tacitus tells of the burning of Rome and Nero's subsequent persecution of the Christians. "Nero fabricated scapegoats," Tacitus writes, "and punished with every refinement the notoriously depraved Christians." During later centuries this story succeeded in overshadowing the emperor's considerable accomplishments and gave rise to the Christian legend of a monstrous Nero. In the late nineteenth century such a Nero was the subject of romantic paintings, like the one below by Henri Motte, and of the novel Quo Vadis? *by the Polish writer Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated into thirty languages, the book was the basis for Mervyn Le Roy's film.*

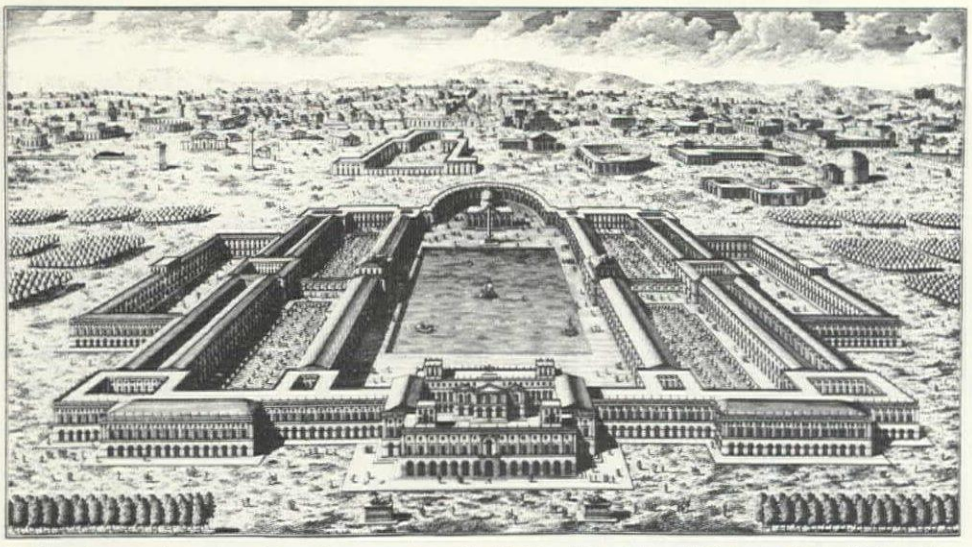


ROGER-VIOLLET

This nineteenth-century Nero is a languid, bloodthirsty creature looking over his hapless victims.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM STILLS ARCHIVE, NEW YORK

In Quo Vadis?, *made in 1951, Peter Ustinov portrays the emperor as a vicious and untalented fool.*



ROGER-VIOLLET

In this nineteenth-century French re-creation, the Golden House has all the grandeur of Versailles.

rhythmic handclapping guaranteed adequate applause. He instituted a festival, to be held every four years, that featured Greek events—contests in singing, dancing, and recitation, rather than gladiatorial fights, chariot races, and other typical Roman fare. He started the first of his great construction projects (and the only one he was ever to complete), a public gymnasium and bath in Rome not far from where the Pantheon stands. The building was vast and sumptuous, the forerunner of the celebrated edifices that Caracalla and Diocletian were to put up. "What was worse than Nero?" quipped the Roman wit Martial a half century later, "what better than his baths?"

Then, in 62, Burrus died, Seneca was allowed to resign his office and go into retirement, and Nero, just twenty-five, was on his own. In the first eight years of his reign he had committed but two murders, one a political execution and the other very likely inspired by tortured psychological drives. This year he added three more. Two of his victims were senators who had fallen under suspicion, the third was his unhappy wife. He had already divorced Octavia on the grounds of sterility and twelve days later had married Poppaea. Octavia was banished to a remote island, but somehow banishment was not enough for him, so the wretched woman was beheaded.

• • •

The year 64 was climactic. Nero's handling of its events graphically reveals the extraordinary mix of traits in his make-up—his sure hand in directing the affairs of his realm, his yearning to be recognized as a concert star, his feeling for art, his technological bent, and his brutal cruelty. The whole empire was at peace except for the old sore spot, Armenia. Two years earlier the country had slipped back into Parthian hands. Corbulo once again rescued it, and Nero then elected to try Augustus's method, diplomacy. He negotiated an agreement whereby the Parthians would put their man, Tiridates, on the Armenian throne but Nero would hand over the crown and scepter at Rome—in other words, give Parthia control of Armenia but make it look like Rome's free gift. When Tiridates arrived in Rome, Nero, with his flair for public relations and his taste for the theatrical, built up the ceremony into a stupendous spectacle. Backbiters griped at the fortune he spent on it; they had no way of knowing that the peace the money helped to buy was destined to last half a century.

While waiting for Tiridates to arrive, Nero finally satisfied a wish dear to his stage-struck heart—he made his public debut as a concert performer. Too nervous to open in Rome, he went to Naples; after all, the population there, being largely of Greek origin, could be counted on to appreciate the finer things more than a Rome audience with its taste for gladiators and chariot racing. We may be sure he was a *succès fou*.

And then came the event that was to make the name of Nero a household word. On the night of July 18, fire broke out in part of the Circus Maximus. Fo six days it raged unabated until firebreak, by heroic efforts, was final opened and the conflagration checke Then it flared up again, though less i tensely, in other parts of the city fo three days more. By the time it was a over, only four of Rome's fourteen di tricts were intact; three had been wipe out, and seven nearly so.

Nero had been at his seaside villa Anzio, some thirty miles away, when th fire started. He raced back to town an swung into action: he welcomed th homeless into his own gardens and a public buildings still standing, ordere additional emergency housing to b hastily erected, rushed in food from th waterfront and neighboring towns, an drastically cut the price of grain. H enemies rewarded him by putting abo the story that, inspired by the spectacl he had gone into his private theatre an sung "The Burning of Troy." In fact, h had been directing the fire fighting in h palace, which was near where the flam had first broken out, so careless of h own security that he came within a ha of being assassinated.

Once the crisis was over, Ner planned the resurrection of the city in way that only one with a talent for tec nology could have devised. The ravage areas were to be rebuilt with regul rows of streets and wide avenues, place of the old narrow, crooked alley and with houses of a uniform heigh The houses were to have adjoining yar in the back and continuous arcad along the front; the yards guarantee light and air and served as a firebrea and the arcades would be a blessing the summer heat and the winter rain He enacted ordinances requiring th a certain portion of every house b made of stone, with no wooden timbe or beams, that no house was to share wall with its neighbor, and that th stone come from two specified quarri in the hills about Rome which furnish a particularly fire-resistant variety.

The populace, filled with helpless rag at the calamity, was ready to believ ugly rumors, assiduously spread by th

many who had no love for Nero, that the emperor himself had started the blaze. Nero's defense was to supply a scapegoat. He picked out a small religious sect so un-Roman in its make-up and practices that the whole city, nobles as well as plebeians, viewed it with instinctive mistrust. Members of this sect were rounded up and given the full dose of Nero's cruelty: turning over his gardens for the spectacle, he had some torn to pieces by dogs, others made into human torches. It was Christianity's baptism of fire as a persecuted religion.

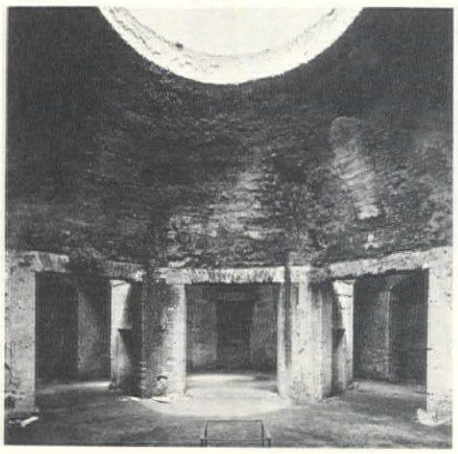
The devastation of Rome had included Nero's own palace. Its replacement, he decided, would be a totally new kind of imperial residence, a luxurious country home complete with farmland, woodland, flocks, game, and gardens, all in the very heart of the city. To accommodate all this he confiscated a vast piece of Rome's choicest real estate. The southern half of the Forum supplied one part of the grounds, the place where the Colosseum stands today was marked off for an ornamental pond, and the hill to the east of the Colosseum was cleared to take the main building, the Domus Aurea, or Golden House. After Nero's death, the emperor Trajan razed the structure and had a public bath put up on the site. Parts of the Golden House were incorporated in the foundations, and, by this quirk of fate, escaped total annihilation. These surviving remains lay hidden right till the end of the fifteenth century. Their sudden discovery brought a stream of artists and notables burrowing underground to visit them. Raphael sent a young assistant; he returned with sketches of the wall paintings he had seen, and Raphael was so impressed he included a number of motifs from them in his decorations for the Vatican loggias. The discoveries later inspired a school of painting.

Today art historians recognize that Nero's palace was strikingly avant-garde, that its murals represented a distinct new direction in painting and its architecture a veritable revolution. Its use of concrete rather than squared stone, its octagonal rooms and domed ceilings to provide novel interior spaces, and its other innovations made it a pioneer building, and prototype of such glories of Roman architecture as the Pantheon and Hadrian's vast villa at Tivoli. Quite possibly the radical departures were inspired by the art-minded emperor himself; at the very least he gets the credit for giving them his enthusiastic approval. There is no question that he had a hand in the ingenious mechanical gadgets the new palace boasted: overhead pipes in the dining rooms that sprayed perfume and overhead panels that opened to shower down flowers, a ceiling in the main banqueting hall that revolved in imitation of the heavens.

Rome's rank and file had nothing against Nero: his victims never came from their number, he was careful to see that their rations of bread and circuses were as regular as ever, and his cultural antics rather amused them. But the powerful aristocracy, the members of the senate, were not amused: on top of having to rubber-stamp whatever the young tyrant set his heart on, on top of having to pretend wild enthusiasm at his endless musicales, they now had to watch what they considered a pretentious and costly folly take over the very heart of their city. So, in the year 65, the eleventh year of Nero's reign, when the empire was still enjoying peace and a new Rome was rising from the ashes of the old, a powerful group formed a conspiracy to assassinate Nero. Its leader, a senator named Gaius Calpurnius Piso, was better known for degeneracy than political idealism, and most of the members were equally unsavory. The day before the murder was to take place, a freed slave got wind of the plot, and the affair was nipped in the bud.

BOTH: FOTOTECA UNIONE

The painted corridor above and the octagonal hall below are almost all that remains of the Golden House, which was the most innovative of Nero's architectural works. After his death it was torn down except for a few rooms, including these two. They were later incorporated into the foundations of Trajan's baths and thus have survived to this day.



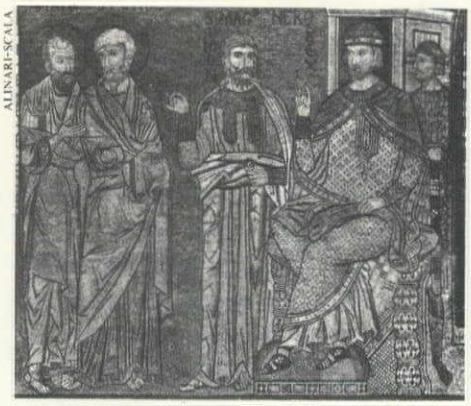
The reaction was predictable: Nero became a killer for fair. Of the forty-odd people implicated in the attempt, sixteen who were undeniably guilty lost their lives (most were allowed to kill themselves), and a large number, including no doubt some who were innocent, were exiled and degraded. But it did not stop there: for the Roman aristocracy sudden accusation, conviction, and death became from that time on a routine part of daily life. Among the many who in these days received the order to do away with themselves was Petronius, Nero's "arbiter of taste" and the author of the unique and brilliant *Satyricon*; he went to his death in the elegant and unhurried style that had marked his life. Even old Seneca fell into disfavor and had to commit suicide.

With hate hanging heavy all about him, Nero serenely continued to pursue the passion of his life, his career as a concert artist. By now the Greek festival he had inaugurated was due again, and this time he did not hesitate to appear on the public stage in Rome. The senate, we are told, voted to award the prizes to him in

advance, hoping to avoid the scandal of having the emperor appear in his own capital in a line-up of professional singers and actors, but Nero would have none of it. He insisted not only on being a contestant but on behaving exactly like the other competitors: he remained standing throughout, never let mucus from the nose or spittle from the mouth be visible, awaited the judges' decision on bended knee. We are further told that to ensure a full house spies informed on any who stayed away, and that spectators went home with their hands bruised from compulsory clapping.

All this acclaim still left Nero unsatisfied. He must needs reap laurels in the land of discriminating audiences—Greece. So, in September of 66, leaving the government in the hands of low-level subordinates, he set sail. The Greeks obligingly lumped together in 67 their four great festivals—the Olympian, Pythian, Isthmian, and Nemean games—which normally fall in different years, so he could attain what only the most renowned virtuosos had attained, victory in all four. He was applauded so wildly, carried off such a plethora of prizes, that, in an access of fellow feeling, he announced to the Greeks his decision to return to them their ancient freedom. It was a grand gesture which helped the Greek ego enormously, relieved them of the taxes they paid to Rome, and cost Nero very little, since the take from so poor a country was minimal. Also on behalf of his beloved Greeks, he launched the most ambitious public works project of his career, a canal through the Isthmus of Corinth, to spare ships the long and sometimes dangerous trip around the Peloponnese. At least three great rulers before him, including Julius Caesar, had gotten matters as far as the drawing board; Nero actually got the work under way, personally carrying off the first basketful of earth. Like his other brainstorms, it was dropped when he died, but the little that was completed shows his customary technological expertise: the French engineers who tackled the canal again in 1881 followed the course he had mapped

ALINARI-SCALA



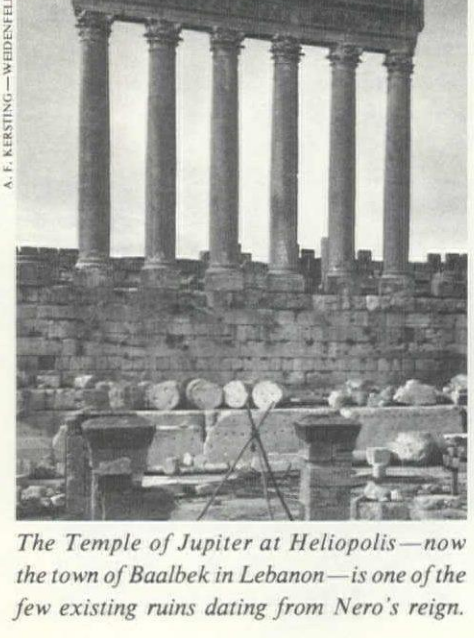
In this twelfth-century Sicilian mosaic, Saint Peter (left), Saint Paul, and Simon Magus, a sorcerer, appear before Nero (right) on their way to Christian martyrdom in A.D. *67.*

out and even used some of the cuttings his men had made.

By now danger signals were flying all over the empire. In Palestine there had erupted the bitter revolt that was to end with the razing of Jerusalem and the destruction of Solomon's temple. Another uprising was brewing in Gaul. And from Rome came frantic reports of unrest and cabals. Finally Nero tore himself away and early in 68 returned to the capital.

By March the revolt in Gaul was in the open, and Galba, the governor of Spain, had joined the dissidents. Though the trouble in Gaul was soon snuffed out, leaving mainly Galba to worry about, it was clear that something had happened to Nero. His cause was far from lost; all he had to do was issue appropriate orders, as he had so successfully done for years. But instead of taking action he talked, and so wildly or so grandiosely or so irrelevantly that he

A. F. KERSTING—WEIDENFELD AND NICOLSON



The Temple of Jupiter at Heliopolis—now the town of Baalbek in Lebanon—is one of the few existing ruins dating from Nero's reign.

seemed mad. One day, for example when the situation in Gaul was at its most critical, he convened a meeting of his key advisers and spent most of the time demonstrating a new type of water organ he planned to install in theatres.

In June the commanders of the palace guard, a pair of opportunists who figured it was time to desert a sinking ship talked their men into switching allegiance to Galba, and the curtain was rung down on Nero's career. The senate scrambled to declare Galba emperor and Nero a public enemy. Only his freed slaves showed any loyalty. He fled to the house of one of them and there committed suicide. It is reported that during his last hours he ordered a grave to be prepared and then kept crying out, "To die! An artist like me!"

• • •

Christians, the victims of Nero's most hideous act, have made his name anathema. Yet, in a sense, they only picked up where the Romans themselves had left off: the two Roman authors who are the only sources we have for the facts of Nero's life had already destroyed his reputation. The first, Tacitus, wrote about half a century after Nero died. A staunch member of the senatorial class, he purports to write history, but deliberately slants it to tell a tale of moral degradation: the decline that began with the subtle scheming of Augustus, was hastened by the hypocrisy of Tiberius, and reached its nadir with the mad and sinister antics of Nero. The second, Suetonius, who composed a short biography of Nero a few years later, gives us in effect a condensed version of Tacitus's account decked out with every lurid detail he could dig up. To judge Nero dispassionately is about as easy as judging Judas Iscariot.

As a leader of the state he deserves high marks, certainly for the first ten years of his fourteen on the throne. The bureaucracy of the empire functioned as efficiently and fairly as it ever had. The watchword of his reign was peace, and by and large he achieved it; his settlement of the Parthian problem, lasting as it did a full fifty years, was a master-

stroke. He squandered money on spectacle and display, on public works that were often more showy than essential, but he avoided that most expensive luxury of all, wars of conquest. He was a murderer—but though he killed the innocent, he did not kill many; he was no Ivan the Terrible.

What made the opposition to Nero so intense was not his cruelty but his ever-burgeoning megalomania and the way it drove him to demean his high office. When he merely played at being a performing artist, he could be indulged, and, in any event, the spectacle was contained within the palace grounds. When he took himself seriously and paraded his talents publicly, he was not only being a fool but disgracing the office he held and by implication all who were associated with him in it, that is to say, the entire membership of the senate.

As for Nero's subjects in general, in their thinking the peace he maintained counted far more than the state of Rome's majesty. Indeed, among the masses of Greek-speaking peoples of the empire, his manifest partiality for all things Greek was a distinct asset. They mourned with true feeling when he died. Many even refused to believe he was dead. During the next half century at least two imposters arose who claimed to be Nero, and both immediately gained a following.

Nero may have gone awry about his talents as a performer, but that was the only lapse of his critical sense. No other Roman emperor was a man of arts and letters in the way he was. He was a poet, and his verse, as we can tell from the few surviving samples, was not at all bad. His artistic taste is reflected in the coins struck during his reign; aesthetically they are the finest ever to come out of a Roman mint. Where art was concerned he had, too, the admirable quality of being receptive to new currents—witness the avant-garde architecture of the Golden House and the novel paintings decorating its walls. He even managed to make a contribution in the world of music and song, though for the benefit of Rome's Tin Pan Alley rather than her concert halls: Suetonius reports that he used to act out "comic ditties about the leaders of the revolts [i.e., in Gaul and Spain], which . . . have become popular favorites."

G. GATTESCHI, *Restauri della Roma Imperiale*, 1924—BIBLIOTECA NAZIONALE DI STORIA DELL'ARTE

When Nero died, this colossal statue of him was renamed Helios, in honor of the sun god. Now lost, the figure stood in Rome at least until the seventh century.

And then there is that dimension that is uniquely his: no other Roman emperor, in fact no other Greek or Roman writer or thinker we know of, possessed his avid interest in matters scientific and technological. The fiendish contraption for killing his mother is of a piece with the gadgetry in his new palace, with the down-to-earth specifics in his plans for a fireproof Rome, with the new type of water organ he was puttering over while the world was collapsing about him. He tackled the greatest public works project of ancient times, the Corinth canal; he did not complete it, but for other than technological reasons. He was responsible for a scientific voyage of exploration to the reaches of the upper Nile (his men came back with an exact measurement for the distance between Aswan on the First Cataract and Meroë just north of Khartoum). In Greece he took time off from his artistic endeavors to try to sound the bottom of a lake that, tradition had it, was bottomless. And what ruler or savant is there from any age who has earned renown in pharmacy? "A brimming tablespoon . . . of Nero's marvelous 'Quick Acting,' " states the author of a fourth-century treatise on medicines, "taken before meals . . . settles the stomach marvelously."

Nero deserves a better grade than history has assigned him. He was at times a monster, at times a fool, and he ended up a hopeless megalomaniac; but he was also a statesman, connoisseur, poet, songwriter and musician, mechanic, engineer, pharmacist—the closest equivalent to a "Renaissance man" to come out of the ancient world.

"All the News That's Fit to Print"

The New York Times.

© 1956, by The New York Times Company. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1956. FIVE CENTS

VOL. CVI. No. 36,071.

HUNGARIAN REVOLT SPREADS; NAGY TOTTERS; THOUSANDS IN ARMY FIGHT SOVIET TROOPS; U. S. CONSULTS ALLIES ON TAKING U.N. ACTION

Budapest, 1956

Memoirs of a Freedom Fighter

On the twentieth anniversary of an event that the West has preferred to forget, an eyewitness reminds us that dignity is worth the battle, and losers can win in the end

Hungarian freedom fighters display their national flag in front of the Parliament building in Budapest on November 3, 1956.

The Hungarian premier, Imre Nagy, and admirers, October, 1956

I knew a man who was hanged. Or rather, I walked beside him for a while on Rákóczi Avenue in Budapest in the spring of 1956. I was among the first to recognize the portly gentleman with the farmer's mustache, strolling in the sunshine, and so I was able to stay quite near him on the sidewalk; those who came by a few minutes later could find room only on the road. Soon there were so many people trying to follow him that they filled the whole avenue. It was a typically Hungarian occasion, the Budapest version of a ticker-tape parade: silent cheers for a man in disgrace.

Only three years had passed since Imre Nagy was appointed premier of Hungary by Stalin's successors in the Kremlin, worried about the restlessness in their European colonies in the wake of the East Berlin riots. As the author of Hungary's 1945 land reform and an outspoken opponent of forced collectivization, a veteran Muscovite Communist who nonetheless remained untainted by the blood that flowed during Stalin's reign, Nagy seemed an ideal choice for easing the strains of dictatorship. When he became prime minister, though, he turned out to be more of a liberal than a Communist, more of a Hungarian patriot than a Russian stooge. He invented that policy of reform and resistance later emulated by Alexander Dubček in the "Prague spring": he introduced democracy into both the one-party system and state-owned industry; he abolished the punishing work norms in the factories, allowed artisans to set up their own workshops and peasants to leave the collectives and take back their lands; he released political prisoners, wound up police tribunals, and did away with most forms of censorship. In short, he went too far and in April, 1955, was dismissed from the premiership, the party, and even from his post at the university. The papers vilified him daily for his "antiparty and antipeople policies." I remember I was surprised that he wasn't in jail.

Imre Nagy was sixty years old at the time. Unemployed and unemployable, he had nothing anyone could envy him for, yet everyone at that sudden gathering on Rákóczi Avenue seemed awe-struck by him. There was no shouting, no unseemly pushing or shoving, no one tried to elbow me aside for a closer look; there remained a magic circle of empty space around him, which no one crossed. People's respect proved to be greater than their curiosity. There were hundreds ahead of us and behind us and most of them could not possibly have seen him, but still they kept walking, evidently content with the knowledge that he was there somewhere at the heart of the crowd.

Hungarians—and this is the first thing to understand about them—love a loser.

• • •

From a distance, the great puzzle of the Hungarian revolution of 1956 is a small nation's folly in rebelling against the mighty Soviet Union. In fact, this folly was no temporary aberration; it is a national trait. Hungarians have never been sufficiently impressed by imperial power or by the dangers of losing. When it comes to such matters, they think in centuries. As Lajos Kossuth, the leader of the 1848 revolution against the mighty Hapsburg Empire, used to say with a touch of not untypical arrogance, Hungarians have a "historical personality." Not only can they look back on a thousand years of recorded history as a nation, but it has been much the same story through the millennium, so that even the dimwitted can remember it; it is a story of losing and enduring.

At the Battle of Mohács in 1526 the Turks wiped out the Hungarian army, and for the next two centuries Hungary was a province of the Ottoman Empire. During this period nearly half of the country's population succumbed to starvation or plague or were carried off to the slave markets of Arabia. But the Ottoman Empire is no more, and there is still a Hungary. Like other Magyar children, I acquired such pointers even before going to school. The history of our defeats and survival is a kind of religion with us, as with the Jews; our self-respect depends on it; our heads are full of the calamities that did not destroy us. "We have already been punished/for our past and future sins," says the national anthem, expressing that defiant self-pity that keeps Hungarians restless and rebellious no matter how often we are beaten. Our moments of triumph have been too few to give us all the pride we need, but we glory in the fact that we have outlasted the Tatar invasion (1241), the Turkish occupation (1526–1699), the Austrian occupation (1711–1918), and the German occupation (1944–45). Which is why few of us ever imagined that the Russians would be staying for good—the question was only when they would be leaving and how.

Stephen Vizinczey, 1956

Powerful nations tend to believe that victories are forever; Hungarians believe in the decay of power, in being unruly subjects, in making the strong pay for their conquests.

One of the first losers whom we learned to admire from earliest childhood—who dominated our imaginations and whose example shaped our characters as much as anything—was Count Miklós Zrinyi, who held out against the Turks in his castle at Szigetvár until finally in 1566 the sultan Suleiman the Magnificent himself decided to mop him up with an army of a hundred thousand strong. Count Zrinyi and his followers withstood this huge army for weeks, and when they had run out of food and ammunition, they dressed up in their parade uniforms, put gold coins in their pockets for the soldiers who would be men enough to kill them, and

A Gallery of Hungarian Heroes

János Hunyadi, victor over the Turks, 1456

G. D. HACKETT

György Dózsa, peasants' king killed by aristocrats, 1514

G. D. HACKETT

Miklós Zrinyi, killed by the Turks, 1566

G. D. HACKETT

Ferenc Rákóczi II, defeated by Austrians, 1708

G. D. HACKETT

Lajos Kossuth, who led the 1848 revolution

ERICH LESSING—MAGNUM

Imre Nagy, premier during 1956 uprising

"Nagy's silence was a signal, an evocation of past glory—the glory of Dózsa sitting silent on his white-hot iron throne."

sprang forth from the ruins on a suicidal cavalry charge. They got quite far into the enemy camp before being cut down, and Suleiman the Magnificent, shocked by the unexpected assault and already suffering from aggravation at being held up for so long in front of an "anthill," collapsed and died of a heart attack during the commotion around his tent. The resulting struggle for power among the Turkish moguls gave the Hungarians several years' respite.

Moreover, not only did Count Zrinyi manage to be defeated with spectacular success, but his great-grandson wrote a valiant epic poem about it, so that ever since then, the old man has been leading his cavalry charge in the imaginations of every generation of Hungarians, daring them to fight regardless of the odds, demonstrating that even the few can inflict deadly blows on the many. Count Zrinyi was a very powerful figure during the 1956 revolution.

I write this in all seriousness. It is too often assumed, especially by politicians and political commentators, that people act under the spell of the moment, motivated only by recent events and recent pronouncements. It is a received notion, for instance, that Hungarians persisted in their doomed uprising because Radio Free Europe and the Voice of America urged them to fight on, holding out hope of Western intervention. Speaking for myself—and I believe my case was typical—radio broadcasts had very little to do with what I was doing. I was one of several young writers who organized the demolition of the Stalin statue on October 23, 1956, I worked on the first newspaper of the revolution, *Truth*, and after the second Russian invasion of Budapest on November 4, I fought for a week before escaping to the West. During this period I didn't have much time to listen to the radio, but I was thinking a great deal about men like Count Zrinyi, who both spurred me on to rebel and kept me from running away when I got scared. I was more influenced by the acts and words of people who were dead than by anybody alive.

• • •

I doubt that there was a single person fighting in the revolution who didn't hear Hunyadi's bells ringing in his ears.

János Hunyadi was a fifteenth-century condottiere who started his career as a page and hired out his sword all over Europe until he had made himself the richest baron in Hungary as well as the general of a well-trained, well-paid army which defeated the Turks repeatedly. In 1456 they annihilated the Turkish forces at the southern Hungarian city of Nándorfehérvár (now Belgrade), thereby postponing the Turkish occupation of Hungary by seventy years and saving Austria and Italy from what had appeared to be certain conquest by the armies of Islam. To celebrate János Hunyadi's great victory over the Moslems, Pope Calixtus III ordered the bells to be rung at noon; and that is why the bells still toll at midday in every Catholic church in Christendom.

Hunyadi's true victory, of course, wasn't over the Turks but over time—the way he set the bells ringing and kept us from despair. Dictatorship is a constant lecture instructing you that your feelings, your thoughts and desires are of no account, that you are a nobody and must live as other people desire and think for you. A foreign dictatorship like Russia's occupation of Hungary teaches you despair twice over: neither you nor your nation is of any consequence. Now, imagine people who have to live like nobodies, yet who know that one of them was so far from being a nobody his deeds are honored all over the world every day. Not only did Hunyadi inspire us to keep up our spirits, but he also showed us, through our personal experience, the immense scope of historic actions: win or lose, it was possible to do things that would keep our descendants from despairing hundreds of years hence.

The Hunyadis were the creators of the golden age of Hungary, which still glows in our minds. János Hunyadi's son Mátyás became one of the great Renaissance rulers: Matthias Corvinus, king of Hungary from 1458 to 1490, patron of the arts and humanities, protector of the people, the first king to tax the nobles and better the lot of the peasants, and the hero of melodious poems and folk songs who made a habit of going about in peasant's clothes, so that the high and mighty could never be sure that the poor man they were about to ill-treat was not the king himself. It was Mátyás's notion that every Hungarian was something of a king.

The Hungarian who is most often depicted on a throne is György Dózsa, who was crowned in 1514 on a white-hot iron throne with a white-hot iron crown—a peasants' king roasted alive by the aristocrats for raising a revolt in defense of the rights granted to the peasantry by the Hunyadis.

Hungarian history is rich in crimes

nspired by greed and love of property; yet when it came to fighting foreign domination, we had heroes who inspired us to risk not only our lives but also our possessions. First among these was Ferenc Rákóczi II, who was born to estates that amounted to something like a fifth of Hungary and in his time was one of the richest aristocrats in Europe. Prince Rákóczi risked everything to lead a protracted war of liberation against Austria (1703–11) and in the end chose to give up all his lands and live in exile rather than submit to the Hapsburgs.

"God can dispose of me in any way he pleases," said Lajos Kossuth in 1848, echoing Rákóczi's sentiments. "God can make me suffer, he can make me drink hemlock or send me into exile. But there is one thing not even God can do. He cannot make me an Austrian subject."

As we identified ourselves with our past heroes, so we also identified our oppressors with the oppressors of our ancestors. They were all one and the same lot, foreigners trying to lord it over us. Thus the Hapsburgs were hated and resisted not only on their own account, but also on account of the Tatars and the Turks, and the Russians are detested not only on their own account, but also on account of the Tatars, the Turks, the Austrians, and the Germans.

• • •

In 1955, at the end of his first premiership, Imre Nagy did something that was unprecedented among the leaders of the colonial regime: he failed to change with the change of the party line in Moscow. He did not perform the prescribed ritual of self-criticism of his policy of liberalization and did not endorse the new policy of tightening the screws. The press publicized his integrity by railing at him for refusing to renounce his "anti-people policies." Which is how we learned that once again there was a Hungarian leader who served notice that the nation had had enough of foreign rule.

Nagy's material interests as well as his spiritual investment in his past beliefs—in the Russian leadership of communism, in communism itself—should have made him conform. He had done so in the past, he had beaten his breast twice before, when party policy required him to speak against nationalism and for collectivization; all he would have needed to do was repeat himself. He could have let Moscow use his popularity to turn the clock back a little and he could have stayed on top; all they wanted from him was *words*. Even so, he preferred to lose a good living and put his life at risk rather than condemn his reforms and the longing for freedom. His publicized silence asserted openly the secret mood of the nation: we were fed up with reverses, with deferred hopes for a freer and better life; his silence expressed what we felt but could not say.

Most Hungarians, though burning with resentment and hate, were nonetheless pretending to love the Russians and playing at being content with whatever was happening; we did as we were told. But Nagy's silence was a challenge to our notion of ourselves as a heroic nation, it was a signal, an evocation of past glory—the glory of Dózsa sitting silent on his white-hot iron throne. Nagy was beaten, but he didn't give in. He set Hungarians thinking in centuries again.

I believe I witnessed the moment when Nagy understood just how much his mute defiance meant to his countrymen's self-respect, and it occurred during that sudden gathering around him on Rákóczi Avenue as he was taking a stroll in the spring sunshine. At first he appeared to be surprised and embarrassed by the crowd. He quickened his steps, then slowed down again, all the while keeping his eyes on the pavement, pretending to assume that we were all solitary passers-by going about our business. Taking part in an unofficial demonstration —let alone inspiring one—is a grave crime against the state in a people's republic. But the quiet reverence finally got to him and he stopped in front of a shopwindow as if to look at the merchandise. The windowpane was filled with people, reflecting us gazing at him. I was only a few feet away from him and could see the old man blush like a young girl. He took off his pince-nez and cleaned it, then put it on his nose again. We were still there on the windowpane. I fancied that he must see himself in our hearts.

In the end he was hanged for the same reason he fell into official disgrace after his first premiership—for his eloquent silence.

• • •

Imre Nagy is one of those rare figures who make the study and interpretation of complicated events relatively simple: his character and fate explain a moment of history without the aid of voluminous details. During that moment, he was an uncompromised witness who consistently acted against his own interest, leaving the stronger side for the weaker one.

Just as they had the first time, it was again the Russians who approved him as prime minister of Hungary, on the morning of October 24, 1956, the second day of the revolution. He was not the premier of the revolution but the Kremlin's answer to it, confirmed by Mikoyan and Suslov, Khrushchev's personal envoys to Budapest. The rebels were demanding that Nagy should be placed at the head of government, so the Russians hoped that with his appointment and their artillery fire they would quell the uprising. While citizens were fighting Soviet

"Dictatorship is a constant lecture instructing you that you are a nobody. A foreign dictatorship teaches you despair twice over . . ."

WIDE WORLD

Student rebels knocked down this statue of Stalin on October 23, 1956.

tanks for the streets of Budapest, Nagy tried to calm them with radio broadcasts of his plans for reform. He was by nature a reformist rather than a revolutionary, and he dismissed all demands that went beyond the tenets of liberal communism, such as the demand for the reintroduction of the multiparty system or the even stronger demand for national independence. He had great respect for Soviet power. He was guarded by Soviet tanks. Whether it was a hangover from his Moscow training or simply tactical consideration, he felt—as his critics did later—the best Hungarians could hope for was a freer and more independent life within the Soviet Empire, and that asking for more would only provoke massive retaliation and the loss of all possible gains.

However, Nagy's pleas for calm reflection and the restoration of order and his announcements of various reforms fell on deaf ears. Too many people had died in the first few days of fighting to allow anyone to be content with concessions that could be withdrawn at any time as long as the Russian troops remained in Hungary. People don't risk their lives for half measures. They cared about only one thing: getting rid of the Russians. The hatred for Russians became more manifest by the hour. And this hatred had to do not only with communism and foreign rule, but also with the Cyrillic alphabet, Slavic folkways, the remnants of Russian Orthodoxy, and the fumes of vodka. If Hungary had been a French colony, no

G. D. HACKETT

Premier János Kádár, installed by the Russians in 1956, confers with Leonid Brezhnev, 1976.

doubt the Hungarians would have hated the French, too; but they would have had a similar culture and more or less similar attitudes to life. But Hungarians share nothing with the Russians; everything about them strikes us as alien and unnerving.

After the first few days neither Imre Nagy nor anyone else could have had any illusions about the possibility of some sort of socialist democracy in Hungary under the Russians—not necessarily because of the Russians, but because of the Hungarians. It was evident that if the Russians were staying, they could stay only with guns at the ready and must suppress the people whose deepest desire was to be rid of them. There could be no love match, only rape.

At one point during the revolution, I was a member of a student group that arrested a street-corner politician for haranguing a crowd with the demand that Soviet troops should withdraw from Hungary flying the white flag of surrender on each tank and truck. We did not want such impossible demands to gain any currency; we would have been only too happy to kneel by the roadside and wave red flags to cheer the Russians, so long as they were going.

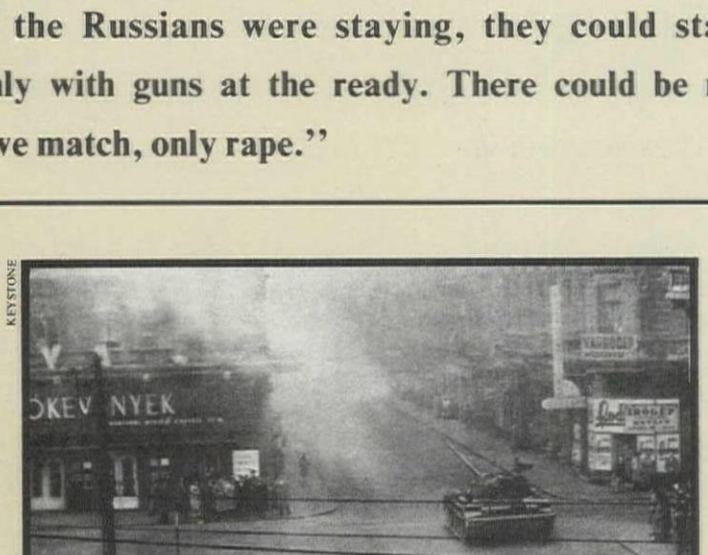
Indeed, by the end of October it appeared that the Russians themselves wished to leave the country where they were hated so much. I heard in the corridors of Parliament, while Mikoyan was still in the building, that he had told Nagy that the Soviet leaders could no afford the *time* they were spending trying to sort out Hungary's problems. Mikoyan and Suslov even agreed to Nagy re-establishing the multiparty system. And on October 30 the Soviet government announced their willingness to negotiate the withdrawal of all Soviet troops from Hungary.

On the very same day, however, the British and the French issued their ultimatum to Egypt over control of the Suez Canal. Within hours there were reports of fresh Soviet troops invading northeast Hungary. Moscow, in a dramatic reversal, appeared to have decided to crush the revolution.

It was after this, on November 1, while facing a full-scale invasion, the defeat of the Hungarian army, the execution of thousands, and the subjugation of all, that Nagy finally agreed to voice the nation's demand for independence and announced Hungary's withdrawal from the Warsaw Treaty, asking the UN to guarantee the country's neutrality. It was only in the last days, in effect, that he decided to make his government the government of the revolution, the government for national independence—after it had become obvious that his caution and his determination to preserve Moscow's good will would not avert the total subjugation of the country, and after the British and French invasion of Suez foreclosed even the remotest possibility of Western intervention on Hungary's behalf.

Nagy was universally condemned for this "folly," even by the most sympathetic commentators in the West, on the grounds that it left the Russians "no choice" but to retaliate with full force. But the tanks were already rolling to surround Budapest and cut off the western frontiers. Why *not* declare independence? The tanks could not roll any faster because of his declaration. If anything, Nagy may have hoped that his bold move, expressing the desire of all the colonies for independence, might make the Russians pause and consider the possible repercussions in Poland, Czechoslovakia, or even the Ukraine. In any case, there was nothing to be gained by being craven before being hit. The Poles, who had stopped short of revolution

"If the Russians were staying, they could stay only with guns at the ready. There could be no love match, only rape."


KEYSTONE

Soviet tanks patrol the smoke-filled streets of Budapest, October, 1956.

and a declaration of independence earlier in 1956, are not, as a reward for their pragmatism, any freer today than the Hungarians.

Whatever the circumstances and considerations of the moment, it seems to me that ultimately Imre Nagy decided to identify himself with his nation's demand for independence because a sense of history is stronger than class or ideology. From the point of view of history even a few days of independence mean a great deal: a precedent for the future.

For the present everything was lost.

About 4:00 A.M. on November 4, Soviet army units launched simultaneous attacks against Budapest and other major Hungarian cities. The Hungarian army and the hastily formed civilian National Guard had not the firepower to withstand tank divisions, but the house-to-house battle went on for about ten days. I joined the National Guard and fought with a group of workers whose fortress was a sprawling factory by Szena Square, one of the main entrances to the capital. We couldn't stop the tanks rolling by, but we fought the infantry with our Russian handguns and submachine guns, our provisions being some five-pound tins of cheese, made in the USA—the only evidence of Western support I saw during the revolution, apart from a crate of oranges. I'll never forget one particular tin of cheese. I had just opened it when a new wave of tanks appeared and tried to blast us out of the pile of rubble we were using as a barricade, and I ducked my head down beside the tin. When the tanks moved on and I looked up again, the tin and the cheese were split right down the middle by a big piece of shrapnel. Like most groups, we held out for a week; by then, the country had once more become a colony and we all had to think again what to do.

The new premier appointed by the Russians was János Kádár, a victim of a phony trial in Stalin's time, who had been freed from prison in 1954 by Imre Nagy and who, as a member of Nagy's government, had boasted only a few days earlier of his determination to fight the Russian tanks with his "bare hands" if they attempted to re-enter Budapest. He was a detested turncoat and greatly needed Nagy to make a similar about-face to justify his own. According to the records of the Yugoslav embassy, where Nagy took asylum with his family and aides after the Russian troops reoccupied the country, Kádár urged Yugoslav diplomats to persuade Nagy to confess his political

G. D. HACKETT

Russian officers in Budapest come after the cameraman, November, 1956.

"The distinguishing trait of powerful men is the psychotic certainty that people forget acts of infamy as easily as their parents' birthdays."

"mistakes," assuring them that if Nagy only submitted himself to self-criticism, he could not only safely return home but would be welcomed back into political life.

The offer was all the more tempting for the fact that Tito—who had invited Nagy in the first place to take asylum at his embassy—now began to make speeches in Yugoslavia against Nagy. It seemed that Tito wanted Nagy as his guest only to make political capital out of him in his dealings with the Russians. This wily politician, who has done very well from bending his neutrality now toward the Soviet Union, now toward the United States, played the same on-again-off-again game with the Hungarian leader. Had Nagy sought asylum in the embassy of any genuinely neutral country, he might be still alive. As it was, he soon found himself an unwanted guest among the Yugoslavs and had to take at face value—as Tito pretended to do—Kádár's written assurance to the Yugoslav government that Nagy and his aides would not be arrested or harmed if they left the embassy.

They were arrested within minutes of leaving the building, and Kádár announced on Radio Budapest on November 25 that they had been taken into protective custody because "the government has good reason to believe that the counterrevolutionary elements hiding in the country might resort to provocation by killing Imre Nagy or one of his collaborators, and then trying to make the public believe that the Hungarian government was responsible for this murder."

Betrayed several times over and imprisoned, Nagy and his colleagues still had the choice of freedom and the trappings of power in return for denouncing the revolution. Those of his "collaborators" who saw the light were in fact released and received high government posts. Quislings, however reluctant and belated, were forgiven and welcomed. Stalin was dead, people were no longer required to be true believers, it was enough to be an opportunist. Nagy, General Pál Maléter, and several others did not yield. Nevertheless, Kádár continued to refer to "Comrade Nagy," who had been "misguided" and "failed to realize the dangers of fascism," but who would be welcomed back to the fold. The official Soviet lie about the revolution was that it had been fomented by Western imperialists. Had Nagy come forward to belatedly "realize" this preposterous nonsense, as Kádár did, Hungary could be a more easily and securely managed colony. If Imre Nagy gave in, who was to hold out and for what earthly reason? Imre Nagy could have helped everybody lose heart for at least a generation, and so the Russians understood they could not give up on him easily.

During his two years of detention Nagy was repeatedly offered the opportunity to condemn the revolution and live. Once again all they wanted from him was *words*. Even during the secret trial in 1958, Kádár instructed the judges that those who showed

repentance for their counterrevolutionary crimes should be spared the death sentence. This message was duly communicated to the accused—as we know from those who took this last chance to give in and are now free. But Imre Nagy, General Maléter, Miklós Gimes, a journalist, and József Szilágyi, Nagy's secretary, would not condemn themselves and what they had fought for, even to save their lives. It was this that made them—and Nagy more than the others for his greater political importance—not mere victims, but tragic heroes: they had a choice of destinies. They could beat Nagy, they could hang him, but they could not make him renounce the freedom of *Magyarország* (*Magyar* = Hungarian, *ország* = country). He would rather be hanged.

• • •

East and West, we live in a Now civilization; it is assumed that the past is over and done with, and powerful men in particular suffer from the delusion that human beings have no memories. I would go so far as to say that the distinguishing trait of powerful men is the psychotic certainty that people forget acts of infamy as easily as their parents' birthdays. A recent example was President Nixon's brazen assurance: not even the fact that video tapes of his previous statements were replayed on television beside his latest speech could convince him that anyone but a tiny minority of intellectuals would realize he had lied. But infamy is infamy because it affronts our self-respect: it offends our feelings and insults our intelligence—and few of us ever forget an insult.

It is evident that the Soviet leaders hoped the Hungarians would forget the murder of the man who had stood up for them in the most dramatic and spectacular manner in this century. Yet it would not have been possible to double-cross him and murder hi more memorably than they did when they o fered him safe-conduct to get him out of th Yugoslav embassy, kidnapped him unde the pretext that they wanted to protect hir and *then* killed him.

At a time and place unknown, at a secre trial conducted by anonymous judges an prosecutors, Nagy and three of his associate were condemned to death. The worl learned of the trial, the verdict, and the ex ecutions from one brief announcement o June 17, 1958. No bodies were handed ove to relatives; there are no graves.

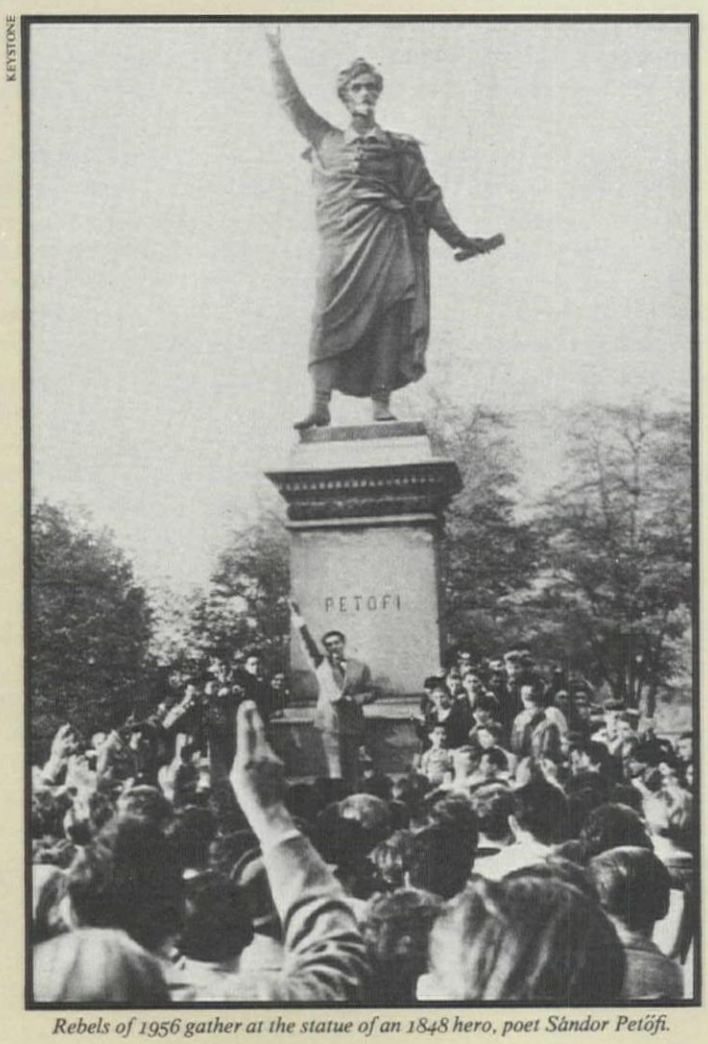
Is there a nation that could forgive such crimes against its leaders? And, if anything Hungarians have a keener memory than most nations, on account of their poetry.

Much of Hungarian poetry is historical— and history-making. Both the 1848 and the 1956 revolutions were fought to poems. (In 1848 it was Sándor Petőfi's "Get on you feet, Magyar, it's now or never!" and in 195 it was Gyula Illyés's "One Sentence on Tyr anny.") In between revolutions it is poetry that keeps people in touch with their past.

Hungarian is an almost uniquely concise language, capable of extraordinary compres sion. For instance, there are no auxiliary verbs in Hungarian; verbs are conjugated a in Latin, through changes and accretions to the stem; and moreover, object pronoun adhere to the verb instead of following it a separate words. "I could have fallen in love with you," which takes eight words in Eng lish, is one word in Hungarian. There are no prepositions or possessives, either; they are suffixes wedded to the noun itself, alterin the sound of the noun and the adjectives con nected with it. Thus every word has many different forms, with each inflection, each syllable having its own meaning and reso nance, as in music, providing almost infinite possibilities for rhyme and assonance. As in Latin, nouns have five cases, and this appar ent difficulty is the greatest possible advan tage. In English we know the object of a sen tence by the fact that it comes after the verb in Hungarian the word has its accusative form, and so it may come before or after the verb—at the beginning, the middle, or the end of the sentence. Word order is not a grammatical but a dramatic device, lending emphasis, creating suspense, surprise, a whole extra dimension of meaning.

Poetry is to Hungarians what opera is to Italians, it reaches everybody and is appreci ated by everybody. It is their life line; it is

"The relevance of the Hungarian revolution is that there is certain to be another one."



Rebels of 1956 gather at the statue of an 1848 hero, poet Sándor Petőfi.

what they have instead of national self-determination, free elections, free press, free speech. Because the poets know the whole community listens to them, Hungarian poetry at its best has a classic clarity and lack of self-indulgence.

The greatest Hungarian poets living today are George Faludy and Gyula Illyés. The very first time I met Faludy he read me his "Ode to Stalin on His Seventieth Birthday" —an occasion that was being celebrated at the time as if it were the second coming of Christ. It said, in part:

I daydream I'm invisible and run
—I board a ship, an express train—
I get you in the dark of your bedroom
and gnaw through your throat.

Millions are like that. I want nothing
from life but your death. O you curse of the earth
who built your Byzantium with dried blood,
you Constantine the Great.

And this was during the Stalinist terror; in Moscow Khrushchev was still dancing on all fours around Stalin's table to entertain "The Father of Progressive Mankind." Faludy had never set eyes on me before: for all he knew, I might have been a police spy. But he was so pleased with his poem, he had to pass it on. I still haven't quite recovered from my amazement at hearing Faludy read it; I felt very brave just for listening.

This is a rough translation in prose of George Faludy's poem "The Execution of Imre Nagy."

He made his inventory at dawn,
pacing under the vault of his cell;
everything was in order,
only his pince-nez was missing.
Another minute had passed. His conscience
was clear,
and in less than an hour his stubby legs
would catch up with Lajos Kossuth, Rákóczi,
Dózsa.

What gave him his calm?
Was it apathy, courage, character?
Or did he know that halfway there
he had solved the riddle of the century?
And what made him great and beautiful?
His faith? His intentions? His honesty?
The end? Force of circumstances? I don't know.

Maléter was coughing
in the next cell. Suddenly a cold draft
touched his forehead. Should he ask for
paper and ink? What for?
What for, he thought. Papers drift away
like leaves in a storm,

WIDE WORLD

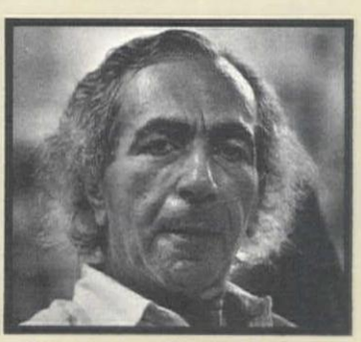
Budapest burns after Russian shelling, 1956.

and among them walks serenely, with
measured steps,
a stocky gray-haired man: the deed.

The end. He guessed it would be hard
but by now it made no difference
—the door opened: cursing,
the goons jumped on him with iron bars,
crushed his shoulders
and broke his arms
and then they placed a leather strap
under his chin and tied it around his head
so that standing under the gallows
he wouldn't be able to say *Magyarország*,
and they kicked him along the corridor
and he stumbled, half-blind
without his pince-nez, then pityingly
he looked around the courtyard
but couldn't make out the hangman's
frightened face, nor Kádár
who stood there cowering, drunk,
flanked by two Russian officers.

Then there was only the lime, butter-soft,
spreading over him like a billowing
toga. Soon it began to sink,
took his shape,
fastened on him and petrified.
It dissolved his skin, his flesh, his face,
but it preserved hair by hair the friendly curl
of his mustache, like the nation.

Since then the days are skinny
hollow-chested seamstresses
and the nights are sweating whores,



Hungarian poet George Faludy, 1976

though sometimes when I'm half asleep
a gleam of light falls into my eye—
it might be distant lightning
or a playful searchlight
or the lamps from the next street,
but it could be his pince-nez.

George Faludy lives in exile now, but his poem is back in Hungary, spreading by word of mouth, a magic chant that protects people from brainwashing.

• • •

Western politicians, guided by commercial considerations and eager to pacify their sullen electorates with good news from distant parts of the world, constantly assure us that things are getting better in the Soviet Union and its satellites. In this world view, the Communist part of the world is tidy and trouble-free, and only in Western countries must we look forward to disorder, ruin, and revolution. No wonder that the author of détente, Henry Kissinger, should believe that the future belongs to the Soviet Union.

The rulers of the Soviet Empire, however, don't feel so confident about their future. Whatever else can be said against them, they are not quite as naive as Dr. Kissinger.

Visitors from Hungary say that all police and army leaves are canceled and Soviet army units put on the alert for two days every year: on March 15, which marks the outbreak of the 1848 revolution against the Austrians, and on October 23, which marks the outbreak of the 1956 revolution.

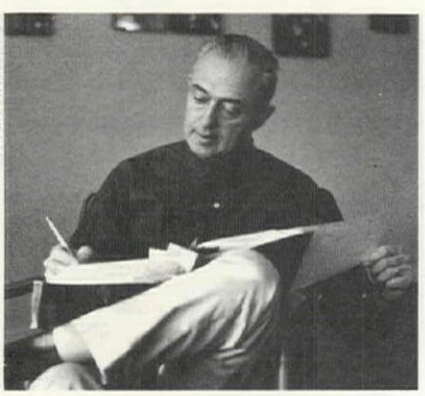
In a simpler age, when human beings had a better reputation, I would have said, "Man's longing for freedom is irrepressible." In our day this sounds just too noble to be true, but surely we are pragmatic enough to recognize the power of *ego* and *hate*. From the point of view of the present, the relevance of the Hungarian revolution is that there is certain to be another one—and for the same reason why the French and the Americans couldn't win in Vietnam: there is just no way that people are going to be content to be ordered around and have their lives run by foreigners. I wouldn't hazard a guess when the next Hungarian revolution will break out, though I feel reasonably certain that it won't be on March 15 or October 23, when Soviet troops are on the alert, but on one of the other three hundred and sixty-three days of the year.

Stephen Vizinczey, who lives in London, is the author of In Praise of Older Women *and* The Rules of Chaos. *He recently completed work on a novel,* All the Gold of Peru.

The Message in the Markings

On the walls of La Pileta, an Ice Age cave in southern Spain, are what appear to be meaningless prehistoric doodles. Here is a new theory about them and about the mind of Cro-Magnon man

H. BREUIL, H. OBERMAIER, AND W. VERNER, *La Pileta a Benaojan*, 1915



ALEXANDER MARSHACK

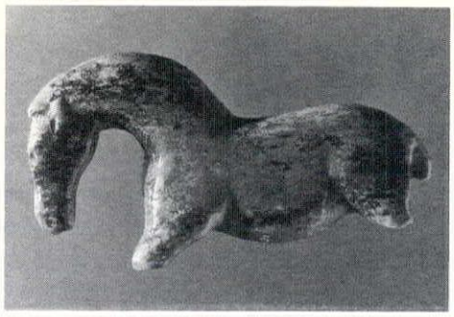
Within the sanctuary, a cramped chamber at La Pileta, appears an extremely complex Paleolithic painting (above, in a redrawing). The apparently pregnant mare (in detail opposite and boxed above) has been repeatedly marked with red and black pigments, as have other animals on the walls. Alexander Marshack, left, believes the markings to be double finger strokes made at different times by different hands. More mysterious still are the serpentine meanders at the right of the panel; like several other kinds of markings found inside the cave, they may be symbols of water.

By ALEXANDER MARSHACK

Of the hundreds of caves in Europe where early man has left his mark, there is none like La Pileta. Some fifty miles inland from the Mediterranean coast of southern Spain, it lies among the gray, rocky hills near the small city of Ronda. This is arid, mountainous country. The small rivers often run dry in the summer, and the upland farmers struggle on patches of poor land, desperate for water and fertilizer.

La Pileta (the name means "small pool") was brought to public attention in the early years of this century by a retired British colonel named W. C. Verner, who had come to live between Málaga and Gibraltar. A dedicated ornithologist, he often wandered the hills. One day some local farmers, who searched the caves in the area for bat droppings to spread on their fields, mentioned the place to Verner. On the walls of the cave, they said, was a strange writing that no one could understand.

It was a difficult cave to enter, but Verner decided to see the mysterious signs that the farmers had described. He found hundreds of complex scrawls and scribbles, both angular and serpentine, painted mainly in red and black, and here and there images that he recognized as horses, cows, fish, ibexes (mountain goats), sun disks, and possibly trees. But it was the profusion of meandering lines that was most puzzling to him. Much later, when these convoluted markings began to show up across all of Ice Age Europe, the study of La Pileta would offer me the first clues to the meaning of one of the most important symbol systems of early man.



This tiny horse, found in Germany, was carved about 30,000 years ago from the tusk of a mammoth. It is smooth from repeated handling except for a sharp gash on the shoulder.

Although La Pileta would soon be forgotten, it attracted some attention at the time. In 1911 Verner published a description of it in *Saturday Review*, an English journal, and as a result it caught the interest of Abbé Henri Breuil. He was a thirty-five-year-old priest without a parish, who was becoming Europe's great authority on the culture and art of Cro-Magnon man. These were the people who lived in Europe during the last Ice Age (35,000–10,000 B.C.) and hunted the reindeer, horse, bison, and mammoth that roamed the steppes and valleys, and who painted the great cave frescoes of Altamira and Lascaux. Shortly after Verner's article appeared, he and Breuil joined forces. Together with Hugo Obermaier, Breuil's coworker at the newly founded Institut de Paléontologie Humaine in Paris, they set off to visit La Pileta.

From the first it was clear to Breuil that the cave was unique. For one thing, there were no images of mammoth and reindeer, the cold-loving herd animals of northern Europe. This part of Spain was too far south to support large herds of these animals. However, images of cattle, horses, and mountain ibexes appeared on the walls, and these were done in the same style as paintings in the northern caves.

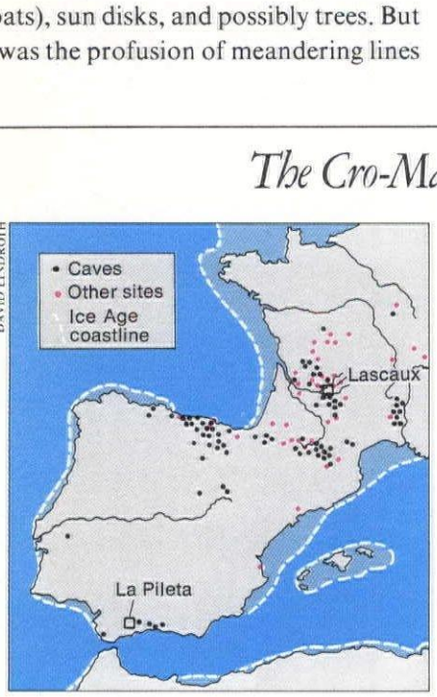
Most of the images in the cave are not of animals but, as in many of the northern caves, are strange accumulations of serpentine markings and signs made during the Ice Age, as well as angular markings and signs that belong to the post-Ice Age period, approximately 5,000 to 4,000 B.C. The cave of La Pileta had been used on and off during some twenty thousand years as a place to live and for the making of a few animal images associated with these inexplicable nonrepresentational markings that quickly came to be called "macaroni," since that is what archaeologists of the early 1900's thought they resembled.

What, if anything, did they mean? What, if any, connection did they have with the animal images that were often beside them? The early archaeologists paid little attention to these linear markings on the cave walls, except to say they were there. They were so impressed with the extraordinary painted animals and the statuettes of naked female "goddesses" that were turning up at prehistoric sites across Europe that they had no interest in what appeared to be merely meaningless scrawls. However, in recent years, after using a microscope to study the huge collections of engraved Ice Age art found in European museums, I had come to believe that the scrawls could be analyzed, and I was drawn to the cave at La Pileta.

The only reasonable attempt to explain the markings was that of Breuil, who had noticed that there were similar

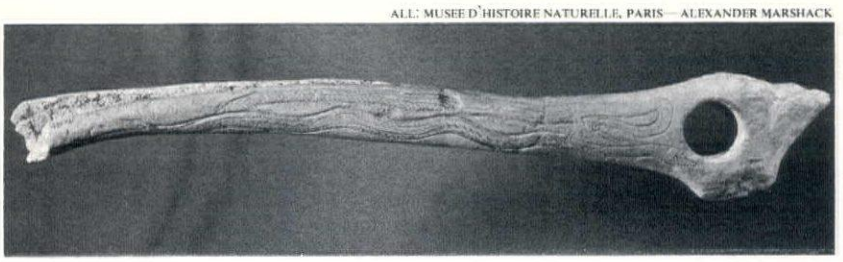
COPYRIGHT © 1976 BY ALEXANDER MARSHACK

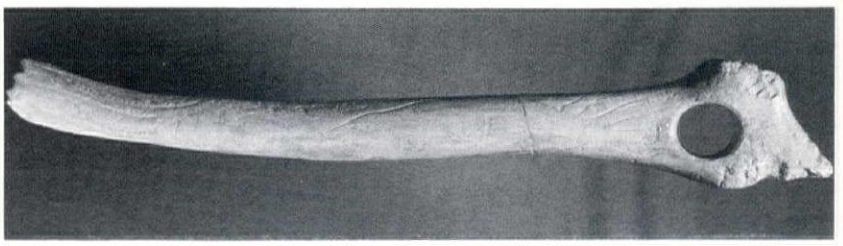
The Cro-Magnon Legacy

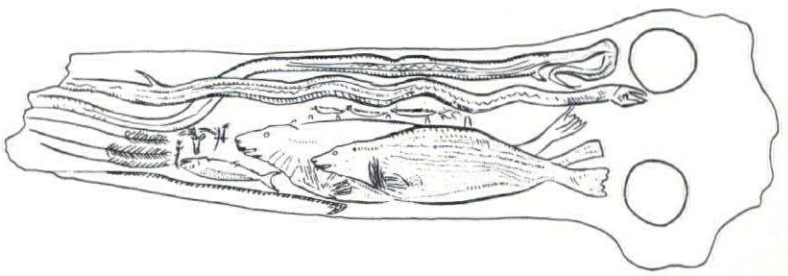


Thus far, more than two hundred prehistoric caves containing paintings or engravings by Cro-Magnon man have been discovered. The black dots on the map indicate caves, mostly clustered around the Dordogne valley in France (Lascaux is the best known) and in the Cantabrian Mountains of northern Spain, that were in use from 10,000 to 30,000 years ago. Other sites (indicated by red dots), often in the open air, have produced the carved objects and stones known as mobiliary art. Despite a century of study, there is little agreement about the use or meaning of this art, least of all at the southern outpost of La Pileta.

ALL: MUSEE D'HISTOIRE NATURELLE, PARIS—ALEXANDER MARSHACK



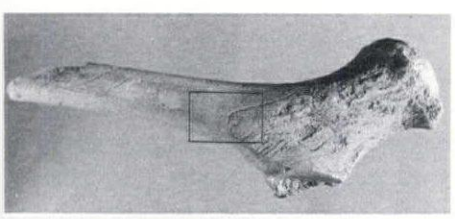




This enigmatic piece of bone, both sides of which appear above (they are joined in the "roll-out" drawing), is engraved with springtime images probably related to the rituals and the environment of Ice Age man. Atop a male and female seal are two snakes. To the left of the seals is a small ibex head, crossed out, and a male salmon exhibiting the kype, or jaw hook, that appears during the spring spawning season.

macaronis in the cave at Altamira, then the most famous of the painted caves of the Ice Age. Because many of these scrawls were made earlier than the animals, he thought they must have something to do with the origins of art. He suggested they were the random scribbles and doodles of early man, who occasionally, as he doodled, recognized the outline of an animal. So—by accident—art was born.

Breuil had other theories about Ice Age art and culture. The art occurs primarily in two forms: first, the magnificent cave paintings; second, the small, so-called mobiliary, or portable, pieces—decorated points and harpoons, shell or tooth beads, bone bracelets, statuettes of animals and women, ritual objects such as the mysterious *bâtons de commandement* made of antler, and symbolic plaques. In addition there are curious fragments of bone, ivory, and stone incised in much the way the cave walls are painted. That is, they are often engraved with recognizable animals and parts of animals, as well as with signs and seemingly random, wandering lines. According to Breuil, all the recognizable images of animals and females had magical significance. Early man, he thought, made these paintings and artifacts to enhance his powers in the hunt or to increase the fertility of his animals and women. As for the small incised fragments, Breuil and other archaeologists conjectured that they were "sketch pads" for the wall paintings and contained the usual doodles.



The antler (top) is engraved with the outline of a horse's muzzle, which, in a microphotograph (center) and drawing (bottom), is seen to be repeated a second, then a third time.

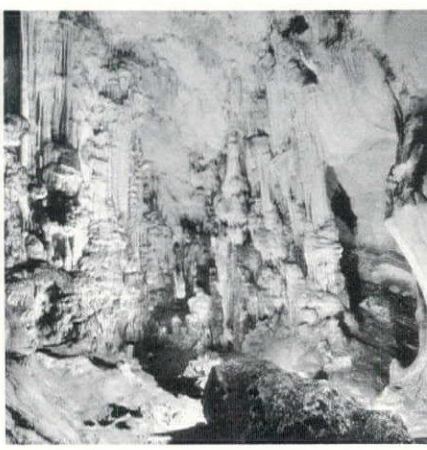
But the so-called sketch pads for the caves came from all over Ice Age Europe, and not just in areas that have painted caves. In 1964, when I began to examine the mobiliary objects under the microscope, I saw that the engraved images and signs represented almost a dozen different symbol systems. Furthermore, some of these portable objects had been used over and over again. The incisions had accumulated on them as if on primitive notebooks. Some were worn down and polished from repeated handling. For example, some of the earliest animal statuary (dated at around 30,000 B.C.) made by Cro-Magnon man comes from Vogelherd, Germany. Examining one of the famous Vogelherd animals, a tiny, carved horse, I saw that it had been handled for a number of years. After much use, the owner had engraved a dart in its shoulder, apparently in an act of ritual "killing," but for what purpose I could not tell—perhaps for a healing ritual, or an initiation, or even a rite of spring. What was clear was that this earliest statue was not made for "hunting magic" but as a symbolic image to be used again and again.

In France I examined some tiny carved bone plaques with sets of engraved marks on them that were once believed to be hunting tallies. These plaques were polished at one end, where they sat in the palm, and rounded and broken back from pressure and use at the other; these must have been retouching tools for sharpening stone blades. By microscopic analysis I found that the sets of marks on the surfaces of these plaques had also accumulated over a long period of time; each set had been engraved by a different point, which left a distinctive track in the bone, and was made with a different type of stroke, pressure, and direction of marking. Apparently the Ice Age hunter was using some form of cumulative notation

TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 70

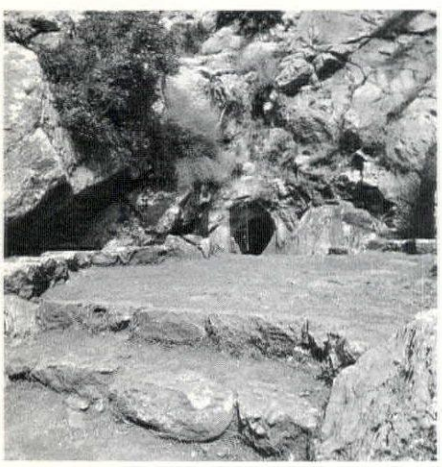
C. Yellow ocher meanders

B. First major paintings

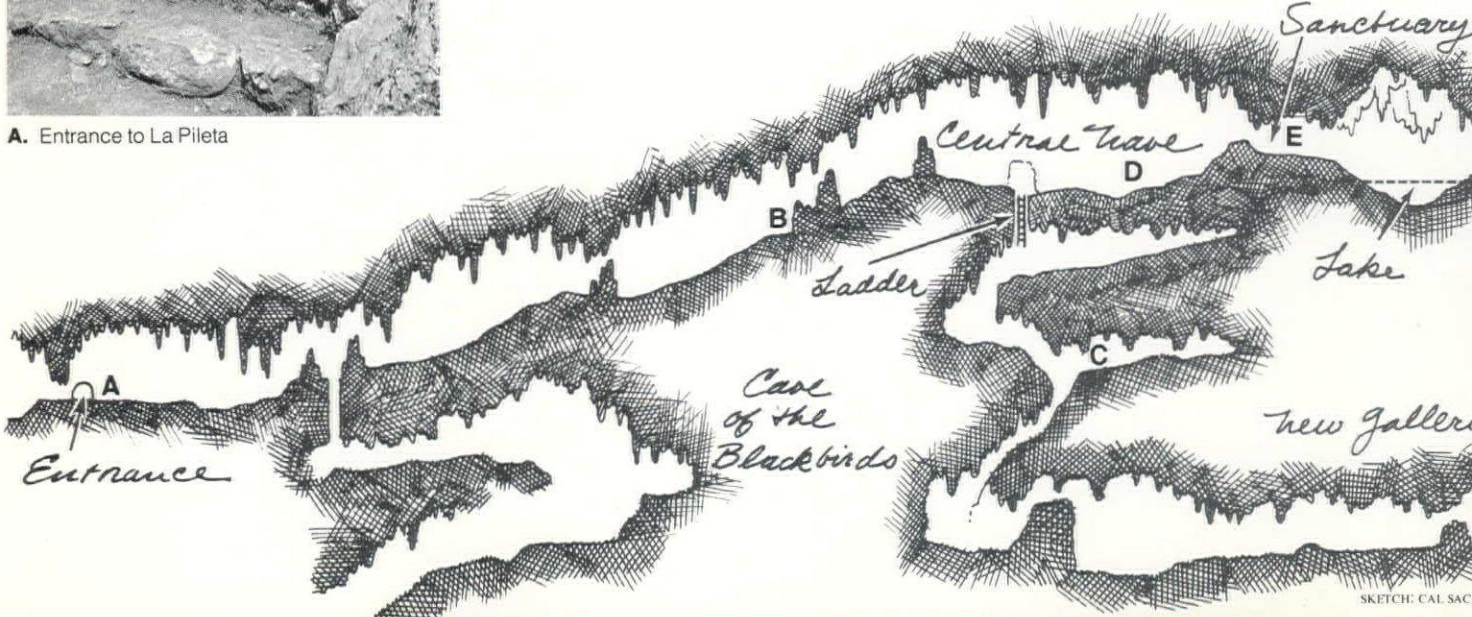


D. Central Nave

ALL: JIM HOLLANDER, EXCEPT WHERE NOTED



A. Entrance to La Pileta

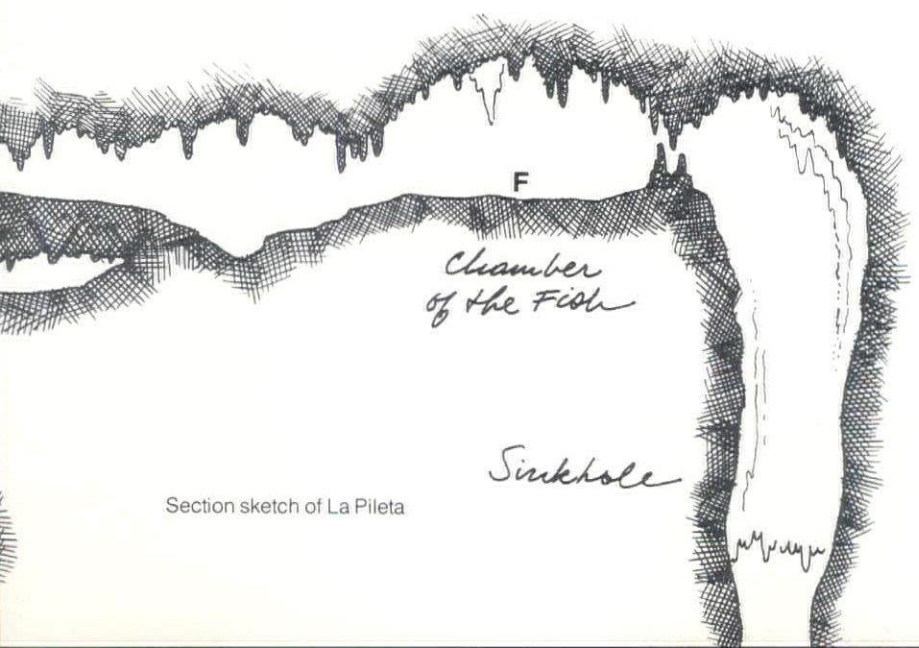


SKETCH: CAL SAC

F. Seal within a large fish

ALEXANDER MARSHACK

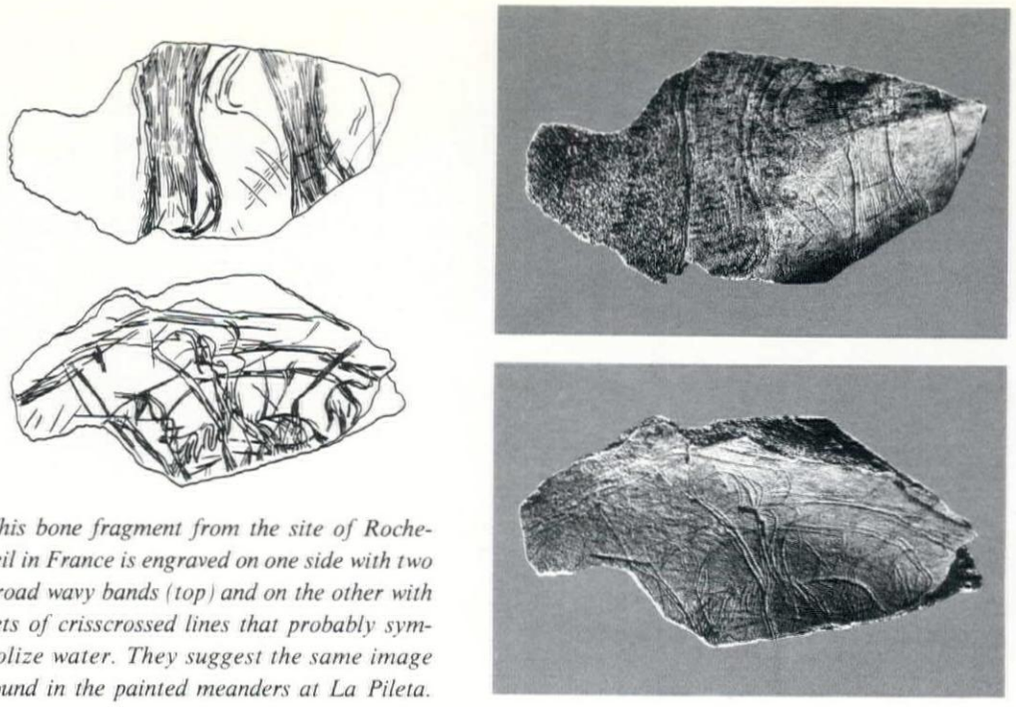
E. Sanctuary panel



Section sketch of La Pileta

A Walk through La Pileta

Unlike the more famous Lascaux cave, to which the public is no longer admitted, La Pileta is accessible—with a bit of effort. First, one goes to Ronda in southern Spain, then proceeds about twenty miles west. At the end of a dirt road is a sign in four languages: "Please call." A loud halloo brings one of the three brothers Bullon, grandsons of the farmer who discovered the cave, to guide visitors by torchlight into what was once the course of an underground river. The sketch at left shows in section the one-third-mile deep cavern, still partially unexplored. Not far from the cave's entrance (A) are the first of the paintings (B), probably stylized animals. In the New Galleries, reached by ladder, are yellow ocher finger paintings of meanders (C) that may be Ice Age man's earliest symbols of water. At the far end of the Central Nave (D) is the sanctuary with its extraordinary panel (E and pages 64 and 65). Beyond the lake is the so-called Chamber of the Fish. On one of its walls is a great black fish (F), within which was later added a seal. The seal faces left, toward a mass of geometric markings that are about 7,000 years old. Among them are zigzags that the author thinks may be late versions of the serpentine symbols of water (C), part of a tradition spanning 25,000 years.



This bone fragment from the site of Rochereil in France is engraved on one side with two broad wavy bands (top) and on the other with sets of crisscrossed lines that probably symbolize water. They suggest the same image found in the painted meanders at La Pileta.

—twenty-five thousand years before the development of true writing.

All the marks made by Ice Age man were intentional and symbolic. I found that despite their seeming complexity and occasional disorder, there was nothing random or accidental about them. The microscope had provided a new means of studying man's earliest art and a new insight into it. What was the meaning and use of this first art?

Before going to La Pileta I had stumbled by luck on a few artifacts that would help me in my analysis and interpretation. The first was a fragment of antler I examined in Germany. On it is engraved the realistic head of a horse, and in front of it two almost invisible schematic muzzles, each muzzle made by a different point. These additions to the image must have been made as acts of participation in the symbolism of the horse, not to kill it, but as if it had been *renewed* twice.

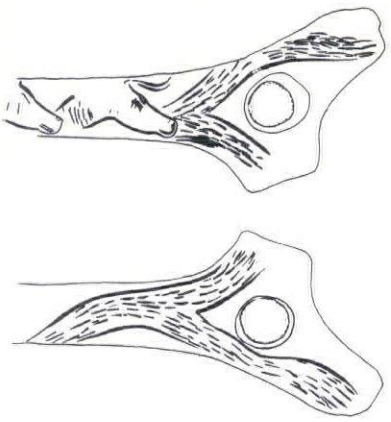
Then, in Paris, I examined another baton, on which are engraved two seals, a male and a female. In front of them is a male salmon, with a kype, or hook, on its lower jaw. The male salmon develops the kype in the spawning season after the migratory run upriver from the Atlantic. Bull seals gather their harems in the spring. (The baton was found on the Charente about a hundred miles upriver from the ocean, and we know that European seals once followed the salmon upriver a certain distance during the migratory runs.) For the inland hunter, then, the mysterious coming of salmon and seal must have been a symbol of spring. Alongside these seasonal, water-related images are three plants—a seedling, a flower, and three stalks in full leaf, and—on the reverse face—two intertwined male serpents. The last image to be engraved into the composition was the crude head of a male ibex with large curved horns, which had then been x'd out: perhaps the animal had been ritually killed at the coming of spring. The seals, salmon, plants, snakes, and ibex were not random images but represented seasonal phenomena and the human rituals related to them. The composition apparently celebrated the coming of spring.

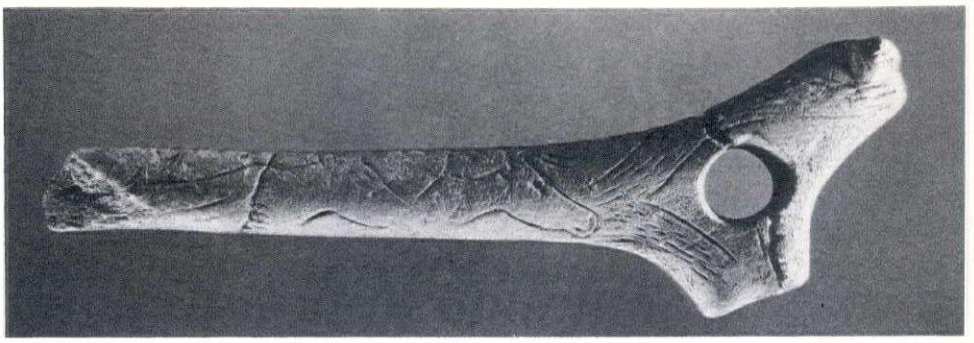
Such an interpretation of these mobiliary pieces was revolutionary. Having studied hundreds of such compositions under the microscope to get some idea how Ice Age artists worked and thought, I set out for La Pileta.

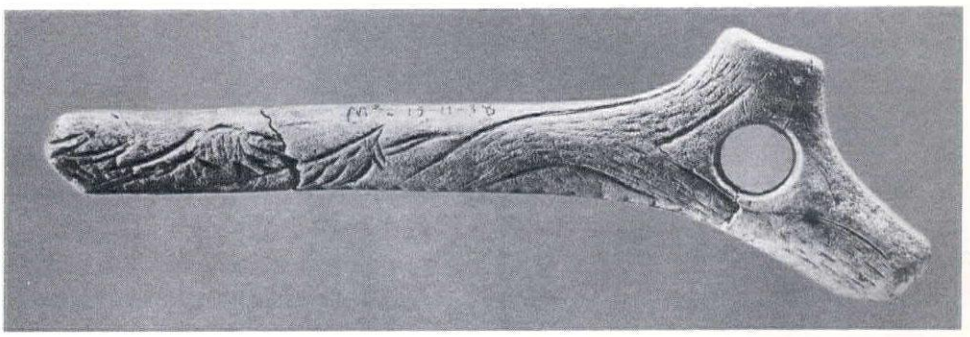
The entrance of La Pileta looks down on a small, dry valley ringed with rocky outcroppings. Halfway into the cave there is a wide, shallow pool of pure drinking water, just in front of which is a tiny Ice Age "sanctuary," as Breuil had called it. The sanctuary entrance is a few feet up from the floor, so that one has to climb up and crawl in. The cubicle is only a few feet high, and one must kneel or squat inside. On the clay wall of this tiny, secret room is a composition of enormous complexity, a compendium of many of the problems that have puzzled archaeologists since the beginning of the century. I was overwhelmed by what I saw. For it was immediately clear that the supposedly random scrawls represented a deliberate and coherent system of symbolic marking—as complex and rich as any in Ice Age art.

Painted in black on the damp wall, in various stages of completion and various styles, are animals (horses, cows, bulls, ibexes, and perhaps a stag), two anthropomorphic figures, one vulvar sign, odd geometric forms with tassels at the corners, and what at first seems to be a random mélange of serpentine or near-serpentine forms, twisting and meandering in every direction. There are two nearly complete animals, a horse (perhaps a pregnant mare) and a cow, outlined in black, and both seemingly "spotted." At Pech-Merle, in France, one of the painted cave panels contained two similarly "spotted" horses that, like these at La Pileta, had never been satisfactorily explained.

But here in La Pileta I saw at once that the horse and cow were not really spot-







In Marshack's interpretation of this intricately carved antler, also discovered at Rochereil, naturalistically rendered rivers merge around the hole. Flecks indicate the flow of water from right to left. The bone was found not far from the confluence of two streams.

ted. Rather, they had been used and reused over a period of time, and the spots were really double finger marks made by a variety of red ochers or black manganese. Not only did the colors and intensity of the paints differ, but the size of the fingers, the thickness of the fingerprints, and the spacing between the fingers varied. Some of the thick double finger marks were clearly those of an adult male, others perhaps of a woman or youth. Some double marks were angled as though they had been made by the middle fingers of the right hand, others by fingers of the left hand.

Since the tiny chamber could hold only one or two persons at a time, a succession of visitors had come on different occasions to paint and mark the animal images. If these were "killing" marks, the animals were never really "killed," for, like animals on the mobiliary objects, they continued to be used. Another horse nearby was similarly marked with red double finger marks. The three animals had been used perhaps two dozen times or more.

On the wall at the far right was a jumble of markings. Some were so carefully and deliberately formed that they could not have been random. These serpentine lines had been made by different sticks or crayons of black, each varying in hardness, intensity, and thickness. Often one line served as the central core, to which were attached branches painted in different shades of black, and then branches were sometimes added to these. The later additions to a serpentine meander were increasingly schematic and simple, at times being merely a single short stroke. These serpentine images, like the animals, were symbols that could be used, reused, and accumulated. In the reuse of an animal, one can add a recognizable ear, mane, muzzle, set of legs, or a dart, one could overpaint or overengrave the outline, or touch it with a finger, dot, or handprint. But the meanders were a more diffuse and irregular imagery. This tiny panel had roughly one hundred and fifty macaroni sections and additions, and eight animals and their two dozen renewals. What relationship was there between these two image systems?

Throughout La Pileta one finds similar Ice Age macaronis with variations in the paint used and the style of their accumulation. The earliest were made in what Breuil calls the Aurignacian style, around 25,000 B.C. and earlier, roughly the same period as the Vogelherd statues. They look like broad bands made by two or three fingers dipped in a yellow ocher. They were accumulated, extended, and branched, however, in the same way as the later black lines in the sanctuary. The latest group, drawn in red ocher with almost architectural precision, are beautiful, convoluted, labyrinthine structures and extended geometric forms. Yet the system used to design these late red markings is the same as in the earliest yellow. There is a span of perhaps fifteen thousand years between them, yet they clearly belong to a consistent tradition of symbolic marking.

There were other tantalizing images at La Pileta. Certain circular "signs," some open on one side, look very much like corrals where animals had been penned, and these were touched with the same double marks as the animals. At the far end of the cave, just in front of a sinkhole that plunges to a great depth, is a chamber containing the largest single image in the cave, a black fish, five and a half feet long, larger than any river fish in these hills or any that might have been caught in the Mediterranean by an Ice Age fisherman. At a later date the fish had been renewed by a second inner outline. Inside the fish is the image of a seal. Surely no seals came to La Pileta, since they will not climb the shallow rapids on the river between here and the coast. Perhaps the hunters of La Pileta went seasonally to the Atlantic or Mediterranean coast for the seal hunt. If so, they would most likely have departed in the spring and returned inland for

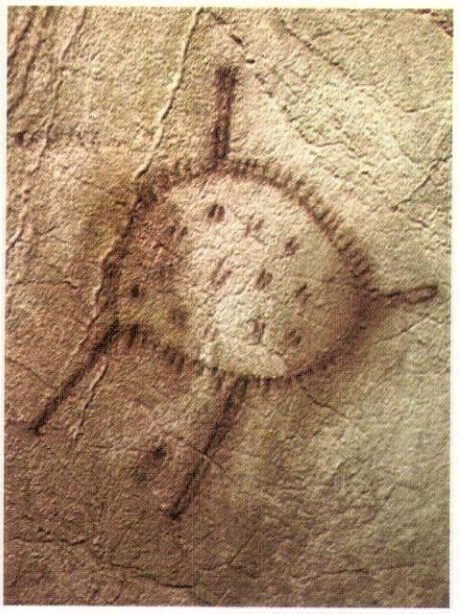
the hill game when the coastal rivers dried in summer.

Perhaps the fish, then, symbolizes both water *and* the arrival of spring. The only other large Ice Age painting of a fish occurs in the Dordogne region in France. On the ceiling of the cave of the Gorge d'Enfer, a few yards from the Vézère River, is a carved male salmon more than three feet long, ochered red, with the kype on its lower jaw. Surely this fish is a late springtime image. Surrounding the great fish at La Pileta are Ice Age animals and meanders and a bewildering complexity of geometric images from the farmers of the Neolithic period, around 5,000 B.C. One of the signs is an angular zigzag. These were used, reused, and accumulated like the earlier Ice Age macaronis. Some zigzags had simply been extended; to others a parallel zigzag had been added. Interspersed with the zigzags are geometric animals, plants, birds, and solar images. The Ice Age animals and macaronis and the Neolithic zigzags and images seemed to be related; both seemed tied to phenomena of nature.

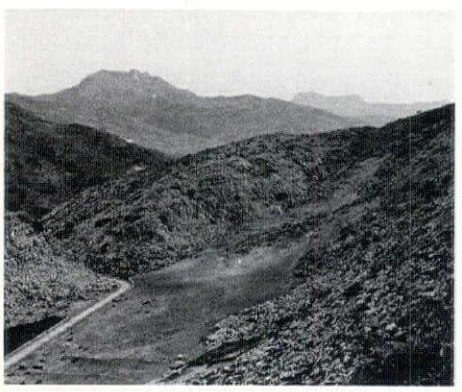
Leaving La Pileta and heading north along the Mediterranean coast, I made a stop in Valencia to examine hundreds of engraved limestone slates from the cave of El Parpalló. The primary motifs on these slates are the serpentine or macaroni composition and the geometric zigzag; they accumulate on these stones like the painted images at La Pileta, often combined with the same animals as those at La Pileta. In the Valencia area this tradition of nonrepresentational marking persists into the post-Ice Age period and then into the Neolithic cultures of the first farmers.

Crossing eastward along the Mediterranean coast to Italy, I examined similar engraved limestone slates from the habitation cave of Romanelli, on the heel of Italy. Again, the primary motifs were the macaroni and zigzag, combined with the cow and the horse. In Czechoslovakia I found that fragments of bone had been similarly marked at Dolní Věstonice, an enormous Ice Age site, and

ALL: JIM HOLLANDER



Seen from the cave entrance, rugged mountains, opposite, ring the valley of La Pileta, below. There, the author says, Ice Age man may have created a corral for wild animals. The painting above may show such a pen.



dated at 27,000 B.C. It was beginning to seem that the macaroni tradition was as widespread as any in the Ice Age.

Then in 1975, at a small museum in the Dordogne, I found at least a partial explanation of the meaning and development of these macaronis. I examined various objects from the habitation cave of Rochereil, which lies a few yards from the confluence of a stream, the Euche, with the meandering river Dronne. Up these waters the Atlantic salmon came to spawn each spring. There were batons decorated with fish motifs and tools decorated with animals, plants, and serpentine and zigzag patterns, along with nonutilitarian fragments of bone engraved in the La Pileta tradition. One tiny baton contained a composition of one flower, one ibex, two cows—and two realistic, branching streams of flowing water. These are the first clear images of water in Ice Age art. The Rochereil fragments marked with macaronis must have been used in some water-related ritual that involved the branching rivers and the plants, animals, and fish that were so important in the Ice Age cultures; and the macaronis themselves were apparently water-related images.

The major painted and engraved caves of France and Spain are found on the river systems that begin in the Massif Central in east France and the Pyrenees of the south. The rivers all flow toward the Atlantic, primarily to the Dordogne and Garonne—exiting at Bordeaux. These rivers were an ecological domain where Ice Age man lived, hunted, fished, and, perhaps most importantly, developed the world's first great painting.

This culture spread via the Pyrenees to the coast of northern Spain, where the rivers of the Cantabrian Mountains flow to the Atlantic. Ice Age man, living in river valleys and sometimes in river-carved caves and shelters, experienced the seasonal round marked by rain, snow, thaw, flood, and the migrations of animals, birds, and fish. The first art and symbols of man were related, it is becoming clear, not only to food and fertility but to all these complex phenomena and processes of nature.

Ever since Charles Darwin initiated the scientific search into the origins of man by publishing his *Origin of Species* in 1859, it has been theorized that man had achieved his conquest of nature as a "toolmaker." The tendency has been to concentrate on man's evolving skeleton, enlarging brain, and increasingly complex tools. What went on in the brain, and how and when the tools were used, were questions not often asked. Now we are beginning to realize that what went on inside the brain—the creation of symbol systems and a culture related to the processes of nature—was at least as important for the eventual development of civilization as the making of any stone axe or knife.

Alexander Marshack is the author of The Roots of Civilization *and a research associate at Harvard's Peabody Museum.*

Den Ryn
Endelgeest
Vestingh
Oost Cil.
Marien
Alkemade
Fort Cesse Vasse
Marc Poort
Oyeval
Warmoes Schans
Witte poort
Weddoxvliet
Bosthuysen
Lammen
Croonesteyn
Vrouwen vliet
Vrouwenbrug
Voorschoten
De Oude Vliet
De Vliet
Papen
Meertjen
Soeterwoude
Cap. Dialas
Quart:
De Hof wech
Noord Aase
Meyr.
Soeter meerse
Meyr.
Wech
VIVE LES GEUX

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, PRINTS DIVISION

The Siege of Leyden

How luck, the weather, and Dutch ingenuity saved the beleaguered city of Leyden—and with it the future freedom of the Netherlands

In the ancient city of Leyden, October 3, 1976, like the third of October for the past 402 years, will be a holiday. On that day children stride happily alongside marching soldiers and citizens in the flag-decked streets, while bands wheeze and throb their way through the Dutch national anthem. Pitchmen at sidewalk booths hawk cold salt herring to the crowds. The families of Leyden tuck into a supper of simmered beef, potatoes, carrots, and onions known as *hutspot*. Along with bread and herring, hutspot was the first food their ancestors tasted after weeks of near starvation, when pure chance and pure courage, or the will of God, as most Netherlanders felt at the time, finally delivered the long-beleaguered city from the Spanish.

MAURITSHUIS, THE HAGUE

William of Orange, leader of the Dutch rebellion

In September, 1574, having cut the dikes to flood the land south of Leyden (at top center), the Dutch relief force encounters heavy fire from Spanish troops as it moves toward the city. This seventeenth-century engraving is a composite view of the twenty-four-day effort.

The siege of Leyden is anything but a household word outside Holland. At best, it is a quaint, antique memory, rarely included with such events as the defeat of the Armada, Cannae and Marathon, Waterloo and the retreat from Moscow on those once-popular lists of the decisive battles in history. Indeed, the whole idea of decisive battles has fallen into sad disrepute. Yet few things are more inspiring, and perhaps even necessary, than the belief that the fate of nations sometimes hangs in brief, dramatic balance; and that God's will, or the courageous sacrifice of swift and determined people, can decide the issue. Such a moment was the siege of Leyden. It took place when Europe was at a turning point, torn by the struggle between the Catholic Counter Reformation and a virulent Protestantism.

At the same time, the divine right of kings had come under new political and religious challenges—on behalf of the rights of nobles, burghers, and eventually the people. The most notable ex-

By TIMOTHY FOOTE

ample was the more than half-century struggle between the Spanish crown and the rebellious trading cities of the northern Netherlands, which officially owed their allegiance to a distant king yet gradually found his rule intolerable.

That struggle began in 1568 and was known as the Eighty Years' War. It was not only unbearably long but intolerably bloody. After taking Naarden in 1572, the Spanish set fire to the city and put to death every remaining man, woman, and child. Mechlin surrendered without a fight, asking mercy, but the city was turned over to the troops for three days of unrestricted murder, rape, and pillage. At Zutphen, too, few citizens were left alive, some being tied back to back and tossed into canals to drown, others being driven naked into the frozen winter night. After seven months of siege the fortress city of Haarlem surrendered on promise of clemency. Most of the military garrison was promptly beheaded or drowned.

The Netherlanders fought back brutally, defending their cities by pouring boiling lead and unslaked lime over their ramparts on to attackers and tossing fiery ruffs, made of wooden hoops dipped in pitch and set alight, over the heads of the Spanish. In the briny northern provinces of Holland and Zeeland, Netherlanders developed a fierce, waterborne guerrilla force, known as the Sea Beggars. Winter and summer, using superior seamanship and shallow-draft boats, they harassed the enemy. But in spite of all Dutch efforts, Haarlem fell in July, 1573, and Spanish attention turned to Leyden, a rich city on an estuary of the Rhine. The plight of the rebel provinces was now acute, for they simply could not sustain another defeat.

The two figures who most influenced the ensuing drama of the Leyden siege, Philip II and William the Silent, could hardly be improved upon by a playwright intent on screwing his drama to the highest pitch of historic irony. On the Spanish side the prime mover remained off-stage, far to the south at a desk in the Escorial, the massive, forbidding monastery-palace from which Philip customarily directed the affairs of his inherited Catholic empire. Philip has been the villain of many tales and histories. But at the very least he must be regarded as a dedicated Catholic, an obedient son, a dutiful prince, and a careful administrator. Almost all these qualities contributed to his troubles in the Low Countries, which the unfortunate young man received when his father, Charles V, abdicated in 1555.

Philip, unlike his father, who had been born in Ghent, did not know much about the Netherlands. To his eye, the seventeen small, oddly shaped provinces, seigniories, lordships, and duchies that made up the Netherlands looked like a disorderly affront to a proper administrator. Their degree of independence and the traditional rights of burghers and nobles seemed mere encouragement to disloyalty and even treason. Worse, the wind of religious heresy was blowing hard upon the Low Countries.

In 1559 Philip appointed his bastard half sister Margaret of Parma as regent of the Low Countries and acquired the services of an ambitious cleric, Cardinal de Granvelle, to act as his cat's-paw on the Council of State. But his attempt to whip the dissident nobles into shape and re-establish total Catholic supremacy failed miserably. In less than a decade, Philip transformed a tolerant, polyglot, loosely linked collection of rival trading cities into the nucleus of a nation so hating Spanish rule that it would do anything—even unite—to be free of it.

In 1564 Granvelle was forced from office. By 1566, Margaret was begging Philip to come to the Low Countries to see what havoc his harsh policies had produced. When a collection of Netherlands nobles petitioned the king to withdraw the Inquisition and permit a degree of religious tolerance, Philip regarded it as open revolt and secretly dispatched an army to the Low Countries under the command of Fernando Alvarez de Toledo, the duke of Alva.

The duke arrived in Brussels on August 22, 1567. Swiftly he began imprisoning leaders for trial and torture as heretics. He spoke harshly, spent lavishly, and was pitiless. When money ran out, he raised taxes, eventually declaring a 10 per cent sales tax ("the tenth penny"), which usurped the traditional taxing power of the Netherlands Estates and enraged burghers of all persuasions, including the "glippers," who at first hoped to remain loyal to both king and Church. Yet in his own ferocious way Alva inadvertently did his victims a service: he taught them to expect little mercy from the Spaniards.

The other major character in the siege of Leyden, William of Orange, was, according to George Macaulay Trevelyan, "the wisest, gentlest and bravest man who ever led a nation." He was born in Germany, of a poor but princely family with Lutheran leanings. But when his cousin René died in battle, William became, at age eleven, the prince of Orange (in France) and of Nassau (in the Netherlands). He was thus heir to large chunks of land that produced enough income to make him one of the richest princes in Europe. Thereupon, Charles V brought him to Brussels, made him into a moderate Catholic, and trained him as a soldier-courtier who would one day be able to direct the affairs of the Netherlands. Charles favored the boy heavily, regarding him almost as a second son who might eventually serve his real son Philip.

Unhappily, the two boys presented the kind of invidious contrast familiar in fairy tales and historical romances. Young Philip was introverted, troubled, sexually shy, physically ungifted, intellectual. In his early years William was carefree, outgoing, a lady's man, and a splendid rider, fencer, and huntsman. The Spanish prince disliked and distrusted him, and so it was that in 1559, when Philip embarked on his attempted reorganization of the Low Countries, he picked Margaret and Granvelle as his agents and by-passed William, appointing him instead as stadholder of large portions of Holland, Zeeland, and Utrecht. From this position William grew silent and serious while he watched

FOTO MAS, BARCELONA

The duke of Alva, by Titian

F. HOGENBERG, *Engravings of Scenes from the History of the Netherlands, France, and Germany*, 1621

Philip II's military governor, the duke of Alva, enforced Spanish dominion over the Netherlands with murderous efficiency. During three days in 1572 his troops sacked Mechlin, at right, because the city had harbored a garrison that was loyal to William of Orange.

what he soon regarded as an unnecessary tragedy unfold.

For William the problem was exquisite. Since he was a powerful prince and vassal, his clear duty was to offer good advice to the Spanish king and, if it was not accepted, to carry out his monarch's policy, however misguided. On the other hand, to disregard the traditional rights of Netherlandish cities was to tamper with public order. "In all things there must be an order," he told the regent and the council in March, 1566, "but it must be of such a kind as is possible to observe . . . To see a man burnt for doing as he thought right harms the people, for this is a matter of conscience."

Philip took such disagreement as a sign of disloyalty. In 1567 William, who still had not joined the dissident nobles, resigned his stadholdership, sold his goods, and retired to Dillenburg, his birthplace in Germany.

Soon he was begging for men and money from the Protestant German princes. Twice in four years he was able to scrape together enough cash and credit to finance a largely mercenary army for an invasion of the Netherlands. Both times the Spanish defeated and dispersed his forces—first in 1568, then again at the end of 1572.

Even without an army William decided to stay in the Netherlands, stirring resistance to the Spanish. Alva had demanded his tenth penny in taxes, and in city after city frugal burghers refused to comply. The two northern provinces of Holland and Zeeland, in fact, pledged themselves to William and were wholly given over to rebellion. It was naturally there that throughout 1573 Alva unleashed his reprisals.

The first phase of the Netherlands war had reached its decisive moment. Alva had run out of money and ideas. He had also stirred so much resistance that even Philip tired of him and ordered his departure for December, 1573. Yet the resources of Spain still seemed inexhaustible and, properly used, could clearly have been overwhelming. The new Spanish commander, Don Luis de Requeséns, arrived with a tempting offer of amnesty and peace negotiations. He would soon sweeten his offer by dropping Alva's demand for the tenth penny, a move well calculated to disarm Netherlanders. If Leyden should fall at so delicate a moment, that would be proof of William's failure and of the hopelessness of resistance to Spain. "Leyden saved is Holland saved," the cry William soon raised, was true enough. But it was even truer in reverse: "Leyden lost is Holland lost."

In October, 1573, the siege troops of Don Francisco Valdez moved unhurriedly up to Leyden. They did not storm the city. Instead they encircled it, blocking off all land and water approaches. For five months Valdez waited, while supplies and tempers grew shorter inside the city, and William furiously sought to create a military diversion outside. In March his plans succeeded. His younger brother, Louis of Nassau, crossed the Meuse into the Netherlands with nine thousand men. Because they were needed to meet this threat, Valdez's army packed up and left. Only three weeks later Louis's army was defeated, and Louis was killed.

Mourning his favorite brother, and knowing that Valdez would return, William urged the city fathers of Leyden to lay in supplies. But spring had arrived. The fields around Leyden were rich and green. The city fathers were divided and slothful. By May it was too late. Valdez had come back with eight thousand men. Leyden was sealed off, eventually so tightly that it became impossible to be sure that even the stealthy messengers known as "jumpers" could get into the city.

During the first two months of siege the city was not troubled enough even to ration the food on hand. Leyden was a spacious and prosperous place, well known for brewing and weaving. Besides, it was soundly fortified and had many small gardens. Just outside the walls, cows could be grazed under the

OVERLEAF: *Though Pieter Bruegel's* Massacre of the Innocents *of 1565–67 has a Biblical subject, it is really an outcry against Spanish atrocities in the Netherlands. In a snow-covered village, soldiers haul the inhabitants from their houses and proceed to slaughter the children, while a merciless phalanx of armored cavalry (center) prevents escape.*

OVERLEAF: KUNSTHISTORISCHES MUSEUM, VIENNA

city's guns. Through June Leydeners thought that having survived one siege, they could survive another.

William knew better. But what to do? The Spanish controlled all the land and water immediately north of Leyden. Beyond Valdez's encirclements to the south, though, stretching some twenty miles to the wide waters of the Rivers Meuse and Hollandsche Ijssel, was flat land that looked then much as it looks today. Nowadays, to be sure, a few new apartment buildings and small oil rigs stick up against the low horizon. But most of the expanse of Delfland, Schieland, and Rynland still consists of lonely fields and ditches. There are scattered farms, a few cottages, clusters of red-roofed villages connected by small, straight roads (or narrow canals) that run along grassy dikes, dividing the green fields and marking ancient defense lines thrown up against the sea. "This is the real Holland," a Dutch friend of mine once proudly told me. "It was all reclaimed from the sea."

William's daring plan was to give it back to the sea and sail across it to relieve Leyden. The Dutch had used the sea defensively for centuries, but the offensive use of flooding was a new idea. Where would the water actually stop? How much and how permanent would the damage be? And wasn't the Rynland around Leyden, though below sea level, a bit higher than Delfland and Schieland? Suppose the dikes were cut and the water didn't spread far enough?

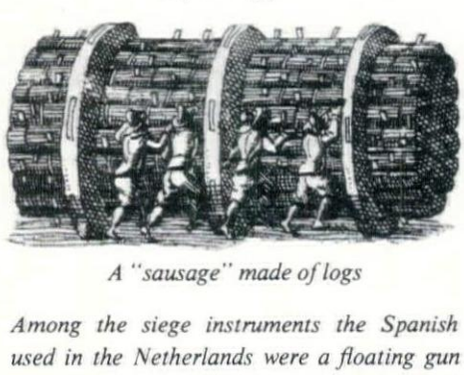
Whatever the risks, William was convinced that cutting the dikes was the only hope for the Low Countries. Tirelessly he pressed the plan, angrily calling on the Estates of Holland and Zeeland to drown "la vermine espagnole." Perhaps he also felt, as C. V. Wedgwood suggests, that when

> the burghers and landowners of the Estates freely voted their own loss, when the homeless people gathered mute, determined, carrying on their backs and piled in wagons all that they could save, to watch the greedy waters slowly devour their fields and their homes; when the burgomaster of Delft, seeing the grey salt flood creep up through his orchards and his farms beyond the city wall, said stoutly to the citizens watching him that all he had lost was a cheap price for driving the Spaniards out of Holland: then Holland was already saved.

That is what happened, at any rate. On August 1 placards went up ordering all farmers and villagers to get themselves and their goods and cattle to a town or fortification within fourteen days. On August 3 William himself was on hand as the dikes of the Hollandsche Ijssel were cut, sixteen notches in all between Gouda and Ijsselmonde. The water gushed northwest into Schieland, across fields and orchards and north toward the Rynland and Leyden. Meanwhile the Meuse dikes were cut around Rotterdam, and the sea sluices were opened to let incoming tides pour north toward Delft and beyond. No one knew how long it would take the water to reach Leyden, if it reached it at all.

The summer was hot. There was plague in Holland, and William fell critically ill. In a fading burst of energy he called Louis Boisot, one of his most steadfast supporters, to direct the bizarre land and sea operations. Boisot, then a stout forty-four to William's lean forty-one, had supported the Netherlands revolt since 1567. Put in charge of all Netherlands naval operations, he transformed the Sea Beggars,

A floating fort



A "sausage" made of logs

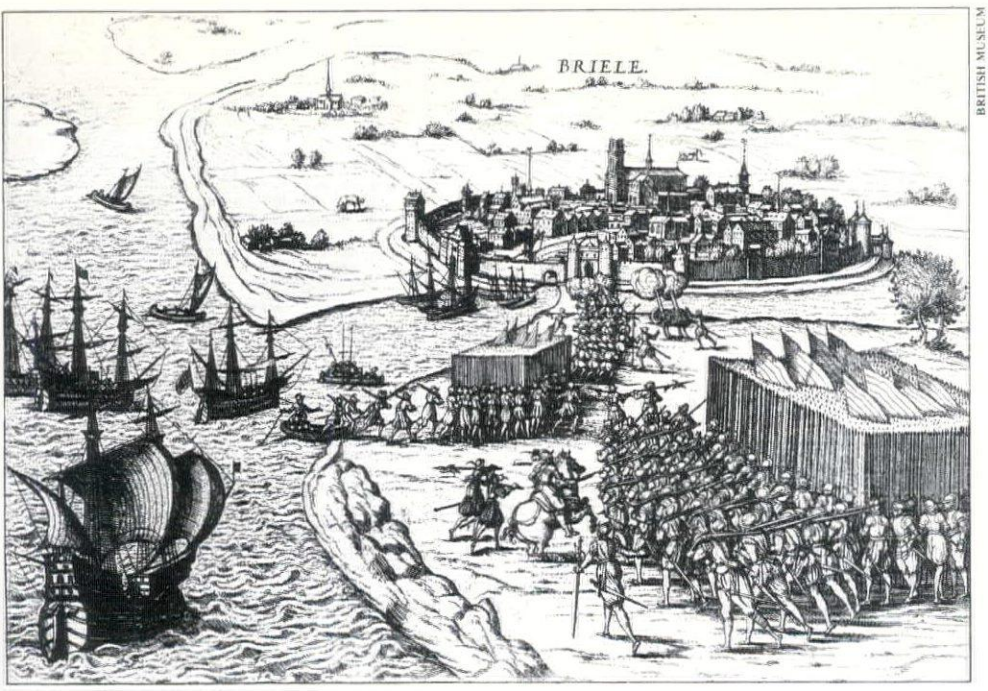
Among the siege instruments the Spanish used in the Netherlands were a floating gun tower (top) that could be moved close to canal-bound walls and a rolling cylinder (above) that gave protection to the attacking forces.

who had been little better than zea
Calvinist pirates, into a unified forc

All through August, as William
near death in Rotterdam, Boisot anc
French aide, Captain La Ga
sweated to gather and equip a curi
fleet and odd assortment of men. Tl
were 350 Huguenot harquebus
under La Garde, some companie
Protestant Walloons, two companie
pike- and spade-wielding Dutch
neers to cut the dikes and dig out bc
that ran aground. The fleet consiste
several long, flat-bottomed praams
ferrying soldiers, powder, shot,
food. Fully loaded, they drew less tl
two feet of water. For fighting esc
the praams had special shallow-dı
galleys, each carrying four small can
and a few harquebusiers. Last to arr
on August 30, were seven *Kromsteve*
larger ships drawing more than the c
ers but also capable of carrying heav
guns. As the fleet assembled, the wat
spread slowly over the land, of
checked by low, inland dikes.

Meanwhile, in Leyden things h
gone from consensus to hunger and di
sion of purpose. Neither then nor la
did Valdez storm the city walls, but t
Spanish siege lines grew tighter a
tighter. Amazingly not until July wa
house-to-house tally of food mac
Then it turned out that only 110 la
(about 8,800 bushels) of corn remain
for fourteen thousand people. Still, t
governor, the four burgomasters, a
the eight aldermen merely confiscat
the extra grain of citizens with large
serves. This they now began to sell to t
hungry, a half pound per person p
day, in return for cash or work on t
fortifications. For the moment, to
they let the regular brewing of beer
unchecked, even though it requir
nutritious grain.

In August real privation and plag
set in. So did fear that William ha
abandoned the city. Messenger aft
messenger went out. None returne
The few papists (as passionate haters
Protestantism were designated) no
began to speak out. So did the rich me
chants, who didn't mind Calvinism



BRITISH MUSEUM

The Sea Beggars, a fierce band of Calvinist privateers who joined forces with William of Orange, capture the port of The Brill in 1572, sparking a wave of rebellion throughout the Dutch provinces.

long as it didn't interfere with peace and prosperity. Valdez and the Count de La Roche, Philip's figurehead stadholder in the rebellious province of Holland, were offering increasingly easy terms for surrender. The Protestant resolution of the governor, Dirk van Bronkhorst, and of the leading burgomaster, Pieter van der Werf, was soon to be tested.

When grumbling started, Van Bronkhorst simply had a gallows put up in the middle of the Breestraat, before the town hall, to indicate the likely fate of the papists. Pressure built. The plague grew worse. By now, rumors of the dike-cutting and rising waters had reached the city, but no water or relief appeared.

On August 27 mutiny broke out. Some of the freebooters who were part of the defense force of Leyden gathered at the town hall. They would serve if they were fed, they announced. Otherwise, they demanded free passage out of the city. That same day a corn ration was established, and all the animals, including horses, were registered for eventual slaughter and distribution. On the thirtieth a letter came from the Estates, confirming the news about the cut dikes, the rising waters, and the gathering fleet. Pipers were ordered to play cheerfully at street corners. By September 2, however, the last of the corn was eaten. Officials had begun to slaughter the animals, starting with horses. Meat was distributed in Saint Peter's Church. The ration was two pounds (including bones) per person, every four days.

Then, on September 5, pipers came to the gates to present two letters that all but undid the city's precarious hold on resistance. A clever glipper nobleman from nearby Poelbrug wrote offering to act as mediator in the arrangement of merciful surrender terms. With a touch of evil genius he added that engineers had now proved that the Rynland was indeed slightly higher than Delfland—especially around Leyden—so the slowly rising waters would never float a fleet as far as the city. At the same time Valdez wrote the Leydeners: "Ye rebels against God and King, ye stiff-necked citizens of Leyden," his letter began. But after this inauspicious start he went on to offer, "for the last time," pardon to everyone, even Van Bronkhorst.

As it happened, Van Bronkhorst was dying of the plague. Chief Burgomaster Van der Werf, acting head of the town, now came under extraordinary pressure to give up. Among other things, a crowd brought a fresh corpse and laid it at his door. Deeply troubled, Van der Werf called an assembly in the town hall.

A long debate followed. The likelihood of relief, the trustworthiness of Spanish promises, the requirements of honor and of the town's oath to William were discussed. A stalemate resulted. Another meeting was called for September 8. This one produced a crowd of wailing women and children outside the town hall, and overwhelming shouts for surrender inside. The motion would have carried formally had it not been for Dutch faith in parliamentary procedure and the wit of Jan van Hout, the town clerk. Gaveling for attention, Van Hout urged that each man speak slowly and in turn, as was the custom, so that an accurate and proper record could be kept. The stampede for surrender ended.

Two days later, at another stormy meeting, the outnumbered loyalists managed to push through an agreement that Leyden would not negotiate with the Spanish until they had heard from William. It was a brave decision, but soon after, Van der Werf, beset by a crowd of starving women and children, spoke the most celebrated lines that the siege produced. "I cannot break my oath," he is supposed to have said. "But if my body can serve you, cut it in pieces and distribute it among yourselves."

At dawn on September 11, after nearly four months of siege, a distant, heavy, and intense firing was heard. It was followed by silence. Both sound and silence reflected the mixed fortunes of

FRANCIS AND SHAW

By mid-1572 most of the cities of Holland, Zeeland, and Utrecht (see map above) were in revolt against the duke of Alva. But by the end of 1573 the Spanish had retaken Zutphen, Naarden, and Haarlem, and in May, 1574, they were drawn up around Leyden.

OVERLEAF: *In the foreground of this painting by Hendrick Cornelisz Vroom, two Dutch ships flying tricolors exchange fire with a Spanish warship during a battle in the Haarlem Lake in May, 1573; two months later Haarlem, in the background, surrendered to the Spanish.*

OVERLEAF: RIJKSMUSEUM, AMSTERDAM

Admiral Boisot's unorthodox flotilla, now, at last, committed to action. On September 5 he had moved out of Rotterdam. Now with sixteen galleys, several companies of pioneers, and 350 harquebusiers, he was ready to attack.

To visualize Boisot's progress, imagine one of those aerial photographs of delta land that appear in the newspapers in times of flood. In September, 1574, such a view, taken from above the vicinity of Rotterdam, would have shown the besieged city far to the north near the edge of the horizon. In the near foreground, stretching east to west between the Meuse River and Leyden, three dark lines, roughly parallel and a mile apart, would appear, like successive rows of defensive trenches. They were dikes, with roads running on them. The first and foremost was the Landscheiding. Farther to the north, and nearer to Leyden, lay the Groenweg. Finally came a raised road called the Voorweg. That morning of September 11, Spanish troops, horses, and guns were gathered on the first and the third of the barriers.

As Boisot's flotilla approached the Landscheiding, gun galleys swung off to left and right, raking the Spanish. Other galleys and barges plunged straight forward until they hit the dike. French harquebusiers leaped out onto the dike, followed by swarms of pioneers who quickly heaped up earthworks a hundred yards apart to protect the infantry. Then, using spades and pikes, the pioneers furiously hacked their way through the dike. Barges and men slid through the cut in the Landscheiding on a great torrent of water.

Cutting through the Landscheiding so easily seemed a dramatic victory. But Boisot soon saw that to reach Leyden on this course he would have to cut the Groenweg and then successfully assault the heavily defended Voorweg. The Groenweg was cut on September 12, almost without a shot, for Valdez had decided to center his defense on the Voorweg, using its houses for protection and massing his cannon there. Boisot was forced to rig up four corn barges with double bulwarks, mounting one demicannon on each.

During the four days this required, the situation in Leyden grew worse. Forty papists forced their way into the council chamber, demanding bread or surrender. But next day there was good news again. After nearly six weeks, William's fever had been cured, and he now wrote to the city, praising the burghers for their pain and persistence. A messenger got through that day, too, with word that Boisot was past the Landscheiding.

Courage restored, the townspeople rejoiced. But as usual they were a day or more behind the news. That very day Boisot's cannon attack on the Voorweg failed. Barges and galleys kept running aground. Worse, the big barges made ramshackle gun platforms, and by midday, when retreat was called, all four were shaking to pieces. Boisot was now desperate. To take the Voorweg he would need more water. But if he waited too long, Leyden might surrender.

The disconsolate Boisot wrote William of his plight and waited. Then, on September 18, a hard northwest wind began to blow and heavy rain set in. Intelligence reached Boisot that the waters were deeper to the east. Taking eight galleys, he led a flanking movement around the heavily fortified town of Zoetermeer. About halfway between Zoetermeer and the town of Benthuizen, his small fleet groped forward in heavy rains until it crossed a lightly defended extension of the Voorweg. Then Boisot turned north, following a canal, and on September 20 entered Benthuizen, six miles southeast of Leyden.

The rain continued, relentlessly drumming on decks and dikes alike. The Netherlanders, as anyone who has spent much time in Holland knows, were perfectly used to it. But it badly dampened Spanish spirits and, in conjunction with Boisot's surprise flanking attack, flustered the usually methodical Valdez into a mistake. Abruptly he pulled his soggy troops and rusting field guns out of Zoetermeer, ordering them to retreat north along the dikes to the fortified village of Zoeterwoude, some three miles closer to Leyden. La Garde, who was bringing the balance of the fleet toward Benthuizen, learned of Valdez's error. Boldly, on his own initiative, he sailed down to Zoetermeer, where he placed three hundred men as a defense force. Next morning, September 21, 1574, Boisot and twenty galleys plowed through the shallow waters northward until they hit a canal and followed it into the tiny Noord Aa Lake. There the galleys had room to maneuver. They fanned out, firing along the shores and into the canals and dikes that led northward. On September 22 Boisot put his ships and men in order, firing his cannon to indicate his position to the citizens of Leyden. He also sent messengers to urge the townspeople to hang on a few days more.

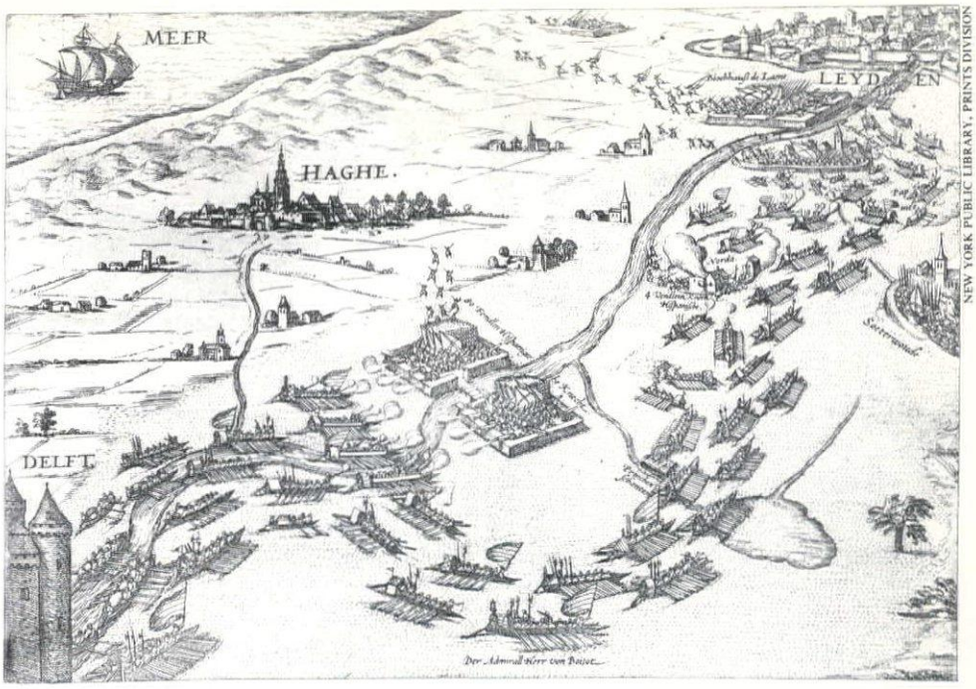
Boisot had come halfway to Leyden, in fact, but his position was far from cheerful. The fleet was running out of water again. The only possible route to Leyden lay straight north across the fields, but without a storm, a huge tide, and an extraordinary conjunction of wind and water, there was no hope.

The people of Leyden were happily unaware of this. On September 22, encouraged by William's letter, the continuing bad weather, and Boisot's progress, the city temporarily brought its long inner struggle to an end, rejecting one more "last" offer of clemency. Now, the townspeople told Valdez and La Roche, they would "await how almighty God might dispose of them." Next day almighty God seemed ill-disposed, for the skies cleared. Fair, sunny fall weather set in and with it the exhausted city's last anguish.

In all, during the siege, some six thousand people died (out of a population of fourteen thousand), most of them, it can be fairly estimated, in the final month, when plague and famine were at their height. A private journal kept during the siege records: "It is the truth that some go to bed seemingly in good health, but are found dead in the morning, killed by famine, three or four

COURTESY ELSEVIER PUBLISHING PROJECTS

Admiral Louis Boisot



NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, PRINTS DIVISION

When the Estates of Holland decided that the dikes should be cut to save Leyden, William of Orange called upon Admiral Boisot, commander of the Sea Beggars, to form a rescue fleet. At right, flat-bottomed barges (Boisot's is at lower center) make their way from Delft over flooded terrain into Leyden, while defeated Spanish soldiers flee toward the sea.

together in one house." There were rumors of dreadful scavenging, of murder, and even of cannibalism.

One of the many mysteries that surrounds the siege during this agonizing week concerns Valdez. His plan, of course, had been to starve the place out. But when the city rejected his terms on September 22, why did he not attack? Perhaps he thought the city would eventually fall to him anyway. Perhaps, too, as the Dutch historian Robert Fruin suggests in his account of the siege, he lacked the proper guns for such an assault. The most romantic explanation is that Valdez was stirred to mercy and encouraged to lassitude by the charms of a dazzling, dark-haired glipper girl in The Hague with the unforgettable name of Magdalena Moons.

Whether Valdez was thinking of Magdalena or not on September 28, it was on that date that the food ration of Leyden consisted primarily of pieces of horsehide for chewing or boiling into soup. But during the night the wind changed. On the morning of September 29 it blew hard out of the west, then veered southwest, the precise quarter necessary to drive water up the Meuse estuary, past Rotterdam, and eventually toward Leyden. Dark clouds swept across the sky. Rain came. So did a spring tide, one of the highest of the year. Slowly the water rose. Barges, left aground, began to stir, then lurched free. At dawn on October 1, Boisot's forces moved toward Leyden.

In the driving rain the Spanish stood waiting on the slippery dike. The galleys again raked them with fire as the pioneers and harquebusiers landed. Boisot sent a message by pigeon to Leyden, urging the civil guard to open fire from the battlements and divert the Spanish as much as possible. Then he ordered his ships forward, through the gray mass of slowly rising water. By dawn on October 2 the galleys were miserably bogged down in the shallows. The crews jumped out and pushed, and the fleet was somehow hauled and shoved and slithered forward. The ships groaned past Zoeterwoude, which was still filled with Spanish soldiers, until they came at last to the waters of the Meerburg Canal.

Deep as well as broad enough for the fleet to maneuver in, the Meerburg joins a network of ditches and canals just south of Leyden. Once in it, Boisot's fighting galleys spread out along the various channels. They coursed about, firing on the retreating Spanish, who sought safety on roads already ankle-deep in water, often drowning in ditches and canals they blundered into blindly. By noon all that lay between Boisot and his goal was the village of Lammen. He could not avoid this formidable obstacle by sailing over fields. The countryside rises as it approaches Leyden, and Lammen, with plenty of cannon and a garrison of three hundred men, commanded the only channel the fleet might use to reach the city.

Hastily the admiral sent back for those unreliable gun barges. As darkness fell on October 2 his gloomiest thoughts concerned not the Spanish so much as the city of Leyden. Had it surrendered already? He feared so, because for two days no diversion or firing of any sort had flashed from the walls, despite his urgent messages. What he did not realize was that the plea for a diversion, flown early on October 1, did not come home to roost in Leyden until late on October 2. When the message was received at last, the Leydeners acted swiftly. Boats were manned and a strike force made ready to leave the city at dawn to attack Lammen. For the first time in five months Hollanders synchronized their efforts. As Boisot waited with his gunboats south of Lammen, the Leydeners were crouching in their boats under the city walls, tensely determined to strike at least one blow against the Spanish soldiers.

Finally dawn came. Quietly several boatloads of Leyden pioneers eased their way along the Vliet Canal toward Lammen, a half mile away. Fruin writes:

> They strained their ears. All was still as death. Could the garrison perhaps be lying in ambush, in order to fall upon them suddenly as they approached? They were at a loss

what to do. At that moment a boy appeared who had spent the night on the walls of the city. He had noticed, so he told them, considerable movement and the flaring of torches in the neighborhood of Lammen. . . . The boy was willing to go and investigate, on being promised a couple of guilders.

When he got there, no Spaniards could be found. The demoralized Valdez had ordered his men to fall back on Leyderdorp during the night. The excited boy waved his hat from the walls to signal all was well. The story goes that when the Leydeners and Boisot's sailors met in Lammen, they found Spanish cooking pots still slung over low fires. In them was the stew of beef, potatoes, carrots, and onions known as hutspot.

The Spanish forces now simply melted away. Boisot's fleet had the joyful task of rowing into a city gone mad with relief and expectations. Guns were firing. Bells were ringing. Hymns and prayers were being sung in streets and churches. At the Vlietbrug, just inside the walls, a shower of fresh bread and herring was tossed from barges into the weeping, cheering crowd.

The victory brought Leyden more than herring and hutspot. William arrived next day. Prudently, sternly, he ordered the city to lay in a two years' supply of grain, in case of another siege (one never came). Leyden had been saved, and the news uplifted Holland and the whole of the Netherlands. How should such a victory be commemorated? Standing among the cheering citizens, William offered them a great free university. (Opened early the next year, it soon became one of Europe's celebrated centers of learning.)

William was commemorating that moment when the nation was born in spirit—and the turn of events that ensured it would soon be established in the flesh. He never gave up hope of freeing and unifying the whole of the Netherlands. He never gave in, either, to the growing Calvinist passion for religious

GEMEENTELIJKE ARCHIEFDIENST, LEYDEN

On October 3, 1574, after five months of siege and suffering, starving Leydeners cheer Admiral Boisot's men, above, and receive food, opposite. To commemorate the victory, William of Orange founded the University of Leyden, still one of Europe's great universities; a clock tower, below, adorns its oldest building, on the Rapenburg Canal.

ACADEMISCH HISTORISCH MUSEUM, LEYDEN

supremacy that would soon be almost as destructive to his plans for a united Netherlands as Philip's fierce Catholic suppression had been.

Nevertheless, when the seven independent northern provinces were formally joined into a free and separate nation, William served briefly as both its prince and its elected ruler. Briefly, because the struggle with Spain went on. Philip had put twenty-five thousand écus on the head of his "dear cousin of Orange." In 1584 a confused young man with an exotic name, Balthasar Gérard, insinuated himself into William's court in Delft and shot and killed the prince.

Philip died in his bed in 1591. But several more generations of wrangling and open warfare were needed to bring the Spanish crown to an official peace at Münster in 1648. It has been argued that this long and unjust war against puny and remote provinces was a draining wound that helped bring about the eclipse of Spanish power around the world. Perhaps. There were, at any rate, riots and disorders in Spain as a result, and a profound sense of demoralization.

Most later historians have been attracted to the Netherlands war not for the damage it did Spain but for the edge it apparently gave to Protestantism and parliamentary democracy in Europe. The raising of the siege of Leyden, Trevelyan once argued, can claim an equal place with the defeat of the Armada in 1588 as "the decisive check to the conquest of Europe by the Spanish monarchy and by the Catholic Reaction."

The twilight of Spanish power; the spread of parliamentary government; the defeat of the Counter Reformation—all these are eventual developments that the war in the Netherlands and the siege of Leyden clearly affected. They were by no means inevitable occurrences in the unfolding pageant of history. Thinking of the fate of the city, one can easily embark on one of those fascinating, though fruitless, "what if" trains of thought. Leyden falls. The Netherlands stays Catholic. A decade later the Armada is not defeated. A Catholic England, perhaps even a Spanish-occupied England, results. Spain is free to help the Catholic Empire during the Thirty Years' War in Europe. . . . Would that have meant, today, New Granada instead of New Orleans at the mouth of the Mississippi, New Seville instead of New Amsterdam (and then New York) on the Hudson? But that way lies madness. It is left for Robert Fruin, Dutch patriot, a modest man and careful historian, to put the siege in perspective. "An event of such importance in the world's continuous struggle for freedom," he wrote in 1874, "deserves to be recalled to the imagination as clearly and vividly as possible."

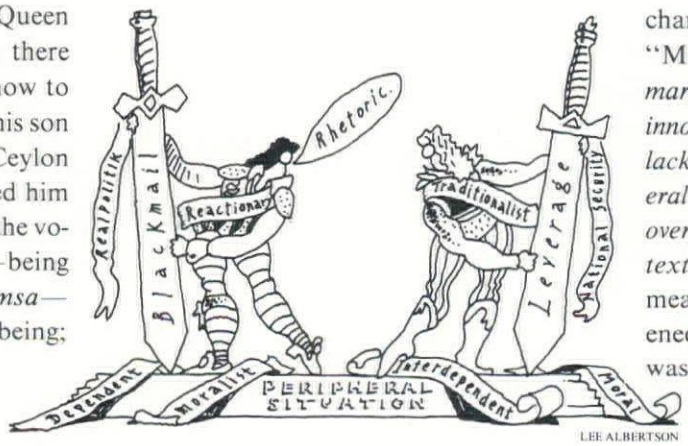
Timothy Foote is a senior editor of Time *and author of a book on Pieter Bruegel. He is presently at work on a study of sea battles of the American Revolution.*

Distribution of Bread and Herring after the Relief of Leyden *(detail), by Otto van Vee*

Newspeak Among the Diplomats

A concise glossary to the speech of international bureaucracy

In the time of King Asoka or Queen Elizabeth or Thomas Jefferson, there was a language one needed to know to be a diplomat. When Asoka sent his son Prince Mahinda on a mission to Ceylon in the third century B.C. he briefed him in a special language replete with the vocabulary of Buddhism: *nirvana*—being at one with the universe; *ahimsa*—nonaggression against any living being; *bhakti*—inner devoutness.



LEE ALBERTSON

Similarly to be a man of the world in Elizabethan England one needed to understand the new patois: *expedience* equaled "enterprise"; *gossip*, a sponsor at court or "contact"; *popish*, of course, meant "stuffy," "bigoted," or "doctrinaire"; and a *voiding lobby* was a waiting room where appointments secretaries separated the sheep from the goats among the anxious supplicants. By Jefferson's time, *monarchism* had become a bad word; *secession* sounded alarmingly radical; and *London* meant to many Americans what Washington now means to Londoners, the seat of the abuse of power.

The Language—meaning diplomatic language—was not invariably clear and familiar, but it was elegantly spoken and written and it *said* something. But the modish tongue of diplomacy today—of that political language now euphemistically called the International Dialogue—is designed for just the opposite end. It is the language of total discommunication. The use of language as an instrument of obfuscation was familiar, of course, to diplomats from Machiavelli, Talleyrand, and Metternich to Clemenceau, Eden, and George C. Marshall. All the same, the stock words of yesterday—*détente*, *démarche*, *entente*, *coup*, and *putsch*—had reasonably objective meanings. The use of such terms was dictated by the wish to speak clearly about confusion, which used to be the purpose of diplomacy. The Language was a diplomatic shorthand. It said more in fewer words.

Today The Language is no longer the specially minted coin of an aristocracy ordained to undertake the government of society, but a paper currency handled by bureaucrats and professional conference-goers involved in the International Dialogue—a Babylonian feast of futility. Here is a pippin extracted from a report on poverty:

> For the time being the international monetary situation remaining fluid as a result of the fundamental disequilibrium in the balance of payments position which has enhanced short-term capital flows and conditions of uncertainty, all countries are required to continue their efforts to achieve a satisfactory solution. Such a solution would require careful study to be made by a competent international organisation which should take fully into account the views of all the countries affected recognising that one singular feature of international life has assumed increasing significance, i.e. the growing interdependence not only of nations but of problems as well.

As far as I can tell, this means absolutely nothing. However, here is another short extract from a report of a *working group* (i.e., talk session) concerned with changes needed in world education: "Mention was made of the often *marginal* and therefore limited nature of *innovations*, as well as of their *frequent lack of success* because of their *peripheral situation* when measured against the *overall* educational structure *in the context* of a given country." What this means, essentially, is that some disheartened "realist" at the meeting said that it was useless to try anything new. But let us pick up some of the verbal clues in that sentence and take a closer look at them:

Innovation: Often means a desirable counterpoise to tradition. Many developmentalists (see below) are convinced that tradition—meaning the old premachine way of life—is the cause of poverty, and therefore the obstacle to modernization, which they believe to be the panacea for the poor world.

Peripheral: Used to mean "surrounding" but now denotes "slight," "scanty," or "marginal." Innovation is marginal because it is peripheral because it is limited because it is marginal.

Frequent lack of success: Means total failure. One of the basic rules of The Language is that negative words should always be softened up. Otherwise, it's bad for someone's image. Thus, one would never say, "Aid has not helped a single poor country to become better off in the past thirty years." That may be true, but the right way to say it is, "Aid inputs over three decades have produced only peripheral outputs."

Situation: A key word in The Language. It once meant "position," "condition," or "job," but it is now a nonword, a resting place for a mind groping around for the elusive right word, or a rounder-off of a malformed sentence. In a seven-page document now on my desk *situation* is used five

By TARZIE VITTACHI

times. Apart from "peripheral situation," it mentions: "those involved in learning situations"—that is, students. "In this context the situation is seen as not being encouraging." ("In this context" means "in this situation," but what the hell!) "More attention to action to be taken in industrialized countries and the situation in developing countries." "The problem is approaching a crisis situation." (Which means it's a bloody mess—and besides, *crisis* would have sufficed.)

Overall: Once a protective garment for dirty work, now a protective word for shabby thinking. It merely means "whole" or "entire."

In the context of: *In* would have done. But *in the context of* sounds more "significant"—significance being a high virtue in the vocabulary of The Language. Similar phrases tacked on like pennants to signify the approach of significance are *in the field of* and *in the area of*.

The political vocabulary of the International Dialogue is even more arcane than its economic and social vocabulary. Each term connotes something different when used by Us and by Them. Furthermore, nothing means what it says (even when it says something).

Realpolitik, for example, is simply the dirty, murdering politics of other countries. When we have a president fourteen thousand miles away bumped off or otherwise removed from the scene, it is called *national security*. And *internal affairs* is a marvelous catchall term that has grown to full stature in the postwar years. It means skeletons in the national closet that are protected by our sovereign right to do unto our people what we abhor other people doing unto theirs.

Other Us-Them words are:

Terrorist: They have terrorists. We have freedom fighters.

Moralistic: They are moralistic. We are moral.

Reactionary: They are reactionary. We are traditional.

Racist: They are racist. We only want to preserve our identity.

Elitist: They are elitist. We believe in giving leadership.

Emotional: They have emotions. We have feelings.

Or take a seemingly straightforward word: *expert*. An international expert is the envy of everyone who sees the grandeur he lives in, and the scourge of those on whom he practices his expertise. A Ceylonese prime minister once defined an expert as "a man who comes to find out and leaves before he is found out."

Here is a vest-pocket guide through the minefield of global politics:

Balance of power: A tilting of power in our favor.

Leverage: A force that is blackmail when used against us.

International cartel: Multinational corporations formed by the other side.

Taking concrete steps: Something that all officials are perpetually engaged in, even though they never get anywhere.

Neutralism: During the cold war this meant playing both ends against the middle, the ends being Washington and Moscow. No longer legal tender, *neutralism* is used only by small countries that want to stay out of chronic problems, such as those between India and Pakistan.

Oil rich: Since America and Russia, the largest oil producers in the world, are never referred to as oil rich, it means rich only in oil.

Third World: Poor countries.

Fourth World: Poorer countries.

Arab World: Rich poor countries.

Developing countries: Undeveloping countries.

Developed countries: Industrialized countries that have money or, like Britain, used to have money.

Development: The strange desire of people proud of their spiritual heritage of plain living and high thinking to change over to the materialistic ways of high living and plain thinking.

Developmentalist: A city gentleman who makes recommendations for his country cousins.

Decision-makers: Cabinet ministers, politicians, and civil servants who would never risk their future by saying yes or no—only maybe.

Grassroots: Villagers, and in the new international lexicon, usually tropical villagers. You may be sure that people talking sentimentally in Washington, London, Paris, or Geneva about the "need to get down to the grassroots level" have never met a grassroot eyeball to eyeball.

Rhetoric: Once an admiring word for the oratorical flights of Burke, Patrick Henry, or Churchill, it is now a pejorative term, scoffed at as being windy and highfalutin.

Coordinating: A modern doctrine based on a simple principle: if you observe two or three or more people working, they must be stopped at any cost.

Interdependence: You have too much oil. We have too many automobiles. Our automobiles need your oil at prices set by us as we have done for decades. Or, in other words, rich countries are interdependent; poor countries are dependent.

Time frame: Time used to be linear—the future coming inexorably toward us, passing our present, and becoming the past. It has now been bent to make a frame, but the frame is loose enough to let a bureaucratic dallier through to take refuge in an *extended time frame*.

Distinguished delegate: All delegates are distinguished, which, of course, eliminates any possibility of distinction. So when someone refers to "my honorable friend, the distinguished delegate from the Sovereign Republic of Amnesia," what he is really saying is, "That loathsome reptile and obscure upstart from a half-baked country."

Power vacuum: Where the Seventh Fleet isn't.

This short glossary should enable you to participate in the International Dialogue with self-confidence and even panache. But remember the essential rule: Avoid all simple and direct words. You run the risk of being understood. And you can easily imagine what that could do to the International Dialogue.

As director of information for the United Nations Fund for Population Activities, Tarzie Vittachi has had much experience with the convolutions of diplomatspeak.

A MASTERFUL BUT MYSTERIOUS PIETA

A puzzle to generations of art historians,
the *Pietà of Villeneuve-les-Avignon*
is also a timeless icon of sorrow that speaks to everyone

LOUVRE—AGRACI

Grieving for the dead Christ in the Pietà *are, from left, the donor, Saint John the Evangelist, the Virgin Mary, and Mary Magdalene.*

When the fifteenth-century *Pietà of Villeneuve-les-Avignon* was first exhibited in Paris in 1904 it was hailed as an extraordinary masterpiece. That reputation has held firm. The art historian Albert Chatelet calls it the "supreme expression of Provençal art," and Michel Laclotte, curator at the Louvre (where the painting hangs today), declares it a masterpiece of "our 'imaginary museum' "—that mental collection of the great works of all time. Yet for all the admiration accorded it, the *Pietà* is fundamentally a mystery. No one is sure who painted it, where it was painted, or for whom. It is as undocumented as an idol unearthed from a Bronze Age tomb, and even now, after decades of study, only educated guesses can be made about it.

The *Pietà* is first of all a work of Christian art. The mourning of Christ is its subject; it is that which inspired the artist who painted it and the unknown Christian who commissioned it. In the center is the body of Christ, scourged by his tormentors, stretched and bent by the agony on the Cross. He lies arched across the lap of the Virgin, who prays silently and sorrowfully over his broken body. A youthful Saint John the Evangelist gently removes the crown of thorns from Christ's head, while Mary Magdalene, at Christ's feet, dries her tears—the painting's only overt expression of grief. Completing the group is the unknown donor, a canon, who stares into space as if the holy mourners were a vision in his mind's eye. Peace pervades the entire scene; the tumult has ended. It is the moment T. S. Eliot described in *The Waste Land*:

After the torchlight red on sweaty faces
After the frosty silence in the gardens
After the agony in stony places
The shouting and the crying
Prison and palace and reverberation
Of thunder of spring over distant mountains
He who was living is now dead
We who were living are now dying
With a little patience . . .

For as long as anyone can remember, the *Pietà* had been associated with the medieval "new town" of Villeneuve-les-Avignon, a cluster of gray walls and turrets that lies across the Rhone from Avignon proper. Among the half-ruined palaces dating from the fourteenth century, when the popes ruled Avignon, is a Carthusian monastery, where, according to tradition, the *Pietà* once adorned the altar of the chapel. By the beginning of the nineteenth century it had made its way to the parish church of Villeneuve-les-Avignon, and in 1872 the church gave it to a local hospice of the Sisters of Saint Jean de Matha. There it hung, in a little museum, until the day in 1904 when officials from the Louvre arrived to carry it off to its Parisian debut. One of the officials, Paul Lemoisne, recorded his amazement on seeing the painting for the first time:

> Nothing could be more noble than the mournful resignation of the Virgin and her self-control, emphasized by the tight clasping of her beautifully drawn hands. The Christ, with the admirable head, the half-opened mouth, the daring curve of the body, which falls on each side of the Virgin as if bent by pain, is a terrifying image of death, but at the same time of imposing majesty. As for the figure of the donor in his white surplice, the nobility of this rough portrait, with the bony face, the vigorously modeled reliefs and the firm and open gaze, makes it worthy of the grandiose group of the Virgin and her divine Son.

When the other art works in the exhibition were returned to their churches and museums, the *Pietà* remained at the Louvre, becoming a prized component of the museum's permanent collection. It was then that the search for identification and scholarly documentation began in earnest. Foremost in the art historians' minds was the identity of the artist. Various names were put forth: Nuño Gonçalves, a fifteenth-century Portuguese who painted several somber altarpieces; Bartolome Bermejo, a Catalan known to have painted another pietà about 1490; several artists who worked in Provence in the fifteenth century; even an unknown artist of the school of Dijon. Finally a consensus of sorts was reached: on stylistic grounds, it appeared that the *Pietà* was painted about 1455 by a still-to-be-identified Provençal artist.

At first the Louvre discreetly attributed the painting to "school of Avignon." Then, in 1970, the attribution on the painting's identifying plaque was changed to Enguerrand Quarton, the artist of a *Coronation of the Virgin* that had hung for years next to the *Pietà* in the hospice museum at Villeneuve. The new attribution is based on an extensive analysis by Charles Sterling, who almost forty years ago pointed out similarities between the *Coronation*, Quarton's documented masterpiece, and the *Pietà*. Although not all scholars accept the attribution, there is little doubt that Quarton was one of the best of the sixty some artists known to have worked in Avignon in the mid-fifteenth century.

Avignon first came to prominence as an art center in the fourteenth century, when the popes who resided there hired French, Flemish, and Italian artists to decorate the interior of the papal palace. Artists continued to come from all over Europe, drawn by commissions from papal courtiers and from merchants grown rich from trade along the Rhone. In the fifteenth century King René of Anjou, that indefatigable patron of the arts, counted Aix and Avignon among his favorite residences.* As the Hundred Years' War devastated much of France, artists fled south to find work at his court or among Avignon's new rich. Following a common pattern, Enguerrand Quarton came south from the diocese of Laon, lived for a while at Aix, and settled in Avignon in the mid-1440's. There, in 1452, he painted a *Virgin of Mercy* and, a year later, the Villeneuve *Coronation*.

At first glance, it is difficult to see much similarity between the *Coronation* and the *Pietà*. The *Coronation*, a grandly conceived altarpiece, is organized hierarchically, much like the tympanum of a French cathedral. The Virgin, crowned in heaven, presides over ramparts of angels and sanctified souls; beneath her

*See "King of Hearts," HORIZON, Autumn, 1975.

By PRISCILLA FLOOD

lies a Provençal landscape with two cities supposedly representing Rome and Jerusalem but actually resembling Villeneuve and Avignon, and below the landscape are the regions of purgatory and hell. It was painted for the Carthusian monastery at Villeneuve, having been commissioned by a priest, Jean de Montagnac, who gave the artist strict instructions about every aspect of the painting. He ordered Quarton to "see to it that there shall be a Holy Trinity with no difference between the Father and the Son, and the Holy Spirit in the guise of a dove." True to his contract, Quarton made Father and Son into exact mirror images, each holding one side of the Virgin's crown, while between them, above the Virgin's head, a dove spreads its symmetrically perfect wings. Also as instructed, Quarton depicted devils "greatly discomfited" at the sight of souls leaving purgatory and going to heaven.

While the brightly colored *Coronation* dazzles us with its details, the Villeneuve *Pietà* invites us to linger over the faces and attitudes of its figures. Distracting details have been eliminated: the figures, arranged in a shallow space, stand out from the gold background in majestic simplicity. The colors—deep blues, dark browns, and reds, contrasting with pale skin tones—enhance the mood of sorrowful contemplation. Even the passage from Lamentations inscribed on the gold ground calls attention to the painting's mood: *"O vos omnes qui transitis per viam attendite et videte si est dolor sicut dolor meus"* (All you who pass by look and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow). There is a new intensity of feeling in the *Pietà* that is quite unlike that of the comparatively static *Coronation*. Perhaps Quarton, unrestrained by a detailed contract, felt freer to express himself.

When one looks closely at the work of Quarton and compares it to details from the *Pietà*, distinct similarities appear: the drawing of the fingers, the character of the folds in the robes, the shape of a nostril, or a lip, the tracing of an eyebrow. The *Pietà* Christ and the *Coronation* Father and Son are similar types, each with a large mass of dark hair falling regularly over the forehead. The flat gold backgrounds of both paintings give to each a sense of timelessness. The mountain behind Mary Magdalene in the *Pietà* has the same rugged planes as the peaks in the *Coronation* landscape. The hands of the *Pietà* figures, so delicate and expressive, resemble the hands of the *Coronation* Virgin. The city behind the donor's head in the *Pietà*—modeled after Jerusalem or Constantinople—is realistically drawn, like the cities in the *Coronation*. Finally, the same vivid Mediterranean light, sharply illuminating and defining forms, floods both paintings. If not an absolute certainty, the attribution to Quarton seems at least, in the words of Michel Laclotte, "very probable."

Lamentations, *circa 1440*

Pietà with Donor, *circa 1470–80*

The image of the Virgin Mary holding her dead son was a favorite subject of devotional paintings in the fifteenth century. The Lamentations *at top came from the workshop of Rogier van der Weyden in Brussels. The pietà above was executed by an unknown artist from Provence. Because of its clarity and strength of composition, the* Pietà of Villeneuve-les-Avignon, *below, stands apart from other Provençal paintings of its time. The details outlined are reproduced on the following pages.*

LOUVRE — ARCHIVES PHOTOGRAPHIQUES

Charles Sterling speculated that the donor of the *Pietà* might well have been the same Jean de Montagnac who commissioned the *Coronation*. Whoever the donor was, we know he was following the fashions of his time in ordering a pietà. The image of the Virgin cradling the dead Christ had already become a popular devotional device by the fifteenth century. As far back as the twelfth century, there are images in Byzantine art of the dead Christ being held by Mary. The pietà first appears in the West in Italian painting of the thirteenth century; German sculptors picked up the theme in the early fourteenth century, and soon it turned up in manuscript illuminations and in panel paintings for use as altarpieces.

Nowhere do the Gospels describe Mary holding her dead son. For vivid details of Mary's grief, and the Passion itself, we have to turn—just as the artists of the late Middle Ages did—to the mystical and devotional writings of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. There we find Saint Bonaventura urging the faithful to "have always the eyes of your mind toward Jesus crucified, crowned with thorns, having drunk the vinegar and gall, spit upon and abused, blasphemed of sinners, pierced by the spear, buried of mortal men." Perhaps the best known of medieval Latin poems, the *Stabat Mater*, pictures Mary at the Crucifixion:

> Who is he who would not mourn
> To see Christ's mother so forlorn
> Smitten by his bitter pang?
> Who would not lament and wail
> As he saw her would not quail?

In the anonymous and widely read *Meditations on the Life of Christ*, Mary laments, "O my friends, do not take away my Son so quickly, nay, bury me with Him." The sufferings of Christ and

TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 97

BOTH: LOUVRE—AGRACI

GIRAUDON

Enguerrand Quarton, a French artist living in Avignon, painted The Coronation of the Virgin, *above, in 1453–54 for the Carthusian monastery of Villeneuve, below. The Villeneuve* Pietà, *now attributed to Quarton, is also thought to have been painted for the charterhouse. Although they differ considerably, both paintings share an aura of contemplation particularly associated with the Carthusians.*

Mary's grief were presented realistically in countless Passion plays. Arnoul Gréban's *Mystère de la Passion*, which drew huge crowds to a performance in Paris in 1450, has Mary exclaim in the final scene: "My son, my son! I beg of thee, my sweet child, to look upon my suffering. Is it well for thee to forget thy mother? How shall I live without thee? I make my prayer unto thee, look upon thy mother, who weeps piteous tears for thee."

Such outpourings of love and grief, and the art they inspired, are evidence of a new religious sensitivity and a new humanizing of Christ and the Virgin. Beginning in the eleventh century, God the Father recedes in the popular imagination. Mary, as intercessor, heads her own cult. Toward the end of the twelfth century, Peter of Blois, archdeacon of Bath, wrote that "the Virgin is the only mediatrix between man and Christ. We were sinners and we were afraid to appeal to the Father because he is terrible; but we have the Virgin in whom there is no terror, for in her is the plenitude of grace and purity. . . . In fact, if Mary were excluded from heaven, there would be nothing left for humanity but the shadow of darkness." As the most merciful lady, Mary inspires devotional poetry that can scarcely be distinguished from secular love lyrics. Christ, as Mary's son, becomes the Man of Sorrows close to the hearts of common people. In such works as the Villeneuve *Pietà*, Christ is no longer the Divine Logos of Byzantine art, or the fatherlike Redeemer of the tympanum at Chartres, but a believable image of a once-vigorous god-man.

In some pietàs, the body of Christ is so stiff and bloodstained, so pitiable, that it is difficult to imagine his power in life. The Villeneuve Christ, however, is beautiful, despite the marks of death on his body. The presence of Mary Magdalene, identified by tradition with the young prostitute who kissed and

ROGER-VIOLLET

anointed Christ's feet in the house of Simon the Pharisee, reminds us that Christ's power emanated from his whole person, not just from the words he spoke. As John and the two Marys mourn him they seem to encompass the whole man: John gazes at Christ's head, the Virgin at his heart, the Magdalene at his loins. Is not John honoring the teachings of his spiritual mentor, the Virgin her son's boundless love, and Mary Magdalene the god-man's physical being? Is not this a Christ who walked on earth with grace and dignity?

The artist of the *Pietà* has carefully arranged the mourners around the body of Christ so that they are literally joined together in him. One admirer of the painting, the art historian Germain Bazin, sees the Villeneuve *Pietà* as depicting the first Mass in history: the Virgin is the celebrant offering the body of her son while Saint John, Mary Magdalene, and the canon assist as acolytes. We cannot know whether anyone in the fifteenth century interpreted the *Pietà* in this way, but the emotional impact of the image is clear. The English mystic Margery Kempe reported that she felt "compelled to cry full loud and weep full sore" when she knelt before a pietà at Norwich in about 1420; a priest finally came to comfort her, saying, "Damsel, Jesus is dead long since."

Yes, Jesus is dead long since, and so is the culture that produced the *Pietà of Villeneuve*. But this image of sorrow is not simply a document of its age. It somehow transcends its time and even its Christian iconography, to speak to us directly about grief. When we look at the Virgin Mary's face, we see not just her suffering but also her incomparable dignity. Whatever she has been through has endowed her with a strength that testifies to the healing power of grief. Some years ago C. S. Lewis, distraught at the death of his wife, kept a diary of his changing thoughts and feelings during the time of mourning. "Grief," he wrote, "is like a long valley, a winding valley where any bend may reveal a totally new landscape." First anger—particularly anger at God—enveloped him. Then came intense loneliness and bitterness. At last, though, he comes to see his record of sorrow as "the senseless writhings of a man who won't accept the fact that there is nothing we can do with suffering except to suffer it." This moment marks the beginning of Lewis's acceptance of death. A similar acceptance, a sacrifice of self, transforms the figures in the *Pietà*. Already, one imagines, they have experienced long and dreadful hours of anger, fear, and terrible loss. They have perhaps wished to denounce a God that would allow their beloved Jesus to die so horribly. Yet now grief's catharsis has done its work. The *Pietà* mourners have met death—and have triumphed over it.

Theatre As You Like It

A round of applause for repertory

By STANLEY KAUFFMANN

IRWIN SMITH, *Shakespeare's Globe Playhouse*, 1956

The repertory idea is an old one. In mid-seventeenth-century England troupes of strolling players, as above, performed repertoires of drolls, or humorous one-act episodes, which were usually adapted from longer plays.

Hardly a month goes by without one more definitive article on the fate of the American theatre, and almost every one prescribes the repertory system as the solution to all problems—or at least as the requisite first step toward solution. Well, the idea of repertory certainly is important to our theatre today, so it is important to have a clear understanding of it. Let me begin my own comments by examining the word itself.

It doesn't mean what it looks like. "Repertory" doesn't mean "repetition." A repertory theatre does indeed repeat plays, but the word comes from the past participle of the Latin verb *reperīre*, to find. The *Oxford English Dictionary* gives three meanings for "repertory"; abridged, they are 1) an index; 2) a storehouse; 3) repertoire. If we look then under the most pertinent meaning, "repertoire," we find: "A stock of dramatic or musical pieces that a company or player is accustomed or prepared to perform."

This definition is a small miracle of compression. It not only gives the quintessence of the idea, sometimes misrepresented even by presumed repertory supporters, but it also includes the term with which repertory used to be interchangeable and with which it is now often confused—stock. Today a stock company may or may not have a permanent ensemble; it performs plays successively, for one or two or however many weeks, then discards them. Throughout most of the nineteenth century a stock company was a repertory company: a stock of people, in a relatively permanent ensemble, who had a stock of plays to choose from and perform. The only element left out of the OED definition is alternation: a repertory company varies its bills, giving a play one or two or three performances, then bringing it back after having performed other plays.

This system, which may today strike some readers as a fancy, idealistic plan, was for centuries the only form of theatre practice. That is the prime historical point. The idea of repertory is not a professorial or critical theory; less

than a century ago it was universal and commonplace in Great Britain and America (as it still is in Europe). The reasons it was abandoned cannot be ignored, but what we are discussing is a return, not a novelty.

During the first thousand years or so of the Christian Era, the formal theatre was under the Church's interdiction, but traveling players kept working underground. As Jacques Burdick writes, "Forced together by circumstance, mimes, actors, acrobats, rope dancers, and musicians joined forces to survive." After the Church began to use formal theatre for its own purposes around A.D. 1000, and began to draw on professionals to assist, actors moved out of the underground to prosper in the new sunlight. By the middle of the sixteenth century they were familiar on the Continent and in England.

Actors traveled. Audiences didn't. Many people might never go ten miles from home in their entire lives; they had neither money nor transport nor, often, permission. Since there simply weren't enough people in any one place to make up many audiences, actors had to be vagabonds or starve. Even if they wanted to stay a week in one place, actors had to have seven plays in repertoire, a stock of goods to offer like any other traveling tradesmen, so that the available audience who came on Monday would come again on Tuesday and for the rest of the week. Traveling with just one play would have been stupid, and staying in one place would have been unthinkable.

But the latter idea became possible as the Renaissance wore on, as towns and cities grew larger. Since there were now more people with more money and more leisure time living in larger compact areas, some troupes could stop traveling, or at least vary their traveling with extended engagements in one place. But just because companies now were, or could be, fixed in one place, this did not mean that they would alter the "stock of wares" idea of their traveling days. In Great Britain—therefore in America, too, as the colonies built theatres and developed a profession throughout the eighteenth century—audiences were conditioned to the scheduling of Play A on Monday evening, Play B on Tuesday, C on Wednesday, with perhaps A returning on Thursday.

BRITISH MUSEUM

DIANE GORODNITZKI

A caravan of sixteenth-century actors in stage dress, above, travels to its next engagement. Today repertory groups such as the Acting Company of New York, in performance below, carry on the tradition.

Cities, though growing, were still not large enough in the eighteenth century to support extensive runs of one play at a time. If a new production was a success, it took time for news of it to travel among the maximum potential theatre audience; the spacing out of performances of that production allowed that time. Besides, the bulk of any theatre's repertoire was standard works, not new plays. If Smith made a hit as Othello, it was Smith whom people were coming to see, not a new play, and it was better business to tease the audience by spacing *Othello* out among other standard plays, rather than to present fifteen or twenty performances of it in a row.

"In the early period [of the nineteenth century]," states Edward Mammen in *The Old Stock Company School of Acting*, ". . . the stock theater was the only form of professional theater organization. . . . A system in which a single group of actors presented many plays during a season was obviously well adapted to the comparatively small and isolated communities of these years." But change was coming. Beginning in 1810 with George Frederick Cooke, English stars began to tour the United States. Often traveling alone, they would simply take over the leading roles in a local theatre's productions of standard plays. Lesser actors, both British and American, also tried to set themselves up as touring stars because such tours quickly became cachets of eminence. Increasingly, local managers had trouble drawing audiences to productions done solely by the resident company, without some glamorous visitor.

To compound this intrinsically theatrical problem came the invention and extension of the railroad. In 1849 there were fewer than six thousand miles of track in the United States. In 1860 there were more than thirty thousand miles of track, much of it west of the Mississippi. In 1869 the golden spike was driven in Utah, and transcontinental trains came into service.

This immense technological development had a huge impact on the theatre. Stars could, of course, now travel far-

ther, more easily, and more quickly; and now they could take some of their own supporting players with them, to make sure that important supporting roles were played as they wished in a local theatre. This led, in short order, to what was then called the "combination" company: the *complete* acting company with star(s), along with all costumes and scenery—what we would today call a road company. These combination companies, for reasons of economy, usually traveled with one play, so a successful company amounted to a long run of one play done in numerous places.

The railroad also had another effect, less marked by theatre historians: now the audience could travel, too. People from small towns went much more frequently to cities where they saw grander theatre productions, which they could then compare with local fare. The "small and isolated communities" that Mammen mentioned became larger and less isolated, and the public became too demanding for what must have often been the shoddiness of local theatres.

Because of these cumulating factors, the decline of the stock company was rapid in the latter half of the century. In 1860 there were more than fifty stock companies around the country, and in 1871 there were still some fifty. But by 1878 there were only twenty; by 1880 seven or eight. Seven years later there were four, three of them, paradoxically, in New York.

The stock companies were pushed out by the combination company, which still is essentially our predominant theatre practice—one play produced to run as long as possible, in one place or on tour, with a group of actors assembled only for that play, with a physical production built only for that play. For a local manager, the chance to book an entire show, complete with scenery, was a financial boon. Previously he had been forced to pay a corps of actors every week and provide his own scenery; now he could book "packages" when he needed them and when they were available, with almost no overhead in other weeks. And those packages came festooned with personalities and with proven reputations.

Hamlet *(1937)*

Oedipus Rex *(1945)*

Richard III *(1956)*

Above, Sir Laurence Olivier in six of the plays that have helped to make him the most celebrated

Thus we got the long-run system. An enormous amount has been written, with truth, about the defects and ill effects of that system, but most writers scant the improvements that it brought about. The first improvement was in the direction of plays. During the centuries of stock, plays were not rehearsed as they are today. Most plays were standard items, and each theatre had a venerable promptbook for each play—also more or less standard—containing the entrances, exits, principal movements, and "business" for the cast. When a new play was produced, the movements and effects were usually worked out in collaboration between the cast, the stage manager, the prompter (if he was old and trusted), the author (if he was present and respected), and the manager of the house. No one person was expected to have the overall artistic vision and control of the present-day director.

It was around the middle of the nineteenth century that the director came into being. As more and more reliance was placed on the success of one play in one production, more and more care was spent on its preparation. Under such artistic mentors as Dion Boucicault in Britain and America, and Augustin Daly in New York, the theatre gained a person who had something of the relation to a production that a conductor has to a symphonic performance.

That increased reliance on one play at a time led to an increased investment—of money, time, and taste—in scenery and costumes. (Previously most stock theatres had used a stock of scenery, and actors had usually provided their own costumes.) Once again art and economics went hand in hand. When more money was invested in scenery and costumes for a play, more performances of that play had to be given to repay the cost; the "run" system made those added performances possible.

But the most radical effect of the change from repertory to the long-run system was on the playwright. First and most obvious, he could make more money. Prior to about 1850, a new play might be given by a stock theatre for as long as a week; then, if it was successful, it would be placed in the repertory to alternate with other plays. In general a new play would get, in the course of a season, a maximum of some forty nonconsecutive performances.

The playwright's success thus became vital to the theatre's success. Previously, a new play that failed was simply withdrawn; the theatre continued—with its standard repertoire and perhaps another new play or two. But with the end of repertory, audience interest shifted from player to play. The search for successful new plays became the theatre's prime interest, and it is still our theatre's dominant drive.

By 1900, allowing for very few exceptions, we can say that the stock/repertory theatre, with a relatively permanent company, had disappeared. The carefully directed and specifically designed one-show-at-a-time theatre had taken

Othello *(1964)*

The Master Builder *(1964)*

Saturday Sunday Monday *(1973)*

epertory. Today, at age sixty-nine, Olivier is an associate director of England's National Theatre.

its place, and a manager did a new production only when he had a new script of promise. It was a revolution in theatre practice.

With this revolution came a change in attitudes toward repertory. As we have seen, for many centuries repertory had been virtually the only form of theatre operation. Then the theatre altered its way of making a living; and repertory, after it had been supplanted by the long run, became revered, yearned for, apostrophized, and etherealized. It was as if the theatre had practiced repertory for all those centuries out of high-mindedness (not for cold cash reasons), had somehow slipped from grace, and now depended on a return to that earlier, untainted, idealistic system for salvation.

Mournful statements began to appear about the loss of the stock company, particularly as a school for acting. But Mammen, who did as reliable a study of acting as is possible through research alone, shows that in the early nineteenth century the beginner at the Boston Museum theatre had to learn entirely on his own; in the middle of the century, as runs lengthened, there was some balance between careful instruction and variety of roles; toward the end of the century, as the long-run system took over, chances for variety disappeared but "the apprentice stood a far better chance of adequate instruction." Yet, despite these facts, the idea of repertory as school and as professional fulfillment became more and more hallowed.

In 1904 William Archer, the English critic and dramatist, and Harley Granville Barker, the English genius who was an actor, director, dramatist, and critic, collaborated on a book called *Scheme and Estimates for a National Theatre*. The authors' assumption, based on the past of the English-speaking theatre and the continuing practice of the national and municipal theatres on the Continent (which, through benefit of subsidy, have not changed to this day), was that their proposed theatre would have to be a permanent repertory company. Archer and Granville Barker conceded some points skimped on by other enemies of the long-run system before and since: "Beyond all doubt, the supersession of the old stock company by the long run system has done a very real service to the stage. It has encouraged a finish, both in play writing and acting, which the older conditions never allowed. It has broken a tradition of slovenliness." But then they went on to stress the shortcomings of the new system, especially the typecasting, in which actors are cast repeatedly in the roles that they closely resemble and develop only narrow specialties: "Under the old system talent and skill were expected to work impossibilities; under the new system little is left for them to do." Repertory was "the only practical system" for the national theatre they envisioned, with a permanent company, and with the plays alternated and (remember the word *reperīre*) retained.

That British national theatre had to wait a long time for its birth, but in the Edwardian decade several attempts were made in England to establish repertory. Between the two world wars the repertory movement continued to struggle and managed to stay alive, pre-eminently at the Old Vic in London and the Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon. After World War II the Old Vic finally became the National and the Stratford company, eventually rechristened the Royal Shakespeare, opened a London base. Both companies, with fluctuations, have done admired work. There is no question as to whether repertory can pay its way in Britain; it can't. Both of these companies are kept going by government subsidy far beyond anything the United States has ever given to the theatre. Still, they have had considerable public support and have, additionally, become tourist attractions. By and large these companies are true repertories, in which many actors remain for many seasons.

In the United States the outstanding attempt at repertory between the wars was made by Eva Le Gallienne, who was also involved in the first attempt after World War II. Le Gallienne's Civic Repertory Theater ran on Fourteenth Street in New York from 1926 to 1933, and the American Repertory Theater, where she was one of three directors, ran on Columbus Circle in New York only from November, 1946, to February, 1947. In the intervening years, costs had greatly increased, other attractions for desirable actors had opened up, and the public had lost the habit of repertory.

The money situation for American repertory has improved in recent years because of more chances for subsidy. In 1957 the Ford Foundation began its Program in Humanities and the Arts, which has been especially helpful to repertory theatres. Other foundations have also helped substantially. In 1965 the federal government began the National Endowment for the Arts, one aspect of which has been theatre assistance. (I have to note that the projection of the National Endowment for theatre aid in 1975 was $6.5 million while West Germany's annual support of theatres stands at about $35 million.) Still, partly in response to recently available finan-

cial aid, there are now about fifty resident theatres throughout the United States. Some of them call themselves repertory companies, and a few of them come close to the definition. Their work shows at least a clear recognition of the repertory ideal and, however incomplete or abortively implemented, tries to move toward that ideal.

Why? Why has repertory *become* an ideal? Why has the standard commercial practice of the last century become the utopia of our time?

Early in the twentieth century the long-run system began to show its defects. Its virtues were as described, but it soon became apparent that, under the new system, the theatre had been converted from modes of continuity into hundreds of separate little enterprises, each one born to die however long the death was postponed. Actors, now usually typecast, were not only deprived of variety but of the chance for refreshment and improvement of a role that alternation provided. If development of theatre artists had never been as consistent under the old system as was now nostalgically imagined, it had become practically nil in the long-run system. Since the object of production was now to see how long a play could run before it was permanently discarded, most of the plays chosen were those that the largest number of people would rush to see as soon as possible.

As these defects became clearer, some noted theatre people began to argue for a return to repertory to revive and expand its advantages. Some of them, like Archer and Granville Barker, realized that those advantages had rarely been properly exploited; they resolved to make amends. But since repertory was no longer the mainstream, those who favored it immediately became exceptions, somewhat rarefied. The support of repertory quickly took on the color and trappings of a Cause among many theatre people.

Theatre people, since enthusiasm on the subject, until relatively recently, was generally restricted to professionals. In the nineteenth century, repertory had, so to speak, been commanded by the audience. Now the audience was either unconcerned or satisfied with the new order. Then, during the last decade or so, came further changes. First, among actors. American actors had *talked* about repertory for sixty years as the ideal form, as a home, as a place to develop and sustain; but in my experience and observation they had done this talking only when they were out of work. When they had jobs, in commercial shows or films or in radio or television series, they only sighed about it ruefully or mentioned it not at all. But as more resident theatres were established, more and more actors, particularly young ones, began to develop a deeper revulsion toward commercial conditions. I don't maintain that actors no longer want fame and big money and that no golden offers would lure them away from the Ashtabula Rep. I do maintain that more actors, particularly young ones out of university drama schools who may also have served internships at theatres abroad, have been less willing to throw themselves on the meat markets of Broadway and Hollywood and are trying to find rational ways to invest their theatrical lives elsewhere.

The attitude of playwrights, too, has changed. Around 1950 the best English-language playwrights became repelled by Broadway and the West End and started writing for off-Broadway and its London equivalent. This took them out of inhuman money pressures but not necessarily out of the long-run system. In England, which has the two best English-language reps, a further move toward rep was especially logical, because many of the most desirable actors and directors were connected with those companies. Harold Pinter gave his plays *The Homecoming* and *Old Times* to the Royal Shakespeare Company to be performed in a repertory schedule. Many other playwrights have done the equivalent.

For the playwright this brought less money, at least for the first production; and the first production is often the most lucrative. It also meant making do with the actors in the company most of the time, instead of selecting from the whole corps of working actors. Although there were exceptions to this, where actors were jobbed in for specific new plays (as they are for some revivals), fundamentally the playwright was still moving toward repertory. What led him there, I believe, was not only the absolutely incredible financial conditions and consequent strictures of Broadway, but a growing feeling that what was good for the theatre was good for the playwright and that repertory was good for the theatre. To help such a theatre it was necessary to find actors and an audience for whom to write. As many playwrights learned, the question, Whom am I writing for? is not easy to answer. Repertory theatres, organic, related to a community, may be part of the solution.

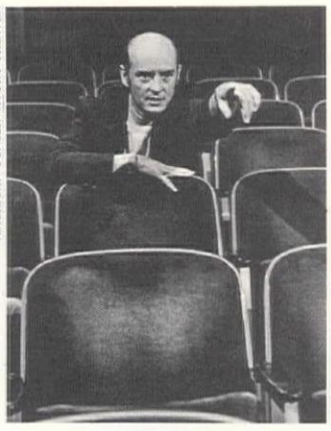
Other kinds of theatre artists, designers and directors, who had also benefited at first from the change to long runs, began to see virtues in repertory. All of them knew that every theatrical profession had benefited in some way from the long-run system but that this system had outlived, by seventy years or so, its usefulness to anything but the straight business theatre. These professionals wanted to take what they had gained from System Two back into a bettered System One.

And that may not even have been the most significant development for repertory. The American audience now seems to be changing. The repertory theatres around the country, of which there are a few, and those close to repertory in method, of which there are many more, are reporting high attendance rates. None of these theatres is rid of the need for subsidy: on the contrary, subsidy is increasingly necessary as costs zoom ahead of ticket prices. But audience response around the country is growing. People don't go to touring shows or local affairs in ritual fashion as they once did. They are sick of road-company dregs and jerrybuilt local productions. They subscribe, in great numbers, to the professional resident theatre.

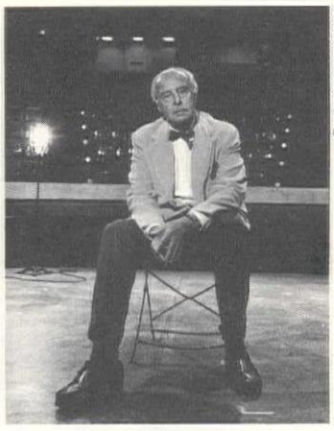
Certainly a great deal of that subscription is only a new kind of social ritual. But such support, always present in any public art and not to be snooted at, helps keep those theatres alive. And one important group for whom they are being kept alive—possibly the most important in a long view—is the best part of that audience: those who go out of hunger, not rote. That best audience exists. I have seen a bit of it myself and I have heard a lot about it from directors and managers of theatres around the country. Spattered with television sludge, jostled by the sweaty hysteria of "serious" magazines, choked by the many weeds in the garden of film, they seek refuge in something that a theatre—a good theatre—can give them; and they realize that one of the most rewarding ways in which a theatre can operate, can serve them, is repertory.

ANTHONY CRICKMAY

Peter Hall at the new National Theatre


AMERICAN CONSERVATORY THEATER

William Ball


© ARNOLD NEWMAN

John Houseman

Under the guidance of the directors above, the National Theatre in London (Hall), the American Conservatory Theater in San Francisco (Ball), and the Acting Company of New York (Houseman) all maintain a strong adherence to the rotating repertory ideal.

Is repertory the best form? For directors, what they may possibly lose in rehearsal time in a repertory schedule they gain in chances for ensemble exploration and cumulative power, in less need for the break-in period of the one-shot production. Scene and costume and lighting designers usually have to work less lavishly in repertory but can work more ingeniously, more consistently in their general intent, with ample chance for variety. The playwright makes less money with a repertory production, but he has what serious writers want so desperately these days, a habitat.

But it is the actor who gains the most, with a theatre and artistic family, with accrual of roles, and the chance to improve in them—if he can withstand, or wants to withstand, or at least can visit temporarily, the other fields that will beckon. Even though, or possibly because, the actor gains most from repertory, he is the theatre professional least likely to remain in it. Of course he is the only one who needs physically to remain. The playwright's work can be done subsequently in other places in other ways while he remains with the theatre. The designers can remain while their work is used subsequently elsewhere. Even a director can take a leave of absence to do a guest job elsewhere. A member of the acting company doesn't have these options without interrupting his work in his own theatre. On the other hand he gets more from it.

Is that all? Is that enough? Most of these advantages would come from a "series" season, a company that did one play for, say, a month, then another for a month, and so on. The audience would still see the work of an established company, would still have the chance to see the same actors in different roles throughout the season. But is there one inarguably unique asset of repertory theatre?

Yes. *Reperīre*. We have a heritage of great world drama. We rarely see much of it. We can never see all of it and can never have a sizable portion of it available to us in any theatre's repertoire. Still, a corps of repertory theatres could produce and keep on tap a growing number of great plays so that American audiences, as they came along through the years, could have the chance to see some of those titanic works at least once in their lives, even if in some cases it meant going to other cities. Reading those major plays is always possible, always wonderful, but it cannot be sufficient. A good theatre should prove that.

This is not to say that a repertory's only function is to keep the classics alive; but it is to say that such work cannot properly be done in any other theatre form. By doing repertory, an American theatre can make many other things possible for other American artists, including playwrights.

So it may be that the hour of repertory is returning. Not by using the term as an arty shield against criticism of incompetence. Not by using it as an aggrandizing label on any theatre that happens not to be long run. But by using the method truly, better than before, both to keep the past available to the present and to give the present a better place to speak to the present.

I have to note, finally, that I don't *believe* all the above will happen. Belief, in these matters, is for rhapsodists. But it seems reasonably reasonable to hope. The ingredients are there. They can be fused by talent and by will.

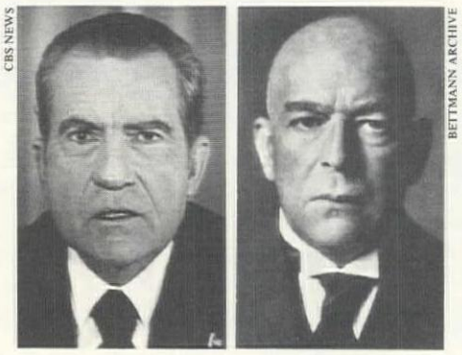
Stanley Kauffmann is a critic whose latest book, Persons of the Drama, *was published by Harper & Row this year.*

TERMINAL MADNESS:
The Barbarians Within

The reading room of the New York Public Library, like that of the British Museum, is littered with genial and harmless crackpots who carry around shopping bags full of notes, clippings, drafts of manuscripts, charts, graphs, tables, photocopies of arcane incunabula, and letters from other crackpots a continent away. These people are almost invariably working on a history of the world in a version that will finally reveal all the suppressed and ignored truths of the ages, give form and meaning to the chaos of our past, delineate structures, construct new systems of logic, and describe new perceptions of time—the whole laid out in twenty or thirty momentous chapters. The principal difference between these paper-bag people and Oswald Spengler is that Spengler finally did organize all his material into a book—*Der Untergang des Abendlandes*, or, as it is translated, *The Decline of the West*—and finally did find a publisher to print the thing Volume 1 appeared in Germany in 1918 and volume 2 in 1922. The two volumes were published in English by Alfred A. Knopf in 1926 and 1928.

An amateur historian, Spengler proposed an apparently novel way of looking at the history of humankind. He proposed that we regard human destiny not as a story of implacable progress toward some state of perfection but rather as a series of beginnings and endings, births and deaths—that history is not linear but cyclical. Giovanni Battista Vico had proposed a similar idea in the eighteenth century and had been generally ignored; at the time Spengler wrote, others were working up similar theories of historical change—some gloomy, some cheerful—among them the sociologist Pitirim Sorokin, the anthropologist Alfred Kroeber, and the historian and philosopher Arnold Toynbee. But it was Spengler's forecast of doom that caught the public imagination.

Each separate culture, Spengler said, is like a living organism, with a time of birth, a time of growth, a time of decay, and a time of death—a spring, summer, autumn, and winter. The whole history of mankind is divided into eight cultures, and their average life span is a thousand years. At the end of a thousand or so years a culture dies, but it does not necessarily disappear; it may continue to exist as a lifeless fossil for hundreds or even thousands of years more, although, eventually, it crumbles to dust. This last stage of shimmering death is what Spengler called "civilization."



Nixon *Spengler*

Although each culture exhibits different characteristics (the Chinese is obviously different from our own), all pass through the four stages at roughly comparable periods in their millennial lifetimes. For our Western culture, the tenth century was the time of our birth, and this is the century of our death.

The first symptom of a dying culture, says Spengler, is a period of "contending states"—a succession of awful wars, cataclysms on the scale of World War I—which lasts for a century or more and creates widespread misery, anguish, and exhaustion. In the end, a culture casts aside its ancient ideals of humanism, liberalism, individualism, and liberty, and gratefully welcomes the appearance of the Caesars.

War is not the only symptom of the terminal phases. Each culture, as it grows, creates great cities that are, for a time, centers of creativity and essential motive forces in the growth of the culture. Eventually, however, the great city becomes the sprawling megalopolis. The spirit of the megalopolis becomes overwrought, and the megalopolis becomes the victim of its own grotesque gigantism, marked by such dinosaurian structures as the Colosseum and the aqueducts in Rome (or the skyscrapers in New York). Whereas previously the big cities were centers of energy, they now become great drains on the vitality of the surrounding countryside. The city dweller becomes atheistic, rootless, and materialistic. The new urban proletariat, ignorant and brutish, with hardly any tie to or understanding of the shards and fragments of the ancient culture, is rebellious and angry, and is kept in check by bread and circuses (or welfare payments). Despite a constant influx of new people, the cities experience a slow, deflating decline, and the character of the urban population sinks with it.

The Roman Empire fell at the hands of barbarian invaders from outside as well as from the depredations of "the barbarian within," those of alien origins who, by default of the old Roman administrators, gradually assumed the direction of affairs. These aliens were unschooled in the ways of the traditional Roman culture, ignorant of ancient customs, courtesies, fashions, or willfully contemptuous of them (like the hippies of the 1960's and their descendants).

Thus, weakened from within and battered from without, a culture declines; at this stage one can do

nothing but try desperately to hold it together a while longer, hoping against hope that something entirely unforeseen will come to its rescue.

When Spengler's book was published, just at the end of World War I, it was immensely popular, for it expressed the disorientation and anguish of the twenties on a suitably imposing scale. But then, as time went on, the critics began to wonder: Why eight cultures? Why not, as Toynbee thought, thirty-one? And why should we view these cultures as organisms? Why not as families, with many generations, sometimes dying out but sometimes self-renewing, with the possibility of survival through collateral branches? Indeed, why use an analogy at all when one can confront history directly and see its ebbs and flows, some short historical spans and some apparently ever-renewing?

Other critics noticed that Spengler was not a perfect prophet: throughout the whole of World War I, right up to May of 1918, Spengler had predicted in his letters the absolutely certain and glorious victory of Germany. Still others began to notice that Spengler liked to attack the Weimar Republic, as well as Marxists, pacifists, democrats, and other "world-improvers."

Soon enough, Spengler's readers began to see similarities between his views and those of the Nazis. Socialism, Spengler said in his later writings, "implies might, might, and again might." Germany would be revivified by war, "the eternal form of higher human being." He did not much care for those who were preoccupied with "morbid reflection" on human suffering; indeed, he was even suspicious of modern medicine for the way in which it interfered with natural selection and hastened racial decay. He wished to see the death of democracy, the subservience of the individual to the needs of a strong state with a grand destiny, the firm and firmly entrenched leadership by an elite, and the splendors of war.

With the coming of Hitler, Spengler dropped out of fashion in most of the English-speaking world. (The Nazis ostracized him in 1933, when they came to power, because of his disagreement with their racial policies. He died in 1936.) Today *The Decline of the West* is thought to be a curious and quirky book, full of tantalizing insights and fascinating, bizarre observations, some true, some false; but taken as a whole, it is considered wrong-headed.

Still, some scholars nibble around the edges of Spengler: Joseph Campbell, the great student of mythologies, is one; Frank Manuel, the distinguished professor of intellectual history at New York University, is another; even Max Lerner flirts with Spengler in his newspaper column; and, curiously enough, Nelson Rockefeller's friend Henry Kissinger wrote his senior thesis at Harvard College on Spengler, Toynbee, and Kant.

Recently I was astonished to read, in the memoirs of Admiral Elmo Zumwalt, former chief of naval operations, that Kissinger had told the admiral that "the U.S. has passed its historic high point like so many earlier civilizations. He [Kissinger] believes U.S. is on downhill and cannot be roused by political challenge. He states that his job is to persuade the Russians to give us the best deal we can get, recognizing that the historical forces favor them." I know where that idea comes from.

Some years ago Kissinger gave a copy of *The Decline of the West* to Richard Nixon, back when Nixon used to live in the White House. We have no evidence that Nixon ever read the book; it does not seem very likely. Yet I often think someone must at least have told Nixon what Spengler had to say, for Spengler's view of history could be seen as a justification for the whole of Nixon's career in politics, particularly his presidency and most particularly his final days—holding out to the end, hopeless but hoping against hope that some sudden shift in the way of things would save him. Had he been told what Spengler said, Nixon could even have cast himself in a grand historical role. In our times, Spengler said, the West would inevitably fall; the best a political leader might do in such times would be to stand, nothing more, to resist, to hold off the barbarians on the Marches of Italy, as it were—and only hope, though it was virtually impossible, that some bizarre piece of historical luck would save the West at the last moment.

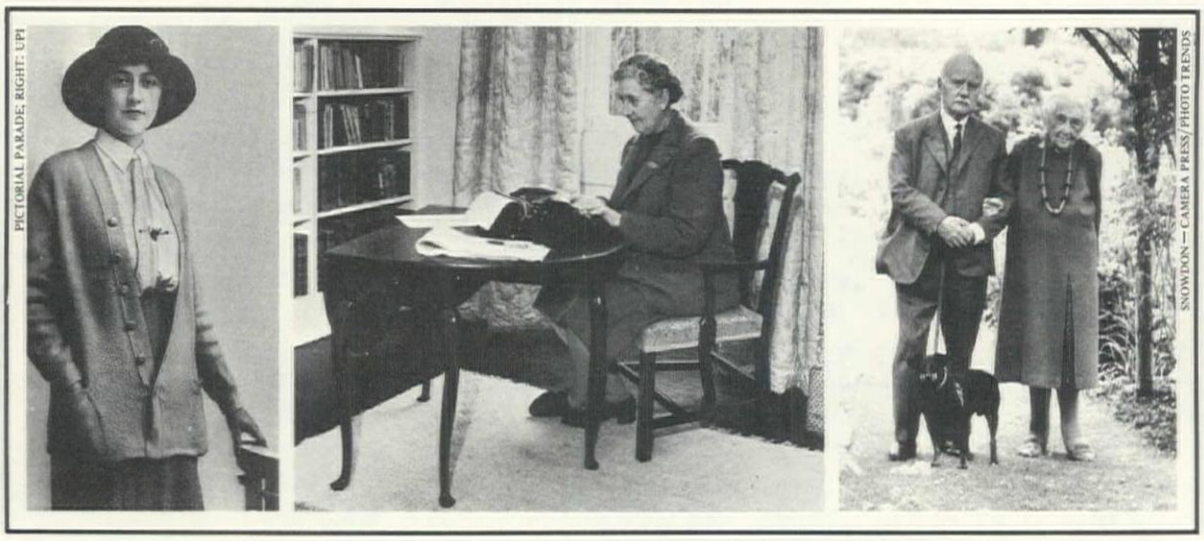
With such an understanding of history as this, one might even commit crimes to hold on to one's position as the last of the Caesars, resist resignation, resist impeachment—knowing that only in that despised and misunderstood act did the West have a hope of survival. Perhaps no one else would understand, no one else would have the long-range view, the sense of historical destiny, but—with a tinge of bitterness and self-pity—one would know oneself. When I think of Nixon's final days, I think of this passage from Spengler's *Man and Technics*, with its familiar if somewhat less grandiose, more self-pitying image:

> We are born into this time and must bravely follow the path to the destined end. There is no other way. Our duty is to hold on to the lost position, without hope, without rescue, like that Roman soldier whose bones were found in front of a door in Pompeii, who, during the eruption of Vesuvius, died at his post because they forgot to relieve him. That is greatness. That is what it means to be a thoroughbred. The honorable end is the one thing that can *not* be taken from a man.

This is a kind of softheaded, sentimental madness, a surrender to a destiny that destroys all traditions of liberty and justice—a destiny that is made inevitable only by one's surrender. And what is most curious of all is that it apparently never occurred to Nixon and Kissinger and their like-minded associates that they themselves might be the barbarians within.

A Tribute to
Agatha Christie

The best of all possible companions in bed



Three incarnations of Agatha Christie: in 1926, soon after publication of her second book, The Murder of Roger Ackroyd*; in 1946, working on a Poirot mystery; and in 1975, taking a walk with her husband, Sir Max Mallowan.*

Dame Agatha Christie died last January in her eighty-sixth year. Next to the Bible and Shakespeare, her writings have reached a wider audience than those of any author who ever lived—more than four hundred million copies of her eighty-six novels and short stories have been sold around the world in one hundred and three languages. Like Winston Churchill, Dame Agatha was an Anglo-American, and like him she was still productive in her ninth decade. She has been called "one of the most imaginative and fertile plot creators of all time," a "champion deceiver," and "the mistress of mystery."

Except for her unparalleled success, her life contained little out of the ordinary. She grew up in the solid, upper-middle-class English countryside that figures so prominently in her books. Her father, Frederick Alvah Miller, a well-to-do American stockbroker, died when she was a child; her mother tutored her and her sister at their home in Torquay. "At that time," she once reminisced, "girls very rarely went to school—it would have been thought a very odd thing to do. . . . All my friends had first a nurse or nursery maid . . . later a governess." She led a solitary childhood that gave her plenty of time to develop a love for reading romances, fairy tales, and the adventures of Sherlock Holmes, and, she later confessed, for writing "stories of unrelieved gloom, in which most of the characters died."

At the outbreak of World War I she married a flying corps officer, Colonel Archibald Christie, and volunteered as a Red Cross nurse. While in charge of the hospital poison cupboard, she became fascinated by toxicology and wrote the poem "In a Dispensary":

> Oh! who shall say where Romance is, if Romance is not here?
> For here are Colour, Death and Sleep . . . and Magic everywhere! . . .
> Here is sleep and solace and soothing of pain —courage and vigour new!
> Here is menace and murder and sudden death!—in these phials of green and blue!

Toward the end of the war she planned to write a detective story, having read many detective novels and "found they were excellent to take one's mind off one's worries." Her sister said it was impossible to find one in which the perpetrator of the crime was not immediately apparent, and thus spurred on, Dame Agatha wrote *The Mysterious Affair at Styles*. It did not find a publisher right away. Six times the manuscript was rejected, and it was not until 1920, after the armistice and the birth of her only daughter, that the book appeared in print. Although it received little attention and paid her only twenty-five pounds (worth about $125 at that time), since then it has gone through nineteen printings.

Six years passed before she produced a best seller, *The Murder of Roger Ackroyd*. But a few months after its publication she disappeared. Her marriage had been failing for some time and she was emotionally distraught. Following a nationwide search, she was found

By ELLSWORTH GRANT

in a Yorkshire health resort, the victim of amnesia. She divorced Colonel Christie in 1928 and four years later married the eminent archaeologist Max Mallowan, with whom she lived quietly in Wallingford, Berkshire, until her death. A rotund, ladylike person, Agatha Christie always enjoyed gardening, good food, and pleasant conversation. Reviewing her fiftieth book, *A Murder Is Announced* (1950), Margery Allingham, another mystery writer, described her as charming, shrewd, and alarmingly efficient: "At first glance one might take her for the matron of a great hospital, or a prima donna, or the Queen Mother of Somewhere."

• • •

For more than a hundred years mysteries have enjoyed a universal appeal. Abraham Lincoln admired Edgar Allan Poe, Freud liked Dorothy Sayers, John F. Kennedy doted on Ian Fleming. Like millions of lesser mortals, they sought escape. But can fiction of this kind be treated as serious literature? Most critics would chorus an emphatic No, pointing in disgust to the thousands of potboilers crammed with spies, sex, and superviolence that are mere pap for tired minds. Yet the true detective story is a different genre altogether; in it crime or murder is incidental, a means to an end —the art of detection.

Perhaps the chief attraction of the detective story is that it appeals to man's fascination with puzzles. Dorothy Sayers said that the beauty of the detective form is its "Aristotelian perfection of beginning, middle and end," and that its prime qualities are logic and imagination. Others, trying to probe deeper into the detective story's popularity, have seen similarities between it and the Oedipus myth. The poet W. H. Auden looked at it from a Christian viewpoint, claiming that the detective story purges civilized society of its fear and guilt: "The typical reader of detective stories is, like myself, a person who suffers from a sense of sin."

Of course, there could have been no detective stories until there were detectives, and for the latter to thrive there had to be democratic societies with a healthy respect for law and order. It is significant that the finest craftsmen of detective fiction have come from England, France, and America. In *Murder for Pleasure*, Howard Haycraft, the best-known chronicler of the detective story, gave the following explanation of the relationship between detection and democracy:

BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Margaret Rutherford was Miss Marple in Murder She Said, *the film version of* 4:50 from Paddington.

> Of all the democratic heritages, none has been more stubbornly defended by free people the world over than the right of fair trial —the credo that no man shall be convicted of crime in the absence of reasonable *proof*. . . . The profession of detection thus owes itself directly to the fact that democracies require . . . evidence. . . . It is the only method by which governments that rule by consent rather than by force can adequately curb and control crime.

Not surprisingly, during World War II, the Nazis banned all imported detective fiction from German bookshops, including the works of Agatha Christie, and the Italian Fascists were quick to follow their allies' example.

• • •

The detective story was created by Edgar Allan Poe, that brilliant romancer and lurid dreamer, who published *The Murders in the Rue Morgue* in 1841. Poe seized upon his generation's discoveries in the new fields of science and police detection and applied to them his capacity for pure reason. He proved that any puzzle, mechanical or intellectual, that one mind can contrive, another mind can disentangle by using reason and logic. Oddly enough, after the appearance of his *Tales* in 1845, no other detective story was written in the United States for seventeen years.

After Poe's death in 1849, hacks flooded England for decades with detective "true experiences." But it was Wilkie Collins with *The Woman in White* (1860) who introduced the English version of the detective story. He would be the first in a steady stream of gifted English writers to develop the genre during the next sixty years. It remained for Sir Arthur Conan Doyle to give the detective story its mature form and literary finesse. Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson entered the scene in 1887 and have never perished. After Holmes came R. Austin Freeman's Dr. Thorndyke (1907), the first truly scientific investigator, and G. K. Chesterton's Father Brown (1911), the meek, round-faced priest-detective.

HOW TO BECOME A CONNOISSEUR OF CRIME

For those who might so far have escaped an addiction to detective novels but who now wish to commit themselves, the editors of HORIZON (after some squabbling) have prepared a list of the ten essential works:

- "Murders in the Rue Morgue," 1841, by Edgar Allan Poe—a pioneer work of detective fiction
- *L'Affaire Lerouge*, 1866, by Emile Gaboriau—the first *roman policier*
- *The Moonstone*, 1868, by Wilkie Collins—the first important English mystery novel
- "A Study in Scarlet," 1887, by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle—the debut of Sherlock Holmes
- *The Red Thumb Mark*, 1907, by R. Austin Freeman—the first scientific investigation
- *The Innocence of Father Brown*, 1911, by G. K. Chesterton—the first psychological mystery
- *The Mysterious Affair at Styles*, 1920, by Agatha Christie—the beginning of the golden age of mysteries
- *Whose Body?*, 1923, by Dorothy Sayers—a masterpiece of detail
- *The Benson Murder Case*, 1926, by S. S. Van Dine—the first appearance of the erudite Philo Vance
- *The Maltese Falcon*, 1930, by Dashiell Hammett—Sam Spade's first, and most famous, case

COURTESY DODD, MEAD & COMPANY; RIGHT: MANDER AND MITCHENSON

CULVER

As the genre developed, it was apparent that characterization would never be a strong point. Since every character has to be treated as a suspect, and therefore mistrusted, it follows that the dramatis personae are usually of secondary importance to the narrative—the neatness and logic of the plot being the main concern. The critic Edmund Wilson called them two-dimensional, "caricatures of people we have met," plausible but little more. Traditionally they are educated, affluent, professional people, or if otherwise, at least they exhibit respectability, decent behavior, and a strong preference for the status quo. On the other hand, detective heroes like Holmes are believable, almost fully drawn protagonists. Poe himself set the precedent that the detective should have a superior intellect, a fierce independence, and amusing idiosyncrasies. Other detectives of this stature include S. S. Van Dine's Philo Vance, Dorothy Sayers's Lord Peter Wimsey, Rex Stout's Nero Wolfe, and Agatha Christie's Hercule Poirot.

In creating Poirot, Dame Agatha freely acknowledged her debt to Conan Doyle. Like Holmes, Poirot is peculiar, brainy, vain beyond belief, and often melodramatic. His faithful Dr. Watson is the equally stupid and unobservant Captain Hastings. But in every other respect Poirot is totally un-Holmesian. In *The Mysterious Affair at Styles* he is described as "an extraordinary little man" with an egg-shaped head cocked to one side, who prides himself on his black hair, twirled mustaches, and incredibly neat attire.

Agatha Christie's famed Belgian detective, Hercule Poirot, was the subject of a 1920's portrait (left) by W. Smithson Broadhead; he was portrayed by Charles Laughton (center) in the play Alibi *(1928) and again by Albert Finney in* Murder on the Orient Express *(1974). Below are stills from films based on Dame Agatha's works. They feature Barry Fitzgerald (top), Tyrone Power and Marlene Dietrich (center), and Albert Finney (bottom).*

And Then There Were None *(1945)*

Witness for the Prosecution *(1957)*

Murder on the Orient Express *(1974)*

Poirot deplores the kind of Holmesian detective who rushes to and fro "like the foxhound, with his nose to the ground," gathering up cigarette ends and other obscure clues. He prefers to operate from the comfort of his armchair with his cup of sweet chocolate, *sirop de cassis*, or tisane beside him. "The true clues are within—here!" he says, and taps his forehead. "All that matters is the little gray cells within. . . . With method and logic one can accomplish anything!" To him no case is simple or straightforward; its solution requires an equal mixture of mathematical precision and applied psychology. As a consulting detective, he considers himself as much a specialist as a Harley Street physician.

By 1930 Dame Agatha had begun to tire of her Belgian investigator and introduced Miss Jane Marple, a white-haired old lady with an appealing manner who always wore a lace fichu and gloves, and whose uncanny ability to make clever analogies enabled her to solve strange crimes. Miss Marple, according to her creator, "has some faint affinity with my own grandmother, also a pink and white old lady who, although having led the most sheltered and Victorian of lives, nevertheless always appeared to be intimately acquainted with the depths of human depravity." A fluttery, innocent-looking spinster, Miss Marple knits and purls, insisting that human nature never changes. There is

no doubt that this delightful "old pussy" became Dame Agatha's favorite investigator, if not one of her most unusual because she is apparently so miscast for the role.

The Mysterious Affair at Styles marked the start of the golden age of the formal detective story. As in most of her work, the author wastes few words describing locale; her supporting characters—many of whom seem today like a vanished species of humanity—are limned in quick, broad strokes; and her victims do not suffer violent or bloody deaths, poison being her favorite method of elimination. The novelty of the book lies in the solution of the puzzle: the obvious suspect, who gets himself tried and acquitted so he can't be tried again, turns out to be the murderer after all. This device of building up a seemingly unassailable alibi for the most likely suspect and then destroying it was used subsequently by many of Christie's imitators.

Even more innovative was her seventh book, *The Murder of Roger Ackroyd* (1926). This tour de force employed a device never before tried in mystery fiction, and it provoked a furor among those engaged in the craft. The apparently candid narrator, the local doctor, is revealed as the culprit. "Cheat!" cried many of her critics, especially S. S. Van Dine. But Dorothy Sayers rushed to Dame Agatha's defense, asserting that "it is the reader's business to suspect everybody."

The most recent Christie, *Curtain*, was published last October. Actually written in the 1940's and intended for posthumous publication, it is Poirot's swan song after thirty-eight appearances in fifty-five years. Appropriately, it reunites Poirot and Hastings at Styles Court, a country mansion in 1920 and now a guest house. *Curtain* carries to the ultimate the author's frequent theme of confused identity: the victims themselves are murderers, while the villain commits no crime. Not only does Poirot finally succumb to old age (chronologically, he is more than one hundred and twenty years old), but he also performs the one act that he spent his entire life condemning, preventing, and solving—murder. Poirot's demise was duly reported in a front-page obituary in the *New York Times*.

To describe Agatha Christie as merely a great entertainer and storyteller, whose villains escape reader detection until the dénouement, is to ignore the significance of her underlying philosophy. Just as Poirot has a passion for order and symmetry, so Agatha Christie had one for uncovering evil. Implicit in her value system was a deep regard for morality—to a degree that recognized nemesis, the power of retributive justice or vengeance. Poirot sees murder as "the most repugnant of human crimes." Hastings says, "The wicked flourish like a green bay tree." And Poirot responds, "But at a price, Hastings, always at a price, *croyez-moi!*"

A large measure of the Christie genius lay in her ability to make the ordinary seem terrifying. In her view of reality, evil is omnipresent, unseen, and unfelt, but always lying beneath the surface ready to spring forth. A character in *The Caribbean Mystery* (1964) says: "The truth is that one doesn't really know anything about anybody. Not even the people who are nearest to you." Miss Marple philosophizes thus: "People, I find, are apt to be far too trustful. I'm afraid that I have a tendency always to believe the worst. Not a nice trait, but so often justified by subsequent events."

Somerset Maugham felt the detective story would be this century's major literary achievement because of its vivid and accurate picture of day-to-day life. This is no doubt an exaggeration, yet Agatha Christie does chronicle many of the social changes that have occurred in England, from the decline of English country houses to the liberation of modern females. Her humorous insight into the frailties and foibles of humanity keeps millions turning to her mysteries for reassurance and amusement, as well as a hair-raising good tale.

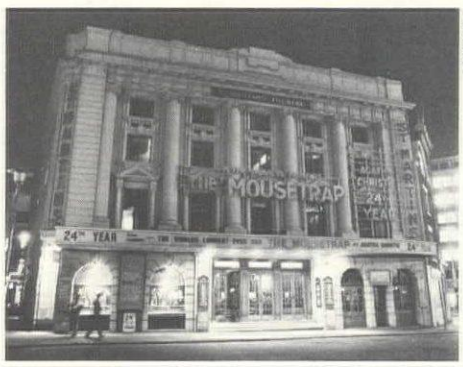
There is one more Christie to come. *Sleeping Murder*, like *Curtain*, was written some thirty years ago and set aside for publication after her death. It features Miss Marple in her last case. But it seems likely that Hercule Poirot and Jane Marple will never really die, any more than Sherlock Holmes has. They, along with their creator, have joined the immortals.

Ellsworth Grant takes Agatha Christie to bed to forget politics in West Hartford, Connecticut, where he is deputy mayor.

THE ESSENTIAL AGATHA CHRISTIE

Almost all of Agatha Christie's short stories and eighty-six novels (a final Miss Marple mystery, *Sleeping Murder*, will appear this fall) are classics, but here are the best:

- *The A.B.C. Murders*, 1935—a cunning series of alphabetical crimes
- *And Then There Were None*, 1939—a devilish variation on the locked-room puzzle
- *Cards on the Table*, 1936—in which a bridge hand is crucial to the solution
- *Murder at the Vicarage*, 1930—Miss Marple's debut
- *Murder in Three Acts*, 1934—a skillfully theatrical crime
- *A Murder Is Announced*, 1950—in which a newspaper advertisement prefigures death
- *The Murder of Roger Ackroyd*, 1926—the ultimate classic
- *The Mysterious Affair at Styles*, 1920—which introduced the fantastic Hercule Poirot
- *Thirteen at Dinner*, 1933—in which the same person seems to appear in two places at the same time
- "Witness for the Prosecution," 1933—a masterful character study



KEYSTONE

St. Martins Theatre in London, above, has been the home of Agatha Christie's play The Mousetrap *for a record twenty-four years.*

Letters and Comments

Did the Allies Need U.S.?

In his review-essay of my book *The Last European War* ["Making History," Spring, 1976] Charles Mee has drawn attention to my essential philosophical theme. There is one significant statement in his review that I wish to clarify further. Mr. Mee says that my basic proposition—that the last European war became the Second World War only in December, 1941, after which Hitler no longer could win the war—"leads us, for example, to the proposition that American participation in World War II was absolutely unnecessary and irrelevant."

This is not quite correct. . . . Actually, the prospect of American intervention was the decisive factor at the beginning of World War II. It was this prospect, even more than the material help that the United States actually shipped to the British and to the Russians, that kept them fighting. Without this prospect of eventual American intervention there is reason to believe that neither the British nor the Russians could have, and perhaps they would not have, resisted Hitler. Roosevelt's disingenuousness in 1941, as well as his dubious deals with Stalin later in the war, pale in importance before this fact. Had someone like Hoover been president in 1940, Hitler would have won the war.

John Lukacs

Memories of Matisse

John Russell's brilliant presentation of the emergence of Matisse in Fauvism and of the confrontation of Derain and Matisse during 1905 and 1906 [Summer, 1976] was exceptionally fascinating to me. One word of clarification: as Mr. Russell points out, in those days Matisse "had very little money," and the "villa" mentioned in the opening caption

and shown both in a photo (above) and in Matisse's painting *The Open Window* was, to the best of my recollection, one rented room in someone's house on the waterfront, which my mother probably found through the proprietor of the restaurant La Mère Rosette, not far from the railroad station. That was a long time ago, however. What I remember quite vividly is the figure of Derain with his "daddy longlegs" making a spidery shadow during walks in the summer evenings.

Thank you for bringing it all back beautifully.

Pierre Matisse
New York, New York

Dear Editor...

Likely Lines from Unlikely Sources

"Papa said to write you about a summer job . . ."

"Have I detected an egregious error of fact?"

"I am a charter subscriber and . . ."

"I'm sending this via messenger . . ."

"About your 'Light of the Past' . . ."

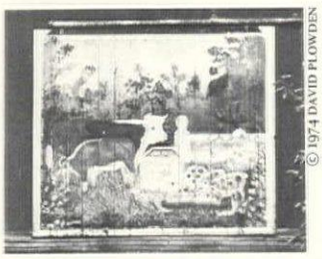
"We breathlessly await your next issue . . ."

Fine Art on the Side of a Barn

I must disagree with the statement [in "And Now, the Edifying Edifice," Summer, 1976] that it "was not until 1971 that anyone thought of decorating barns not for commerce but for art." In point of fact, barns have long been embellished by a myriad of decorative art forms. These include ornamental masonry and fretwork, but paintings are the most widespread form of art to grace the barns of North America. They are most prevalent in the Middle Atlantic and Middle Western states, especially Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana, and in the province of

Quebec. The majority, painted by local or itinerant artists, are simple depictions of the livestock that the structure was intended to house. Most are wonderfully unpretentious silhouettes of cows or horses. But there are others that I believe may truly be called primitive masterpieces.

Some of the best examples I have seen were done by a man named Tucker, who painted a number of variations of the Peaceable Kingdom on several barns in the vicinity of Lagrange, Indiana. His first efforts



date from the turn of the century, and he seems to have remained active until the 1930's, often returning to repaint his handiwork at regular intervals. After he died, a man named Snyder filled his shoes, even to the point of repainting several Tuckers. Alas, perhaps the best example of Tucker/Snyder's work, a rendition of the Peaceable Kingdom on the barn of Cecil B. Ernsberger (see photo above), has been painted over in a misguided attempt to make the old homestead more salable.

Another group of barns with some outstanding artwork is to be found near Steam Corners, Ohio. Most of these were done ten or fifteen years ago by a man named David Cochrane, who not only painted complex scenes but decorated barn doors with elaborate acorn motifs as well.

All these paintings, like the barns that they adorn, are examples of the vernacular idiom where the relationship between art and architecture seems completely harmonious. Mr. Tyler's renditions of the paintings by Copley, Raphael, and Leonardo, on the other hand, seem to me singularly out of place on the end of a barn. My greatest concern is that Mr. Tyler seems to be striving more for sensationalism than anything else. Perhaps he does not intend to do more than amuse or shock us, in which case he has succeeded. By comparison, the works of Tucker and Snyder seem far more edifying, especially as they belong to the same tradition that produced those edifices on which the artists displayed their talents.

David Plowden
Sea Cliff, New York

• • •

Tyler is extraordinary—a great artist; and I am sure his work will bring a smile or make some prairie farmer's life a bit less weary. He could have started a trend whereby painters with less talent would display their bad taste on America's barns; but big barns are vanishing, and Tyler will have to devise other spaces to work on. As for myself, I enjoy the patina of old wood, the pattern of ancient stone, the expanses of barn walls as much as I enjoy Copley and Raphael.

As a boy itinerant sign painter I did tobacco signs on barns, and I've lost sleep for having done the deeds. Now after years have flaked away some of the old signs and the wood begins to show through, the old signs can be termed Americana, and I sleep easier.

It is difficult for me to accept graffiti on the wall of a cathedral or a barn, whether it is done by an imbecile or a master. If at twenty-six Tyler can create and extend his art in such a manner, how much greater can he be at middle age? But I do hope he finds other mediums.

Eric Sloane
Cornwall Bridge, Connecticut

• • •

What a thrill to see your "Edifying Edifice" in the Summer issue of HORIZON. As an old mural painter, I can appreciate the difficulties of doing a painting from the precarious perch of a ladder. Toward purchase of a scaffold I am enclosing a check, which I trust Mr. Tyler will accept as the appreciation of one painter to another.

Lindsay L. Field
Los Angeles, California

Fighting Inflation—Then and Now

As a student of economics, I was intrigued by Lionel Casson's conclusion in "Biting the Bullet in Ancient Rome" [Summer, 1976] that "Rome solved its inflation by controlling not merely prices but the entire lives of most of its subjects, locking them forever into fixed places in the socioeconomic order. Rome solved it, in short, by transforming itself into a totalitarian state as rigid and all-pervasive as any the world has known."

While the author discreetly confines himself to the facts of history, I feel impelled to point out that a very similar turn of events could be in store for the American people. Each of the last five presidents has doubled his predecessor's deficit. Whenever government insists on spending more than it collects in taxes, the difference must be made up by creating unearned dollars out of thin air —by inflating the currency. Despite a momentary decline in the rate of inflation, our long-term pattern is similar to Rome's and could well terminate in rigidly enforced wage and price controls and the abandonment of a free society for an authoritarian state.

Charles Hull Wolfe
President
The American Economic Foundation
New York, New York

Lionel Casson's essay on the economics of Diocletian was highly informative and pleasantly written. But your readers would do well to handle the apparent moral of the piece with a certain skepticism. As Casson himself tells the story, *before* Diocletian imposed his price controls the empire was suffering from hoarding, currency depreciation, and aggravated difficulties of supply. Under such conditions price controls did not work. What would have?

Would properly designed price controls work in the United States? Yes. Are they essential prerequisites to full employment within the context of price stability? Yes, in spades. It would take an article as long as Casson's to justify fully my summary conclusions. Just one point. Prices now are set by the arbitrary action of large corporations responsive to no one but the larger shareholders. Public controls substitute political judgment, subject to voter influence, for irresponsible private action.

Robert Lekachman
Distinguished Professor of Economics
Lehman College
City University of New York
Bronx, New York

Lionel Casson replies:

Since I am a historian and not an economist, I was gratified to note that my piece on Rome's inflation passed muster with the professionals in the field.

Professor Lekachman took the moral of my tale to be that price controls will not work. As he rightly points out, all I am entitled to say is that they did not work out for Rome during Diocletian's reign. My moral was, rather, that under no circumstances would we want to adopt the system Rome eventually used with success to fight inflation. That's putting the bullet through the heart, not biting it. —L.C.

The Nine Worthies

A footnote on contemporary values

HECTOR

ALEXANDER

CAESAR

JOSHUA

DAVID

MACCABAEUS

ARTHUR

CHARLEMAGNE

GODFREY

The Nine Worthies was a list of world leaders selected by medieval historians as the greatest heroes of all time. Drawn from legendary, Biblical, and real-life sources, they were intended to serve all Europe as examples of distinguished achievement.

The historians who chose them were surprisingly democratic. In a world dominated by Christianity, the roster included three pagans (Hector of Troy, Alexander the Great, and Julius Caesar), three Jews (Joshua, David, and Judas Maccabaeus), and three Christians (King Arthur, Charlemagne, and Godfrey of Bouillon).

As an index to the ideals and aspirations of a particular age, the Nine Worthies offer a compendium of the values that prevailed in Europe during the late Middle Ages. For example, all those on the list were illustrious warriors. But all were devoted to something larger than self-glorification: they were not only fighters, but fighters in a worthy cause. Almost all were noted for religious piety, and several are associated with the arts or the dissemination of learning. Hector and Arthur reflect tender feelings toward women—one of the basic components of chivalry—while five were underdogs in battles against superior forces (Hector, Godfrey, David, Judas Maccabaeus, and Arthur). At least five were gifted administrators, two were noted for their humility, three died martyrs' deaths, and four were spiritual leaders in times of national crisis: Hector, David, Arthur, and Judas Maccabaeus.

I recently asked a hundred sophomore humanities students at the University of Florida to compile a list of their own worthies, recruited from any age but reflecting values that they themselves believed in. The individuals receiving the greatest number of votes were Martin Luther King, Jr., Henry Kissinger, John F. Kennedy, and Abraham Lincoln. A degree below the first group in popularity was a second quartet—Winston Churchill, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Albert Einstein, and Ralph Nader. The ninth worthy, by a slim margin, was Mao Tse-tung.

The reasons given by the students for their selections were revealing. King died in a noble cause; Kissinger travels around the world promoting peace; Kennedy advanced civil rights and aid to the elderly; Lincoln freed the slaves and preserved the Union. FDR brought us out of the Great Depression; Churchill stood firm against the Nazis; Einstein added a new dimension to our understanding of the universe; Mao brought China into the twentieth century; and Ralph Nader protects the consumer from being ripped off by industry and big business.

Some of the students gave additional reasons: Kennedy's youth, FDR's physical handicap, King's nonviolence, Lincoln's lowly origins. But the overall criteria for the students' choices seem to have been service to mankind without the use of force or violence; promotion of peace; concern for the underprivileged; advancement of the frontiers of knowledge; honesty and fair dealing; and the furtherance of social change.

Artists, composers, poets, and thinkers were not altogether overlooked by the students, but such men as Shakespeare, Beethoven, and Picasso each received only about ten votes. Darwin, Freud, and Karl Marx were also among the ten-percenters, as were Socrates and Jesus.

Some of the most interesting nominations were for worthies who received very few votes or, in some cases, only a single vote. Among these were Linda Lovelace, Marilyn Monroe, Hugh Hefner, and Mark Spitz; Dick Allen, Joe Namath, Jim Thorpe, Babe Ruth, and Vince Lombardi; Dr. Spock and Mr. Spock; Lance Rentzl and Wilbur Mills. A few students nominated Sam Ervin, John Sirica, and Perry Mason; Ed Sullivan and Walt Disney; Billie Jean King, Gloria Steinem, Betty Friedan, and Shirley Chisholm; Moshe Dayan and Golda Meir. Other lists included Helen Keller, Amy Vanderbilt, and Florence Nightingale; Joseph Stalin and Nikolai Lenin; Jimi Hendrix, Charles Schulz, Superman, and Clark Gable; Neil Armstrong, William F. Buckley, and Salvador Dali.

Adolf Hitler received four votes. John Mitchell and Richard M. Nixon each rated three. Anonymous got two votes for all the beautiful poetry he has composed down through the ages, and I received two votes for assigning such a fascinating project.

LEFT TO RIGHT: TOP: METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, THE CLOISTERS; GIRAUDON; LOUVRE—GIRAUDON; MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON; NOVOSTI; MUSEES NATIONAUX, PARIS; SCALA; FOTO MARBURG; OESTERREICHISCHE NATIONALBIBLIOTHEK; BOTTOM: WIDE WORLD; WIDE WORLD; TED SPIEGEL—RAPHO-PHOTO RESEARCHERS; MERSERVE COLLECTION; KARSH—RAPHO-PHOTO RESEARCHERS; WIDE WORLD; W. F. MEGGERS COLLECTION—AIP NIELS BOHR LIBRARY; WIDE WORLD; WIDE WORLD

KING

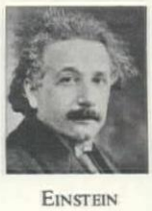
KISSINGER

KENNEDY

LINCOLN

CHURCHILL

ROOSEVELT


EINSTEIN

NADER

MAO TSE-TUNG

By WILLIAM GOLDHURST