ART HUMANITIES: PRIMARY SOURCE READER

Section 1: The Parthenon

Art Humanities Primary Source Reading 1

Thucydides, "Funeral
Oration of Pericles"

EXCERPT FROM **HISTORY OF THE PELOPONNESIAN WAR, 5TH CENTURY B.C.**

Thucydides, one of the most important Greek writers of the period during which the Parthenon was constructed, is the author of a history of the war between Athens and Sparta (the so-called Peloponnesian War, 431-404 BCE). As an Athenian general, Thucydides was a first-hand witness to the conflict. His history, an incomplete work in eight books, includes a famous speech by the statesman Pericles, one of the most prominent leaders of the Athenian democracy. The speech is a funeral oration, delivered during public ceremonies the winter after the beginning of the war to honor soldiers killed in the first campaign. As a tribute to the fallen, Pericles praises the city of Athens as the embodiment of the ideals Athenian soldiers died to defend. To the grieving populace, he says: "I would have you day by day fix your eyes upon the greatness of Athens," alluding at least in part to the city's massive religious sanctuary, whose centerpiece was the Parthenon. Set high above the city on the Acropolis plateau, this temple to Athena had been inaugurated in 432, only one year before the outbreak of war. The Parthenon and its lavish sculptural decoration transformed the Acropolis into a celebration of Athenian civic principles and pride; it was in many ways a political monument as well as a religious center.

The Greek world of the 5th century BCE was divided into more or less autonomous city-states, of which Athens and Sparta were among the most powerful and feared. While the strength and discipline of the Spartan land army is legendary even today, the Athenians, with their enormous fleet, held a decided advantage at sea. Around these two powers gathered an ever-shifting kaleidoscope of allies; battles were fought on many fronts throughout the Greek mainland, among the Aegean islands, and at sites as far distant as Sicily. Pericles himself succumbed to the plague which swept Athens only a few years after he delivered this funeral oration. After twenty-seven years of war, the city was eventually starved into submission. Though the Athenians soon threw off the Spartan yoke, they never regained the old confidence described so eloquently by Pericles and given such splendid visual form by the monuments of the Acropolis.

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34. During the same winter, in accordance with an old national custom, the funeral of those who first fell in this war was celebrated by the Athenians at the public charge. The ceremony is as follows: Three days before the celebration they erect a tent in which the bones of the dead are laid out, and every one brings to his own dead any offering which he pleases. At the time of the funeral the bones are placed in chests of cypress wood, which are conveyed on hearses; there is one chest for each tribe. They also carry a single empty litter decked with a pall for all whose bodies are missing, and cannot be recovered after the battle. The procession is accompanied by any one who chooses, whether citizen or stranger, and the female relatives of the deceased are present at the place of interment and make lamentation. The public sepulchre is situated in the most beautiful spot outside the walls; there they always bury those who fall in the war; only after the battle of Marathon the dead, in recognition of their pre-eminent valour, were interred on the field. When the remains have been laid in the earth, some man of known ability and high reputation, chosen by the city, delivers a suitable oration over them; after which

the people depart. Such is the manner of interment; and the ceremony was repeated from time to time throughout the war. Over those who were the first buried Pericles was chosen to speak. At the fitting moment he advanced from the sepulchre to a lofty stage, which had been erected in order that he might be heard as far as possible by the multitude, and spoke as follows:

35. “Most of those who have spoken here before me have commended the lawgiver who added this oration to our other funeral customs; it seemed to them a worthy thing that such an honour should be given at their burial to the dead who have fallen on the field of battle. But I should have preferred that, when men's deeds have been brave, they should be honoured in deed only, and with such an honour as this public funeral, which you are now witnessing. Then the reputation of many would not have been imperilled on the eloquence or want of eloquence of one, and their virtues believed or not as he spoke well or ill. For it is difficult to say neither too little nor too much; and even moderation is apt not to give the impression of truthfulness. The friend of the dead who knows the facts is likely to think that the words of the speaker fall short of his knowledge and of his wishes; another who is not so well informed, when he hears of anything which surpasses his own powers, will be envious and will suspect exaggeration. Mankind are tolerant of the praises of others so long as each hearer thinks that he can do as well or nearly as well himself, but, when the speaker rises above him, jealousy is aroused and he begins to be incredulous. However, since our ancestors have set the seal of their approval upon the practice, I must obey, and to the utmost of my power shall endeavour to satisfy the wishes and beliefs of all who hear me.

36. “I will speak first of our ancestors, for it is right and seemly that now, when we are lamenting the dead, a tribute should be paid to their memory There has never been a time when they did not inhabit this land, which by their valour they have handed down from generation to generation, and we have received from them a free state. But if they were worthy of praise, still more were our fathers who added to their inheritance, and after many a struggle transmitted to their sons this great empire. And we ourselves assembled here to-day, who are still most of us in the vigour of life, have carried the work of improvement further, and have richly endowed our city with all things, so that she is sufficient for herself both in peace and war. Of the military exploits by which our various possessions were acquired, or of the energy with which we or our fathers drove back the tide of war, Hellenic or Barbarian, I will not speak; for the tale would be long and is familiar to you. But before I praise the dead, I should like to point out by what principles of action we rose to power, and under what institutions and through what manner of life our empire became great. For I conceive that such thoughts are not unsuited to the occasion, and that this numerous assembly of citizens and strangers may profitably listen to them.

37. “Our form of government does not enter into rivalry with the institutions of others. We do not copy our neighbours, but are an example to them. It is true that we are called a democracy, for the administration is in the hands of the many and not of the few. But while the law secures equal justice to all alike in their private disputes, the claim of excellence is also recognised; and when a citizen is in any way distinguished, he is preferred to the public service, not as a matter of privilege, but as the reward of merit. Neither is poverty a bar, but a man may benefit his country whatever be the obscurity of his condition. There is no exclusiveness in our public life, and in our private intercourse we are not suspicious of one another, nor angry with our neighbour if he does what he likes; we do not put on sour looks at him which, though harmless, are not pleasant. While we are thus unconstrained in our private intercourse, a spirit of reverence pervades our public acts; we are prevented from doing wrong by respect for the authorities and for the laws, having an especial regard to those which are ordained for the protection of the injured as well as to those unwritten laws which bring upon the transgressor of them the reprobation of the general sentiment.

38. “And we have not forgotten to provide for our weary spirits many relaxations from toil; we have regular games and sacrifices throughout the year; our homes are beautiful and elegant; and the delight which we daily feel in all these things helps to banish melancholy. Because of the greatness of our city the fruits of the whole earth flow in upon us; so that we enjoy the goods of other countries as freely as of our own.

39. “Then, again, our military training is in many respects superior to that of our adversaries. Our city is thrown open to the world, and we never expel a foreigner or prevent him from seeing

or learning anything of which the secret if revealed to an enemy might profit him. We rely not upon management or trickery, but upon our own hearts and hands. And in the matter of education, whereas they from early youth are always undergoing laborious exercises which are to make them brave, we live at ease, and yet are equally ready to face the perils which they face.[1] And here is the proof. The Lacedaemonians come into Attica not by themselves, but with their whole confederacy following; we go alone into a neighbour's country; and although our opponents are fighting for their homes and we on a foreign soil, we have seldom any difficulty in overcoming them. Our enemies have never yet felt our united strength; the care of a navy divides our attention, and on land we are obliged to send our own citizens everywhere. But they, if they meet and defeat a part of our army, are as proud as if they had routed us all, and when defeated they pretend to have been vanquished by us all.

40. “If then we prefer to meet danger with a light heart but without laborious training, a courage which is gained by habit and not enforced by law, are we not greatly the gainers? Since we do not anticipate the pain, although, when the hour comes, we can be as brave as those who never allow themselves to rest; and thus too our city is equally admirable in peace and in war. For we are lovers of the beautiful, yet simple in our tastes, we cultivate the mind without loss of manliness. Wealth we employ, not for talk and ostentation, but when there is a real use for it. To avow poverty with us is no disgrace; the true disgrace is in doing nothing to avoid it. An Athenian citizen does not neglect the state because he takes care of his own household; and even those of us who are engaged in business have a very fair idea of politics. We alone regard a man who takes no interest in public affairs, not as a harmless, but as a useless character; and if few of us are originators, we are all sound judges of a policy. The great impediment to action is, in our opinion, not discussion, but the want of that knowledge which is gained by discussion preparatory to action. For we have a peculiar power of thinking before we act and of acting too, whereas other men are courageous from ignorance but hesitate upon reflection. And they are surely to be esteemed the bravest spirits who, having the clearest sense both of the pains and pleasures of
life, do not on that account shrink from danger. In doing good, again, we are unlike others; we make our friends by conferring, not by receiving favours. Now he who confers a favour is the firmer friend, because he would fain by kindness keep alive the memory of an obligation; but the recipient is colder in his feelings, because he knows that in requiting another's generosity he will not be winning gratitude but only paying a debt. We alone do good to our neighbours not upon a calculation of interest but in the confidence of freedom and in a frank and fearless spirit.

41. To sum up: I say that Athens is the school of Hellas, and that the individual Athenian in his own person seems to have the power of adapting himself to the most varied forms of action with the utmost versatility and grace. This is no passing and idle word, but truth and fact; and the assertion is verified by the position to which these qualities have raised the state. For in the hour of trial Athens alone among her contemporaries is superior to the report of her. No enemy who comes against her is indignant at the reverses which he sustains at the hands of such a city; no subject complains that his masters are unworthy of him. And we shall assuredly not be without witnesses; there are mighty monuments of our power which will make us the wonder of this and of succeeding ages; we shall not need the praises of Homer or of any other panegyrist whose poetry may please for the moment, although his representation of the facts will not bear the light of day. For we have compelled every land and every sea to open a path for our valour, and have everywhere planted eternal memorials of our friendship and of our enmity. Such is the city for whose sake these men nobly fought and died; they could not bear the thought that she might be taken from them; and every one of us who survive should gladly toil on her behalf.

42. “I have dwelt upon the greatness of Athens because I want to show you that we are contending for a higher prize than those who enjoy none of these privileges, and to establish by manifest proof the merit of the men whom I am now commemorating. Their loftiest praise has been already spoken. For in magnifying the city I have magnified them, and men like them whose virtues made her glorious. And of how few Hellenes can it be said as of them, that their deeds when weighed in the balance have been found equal to their fame! Methinks that a death such as theirs has been gives the true measure of a man's worth; it may be the first revelation of his virtues, but is at any rate their final seal. For even those who come short in other ways may justly plead the valour with which they have fought for their country; they have

blotted out the evil with the good, and have benefited the state more by their public services than they have injured her by their private actions. None of these men were enervated by wealth or hesitated to resign the pleasures of life; none of them put off the evil day in the hope, natural to poverty, that a man, though poor, may one day become rich. But, deeming that the punishment of their enemies was sweeter than any of these things, and that they could fall in no nobler cause, they determined at the hazard of their lives to be honourably avenged, and to leave the rest. They resigned to hope their unknown chance of happiness; but in the face of death they resolved to rely upon themselves alone. And when the moment came they were reminded to resist and suffer, rather than to fly and save their lives; they ran away from the word of dishonour, but on the battle-field their feet stood fast, and in an instant, at the height of their fortune, they passed away from the scene, not of their fear, but of their glory.

43. “Such was the end of these men; they were worthy of Athens, and the living need not desire to have a more heroic spirit, although they may pray for a less fatal issue. The value of such a spirit is not to be expressed in words. Any one can discourse to you for ever about the advantages of a brave defence, which you know already But instead of listening to him I would have you day by day fix your eyes upon the greatness of Athens, until you become filled with the love of her; and when you are impressed by the spectacle of her glory, reflect that this empire has been acquired by men who knew their duty and had the courage to do it, who in the hour of conflict had the fear of dishonour always present to them, and who, if ever they failed in an enterprise, would not allow their virtues to be lost to their country, but freely gave their lives to her as the fairest offering which they could present at her feast. The sacrifice which they collectively made was individually repaid to them; for they received again each one for himself a praise which grows not old, and the noblest of all sepulchers -- I speak not of that in which their remains are laid, but of that in which their glory survives, and is proclaimed always and on every fitting occasion both in word and deed. For the whole earth is the sepulchre of famous men; not only are they commemorated by columns and inscriptions in their own country, but in foreign lands there dwells also an unwritten memorial of them, graven not on stone but in the hearts of men. Make them your examples, and, esteeming courage to be freedom and freedom to be happiness, do not weigh too nicely the perils of war. The unfortunate who has no hope of a change for the better has less reason to throw away his life than the prosperous who, if he survive, is always liable to a change for the worse, and to whom any accidental fall makes the most serious difference. To a man of spirit, cowardice and disaster coming together are far more better than death striking him unperceived at a time when he is full of courage and animated by the general hope.

44. “Wherefore I do not now commiserate the parents of the dead who stand here; I would rather comfort them. You know that your life has been passed amid manifold vicissitudes; and that they may be deemed fortunate who have gained most honour, whether an honourable death like theirs, or an honourable sorrow like yours, and whose days have been so ordered that the term of their happiness is likewise the term of their life. I know how hard it is to make you feel this, when the good fortune of others will too often remind you of the gladness which once lightened your hearts. And sorrow is felt at the want of those blessings, not which a man never knew, but which were a part of his life before they were taken from him. Some of you are of an age at which they may hope to have other children, and they ought to bear their sorrow better; not only will the children who may hereafter be born make them forget their own lost ones, but the city will be doubly a gainer. She will not be left desolate, and she will be safer. For a man's council cannot have equal weight or worth, when he alone has no children to risk in the general danger. To those of you who have passed their prime, I say: "Congratulate yourselves that you have been happy during the greater part of your days; remember that your life of sorrow will not last long, and be comforted by the glory of those who are gone. For the love of honour alone is ever young, and not riches, as some say, but honour is the delight of men when they are old and useless."

45. “To you who are the sons and brothers of the departed, I see that the struggle to emulate them will be an arduous one. For all men praise the dead, and, however pre-eminent your virtue may be, hardly will you be thought, I do not say to equal, but even to approach them. The living have their rivals and detractors, but when a man is out of the way, the honour and good-will which he receives is unalloyed. And, if I am to speak of womanly virtues to those of

you who will henceforth be widows, let me sum them up in one short admonition: To a woman not to show more weakness than is natural to her sex is a great glory, and not to be talked about for good or for evil among men.

46. “I have paid the required tribute, in obedience to the law, making use of such fitting words as I had. The tribute of deeds has been paid in part; for the dead have been honourably interred, and it remains only that their children should be maintained at the public charge until they are grown up: this is the solid prize with which, as with a garland, Athens crowns her sons living and dead, after a struggle like theirs. For where the rewards of virtue are greatest, there the noblest citizens are enlisted in the service of the state. And now, when you have duly lamented, every one his own dead, you may depart.”

47. Such was the order of the funeral celebrated in this winter, with the end of which ended the first year of the Peloponnesian War. As soon as summer returned, the Peloponnesian army, comprising as before two thirds of the force of each confederate state, under the command of the Lacedaemonian king Archidamus, the son of Zeuxidamus, invaded Attica, where they established themselves and ravaged the country. They had not been there many days when the plague broke out at Athens for the first time. A similar disorder is said to have previously smitten many places, particularly Lemnos, but there is no record of such a pestilence occurring elsewhere, or of so great a destruction of human life. For a while physicians, in ignorance of the nature of the disease, sought to apply remedies; but it was in vain, and they themselves were among the first victims, because they often came into contact with it. No human art was of any avail, and as to supplications in temples, enquiries of oracles, and the like, they were utterly useless, and at last men were overpowered by the calamity and gave them all up.

NOTES

1. Or, “perils such as our strength can bear”; or “perils which are enough to daunt us.”

Thucydides' "Funeral Oration of Pericles" from *History of the Peloponnesian War* was translated by Benjamin Jowett. Clarendon Press, 1900.

Art Humanities Primary Source Reading 2

Plutarch, "Life of Pericles"
(c. 495-429 B.C.)

EXCERPTS FROM **THE RISE AND FALL OF ATHENS, 105-115 A.D.**

The emperor Augustus once caught sight of some wealthy foreigners in Rome, who were carrying about young monkeys and puppies in their arms and caressing them with a great show of affection. We are told that he then asked whether the women in those countries did not bear children, thus rebuking in truly imperial fashion those who squander upon animals that capacity for love and affection which in the natural order of things should be reserved for our fellow men. In the same way, since nature has endowed us with a lively curiosity and love of knowledge, we ought equally to blame the people who abuse these gifts and divert them to objects which are unworthy of attention, while they neglect those which have the best claim to it. It is true, of course, that our outward sense cannot avoid apprehending the various objects it encounters, merely by virtue of their impact and regardless of whether they are useful or not: but a man's conscious intellect is something which he may bring to bear or avert as he chooses, and he can very easily transfer it to another object if he sees fit. For this reason we ought to seek out virtue not merely to contemplate it, but to derive benefit from doing so. A colour, for example, is well suited to the eye if its bright and agreeable tones stimulate and refresh the vision, and in the same way we ought to apply our intellectual vision to those models which can inspire it to attain its own proper virtue through the sense of delight they arouse.

We find these examples in the actions of good men, which implant an eager rivalry and a keen desire to imitate them in the minds of those who have sought them out, whereas our admiration for other forms of action does not immediately prompt us to do the same ourselves. On the contrary, it is quite possible for us to take pleasure in the work and at the same time look down on the workman. In the case of perfumes or dyes, for example, we are delighted by the product, but regard perfumers and dyers as uncouth persons who follow a mean occupation. The same idea was well expressed by Antisthenes, when he was told that Ismenius was in excellent oboe-player, and retorted: 'Then he must be good for nothing else, otherwise he would never play the oboe so well'/ We are told, too, that King Philip of Macedon, when his son was playing the harp delightfully and with great virtuosity at a drinking-party, asked him: 'Are you not ashamed to play as well as that?' For a king it is surely enough if he can find time to hear others play, and he pays great honour to the Muses if he does no more than attend such contests as a spectator.

1. On the other hand a man who occupies himself with servile tasks proves by the very pains which he devotes to them that he is indifferent to higher things. No young man of good breeding and high ideals feels that he must be a Pheidias or a Polycleitus after seeing the statue of Zeus at Olympia or Hera at Argos, nor does he aspire to be an Anacreon or a Philetas or an Archilochus, because of the pleasure he derives from their poems, for it does not necessarily follow that because a particular work succeeds in charming us its creator also deserves our admiration. We may say, then, that achievements of this kind, which do not arouse the spirit of emulation or create any passionate desire to imitate them, are of no great benefit to the spectator. On the other hand virtue in action immediately takes such hold of a man that he no sooner admires a deed than he sets out to follow in the steps of the doer. Fortune we prize for the good things we may possess and enjoy from her, but virtue for the good deeds we can perform: the former we are content to receive at the hands of others, but the latter we desire others to experience from ourselves. Moral good, in a word, has a power to attract towards itself. It is no sooner seen than it rouses the spectator to action, and yet it does not form his character by mere initiation, but by promoting the understanding of virtuous deeds it provides him with a dominating purpose.

These, then, are the reasons which have impelled me to persevere in my biographical writings, and I have therefore devoted this tenth book to the lives of Pericles and of Fabius Maximus, who waged such a long war with Hannibal. The two men possessed many virtues in common, but above all through

their moderation, their uprightness, and their ability to endure the follies of their peoples and their colleagues in office, they rendered the very greatest service to their countries. Whether my judgement is accurate, the reader must decide from what is written here.

2. Pericles belonged to the tribe of Acamantis and the deme of Cholargus, and he was descended on both sides from the noblest lineage in Athens. His father was Xanthippus, who defeated the Persian generals at Mycale.[2] His mother, Agariste, was the niece of that Cleisthenes who not only performed the noble exploit of driving out the Pisistratids and destroying their tyranny, but went on to establish laws and a constitution that was admirably balanced so as to promote harmony between the citizens and security for the whole state. Agariste once had a dream that she had given birth to a lion, and a few days later she was delivered of Pericles. His physical features were almost perfect, the only exception being his head, which was rather long and out of proportion. For this reason almost all his portraits show him wearing a helmet, since the artists apparently did not wish to taunt him with this deformity. However, the comic poets of Athens nicknamed him *'schinocephalus'* or 'squill-head/ and Cratinus[3] for example, in his play *The Tutors* says that 'Old Cronos mated with the goddess of party-strife, and their offspring was the biggest tyrant of all: now the gods call him "The Head-CompeUer/" And again in his *Nemesis* he refers to 'Zeus, the protector of foreigners and heads/ Telecleides describes Pericles as sitting on the Acropolis at his wits end, 'at one moment top-heavy with the load of the cares of state, and at another creating all the din of war by himself, from that brain-pan of his, which is big enough to hold eleven couches/ And Eupolis in *The Demes*^ asks questions about each of the great popular leaders as they come up from Hades, and remarks, when Pericles' name is called out last:

> Now you have brought us up the very head
> Of those in the world below.

4. His teacher in music,[5] most writers agree, was Damon (whose name should be pronounced with the first syllable short), although according to Aristotle[6] he had a thorough musical training at the hands of Pythocleides. This Damon appears to have been a sophist of the highest order, who used his musical teaching as a screen to conceal his real talents from the world in general; in fact it was he who trained Pericles for his political contests, much as a masseur or trainer prepares an athlete. However, Damon's lyre did not succeed in imposing upon the Athenians, and he was banished by ostracism on the grounds of being a great intriguer and supporter of tyranny, and he also became a target for the comic poets. At any rate Plato, the comic dramatist, makes one of his characters speak these lines to him:

> First of all answer my cmestion, I beg you,
> For you are the Chiron[7], they say, who tutored Pericles.

Pericles also studied under Zeno the Eleatic at the period when, like Parmenides, he was lecturing on natural philosophy. Zeno[8] had perfected a technique of cross-examination which enabled him to corner his opponent by the method of question and answer, and Timon of Phlius has described him as

> Zeno, assailer of all things, whose tongue like a double-edged weapon
> Argued on either side with an irresistible fury.

But there was one man more closely associated with Pericles than any other, who did most to clothe him with a majestic bearing that was more potent than any demagogue's appeal, and who helped to develop the natural dignity of his character to the highest degree. This was Anaxagoris of Clazomenae, whom the men of his time used to call Intelligence personified. They gave him this name either out of admiration for the extraordinary intellectual powers he displayed in the investigation of natural phenomena, or else because he was the first to dethrone Chance and Necessity and set up pure Intelligence in their place as the principle of law and order which informs the universe, and which distinguishes from an otherwise chaotic mass those substances which possess elements in common.

5. Pericles had an unbounded admiration for Anaxagoras, and his mind became steeped in the so-called higher philosophy and abstract speculation. From it he derived not only a dignity of spirit and a nobility of utterance which was entirely free from the vulgar and unscrupulous buffooneries of mob-oratory, but also a composure of countenance that never dissolved into laughter, a serenity in his movements and in the graceful arrangement of his dress which nothing could disturb while he was speaking, a firm and evenly modulated voice, and other characteristics of the same kind which deeply impressed his audience. It is a fact, at any rate, that once in the marketplace, where he had urgent business to transact, he allowed himself to be abused and reviled for an entire day by some idle hooligan without uttering a word in reply. Towards evening he returned home unperturbed, while the man followed close behind, still heaping every kind of insult upon him. When Pericles was about to go indoors, as it was now dark, he ordered one of his servants to take a torch and escort the man all the way to his own house.

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7. As a young man Pericles was inclined to shrink from facing the people. One reason for this was that he was considered to bear a distinct resemblance to the tyrant Pisistratus, and when men who were well on in years remarked on the charm of Pericles' voice and the smoothness and fluency of his speech, they were astonished at the resemblance between the two. The fact that he was rich and that he came of a distinguished family and possessed exceedingly powerful friends made the fear of ostracism very real to him, and at the beginning of his career he took no part in politics but devoted himself to soldiering, in which he showed great daring and enterprise. However, the time came when Aristides was dead, Themistocles in exile, and Cimon frequently absent on distant campaigns. Then at last Pericles decided to attach himself to the people's party and to take up the cause of the poor and the many instead of that of the rich and the few, in spite of the fact that this was quite contrary to his own temperament, which was thoroughly aristocratic. He was afraid, apparently, of being suspected of aiming at a dictatorship; so when he saw that Cimon's sympathies were strongly with the nobles and that he was the idol of the aristocratic party, he began to ingratiate himself with the people, partly for self-preservation and partly by way of securing power against his rival.

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8. Pericles, however, took care not to make himself too familiar a figure, even to the people, and he only addressed them at long intervals. He did not choose to speak on every question, but reserved himself, as Critolaus says, like the state galley, the *Salamina,* for great occasions, and allowed his friends and other public speakers to deal with less important matters.

9. Pericles wished to equip himself with a style of speaking which like a musical accomplishment, should harmonize perfectly with his mode of We and the grandeur of his ideals, and he often made use of the instrument which Anaxagoras had put into his hand and tinged his oratory, as it were, with natural philosophy. It was from this philosophy that he had acquired, in addition to his natural gifts, what the divine Plato calls "the loftiness of thought and the power to create an ideally perfect work,"[9] and by applying this training to the art of oratory he far excelled allother speakers. This was the reason, some people say, for his being nicknamed the Olympian, though others believe that it was on account of the buildings with which he adorned Athens, and others again because of his prowess as a statesman and a general; but it may well have been the combination of many qualities which earned him the name. However, the comic poets of the time, who were constantly letting fly at him either in earnest or in fun, declare that the title originated mainly from his manner of speaking. They refer to him as thundering and lightning when he addressed his audience and as wielding a terrible thunderbolt in his tongue. A saying of Thucydides,[10] the son of Melesias, has come down to us, which was uttered in jest, but which bears witness to Pericles' powers of persuasion. Thucydides belonged to the aristocratic party and was a political opponent of Pericles for many years. When Archidamus, the king of Sparta, asked him whether he or Pericles was the better wrestler, Thucydides replied: "Whenever I throw him at wrestling, he beats me by arguing that he was never down, and he can even make the spectators believe it."

The truth is, however, that even Pericles was extremely cautious in his use of words, so much so that whenever he rose to speak, he uttered a prayer that no word might escape his lips which was unsuited to the matter in hand. He left nothing behind him in writing except for the decrees he proposed, and only a very few of his sayings have been handed down.... Stesimbrotus also records that in his funeral oration for those who had fallen in the war against Samos, Pericles declared that these men had become immortal like the gods: "for we cannot see the gods," he said, "but we believe them to be immortal from the honours we pay them and the blessings we receive from them, and so it is with those who have given their lives for their country."

Thucydides[11] characterizes Pericles' administration as having been distinctly aristocratic—"democracy in name, but in practice government by the first citizen/ But many other writers maintain that it was he who first led on the people into passing such measures as the allotment[12] to Athenians of lands belonging to subject peoples, or the granting of allowances[13] for the public festivals and fees[14] for various public services, and that because of his policy they fell into bad habits and became extravagant and undisciplined instead of frugal and self-sufficient as they had once been. Let us consider in the light of the facts what may account for this change in his policy.

At the beginning of his career, as we have seen, Pericles had to measure himself against Cimon's reputation, and he therefore set out to win the favour of the people. He could not compete with the wealth or the property by means of which Cimon captured the affections of the poor; for the latter supplied a free dinner every day to any Athenian who needed it, provided clothes for the old, and took down the fences on his estates so that anyone who wished could pick the fruit. So finding himself outmatched in this kind of popular appeal, Pericles turned his attention to the distribution of the public wealth.

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11. The aristocratic party had already recognized for some time that Pericles was now the most important man in Athens and that he wielded far more power than any other citizen. But they were anxious that there should be someone in the city capable of standing up to him so as to blunt the edge of his authority and prevent it from becoming an outright monarchy. They therefore put forward Thucydides, of Alopece, a man of good sense and a relative of Cimon, to lead the opposition. He was less of a soldier than Cimon, but better versed in forensic business and an abler politician, and by watching his opportunities at home and engaging Pericles in debate, he soon succeeded in creating a balance of power in Athenian affairs. He did not allow the aristocrats, the so-called party of the good and true, to become dispersed among the mass of the people in the Assembly, as they had done in die past, with the result that their influence had been swamped by sheer numbers. Instead, by separating and grouping them in a single body, he was able to concentrate their strength and make it an effective counterweight in the scale. Below the surface of affairs in Athens, there had existed from the very beginning a kind of flaw or seam, such as one finds in a piece of iron, which gave a hint of the rift that divided the aims of the popular and the aristocratic parties; but now these two men's rival ambitions and their struggle for power sharply widened this cleavage and caused the one side to be named the party of the many and the other of the few. Pericles therefore chose this moment to hand over the reins of power to the people to a greater extent than ever before and deliberately shaped his policy to please them. He constantly provided public pageants, banquets, and processions in the city, entertaining the people like children with elegant pleasures; and he sent out sixty triremes to cruise every year, in which many of the citizens served with pay for eight months and learned and practiced seamanship at the same time. Besides this, he dispatched 1,000 settlers to the Chersonese, 500 to Naxos, 250 to Andros, 1000 to Thrace to make their homes with the Bisaltae, and others to the new colony named Thurii, which was founded in Italy near the site of Sybaris. In this way he relieved the city of a large number of idlers and agitators, raised the standards of the poorest classes, and, by installing garrisons among the allies, implanted at the same time a healthy fear of rebellion.

12. But there was one measure above all which at once gave the greatest pleasure to the Athenians, adorned their city and created amazement among the rest of mankind, and which is today the sole testimony that the tales of the ancient power and glory of Greece are not mere fables. By this I mean his construction of temples and public buildings; and yet it was this, more than any other action of his, which his enemies slandered and misrepresented. They cried out in the Assembly that Athens had lost her good name and disgraced herself by transferring from Delos into her own keeping the funds that had been contributed by the rest of Greece, and that now the most plausible excuse for this action, namely, that the money had been removed for fear of the barbarians and was being guarded in a safe place, had been demolished by Pericles himself. “The Greeks must be outraged,” they cried. “They must consider this an act of barefaced tyranny, when they see that with their own contributions, extorted from them by force for the war against the Persians, we are gilding and beautifying our city, as if it were some vain woman decking herself out with costly stones and statues and temples worth millions of money.”

Pericles’ answer [6] to the people was that the Athenians were not obliged to give the allies any account of how their money was spent, provided that they carried on the war for them and kept the Persians away. “They do not give us a single horse, nor a soldier, nor a ship. All they supply is money/ he told the Athenians, “and this belongs not to the people who give it, but to those who receive it, so long as they provide the services they are paid for. It is no more than fair that after Athens has been equipped with all she needs to carry on the war, she should apply the surplus to public works, which, once completed, will bring her glory for all time, and while they are being built will convert that surplus to immediate use. In this way all kinds of enterprises and demands will be created which will provide inspiration for every art, find employment for every hand, and transform the whole people into wage-earners, so that the city will decorate and maintain herself at the same time from her own resources/

Certainly it was true that those who were of military age and physically in their prime could always earn their pay from the public funds by serving on Pericles’ various campaigns. But he was also anxious that the unskilled masses, who had no military training, should not be debarred from benefitting from the national income, and yet should not be paid for sitting about and doing nothing. So he boldly laid before the people proposals for immense public works and plans for buildings, which would involve many different arts and industries and require long periods to complete, his object being that those who stayed at home, no less than those serving in the fleet or the army or on garrison duty, should be enabled to enjoy a share of the national wealth. The materials to be used were stone, bronze, ivory, gold, ebony, and cypress-wood, while the arts or trades which wrought or fashioned them were those of carpenter, modeller, coppersmith, stone-mason, dyer, worker in gold and ivory, painter, embroiderer, and engraver, and besides these the carriers and suppliers of the materials, such as merchants, sailors, and pilots for the sea-borne traffic, and wagon-makers, trainers of draught animals, and drivers for everything that came by land. There were also rope-makers, weavers, leatherworkers, road builders and miners. Each individual craft, like a general with an army under his separate command, had its own corps of unskilled labourers at its disposal, and these worked in a subordinate capacity, as an instrument obeys the hand, or the body the soul, and so through these various demands the city’s prosperity was extended far and wide and shared among every age and condition in Athens.

13. So the buildings arose, as imposing in their sheer size as they were inimitable in the grace of their outlines, since the artists strove to excel themselves in the beauty of their workmanship. And yet the most wonderful thing about them was the speed with which they were completed. Each of them, men supposed, would take many generations to build, but in fact the entire project was carried through in the high summer of one man’s administration. On the other hand we are told that when Zeuxis the painter once heard Agatharchus boasting about how swiftly and easily he painted his figures, his retort was, “Mine take, and last, a long time/ Certainly mere dexterity and speed of execution seldom give a lasting value to a work of art or bestow a delicate beauty upon it. It is the time laid out in laborious creation which repays us later through the enduring strength it confers. It is this, above all, which makes Pericles’ works an object of wonder to us-the fact that they were created in so short a span, and yet for aU time. Each one possessed a beauty which seemed venerable the moment it was born, and at the same time a youthful vigour which makes them appear to this day as if they were newly built. A bloom of eternal

freshness hovers over these works of his and preserves them from the touch of time, as if some unfading spirit of youth, some ageless vitality had been breathed into them.

The director and supervisor of the whole enterprise was Pheidias, although there were various great architects and artists employed on the individual buildings. For example, Callicrates and Ictinus were the architect of the Parthenon with its cella 100 feet long; it was Coroebus who started to build the temple of initiation at Eleusis, but he only lived to see the columns erected on the lower story and the architraves placed on the capitals. After his death. Metagenes of Xypete added the frieze and the upper colonnade, and Xenocles of the deme of Cholargus crowned it with the lantern over the shrine. Callicrates was the contractor for the third Long Wall.[17] which ran between the original two, and for which Socrates says[18] that he himself heard Pericles propose the decree to the people. Cratinus makes fun of the slow progress of the work, saying

> Pericles had built this wall long ago, if words could do it;
> In fact, not one inch has been added to it.

The Odeon, with its interior arranged to accommodate many rows of seats and supporting columns, and its circular roof sloping down from its apex, was said to be an exact reproduction of the king of Persia's pavilion, and this was also built under Pericles' direction. For this reason Cratinus has another joke at his expense in *The Thracian Woman:*

> As Zeus an onion on his head he wears.
> As Pericles a whole orchestra bears;
> Afraid of broils and banishment no more,
> He tunes the shell he trembled at before.

At the same time, still in pursuit of distinction, Pericles had a decree passed to established a musical contest as part of the Panathenaic festival. He himself was elected one of the stewards and laid down rules as to how the competitors should sing or play the flute or the lyre. At that time and from thenceforward the audience came to the Odeon to hear these musical contests.

The Propylaea, or portals of the Acropolis, of which Mnesicles was the architect, were finished in the space of five years. While they were being built, a miraculous incident took place, which suggested that the goddess Athena herself, so far from standing aloof, was taking a hand and helping to complete the work. One of the workmen, the most active and energetic among them, slipped and fell from a great height. He lay for some time severely injured, and the doctors could hold out no hope that he would recover. Pericles was greatly distressed at this, but the goddess appeared to him in a dream and ordered a course of treatment, which he applied, with the result that the man was easily and quickly healed. It was to commemorate this that Pericles set up the bronze statue of Athena the Healer near the altar dedicated to that goddess, which they say was there before.

But it was Pheidias who directed the making of the great golden Statue of Athena, and his name is duly inscribed upon the marble tablet on the Acropolis as its creator. Almost the whole enterprise was in his hands, and because of his friendship with Pericles all the artists and craftsmen, as I have said, came under his orders. The result was that he himself became the victim of envy and his patron of slander, for the rumour was put about that Pheidias arranged intrigues for Pericles with free-born Athenian women, when they came on the pretext of looking at the works of art. The comic poets took up this story and showered Pericles with all the innuendoes they could invent, coupling his name with the wife of Menippus, a man who was his friend and had served as his second in command in the army. Even Pyrilampus's fondness for keeping birds was dragged in, and because he was a friend of Pericles, he was accused of using his peacocks as presents for the women who granted Pericles their favours. The fact is that men who know nothing of decency in their own lives are only too ready to launch foul slanders against their betters and to offer them up as victims to the evil deity of popular envy. And, indeed, we can hardly be surprised at this, when we find that even Stesimbrotus of Thasos has dared to give currency to the shocking and completely unfounded charge that Pericles seduced his son's wife. This only goes to show how thickly the truth is hedged around with obstacles and how hard it is to track

down by historical research. Writers who live after the events they describe find that their view of them is obscured by the lapse of time, while those who investigate the deeds and lives of their contemporaries are equally apt to corrupt and distort the truth, in some cases because of envy or private hatred, in others through the desire to flatter or show favour.

14. Thucydides and the other members of his party were constantly denouncing Pericles for squandering public money and letting the national revenue run to waste, and so Pericles appealed to the people in the Assembly to declare whether in their opinion he had spent too much. “Far too much,” was their reply, whereupon Pericles retorted, “Very well then, do not let it be charged to the public account but to my own, and I will dedicate all the public buildings in my name.” It may have been that the people admired such a gesture in the grand manner, or else that they were just as ambitious as Pericles to have a share in the glory of his works. At any rate they raised an uproar and told him to draw freely on the public funds and spare no expense in his outlay. Finally, Pericles ventured to put matters to the test of an ostracism/and the result was that he secured his rival’s banishment[19] and the dissolution of the party which had been organized against him.

15. From this point political opposition was at an end, the parties had merged themselves into one, and the city presented a single and unbroken front. Pericles now proceeded to bring under his own control not only home affairs, but all issues in which the authority of Athens was involved: these included matters of tribute, the army, the navy, the islands, maritime affairs, the great resources which Athens derived both from the Greek states and from the barbarians, and the leadership she exercised which was buttressed by subject states, friendships with kings and alliances with dynasties. But at the same time Pericles’ own conduct took on quite a different character. He was no longer so docile towards the people, nor so ready to give way to their caprices, which were as shifting and changeable as the winds. He abandoned the somewhat nerveless and indulgent leadership he had shown on occasion, which might be compared to a soft and flowery melody, and struck instead the firm, high note of an aristocratic, even regal statesmanship. And since he used his authority honestly and unswervingly in the interests of the city, he was usually able to carry the people with him by rational argument and persuasion. Still there were times when they bitterly resented his policy, and then he tightened the reins and forced them to do what was to their advantage, much as a wise physician treats a prolonged and complicated disease, allowing the patient at some moments pleasures which can do him no harm, and at others giving him caustics and bitter drugs which cure him. There were, as might be expected, all kinds of disorders to be found among a mass of citizens who possessed an empire as great as that of Athens, and Pericles was the only man capable of keeping each of these under control. He achieved this most often by using the people’s hopes and fears as if they were rudders, curbing them when they were arrogant and raising their hopes or comforting them when they were disheartened. In this way he proved that rhetoric in Plato’s phrase,[20] is the art of working upon the souls of men by means of words, and that its chief business is the knowledge of men’s characters and passions which are, so to speak, the strings and stops of the soul and require a most skillful and delicate touch. The secret of Pericles’ power depended, so Thucydides tells us,[21] not merely upon his oratory, but upon the reputation which his whole course of life had earned him and upon the confidence he enjoyed as a man who had proved himself completely indifferent to bribes. Great as Athens had been when he became her leader, he made her the greatest and richest of all cities, and he came to hold more power in his hands than many a king and tyrant. And in the end he did not increase the fortune his father left him by so much as a single drachma from the public funds, a source of wealth which some men even managed to pass on to their children.

16. But despite his unselfishness, there can be no doubt as to his power, which Thucydides describes to us clearly, while even the comic poets testify to it unwittingly in some of their malicious jokes. For example, they nickname him and his associates “the new Pisistratids/ and call upon him to take the oath that he wiH never set himself up as tyrant, as if his supremacy were too oppressive and out of all proportion in a democracy. Telecleides says that the Athenians had handed over to him

> The cities’ tribute, even the cities themselves
> To hold or to set free as he thinks fit,
> And the cities’ walls to build or to pull down,

Their treaties and their armies, their power, their peace,
Their wealth, and all the gifts good fortune brings.

17. When the Spartans began to be vexed by the growing power of Athens, Pericles, by way of encouraging the people to cherish even higher ambitions and making them believe themselves capable or great achievements, introduced a proposal that all Greeks, whether living in Europe or in Asia, in small or in large cities alike, should be invited to send delegates to a congress[22] at Athens. The subjects to be discussed were the Greek sanctuaries which had been burned down by the Persians; the sacrifices owed to the gods on behalf of Hellas to fulfil the vows made when they were fighting the Persians; and the security of the seas, so that all ships could sail them without fear and keep the peace. Twenty men were chosen from the citizens above fifty years of age to convey this invitation. Five of these invited the Ionian and Dorian Greeks in Asia and the islands, as far as Lesbos and Rhodes, five visited the regions on the Hellespont and those of Thrace as far as Byzantium; five others proceeded to Boeotia, Phocis, and the Peloponnese, passing from there by way of the Ozolian Locrians to the neighbouring mainland, as far as Acarnania and Ambracia, while the rest travelled through Euboea to the Oetaeans and the Maliac gulf, and to the Achaeans of Phthia and the Thessalians, urging them all to attend and join in the deliberations for the peace and well-being of Greece. However, nothing was achieved, and the delegates never assembled because of the covert opposition of the Spartans; at least this is the reason generally given, since the Athenian overtures were first rejected in the Peloponnese. I have mentioned this episode, however, as in illustration of Pericles' lofty spirit and of the grandeur of his conceptions.

31. The real reasons which caused the decree to be passed are extremely hard to discover, but all writers agree in blaming Pericles for the fact that it was not revoked. Some of them, however, say that his firm stand on this point was based on the highest motives combined with a shrewd appreciation of where Athens' best interests lay, since he believed that the demand had been made to test his resistance, and that to have complied with it would have been regarded simply as an admission of weakness. But there are others who consider that he defied the Spartans out of an aggressive arrogance and a desire to demonstrate his own strength.

However, the most damning charge of all,[23] and yet the one which finds most support, runs somewhat like this. Pheidias the sculptor had been entrusted, as I have mentioned, with the contract for producing the great statue of Athena. His friendship with Pericles, with whom he had great influence, carried him a number of enemies through sheer jealousy, which others made use of him to test the mood of the people and see what their temper would be in a case in which Pericles was involved. They therefore persuaded Menon, one of the artists working under Pheidias, to seat himself in the market-place as a suppliant and ask for the protection of the state in return for laying information against Pheidias. The people granted the man's plea and a motion for Pheidias's prosecution was laid before the Assembly The charge of embezzlement was not proved, because from the very beginning, on Pericles' own advice, the gold used for the statue had been superimposed and laid around it in such a way that it could all be taken off and weighed, and this was what Pericles now ordered the prosecutors to do.

However, the fame of Pheidias's works still served to arouse jealousy against him, especially because in the chief of the battle of the Amazons, when is represented on the shield of the goddess, he carved a figure representing himself as a bald old man lifting up a stone with both hands, and also because he introduced a particularly fine likeness of Pericles fighting an Amazon. The position of the hand, which holds a spear in front of Pericles' face, seems to have been ingeniously contrived to conceal the resemblance, but it can still be seen quite plainly from either side.

So Pheidias was cast into prison and there he fell sick and died. According to some accounts he was poisoned by his enemies in an attempt to blacken Pericles' name still further. As for the informer, Menon, a proposal was passed, on Glycon's motion, to make him exempt from all taxes and public burdens and the generals were ordered to provide for his safety.

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33. The Spartans, for their part, recognized that if Pericles could be removed from power, they would find the Athenians much easier to deal with, and so they demanded that Athens should rid herself of the blood-guilt of Cylon,[24] in which Pericles' family on his mother's side had been involved, as Thucydides explains. But this manoeuvre produced exactly the opposite effect to what was intended; instead of being slandered and treated with suspicion, Pericles now found himself more trusted and honoured by the Athenians than ever before, because they saw that the enemy feared and hated him more than any other single man. For this reason, before king Archidamus led the Peloponnesians into Attica, Pericles announced in public to the Athenians that if the king should ravage other estates but spare his own, either on account of the personal friendship between them or use to give his enemies cause to slander him, he would present all his lands and the buildings on them to the state.

The Spartans and their allies then proceeded to invade Attica with an immense army commanded by Archidamus. They advanced, devastating the land as they went, as far as Archarnae, which is very close to Athens, and there they pitched camp, for they imagined that the Athenians would never tolerate this, but would march out and fight them from sheer pride and anger. Pericles, however, judged that it would be a terrible risk to engage 60,000 Peloponnesian and Boeotian hoplites (for the first invading army was at least as strong as this), and stake Athens' very existence on the issue, so he tried to pacify those who were longing to fight and were becoming restive at the damage the enemy were doing. He pointed out that trees, even if they are lopped or cut down, can quickly grow again, but that you cannot easily replace the men who fall in battle. He would not summon the Assembly for fear that he might be forced to act against his better judgement. Instead, he behaved like the helmsman of a ship who, when a storm sweeps down upon it in the open sea, makes everything fast, takes in sail and relies on his own skill and takes no notice of the tears and entreaties of the sea-sick and terrified passengers. In the same way Pericles closed the gates of Athens/posted guards at all the necessary points for security and trusted to his own judgement, shutting his ears to the complaints and outcries of the discontented. At the same time many of his friends continually pressed him to take the offensive, while his enemies threatened and denounced his policy, and the comic poets in their choruses taunted him with mocking songs and abused his leadership for its cowardice and for abandoning everything to the enemy. Cleon, too, was already attacking him, and exploiting the general resentment against Pericles to advance his own prospects as a popular leader, as we see from this poem in anapaests by Hermippus:

> Come now, king of the satyrs, stop waging the war
> With your speeches, and try a real weapon!
> Though I do not believe, under all your fine talk
> You have even the guts of a Teles.
> For if somebody gets out a whetstone and tries
> Just to sharpen so much as a pen-knife,
> You start grinding your teeth and fly into a rage
> As if Cleon had come up and stung you.

34. Pericles, however, remained immovable and calmly endured all the ignominy and the hatred which were heaped upon him without making any reply.... In fact, they would never have carried on the war so long, but would soon have called off hostilities had not an act of heaven intervened to upset human calculations.

For now the plague fell upon the Athenians[25] and devoured the flower of their manhood was their strength. It afflicted them not only in body but also in spirit, so that they raved against Pericles and tried to ruin him, just as a man in a fit of delirium will attack his physician or his father. They were urged on by his personal enemies, who convinced them that the plague was caused by the herding together of the country folk into the city. Here, in the summer months, many of them lived huddled in shacks and stifling tents and were forced to lead an inactive indoor life, instead of being in the pure open air of the country, as they were accustomed. The man responsible for all this, they said, was Pericles: because of the war he had compelled the country people to crowd inside the walls, and he had then given them no employment, but had them penned up like cattle to infect each other, without providing them with any relief or change of quarters.

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37. The people tried other generals and politicians in turn to carry on the war, but they found that none of these possessed a stature or an authority that was equal to the task of leadership. So the city came to long for Pericles and summoned him back to the Assembly and the War Department.[26] Because of his grief he was lying at home in dejected spirits, but he was persuaded by Alcibiades and his other friends to appear again in public. After the people had Made amends for their ungrateful treatment of him and he had once more taken over the direction of affairs and been elected general, he pleaded that the law concerning children born out of wedlock, which he himself had originally introduced, might be suspended for once in his favour. He asked this so that the name and lineage of his house should not die out for want of an heir.

The circumstances of this law were as follows. Many years before,[27] when Pericles was at the height of his power, and, as I have mentioned, had legitimate children born to him, he proposed a law that only those who could claim Athenian parentage on both sides should be counted as Athenian citizens. So when the king of Egypt presented Athens with 40,000 measures of grain and this gift had to be distributed among the citizens, a long succession of lawsuits began to be brought against those whose birth was illegitimate according to Pericles' law, but who until that moment had escaped notice and never been questioned, and many of them suffered at the hands of informers. As a result nearly five thousand people were convicted and sold into slavery, while those who retained their citizenship and were acknowledged to be true Athenians were found after this scrutiny to number 14,040. It was therefore a very serious matter that this law, which had been enforced so harshly against so many people, should now be suspended in favour of the very man who had introduced it. However, the Athenians felt that the misfortunes which had overtaken Pericles in his family life represented a kind of penalty which he had paid for his pride and presumption in the past, and their hearts were touched. It seemed to them that retribution had fallen upon him, and that his plea was one which it was only human for him to make and for them to grant, and so they allowed him to enroll his illegitimate son in the family phratry lists and to give him his own name. This was the son who, many years later, defeated the Peloponnesians in the naval battle at the Arginusae Islands,[28] and was put to death by popular decree along with his fellow generals.

38. Soon after this it appears that Pericles himself caught the plague. In his case it was not a violent or acute attack such as others had suffered, but a kind of dull, lingering fever, which persisted through a number of different symptoms and gradually wasted his bodily, strength and undermined his noble spirit. At any rate Theophrastus in his *Ethics* discusses the problem of whether men's characters change according to their circumstances and whether they may be so deranged by physical suffering as to lose their former virtues. As an example he quotes a story that Pericles, as he lay sick, showed one of the friends who had come to visit him a charm which the women had hung round his neck, so much as to say that he was very far gone to allow such a piece of folly.

As he was now on his death-bed,[29] some of the leading men of Athens and the survivors among his friends were sitting around him, praising his virtues and the extent of his power and recounting his famous exploits and the number of trophies he had set up, for he had won no less than nine victories as Athens' commander-in-chief. They were talking to each other in this way in his presence, supposing that he had lost consciousness and could no longer understand them. But Pericles had been following everything they said and he suddenly spoke out aloud. He was astonished, he told them, that they should praise and remember him for exploits which owed at least as much to good fortune as to his own efforts, and which many other generals had performed quite as well as himself, while they said nothing of his greatest and most glorious title to fame. "I mean by title," he went on, "that no Athenian ever put on mourning because of me."

39. Pericles deserves our admiration, then, not only for the sense of justice and the serene temper that he preserved amid the many crises and intense personal hatreds which surrounded him, but also for his greatness of spirit. He considered it the highest of all his claims to honour that, despite the immense power he wielded, he had never given way to feelings of envy or hatred and had treated no man as so irreconcilable an enemy that he could never become his friend. This fact by itself, it seems to

him, removes any objection to this otherwise pretentious and childish nickname, and, indeed, gives it a certain aptness: a character so gracious and a life so pure and incorrupt in the exercise of sovereign power might well be called Olympian, according to our conception of the race of gods who rule over the universe is the authors of all good things and as beings who are by nature incapable of evil. In this we part company from the poets, who confuse us with their ignorant fantasies and contradict themselves with their own fables. They tell us that the abode of the gods is a calm, untroubled place, which knows neither wind nor cloud, but shines for all time with a soft radiance and a clear light, and this, they suggest, is the mode of being that befits a blessed and immortal nature; but at the same time they represent the gods themselves being filled with discontent, malice, anger, and other passions, which would disgrace even mortal men who possessed any sense. But these reflections belong to another place.

After his death, the course of events soon brought home Pericles' worth to the Athenians and made them sharply conscious of his loss. Those who in his lifetime had resented his power and felt that it overshadowed them turned to other orators and popular leaders as soon as he was out of the way, only to find themselves compelled to admit that no man for all his majesty was ever more moderate, or, when clemency was called for, better able to maintain his dignity. Henceforth the public life of Athens was to be polluted by a rank growth of corruption and wrongdoing, which Pericles had always checked and kept out of sight, thereby preventing it from taking an irresistible hold. Then it was that power of his, which had aroused such envy and had been denounced as a monarchy and a tyranny stood revealed in its true character as the saving bulwark of the state.

Notes

1. Both works were gigantic statues in ivory and gold.
2. 479 B.C. traditionally on the same day as the battle of Plataea.
3. Cratinus and the other comic poets mentioned here tended to be conservative in their sympathies. Cimon was their ideal, and foreign cults and influences, the sophists, and the higher philosophy were their favourite butts. Pericles, like Zeus, is the offspring of (party) strife: “head-compeller” parodies the Homeric epithet of Zeus, “cloud-compeller,” and “protector of foreigners” may refer to Pericles’ law affecting children of mixed parentage, which he had altered in his own favour.
4. A play which showed the great leaders of the past, Miltiades, Themistocles, Aristides, and Pericles, brought back to life to witness how degenerate their democratic successors had become.
5. The word is used here in the wider Greek sense which includes poetry and other subjects.
6. Actually Plato, *Alcibiades,* 1,118c.
7. The allusion to Chiron the Centaur, tutor of Achilles
8. Zeno of Elea, a pupil of Parmenides, was the inventor of dialectic and author of various famous paradoxes, such as that of Achilles and the tortoise.
9. *Phaedrus*, 270a.
10. The leader of the aristocratic party (to be distinguished from the historian) had taken refuge in Sparta after his ostracism in 442 B.C. (Ch. 14). Archidamus II, king of Sparta (469-427 B.C.), commanded the first two Peloponnesian invasions of Attica after the outbreak of war.
11. The historian, in his encomium on Pericles, ii. 65.
12. This system of granting the land of subject peoples to Athenian citizens, who still remained citizens of Athens and paid no tribute, differed from the practice of other Greek itates and was particularly resented by the allies.
13. The two obol grant which admitted Athenian citizens to the theatre.
14 The payment of jurymen, at first at two obols a day, was introduced by Pericles, and the fee was increased to three obols by Cleon about 425 B.C.
15. The peninsula, which was made familiar to our century by the Gallipoli campaign, was captured by Cimon in 475 and colonized in 448-447 B.C. Naxos revolted from Athens and lost its independence in 467; it was occupied by Athenian settlers in 448. Andros was probably settled by the Athenians a few years earlier. Thurii was founded in 443 B.C. on territory of Sybaris: this city had been defeated by Croton in 510 B.C. and the site completely razed. The new colony was built by emigrants from many Greek cities and the Athenians did not attempt to dominate it.
16. The Athenian case was that their protection kept off the Persians and kept down the pirates. What the allies resented was not only the high cost of these services in tribute, but, also the political control exercised from Athens. It was only the larger islands, Chios, Mitylene, and Samos, which possessed their own oligarchies. The allies were also subject to Athenian courts.

17. The two original Long Walls had been built a considerable distance apart. If an enemy attack broke through either, communications with Pericles would have been interrupted, so Pericles built a third, which ran parallel to the western wall and some two hundred yards inside it.
18. Plato, *Gorgias,* 455e.
19. 444 B.C.
20. *Phaedrus*, 271 C.
21. ii, 65.
22. This may have been summoned in 448-447 B.C. just after Cimon's death. If so it was an ingenious diplomatic stroke in the "cold war" of the period; for Sparta to have attended such a congress convoked by the Athenians in Athens would have amounted to a tacit acceptance of Athenian hegemony throughout Greece.
23. Plutarch offers no opinion, but the facts do not support this charge. Other accounts suggest that Pheidias may have been prosecuted soon after the statue was dedicated in 438-437 and that he may have been exiled soon afterwards and died in Elis about 432. Anaxagoras is now believed to have retired to Lampsacus nearly twenty years earlier, and Dracontides' motion was not passed until 430 and therefore had no connection with the outbreak of the war. Thucydides gives no hint that Pericles' ascendancy was being challenged in the period immediately preceding the war, but rather that the crisis strenghthened it.
24. Pericles belonged to the house of Alcmaeon.
25. 430 B.C.
26. 429 B.C.
27. 451-450 B.C.
28. 406 B.C.
29. He died in the autumn of 429 B.C.

Plutarch's "Life of Pericles" is reprinted from *The Rise and Fall of Athens by* Thomas North, trans. J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd., 1898.

Art Humanities Primary Source Reading 3

Pliny

EXCERPTS FROM **The Natural History, Volume IX, 77 A.D.**

BOOK XXXIV.XIX

After thus defining the periods of the most famous artists, I will hastily run through these of outstanding distinction, throwing in the rest of the throng here and there under various heads. The most celebrated have also come into competition with each other, although born at different periods, because they have made statues of Amazons; when these were dedicated in the Temple of Artemis of Ephesus, it was agreed that the best one should be selected by the vote of the artist themselves who were present; and it then became evident that the best after their own: this is the Amazon by Polycleitus, while next to it came that of Pheidias, third Cresilas's, fourth Cydon's[1] and fifth Phradmon's.

Pheidias, beside the Olympian Zeus, which nobody has ever rivalled, executed in ivory and gold the statue of Athene that stands erect in the Parthenon at Athens, and in bronze, besides the Amazon mentioned above, an Athene of such exquisite beauty that it has been surnamed the Fair. He also made the lady with the keys, and another Athene which Aemilius Paulus dedicated in Rome at the temple of Today's Fortune, and likewise a work consisting of two statues wearing cloaks which Catulus erected in the same temple, and another work, a colossal statue undraped; and Pheidias is deservedly deemed to have first revealed the capabilities and indicated the methods of statuary.

Polycleitus of Sicyon, pupil of Hagelades, made a statue of the 'Diadu-menos' or Binding His Hair—a youth but soft-looking—famous for having cost 100 talents, and also the 'Doryphoros' or Carrying a Spear—a boy, but manly-looking. He also made what artists call a 'Canon[7] or Model Statue, as they draw their artistic outlines from it as from a sort of standard; and he alone of mankind is deemed by means of one work of art to have created the art itself. He also made the statue of the Man using a Body-scraper ('Apoxyo-menos') and, in the nude, the Man Attacking with Spear, and the Two Boys Playing Dice, likewise in the nude, known by the Greek name of *Astragali-zontes* and now standing in the fore-court of the emperor Titus—this is generally considered to be the most perfect work of art in existence—and likewise the Hermes that was once at Lysimachea; Heracles; the Leader Donning his Armour, which is at Rome; and Artemon, called the Man in the Litter. Polycleitus is deemed to have perfected this science of statuary and to have revealed it. A discovery that was entirely his own is the art of making statues throwing their weight on one leg, although Varro says these figures are of a square build and almost all made on one model.

BOOK XXXV .XXXIV

I will now run through as briefly as possible the artists eminent in painting; and it is not consistent with the plan of this work to go into such detail; and accordingly it will be enough just to give the names of some of them even in passing and in course of mentioning others, with the exception of the famous works of art which whether still extant or now lost it will be proper to particularize.

In this department the exactitude of the Greeks is inconsistent, in placing the painters many Olympiads after the sculptors in bronze and chasers in metal, and putting the first in the 90th Olympiad, although it is said that even Phidias himself was a painter to begin with, and that there was a shield[2] at Athens that had been painted by him; and although moreover it is universally admitted that his brother Panaenus came in the 83rd *Olympiad,* who painted the inner surface of a shield of Athene at Elis made by Colotes, Phidias's pupil and assistant in making the statue of Olympian Zeus. And then, is it not equally admitted that Candaules, the last King of Lydia of the Heraclid line, who was also commonly known by the name of Myrsilus, gave its weight in gold for a picture of the painter Bularchus representing a battle[3] with the Magnetes? So high was the value already set on the art of painting. This must have occurred at about the time of Romulus, since Candaules[4] died in the 18th Olympiad, or, according to some accounts, in the same year as Romulus, making it clear, if I am not mistaken, that the art had already achieved celebrity, and in fact a perfection. And if we are bound to accept this conclusion, it becomes

clear at the same time that the first stages were at a much earlier date and that the painters in monochrome, whose date is not handed down to us, came considerably earlier—Hygiaenon, Dinias, Char-madas and Eumarus of Athens, the last being the earliest artist to distinguish[5] the male from the female sex in painting, and venturing to reproduce every sort of figure; and Cimon of Cleonae who improved on the inventions of Eumarus. It was Cimon who first invented 'catagrapha/ that is, images in 'three-quarter/[6] and who varied the aspect of the features, representing them as looking backward or upward or downward; he showed the attachments of the limbs, displayed the veins, and moreover introduced wrinkles and folds in the drapery. Indeed the brother of Phidias, Panaenus, even painted the Battle at Marathon between the Athenians and Persians; so widely established had the employment of colour now become and such perfection of art had been attained that he is said to have introduced actual portraits of the generals who commanded in that battle, Miltiades, Callimachus and Cynaegirus on the Athenian side and Datis and Artaphernes on that of the barbarians.

BOOK XXXV.XXXV

Nay more, during the time that Panaenus flourished competitions in painting were actually instituted at Corinth and at Delphi, and on the first occasion of all Panaenus competed against Timagoras of Chalcis, being defeated by him, at the Pythian Games, a fact clearly shown by an ancient poem of Timagoras himself, the chronicles undoubtedly being in error.

After those and before the 90th Olympiad there were other celebrated painters also, such as Polygnotus of Thasos who first represented women in transparent draperies and showed their heads covered with a parti-coloured headdress; and he first contributed many improvements to the art of painting, as he introduced showing the mouth wide open and displaying the teeth and giving expression to the countenance in place of the primitive rigidity. There is a picture by this artist in the Portico of Pompeius which formerly hung in front of the Curia which he built, in which it is doubtful whether the figure of a man with a shield is painted as going up or as coming down. Polygnotus painted the temple at Delphi and the colonnade at Athens called the Painted Portico, doing his work gratuitously, although a part of the work was painted by Micon who received a fee.[7] Indeed Polygnotus was held in higher esteem, as the Amphictyones, who are a General Council of Greece, voted him entertainment at the public expense. There was also another Micon, distinguished from the first by the surname of 'the Younger,' whose daughter Timarete also painted.

BOOK XXXV.XXXVI

In the 90th Olympiad lived Aglaophon, Cephisodorus, Erillus, and Evenor the father and teacher of Parrhasius, a very great painter (about Parrhasius we shall have to speak when we come to his period). All these are now artists of note, yet, not figures over which our discourse should linger in its haste to arrive at the luminaries of the art; first among whom shone out Apollodorus of Athens, in the 93rd Olympiad. Apollodorus was the first artist to give realistic presentation of objects, and the first to confer glory as of right upon the paint brush. His are the Priest at Prayer and Ajax struck by Lightning, the latter to be seen at Pergamum at the present day. There is no painting now on view by any artist before Apollodorus that arrests the attention of the eyes.

The gates of art having been now thrown open by Apollodorus they were entered by Zeuxis of Heraclea in the 4th year of the 95th Olympiad, who led forward die already not unadventurous paintbrush-for this is what we are still speaking of—to great glory. Some writers erroneously place Zeuxis in the 89th Olympiad, when Demophilus of Himera and Neseus of Thasos must have been his contemporaries, as of one of them, it is uncertain which, he was a pupil. Of Zeuxis, Apollodorus above recorded wrote an epigram in a line of poetry to the effect that 'Zeuxis robbed his masters of their art and carried it off with him/ Also he acquired such great wealth that he advertised it at Olympia by displaying his own name embroidered in gold lettering on the checked pattern of his robes. Afterwards he set about giving away his works as presents, saying that it was impossible for them to be sold at any price adequate to their value: for instance he presented his Alcmena to the city of Girgenti and his Pan to Archclaus.[9] He also did a Penelope in which the picture seems to portray morality, and an Athlete, in the latter case being so pleased with his own work that he wrote below it a line of verse which has hence become famous, to the effect that it would be easier for someone to carp at him than to copy him. His Zeus seated on a throne with the gods standing by in attendance is also a magnificent work, and so is the Infant Heracles throttling two Snakes in the presence of his mother Alcmena, looking on in alarm, and of Amphitryon. Nevertheless Zeuxis is criticized for making the heads and joints[10] of his figures too large in proportion, albeit he was so scrupulously careful that when he was going to produce a picture[11] for the city of Girgenti to dedicate at the public cost in the temple of Laeinian Hera he held an inspection of maidens of the place paraded naked and chose five, for the purpose of reproducing in the picture the most admirable points in the form of each. He also painted monochromes in white.[12] His contemporaries and rivals were Timanthes, Androeydes, Eupompus and

Parrhasius. This last, it is recorded, entered into a competition with Zeuxis, who produced a picture of grapes so successfully represented that birds flew up to the stage-buildings;[13] whereupon Parrhasius himself produced such a realistic picture of a curtain that Zeuxis, proud of the verdict of the birds, requested that the curtain should now be drawn and the picture displayed; and when he realized his mistake, with a modesty that did him honour he yielded up the prize, saying that whereas he had deceived birds Parrhasius had deceived him, an artist. It is said that Zeuxis also subsequently painted a Child Carrying Grapes, and when birds flew to the fruit with the same frankness as before he strode up to the picture in anger with it and said, 'I have painted the grapes better than the child, as if I had made a success of that as well, the birds would inevitably have been afraid of it/ He also executed works in clay, the only works of art that were left at Ambracia when Fulvius Nobilior removed the statues of the Muses from that place to Rome. There is at Rome a Helena[14] by Zeuxis in the Porticoes of Philippus, and a Marsyas Bound, in the Shrine of Concord.

Parrhasius also, a native of Ephesus, contributed much to painting. He was the first to give proportions to painting and the first to give vivacity to the expression of the countenance, elegance of the hair and beauty of the mouth; indeed it is admitted by artists that he won the palm in the drawing of outlines. This in painting is the high-water mark of refinement; to paint bulk and the surface within the outlines, though no doubt a great achievement, is one in which many have won distinction, but to give the contour of the figures, and make a satisfactory boundary where the painting within finishes, is rarely attained in successful artistry. For the contour ought to round itself off and so terminate as to suggest the presence of other parts behind it also, and disclose even what it hides. This is the distinction conceded to Parrhasius by Antigonus and Xenocrates who have written on the art of painting, and they do not merely admit it but actually advertise it. And there are many other pen-sketches[15] still extant among his panels and parchments, from which it is said that artists derive profit Nevertheless he seems to fall below his own level in giving expression to the surface of the body inside the outline. His picture of the People of Athensalso shows ingenuity in treating the subject, since he displayed them as fickle,[16] choleric, unjust and variable, but also placable and merciful and compassionate, boastful <and... >, lofty and humble, fierce and timid—and all these at the same time. He also painted a Theseus which was once[17] in the Capitol at Rome, and a Naval Commander in a Cuirass, and in a single picture now at Rhodes figures of Meleager, Heracles and Perseus. This last picture has been three times struck by lightning at Rhodes without being effaced, a circumstance which in itself enhances the wonder felt for it. He also painted a High Priest of Cybele, a picture for which the Emperor Tiberius conceived an affection and kept it shut up in his bedchamber, the price at which it was valued according to Deculo being 6,000,000 sesterces. He also painted a Thracian Nurse with an Infant in her Arms, a Philiscus, and a Father Liber or Dionysus attended by Virtue, and Two Children in which the carefree simplicity of childhood is clearly displayed, and also a Priest attended by Boy with Incense-box and Chaplet. There are also two very famous pictures by him, a Runner in the Race in Full Armour who actually seems to sweat with his efforts, and the other a Runner in Full Armour Taking *off* his Arms, so lifelike that he can be perceived to be panting for breath. His Aeneas, Castor and Pollux (Polydeuces), all in the same picture, are also highly praised, and likewise his group[18] of Telephus with Achilles, Agamemnon and Odysseus. Parrhasius was a prolific artist, but one who enjoyed the glory of his art with unparalleled arrogance, for he actually adopted certain surnames, calling himself the 'Bon Viveur/ and in some other verses 'Prince of Painters/ who had brought the art to perfection, and above all saying he was sprung from the lineage of Apollo and that his picture of Heracles at Lindos presented the hero as he had often appeared to him in his dreams. Consequently when defeated by Timanthes at Samos by a large majority of votes, the subject of the pictures being Ajax and the Award of the Arms, he used to declare in the name of his hero that he was indignant at having been defeated a second time by an unworthy opponent.[19] He also painted some smaller pictures of an immodest nature, taking his recreation in this sort of wanton amusement.

To return to Timanthes—he had a very high degree of genius. Orators[20] have sung the praises of his Iphigenia,[21] who stands at the altar awaiting her doom; the artist has shown all present full of sorrow, and especially her uncle,[22] and has exhausted all the indications of grief, yet has veiled the countenance of her father himself,[23] whom he was unable adequately to portray. There are also other examples of his genius, for instance a quite small panel of a Sleeping Cyclops, whose gigantic stature he aimed at representing even on that scale by painting at his side some Satyrs measuring the size of his thumb with a wand. Indeed Timanthes is the only artist in whose works more is always implied than is depicted, and whose execution, though consummate, is always surpassed by his genius. He painted a hero which is a work of supreme perfection, in which he has included the whole art of painting male figures; this work is now in the Temple of Peace in Rome. It was at this period that Euxinidas had as his pupil the famous artist Aristides,[24] that Eupompus taught Pamphilus who was the instructor

of Apelles. A work of Eupompus is a Winner in a Gymnastic Contest holding a Palm branch. Eupompus's own influence was so powerful that he made a fresh division of painting- it had previously been divided into two schools, called the Helladic or Grecian and the Asiatic, but because of Eupompus, who was a Sicyoruan, the Grecian school was sub-divided into three groups, the Ionic, Sicyoman and Atoc. To Pamphilus belong Family Group, and a Battle at Phlius and a Victory of the Athenians,[25] and also Odysseus on his Raft He was himself a Macedonian by birth, but <was brought up at Sicyon, and> was the first painter highly educated in all branches of learning, especially arithmetic and geometry, without the aid of which he maintained art could not attain perfection. He took no pupils at a tower fee than a talent, at the rate of 500 drachmae per annum,[26] and this was paid him by both Apelles and Melanthius. It was brought about by his influence, first at Sicyon and then in the whole of Greece as well, that children of free birth were given lessons in drawing on boxwood, which had not been included hitherto, and that this art was accepted into the front rank of the liberal sciences. And it has always consistently had the honour of practised by people of free birth, and later on by persons of station, it having always been forbidden that slaves should be instructed in it Hence it is that neither in painting nor in the art of statuary[27] are there any famous works that were executed by any person who was a slave.

In the 107th Olympiad Aetion and Therimachus also attained outstanding distinction. Famous paintings by Action are a Father Liber or Dionysus, Tragedy and Comedy and Semiramis[28] the Slave Girl Rising to a Throne; andthe Old Woman carrying Torches, with a Newly Married Bride, remarkable for her air of modesty. But it was Apelles of Cos[29] who surpassed all the painters that preceded and all who were to come after him; he dates in the 112th Olympiad. He singly contributed almost more to painting than all the other artists put together, also publishing volumes containing the principles of painting. His art was unrivalled for graceful charm, although other very great painters were his contemporaries. Although he admired their works and gave high praise to all of them, he used to say that they lacked the glamour that his work possessed, the quality denoted by the Greek word *charts,* and that although they had every other merit, in that alone no one was his rival. He also asserted another claim to distinction when he expressed his admiration for the immensely laborious and infinitely meticulous work of Protogenes; for he said that in all respects his achievements and those of Protogenes were on a level, or those of Protogenes were superior, but that in one respect he stood higher, that he knew when to take his hand away from a picture[30]—a noteworthy warning of the frequently evil effects of excessive diligence. The candour of Apelles was however equal to his artistic skill: he used to acknowledge his inferiority to Melanthius in grouping, and to Asclepiodorus in nicety of measurement, that is in the proper space to be left between one object and another.

A clever incident took place between Protogenes and Apelles. Protogenes lived at Rhodes, and Apelles made the voyage there from a desire to make himself acquainted with Protogenes's works, as that artist was hitherto only known to him by reputation. He went at once to his studio. The artist was not there but there was a panel of considerable size on the easel prepared for painting, which was in the charge of a single old woman. In answer to his enquiry, she told him that Protogenes was not at home, and asked who it was she should report as having wished to see him. 'Say it was this person,' said Apelles, and taking up a brush he painted in colour across the panel an extremely fine line[31]; and when Protogenes returned the old woman showed him what had taken place. The story goes that the artist, after looking closely at the finish of this, said that the new arrival was Apelles, as so perfect a piece of work tallied with nobody else; and he himself, using another colour, drew a still finer line exactly on the top of the first one, and leaving the room told the attendant to show it to the visitor if he returned and add that this was the person he was in search of; and so it happened; for Apelles came back, and, ashamed to be beaten, cut[32] the lines with another in a third colour, leaving no room for any further display of minute work. Hereupon Protogenes admitted he was defeated, and flew down to the harbour to look for the visitor; and he decided that the panel should be handed on to posterity as it was, to be admired as a marvel by everybody, but particularly by artists. I am informed that it was burnt in the first fire which occurred in Caesar's palace on the Palatine; it had been previously much admired by us, on its vast surface containing nothing else than the almost invisible lines, so that among the outstanding works of many artists it looked like a blank space, and by that very fact attracted attention and was more esteemed than any masterpiece.

Moreover it was a regular custom with Apelles never to let a day of business to be so fully occupied that he did not practise his art by drawing a line,[33] which has passed from him into a proverb.[34] Another habit of his was when he had finished his works to place them in a gallery in the view of passers by, and he himself stood out of sight behind the picture and listened to hear what faults were noticed, rating the public as a more observant critic than himself. And it is said that he was found fault with by a shoemaker because in drawing a subject's sandals he had represented the loops in them as one too few, and the next day the same critic was so proud of the artist's

correcting the fault indicated by his previous objection that he found fault with the leg, but Apelles indignantly looked out from behind the picture and rebuked him, saying that a shoemaker in his criticism must not go beyond the sandal—a remark that has also passed into a proverb.[35] In fact he also possessed great courtesy of manners, which made him more agreeable to Alexander the Great, who frequently visited his studio— for, as we have said/Alexander had published an edict forbidding any other artist to paint his portrait; but in the studio Alexander used to talk a great deal about painting without any real knowledge of it, and Apelles would politely advise him to drop the subject, saying that the boys engaged in grinding the colours were laughing at him: so much power did his authority exercise over a King who was otherwise of an irascible temper. And yet Alexander conferred honour on him in a most conspicuous instance; he had such an admiration for the beauty of his favourite mistress, named Pancaspe, that he gave orders that she should be painted in the nude by Apelles, and then discovering that the artist while executing the commission had fallen in love with the woman, he presented her to him, great-minded as he was and still greater owing to his control of himself, and of a greatness proved by this action as much as by any other victory: because he conquered himself, and presented not only his bedmate but his affection also to the artist, and was not even influenced by regard for the feelings of his favourite in having been recently the mistress of a monarch and now belonged to a painter. Some persons believe that she was the model from which the Aphrodite Anadyomene (Rising from the Sea) was painted. It was Apelles also who, kindly among his rivals, first established the reputation of Protogenes at Rhodes. Protogenes was held in low esteem by his fellow-countrymen, as is usual with home products, and, when Apelles asked him what price he set on some works he had finished, he had mentioned some small sum, but Apelles made him an offer of fifty talents for them, and spread it about that he was buying them with the intention of selling them as works of his own. This device aroused the people of Rhodes to appreciate the artist, and Apelles only parted with the pictures to them at an enhanced price.

He also painted portraits so absolutely lifelike that, incredible as it sounds, the grammarian Apio has left it on record that one of those persons called 'physiognomists,' who prophesy people's future by their countenance, pronounced from their portraits either the year of the subjects' deaths hereafter or the number of years they had already lived. Apelles had been on bad terms with Ptolemy in Alexander's retinue. When this Ptolemy[36] was King of Egypt, Apelles on a voyage had been driven by a violent storm into Alexandria. His rivals maliciously suborned the King's jester to convey to him an invitation to dinner, to which he came. Ptolemy was very indignant, and paraded his hospitality stewards for Apelles to say which of them had given him the invitation. Apelles picked up a piece of extinguished charcoal from the hearth and drew a likeness on the wall, tike King recognizing the features of the jester as soon as he began the sketch. He also painted a portrait of King Antigonus [37] who was blind in one eye, and devised an original method of concealing the defect, for he did the likeness in 'three-quarter,' so that the feature that was lacking in the subject might be thought instead to be absent in the picture, and he only showed the part of the face which he was able to display as unmutilated. Among his works there are also pictures of persons at the point of death. But it is not easy to say which of his productions are of the highest rank. His Aphrodite emerging from the Sea was dedicated by his late, lamented Majesty Augustus in the Shrine of his father Caesar; it is known as the Anadyomene; this like other works is eclipsed[38] yet made famous by the Greek verses which sing its praises; the lower part of the picture having become damaged nobody could be found to restore it, but the actual injury contributed to the glory of the artist. This picture however suffered from age and rot, and Nero when emperor substituted another for it, a work by Dorotheus. Apelles had also begun on another Aphrodite at Cos, which was to surpass even his famous earlier one; but death grudged him the work when only partly finished, nor could anybody be found to carry on the task, in conformity with the outlines of the sketches prepared. He also painted Alexander the Great holding a Thunderbolt, in the temple of Artemis at Ephesus, for a fee of twenty talents in gold. The fingers have the appearance of projecting from the surface and the thunderbolt seems to stand out from the picture—readers must remember that all these effects were produced by four colours; the artist received the price of this picture in gold coin measured by weight,[39] not counted. He also painted a Procession of the Magabyzus, the priest of Artemis of Ephesus, a Clitus with Horse hastening into battle; and an armour-bearer handing someone a helmet at his command. How many times he painted Alexander and Philip it would be superfluous to recount. His Habron at Samos is much admired, as is his Menander, King of Caria, at Rhodes, likewise his Antaeus, and at Alexandria his Gorgosthenes the Tragic Actor, and at Rome his Castor and Pollux with Victory and Alexander the Great, and also his figure of War[40] with the Hands Tied behind, with Alexander riding in Triumph in his Chariot. Both of these pictures his late lamented Majesty Augustus with restrained good taste [41] had dedicated in the most frequented parts of his forum; the emperor Claudius however thought it more advisable to cut out the face of Alexander from, both works and substitute portraits of Augustus. The Heracles with Face Averted in the temple of Diana is also believed to be by his hand—so drawn that the picture more truly displays Heracles' face than merely suggests it to the

imagination—a very difficult achievement. He also painted a Nude Hero, a picture with which he challenged Nature herself. There is, or was, a picture of a Horse by him, painted in a competition, by which he carried his appeal for judgement from mankind to the dumb quadrapeds; for perceiving that his rivals were getting the better of him by intrigue, he had some horses brought and showed them their pictures one by one; and the horses only began to neigh when they saw the horse painted by Apelles; and this always happened subsequently, showing it to be a sound test of artistic skill. He also did a Neoptolemus[42] on Horseback fighting against the Persians, an Archelaus[43] with his Wife and Daughter, and an Antigonus[44] with a Breastplate marching with his horse at his side. Connoisseurs put at the head of all his works the portrait of the same king seated on horseback, and his Artemis in the midst of a band of Maidens offering a Sacrifice, a work by which he may be thought to have surpassed Homer's verses describing the same subject. He even painted things that cannot be represented in pictures—thunder, lightning and thunderbolts, the pictures known respectively under the Greek titles of Bronte, Astrape and Ceraunobolia.

His inventions in the art of painting have been useful to all other painters as well, but there was one which nobody was able to imitate: when his works were finished he used to cover them over with a black varnish of such thinness that its very presence, while its reflexion threw up the brilliance of all the colours and preserved them from dust and dirt, was only visible to anyone who looked at it close up, but also employing great calculation of lights, so that the brilliance of the colours should not offend the sight when people looked at them as if through muscovy-glass and so that the same device from a distance might invisibly give somberness to colours that were too brilliant

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Notes

1. Here perhaps all statuary as contrasted with painting; or else all metal-work only.
2. Probably not that of Athene Parthenos, which was, on its inner side, carved in relief.
3. An unknown event; it might be the defeat of the Greeks mentioned in VII, 126; or more likely the great defeat of the Magnetes by the Treres in 651 B.C. (Strabo XIV, 647).
4. Candaules was in fact put to death by Gyges about 685 B.C.
5. By painting women's skin paler or white. This is the stage represented by vase-painting from tike seventh century when women were commonly coloured white, men red or black.
6. The Greek word meant probably 'foreshortened images,' but Pliny or his Latin source rightly took it as expressing 'slanting *(obliquus)* images not profile or full-face.' Cf. 90. The context may exclude from the word *obliquus* any portraits where the eyes look back, up, or down.
7. Polygnotus' contribution was a 'Sack of Troy/ Micon's a 'Battle of the Amazons' (against Theseus).
8. Inventor of shading, and therefore called *cnaaypdfa.*
9. King of Macedonia 413-399 B.C.
10. Fingers and toes?
11. Apparently a 'Helen (cf. 66),' painted in fact for the city of Croton (Cic. *De Invent.* II, 1,1; Dionys, Hal., *De Vet Script. Cens.* I).
12. Apparently paintings in pale colours on a dark ground.
13. The pictures were hung on the front of the stage buildings in the theatre.
14. The picture 'Helen' mentioned (not named) in 64. The porticoes were built by L. Marcius Philippus in 29 B.C.
15. Or 'traces of his draughtmanship.'
16. Or 'them in various moods.'
17. Until it perished in the fire of 70 B.C.
18. Showing the healing of Telephus by rust from Achilles' sword, with Agamemnon and Odysseus looking on.
19. When the arms of dead Achilles were awarded to Odysseus, Ajax became mad and at night unknowingly killed sheep in the belief that he was killing his enemies.
20. *E.g.* Cicero, *De Oratore* 74.
21. A picture found at Pompeii may be a copy of this.
22. Menelaus.
23. Agamemnon.
24. The elder; cf. 108, 111 and note on pp. 410-411.
25. Possibly the capture of Phlius by the Spartans in 379 B.C. and the sea-victory of Athens over the Spartans at Naxos in 376, or the defeat of Sicyonians by Phliasians and Athenians in 367 B.C. The painting may have represented the last event only.

26. So that the course of study could last 12 years.
27. The whole of statuary was contrasted with painting.
28. Sammuramat, princess of Assyria *c*. 800 B.C.
29. Really of Ephesus, but some of his famous works were at Cos.
30. The expression *manum de tabula*, 'hand from the picture,' was a saying which expressed 'That's enough.'
31. Pliny does not say whether it was straight or wavy, or an outline of some object.32. Pliny surely indicates that Apelles drew a yet finer line on top of the other two down their length.
33. Probably an outline of some object.
34. *Nulla dies sine linea*, 'No day without a line.'
35. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*. 'Let a shoemaker stick to his last.'
36. Ptolemy I, who died in 286 B.C.
37. 382-301 B.C. One of Alexander's generals, and King of Macedonia 306-301.
38. 'Overcome' or 'surpassed' by the poet, who can express more than the painter can; for painter can represent one moment only.
39. It is suggested that this means that the price was the equivalent (in gold coins) of the weight of the panel.
40. Cf. 27 and Serv. ad *Aen.* 1,294.
41. *I.e.* he did not appropriate them for himself.
42. One of Alexander's generals.
43. Two soldiers with this name are recorded as serving under Alexander.
44. The One-eyed.

ART HUMANITIES: PRIMARY SOURCE READER

Section 2: Cathedral of Notre Dame, Amiens

Art Humanities Primary Source Reading 4

Renaud de Cormont

INSCRIPTION IN THE LABYRINTH OF AMIENS
CATHEDRAL, 1288

The date of the start of work on the Cathedral of Notre Dame at Amiens is established by the inscription in the octagonal labyrinth laid out in colored tiles on the nave pavement. The inscription commemorates the founding bishop, Evrard de Fouilloy, and the sequence of master masons responsible for the work. The evocation of Daedalus, the legendary artist and craftsman of Greek antiquity, inventor of the first labyrinth, celebrates the ambition of the medieval masters and their achievement.

Note on when this church was begun. Just as
it is written in the slab of the House of Daedalus.
In the year of grace 1220 was this work
first begun. At that time
the bishop of this diocese was Evrard
blessed bishop. And the king of France
was Louis who was the son of Philip the wise.
He who was master of the work
was named Master Robert and
surnamed de Luzarches. Master
Thomas de Cormont was after him
and afterwards his son Master Renaud
who had this inscription placed
at this place in the year of the incarnation
1288.

Art Humanities Primary Source Reading 5

Abbot Suger

ON THE ABBEY CHURCH OF SAINT-DENIS, 1140-44

The man who commissioned and personally directed the building of the first completely gothic structure was Suger, abbot of Saint-Denis, churchman, diplomat and trusted adviser to two kings of France (1081-1151). His passionate interest in every phase of the reconstruction of the old abbey church, his rare intelligence and his intuitive ability to evaluate the artistic experiments of his time made him a great patron of the arts. Fortunately, he was moved by circumstances and temperament to commit to writing the account of the reconstruction and embellishment of his church. He wrote it in his own and his fellow brethren's name, as he said, "in honor of the Abbey and to the Glory of God and the Holy Martyrs." Suger's account is an undisguised encomium on the beauty of the new lofty structure and the infinite variety of precious objects contained in his church.[1]

The abbey of Saint-Denis was situated in the town of Saint-Denis just to the north of Paris. Founded by King Dagobert (629-639) in memory of Saint-Denis, traditionally considered apostle of the Gauls, the monastery had enjoyed uninterrupted royal patronage. The abbey church housed the tombs of the French kings and guarded the royal coronation insignia and the abbey school was responsible for the education of many princes of the blood. At this school, as children, the later King Louis VI and Suger formed a lifelong friendship.

When Suger was ordained abbot of Saint-Denis in 1122, the abbey had been in poor condition for years. Its immense wealth in land, privileges, treasures and buildings had been dissipated. Within a few years of Suger's administration, the abbey was reorganized and reformed, its land-holdings and finances brought back under firm control and Suger was free to give the old Carolingian church a spacious new narthex, dedicated in 1140, and a new choir, greatly enlarged, dedicated in 1144.

So strong was Suger's preoccupation with the reconstruction of his church that he discussed it in three separate treatises written between 1140 and 1148-49. The Scriptum consecrationi, written between 1144 and 1146-47, is entirely dedicated to the account of the construction and consecration of the new narthex and chevet. His account of his administration, entitled by its first editor Liber de rebus in administratione sua gesti, *written between 1144 and 1148-49, contains an account of the improvement of the abbey's economic condition and the story of the remodeling and embellishment of the interior of the church. The Ordinatione, Suger's collection of his newly formulated regulations for the monastery, written between 1140 and 1141, also contains a statute which deals with the construction and consecration of the narthex and the laying of the foundation for the new choir.*

I. DE ADMINISTRATIONE.

In the twenty-third year of our administration, when we sat on a certain day in the general chapter, conferring with our brethren about matters both common and private, these very beloved brethren and sons began strenuously to beseech me *in charity* that I might not allow the fruits of our so great labors to be passed over in silence; and rather to save for the memory of posterity, in pen and ink, those increments which the generous munificence of Almighty God had bestowed upon this church, in the time of our prelacy, in the acquisition of new assets as well as in the recovery of lost ones, in the multiplication of improved possessions, in the construction of buildings, and in the accumulation of gold, silver, most precious gems and very good textiles. For this one thing they promised us two in return: by such a record we would deserve the continual fervor of all succeeding brethren in their prayers for the salvation of our soul; and we would rouse, through this example, their zealous solicitude for the good care of the

church of God. We thus devoutly complied with their devoted and reasonable requests, not with any desire for empty glory nor with any claim to the reward of human praise and transitory compensation ....

XXIV. OF THE CHURCH'S DECORATION.

. . . The first work on this church which we began under the inspiration of God [was this]: because of the age of the old walls and their impending ruin in some places, we summoned the best painters I could find from different regions, and reverently caused these [walls] to be repaired and becomingly painted with gold and precious colors. I completed this all the more gladly because I had wished to do it, if ever I should have an opportunity, even while I was a pupil in school.

XXV. OF THE FIRST ADDITION TO THE CHURCH.

However, even while this was being completed at great expense, I found myself, under the inspiration of the Divine Will and because of that inadequacy which we often saw and felt on feast days, namely the Feast of the blessed Denis, the Fair, and very many others (for the narrowness of the place forced the women to run toward the altar upon the heads of the men as upon a pavement with much anguish and noisy confusion), encouraged by the counsel of wise men and by the prayers of many monks (lest it displease God and the Holy Martyrs) to enlarge and amplify the noble church consecrated by the Hand Divine; and I set out at once to begin this very thing. In our chapter as well as in church I implored Divine mercy that He Who is the One, *the beginning and the ending, Alpha and Omega*, might join a good end to a good beginning by a safe middle; that He might not repel from the building of the temple a *bloody man* who desired this very thing, with his whole heart, more than to obtain the treasures of Constantinople. Thus we began work at the former entrance with the doors. We tore down a certain addition asserted to have been made by Charlemagne on a very honorable occasion . . . and we set our hand to this part. As is evident we exerted ourselves incessantly with the enlargement of the body of the church as well as with the trebling of the entrance and the doors, and with the erection of high and noble towers ....

XXVII. OF THE CAST AND GILDED DOORS.

Bronze casters having been summoned and sculptors chosen,[2] we set up the main doors on which are represented the Passion of the Saviour and His Resurrection, or rather Ascension, with great cost and much expenditure for their gilding as was fitting for the noble porch. Also [we set up] others, new ones on the right side and the old ones on the left beneath the mosaic which, though contrary to modern custom,[3] we ordered to be executed there and to be affixed to the tympanum of the portal. We also committed ourselves richly to elaborate the tower[s] and the upper crenelations of the front, both for the beauty of the church and, should circumstances require it, for practical purposes. Further we ordered the year of the consecration, lest it be forgotten, to be inscribed in copper-gilt letters in the following manner:

For the splendor of the church that has fostered and exalted him,
Suger has labored for the splendor of the church.
Giving thee a share of what is thine, O Martyr Denis,
He prays to thee to pray that he may obtain a share of Paradise.
The year was the One Thousand, One Hundred, and Fortieth
Year of the Word when [this structure] was consecrated.

The verses on the door, further, are these:

Whoever thou art, if thou seekest to extol the glory of these doors,
Marvel not at the gold and the expense but at the craftsmanship of the work.
Bright is the noble work; but, being nobly bright, the work
Should brighten the minds, so that they may travel, through the true lights,

To the True Light where Christ is the true door.
In what manner it be inherent in this world the golden door defines:
The dull mind rises in truth through that which is material
And, in seeing this light, is resurrected from its former submersion.

And on the lintel:

Receive, O stern judge, the prayers of Thy Suger;
Grant that I be mercifully numbered among Thy own sheep.

XXXVIII. OF THE ENLARGEMENT OF THE UPPER CHOIR.

In the same year, cheered by so holy and so auspicious a work, we hurried to begin the chamber of the divine atonement in the upper choir where the continual and frequent Victim of our redemption should be sacrificed in secret without disturbance by the crowds. And, as is found in [our] treatise about the consecration of this upper structure, we were mercifully deemed worthy-God helping and prospering us and our concerns-to bring so holy, so glorious, and so famous a structure to a good end, together with our brethren and fellow servants .... How much the Hand Divine Which operates in such matters has protected this glorious work is also surely proven by the fact that It allowed that whole magnificent building [to be completed] in three years and three months, from the crypt below to the summits of the vaults above, elaborated with the variety of so many arches and columns, including even the consummation of the roof. Therefore the inscription of the earlier consecration also defines, with only one word eliminated, the year of completion of this one, thus:

The year was One Thousand, One Hundred, Forty and Fourth of the Word
when [this structure] was consecrated.

To these verses of the inscription we choose the following ones to be added:

Once the new rear part is jointed to the part in front,
The church shines with its middle part brightened.
For bright is that which is brightly coupled with the bright,
And bright is the noble edifice which is pervaded by the new light;
Which stands enlarged in our time,
I, who was Suger, being the leader while it was being accomplished.

Eager to press on my success, since I wished nothing more under heaven than to seek the honor of my mother church which with maternal affection had suckled me as a child . . . we devoted ourselves to the completion of the work and strove to raise and to enlarge the transept wings of the church [so as to correspond] to the form of the earlier and later work that had to be joined [by them] ....

XXXI. OF THE GOLDEN ALTAR FRONTAL IN THE UPPER CHOIR.

Into this panel, which stands in front of his most sacred body, we have put, according to our estimate, about forty-two marks of gold; [further] a multifarious wealth of precious gems, hyacinths, rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and topazes, and also an array of different large pearls-[a wealth] as great as we had never anticipated to find. You could see how kings, princes, and many outstanding men, following our example, took the rings off the fingers of their hands and ordered, out of love for the Holy Martyrs, that the gold, stones, and precious pearls of the rings be put into that panel. Similarly archbishops and bishops deposited there the very rings of their investiture as though in a place of safety, and offered them devoutly to God and His Saints. And such a crowd of dealers in precious gems flocked in on us from diverse dominions and regions that we did not wish to buy any more than they hastened to sell, with everyone contributing donations ....

Since it seemed proper to place the most sacred bodies of our Patron Saints in

the upper vaults as nobly as we could, and since one of the side-tablets of their most sacred sarcophagus had been torn off on some unknown occasion, we put back fifteen marks of gold and took pains to have gilded its rear side and its superstructure throughout, both below and above, with about forty ounces. Further we caused the actual receptacles of the holy bodies to be enclosed with gilded panels of cast copper and with polished stones, fixed close to the inner stone vaults, and also with continuous gates to hold off disturbances by crowds; in such a manner, however, that reverend persons, as was fitting, might be able to see them with great devotion and a flood of tears ....

XXXIII .

. . . We hastened to adorn the Main Altar of the blessed Denis where there was only one beautiful and precious frontal panel from Charles the Bald, the third Emperor; for at this [altar] we had been offered to the monastic life. We had it all encased, putting up golden panels on either side and adding a fourth, even more precious one; so that the whole altar would appear golden all the way round. On either side, we installed there the two candlesticks of King Louis, son of Philip, of twenty marks of gold, lest they might be stolen on some occasion; we added hyacinths, emeralds, and sundry precious gems; and we gave orders carefully to look out for others to be added further . . . .

But the rear panel, of marvelous workmanship and lavish sumptuousness (for the barbarian artists were even more lavish than ours), we ennobled with chased relief work equally admirable for its form as for its material, so that certain people might be able to say: *The workmanship surpassed the material ....*

Often we contemplate, out of sheer affection for the church our mother, these different ornaments both new and old .... Thus, when-out of my delight in the beauty of the house of God-the loveliness of the many colored gems has called me away from external cares, and worthy meditation has induced me to reflect, transferring that which is material to that which is immaterial, on the diversity of the sacred virtues: then it seems to me that I see myself dwelling, as it were, in some strange region of the universe which neither exists entirely in the slime of the earth nor entirely in the purity of Heaven; and that, by the grace of God, I can be transported from this inferior to that higher world in an anagogical manner. I used to converse with travelers from Jerusalem and, to my great delight, to learn from those to whom the treasures of Constantinople and the ornaments of Hagia Sophia had been accessible, whether the things here could claim some value in comparison with those there. When they acknowledged that these here were the more important ones, it occurred to us that those marvels of which we had heard before might have been put away, as a matter of precaution, for fear of the Franks, lest through the rash rapacity of a stupid few the partisans of the Greeks and Latins, called upon the scene, might suddenly be moved to sedition and warlike hostilities[4] for wariness is preeminently characteristic of the Greeks. Thus it could happen that the treasures which are visible here, deposited in safety, amount to more than those which had been visible there, left [on view] under conditions unsafe on account of disorders. From very many truthful men, even from the bishop Hugues of Laon, we had heard wonderful and almost incredible reports about the superiority of Hagia Sophia's and other churches' ornaments for the celebration of Mass. If this is so-or rather because we believe it to be so, by their testimony-then such inestimable and incomparable treasures should be exposed to the judgment of the many...

XXXIV

We also changed to its present form, sympathizing with their discomfort, the choir of the brethren, which had been detrimental to health for a long time on account of the coldness of the marble and the copper and had caused great hardship to those who constantly attended service in church; and because of the increase in our community (with the help of God), we endeavored to enlarge it.

We also caused the ancient pulpit, which-admirable for the most delicate and nowadays irreplaceable sculpture of its ivory tablets-surpassed human evaluation also by the depiction of antique subjects, to be repaired after we had reassembled those tablets

which were moldering all too long in, and even under, the repository of the money chests; on the right side we restored to their places the animals of copper lest so much and admirable material perish, and had [the whole] set up so that the reading of Holy Gospels might be performed in a more elevated place. In the beginning of our abbacy we had already put out of the way a certain obstruction which cut as a dark wall through the central nave of the church, lest the beauty of the church's magnitude be obscured by such barriers ....

Moreover, we caused to be painted, by the exquisite hands of many masters from different regions, a splendid variety of new windows, both below and above; from that first one which begins [the series] with the *Tree of Jesse* in the chevet of the church to that which is installed above the principal door in the church's entrance ....

Now, because [these windows] are very valuable on account of their wonderful execution and the profuse expenditure of painted glass and sapphire glass, we appointed an official master craftsman for their protection and repair, and also a goldsmith skilled in gold and silver ornament, who would receive their allowances and what was adjudged to them in addition, viz., coins from the altar and flour from the common storehouse of the brethren, and who could never neglect their duty to look after these [works of art].

We further caused to be composed seven candlesticks of enamelled and excellently gilded [metal] work, because those which Emperor Charles had offered to the blessed Denis appeared to be ruined by age.

XXXIV A.

. . . We also offered to the blessed Denis, together with some flowers from the crown of the Empress, another most precious vessel of prase, carved into the form of a boat, which King Louis, son of Philip, had left in pawn for nearly ten years; we had purchased it with the King's permission for sixty marks of silver when it had been offered to us for inspection. It is an established fact that this vessel, admirable for the quality of the precious stone as well as for the latter's unimpaired quantity, is adorned with "verroterie cloisonnée" work by St. Eloy which is held to be most precious in the judgment of all goldsmiths ....

We also procured for the services at the aforesaid altar a precious chalice out of one solid sardonyx[5] which [word] derives from "sardius" and "onyx"; in which one [stone] the sard's red hue, by varying its property, so strongly contrasts with the blackness of the onyx that one property seems to be bent on trespassing upon the other . . . .

SCRIPTUM CONSECRATIONIS II.

. . . Through a fortunate circumstance attending this singular smallness [of the existing church]-the number of the faithful growing and frequently gathering to seek the intercession of the Saints-the aforesaid basilica had come to suffer grave inconveniences. Often on feast days, completely filled, it disgorged through all its doors the excess of the crowds as they moved in opposite directions, and the outward pressure of the foremost ones not only prevented those attempting to enter from entering but also expelled those who had already entered. At times you could see, a marvel to behold, that the crowded multitude offered so much resistance to those who strove to flock in to worship and kiss the holy relics, the Nail and Crown of the Lord, that no one among the countless thousands of people because of their very density could move a foot; that no one, because of their very congestion, could [do] anything but stand like a marble statue, stay benumbed or, as a last resort, scream ....

Since in the front part, toward the north, at the main entrance with the main doors, the narrow hall was squeezed in on either side by twin towers neither high nor very sturdy but threatening ruin, we began, with the help of God, strenuously to work on this part, having laid very strong material foundations for a straight nave and twin towers, and most strong spiritual ones of which it is said: *For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.* Leaning upon God's inestimable counsel and irrefragable aid, we proceeded with this so great and so sumptuous work to such an extent that, while at first, expending little, we lacked much, afterwards, expending much,

we lacked nothing at all and even confessed in our abundance: *Our sufficiency is of God*. Through a gift of God a new quarry, yielding very strong stone, was discovered such as in quality and quantity had never been found in these regions. There arrived a skillful crowd of masons, stonecutters, sculptors and other workmen, so that-thus and otherwise Divinity relieved us of our fears and favored us with Its goodwill by comforting us and by providing us with unexpected [resources] ....

In carrying out such plans my first thought was for the concordance and harmony of the ancient and the new work. By reflection, by inquiry, and by investigation through different regions of remote districts, we endeavored to learn where we might obtain marble columns or columns the equivalent thereof. Since we found none, only one thing was left to us, distressed in mind and spirit: we might obtain them from Rome (for in Rome we had often seen wonderful ones in the Palace of Diocletian and other Baths) by safe ships through the Mediterranean, thence through the English Sea and the tortuous windings of the River Seine, at great expense to our friends and even requiring payment of passage money to our enemies, the near-by Saracens. For many years, for a long time, we were perplexed, thinking and making inquiries-when suddenly the generous munificence of the Almighty, condescending to our labors, revealed to the astonishment of all and through the merit of the Holy Martyrs, what one would never have thought or imagined: very fine and excellent [columns]. Therefore, the greater acts of grace, contrary to hope and human expectation, Divine mercy had deigned to bestow by [providing] a suitable place where it could not be more agreeable to us, the greater [acts of gratitude] we thought it worth our effort to offer in return for the remedy of so great an anguish. For near Pontoise, a town adjacent to the confines of our territory, there [was found] a wonderful quarry [which] from ancient times had offered a deep chasm (hollowed out, not by nature but by industry) to cutters of millstones for their livelihood. Having produced nothing remarkable thus far, it reserved, we thought, the beginning of so great a usefulness for so great and divine a building-as a first offering, as it were, to God and the Holy Martyrs. Whenever the columns were hauled from the bottom of the slope with knotted ropes, both our own people and the pious neighbors, nobles and common folk alike, would tie their arms, chests, and shoulders to the ropes and, acting as draft animals, drew the columns up; and on the declivity in the middle of the town the diverse craftsmen laid aside the tools of their trade and came out to meet them, offering their own strength against the difficulty of the road, doing homage as much as they could to God and the Holy Martyrs. There occurred a wonderful miracle worthy of telling which we, having heard it ourselves from those present, have decided to set down with pen and ink for the praise of the Almighty and His Saints.

III.

On a certain day when, with a downpour of rain, a dark opacity had covered the turbid air, those accustomed to assist in the work while the carts were coming down to the quarry went off because of the violence of the rain. The ox-drivers complained and protested that they had nothing to do and that the laborers were standing around and losing time. Clamoring, they grew so insistent that some weak and disabled persons together with a few boys-seventeen in number and, if I am not mistaken, with a priest present-hastened to the quarry, picked up one of the ropes, fastened it to a column and abandoned another shaft which was lying on the ground; for there was nobody who would undertake to haul this one. Thus, animated by pious zeal, the little flock prayed: "O Saint Denis, if it pleaseth thee, help us by dealing for thyself with this abandoned shaft, for thou canst not blame us if we are unable to do it." Then, bearing on it heavily, they dragged out what a hundred and forty or at least one hundred men had been accustomed to haul from the bottom of the chasm with difficulty-not alone by themselves, for that would have been impossible, but through the will of God and the assistance of the Saints whom they invoked; and they conveyed it to the site of the church on a cart. Thus it was made known throughout the neighborhood that this work pleased Almighty God exceedingly, since for the praise and glory of His name He had chosen to give His help to those who performed it by this and similar signs ....

NOTES

1. *Abbot Suger on the Abbey Church of Saint-Denis and Its Art Treasures*, trans. and ed. Erwin Panofsky (Princeton: Princeton University Press, copyright 1946). Passages reprinted by permission of Princeton University Press. The reader is advised to turn to this monograph for the full Latin text, the English translation and commentaries and identification of objects mentioned in the text. Minor corrections of the Latin text, which were later published by Professor Panofsky, are incorporated here; see Erwin Panofsky, "Postlogium Sugerianum, "*The Art Bulletin*' XXIX/2 and 4 (1947). 19-21, 287. The history of the abbey church and its successive structural changes are exhaustively treated in the monograph by Sumner McKnight Crosby, *L'Abbaye royale de Saint-Denis* (Paris: Paul Hartmann, 1953). For a more recent critical interpretation of Suger's text see Paul Frankl, *The Gothic: Literary Sources and Interpretations through Eight Centuries* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1969), pp. 3-24.

2. Suger's distinction between bronze *casters* and bronze *sculptors* implies a division of work between the casters, who were called in from the outside for the highly specialized job of casting, and the sculptors, who were artists who probably came from among a crew already in the employment of the monastery. It was they who made the models for the door reliefs and later chased and polished the cast door leaves; Panofsky, *Suger*, p. 159 n. 146.

3. Both Panofsky, Suger, pp. 161-63, and Frankl, *The Gothic*, pp. 17-18, attribute Suger's choice of a mosaic for the old northern portal of the west façade instead of relief sculpture, which would have been more in accordance with the rest of his new facade, to his love for shiny and glittering things. This interpretation seems to oversimplify the facts, for it seems highly improbable that Suger should not have "comprehended" that mosaic had become old-fashioned, as Professor Frankl implies; the wording of this passage is explicitly apologetic; Suger's remark on the subject sounds as if the mosaic had been forced upon him by others-possibly for reasons of tradition. Whatever the reason, Suger clearly wished to make sure that posterity would be aware that he knew what he was doing when he selected the old-fashioned over the new in this particular instance.

4. There is a curiously prophetic note in these words, and one may perhaps venture to think that Suger, the astute diplomat and interpreter of human emotion, was aware, as early as his own time, of the coveteous desires among his countrymen and others for the accumulated treasures of the Byzantine Empire, appetites which sixty years later were to lead to the sack of Constantinople in the fourth crusade in 1204.

5. This chalice of sardonyx (agate), gold, silver gilt, gems and pearls was in the treasury of the abbey of Saint-Denis until the French Revolution. Its history during the following century and a half is filled with intrigue, mystery and, eventually, good luck, for it was rediscovered unharmed in 1923 after it had been acquired for the Widener Collection in Philadelphia in 1922. With the rest of this collection it entered the National Gallery in Washington, D.C., in 1940; Panofsky, Suger, p. 205, and William D. Wixom, *Treasures from Medieval France*, Exhibition Catalogue, Cleveland Museum of Art (Cleveland, Ohio: 1967), pp. 70, 353, with an excellent photograph facing p. 70.

Art Humanities Primary Source Reading 6

Excerpts from The Holy Bible

FIRST CENTURY A.D.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO SAINT JOHN

Chapter 8

12 Then spake Jesus again unto them, saying, I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.

Chapter 10

7 Then said Jesus unto them again, Verily, verily, I say unto you, I am the door of the sheep ....

9 I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO SAINT MATTHEW

Chapter 24

1 And Jesus went out, and departed from the temple: and his disciples came to him for to shew him the buildings of the temple.

2 And Jesus said unto them, See ye not all these things? verily I say unto you, There shall not be left here one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down.

3 And as he sat upon the mount of Olives, the disciples came unto him privately, saying, Tell us, when shall these things be? and what shall be the sign of thy coming, and of the end the world?

4 And Jesus answered and said unto them, ...

29 Immediately after the tribulation of those days shall the sun be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of the heavens shall be shaken:

30 And then shall appear the sign of the Son of man in heaven: and then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn, and they shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory.

31 And he shall send his angels with a great sound of a trumpet, and they shall gather his elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other . . .

Chapter 25

31 When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory:

32 And before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats:

33 And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left.

34 Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world:

35 For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink:

36 Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

37 Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink?

38 When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee?

40 And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

41 Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels:

42 For I was an hungred, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink:

43 I was a stranger, and ye took me not in: naked and ye clothed me not sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not.

44 Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee:

45 Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.

46 And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal.

THE REVELATION OF SAINT JOHN THE DIVINE

Chapter 1

1 The Revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gave unto him, to shew unto his servants things which must shortly come to pass; and he sent and signified it by his angel unto his servant John:

Chapter 20

1 And I saw an angel come down from heaven, having the key of the bottomless pit and a great chain in his hand.

2 And he laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent, which is the Devil, and Satan, and bound him a thousand years,

3 And cast him into the bottomless pit, and shut him up, and set a seal upon him, that he should deceive the nations no more, till the thousand years should be fulfilled: and after that he must be loosed a little season.

4 And I saw thrones, and they sat upon them, and judgment was given unto them: and I saw the souls of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus, and for the word of God, and which had not worshipped the beast, neither his image, neither had received his mark upon their foreheads, or in their hands;

and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years.

5 But the rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished. This is the first resurrection.

6 Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with him a thousand years.

7 And when the thousand years are expired, Satan shall be loosed out of his prison,

8 And shall go out to deceive the nations which are in the four quarters of the earth, Gog and Magog, to gather them together to battle: the number of whom is as the sand of the sea.

9 And they went up on the breadth of the earth, and compassed the camp of the saints about, and the beloved city: and fire came down from God out of heaven, and devoured them.

10 And the devil that deceived them was cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, where the beast and the false prophet are, and shall be tormented day and night for ever and ever.

11 And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them.

12 And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works.

13 And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them: and they were judged every man according to their works.

14 And death and hell were cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death.

15 And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire.

Chapter 21

1 And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea.

2 And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.

3 And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God.

4 And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, or crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

5 And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. And he said unto me, Write: for these words are true and faithful.

6 And he said unto me, It is done. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life

freely.

7 He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son.

8 But the fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death.

9 And there came unto me one of the seven angels which had the seven vials full of the seven last plagues and talked with me, saying, Come hither, I will shew thee the bride, the Lamb's wife.

10 And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and shewed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God.

11 Having the glory of God: and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal;

12 And had a wall great and high, and had twelve gates, and at the gates twelve angels, and names written thereon, which are the names of the twelve tribes of the children of Israel:

13 On the east three gates; on the north three gates; on the south three gates; and on the west three gates.

14 And the wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb.

15 And he that talked with me had a golden reed to measure the city, and the gates thereof, and the wall thereof.

16 And the city Beth foursquare, and the length is as large as the breadth: and he measured the city with the reed, twelve thousand furlongs. The length and the breadth and the height of it are equal.

17 And he measured the wall thereof, an hundred and forty and four cubits, according to the measure of a man, that is, of the angel.

18 And the building of the wall of it was of jasper: and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass.

19 And the foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones. The first foundation was jasper; the second, sapphire; the third, chalcedony; the fourth, an emerald;

20 The fifth, sardonyx; the sixth, sardius; the seventh, chrysolyte; the eighth, beryl; the ninth, a topaz; the tenth, a chrysoprasus; the eleventh, a jacinth; the twelfth, an amethyst.

21 And the twelve gates were twelve pearls; every several gate was of one pearl: and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass.

22 And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the Temple of it.

23 And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.

24 And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it: and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honour to it.

25 And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there.

26 And they shall bring the glory and honour of the nations into it.

27 And there shall in no wise enter it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.

Art Humanities Primary Source Reading 7

Jacobus de Voragine,
The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary

1260

AUGUST 15

The manner of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary is told to us in an apocryphal book which is attributed to John the Evangelist.

There we read that when the apostles set forth to preach in the divers regions of the world, the Blessed Virgin dwelt in a house hard by Mount Sion. Throughout her life she continued, with pious devotion, to visit the holy places of her Son, namely the places of His Baptism, His Fasting, His Prayer, His Passion, His Burial, His Resurrection, and His Ascension. According to Epiphanius, she lived for twenty-four years after the Ascension of her Son. He says that when the Blessed Virgin conceived Christ she was fourteen years of age, and fifteen when she bore Him; she lived with Him for thirty-three years, and survived Him by twenty-four. Thus she was seventy-two years old when she died. But we read elsewhere-and this seems more likely-that she lived but twelve years after her Son, and thus died at the age of sixty; for according to the *Ecclesiastical History*, the apostles preached in and about Judea for that length of time.

One day when the Virgin's longing for her Son burned fervently in her heart, and her ardent spirit was troubled and poured forth a torrent of tears, and for a space she bore not serenely the lost comforts of her departed Son, an angel stood by her in the midst of a great light, and greeted her with reverence as the mother of his Lord. 'Hail, blessed Mary,' he said, 'receive the blessing of Him Who sent His salvation to Jacob! Behold I have brought unto thee, my Lady, a branch of the palm of Paradise! This thou must cause to be carried before thy bier; for three days hence thou shalt be called forth from the body, because thy Son awaits thee, His venerable mother!' Mary responded: 'If I have found grace in thy sight, I pray thee make known thy name to me! But this I ask more urgently, that my sons and brothers the apostles be gathered unto me, that I may see them with the eyes of the flesh before I die, and may be buried by them, and may give back my spirit to God in their presence. And this also I beg and beseech, that when my soul goes forth from the body it may see no evil spirit, and that no power of Satan may come upon me!' The angel said: 'Wherefore, Lady, needest thou to know my name, which is great and glorious? And behold, all the apostles today will come and gather about thee, and they will give thee noble burial, and in their sight thou shalt breathe forth thy spirit! For he who once suddenly carried the prophet from Judea to Babylon by the hairs of his head, can doubtless bring the apostles to thee in a moment. And why fearest thou to see the wicked spirit, who hast wholly crushed his head, and stripped him of all his power? Yet thy will be done! Thou shalt not see them.' With these words the angel ascended into Heaven with much light. The palm indeed shone with a great brightness, and for its greenness was like to a new branch, but its leaves gleamed like the morning star.

And while John was preaching in Ephesus, it came to pass that thunder pealed from Heaven, and a bright cloud caught him up, and set him down at Mary's doorstep. He knocked at the door and entered it, and reverently the virginal one greeted the Virgin. And looking upon him with joy, Mary was much astonished, not was able to withhold her tears of gladness; and she said: 'My son John, be mindful of the words of thy Master, whereby He commended me to thee as a mother, and thee to me as a son! Behold I am called by the Lord, and am about to pay the debt of man's estate; and I commit my body to thy zealous care. For I have heard that the Jews have conspired among themselves, saying: "Let us wait, men and brethren, until she who bore Jesus be dead, and straightway we shall seize her body and cast it into the fire!" Do thou therefore cause this palm branch to be carried before the bier, when you shall bear my body to the tomb!' And John said: 'Ah, would that all the apostles, my brothers, were here, that we might

prepare seemly obsequies for thee, and might pay thee fitting praise!' And as he said these words, all the apostles were plucked up by clouds from the places wherein they were preaching, and put down before Mary's door. And seeing themselves thus gathered together, they wondered, and said: 'For what cause has the Lord brought us together here?' John therefore went out to them, and told them of their Lady's coming departure from the body. And he added: 'See to it, brethren, that when she dies, no one weep for her, lest seeing it the people be troubled, and say: "Behold, these men preach the resurrection to others, yet they themselves fear death!"'

Dionysius, the disciple of Saint Paul, gives a like account in his *Book of the Names of God*. He says that the apostles came together at the death of the Virgin, and that he himself was there, and that each discoursed in praise of Christ and the Virgin.

When the Blessed Mary saw all the apostles gathered together, she blessed the Lord, and sat down among them, in the midst of lighted lamps and candles. At about the third hour of the night, Jesus came with the ranks of the angels, the troop of the patriarchs, the host of the martyrs, the army of the confessors, and the choir of the virgins; and all took their places before the throne of the Virgin, and their voices mounted in sweet and solemn song. And the aforesaid book, ascribed to John, tells us what obsequies were then celebrated. Jesus Himself began and said: 'Come, My chosen one, and I shall place thee upon My throne, for I have desired thy beauty!' And she answered: 'My heart is ready, O Lord, my heart is ready!' Then all who had come with Jesus sweetly intoned: 'This is she whose bed was free of sin, and who shall have fruit in the refection of holy souls!' And she herself sang: 'All generations shall call me blessed, because he that is mighty hath done great things to me; and holy is his name!' Then Christ, singing more fairly than all, intoned: 'Come from Libanus, my spouse, come from Libanus, come: thou shalt be crowned!' And she responded: 'Behold I come, for in the head of the book it is written of me that I should do thy will, O my God; for my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour!' And in this manner Mary's soul went forth out of her body, and flew upward in the arms of her Son; and she was spared all pain of the body, as she had been free from corruption from without. And Our Lord said to the apostles: 'Carry the body of the Virgin My mother to the valley of Josaphat, and lay it in the new tomb which ye will find there; and await Me for three days, until I come to you!' At once the Virgin was surrounded with red roses, signifying the troops of the martyrs, and with white lilies, signifying the hosts of the angels, confessors, and virgins. And the apostles called after her, saying: 'O Virgin most prudent, whither goest thou? Be mindful of us, O Lady!' Then the assemblage of those who had stayed behind in Heaven, in admiration at the choiring of those who ascended, went swiftly forth to meet them; and seeing their King bearing in His own arms the soul of a woman, and her leaning upon Him, they began to exclaim, saying: 'Who is this that cometh up from the desert, flowing with delights, leaning upon her beloved?' And those who accompanied her answered: 'Fair is she among the daughters of Jerusalem, as ye have seen her filled with charity and love.' And in this wise she was taken up into Heaven rejoicing, and placed upon a throne of glory at the right hand of her Son. And the apostles saw that her soul was of such whiteness as no tongue of mortal man could express.

When three virgins who were present divested her body to wash it, the body at once gave forth so dazzling a light that they could touch it indeed, but could not see it; and the light shone for as long as the virgins were washing the body. Then the apostles placed the remains upon a litter with all reverence. And John said to Peter: 'Thou shalt carry this palm before the bier, Peter, because the Lord has placed thee above us, and made thee shepherd and chief of His flock!' But Peter answered: 'It beseems thee rather to carry it, for thou wert chosen a virgin by the Lord; and it is fitting that the Virgin's palm be carried by a virgin! Thou hast been worthy to lean on the bosom of the Lord, and thence more of wisdom and grace have flowed into thee than to the others; therefore it seems good that thou, who hast received a greater gift of the Son, shouldst pay a greater honour to the Virgin. Do thou therefore carry this palm of light at the funeral rite of her holiness, who hast drunk the cup of light from the fountain of eternal light; I, for my part, shall carry the holy body upon the bier, and these our other brethren shall surround it, and offer songs of praise to God.' And Paul said to him: 'And I, who am the least among you, shall bear it with thee!' Then, as Peter and Paul raised the bier, Peter began to sing and say: *Exiit Israel de Ægypto, Alleluia!* And the other apostles sweetly took up the chant; and the Lord covered, the bier and the apostles with a cloud, so that they were not visible, and only their

voices were heard. And angels also were present with the apostles, singing with them and filling the whole earth with the dulcity of their music.

Aroused by this sweet sound and harmony, all the townsfolk came quickly forth, and asked most curiously what this might be. Then stood forth one who said: 'The disciples of Jesus are carrying out that Mary dead, and about her they sing this melody which ye hear!' Then all ran to arms, and exhorted one another, saying: 'Come, let us put all the disciples to death, and burn the body that bore the seducer!' And the chief of the priests was struck with wonder at the sight, and filled with rage, and he said: 'Behold the tabernacle of him who brought disturbance upon us and upon our people, what honour is now bestowed upon it!' Saying this, he laid his hand upon the litter, seeking to overturn it and cast it to the earth. In a trice his two hands withered, and held fast to the bed, so that he hung therefrom by the hands, and, being grievously tortured, wailed and lamented. At the same instant the rest of the folk were stricken blind by the angels who were in the clouds. Then the chief priest cried out, saying: 'Holy Peter, despise me not in this extremity, but pour forth prayers to the Lord for me, I entreat thee; for thou shouldst be mindful that I once stood by thee, and made excuse for thee when the portress accused thee!' Peter answered: 'We are busy with the obsequies of our Lady, and cannot attend to thy cure! Nevertheless, if thou believest in Our Lord Jesus Christ and in her who begat and bore Him, I have hope that thou wilt speedily obtain thy weal!' The chief priest replied: 'I believe that the Lord Jesus is truly the Son of God, and that this is His most holy mother!' At once his hands were loosed from the litter, but his arms were still shrivelled, and the stark pain did not abate. Then said Peter: 'Kiss the bier, and say: "I believe in Jesus Christ true God, Whom this woman bore in her womb, remaining a virgin after she brought Him forth." And when he had done this, he was at once made whole. And Peter said to him: 'Take the palm from the hand of our brother John, and hold it over the folk who have been stricken blind; and whosoever shall believe shall receive his sight, but he that shall not believe shall not see forever!'

The apostles then laid Mary in the tomb, and sat about her, as the Lord had commanded. On the third day Jesus, coming with a multitude of angels, greeted them saying: *Pax vobis*! And they responded: *Gloria tibi, Deus!* 'Glory to Thee, O God! Who alone doest great wonders!' And the Lord said to the apostles: 'What of grace and honour, think ye, shall I now confer on My mother?' They answered: 'To thy servants, O Lord, it seems right that as Thou, having vanquished death, reignest unto the ages, so Thou, Jesus, shouldst raise up the body of Thy mother, and place her at Thy right hand for all eternity!' He nodded his consent, and instantly Michael the Archangel appeared, and presented Mary's soul before the Lord. Then the Saviour spoke, saying: 'Arise, my dear one, My dove, tabernacle of glory, vessel of life, heavenly temple, in order that, as thou hast not felt the plague of sin in carnal dealings, so thou mayst not suffer the corruption of the body in the grave!' And straightway Mary's soul went to her little body, and she came forth glorious from the tomb, and was assumed into the heavenly bride chamber, a multitude of angels mounting withal.

Thomas, however, was absent when these things took place, and on his return refused to believe. But suddenly the girdle where with her body had been begirt fell unopened into his hands, that so he might understand that she had been assumed entire.

All that has so far been said, however, is apocryphal, as Saint Jerome says in his letter to Paula and Eustochium: 'This little book must be deemed apocryphal, except as to certain things which are approved by the saints; and these are nine, namely that every sort of consolation was promised and given to the Virgin, the gathering of all the apostles, the death without pain, the preparation for burial in the valley of Josaphat, Christ's pious part in the obsequies and the assistance of the whole heavenly court, the persecution by the Jews, the flashing forth of miracles in every worthy cause, and the assumption in soul and body. Many other things are set down therein rather as symbol than as fact, as for instance that Thomas was absent and refused to believe when he arrived, and other like things, which manifestly are to be left aside rather than believed.

It is said that the Virgin's garments were left behind in the tomb for the consolation of the faithful; and the following miracle is related to have come about through a part of her vesture. Once when the duke of Normandy was besieging the city of Chartres, the bishop of the city took the Blessed Virgin's tunic, which was there preserved, and fixed it to a spear in the manner of a standard. Then in all safety he went out to meet the enemy, and all the people

followed him. And instantly the whole host of the enemy was stricken with frenzy and blindness, and stood quaking in heart and stupefied in spirit. When the townsfolk saw this, they added to the judgement of God, and began to slaughter their enemies pitilessly This, however, much displeased the Blessed Mary, as was manifest when her tunic immediately vanished, and the hostile host recovered their sight.

We read in the *Revelations* of Saint Elizabeth that once when Elizabeth was rapt in spirit, she saw, in a very distant place, a sepulchre illumined with a great light, and the form of a woman within, and a host of angels standing round about; and after a little time the woman was seized from out of the sepulchre and raised aloft with the assistant host. And there came from Heaven to meet her a man admirable and glorious, bearing in his right hand the banner of the Cross, and with him uncounted thousands of angels, and they took her right speedily, and led her off to Heaven with great chanting. A short while later, Elizabeth asked that angel with whom she ofttimes spoke, about this vision; and the angel answered: 'In this vision it has been shown thee how our Lady was assumed into Heaven both in the flesh and in the spirit.' In the same *Revelations*, Elizabeth says that it was revealed to her that the Blessed Virgin was assumed in the body forty days after her passing. Once the Blessed Mary, speaking to her, said: 'After the Ascension of the Lord, I abode in the flesh for a whole year and as many days as there are between the Ascension and my assumption. All the apostles were present at my falling asleep, and reverently gave burial to my body. But on the fortieth day I rose from the dead.' And when Elizabeth asked whether she should make this known or keep it hidden, the Virgin replied: 'Neither is it to be manifested to the carnal and the unbelieving, nor is it to be concealed from the devout and the faithful.'

We may note that the glorious Virgin Mary was assumed and exalted wholly, honourably, joyously, and in an excelling manner.

She was assumed wholly, in body and soul, as the Church piously believes: and this many of the saints not only assert, but set themselves to prove with many reasons. Bernard's reason is that God has exalted the bodies of the saints as being of great price. So for instance He rendered the bodies of Peter and James so glorious and venerable, and exalted them with such wondrous honours, that He set aside a fitting place for their veneration, and thither the whole world flocks. If therefore Mary's body be said to be still on earth, and yet is not visited with devotion by the faithful, nor has a place of honour set aside for it, then forsooth Christ will seem to have treated the body of His mother with contempt, since He so honours the bodies of other saints upon earth. Jerome likewise says that Mary ascended into Heaven on August 15, and this he says of the bodily assumption of Mary; but the Church elects piously to doubt, rather than rashly to define. But Jerome proves that it is to be believed by the following reasons. If those are not wanting who say that for them that rose with Christ the everlasting resurrection is already complete, and if there are some who believe that John, the guardian of the Virgin, already rejoices with Christ in his glorified body, why is this not much more to be believed of the mother of the Saviour? For He Who said, 'Honour thy father and thy mother,' and 'I am not come to destroy the Law but to fulfil the Law,' surely has honoured His mother above all, nor do we now doubt that He did this in Mary's regard. Augustine also not only affirms this, but proves it with three reasons. The first is the oneness of Christ's flesh and the Virgin's. For he says: 'The rotting and the worm are the common shame of man's estate. Since Jesus is stranger to this shame, Mary's nature is excepted, because Jesus is known to have taken it from her.' The second reason is the dignity of her body, whence he says: 'The throne of God, the bride chamber of the Lord, the tabernacle of Christ, is worthy to be where He is; it is meeter that so precious a treasure be preserved in Heaven than on earth.' The third reason is the perfect integrity of her virginal flesh. Whence he says: 'Rejoice, O Mary, with inenarrable gladness of body and soul, in Christ thine own Son, with thine own Son, through thine own Son.' Nor should the ill of corruption pursue her, who suffered no corruption of her integrity in bearing so great a Son; that she may ever be incorrupt, upon whom so much grace was poured out, she may ever be wholly living, who begat the whole and perfect life of all, she may ever be with Him, who bore and nursed and fed Him, Mary the mother of God, the minister and handmaid of God! Whereof since I dare not think otherwise, I dare not say else. To this the words of the great versifier pertain:

Scandit ad aethera
virgo puerpera,
virgula Jesse
non sine corpore
sed sine tempore
tendit adesse.

The Blessed Virgin was assumed joyously. Of this the bishop and martyr Gerardus says in his homilies: 'With joy the heavens have taken up the Blessed Virgin this day, the Angels rejoicing, the Archangels jubilating, the Thrones exalting, the Dominations psalming, the Principalities making harmony, the Powers playing upon the harp, the Cherubim and Seraphim hymning and leading her to the supernal throne of the divine majesty.'

She was assumed with honour, because Jesus Himself, and all the host of the celestial army, went forth to meet her. Whence Jerome says: 'Who shall suffice to think, how gloriously the queen of the world today marched forth, with what stirring of devotion the multitude of the heavenly legions trooped out to her encounter, with what chants she was led to her throne, with what placid mien and peaceful face, with what divine embraces she was welcomed by her Son, and raised up above every creature!' And the same author says: 'We believe that today the heavenly militia came forth to greet the mother of God with festive celebration, shone round her with unbounded light, and led her even to the throne of God with lauds and spiritual canticles; and that the army of the heavenly Jerusalem then exulted with unspeakable joy, and celebrated her with ineffable courtesy and with gladsome welcome. And because this feast, which comes to us today in its yearly round, is made unto them without ceasing in Heaven, we believe also that the Saviour Himself went forth in all gladness to meet her, and with joy placed her beside Himself on the throne. Else He would not have fulfilled what He Himself commanded in the law: *Honour thy father and thy mother.*' Thus says Jerome.

She was assumed in an excelling manner; whence Jerome says: 'This is the day in which the inviolate mother and virgin went up even to the height of the throne, and being raised up in glory next to Christ, took her place in the royal seat.' And Gerardus, in his homilies, says: 'The most ineffable Trinity Itself applauds her with unceasing dance, and since Its grace flows wholly into her, makes all to wait upon her. The most splendid order of the apostles extols her with unspeakable lauds, the host of the martyrs pay every reverence to so great a queen, the innumerable army of the confessors sounds an unending chant to her, the shining array of the virgins sings a ceaseless chorus in her honour, unwilling Hell itself howls to her, and the wanton demons shriek her praise!'

Saint Augustine, in one of his sermons on the Assumption, speaks as follows: 'If the death of all the saints is precious, the death of Mary is beyond price. Therefore I deem that it must be confessed that Mary, by the bounty of Christ, was assumed into the joy of eternity, and was received more honourably than others, since she was honoured above all others by grace; and that she was not dragged down to the common lot of humanity, which is corruption, the worm, and the dust, since she had borne her Saviour and the Saviour of all. If the will of God had chosen to preserve unscathed the vesture of the children in the fiery furnace, why should He deny to His own mother what He had willed for the garments of strangers? By His sole mercy He willed to preserve Jonas incorrupt in the belly of the whale; and shall He not by grace preserve Mary incorrupt? Daniel was saved from the hunger of the ravening lions and shall Mary not be spared, who is already endowed with so many merits and honours? We well know that all these things could not be preserved in the order of nature, but we doubt not that in behalf of Mary's integrity, grace was more powerful than nature. Christ therefore made Mary to rejoice in her own Son, in soul and body nor allowed any blemish of corruption to come upon her who has suffered no impairment of her integrity in bringing forth so great a Son, that she whom such excelling grace had bathed might be ever without stain, and she who had begotten the flawless Life of all might have life in its fulness. If therefore, O Christ, I have spoken as I ought, do Thou and Thine approve; if not, do Thou and Thine, I pray, forgive me!'

"Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary" is reprinted from *The Golden Legend of Iacobus de Voragine* by

Art Humanities Primary Source Reading 8

Pope Gregory the Great, On the Proper use of Images

c. 600

St. Augustine and St. Jerome, who had been so critical of images and lavishly decorated churches, lived to see the fall of Rome in 410. It was an event whose significance was not lost on them: from the fifth century on, power in Europe fell more and more into the hands of barbarian kings. The Latin church, showered with imperial gifts during the fourth century, entered upon a period when her resources were stretched thin as a consequence of missionary expansion and barbarian invasion. From then on the building of churches and their maintenance became a difficult matter, which was often achieved only at the cost of great sacrifice and was understandably considered to be a labor worthy of saints. Under such conditions there was little occasion to reiterate St. Jerome's opinions about ecclesiastical luxury. The use of images and of large and splendidly decorated churches formed a distinctive part of Roman customs. Churchmen whose main goal was the preservation and propagation of these customs could hardly be expected to be critical. It is interesting to see how Pope Gregory[1] attacks the iconoclastic bishop of Marseille for his imprudent deviation from generally accepted habits. There were also other reasons for St. Gregory to defend the proper use of images in the church. Their usefulness for the instruction of illiterates had already been pointed out by Paulinus of Nola. They were believed to be even more important in the conversion of pagans. When St. Augustine of Canterbury, Pope Gregory's envoy to Britain, went to meet King Ethelbert, he carried with him a cross and an image of the Saviour.[2]

ST. GREGORY THE GREAT TO BISHOP SERENUS OF MARSEILLE

The beginning of your letter demonstrated to such a degree your priestly benevolence that we were highly pleased by your fraternal sentiments. But its end is so different from its beginning that we wonder whether the epistle proceeded from one mind or from two. Your doubts about the authenticity of the letter we sent you made you seem very rash. For if you had really paid attention to our fraternal admonishments, you would not only have had no doubts, but you would have known what your priestly dignity ought to compel you to do. The former abbot Cyriacus[3] who carried our letters was of such deportment and learning as to make it difficult to suppose that he would have dared to do what you thought, or that he could possibly have been an imposter. Your neglect of wholesome admonition has made you guilty of this doubt, in addition to being guilty of a bad action. Word has since reached us that you, gripped by blind fury, have broken the images of the saints with the excuse that they should not be adored. And indeed we heartily applaud you for keeping them from being adored, but for breaking them we reproach you. Tell us, brother, have you ever heard of any other bishop anywhere who did the like? This, if nothing else, should have given you pause. Do you despise your brothers and think that you alone are holy and wise? To adore images is one thing; to teach with their help what should be adored is another. What Scripture is to the educated, images are to the ignorant, who see through them what they must accept; they read in them what they cannot read in books. This is especially true of the pagans. And it particularly behooves you, who live among pagans, not to allow yourself to be carried away by just zeal and so give scandal to savage minds. Therefore you ought not to have broken that which was placed in the church not in order to be adored but solely in order to instruct the minds of the ignorant. It is not without reason that tradition permits the deeds of the saints to be depicted in holy places. If you had tempered your zeal with discretion, you could certainly have better achieved what you wanted, and rather than scatter the flock that was collected, you could have collected the flock that was scattered, and so have enhanced the glory of your name of pastor rather than acquired the guilty name of a disperser. But by following your own rash impulse you, as I hear, have so scandalized

your flock that the larger part of it is no longer in communion with you. How will you lead wandering sheep to the Lord's fold if you are not able to keep in it those you already have? Therefore we exhort you to lay aside false pride, and immediately to do all you can to call back, with paternal love, those disaffected souls that you know to be outside the unity of your communion.

For these dispersed children of the church must be called back, and those passages of Holy Scripture should be shown to them that prohibit the adoration of man's handiwork, for it is written, "Thou shalt adore the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve."[4] But then you should add that because you saw that those painted likenesses, made for the instruction of the ignorant, so that they might understand the stories and so learn what occurred, were being adored, you were so enraged that you ordered them to be broken. And you should also tell them: "If you wish to have images in church in order to gain from them the instruction for which they were formerly made, I freely permit them to be made and placed there." And explain that it was not the sight of the story there related in a painted text that angered you, but the worship which had been paid to them illicitly.

NOTES

1. Pope Gregory 1 (590-604).
2. St. Augustine of Canterbury landed in Kent in 597, where he was welcomed by King Ethelbert (560616).
3. Pope Gregory's messenger.
4. 6 Luke 4:8

Pope Gregory the Great, "On the Proper Use of Images (Letter to Bishop Serenus of Marseille)" is reprinted from *Early Medieval Art, 300-1150: Sources and Documents*, edited by Caecilia Davis-Weyer, published by Prentice-Hall, 1971; reprinted by University of Toronto Press, 1986.

ART HUMANITIES: PRIMARY SOURCE READER

Section 3: Raphael

Art Humanities Primary Source Reading 9

Leon Battista Alberti

EXCERPTS FROM **ON PAINTING, 1436**

Leon Battista Alberti (1404-1472) was a poet, scholar and architect, painter, and mathematician. He arrived in Florence in the 1430s, at a time when the city was a veritable hotbed of learning, scientific study, and artistic production. For this text, the first systematic study of painting, his agenda was twofold: "On Painting" is at once a celebration of the art itself and a practical manual for working painters. In the best Renaissance tradition, Alberti sought to combine his own studies with his extensive classical learning, hence the frequent references to the art and artists of the ancient world. In the end, Alberti describes no single painting, but he imagines a new kind of artist. No longer a mere craftsman, the ideal artist is now an erudite individual possessing both manual and intellectual skills.

Alberti drew upon principles of geometry and balance to describe an artificial system of "perspective," a term whose etymology reveals its origins in Renaissance efforts to "see through" the picture plane. The intricacies of the outline, the reception of light, and the necessity for a varied, yet balanced, composition are given detailed treatment. Nothing if not thorough, Alberti even prescribes the most pleasing way to depict branches, leaves, hair and clothing when a gentle breeze is blowing.

Alberti's treatise was an immediate success, and the author quickly made a translation from his original Latin into Italian to reach a still larger audience of academics, patrons and artists. Even a cursory examination of Raphael's *Marriage of the Virgin* will reveal many of Alberti's principles at work.

BOOK II

25. As the effort of learning may perhaps seem to the young too laborious, I think I should explain here how painting is worthy of all our attention and study. Painting possesses a truly divine power in that not only does it make the absent present (as they say of friendship), but it also represents the dead to the living many centuries later, so that they are recognized by spectators with pleasure and deep admiration for the artist. Plutarch tells us that Cassandrus, one of Alexander's commanders, trembled all over at the sight of a portrait of the deceased Alexander, in which he recognized the majesty of his king. He also tells us how Agesilaus the Lacedaemonian, realizing that he was very ugly, refused to allow his likeness to be known to posterity, and so would not be painted or modelled by anyone. Through painting, the faces of the dead go on living for a very long time. We should also consider it a very great gift to men that painting has represented the gods they worship, for painting has contributed considerably to the piety which binds us to the gods, and to filling our minds with sound religious beliefs. It is said that Phidias made a statue of Jove in Elis, whose beauty added not a little to the received religion. How much painting contributes to the honest pleasures of the mind, and to the beauty of things, may be seen in various ways but especially in the fact that you will find nothing so precious which association with painting does not render far more valuable and highly prized. Ivory, gems, and all other similar precious things are made more valuable by the hand of the painter. Gold too, when embellished by the art of painting, is equal in value to a far larger quantity or gold. Even lead, the basest of metals, if it were formed into some image by the hand of Phidias or Praxiteles, would probably be regarded as more precious than rough unworked silver. The painter Zeuxis began to give his works away, because, as he said, they could not be bought for money. He did not believe any price could be found to recompense the man who, in modelling or painting living things, behaved like a god among mortals.

26. The virtues of painting, therefore, are that its masters see their works admired and feel themselves to be almost like the Creator. Is it not true that painting is the mistress of all the arts or their principal ornament? If I am not mistaken, the architect took from the painter architraves, capitals, bases, columns and pediments, and all the other fine features of buildings. The stonemason, the sculptor and all the work-shops and crafts of artificers are guided by the rule and art of the painter. Indeed, hardly any art, except the very meanest, can be found that does not somehow pertain to painting. So I would venture to assert that whatever beauty there is in things has been derived from painting. *Painting was honoured by*

our ancestors with this special distinction that, whereas, all other artists were called craftsmen, the painter alone was not counted among their number. Consequently I used to tell my friends that the inventor of painting, according to the poets, was Narcissus, who was turned into a flower; for, as painting is the flower of all the arts, so the tale of Narcissus fits our purpose perfectly. What is painting but the act of embracing by means of art the surface of the pool? Quintilian believed that the earliest painters used to draw around shadows made by the sun, and the art eventually grew by a process of additions. So we say that an Egyptian Philocles and a certain Cicanthes were among the first inventors of this art. The Egyptians say painting was practised in their country six thousand years before it was brought over into Greece. Our writers say it came from Greece to Italy after the victories of Marcellus in Sicily. But it is of little concern to us to discover the first painters or the inventors of the art, since we are not writing a history of painting like Pliny, but treating of the art in an entirely new way. On this subject there exist today none of the writings of the ancients as far as I have seen, although they say that Euphranor the Isthmian wrote something about symmetry and colors, that Antigonus and Xenocrates set down some words about paintings, and that Apelles wrote on painting to Perseus. Diogenes Laertius tells us that the philosopher Demetrius also wrote about painting. Since all the other liberal arts were committed to writing by our ancestors, I believe that painting too was not neglected by our authors of Italy, for the ancient Etruscans were the most expert of all in Italy in the art of painting.

27. The ancient writer Trismegistus believes that sculpture and painting originated together with religion. *He addresses Asclepius with these words: 'Man, mindful of his nature and origin, represented the gods in his own likeness.'* Yet who will deny that painting has assumed the most honored part in all things both public and private, profane and religious, to such an extent that no art, I find, has been so highly valued universally among men? Almost incredible prices are quoted for painted panels. The Theban Aristides sold one painting alone for a hundred talents. They say that Rhodes was not burned down by King Demetrius lest a painting by Protogenes be destroyed. So we can say that Rhodes was redeemed from the enemy by a single picture. Many other similar tales were collected by writers, from which you can clearly see that good painters always and everywhere were held in the highest esteem and honor, so that even the most noble and distinguished citizens and philosophers and kings took great pleasure not only in seeing and possessing paintings, but also in painting themselves. L. Manilius, a Roman citizen, and the nobleman Fabius were painters. Turpilius, a Roman knight, painted at Verona. Sitedius, praetor and proconsul, acquired fame in painting. Pacuvius, the tragedian, nephew of the poet Ennius, painted Hercules in the forum. The philosophers Socrates, Plato, Metrodorus and Pyrrho achieved distinction in painting. The emperors Nero, Valentinianus and Alexander Severus were very devoted to painting. It would be a long story to tell how many princes or kings have devoted themselves to this most noble art. Besides, it is not appropriate to review all the multitude of ancient painters. Its size may be understood from the fact that for Demetrius of Phalerum, son of Phanostratus, three hundred and sixty statues were completed within four hundred days, some on horseback and some in chariots. In a city in which there was so large a number of sculptors, shall we not believe there were also many painters? Painting and sculpture are cognate arts, nurtured by the same genius. But I shall always prefer the genius of the painter, as it attempts by far the most difficult task. Let us return to what we were saying.

28. The number of painters and sculptors was enormous in those days, when princes and people, and learned and unlearned alike delighted in painting, and statues and pictures were displayed in the theatres among the chief spoils brought from the provinces. Eventually Paulus Aemilius and many other Roman citizens taught their sons painting among the liberal arts in the pursuit of the good and happy life. The excellent custom was especially observed among the Greeks that free-born and liberally educated young people were also taught the art of painting together with letters, geometry and music. Indeed the skill of painting was a mark of honor also in women. Martia, Varro's daughter, is celebrated by writers for her painting. The art was held in such high esteem and honor that it was forbidden by law among the Greeks for slaves to learn to paint; and quite rightly so, for the art of painting is indeed worthy of free minds and noble intellects. I have always regarded it as a mark of an excellent and superior mind in any person whom I saw take great delight in painting. Although, this art alone is equally pleasing to both learned and unlearned; and it rarely happens in any other art that what pleases the knowledgeable also attracts the ignorant. You will not easily find anyone who does not earnestly desire to be accomplished in painting. Indeed it is evident that Nature herself delights in painting, for we observe she often fashions in marble hippocentaurs and bearded faces of kings. It is also said that in a gem owned by Pyrrhus the nine Muses were clearly depicted by Nature, complete with their insignia. Furthermore, there is no other art in whose study and practice all ages of learned and unlearned alike may engage with such pleasure. Let me speak of my own experience. Whenever I devote myself to painting for pleasure, which I very often do when I have leisure from other affairs, I persevere with such pleasure in finishing my work that I can hardly believe later on that three or even four hours have gone by

29. This art, then brings pleasure while you practise it, and praise, riches and endless fame when you have cultivated it well. Therefore, as painting is the finest and most ancient ornament of things, worthy of free men and pleasing to learned and unlearned alike, I earnestly beseech young students to devote themselves to painting as much as they can. Next, I would advise those who are devoted to painting to go on to master with every effort and care this perfect art of painting. You who strive to excel in painting, should cultivate above all the fame and reputation which you see the ancients attained, and in so doing it will be a good thing to remember that avarice was always the enemy of renown and virtue. A mind intent on gain will rarely obtain the reward of fame with posterity. I have seen many in the very flower, as it were, of learning, descend to gain and thereafter obtain neither riches nor distinction, who if they had improved their talent with application, would easily have risen to fame and there received both wealth and the satisfaction of renown. But we have

said enough on these matters. Let us return to our purpose. We divide painting into three parts, and this division we learn from Nature herself. As painting aims to represent things seen, let us note how in fact things are seen. In the first place, when we look at a thing, we see it as an object which occupies a space. The painter will draw around this space, and he will call this process of setting down the outline, appropriately, circumscription. Then, as we look, we discern how the several surfaces of the object seen are fitted together; the artist, when drawing these combinations of surfaces in their correct relationship, will properly call this composition. Finally, in looking we observe more clearly the colours of surfaces; the representation in painting of this aspect, since it receives all its variations from light, will aptly here be termed the reception of light.

Therefore, circumscription, composition and reception of light make up painting; and with these we must now deal as briefly as possible. First circumscription. Circumscription is the process of delineating the external outlines on the painting. They say that Parrhasius the painter, with whom Socrates speaks in Xenophon, was very expert in this and studied these lines very closely I believe one should take care that circumscription is done with the finest possible, almost invisible lines, like those they say the painter Apelles used to practise and vie with Protogenes at drawing. Circumscription is simply the recording of the outlines, and if it is done with a very visible line, they will look in the painting, not like the margins of surfaces, but like cracks. I want only the external outlines to be set down in circumscription; and this should be practised assiduously. No composition and no reception of light will be praised without the presence of circumscription. But circumscription by itself is very often most pleasing. So attention should be devoted to circumscription; and to do this well, I believe nothing more convenient can be found than the veil, which among my friends I call the intersection, and whose usage I was the first to discover. It is like this: a veil loosely woven of fine thread, dyed whatever colour you please, divided up by thicker threads into as many parallel square sections as you like, and stretched on a frame. I set this up between the eye and the object to be represented, so that the visual pyramid passes through the loose weave of the Veil (Fig. 12). This intersection or the veil has many advantages, first of all because it always represents the same surfaces unchanged, for once you have fixed the position of the outlines, you can immediately find the apex of the pyramid you started with, which is extremely difficult to do without the intersection. You know how impossible it is to paint something which does not continually present the same aspect. This is why people can copy paintings more easily than sculptures, as they always look the same. You also know that if the distance and the position of the centric ray are changed,

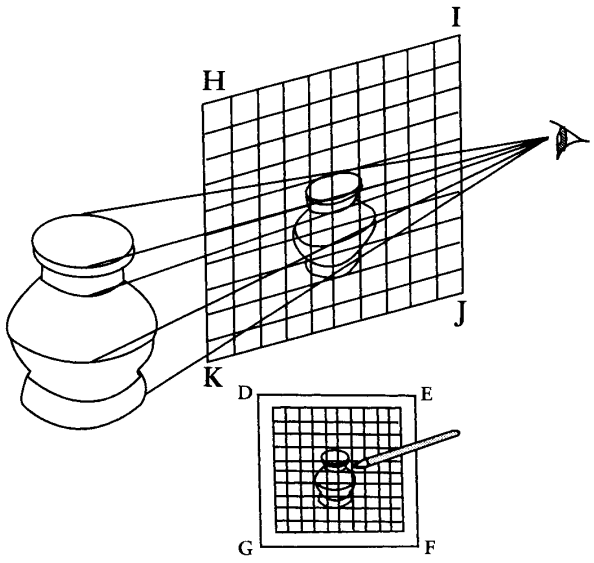

Figure 12: The 'intersection' or 'veil'
HIJK: veil divided into squares by thicker threads. DEFG: drawing surface divided into the same number of squares as in the veil. The points at which the image of the object intersects the squared grid are noted, and equivalent points are transcribed on to the squared drawing surface.

the centric ray are changed, the thing seen appears to be altered. So the veil will give you the not inconsiderable advantage I have indicated, namely that the object seen will always keep the same appearance. A further advantage is that the position of the outlines and the boundaries of the surfaces can easily be established accurately on the painting panel; for just as you see the forehead in one parallel, the nose in the next, the cheeks in another, the chin in one below, and everything else in its particular place, so you can situate precisely all the features on the panel or wall which you have similarly divided into appropriate parallels. Lastly, this veil affords the greatest assistance in executing your picture, since you can see any object that is round and in relief, represented on the flat surface of the veil. From all of which we may appreciate by reflection and experience how useful the veil is for painting easily and correctly.

32. I will not listen to those who say it is no good for a painter to get into the habit of using these things, because, though they offer him the greatest help in painting, they make the artist unable to do anything by himself without them. If I am not mistaken, we do not ask for infinite labour from the painter, but we do expect a painting that appears markedly in relief and similar to the objects presented. I do not understand how anyone could ever even moderately achieve this without the help of the veil. So those who are anxious to advance in the art of painting, should use this intersection or veil, as I have explained. Should they wish to try their talents without the veil, they should imitate this system of parallels with the eye, so that they always imagine a horizontal line cut by another perpendicular at the point where they establish in the picture the edge of the object they observe. But as for many inexpert painters the outlines of surfaces are vague and uncertain, as for example in faces, because they cannot determine at what point more particularly the temples are distinguished from the forehead, they must be taught how they may acquire this knowledge. Nature demonstrates this very clearly. Just as we see flat surfaces distinguished by their own lights and shades, so we may see spherical and concave surfaces divided up, as it were, in squares into several surfaces by different patches of light and shade, are therefore to be treated as single surfaces. If the surface seen proceeds from a dark colour gradually lightening to bright, then you should mark with a line the mid-point between the two parts, so that the way in which you should colour the whole area is made less uncertain.

33. It remains for us to say something further about circumscription, which also pertains in no small measure to composition. For this purpose one should know what composition is in painting. Composition is that procedure in painting whereby the parts are composed together in a picture. The great work of the painter is the 'historia'; parts of the 'historia' are the bodies, part of the body is the member, and part of the member is a surface. As circumscription is the procedure in painting whereby the outlines of the surfaces are drawn, and as some surfaces are small, as in living creatures, while others are very large, as in buildings and giant statues, the precepts we have given so far may suffice for drawing the small surfaces, for we have shown that they can be measured with the veil. For the larger surfaces a new method must be found. In this connection one should remember all we said above in our rudiments about surfaces, rays, pyramid and intersection. You will also recall what I wrote about the parallels of the pavement, and the centric point and line. On the pavement that is divided up into parallels,you have to construct the sides of walls and other similar surfaces which we have described as perpendicular. I will explain briefly how I proceed in this construction. I begin first from the foundations. I draw the breadth and length of the walls on the pavement, and in doing this I observe from Nature that more than two connected standing surfaces of any square right-angled body cannot be seen at one glance. So in drawing the foundations of the walls I take care that I outline only those sides that are visible, and I always begin from the nearer surfaces, and particularly from those that are equidistant from the intersection. I draw these before the rest, and I determine what I wish their length and breadth to be by the parallels traced on the pavement, for I take up as many parallels as I want them to be 'braccia.' I find the middle of the parallels from the intersection of the two diagonals, as the intersection of one diagonal by another marks the middle point of a quadrangle (Fig. 13). So, from the scale of the parallels I easily draw the width and length of walls that rise from the ground. Then I go on from there without any difficulty to do the heights of the surfaces, since a quantity will maintain the same proportion for its whole height as that which exists between the centric line and the position on the pavement from which that quantity of the building rises. So, if you want this quantity from the ground to the top to be four times the height of a man in the picture, and the centric line has been placed at the height of a man, then it will be three 'braccia' from the foot of the quantity to the centric line; but, as you wish this quantity increased to twelve 'braccia,' you must continue it upwards three times again the distance from the centric line to the foot of the quantity. Thus, by the methods I have described, we can correctly draw all surfaces containing angles.

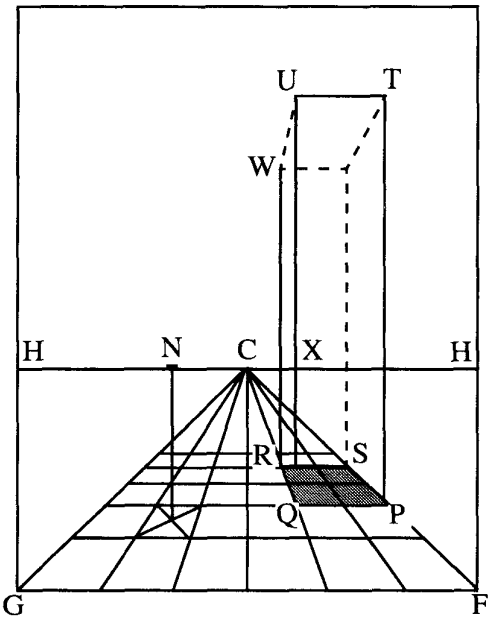

Figure 13 Examples of the construction of scaled forms on the 'pavement' O: A distance of 1 i/2 braccia into the picture, determined by the diagonals of a square in the second row. ON=3 Braccia. PQRS: Plan of rectangular object on a base 2 braccia square. QX= 3 baccia. QU= 9 braccia (note: Alberti's example is a further 3 braccia high). TUW: top of the visible faces of the object (all other labels as in Fig. 11).

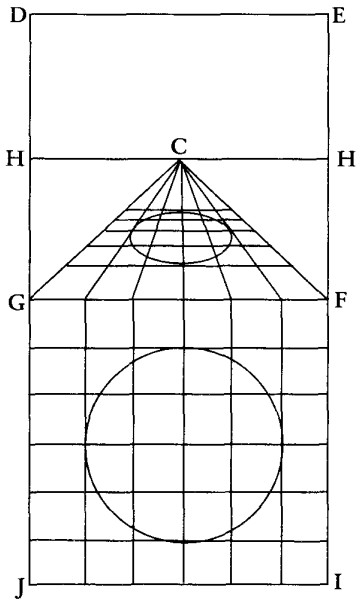

Fig. 14 Construction of a circle in perspective
A circle is drawn on the squared surface GFIJ, and the points of intersection between the grid and the circle are noted. The squared surface is drawn in perspective. Points of intersection equivalent to those on the original squared surface are recorded on the perspectival grid, and are joined to produce the circle in perspective (all other labels as in Fig. 11).

34. It remains for us to explain how one draws the outlines of circular surfaces. These can be derived from angular surfaces. I do this as follows. I draw a rectangle on a drawing board, and divide its sides into parts like those of the base line of the rectangle of the picture (Fig. 14). Then, by drawing lines from each point of these divisions to the one opposite, I fill the area with small rectangles. On this I inscribe a circle the size I want, so that the circle and the parallels intersect each other. I note all the points of intersection accurately, and then mark these positions in their respective parallels of the

pavement in the picture. But as it would be an immense labour to cut the whole circle at many places with an almost infinite number of small parallels until the outline of the circle were continuously marked with a numerous succession of points, when I have noted eight or some other suitable number of intersections, I use my judgement to set down the circumference of the circle in the painting in accordance with these indications. Perhaps a quicker way would be to draw this outline from a shadow cast by a light, provided the object making the shadow were interposed correctly at the proper place. We have now explained how the larger angular and circular surfaces are drawn with the aid of the parallels. Having completed circumscription, we must now speak of composition. To this end, we must repeat what composition is.

35. Composition is the procedure in painting whereby the parts are composed together in the picture. The great work of the painter is not a colossus but a 'historia,' for there is far more merit in a 'historia' than in a colossus. Parts of the 'historia' are the bodies, part of the body is the member, and part of the member is the surface. The principal parts of the work are the surfaces, because from these come the members, from the members the bodies, from the bodies the 'historia,' and finally the finished work of the painter. From the composition of surfaces arises that elegant harmony and grace in bodies, which they call beauty. The face which has some surfaces large and other small, some very prominent and other excessively receding and hollow, such as we see in the faces of old women, will be ugly to look at. But the face in which the surfaces are so joined together that pleasing lights pass gradually into agreeable shadows and there are no very sharp angles, we may rightly call a handsome and beautiful face. So in the composition of surfaces grace and beauty must above all be sought. In order to achieve this there seems to me no surer way than to look at Nature and observe long and carefully how she, the wonderful maker of things, has composed the surfaces in beautiful members. We should apply ourselves with all our thought and attention to imitating her, and take delight in using the veil I spoke of. And when we are about to put into our work the surfaces taken from beautiful bodies, we will always first determine their exact limits, so that we may direct our lines to their correct place.

36. So far we have spoken of the composition of surfaces. Now we must give some account of the composition of members. In the composition of members care should be taken above all that all the members accord well with one another. They are said to accord well with one another when in size, function, kind, colour and other similar respects they correspond to grace and beauty. For, if in a picture the head is enormous, the chest puny, the hand very large, the foot swollen and the body distended, this composition will certainly be ugly to look at. So one must observe a certain confirmity in regard to the size of members, and in this it will help, when painting living creatures, first to sketch in the bones, for, as they bend very little indeed, they always occupy a certain determined position. Then add the sinews and muscles, and finally clothe the bones and muscles with flesh and skin. But at this point, I see, there will perhaps be some who will raise as an objection something I said above, namely, that the painter is not concerned with things that are not visible. They would be right to do so, except that, just as for a clothed figure we first have to draw the naked body beneath and then cover it with clothes, so in painting a nude the bones and muscles must be arranged first, and then covered with appropriate flesh and skin in such a way that it is not difficult to perceive the positions of the muscles. As Nature clearly and openly reveals all these proportions, so the zealous painter will find great profit from investigating them in Nature for himself. Therefore, studious painters should apply themselves to this task, and understand that the more care and labour they put into studying the proportions of members, the more it helps them to fix in their minds the things they have learned. I would advise one thing, however, that in assessing the proportions of a living creature we should take one member of it by which the rest are measured. The architect Vitruvius reckons the height of a man in feet. I think it more suitable if the rest of the limbs are related to the size of the head, although I have observed it to be well-nigh a common fact in men that the length of the foot is the same as the distance from the chin to the top of the head.

37. Having selected this one member, the rest should be accommodated to it, so that there is no member of the whole body that does not correspond with the others in length and breadth. Then we must ensure that all members fulfil their proper function according to the action being performed. It is appropriate for a running man to throw his hands about as well as his feet. But I prefer a philosopher, when speaking to show modesty in every limb rather than the attitudes of a wrestler. The painter Daemon represented an armed man in a race so that you would have said he was sweating, and another taking off his arms, so life like that he seemed clearly to be gasping for breath. And someone painted Ulysses in such a way that you could tell he was not really mad but only pretending. They priase a 'historia' in Rome in which the dead Meleager is being carried away, because those who are bearing the burden appear to be distressed and to strain with every limb, while in the dead man there is no member that does not seem completely lifeless; they all hang loose; hands, fingers, neck, all droop inertly down, all combine together to represent death. This is the most difficult thing of all to do, for to represent the limbs of a body entirely at rest is as much the sign of an excellent artist as to render them all alive and in action. So in every painting the principle should be observed that all the members should fulfil their function according to the action performed, in such a way that not even the smallest limb fails to play its appropriate part,that the members of the dead appear dead down to the smallest detail, and those of the living completely alive. A body is said to be alive when it performs some movement of its own free will. Death, they say, is present when the limbs can no longer carry out the duties of life, that is, movement and feeling. So the painter who wishes his representations of bodies to appear alive, should see to it that all their members perform their appropriate movements. But in every movement beauty and grace should be sought after. Those movements are especially lively and pleasing that are directed upwards into the air. We have also said that regard should be had to similarity of kind in the composition of members, for it would be ridiculous if the hands of Helen or

Iphigenia looked old and rustic, or if Nestor had a youthful breast and soft neck, or Ganymede a wrinkled brow and the legs of a prize-fighter, or if we gave Milo, the strongest man of all, light and slender flanks. It would also be unseemly to put emaciated arms and hands on a figure in which the face were firm and plump. Conversely, whoever painted Achaemenides discovered on an island by Aeneas with the face Virgil says he had, and the rest of the body did not accord with the face, would certainly be a ridiculous and inept painter. Therefore, every part should agree in kind. And I would also ask that they correspond in colour too; for to those who have pink, white and agreeable faces, dark forbidding breasts and other parts are completely unsuitable.

38. So, in the composition of members, what we have said about size, function, kind and colour should be observed. Everything should also conform to a certain dignity. It is not suitable for Venus or Minerva to be dressed in military cloaks; and it would be improper for you to dress Jupiter or Mars in women's clothes. The early painters took care when representing Castor and Pollux that, though they looked like twins, you could tell one was a fighter and the other very agile. They also made Vulcan's limp show beneath his clothing, so great was their attention to representing what was necessary according to function, kind and dignity.

39. Now follows the composition of bodies, in which all the skill and merit of the painter lies. Some of the things we said about the composition of members pertain also to this, for all the bodies in the 'historia' must conform in function and size. If you painted centaurs in an uproar at dinner, it would be absurd amid this violent commotion for one of them to be lying there asleep from drinking wine. It would also be a fault if at the same distance some men were a great deal bigger than others, or dogs the same size as horses in your picture. Another thing I often see deserves to be censured, and that is men painted in a building as if they were shut up in a box in which they can hardly fit sitting down and rolled up in a ball. So all the bodies should conform in size and function to the subject of the action.

40. A 'historia' you can justifiably praise and admire will be one that reveals itself to be so charming and attractive as to hold the eye of the learned and unlearned spectator for a long while with a certain sense of pleasure and emotion. The first thing that gives pleasure in a 'historia' is a plentiful variety. Just as with food and music, novel and extraordinary things delight us for various reasons but especially because they are different from the old ones we are used to, so with everything the mind takes great pleasure in variety and abundance. So, in painting, variety of bodies and colours is pleasing. I would say a picture was richly varied if it contained a properly arranged mixture of old men, youths, boys, matrons, maidens, children, domestic animals, dogs, birds, horses, sheep, buildings and provinces; and I would praise any great variety, provided it is appropriate to what is going on in the picture. When the spectators dwell on observing all the details, then the painter's richness will acquire favour. But I would have this abundance not only furnished with variety, but restrained and full of dignity and modesty. I disapprove of those painters who, in their desire to appear rich or to leave no space empty, follow no system of composition, but scatter everything about in random confusion with the result that their 'historia' does not appear to be doing anything but merely to be in a turmoil. Perhaps the artist who seeks dignity above all in his 'historia,' ought to represent very few figures; for as paucity of words imparts majesty to a prince, provided his thoughts and orders are understood, so the presence of only the strictly necessary numbers of bodies confers dignity on a picture. I do not like a picture to be virtually empty, but I do not approve of an abundance that lacks dignity. In a 'historia' I strongly approve of the practice I see observed by the tragic and comic poets, of telling their story with as few characters as possible. In my opinion there will be no 'historia' so rich in variety of things that nine or ten men cannot worthily perform it. I think Varro's dictum is relevant here: he allowed no more than nine guests at dinner, to avoid disorder. Though variety is pleasing in any 'historia,' a picture in which the attitudes and movements of the bodies differ very much among themselves, is most pleasing of all. So let there be some visible full-face, with their hands turned upwards and fingers raised, and resting on one foot; others should have their faces turned away, their arms by their sides, and feet together, and each one of them should have his own particular flexions and movements. Others should be seated, or resting on bended knee, or almost lying down. If suitable, let some be naked, and let others stand around who are half-way between the two, part clothed and part naked. But let us always observe decency and modesty. The obscene parts of the body and all those that are not very pleasing to look at, should be covered with clothing or leaves or the hand. Apelles painted the portrait of Antigonus only from the side of his face away from his bad eye. They say Pericles had a rather long, misshapen head, and so he used to have his portrait done by painters and sculptors, not like other people with head bare, by wearing his helmet. Plutarch tells how the ancient painters, when painting kings who had some physical defect, did not wish this to appear to have been overlooked, but they corrected it as far as possible while still maintaining the likeness. Therefore, I would have decency and modesty observed in every 'historia,' in such a way that ugly things are either omitted or emended. Lastly, as I said, I think one should take care that the same gesture or attitude does not appear in any of the figures.

41. A 'historia' will move spectators when the men painted in the picture outwardly demonstrates their own feelings as clearly as possible. Nature provides-and there is nothing to be found more rapacious of her like than she -that we mourn with the mourners, laugh with those who laugh, and grieve with the grief-stricken. Yet these feelings are known from movements of the body. We see how the melancholy, preoccupied with cares and beset by grief, lack all vitality of feeling and action, and remain sluggish, their limbs unsteady and drained of colour. In those who mourn, the brow is weighed down, the neck bent, and every part of their body droops as though weary and past care. But in those who are angry, their passions aflame with ire, face and eyes become swollen and red, and the movements of all their limbs are violent and agitated according to the fury of their wrath. Yet when we are happy and gay, our movements are free and pleasing in their

inflexions. They praise Euphranor because in his portrait of Alexander Paris he did the face and expression in such a way that you could recognize him simultaneously as the judge of the goddesses, the lover of Helen and the slayer of Achilles. The painter Daemon's remarkable merit is that you could easily see in his painting the wrathful, unjust and inconstant, as well as the exorable and clement, the merciful, the proud, the humble and the fierce. They say the Theban Aristides, the contemporary of Apelles, represented these emotions best of all; and we too will certainly do the same, provided we dedicate the necessary study and care to this matter.

42. The painter, therefore, must know all about the movements of the body, which I believe he must take from Nature with great skill. It is extremely difficult to vary the movements of the body in accordance with the almost infinite movements of the heart. Who, unless he has tried, would believe it was such a difficult thing, when you want to represent laughing faces, to avoid their appearing tearful rather than happy? And who, without the greatest labour, study and care, could represent faces in which the mouth and chin and eyes and cheeks and forehead and eyebrows all accord together in grief or hilarity? All these things, then, must be sought with the greatest diligence from Nature and always directly imitated, preferring those in painting which leave more for the mind to discover than is acutely apparent to the eye. Let me here, however, speak of some things concerning movements, partly made up from my own thoughts, and partly learned from Nature. First, I believe that all the bodies should move in relation to one another with a certain harmony in accordance with the actions. Then, I like there to be someone in the 'historia' who tells the spectators what is going on, and either beckons them with his hand to look, or with ferocious expression and forbidding glance challenges them not to come near, as if he wished their business to be secret, or points to some danger or remarkable thing in the picture, or by his gestures invites you to laugh or weep with them. Everything the people in the painting do among themselves, or, perform in relation to the spectators, must fit together to represent and explain the 'historia.' They praise Timanthes of Cyprus for the painting in which he surpassed Colotes, because, when he had made Calchas sad and Ulysses even sadder at the sacrifice of Iphigenia, and employed all his art and skill on the grief-stricken Menelaus, he could find no suitable way to represent the expression of her disconsolate father; so he covered his head with a veil, and thus left more for the onlooker to imagine about his grief than he could see with the eye. They also praise in Rome the boat in which our Tuscan painter Giotto represented the eleven disciples struck with fear and wonder at the sight of their colleague walking on the water, each showing such clear signs of his agitation in his face and entire body that their individual emotions are discernible in every one of them. We must, however, deal briefly with this whole matter of movements.

43. Some movements are of the mind, which the learned call dispositions, such as anger, grief, joy, fear, desire and so on. Others are of the body, for bodies are said to move in various ways, as when they grow or diminish, when they fall ill and recover from sickness, and when they change position, and so on. We painters, however, who wish to represent emotions through the movements of limbs, may leave other arguments aside and speak only of the movement that occurs when there is a change of position. Everything which changes position has seven directions of movement, either up or down or to right or left, or going away in the distance or coming towards us; and the seventh is going around in a circle. I want all these seven movements to be in a painting. There should be some bodies that face towards us, and others going away, to right and left. Of these some parts should be shown towards the spectators, and others should be turned away; some should be raised upwards and others directed downwards. Since, however, the bounds of reason are often exceeded in representing these movements, it will be of help here to say some things about the attitude and movements of limbs which I have gathered from Nature, and from which it will be clear what moderation should be used concerning them. I have observed how in every attitude a man positions his whole body beneath his head, which is the heaviest member of all. And if he rests his entire weight on one foot, this foot is always perpendicularly beneath his head like the base of a column, and the face of a person standing is usually turned in the direction in which his foot is pointing. But I have noticed that the movements of the head in any direction are hardly ever such that he does not always have some other parts of the body positioned beneath to sustain the enormous weight, or at least he extends some limb in the opposite direction like the other arm of a balance, to correspond to that weight. When someone holds a weight on his outstretched hand, we see how, with one foot fixed like the axis of a balance, the rest of the body is counterpoised to balance the weight. I have also seen that the head of a man when standing does not turn upwards further than the point at which the eye can see the center of the sky, nor sideways further than where the chin touches the shoulder; and at the waist we hardly ever turn so far that we get the shoulder directly above the navel. The movements of the legs and arms are freer, provided they do not interfere with the other respectable parts of the body. But in these movements I have observed from Nature that the hands are very rarely raised above the head, or the elbow above the shoulders, or the foot lifted higher than the knee, and that one foot is usually no further from the other than the length of a foot. I have also seen that, if we stretch our hand upwards as far as possible, all the other parts of that side follow that movement right down to the foot, so that with the movement of that arm even the heel of the foot is lifted from the ground.

44. There are many other things of this kind which the diligent artist will notice, and perhaps those I have mentioned so far are so obvious as to seem superfluous. But I did not leave them out, because I have known many make serious mistakes in this respect. They represent movements that are too violent, and make visible simultaneously in one and the same figure both chest and buttocks, which is physically impossible and indecent to look at. But because they hear that those figures are most alive that throw their limbs about a great deal, they cast aside all dignity in painting and copy the movements of actors. In consequence their works are not only devoid of beauty and grace, but are expressions of an

extravagant artistic temperament. A painting should have pleasing and graceful movements that are suited to the subject of the action. In young maidens movements and deportment should be pleasing and adorned with a delightful simplicity, more indicative of gentleness and repose than of agitation, although Homer, whom Zeuxis followed, liked a robust appearance also in women. The movements of a youth should be more powerful, and his attitudes marked by a vigorous athletic quality. In old men all the movements should be slow and their postures weary, so that they not only hold themselves up on their two feet, but also cling to something with their hands. Finally, each person's bodily movements, in keeping with dignity, should be related to the emotions you wish to express. And the greatest emotions must be expressed by the most powerful physical indications. This rule concerned movements is common to all living creatures. It is not suitable for a plough-ox to have the same movements as Alexander's noble horse Bucephalus. But we might appropriately paint the famous daughter of Inachus, who was turned into a cow, running with head high, feet in the air, and twisted tail.

45. These brief comments must suffice regarding the movement of living creatures. Now I must speak of the way in which inanimate things move, since I believe all the movements I mentioned are necessary in painting also in relation to them. The movements of hair and manes and branches and leaves and clothing are very pleasing when represented in painting. I should like all the seven movements I spoke of to appear in hair. Let it twist around as if to tie itself in a knot, and wave upwards in the air like flames, let it weave beneath other hair and sometimes lift on one side and another. The bends and curves of branches should be partly arched upwards, partly directed downwards; some should stick out towards you, others recede, and some should be twisted like ropes. Similarly in the folds of garments care should be taken that, just as the branches of a tree emanate in all directions from the trunk, so folds should issue from a fold like branches. In these too all the movements should be done in such a way that in no garment is there any part in which similar movements are not to be found. But, as I frequently advise, let all the movements be restrained and gentle, and represent grace rather than remarkable effort. Since by nature clothes are heavy and do not make curves at all, as they tend always to fall straight down to the ground, it will be a good idea, when we wish clothing to have movement, to have in the corner of the picture the face of the West or South wind blowing between the clouds and moving all the clothing before it. The pleasing result will be that those sides of the bodies the wind strikes will appear under the covering of the clothes almost as if they were naked, since the clothes are made to adhere to the body by the force of the wind; on the other sides the clothing blown about by the wind will wave appropriately up in the air. But in this motion caused by the wind one should be careful that movements of clothing do not take place against the wind, and that they are neither too irregular nor excessive in their extent. So, all we have said about the movements of animate and inanimate things should be rigorously observed by the painter. He should also diligently follow all we have said about the composition of surfaces, members and bodies.

46. We have dealt with two parts of painting: circumscription and composition. It remains for us to speak of the reception of light. In the rudiments we said enough to show what power lights have to modify colours. We explained that, while the genera of colours remain the same, they become lighter or darker according to the incidence of lights and shades; that white and black are the colours with which we express lights and shades in painting; and that all the other colours are, as it were, matter to which variations of light and shade can be applied. Therefore, leaving other considerations aside, we must explain how the painter should use white and black. Some people express astonishment that the ancient painters Polygnotus and Timanthes used only four colours, while Aglaophon took pleasure in one alone, as if it were a mean thing for those fine painters to have chosen to use so few from among the large number of colours they thought existed, and as if these people believed it the duty of an excellent artist to employ the entire range of colours. Indeed, I agree that a wide range and variety of colours contribute greatly to the beauty and attraction of a painting. But I would prefer learned painters to believe that the greatest art and industry are concerned with the disposition of white and black, and that all skill and care should be used in correctly placing these two, just as the incidence of light and shade makes it apparent where surfaces become convex or concave, or how much any part slopes and turns this way or that, so the combination of white and black achieves what the Athenian painter Nicias was praised for, and what the artist must above all desire: that the things he paints should appear in maximum relief. They say that Zeuxis, the most eminent ancient painter, was like a prince among the rest in understanding this principle of light and shade. Such praise was not given to others at all. I would consider of little or no virtue the painter who did not properly understand the effect every kind of light and shade has on all surfaces. In painting I would praise-and learned and unlearned alike would agree with me-those faces which seem to stand out from the pictures as if they were sculpted, and I would condemn those in which no artistry is evident other than perhaps in the drawing. I would like a composition to be well drawn and excellently coloured. Therefore, to avoid condemnation and earn praise, painters should first of all study carefully the lights and shades, and observe that the colour is more pronounced and brilliant on the surface on which the rays of light strike, and that this same colour turns more dim where the force of the light gradually grows less. It should also be observed how shadows always correspond on the side away from the light, so that in no body is a surface illuminated without your finding surfaces on its other side covered in shade. But as regards the representation of light with white and of shadow with black, I advise you to devote particular study to those surfaces that are clothed in light or shade. You can very well learn from Nature and from objects themselves. When you have thoroughly understood them, you may change the colour with a little white applied as sparingly as possible in the appropriate place within the outlines of the surface, and likewise add some black in the place opposite to it. With such balancing, as one might say, of black and white a surface rising in relief becomes still more evident. Go on making similar sparing additions until you feel you have arrived at what is required. A mirror will be an excellent guide to knowing this. I do not know how it is that

paintings that are without fault look beautiful in a mirror, and it is remarkable how every defect in a picture appears more unsightly in a mirror. So the things that are taken from Nature should be emended with the advice of the mirror.

47. Let me relate here some things I have learned from Nature. I observed that plane surfaces keep a uniform colour over their whole extent, while the colours of spherical and concave surfaces vary, and here it is lighter, there darker, and elsewhere a kind of in-between colour. This variation of colour in other than plane surfaces presents some difficulty to not very clever painters. But if, as I explained, the painter has drawn the outlines of the surfaces correctly and determined the border of the illuminated portions, the method of colouring will then be easy. He will first begin to modify the colour of the surface with white or black, as necessary, applying it like a gentle dew up to the borderline. Then he will go on adding another sprinkling, as it were, on this side of the line, and after this another on this side of it, and then another on this side of this one, so that not only is the part receiving more light tinged with a more distinct colour, but the colour also dissolves progressively like smoke into the areas next to each other. But you have to remember that no surface should be made so white that you cannot make it a great deal whiter still. Even in representing snow-white clothing you should stop well on this side of the brightest white. For the painter has no other means than white to express the brightest gleams of the most polished surfaces, and only black to represent the deepest shadows of the night. And so in painting white clothes we must take one of the four genera of colors which is bright and clear; and likewise in painting, for instance, a black cloak, we must take the other extreme which is not far from the deepest shadow, such as the color of the deep and darkening sea. This composition of white and black has such power that, when skillfully carried out, it can express in painting brilliant surfaces of gold and silver and glass. Consequently, those painters who use white immoderately and black carelessly, should be strongly condemned. I would like white to be purchased more dearly among painters than precious stones. It would be a good thing if white and black were made from those pearls Cleopatra dissolved in vinegar, so that painters would become as mean as possible with them, for their works would then be both more agreeable and nearer the truth. It is not easy to express how sparing and careful one should be in distributing white in a painting. On this point Zeuxis used to condemn painters because they had no idea what was too much. If some indulgence must be given to error, then those who use black extravagantly are less to be blamed than those who employ white somewhat intemperately; for by nature, with experience or painting, we learn as time goes by to hate work that is dark and horrid, and the more we learn, the more we attune our hand to grace and beauty. We all by nature love things that are distinct and clear. So we must the more firmly block the way in which it is easier to go wrong.

48. We have spoken so far about the use of white and black. But we must give some account also of the kinds of colours. So now we shall speak of them, not after the manner of the architect Vitruvius as to where excellent red ochre and the best colours are to be found, but how selected and well compounded colours should be arranged together in painting. They say that Euphranor, a painter of antiquity, wrote something about colours. This work does not exist now. However, whether, if it was once written about by others, we have rediscovered this art of painting and restored it to light from the dead, or whether, if it was never treated before, we have brought it down from the heavens, let us go on as we intended, using our own intelligence as we have done up to now. I should like, as far as possible, all the genera and species of colours to appear in painting with a certain grace and amenity. Such grace will be present when colours are placed next to others with particular care; for, if you are painting Diana leading her band, it is appropriate for this nymph to be given green clothes, the one next to her white, and the next red, and another yellow, and the rest should be dressed successively in a variety of colours, in such a way that light colours are always next to dark ones of a different genera. This combining of colours will enhance the attractiveness of the painting by its variety, and its beauty by its comparisons. There is a kind of sympathy among colours, whereby their grace and beauty is increased when they are placed side by side. If red stands between blue and green, it somehow enhances their beauty as well as its own. White lends gaiety, not only when placed between grey and yellow, but almost to any colour. But dark colours acquire a certain dignity when between light colours, and similarly light colours may be placed with good effect among dark. So the painter in his 'historia' will arrange this variety of colours I have spoken of.

49. There are some who make excessive use of gold, because they think it lends a certain majesty to painting. I would not praise them at all. Even if I wanted to paint Virgil's Dido with her quiver of gold, her hair tied up in gold, her gown fastened with golden clasp, driving her chariot with golden reins, and everything else resplendent with gold I would try to represent with colours rather than with gold this wealth of rays of gold that almost blinds the eyes of the spectator from all angles. Besides the fact that there is greater admiration and praise for the artist in the use of colours, it is also true that, when done in gold on a flat panel, many surfaces that should have been presented as light and gleaming, appear dark to the viewer, while others that should be darker, probably look brighter. Other ornaments done by artificers that are added to painting, such as sculpted columns, bases and pediments, I would not censure if they were in real silver and solid or pure gold, for a perfect and finished painting is worthy to be ornamented even with precious stones.

50. So far we have dealt briefly with the three parts of painting. We spoke of the circumscription of smaller and larger surfaces. We spoke of the composition of surfaces, members and bodies. With regard to colours we have explained what we considered applicable to the painter's use. We have, therefore, expounded the whole of painting, which we said earlier on consisted in three things: circumscription, composition and the reception of light.

Giovanni Pico della Mirandola

EXCERPT FROM **ON THE DIGNITY OF MAN, 1495-96**

Now the highest Father, God the master-builder, had, by the laws of his secret wisdom, fabricated this house, this world which we see, a very superb temple of divinity. He had adorned the supercelestial region with minds. He had animated the celestial globes with eternal souls; he had filled with a diverse throng of animals the cast-off and residual parts of the lower world. But, with the work finished, the Artisan desired that there be someone to reckon up the reason of such a big work, to love its beauty, and to wonder at its greatness. Accordingly, now that all things had been completed, as Moses and Timaeus testify, He lastly considered creating man.[1] But there was nothing in the archetypes from which He could mold a new sprout, nor anything in His storehouses which He could bestow as a heritage upon a new son, nor was there an empty judiciary seat where this contemplator of the universe could sit. Everything was filled up; all things had been laid out in the highest, the lowest, and the middle orders. But it did not belong to the paternal power to have failed in the final parturition, as though exhausted by childbearing; it did not belong to wisdom, in a case of necessity, to have been tossed back and forth through want of a plan; it did not belong to the loving kindness which was going to praise divine liberality in others to be forced to condemn itself. Finally, the best of workmen decided that that to which nothing of its very own could be given should be, in composite fashion, whatsoever had belonged individually to each and every thing. Therefore He took up man, a work of indeterminate form; and, placing him at the midpoint of the world, He spoke to him as follows:

"We have given to thee, Adam, no fixed seat, no form of thy very own, no gift peculiarly thine, that thou mayest feel as thine own, have as thine own, possess as thine own the seat, the form, the gifts which thou thyself shalt desire. A limited nature in other creatures is confined within the laws written down by Us. In conformity with thy free judgment, in whose hands I have placed thee, thou art confined by no bounds; and thou wilt fix limits of nature for thyself. I have placed thee at the center of the world, that from there thou mayest more conveniently look around and see whatsoever is in the world. Neither heavenly nor earthly, neither mortal nor immortal have We made thee. Thou, like a judge appointed for being honorable, art the molder and maker of thyself; thou mayest sculpt thyself into whatever shape thou dost prefer. Thou canst grow downward into the lower natures which are brutes. Thou canst again grow upward from thy soul's reason into the higher natures which are divine."

O great liberality of God the Father! O great and wonderful happiness of man! It is given him to have that which he chooses and to be that which he wills. As soon as brutes are born, they bring with them, "from their dam's bag," as Lucilius says, what they are going to possess.[2] Highest spirits have been, either from the beginning or soon after, that which they are going to be throughout everlasting eternity. At man's birth the Father placed in him every sort of seed and sprouts of every kind of life. The seeds that each man cultivates will grow and bear their fruit in him. If he cultivates vegetable seeds, he will become a plant. If the seeds of sensation, he will grow into brute. If rational, he will come out a heavenly animal. If intellectual, he will be an angel, and a son of God. And if he is not contented with the lot of any creature but takes himself up into the center of his own unity, then, made one spirit with God and settled in the solitary darkness of the Father, who is above all things, he will stand ahead of all things. Who does not wonder at this chameleon which we are? Or who at all feels more wonder at anything else whatsoever? It was not unfittingly that Asclepius the Athenian said that man was symbolized by Prometheus in the secret rites, by reason of our nature sloughing its skin and transforming itself; hence metamorphoses were popular among the Jews and the Pythagoreans. For the more secret Hebrew theology at one time reshapes holy Enoch into an angel of divinity, whom they call malach hashechina, and at other times reshapes other men into other divinities.[3] According to the Pythagoreans, wicked men are deformed into brutes and, if you believe Empedocles, into plants too.[4] And copying them, Maumeth [Mohammed] often had it on his lips that he who draws back from divine law becomes a brute. And his saying so was reasonable: for it is not the rind which makes the plant, but a dull and non-sentient nature; not the hide which makes a beast of burden, but a brutal and sensual soul; not the spherical body which makes the heavens, but right reason; and not a separateness from the body but a spiritual intelligence which makes an angel. For example, if you see a man given over to his belly and crawling upon the ground, it is a bush not a man that you see. If you see anyone blinded by the illusions of his empty and Callypso-like imagination, seized by the desire of scratching, and delivered over to the senses, it is a brute not a man that you see. If you come upon a philosopher winnowing out all things by right reason, he is a heavenly not an earthly animal. If you come upon a pure contemplator, ignorant of the body, banished to the innermost places of the mind, he is not an earthly, not a heavenly animal; he more superbly is a divinity clothed with human flesh.

Who is there that does not wonder at man? And it is not unreasonable that in the Mosaic and Christian

holy writ man is sometimes denoted by the name "all flesh" and at other times by that of "every creature"; and man fashions, fabricates, transforms himself into the shape of all flesh, into the character of every creature.[5] Accordingly, where Evantes the Persian tells of the Chaldaean theology, he writes that man is not any inborn image of himself, but many images coming in from the outside: hence that saying of the Chaldaeans: enosh hu shinuy vekamah tevaoth baal chayim, that is, man is an animal of diverse, multiform, and destructible nature.

But why all this? In order for us to understand that, after having been born in this state so that we may be what we will to be, then, since we are held in honor, we ought to take particular care that no one may say against us that we do not know that we are made similar to brutes and mindless beasts of burden.[6] But rather, as Asaph the prophet says: "Ye are all gods, and sons of the most high," unless by abusing the very indulgent liberality of the Father, we make the free choice, which he gave to us, harmful to ourselves instead of helpful toward salvation.[7] Let a certain holy ambition invade the mind, so that we may not be content with mean things but may aspire to the highest things and strive with all our forces to attain them: for if we will to, we can. Let us spurn earthly things; let us struggle toward the heavenly. Let us put in last place whatever is of the world; and let us fly beyond the chambers of the world to the chamber nearest the most lofty divinity. There, as the sacred mysteries reveal, the seraphim, cherubim, and thrones occupy the first places. Ignorant of how to yield to them and unable to endure the second places, let us compete with the angels in dignity and glory. When we have willed it, we shall be not at all below them.

But by what method? or by doing what? Let us see what they are doing, what life they are living. If we too live that life-for we can-we shall equal their lot. The seraph burns with the fire of charity; the cherub shines with the radiance of intelligence; the throne stands in steadfastness of judgment. Hence, if, dedicated to an active life, we undertake the care of lower things with a right weighing of them, we shall be made steadfast in the fixed firmness of the thrones. If, being tired of actions and meditating on the workman in the work, on the work in the workman, we are busy with the leisure of contemplation, we shall flash on every side with cherubic light. If by charity we, with his devouring fire, burn for the Workman alone, we shall suddenly burst into flame in the likeness of a seraph. Upon the throne, that is, upon the just judge, sits God, the judge of the ages. He flies above the cherub, that is, the contemplator, and warms him, as if by brooding over him. The Spirit of the Lord is borne above the waters-I mean those waters which are above the heavens, the waters which in job praise the Lord with hymns before daybreak.[8] He who is a seraph, that is, a lover, is in God; and more, God is in him, and God and he are one.

But in what way can anyone either judge or love things which are unknown? Moses loved God whom he saw, and as judge, he administered to the people what he formerly saw as contemplator on the mountain. Therefore with his own light the cherub in the middle makes us ready for the seraphic fire, and at the same time illuminates us for the judgment of the thrones. He is the bond of the first minds, the order of Pallas, the ruler over contemplative philosophy.[9] We must first rival him and embrace him and lay hold of him. Let us make ourselves one with him and be caught up to the heights of love. And let us descend to the duties of action, well instructed and prepared.

But if our life is to be shaped after the model of a cherub's life, it is well worth while to have in readiness and before our eyes what that life is and what sort it is, what actions and what works are theirs. Since we may not attain to this through ourselves, because we are flesh and our wisdom is of the earth, let us go to the ancient fathers who can give us a very substantial and sure faith in these things as things familiar and akin to them.[10] Let us consult the Apostle Paul, the vessel of election, because, when he was lifted up to the third heaven, he saw the armies of the cherubim in action. According to Dionysius' interpretation, he will answer that the cherubim are being purged, then are being illuminated, and lastly are being perfected.[11] Therefore, by rivaling the life of a cherub upon the earth, by confining the onslaughts of the affections by means of moral science, and by shaking off the mist of reason by means of dialectic, as if washing off the filth of ignorance and vice, let us purge the soul, that the affections may not audaciously run riot, nor an imprudent reason sometime rave. Then, over a soul which has been set in order and purified, let us pour the light of natural philosophy, that lastly we may perfect it with the knowledge of divine things.

And lest our Christians be insufficient for us, let us consult the patriarch Jacob, whose image flashes forth, carven in the seat of glory. That very wise father will give us advice by showing himself asleep in the lower world and awake in the upper. But his advice will be given figuratively; that is the way all things happen there. A ladder stretching from the lowness of earth to the heights of heaven and divided by the succession of many steps, with the Lord sitting at the top: the angels, contemplating, climb, by turns, up and down the steps.[12] But if we who are in pursuit of an angelic life must try to do this same thing, I ask, who can touch the ladder of the Lord with dirty feet or unwashed hands? As the mysteries put it, it is sacrilegious for the impure to touch that which is pure. But what are these feet, and what are these hands? Naturally, the feet of the soul are that most despicable portion which alone rests upon matter as upon the earth, I mean the nutritive and the foodtaking power, kindling-wood of lust and teacher of voluptuous softness. As for the hands of the soul, we might as well have spoken of anger, which struggles as a defender for appetite and, like a robber under the dust and sunshine, carries off the things

which will be squandered by the appetite, which is dozing away in the shade. But, so as not to be hurled back from the ladder as profane and unclean, let us wash these hands and these feet in moral philosophy as in living water-that is, the whole sensual part wherein the allurement of the body resides, the allurement from which, they say, the soul gets a twisted neck, while being held back.[13] But, if we want to be the companions of the angels moving up and down Jacob's ladder, this will not be enough, unless we have first been well trained and well taught to move forward duly from rung to rung, never to turn aside from the main direction of the ladder, and to make sallies up and down. When we have attained that by means of the speaking or reasoning art, then, besouled by a cherub's spirit, philosophizing along the rungs of the ladder of nature, and penetrating through everything from center to center, we shall at one time be descending, tearing apart, like Osiris, the one into many by a titanic force; and we shall at another time be ascending and gathering into one the many, like the members of Osiris,[14] by an Apollonian force; until finally we come to rest in the bosom of the Father, who is at the top of the ladder, and are consumed by a theological happiness.

Let us inquire too of Job the just, what covenant he entered into with the God of life before he was begotten into life, the covenant which, among those million who stand before him, the highest God most strongly desired.[15] He will doubtlessly answer, Peace. Accordingly, since we read in Job that God makes peace in the highest[16] and that the middle order interprets the prophecies of the highest order to the lower orders-let Empedocles the philosopher interpret for us the words of job the theologian: he signifies to us that two natures are planted in our souls; by the one nature we are lifted upward to the heavens, and by the other, shoved downward to the lower world; and this by strife and friendship or by war and peace, according to his songs, in which he complains that, driven by strife and discord like a madman and banished from the gods, he is tossed upon the deep.[17] Indeed, fathers, there is multiple discord in us, and we have severe, intestine, and more than civil wars at home: if we are unwilling to have these wars, it we will strive for that peace which so lifts us up to the heights that we are made to stand among the exalted of the Lord, moral philosophy alone will still those wars in us, will bring calm successfully.[18] First, if our man will seek a truce with the enemy, he will subdue the uncurbed forays of the multiple brute, the quarrelings of the lion, and the feelings of wrath. Then if we take the right counsel, and desire for ourselves the security of everlasting peace, it will come and will fulfill our prayers liberally. The slaying of both beasts, like stuck sows, will establish most solemnly a most holy treaty between the flesh and the spirit. Dialectic will calm the turmoils of a reason shoved about between the fistfights of oratory and the deceits of the syllogism. Natural philosophy will calm the strifes and discords of opinion, which shake the unquiet soul up and down, pull her apart, and mangle her. But natural philosophy will bring calm in such a way as to command us to remember that, according to Heraclitus, our nature is born of war, and therefore is called a struggle by Homer; and hence, that in natural philosophy true quiet and listing peace cannot offer themselves to us, and that this is the office and prerogative of their mistress, most holy theology.[19] Theology herself will show the way to that peace and be our companion and guide; and, as from afar she sees us hurrying, she will cry out, "Come unto me, ye that labor. And I will refresh you. Come unto me, and I will give unto you peace which the world and nature cannot give unto you!"[20] As we are called so sweetly and are invited with such kindness, let us fly on winged feet like earthly Mercuries into the embrace of our most blessed mother and enjoy the longed-for peace: the most holy peace, the indivisible bond, the friendship which is one soul, the friendship whereby all minds do not merely accord in one intellect that is above every intellect but in some inexpressible fashion become absolutely one. This is that friendship which the Pythagoreans say is the end of all philosophy. This is that peace which God makes on his heights and which the angels descending to earth announced to men of good will, that by this peace the men themselves ascending into heaven might become angels.[21] Let us desire this peace for our friends, for our age. Let us desire this peace for every house into which we enter. Let us desire it for our soul, that through this peace she may become the house of God; that after she has, through morals and dialectics, cast off her meanness and has adorned herself with manifold philosophy as with a princely garment, and has crowned with garlands of theology the summits of the gates, the King of Glory may descend, and, coming with the Father, may make his residence in her. If she shows herself worthy of such a great guest, as his mercy is great, then, in a golden gown as in a wedding dress, wrapped in a multiple variety of teachings, she will welcome her beautiful guest not as a guest but as a bridegroom. That she may never be divorced from him, she will long to be divorced from her own people and, forgetful of the house of her father, nay, forgetful of herself, she will long to die in herself that she may live in her bridegroom, in whose sight the death of his saints is surely precious-I mean death, if that should be called death which is the fullness of life, the meditation upon which the wise have said is the study of philosophy.[22]

Let us also cite Moses himself, scarcely inferior to the fountain fullness of holy and inexpressible intelligence, whence the angels are drunken on their own nectar. We shall hear the venerable judge promulgating laws to us who dwell in the desert solitude of this body: "Let those who are still unclean and in need of moral knowledge dwell with the people outside of the tabernacle in the open sky, and let them meanwhile purify themselves like Thessalian priests. Let those who have by now set their lives (mores) in order be received into the sanctuary. But let them not yet handle the sacred things; but first, as deacons assiduous in the service that is

dialectic, let them minister to the sacred things of philosophy. Then, after they have been admitted to the sacred things, let them in the priesthood of philosophy contemplate sometimes the many-colored, that is, the star-constellated royal decoration of the higher palace of God, at other times the celestial candelabra divided by seven lights, and at other times the skin-covered elements, that finally they may be received through the merits of sublime theology into the sanctuary of the temple and may enjoy the glory of divinity without the veil of any image coming in between."[23] Moses gives us these direct commands, and in giving them he advises us, arouses us, urges us to make ready our way through philosophy to future celestial glory, while we can.

But in truth, not only the Mosaic or Christian mysteries but also the theology of the ancients show the advantages for us and the dignity of these liberal arts about which I have come here to dispute. For what else is meant by the degrees of initiation that are customary in the secret rites of the Greeks? First, to those who had been purified by moral and dialectic arts, which we have called, as it were, purgative, befell the reception of the mysteries. And what else can this reception be but the interpretation of more hidden nature by means of philosophy? Then lastly, to those who had been thus prepared, came that □□□□□□□ that is, a vision of divine things by means of the light of theology. Who does not seek to be initiated into such rites? Who does not set all human things at a lower value and, condemning the goods of fortune and neglecting the body, does not desire, while still continuing on earth, to become the drinking companion of the gods; and, drunken with the nectar of eternity, to bestow the gift of immortality upon the mortal animal? Who does not wish to have breathed into him the Socratic frenzies sung by Plato in the Phaedrus, that by the oarlike movement of wings and feet he may quickly escape from here, that is, from this world where he is laid down, as in an evil place, and be carried in speediest flight to the heavenly Jerusalem.[24] We shall be possessed, fathers, we shall be possessed by these Socratic frenzies, which will so place us outside of our minds that they will place our mind and ourselves in God. We shall be possessed by them if we have first done what is in us to do. For if through morality the forces of the passions will have been so stretched to the [proper] measure, through due proportions, that they sound together in fixed concord, and if through dialectic, reason will have moved, keeping time in her forward march, then, aroused by the frenzy of the muses, we shall drink in the heavenly harmony of our ears. Then Bacchus the leader of the muses, in his own mysteries, that is, in the visible signs of nature, will show the invisible things of God to us as we philosophize, and will make us drunk with the abundance of the house of God. In this house, if we are faithful like Moses, holiest theology will approach, and will inspire us with a twofold frenzy. We, raised up into the loftiest watchtower of theology, from which, measuring with indivisible eternity the things that are, will be, and shall have been, and looking at their primeval beauty, shall be prophets of Phoebus, his winged lovers, and finally, aroused with ineffable charity as with fire, placed outside of ourselves like burning Seraphim, filled with divinity, we shall now not be ourselves, but He himself who made us.

The sacred names of Apollo, if anyone examines their meanings and hidden mysteries, will sufficiently show that that god is no less philosopher than prophet. Since Ammonius has followed this up sufficiently,[25] there is no reason why I should handle it in another way. But there come to mind, fathers, three Delphic precepts, very necessary for those who are to enter into the sacrosanct and very august temple of the true, not the invented Apollo, who illuminates every soul coming into this world. You will see that they give us no other advice than to embrace with all our strength this three-fold philosophy which the present disputation is about. For that □□□□ □□□ that is, nothing too much, rightly prescribes the measure and rule of all virtues through the principle of moderation, with which morals is concerned. Then that □□□□□□□□ that is, know thyself, arouses us and urges us towards the knowledge of all nature, of which man's nature is the medium and, as it were, the union. For he who knows himself, knows all things in himself, as first Zoroaster, and then Plato wrote in the Alcibiades.[26] At last, illuminated by this knowledge through natural philosophy, now near to God, saying □□ that is, Thou art, we shall address the true Apollo with a theological greeting, familiarly and so happily.

Let us also consult the very wise Pythagoras, who was wise especially in that he never thought himself worthy of the name of wise. First, he will warn us not to sit too much, that is, not to let go the rational part, by which the soul measures, judges, and examines everything, and relax in idle inactivity. But let us direct it diligently and arouse it by dialectical exercise and rule. Then he will signify that we are to pay special attention to two things, not to make water against the sun nor trim our nails during the sacrifices. But after we have, through morals, relieved ourselves of the appetite for overflowing sensual pleasures and, as it were, trimmed the tips of our nails, the sharp pricks of anger and the stings of animosity, only then may we begin to take part in the aforementioned sacred mysteries of Bacchus, and to be at leisure for our contemplation, whose father and leader is rightly said to be the Sun. At last, he will advise us to feed the cock, that is, to nourish the divine part of our soul with knowledge of divine things as with solid food and heavenly ambrosia.[27] This is the cock at the sight of which the lion, that is, every earthly power, feels fear and awe. This is that cock to which intelligence was given, as we read in Job.[28] At the crowing of this cock, erring man returns to his senses. In the morning dawn this cock daily crows in harmony with the morning stars praising God. Socrates at the point of death, when he hoped to unite the divinity of his soul to the divinity of a greater world, said that he owed this cock to Asclepius, that is, to the physician of souls, now that he was placed beyond all danger of sickness.[29]

Let us also examine the records of the Chaldaeans. We shall see, if we can believe them, that through these same arts, the way to happiness is opened to men. The Chaldaean interpreters write that it was a saying of Zoroaster that the soul has wings; when the leathers fall off, she is borne headlong into the body, when they sprout again, she flies up to the heights.[30] When his students asked him how they might obtain souls flying with well feathered wings, he said "You moisten the wings with the waters of life." When they again questioned him where they might seek these waters, he answered them figuratively (as was the custom of the man), "The paradise of God is washed and watered by four rivers. From the same place you may draw healthful waters for yourselves. The name of the river from the north is Pischon, which means straight, that from the west is Dichon, which signifies atonement, that from the east is Chiddekel, which means light, that from the south is Perath, which we can translate as piety."[31] Give close attention, fathers, and consider carefully that these doctrines of Zoroaster really mean nothing else than that by moral science, as by western waters, we may wash dirt from our eyes; by dialectic, as by a ruler pointing north, we may direct our eyesight along a straight line. Then, let us accustom our eyes in natural contemplation to bear the still weak light of truth, the beginning of the rising sun, as it were, so that finally by theological piety and the most sacred worship of God, we may, like the eagles of heaven, endure bravely the very radiant brightness of the midday sun. These are perhaps those morning, noon, and evening knowledges sung first by David and explained more fully by Augustine.[32] This is that midday light, which, perpendicular, inflames the Seraphim, and at the same time illuminates the Cherubim. This is that land toward which old father Abraham was always setting out. This is that place where there is no room for unclean spirits, as the doctrines of the Cabalists and Moors teach. And if it is right to make public, even enigmatically, something from more hidden mysteries, after the sudden fall of man from heaven has condemned our heads to dizziness, and, according to Jeremiah, death has entered through the windows and stricken liver and breast, let us call Raphael the heavenly physician to free us by morals and dialectic as by saving medicines. 3 When we are restored to good health, Gabriel, the strength of God, will now dwell in us. Leading us through the wonders of nature, and pointing out the virtue and power of God everywhere, he will finally hand us over to the high priest Michael, who will distinguish the veterans in the service of philosophy with the priesthood of theology, as with a crown of precious stones.

These are the reasons, most reverend fathers, that have not merely inspired me but compelled me to the study of philosophy...

NOTES

1. Plato, Timaeus 418 ff.
2. Lucilius, Satyrarum VI (22), in Nonius Marcellus, De compendiosa doctrina II (Lindsay, 1,109).
3. Book of Enoch 40:8.
4. Empedocles, fr. 117 (Diels).
5. Genesis 6:12; Numbers 27:16; Mark 16:15.
6. Psalms 48:21 (King James version, Psalms 49:20).
7. Psalms 81:6 (King James, 82:6), cf. John 10:34.
8. Compare Job 38:7, and Genesis 1:2.
9. Macrobius, In Somnium Scipionis I. 6, 11, 54-55.
10. Romans 8:5.
11. Pseudo-Dionysius, the Areopagite, Caelestis hierarchia VI-VII. The writings attributed to the unknown Dionysius, probably of the late 5th century A.D., contain a blend of Christian, Greek, and Jewish elements; they had an enormous influence on subsequent Christian theology.
12. Genesis 28:12-13.
13. Asclepius 1.12.
14. Osiris, Egyptian god, was cut to pieces by Seth, and put together again by his wife, Isis.
15. Daniel 7:10; cf. Jeremiah 1:5.
16. Job 25:2.
17. Empedocles, fr. 115 (Diels).
18. Cf. Lucan, Pharsalia 1. 1.
19. Heraditus, fr. 53 (Walzer).
20. Matthew 11:28; John 14:27.
21. Jamblichus, Vita Pythagoras 230-233; Luke 2:14.
22. Plato, Phaedo 81.
23. Cf. Exodus 25-26.
24. Plato, Phaedrus 244 ff.
25. Plutarch, De El Delphico 2, 385b, in Moralia.
26. Plato, Alcibiades 1, 132c.
27. Porphyry, Vita Pythagoras 42; Jamblichus, Protrepticus 21.
28. Job 38:36.
29. Plato, Phaedo 118a. Asclepius, or Aesculapius, the god of medicine.

30. Cf. Psellus and Pletho, In Oracula Chaldaica (Amsterdam, 1688), pp. 81 and 91.
31. Cf. Genesis 2:10-14.
32. Psalms 54:18 (King James, 55:17). Augustine, De Genesi ad litteram IV, 29-30.
33. Jeremiah 9:21.

Art Humanities Primary Source Reading 11

Giorgio Vasari, "Preface to Part Three"

Although Giorgio Vasari (1511-1574) was a prolific 16th century Italian painter, he is best known for his writings, particularly his book, *Lives of the Artists*, which contains biographical accounts of 133 Italian and Netherlandish artists from the 13th through the16th century, beginning with Cimabue and ending with Michelangelo. It is most likely through his training in the Florentine workshops of the painters Andrea del Sarto and Baccio Bandinelli that he was exposed to the artistic community in that city. At this time, he also found patrons among members of the Medici family, and he dedicated the *Lives* to Cosimo I de Medici. The second and enlarged edition of the text, from which these passages are drawn, contains the general preface shown here, an introduction to architecture, sculpture, and painting, and the biographies, which are divided into three parts. In these final sections, Vasari did not restrict himself to descriptive accounts of the artists' lives; he evaluated the merits of each individual, and in so doing established the foundation for the idea of a critical historiography of art. Vasari believed that art had risen to its highest form with the work of ancient Greek and Roman artists, and subsequently declined in the Middle Ages. He stated that, beginning with Cimabue and Giotto in the 13th century, Italian artists enacted a "rebirth" of the great ideals of classical art, specifically the imitation of nature. The second group of artists improved and built upon the achievements of the first, and finally, it was through the artists of the third group, who were mostly Tuscan by birth, and Michelangelo, in particular, that perfection of ancient art was again attained and even exceeded. Overall, by highlighting the particular talents of each artist in turn, Vasari demonstrated a strong and innovative interest in the individual, and in the nature of his artistic style, works, and character. (Introduction by Christine Sciacca)

EXCERPT FROM **LIVES OF THE ARTISTS 2ND ED., 1568**

The distinguished artists described in the second part of these Lives made an important contribution to architecture, sculpture, and painting, adding to what had been achieved by those of the first period the qualities of good rule, order, proportion, design, and style. Their work was in many ways imperfect, but they showed the way to the artists of the third period (whom I am now going to discuss) and made it possible for them, by following and improving on their example, to reach the perfection evident in the finest and most celebrated modern works.

But to clarify the nature of the progress that these artists made, I would like to define briefly the five qualities that I mentioned above and discuss the origins of the excellence that has made modern art even more glorious than that of the ancient world.

By rule in architecture we mean the method used of measuring antiques and basing modern works on the plans of ancient buildings. Order is the distinction made between one kind of architectural style and another, so that each has the parts appropriate to it and there is no confusion between Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, and Tuscan. Proportion is a universal law of architecture and sculpture (and also of painting) which stipulates that all bodies must be correctly aligned, with their parts properly arranged. Design is the imitation of the most beautiful things in nature, used for the creation of all figures whether in sculpture or painting; and this quality depends on the ability of the artist's hand and mind to reproduce what he sees with his eyes accurately and correctly on to paper or a panel or whatever flat surface he may be using. The same applies to works of relief in sculpture. And then the artist achieves the highest perfection of style by copying the most beautiful things in nature and combining the most perfect members, hands, head, torso, and legs, to produce the finest possible figure as a model for use in all his works; this is how he achieves what we know as fine style.

Now the work of Giotto and the other early craftsmen did not possess these qualities, although they did discover the right principles for solving artistic problems and they applied them as best they could. Their drawing, for example, was more correct and truer to nature than anything done before, as was the way they blended their colours, composed their figures, and made the other advances I have already discussed. However, although the artists of the second period made further progress still, they in turn fell short of complete perfection, since their work lacked that spontaneity which, although based on correct measurement, goes beyond it without conflicting with order and stylistic purity. This spontaneity enables the artist to enhance his work by adding innumerable inventive details and, as it were, a pervasive beauty to what is merely artistically correct. Again, when it came to proportion the early craftsmen lacked that visual judgement which, disregarding measurement, gives the artist's figures, in due relation to their dimensions, a grace that simply cannot be measured. They also failed to realize the full potentialities of design; for example, although their arms were rounded and their legs straight, they missed the finer points when they depicted the muscles, ignoring the charming and graceful facility which is suggested

rather than revealed in living subjects. In this respect their figures appeared crude and excoriated, offensive to the eye and harsh in style. Their style lacked the lightness of touch that makes an artist's figures slender and graceful, and particularly those of his women and children, which should be as realistic as the male figures and yet possess a roundness and fullness derived from good judgement and design rather than the coarseness of living bodies. Their works also lacked the abundance of beautiful clothes, the imaginative details, charming colours, many kinds of building and various landscapes in depth that we see depicted today. Certainly many of those artists, such as Andrea Verrocchio, Antonio Pollaiuolo, and others who followed, endeavoured to refine their figures, to improve the composition of their works, and to make them conform more closely to nature. None the less, they fell short of perfection, although indubitably they were going in the right direction, and what they produced certainly invited comparison with the works of the ancient world. This was evident, for instance, when Verrocchio restored the legs and arms of the marble Marsyas for the Casa Medici in Florence, although even so his work lacked polish, and absolute perfection escaped him in the feet, hands, hair, and beard. All the same what he did was consistent with the original and was correctly proportioned. If those craftsmen had mastered the detailed refinements which constitute the greatest achievement of art they would have created strong and robust work, with the delicacy, polish, and superb grace essential to the finest painting and sculpture. However, for all their diligence, their figures lacked these qualities. Indeed, it is not surprising that they never achieved these elusive refinements, seeing that excessive study or diligence tends to produce a dry style when it becomes an end in itself.

Success came to the artists who followed, after they had seen some of the finest works of art mentioned by Pliny dug out of the earth: namely, the Laocoon, the Hercules, the great torso of Belvedere, as well as the Venus, the Cleopatra, the Apollo, and countless others, all possessing the appeal and vigour of living flesh and derived from the finest features of living models. Their attitudes were entirely natural and free, exquisitely graceful and full of movement. And these statues caused the disappearance of the dry, hard, harsh style that art had acquired through the excessive study of Piero della Francesca, Lazzaro Vasari, Alesso Baldovinetti, Andrea del Castagno, Pesello, Ercole Ferrarese, Giovanni Bellini, Cosimo Rosselli, the abbot of San Clemente, Domenico Ghirlandaio, Sandro Botticelli, Andrea Mantegna, Filippino Lippi, and Luca Signorelli. These artists forced themselves to try and do the impossible through their exertions, especially in their ugly foreshortenings and perspectives which were as disagreeable to look at as they were difficult to do. Although the greater part of their work was well designed and free from error, it still lacked any sense of liveliness as well as the harmonious blending of colours which was first seen in the works of Francia of Bologna and Piero Perugino (and which made the people run like mad to gaze on this new, realistic beauty, as if they would never see the like again).

But how wrong they were was then demonstrated for all to see in the work of Leonardo da Vinci. It was Leonardo who originated the third style or period, which we like to call the modern age; for in addition to the force and robustness of his draughtsmanship and his subtle and exact reproduction of every detail in nature, he showed in his works an understanding of rule, a better knowledge of order, correct proportion, perfect design, and an inspired grace. An artist of great vision and skill and abundant resources, Leonardo may be said to have painted figures that moved and breathed. Somewhat later followed Giorgione of Castel Franco, whose pictures convey a gradual blending of tones and a tremendous impression of movement achieved through the finely handled use of shadow. In no way inferior to his in strength, relief, charm, and grace were the paintings of Fra Bartolommeo of San Marco. But the most graceful of all was Raphael of Urbino, who studied what had been achieved by both the ancient and the modern masters, selected the best qualities from all their works, and by this means so enhanced the art of painting that it equalled the faultless perfection of the figures painted in the ancient world by Apelles and Zeuxis, and might even be said to surpass them were it possible to compare his work with theirs. His colours were finer than those found in nature, and his invention was original and unforced, as anyone can realize by looking at his scenes, which have the narrative flow of a written story. They bring before our eyes sites and buildings, the ways and customs of our own or of foreign peoples, just as Raphael wished to show them. In addition to the graceful qualities of the heads shown in his paintings, whether old or young, men or women, his figures expressed perfectly the character of those they represented, the modest or the bold being shown just as they are. The children in his pictures were depicted now with mischief in their eyes, now in playful attitudes. And his draperies are neither too simple nor too involved but appear wholly realistic.

Raphael's style influenced Andrea del Sarto; and although Andrea's work was less robust and his colours softer, it was remarkably free from error. Similarly, it is almost impossible to describe the charming vivacity of the paintings executed by Antonio Correggio: this artist painted hair, for example, in an altogether new way, for whereas in the works of previous artists it was depicted in a laboured, hard, and dry manner, in his it appears soft and downy, with each golden strand finely distinguished and coloured, so that the result is more beautiful than in real life. Similar effects were achieved by Francesco Mazzola of Parma (Parmigianino), who in several respects-as regards grace and ornamentation, and fine style -even surpassed Correggio, as is shown by many of his pictures, in which the effortless facility of his brush enabled him to depict smiling faces and eloquent eyes, and in which the very pulses seem to beat. And then anyone who examines the wall-paintings done by Polidoro and Maturino will discover figures that are incredibly expressive and will be astonished at how they were able to

describe not in speech, which is easy enough, but with the brush scenes that demonstrate tremendous powers of invention, skill, and ingenuity, showing the deeds of the Romans as they occurred in life. There are countless other artists, now dead, whose colours brought to life the figures they painted: Rosso, Sebastiano, Giulio Romano, Perino del Vaga, not to speak of the many outstanding artists still living. What matters is that these artists have brought their art to such fluent perfection that nowadays a painter who under stands design, invention, and colouring can execute six paintings in a year, whereas the earliest artists took six years to finish one painting. I can vouch for
this, both from observation and personal experience: and I would add that many works today are more perfect and better finished than were those of the great masters of the past.

But the man whose work transcends and eclipses that of every other artist, living or dead, is the inspired Michelangelo Buonarroti, who is supreme not in one art alone but in all three. He surpasses not only all those whose work can be said to be superior to nature but also the artists of the ancient world, whose superiority is beyond doubt. Michelangelo has triumphed over later artists, over the artists of the ancient world, over nature itself, which has produced nothing, however challenging or extraordinary, that his inspired genius, with its great powers of application, design, artistry, judgement, and grace, has not been able to surpass with ease. He has shown his genius not only in painting and colouring (in which are expressed all possible forms and bodies, straight and curved, tangible and intangible, accessible and inaccessible) but also in the creation of sculptural works in full relief. And his fruitful and inspiring labours have already spread their branches so wide that the world has been filled with an abundance of delectable fruits, and the three fine arts have been brought to a state of complete perfection. He has so enhanced the art of sculpture that we can say without fear of contradiction that his statues are in every aspect far superior to those of the ancient world. For if their work were put side by side, the heads, hands, arms, and feet carved by Michelangelo being compared with those made by the ancients, his would be seen to be fashioned on sounder principles and executed with more grace and perfection: the effortless intensity of his graceful style defies comparison. And the same holds true of Michelangelo's pictures: if it were possible to place them beside the paintings of those celebrated Greeks and Romans they would be even more highly valued and regarded as being as much superior to the antiques as is his sculpture.

We rightly admire the celebrated artists of the past who created great work, knowing their prize would be a happy life and a generous reward. How much more, then, should we praise and exalt those rare men of genius who create priceless work and who live not merely unrewarded but in circumstances of wretched poverty! It is undeniably true that if the artists of our own time were justly rewarded they would produce even greater works of art, far superior to those of the ancient world. Instead, the artist today struggles to ward off famine rather than to win fame, and this crushes and buries his talent and obscures his name. This is a shame and disgrace to those who could come to his help but refuse to do so.

But that is enough on this subject, for it is time to return to the Lives and give separate accounts of all those who have done distinguished work in the third period. The first of these, with whom I shall now start, was Leonardo da Vinci.

Giorgio Vasari, "Life of Raphael"

Vasari placed Raphael among the artists described in Part III of the *Lives of the Artists,* the portion of the text that made up two thirds of the entire work. As with all artists whom he looked upon with the most favor, Vasari begins his account by suggesting the divine nature of the artist. He then returns to the earthly realm in order to outline Raphael's childhood and early artistic training. In these early passages, Vasari concerns himself with Raphael's personal character, noting that the artist also possessed the qualities and manners of a gentleman. From here Vasari launches into a lengthy series of brief, and sometimes confused, descriptions of Raphael's major works, set into the context of events in the artist's life that surrounded their creation. Overall, Vasari praises Raphael for the grace of his figures, which he attributed to Raphael's careful study of ancient and modern masters, and his combining of their best features. The elements that Vasari favors are apparent in Raphael's *Marriage of the Virgin,* which the writer admires particularly for its skillful depiction of a temple painted in perspective. (Introduction by Christine Sciacca)

EXCERPT FROM **LIVES OF THE ARTISTS, 2ND ED., 1568**

RAPHAEL OF URBINO, PAINTER AND ARCHITECT (1483-1520)

The liberality with which Heaven now and again unites in one person the inexhaustible riches of its treasures and all those graces and rare gifts which are usually shared among many over a long period is seen in Raphael Sanzio of Urbino, who was as excellent as gracious, and endowed with a natural modesty and goodness sometimes seen in those who possess to an unusual degree a humane and gentle nature adorned with affability and good-fellowship, and he always showed himself sweet and pleasant with persons of every degree and in all circumstances. Thus Nature created Michelangelo Buonarroti to excel and conquer in art, but Raphael to excel in art and in manners also. Most artists have hitherto displayed something of folly and savagery, which, in addition to rendering them eccentric and fantastical, has also displayed itself in the darkness of vice and not in the splendour of those virtues which render men immortal. In Raphael, on the other hand, the rarest gifts were combined with such grace, diligence, beauty, modesty and good character that they would have sufficed to cover the ugliest vice and the worst blemishes. We may indeed say that those who possess such gifts as Raphael are not mere men, but rather mortal gods, and that those who by their works leave an honoured name among us on the roll of fame may hope to receive a fitting reward in heaven for their labours and their merits.

Raphael was born at Urbino, a most important city of Italy, in 1483, on Good Fridav at three in the morning, of Giovanni de' Santi, a painter of no great merit, but of good intelligence and well able to show his son the right way, a favour which bad fortune had not granted to himself in his youth. Giovanni, knowing how important it was for the child, whom he called Raphael as a good augury, being his only son, to have his mother's milk and not that of a nurse, wished her to suckle it, so that the child might see the ways of his equals in his tender years rather than the rough manners of clowns and people of low condition. When the boy was grown, Giovanni began to teach him painting, finding him much inclined to that art and. of great intelligence. Thus Raphael, before many years and while still a child, greatly assisted his father in the numerous works which he did in the state of Urbino. At last this good and loving father perceived that his son could learn little more from him, and determined to put him with Pietro Perugino, who, as I have already said, occupied the first place among the painters of the time. Accordingly Giovanni went to Perugia, and not finding Pietro there he waited for him, occupying the time in doing some things in S. Francesco. When Pietro returned from Rome,[1] Giovanni being courteous and well bred, made his acquaintance, and at a fitting opportunity told him what he wished in the most tactful manner. Pietro, who was also courteous and a friend of young men of promise, agreed to take Raphael. Accordingly Giovanni returned joyfully to Urbino, and took the boy with him to Perugia, his mother, who loved him tenderly, weeping bitterly at the separation.[2] When Pietro had seen Raphael's method of drawing and his fine manners and behaviour, he formed an opinion of him that was amply justified by time. It is well known that while Raphael was studying Pietro's style he imitated him so exactly in everything that his portraits cannot be distinguished from those of his master, nor indeed can other things, as we see in some figures done in oils on a panel in S. Francesco at Perugia for Madonna Maddalena degli Oddi.[3] It represents an Assumption, Jesus Christ crowning the Virgin in heaven, while the twelve Apostles about the tomb are contemplating the celestial glory. The predella contains three scenes: the Annunciation, the Magi adoring Christ, and the presentation in the Temple. This work is most carefully finished, and anyone not skilled in style would take it to be the hand of Pietro, though there is no doubt that it is by Raphael. After this Pietro returned on some business to Florence, and Raphael left Perugia, going with some friends to Città di Castello. Here he did a panel in S. Agostino in that style, and a Crucifixion in S. Domenico, which, if not signed with Raphael's name, would be taken by everyone to be a work of

Perugino. In S. Francesco in the same city he also did a Marriage of the Virgin,[4] which shows that Raphael was progressing in skill, refining upon the style of Pietro and surpassing it. This work contains a temple drawn in perspective, so charmingly that it is a wonder to see how he confronted the difficulties of this task. Raphael had thus acquired a great reputation in this style when the library of the Duomo at Siena was allotted by Pope Pius II. to Pinturicchio[5] As he was a friend of Raphael, and knew him to be an admirable draughtsman, he brought him to Siena, where Raphael drew some of the cartoons for that work. He did not finish it because his love for art drew him to Florence[6], for he heard great things from some painters of Siena of a cartoon done by Leonardo da Vinci in this Pope's Hall at Florence of a fine group of horses, to be put in the hall of the palace, and also of some nudes of even greater excellence done by Michelangelo in competition with Leonardo. This excited so strong a desire in Raphael that he put aside his work and all thought of his personal advantage, for excellence in art always attracted him.

Arrived in Florence, he was no less delighted with the city than with the works of art there, which he thought divine, and he determined to live there for some time. Having struck up a friendship with Ridolfo Ghirlandajo, Aristotele S. Gallo, and other young painters, he was well received, especially by Taddeo Taddei, who was always inviting him to his house and table, being one who loved the society of men of ability. Raphael, who was courtesy itself, in order not to be surpassed in kindness, did two pictures for him in a transitional style between the early manner of Pietro and of the other which he learned afterwards, and which was much better, as I shall relate. These pictures are still in the house of the heirs of Taddeo.[7] Raphael was also very friendly with Lorenzo Nasi, and as Lorenzo had newly taken a wife, he painted them a picture of a babe between the knees of the Virgin, to whom a little St. John is offering a bird, to the delight of both. Their attitude displays childish simplicity and affection, while the picture is well coloured and carefully finished, so that they appear to be actual living flesh.[8] The Madonna possesses an air full of grace and divinity, the plain, the landscape and all the rest of the work being of great beauty. This picture was greatly valued by Lorenzo Nasi in memory of his close friend and for its excellent workmanship. But it was severely damaged on 17 November, 1548, when the house of Lorenzo was crushed, together with the beautiful houses of the heirs of Marco del Nero and many others, by a landslip from Monte S. Giorgio. However, the pieces were found among the débris, and were carefully put together by Battista, Lorenzo's son, who was very fond of the arts. After these works Raphael was forced to leave Florence and go to Urbino, because, owing to the death of his father and mother, all his things were in disorder. While staying there he did two small but very beautiful Madonnas in his second manner for Guidobaldo da Montefeltro, then captain of the Florentines.[9] These are now the property of the illustrious Guidobaldo, Duke of Urbino. For the same captain he did a small picture of Christ praying in the Garden, the three Apostles sleeping in the distance. This painting is as delicately finished as a miniature. After remaining for a long time in the possession of Francesco Maria, Duke of Urbino, it was given by his illustrious consort, Leonora, to Don Paolo Giustiniano and Don Pietro Quirini, Venetians, hermits of the Camaldoli. They placed it in a principal chamber of the hermitage, as a thing of rare virtue, a work of Raphael, and the gift of so great a lady, and there it is held in the esteem which it merits.

After settling his affairs, Raphael returned to Perugia, where he painted for the Ansidei Chapel, in the church of the Servites, a picture of Our Lady, St. John the Baptist and St. Nicholas.[10] In the Lady Chapel of S. Severo, in the same city, a small Camaldolite monastery, he painted in fresco a Christ in Glory, God the Father surrounded by angels, with six saints seated, three on either side, St. Benedict, St. Romuald, St. Laurence, St. Jerome, St. Maur and St. Placidus.[11] To this fine fresco he put his name in large letters, easily seen. The nuns of S. Antonio da Padova, in the same city, employed him to paint a Madonna with a clothed Christ, as they desired, with St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Cecilia and St. Catherine, the heads of the two holy virgins being the sweetest and purest imaginable, with their varied attire, a rare thing in those days. Above this he painted a fine God the Father in a lunette, and three scenes of small figures in the predella of Christ praying in the Garden, bearing the cross, the soldiers driving Him being very vigorous, and dead in the lap of His Mother.[12] This is a marvellous work, greatly valued by the nuns and much admired by all artists. It is well known that after his stay in Florence Raphael greatly altered and improved his style, through having seen the works of the foremost masters, and he never reverted to his former manner, which looks like the work of a different and inferior hand.

Before Raphael left Perugia, Madonna Atalanta Baglioni begged him to do a panel for her chapel in the church of S. Francesco. But not being able to do so then, he promised that he would not fail her when he returned from Florence, where he had affairs. At Florence he devoted infinite pains to the study of his art, and did the cartoon for this chapel, intending to carry it out as soon as he had the opportunity, as he did. Agnolo Doni was then in Florence, and though sparing in other things, spent willingly upon paintings and sculpture, of which he was very fond, though he saved as much as he could. He had portraits of himself and his wife done,[13] which may be seen in the house of his son Gio. Battista, built by Agnolo, a fine structure and most convenient in the Corso de' Tintori, near the corner of the Alberti in Florence. For Domenico Canigiani Raphael did a Madonna with the Child Jesus playing with a St. John held to him by St. Elizabeth, who is regarding St. Joseph, leaning with both hands on a staff and bending his head towards Elizabeth, as if marvelling and praising the greatness of God that so old

a woman should have a little child.[14] All of them seem to be marvelling at the attitude of the children as they play, one reverencing the other, the colouring of the heads, hands and feet being faultless, and the work of a master. This noble picture is now the property of the heirs of Domenico Canigiani, who value it as a work of Raphael deserves.

This excellent artist studied the old paintings of Masaccio at Florence, and the works of Leonardo and Michelangelo which he saw induced him to study hard, and brought about an extraordinary improvement in his art and style. While at Florence Raphael became very friendly with Fra Bartolommeo of S. Marco, whose colouring pleased him greatly, and this he tried to imitate. On his part he taught the good father the methods of perspective, which he had previously neglected. In the midst of this intimacy Raphael was recalled to Perugia, where he began by finishing the work for Atalanta Baglioni, for which he had prepared the cartoon at Florence, as I have said. This divine picture re resents Christ carried to burial, so finely done that it seems freshly executed.[15] In composing this work Raphael imagined the grief of loving relations in carrying to burial the body of their dearest, the one on whom all the welfare, honour and advantage of the entire family depended. Our Lady is fainting, and the heads of the figures in weeping are most graceful, especially that of St. John, who hangs his head and clasps his hands in a manner that would move the hardest to pity. Those who consider the diligence, tenderness, art and grace of this painting may well marvel, for it excites astonishment by the expressions of the figures, the beauty of the draperies, and the extreme excellence of every particular.

On returning to Florence after completing this work, Raphael was commissioned by the Dei, citizens there, to paint a picture for the chapel of their altar in S. Spirito.[16] He began this and made good progress with the outline. Meanwhile he did a picture[17] to send to Siena, which at his departure he left to Ridolfo del Ghirlandajo to finish some blue drapery in it. This was because Bramante, who was in the service of Julius II., wrote to him on account of a slight relationship, and because they were of the same country, saying that he had induced the Pope to have certain apartments done, and that Raphael might have a chance of showing his powers there. This pleased Raphael so that he left his works at Florence and the picture of the Dei unfinished (but so far complete that M. Baldassarre da Pescia had it put in the Pieve of his native place after Raphael's death), and went to Rome.[18] Arrived there, Raphael found a great part of the chambers of the palace already painted, and the whole being done by several masters. Thus Pietro della Francesca had finished one scene, Luca da Cortona had completed a wall, while Don Pietro della Gatta, abbot of S. Clemente, Arezzo, had begun some things. Bramantino da Milano also had painted several figures, mostly portraits, and considered very fine. Raphael received a hearty welcome from Pope Julius, and in the chamber of the Segnatura he painted the theologians reconciling Philosophy and Astrology with Theology, including portraits of all the wise men of the world in disputation.[19] Some astrologers there have drawn figures of their science and various characters on tablets, carried by angels to the Evangelists, who explain them. Among these is Diogenes with a pensive air, lying on the steps, a figure admirable for its beauty and the disordered drapery. There also are Aristotle and Plato, with the Ethics and Timxus respectively, and a group of philosophers in a ring about them. Indescribably fine are those astrologers and geometricians drawing figures and characters with their sextants. Among them is a youth of remarkable beauty with his arms spread in astonishment and head bent. This is a portrait of Federigo II., Duke of Mantua, who was then in Rome. Another figure bends towards the ground, holding a pair of compasses in his hand and turning them on a board. This is said to be a life-like portrait of Bramante the architect. The next figure, with his back turned and a globe in his hand, is a portrait of Zoroaster. Beside him is Raphael himself, drawn with the help of a mirror. He is a very modest-looking young man, of graceful and pleasant mien, wearing a black cap on his head. The beauty and excellence of the heads of the Evangelists are inexpressible, as he has given them an air of attention and carefulness which is most natural, especially in those who are writing. Behind St. Matthew, as he is copying the characters from tablets, held by an angel, is an old man with paper on his knees copying what Matthew dictates. As he stands in that uncomfortable position, he seems to move his lips and head to follow the pen. The minor considerations, which are numerous, are well thought out, and the composition of the entire scene, which is admirably portioned out, show Raphael's determination to hold the field, without a rival, against all who wielded the brush. He further adorned this work with a perspective and many figures, so delicately and finely finished that Pope Julius caused all the other works of the other masters, both old and new, to be destroyed, that Raphael alone might have the glory of replacing what had been done. Although the work of Gio. Antonio Sodoma of Vercelli, which was above the scene of Raphael's, was to have been destroyed by the Pope's order, Raphael decided to make use of its arrangement and of the grotesques. In each of the four circles he made an allegorical figure to point the significance of the scene beneath, towards which it turns. For the first, where he had painted Philosophy, Astrology, Geometry and Poetry agreeing with Theology, is a woman representing Knowledge, seated in a chair supported on either side by a goddess Cybele, with the numerous breasts ascribed by the ancients to Diana Polymastes. Her garment is of four colours, representing the four elements, her head being the colour of fire, her bust that of air, her thighs that of earth, and her legs that of water. Some beautiful children are with her. In another circle towards the window looking towards the Belvedere is Poetry in the person of Polyhymnia, crowned with laurel, holding an ancient instrument in one hand and a book in the other. Her legs are

crossed, the face having an expression of immortal beauty, the eyes being raised to heaven. By her are two children, full of life and movement, harmonising well with her and the others. On this side Raphael afterwards did the Mount Parnassus[20] above the window already mentioned. In the circle over the scene where the holy doctors are ordering Mass is Theology with books and other things about her, and children of no less beauty than the others. Over the window looking into the court, in another circle, he did Justice with her scales and naked sword, with similar children of the utmost beauty, because on the wall underneath he had represented civil and canon law, as I shall relate. On the same vaulting, at the corners, he did four scenes, designed and coloured with great diligence, though the figures are not large. In one of them, next the Theology, he did the sin of Adam in eating the apple, in a graceful style. In the one where Astrology is, he represented that science putting the fixed and moving stars in their appointed places. In the one of Mount Parnassus he did Marsyas flayed at a tree by Apollo; and next the scene of the giving of the Decretals is a judgment of Solomon. These four scenes are full of feeling and expression, executed with great diligence in beautiful and graceful colouring.

I must now relate what was done on the walls below. On the wall towards the Belvedere, containing the Mount Parnassus and Fountain of Helicon, he made a shady laurel grove about the mount, so that the trembling of the leaves in the soft air can almost be seen, while a number of naked cupids, with lovely faces, are floating above, holding laurel branches, of which they make garlands and scatter them over the mount. The beauty of the figures and the nobility of the painting breathe a truly divine afflatus, and cause those who examine them to marvel that they should be the work of a human mind, through the imperfect medium of colours, and that the excellence of the design should make them appear alive. The poets scattered about the mountain are remarkable in this respect, some standing and some writing, others talking, and others singing or conversing in groups of four or six according to the disposition. Here are portraits of all the most famous poets, both ancient and modern, taken partly from statues, partly from medals, and many from old pictures, while others were living. Here we see Ovid, Virgil, Ennius, Tibullus, Catullus, Propertius and Homer, holding up his blind head and singing verses, while at his feet is one writing. Here in a group are the nine Muses, with Apollo, breathing realities of wonderful beauty and grace. Here are the learned Sappho, the divine Dante, the delicate Petrarca, the amorous Boccacio, all full of life; Tibaldeo is there also, and numerous other moderns, the whole scene being done with exquisite grace and finished with care. On another wall he did Heaven, with Christ and the Virgin, St. John the Baptist, the Apostles, Evangelists, martyrs in the clouds, with God the Father above sending out the Holy Spirit over a number of saints who subscribe to the Mass and argue upon the Host which is on the altar. Among them are the four Doctors of the Church, surrounded by saints, including Dominic, Francis, Thomas Aquinas, Bonaventura, Scotus, Nicholas of Lyra, Dante, Fra Girolamo Savonarola of Ferrara, and all the Christian theologians, including a number of portraits. In the air are four children holding open the Gospels, and it would be impossible for any painter to produce figures of more grace and perfection than these. The saints in a group in the air seem alive, and are remarkable for the foreshortening and relief. Their draperies also are varied and very beautiful, and the heads rather celestial than human, especially that of Christ, displaying all the clemency and pity which divine painting can demonstrate to mortal man. Indeed, Raphael had the gift of rendering his heads sweet and gracious, as we see in a Madonna with her hands to her breast contemplating the Child, who looks incapable of refusing a favour. Raphael appropriately rendered his patriarchs venerable, his apostles simple, and his martyrs full of faith. But he showed much more art and genius in the holy Christian doctors, disputing in groups of six, three and two. Their faces show curiosity and their effort to establish the certainty of which they are in doubt, using their hands in arguing and certain gestures of the body, attentive ears, knit brows, and many different kinds of astonishment, various and appropriate. On the other hand, the four Doctors of the Church, illuminated by the Holy Spirit, solve, by means of the Holy Scriptures, all the questions of the Gospels, which are held by children flying in the air. On the other wall, containing the other window, he did Justinian giving laws to the doctors, who correct them; above are Temperance, Fortitude and Prudence. On the other side the Pope being a portrait of Julius II., while Giovanni de' Medici the cardinal, afterwards Pope Leo, Cardinal Antonio di Monte, and Cardinal Alessandro Farnese, afterwards Pope Paul III., are also present, with other portraits. The Pope was greatly delighted with this work, and in order to have woodwork of equal value to the paintings, he sent for Fra Giovanni of Verona from Monte Oliveto of Chiusuri, in the Siena territory, then a great master in marquetry. He not only did the wainscoting, but the fine doors and seats with perspectives, which won him favour, rewards and honours from the Pope. Certainly no one was ever more skilful in design and workmanship in that profession than Giovanni, as we see by the admirable perspectives in wood in the sacristy of S. Maria in Organo in his native Verona, the choir of Monte Oliveto di Chiusuri and that of S. Benedetto at Siena, as well as the sacristy of Monte Oliveto of Naples, and the choir in the chapel of Paolo di Tolosa there. Thus he deserves to be held in honour by his order, in which he died at the age of sixty-eight in 1537. I have mentioned him as a man of true excellence, because I think his ability deserves it, for he induced other masters to make many rare works subsequently, as I shall say elsewhere.

But to return to Raphael. His style improved so greatly that the Pope entrusted to him the second chamber towards the great hall. His reputation had now become very great, and at this time he painted a portrait of Pope Julius in oils so wonderfully life-like and true that it inspired fear as if it were alive. This work is now in S.

Maria del popolo,[21] with a fine painting of Our Lady done at the same time, and containing a Nativity of Christ, the Virgin covering the Child with a veil. This is of great beauty, the air of the head and of the whole body showing the Child to be the veritable Son of God. The head and face of the Madonna are of equal beauty, and also display her joy and pity. Joseph leans with both hands on a staff in pensive contemplation of the King and Queen of Heaven, in the wonder of a most holy old man. Both these pictures are shown on solemn festivals.

At this time Raphael had acquired great renown at Rome. But although his graceful style commanded the admiration of all, and he continually studied the numerous antiquities in the city, he had not as yet endowed his figures with the grandeur and majesty which he imparted to them henceforward.

It happened at this time that Michelangelo caused the Pope so much upset and alarm in the chapel, of which I shall speak in his Life, whereby he was forced to fly to Florence. Bramante had the keys of the chapel, and, being friendly with Raphael, he showed him Michelangelo's methods so that he might understand them. This at once led Raphael to do over again the Prophet Isaiah in S. Agostino above the St. Anne of Andrea Sansovino, which he had just finished. Aided by what he had seen of Michelangelo, he greatly improved and enlarged the figure, endowing it with more majesty. When Michelangelo saw it afterwards he concluded that Bramante had played him this bad turn to benefit Raphael. Not long after, Agostino Chisi, a wealthy merchant of Siena and patron of men of genius, allotted to Raphael a chapel, because shortly before he had painted in the sweetest manner, in a loggia of the merchant's palace, now called i Chisi in Trastevere, a Galatea in the sea on a car drawn by two dolphins, surrounded by tritons and many sea gods.[22] After making a cartoon for this chapel, which is on the right-hand on entering the principal door of the church of S. Maria della Pace, Raphael carried it out in fresco in a new style, considerably finer and more magnificent than his first. Here he did some prophets and sibyls, before the chapel of Michelangelo was opened publicly, though he had seen it, which are considered the best of his works and the most beautiful among so many others, because the women and children are represented with great vivacity and perfect colouring. This work established his renown for ever, as being the most excellent that he produced in his life. At the prayers of a chamberlain of Julius[23] he painted the picture of the high altar of Araceli, representing Our Lady in the air, a beautiful landscape, St. John, St. Francis and St. Jerome as a cardinal. Our Lady shows the humility and modesty proper to the Mother of Christ, the Child is very prettily playing with his Mother's cloak. St. John shows the effect of fasting, his head expressive of great sincerity and absolute certainty, like those who are far removed from the world, who speak the truth and hate falsehood. St. Jerome raises his head and eyes to Our Lady in contemplation, indicative of the learning and wisdom displayed in his writings; with both hands he is presenting the chamberlain, who is very life-like. Raphael was equally successful with his St. Francis, who kneels on the ground with one arm stretched out, and with his head raised he regards the Virgin, burning with love and emotion, his features and the colouring showing his consuming love and the comfort and life which he derives from regarding her beauty and that of the Child. Raphael did a boy standing in the middle of the picture under the Virgin, looking up to her and holding a tablet. For his beautiful face and well-proportioned limbs he cannot be surpassed. Besides this there is a landscape of remarkable perfection and beauty. Continuing the rooms in the palace, Raphael did the miracle of the Sacrament of the Corporale of Orvieto, or Bolsena, as it is called.[24] We see the priest blushing with shame in saying Mass at seeing the Host melted into blood on the Corporale owing to his incredulity. Fear is in his eyes, and he seems beside himself in the presence of his auditors, as he stands irresolute. His hands tremble, and he shows other signs of terror natural on such an occasion. About him are many varied figures, some serving the Mass, some kneeling on the steps in beautiful attitudes, astonished at the event, showing the many various effects of the same emotion, both in the men and women. There is one woman seated on the ground in the lower part of the scene, holding a child in her arms. She turns in wonder at hearing someone speak of what has happened to the priest with a very charming and vivacious feminine grace.

On the other side Raphael represented Pope Julius hearing the Mass, introducing the portrait of the cardinal of S. Giorgio and many others. In the part interrupted by the window he introduced a flight of steps, shown entire, so that the story is uninterrupted, and it seems that if this gap had not been there the scene would have suffered. Thus we see that in inventing and composing scenes no one ever excelled Raphael in arrangement and skill. This appears opposite in the same place where St. Peter is represented guarded in prison by armed men, by Herod's order.[25] Here his architecture and his discretion in treating the prison are such that beside him the work of others seem more confused than his are beautiful, for he always endeavoured to follow the narrative in his scenes and introduce beautiful things. Thus, for example, in the horrible prison we see the aged Peter chained between two armed men, the heavy sleep of the guards, the shining splendour of the angel in the darkness of the night, showing all the details of the cell and making the armour glisten so that it appears to be burnished and not a painted representation. No less art and genius is displayed in the scene where Peter leaves the prison, freed from his chains, accompanied by the angel, the Apostle's face showing that he believes himself to be dreaming. The other armed guards outside the prison are terror-stricken as they hear the sound of the iron door. A sentinel holds a torch in his right hand, the light of which is reflected in all the armour, and where this does not fall there is moonlight. Raphael did this above the window, and thus makes the wall darker. But in looking at

the picture, the painted light and the various lights of the night seem due to Nature, so that we fancy we see the smoke of the torch, the splendour of the angel, and the deep darkness of the night, so natural and true that it is hard to believe they are only painted, where every difficult thing that he has imagined is so finely presented. Here in the darkness we see the outlines of the armour, the shading, the reflections, the effects of the heat of the lights, showing Raphael to be the master of the other painters. No better representation of the night has ever been made, this being considered the divinest and most remarkable of all. On one of the bare walls Raphael further did the Divine worship, the ark of the Hebrews and the candlestick, and Pope Julius driving Avarice from the church, scenes of beauty and excellence like the night just mentioned. They contain portraits of the bearers then living, who are carrying the Pope in a chair, for whom some men and women make way to allow him to pass.[26] An armed man on horseback, accompanied by two on foot, is fiercely striking the proud Heliodorus, who, by the command of Antiochus, intended to despoil the Temple of all the deposits of widows and orphans. We see the property and treasures being taken away, but all thrown to the ground and scattered at the fall of Heliodorus, beaten to the earth by the three, whom he alone sees, those engaged in carrying them being seized with sudden terror like all the other followers of Heliodorus. Apart from these kneels the High Priest Onias in his pontificals, his eyes and hands turned to heaven in fervent prayer, filled with compassion for the poor who are losing their possessions, and with joy at the succour sent by Heaven. By a happy idea of Raphael the plinths of the pedestals are filled with many who have climbed up by the columns, and are looking on in their uneasy postures, while the astonished multitude, in various attitudes, is awaiting the event. This work[27] is so marvellous in every particular that even the cartoons for it are greatly prized. Some parts of them belong to M. Francesco Alasini, a nobleman of Cesena, who, without the help of any master, but guided from his childhood by an extraordinary natural instinct, has himself studied painting and produced pictures which are much admired by connoisseurs. These cartoons are among his designs with some ancient reliefs in marble, and are valued by him as they deserve. I must add that M. Niccolo Masini, who has supplied me with these particulars, is a genuine admirer of our arts as he is distinguished in every other particular.

But to return to Raphael. In the vaulting of this chamber he did four scenes: the appearance of God to Abraham, promising the multiplication of his seed, the sacrifice of Isaac, Jacob's ladder, and the burning bush of Moses, displaying no less art, invention, design and grace than in his other works. While he was engaged in producing these marvels, envious Fortune deprived Julius II. of his life, removing that patron of talent and admirer of every good thing. On Leo X succeeding[28] he wished the work to be continued. Raphael's abilities ascended to the heavens, and he was much gratified at meeting so great a prince, who inherited the love of his family for the arts. Accordingly he was heartened to continue the work, and on the other wall did the coming of Attila to Rome, and his meeting with Leo III. at the foot of Monte Mario, and being driven away with a simple benediction. In the air are St. Peter and St. Paul with drawn swords coming to defend the Church. Although the history of Leo III. does not relate this, the artist no doubt wished it to be so, just as the poets often introduce some fresh matter to their work as an ornament, and yet do not depart from the main idea. The Apostles show a valour and celestial ardour that the divine judgment often puts into the faces of its servants to defend the most holy religion. Attila, mounted on a horse of the utmost beauty with a white star on his forehead, betrays great fear in his face as he takes to flight. There are other very fine horses, notably a dappled Spanish jennet, ridden by a man whose bare parts are covered with scales like a fish. He is copied from Trajan's Column, where the men are armed in this way, and it is supposed to be made of crocodile skin. Monte Mario is burning, showing that on the departure of soldiers their quarters are always left in flames. Raphael also drew some mace-bearers accompanying the Pope, who are very life-like, and the horses they ride, with the court of the cardinals and other bearers, holding the hackney, upon which the man in pontificals is mounted who is a portrait of Leo X., as fine as the others, and many courtiers. This is a truly charming thing, thus adapted to such a work, and most useful to our art, especially for those who delight in such things. At the same time Raphael did a panel for Naples which was placed in S. Domenico in the chapel containing the crucifix which spoke to St. Thomas Aquinas. It represents the Virgin, St. Jerome dressed as a cardinal, and the Angel Raphael accompanying Tobias.[29] He did a picture for Leonello da Carpi, lord of Meldola, who is still alive, though over ninety This was a marvel of colouring and of singular beauty, being executed with vigour and of such delicate loveliness that I do not think it can be improved upon. The face of the Madonna expresses divinity and her attitude modesty. With joined hands she adores her Child, who sits on her knees and is caressing a little St. John, who adores him, as do St. Elizabeth and Joseph. This picture belonged to the Cardinal di Carpi, son of Leonello, a distinguished patron of the arts, and it must now be in the possession of his heirs. When Lorenzo Pucci, cardinal of Sante Quattro, was appointed chief penancer, Raphael obtained a commission from him to do a picture for S. Giovanni in Monte at Bologna. It is now placed in the chapel containing the body of the Blessed Elena dall' Olio.[30] In this work we see the full power of the delicate grace of Raphael joined to art. St. Cecilia listens entranced to a choir of angels in heaven, absorbed by the music. Her face is abstracted like one in an ecstasy, on the ground musical instruments are scattered, which look real and not painted, as do her veil and vestments of cloth of gold and silk, with a marvellous haircloth beneath. St. Paul rests his right arm on a naked sword and his head on his hand, showing his knowledge and his fiery nature

turned to gravity. He is bare-footed and dressed like an apostle in a simple red mantle, with a green tunic beneath. St. Mary Magdalene lightly holds a vase of precious stone in her hand, and turns her head in joy at her conversion; these are of unsurpassable beauty, and so are the heads of St. Augustine and St. John the Evangelist. While we may term other works paintings, those of Raphael are living things; the flesh palpitates, the breath comes and goes, every organ lives, life pulsates everywhere, and so this picture added considerably to his reputation. Thus many verses were written in his honour in the vulgar and Latin tongues. I will quote the following only, not to make my story too long:

Pingant sola alii referanique coloribus ova
Cxciliae os Raphael aique aniinum explicuit.

After this Raphael did a small picture of little figures, also at Bologna, in the house of Count Vincenzio Ercolani, containing Christ, as Jove, in heaven, surrounded by the four Evangelists as described by Ezekiel, one like a man, one as a lion, one as an eagle and one as an ox, with a landscape beneath,[31] no less beautiful for its scale than the large works. To the counts of Canossa at Verona he sent a large picture of equal excellence of a Nativity, with a much-admired Dawn, and a St. Anne. Indeed, the whole work is fine, and to say that it is by Raphael is to bestow the highest praise, and it is greatly prized by the counts. Though offered great sums by many princes they have refused to part with it. For Bindo Altoviti Raphael did his portrait as a young man,[32] considered most wonderful. He also did a picture of the Virgin which he sent to Florence.[33] This is now in the palace of Duke Cosimo in the chapel of the new apartments built and painted by myself, where it serves as the altarpiece. It represents an aged St. Anne seated, offering the Christ-child to the Virgin, the baby being a beautiful nude figure with a lovely face that gladdens all beholders by its smile. Raphael in painting this Madonna shows with what beauty art can endow the aspect of a Virgin, with her modest eyes, her noble forehead, her graceful nose and her virtuous mouth, while her dress displays the utmost simplicity and virtue. Indeed, I do not think a better can be seen. There is a nude St. John, seated, and a very beautiful female saint. The background is a house with a window lighting the room in which the figures are. At Rome Raphael did a picture with the portraits of Pope Leo, Cardinal Giulio de' Medici and the Cardinal de' Rossi.[34] The figures seem to stand out in relief; the velvet shows its texture, the damask on the Pope is shining and lustrous, the fur lining soft and real, and the gold and silk look like the actual materials and not colours. There is an illuminated parchment book, of remarkable realism, and a bell of chased silver of indescribable beauty. Among other things is the burnished gold ball of the seat, reflecting, such is its clearness, the lights of the windows, the Pope's back, and the furniture of the room like a mirror, so wonderfully done that it would seem that no master can improve upon it. For this work the Pope largely rewarded him, and the picture is still in Florence in the duke's wardrobe. He also painted Duke Lorenzo and Duke Giuliano as finely as these, with equal grace in the colouring. These are in the possession of the heirs of Ottaviano de' Medici in Florence. Thus the glory and the rewards of Raphael increased together. To leave a memory of himself he built a palace in the Borgo Nuovo at Rome, decorated with stucco by Bramante.

By these and other works the fame of Raphael spread to France and Flanders. Albert Diirer, a remarkable German painter and author of some fine copper engravings, paid him the tribute of his homage and sent him his own portrait, painted in water-colours, on cambric, so fine that it was transparent, without the use of white paint, the white material forming the lights of the picture. This appeared marvellous to Raphael, who sent back many drawings of his own which were greatly valued by Albert. This head was among the things of Giulio Romano, Raphael's heir, in Mantua.

Having seen the engravings of Albert Diirer, Raphael was anxious to show what he could do in that art, and caused Marco Antonio of Bologna to study the method. He succeeded so well that he had his first things engraved: the Innocents, a Last Supper, a Neptune, the St. Cecilia[35] boiled in oil. Marco Antonio then did a number of prints which Raphael afterwards gave to Il Baviera, his boy, who had the charge of one of his mistresses whom Raphael loved until his death. He made a beautiful life-like portrait of her which is now in Florence in the possession of the most noble Botti, a Florentine merchant, the friend and intimate of all distinguished men, especially painters. He keeps it as a reminder of his love for art and especially of Raphael. His brother Simone Botti is not behind him in his love of art, and besides his reputation among artists as one of the best patrons of their profession, he is especially esteemed by me as the best friend I have ever had, while he possesses a good artistic judgment.

But to return to engravings. The favour of Raphael to Il Baviera quickened the hand of Marco da Ravenna so that copper engravings from being scarce became as plentiful as we now see them. Then Ugo da Carpi, a man whose head was full of ingenious ideas and fancies, discovered wood engraving, so that by three impressions he obtained the light and the shade of chiaroscuro sketches, a very beautiful and ingenious invention. Quantities of these prints may now be seen, as I shall relate more in detail, in the Life of Marco Antonio of Bologna. For the monastery of Palermo, called S. Maria della Spasmo, of the friars of Monte Oliveto, Raphael did Christ bearing the Cross, which is considered marvellous, seeing the cruelty of the executioners leading Him to death on Mount

Calvary with fierce rage.[36] The Christ in his grief and pain at the approach of death has fallen through the weight of the cross, and, bathed in sweat and blood, turns towards the Maries, who are weeping bitterly. Here Veronica is stretching out her hand and offering the handkerchief with an expression of deep love. The work is full of armed men on horse and foot, who issue from the gate of Jerusalem with the standards of justice in their hands, in varied and fine attitudes. When this picture was finished, but not set up in its place, it was nearly lost, because on its way by sea to Palermo a terrible storm overtook the ship, which was broken on a rock, and the men and merchandise all perished, except this picture, which was washed up at Genoa in its case. When it was fished out and landed it was found to be a divine work, and proved to be uninjured, for even the fury of the winds and waves respected such painting. When the news had spread, the monks hastened to claim it, and no sooner was it restored to them through the influence of the Pope than they handsomely rewarded those who had saved it. It was again sent by ship, and was set up in Palermo, where it is more famous than the mountain of Vulcan. While Raphael was at work on these things, which he had to do, since it was for great and distinguished persons, and he could not decline them in his own interest, he nevertheless continued his work in the Pope's chambers and halls, where he kept men constantly employed in carrying on the work from his designs, while he supervised the whole, giving assistance as he well knew how. It was not long before he uncovered the chamber of the Borgia tower. On every wall he painted a scene, two above the windows and two others on the sides. During a fire in the Borgo Vecchio at Rome, which could not be put out, St. Leo IV had gone to the loggia of the palace and extinguished it with a benediction. This scene[37] represents various perils. In one part we see women whose hair and clothes are blown about by the fury of the wind, as they carry water to extinguish the fire in vessels in their hands and on their heads. Others endeavouring to cast water are blinded by the smoke. On the other side is a sick old man, beside himself with infirmity and the conflagration, borne as Virgil describes Anchises to have been borne by Aeneas, the youth showing his spirit and putting out his strength to carry his burden. A lean, bare-footed old woman follows them, fleeing from the fire, with a naked child before them. From the top of some ruins is a naked, dishevelled woman, who throws her child to one who has escaped from the flames and stands on tip toe in the street, with arms stretched out to receive the little one in swaddling clothes. The desire of the woman to save the child and her own fear of the approaching fire are well depicted, while the one receiving the child is disturbed by fear for his own safety while anxious to save his charge. Equally remarkable is a mother, dishevelled and ragged, with some clothes in her hand, who beats her children to make them run faster from the fire. Some women kneeling before the Pope seem to be begging him to cause the fire to cease.

The other scene is also of St. Leo IV, where he has represented the port of Ostia, occupied by the Turks, who came to make him prisoner. We see the Christians fighting the fleet at sea, a number of prisoners already taken to the port, coming out of a boat led by soldiers by the beard, the attitudes being very fine. In their varying costumes they are led by galley-slaves before St. Leo, who is a portrait of Leo X., the Pope standing in his pontificals between Bernardo Divizio of Bibbiena, the Cardinal S. Maria in Portico, and Cardinal Giulio de' Medici, afterwards Pope Clement. I cannot relate at length the numerous fine devices employed by the artist in representing the prisoners, and how, without speech, he represents grief, fear and death. There are two other scenes, one[38] of Leo X. consecrating the Most Christian King Francis I of France, singing the Mass in his pontificals and blessing the anointing oil, with a number of cardinals and bishops in pontificals assisting, including the portraits of several ambassadors and others, some dressed in the French fashion of the time. The other scene is the coronation of the king, the Pope and Francis being portraits, the one in armour and the other in pontificals. All the cardinals, bishops, chamberlains, squires, grooms of the chamber, are in their robes, and seated according to rank, after the custom of the chapel, and are portraits, including Giannozzo Pandolfini, bishop of Troyes, a great friend of Raphael, and many other noted men of the time. Near the king is a boy kneeling and holding the royal crown. This is a portrait of Ippolito de' Medici, who afterwards became cardinal and vice-chancellor, and a great friend of the arts and other talents. To his memory I acknowledge my indebtedness, for it is to him that I owe my start on my career, such as it has been. I cannot enter into every minute detail concerning the production of this artist whose very silence is like speech. Beneath these scenes are figures of the defenders and benefactors of the Church each surrounded by a different border and everything carried out with spirit, expression and good ideas, with a harmony of colours that cannot be described. As the vaulting of this room was painted by Pietro Perugino, his master, Raphael would not efface it, from respect for the memory of him who had taught him the first elements of his art.

Such was the greatness of this man that he kept draughtsmen in all Italy, at Pozzuolo, and as far as Greece, to procure everything of value to assist his art. Continuing his series, he did a room with some figures on the ground-level of apostles and saints in tabernacles, and employed Giovanni da Udine, his pupil, unique in drawing animals, to do all the animals of Pope Leo: a chameleon, the civet cats, apes, parrots, lions, elephants, and other curious creatures. He further decorated the palace with grotesques and varied pavements, designing the papal staircases and other loggia begun by Bramante the architect, but left unfinished at his death. Raphael followed a new design of his own, and made a wooden model on a larger scale and more ornate than Bramante's. As Pope Leo wished to display his magnificence and generosity, Raphael prepared the designs for the stucco

ornaments and the scenes painted there, as well as of the borders. He appointed Giovanni da Udine head of the stucco and grotesque work, and Giuliano da Romano of the figures, though he did little work on them. Gio. Francesco,[39] also Il Bologna, Perino del Vaga, Pellegrino da Modana, Vincenzio da S. Gimignano, and Polidoro da Caravaggio, with many other painters, did scenes and figures and other things for that work, which Raphael finished with such perfection that he sent to Florence for a pavement by Luca della Robbia. Certainly no finer work can be conceived, with its paintings, stucco, disposition and inventions. It led to Raphael's appointment as superintendent of all works of painting and architecture done in the palace. It is said that his courtesy was so great that the builders, to allow him to accommodate his friends, did not make the walls solid, but left openings above the old rooms in the basement, where they might store casks, pipes and firewood. These openings enfeebled the base of the structure, so that it became necessary to fill them up owing to the cracks which began to show. For the gracefully finished inlaid work of the doors and wainscoting of these rooms Raphael employed Gian Barile, a clever woodcarver. He prepared architectural designs for the Pope's villa, and for several houses in the Borgo, notably the palace of M. Gio. Battista dall' Aquila, which was very beautiful. He did another for the bishop of Troyes in the via di S. Gallo in Florence. For the black monks of S. Sisto at Piacenza he did the high-altar picture representing the Madonna, with St. Sixtus and St. Barbara, a rare and unique work[40] He did many pictures for France, notably a St. Michael fighting the devil,[41] for the king, considered marvellous. He represented the centre of the earth by a half-burned rock, from the fissures of which issue flames of fire and sulphur. Lucifer, whose burned members are coloured several tints, exhibits his rage and his poisoned and inflated pride against Him who has cast him down, and his realisation of his doom of eternal punishment. Michael, on the other hand, is of celestial aspect, in armour of iron and gold, courageous and strong, having already overthrown Lucifer, at whom he aims his spear. In fine, this work deserved a rich reward from the king. He drew portraits of Beatrice of Ferrara and other ladies, including his own mistress.

Raphael was very amorous, and fond of women, and was always swift to serve them. Possibly his friends showed him too much complaisance in the matter. Thus, when Agostino Chigi, his close friend, employed him to paint the first loggia in his palace, Raphael neglected the work for one of his mistresses. Agostino, in despair, had the lady brought to his house to live in the part where Raphael was at work, contriving this with difficulty by the help of others. That is why the work was completed. Raphael did all the cartoons of this work, and coloured many figures in fresco with his own hand. In the vaulting he did the council of the gods in heaven, introducing forms and costumes borrowed from the antique, with refined grace and design. Thus he did the espousal of Psyche, with the ministers who serve Jove, and the Graces scattering flowers. In the lower part of the vaulting he did many scenes, including Mercury with the flute, who seems to be cleaving the sky in his flight. In another, Jove, with celestial dignity; is kissing Ganymede. Beneath is the chariot of Venus and Mercury, and the Graces taking Psyche to heaven, with many other poetical scenes. In the arched space between the corbels he did a number of cherubs, beautifully foreshortened, carrying the implements of the gods in their flight: the thunderbolts and arrows of Jove, the helmet, sword and target of Mars, the hammers of ulcan, the club and lion's skin of Hercules, the wand of Mercury, the pipe of Pan, the agricultural rakes of Vertumnus, all with animals appropriate to their nature, a truly beautiful painting and poem. As a border to these scenes he caused Giovanni da Udine to make flowers, leaves and fruits in festoons, which could not be better. He designed the architecture of the stables of the Ghigi, and Agostino's chapel in the church of S. Maria del Popolo, where, besides the painting, he designed a marvellous tomb, directing Lorenzetto, a sculptor of Florence, to make two figures, which are still in his house in the Macello de' Corbi at Rome; but the death of Raphael, followed by that of Agostino, led to the work being given to Sebastiano Viniziano.

Raphael had become so great that Leo X. ordained that he should begin the large upper hall, containing the Victories of Constantine, which he began. The Pope also desired to have rich tapestry hangings of gold and silk. For these Raphael made large coloured cartoons of the proper size, all with his own hand, which were sent to weavers in Flanders,[42] and, when finished, the tapestries came to Rome. The work is so marvellously executed that it excites the wonder of those who see it that such things as hair and beards and delicate flesh-colouring can be woven work. It is certainly a miracle rather than a production of human art, containing, as it does, water, animals, buildings, all so well done that they seem the work of the brush and not of the loom. It cost 70,000 crowns, and is still preserved in the papal chapel. For the Cardinal Colonna Raphael did a St. John[43] on canvas, greatly prized by its owner, who, falling sick, gave it to the physician who healed him, M. Jacopo da Carpi, feeling under a great obligation, and it is now in Florence in the hands of Francesco Benintendi. For Cardinal Giulio de' Medici, the vice-chancellor, he painted the Transfiguration, to be sent to France. He worked steadily at this with his own hands, bringing it to its final completion. It represents Christ transfigured on Mount Tabor with the eleven disciples at the foot, awaiting their Master. A boy possessed by a devil is brought so that Christ when he has come down from the mount may release him. The sufferings of this boy through the malignity of the spirit are apparent in his flesh, veins and pulse, as he thrusts himself forward in a contorted attitude, shouting and turning up his eyes, while his pallor renders the gesture unnatural and alarming. An old man is embracing and supporting him, his eyes shining, his brows raised, and his forehead knit, showing at once his resolution and fear. He steadily

regards the Apostles, as if to derive courage from them. A woman there, the principal figure of the picture, kneels in front of the Apostles, and is turning her head towards them, while she points out the misery of the boy possessed. The Apostles, standing, sitting and kneeling, show their great compassion for this great misfortune. Indeed, the figures and heads are of extraordinary beauty, and so new and varied that artists have commonly reputed this work the most renowned, the most beautiful and the most divine. Whoever wishes to imagine and realise the transfiguration of Christ should examine this work, where the Lord is in the shining air, with Moses and Elias illuminated by His splendour. Prostrate on the ground lie Peter, James and John in varied and beautiful attitudes. One has his head on the ground, one shades his eyes with his hands from the rays of light of the splendour of Christ, who, clothed in snow white, opens His arms and lifts His head, showing the Divine Essence of the three persons of the Trinity thus displayed in the perfection of Raphael's art. The artist seems to have gathered all his force to worthily present the face of Christ, which was the last thing he did, as death overtook him before he again took up the brush.

Having hitherto described the works of this great man, I will make some observations on his style for the benefit of our artists, before I come to the other particulars of his life and death. In his childhood Raphael imitated the style of Pietro Perugino, his master, improving it greatly in design, colouring and invention. But in riper years he perceived that this was too far from the truth. For he saw the works of Leonardo da Vinci, who had no equal for the fashion of the heads of women and children, and in rendering his figures graceful, while in movement he surpassed all other artists; these filled Raphael with wonder and amazement. As this style pleased him more than any he had ever seen, he set to work to study it, and gradually and painfully abandoning the manner of Pietro, he sought as far as possible to imitate Leonardo. But in spite of all his diligence and study he could never surpass Leonardo, and though some consider him superior in sweetness, and in a certain natural facility, yet he never excelled that wonderful groundwork of ideas, and that grandeur of art, in which few have equalled Leonardo. Raphael, however, approached him more closely than any other painter, especially in grace of colouring.

But to return to Raphael himself. The style which he learnt of Pietro when young became a great disadvantage to him. He had learned it readily because it was slight, dry and defective in design, but his not being able to throw it off rendered it very difficult for him to learn the beauty of nudes, and the method of difficult foreshortening of the cartoon of Michelangelo Buonarroti for the Hall of the Council at Florence. Another man would have lost heart at having wasted so much time, but not so Raphael, who purged himself of the style of Pietro, and used it as a stepping-stone to reach that of Michelangelo, full as it was of difficulties in every part. The master having thus become a pupil again, applied himself to do as a man in a few months the work of several years, at an age when one learns quickly. Indeed, he who does not learn good principles and the style which he means to follow at an early age, acquiring facility by experience, seeking to understand the parts and put them in practice, will hardly ever become perfect, and can only do so with great pains, and after long study. When Raphael began to change and improve his style, he had never studied the nude as it should be studied, but had only done portraits as he had seen his master Pietro do them, assisted by his own natural grace. Accordingly he studied the nude, comparing the muscles of dead men with those of the living, which do not seem so marked when covered with skin as they do when the skin is removed. He afterwards saw how the soft and fleshy parts are made, and graceful turnings and twists, the effects of swelling, lowering and raising a member or the whole body, the system of bones, nerves and veins, becoming excellent in all the parts as a great master should. But seeing that he could not in this respect attain to the perfection of Michelangelo, and being a man of good judgment, he reflected that painting does not consist of representing nude figures alone, but that it has a large field, and among the excellent painters there were many who could express their ideas with ease, felicity and good judgment, composing scenes not overcrowded or poor, and with few figures, but with good invention and order, and who deserved the name of skilled and judicious artists. It was possible, he reflected, to enrich his works with variety of perspective, buildings and landscapes, a light and delicate treatment of the draperies, sometimes causing the figure to be lost in the darkness, and sometimes coming into the clear light, making living and beautiful heads of women, children, youths and old men, endowing them with suitable movement and vigour. He also reflected upon the importance of the flight of horses in battle, the courage of the soldiers, the knowledge of all sorts of animals, and, above all, the method of drawing portraits of men to make them appear life-like and easily recognised, with a number of other things, such as draperies, shoes, helmets, armour, women's head-dresses, hair, beards, vases, trees, caves, rain, lightning, fine weather, night, moonlight, bright sun, and other necessities of present-day painting. Reflecting upon these things, Raphael determined that, if he could not equal Michelangelo in some respects, he would do so in the other particulars, and perhaps surpass him. Accordingly he did not imitate him, not wishing to lose time, but studied to make himself the best master in the particulars mentioned. If other artists had done this instead of studying and imitating Michelangelo only, though they could not attain to such perfection, they would not have striven in vain, attaining a very hard manner, full of difficulty, without beauty or colouring, and poor in invention, when by seeking to be universal, and imitating other parts, they might have benefited themselves and the world. Having made this resolution, and knowing that Fra Bartolommeo of S. Marco had a very good method of painting, solid design and pleasant colouring, although he sometimes used the shadows too

freely to obtain greater relief, Raphael borrowed from him what he thought would be of service, namely a medium style in design and colouring, combining it with particulars selected from the best things of other masters. He thus formed a single style out of many, which was always considered his own, and was, and will always be, most highly esteemed by artists. This is seen to perfection in the sibyls and prophets done in the Pace, as has been said, for which he derived so much assistance from having seen the work of Michelangelo in the Pope's chapel. If Raphael had stopped here, without seeking to aggrandise and vary his style, to show that he understood nudes as well as Michelangelo, he would not have partly obscured the good name he had earned, for his nudes in the chamber of the Borgia tower in the Burning of the Borgo Nuovo, though good, are not flawless. Equally unsatisfactory are those done by him on the vaulting of the palace of Agostino Ghigi in Trastevere, because they lack his characteristic grace and sweetness. This was caused in great measure by his having employed others to colour from his designs. Recognising this mistake, he did the Transfiguration of S. Pietro a Montorio by himself unaided, so that it combines all the requisites of a good painting. If he had not employed printers' lampblack, through some caprice, which darkens with time, as has been said, and spoils the other colours with which it is mixed, I think the work would now be as fresh as when he did it, whereas it has now become rather faded.

I have entered upon these questions at the end of this Life to show how great were the labours, studies and diligence of this famous artist, and chiefly for the benefit of other painters, so that they may rise superior to disadvantages as Raphael did by his prudence and skill. Let me also add that everyone should be contented with doing the things for which he has a natural bent, and ought not to endeavour out of emulation to do what does not come to him naturally, in order that he may not labour in vain, frequently with shame and loss. Besides this, he should rest contented and not endeavour to surpass those who have worked miracles in art through great natural ability and the especial favour of God. For a man without natural ability, try how he may, will never succeed like one who successfully progresses with the aid of Nature. Among the ancients Paolo Uccello is an example of this, for he steadily deteriorated through his efforts to do more than he was able. The same remark applies in our own day to Jacopo da Pontormo, and may be seen in many others, as I have related and shall relate again. Perhaps this is because when heaven has distributed favours it wishes men to rest content with their share.

Having spoken upon these questions of art, possibly at greater length than was necessary, I will now return to Raphael. A great friend of his, Bernardo Divizio, cardinal of Bibbiena, had for many years urged him to take a wife. Raphael had not definitely refused, but had temporised, saying he would wait for three or four years. At the end of this time, when he did not expect it, the cardinal reminded him of his promise. Feeling obliged to keep his word, Raphael accepted a niece of the cardinal[44] for wife. But being very ill-content with this arrangement, he kept putting things off, so that many months passed without the marriage taking place. This was not done without a purpose, because he had served the court so many years, and Leo was his debtor for a good sum, so that he had received an intimation that, on completing the room which he was doing, the Pope would give him the red hat for his labours and ability, as it was proposed to create a good number of cardinals, some of less merit than Raphael.

Meanwhile Raphael continued his secret pleasures beyond all measure. After an unusually wild debauch he returned home with a severe fever, and the doctors believed him to have caught a chill. As he did not confess the cause of his disorder, the doctors imprudently let blood, thus enfeebling him when he needed restoratives. Accordingly he made his will, first sending his mistress out of the house, like a Christian, leaving her the means to live honestly. He then divided his things among his pupils, Giulio Romano, of whom he was always very fond, Gio. Francesco of Florence, called "il Fattore," and some priest of Urbino, a relation. He ordained and left a provision that one of the antique tabernacles in S. Maria Rotonda should be restored with new stones, and an altar erected with a marble statue of the Madonna. This was chosen for his tomb after his death. He left all his possessions to Giulio and Gio. Francesco, making M. Baldasarre da Pescia, then the Pope's datary, his executor. Having confessed and shown penitence, he finished the course of his life on the day of his birth, Good Friday, aged thirty-seven. We may believe that his soul adorns heaven as his talent has embellished the earth. At the head of the dead man, in the room where he worked, they put the Transfiguration, which he had done for the Cardinal de' Medici. The sight of the dead and of this living work filled all who saw them with poignant sorrow. The picture was placed by the cardinal in S. Pietro a Montorio, at the high altar, and was always prized for its execution.[45] The body received honoured burial, as befitted so noble a spirit, for there was not an artist who did not grieve or who failed to accompany it to the tomb. His death caused great grief to the papal court, as he held office there as groom of the chamber, and afterwards the Pope became so fond of him that his death made him weep bitterly. O happy spirit, for all are proud to speak of thee and celebrate thy deeds, admiring every design! With the death of this admirable artist painting might well have died also, for when he closed his eyes she was left all but blind. We who remain can imitate the good and perfect examples left by him, and keep his memory green for his genius and the debt which we owe to him. It is, indeed, due to him that the arts, colouring and invention have all been brought to such perfection that further progress can hardly be expected, and it is unlikely that anyone will ever surpass him. Besides these services rendered to art, as a friend he was courteous alike to the upper, the middle and the lower classes. One of his numerous qualities fills me with amazement: that Heaven endowed him with the power

of showing a disposition quite contrary to that of most painters. For the artists who worked with Raphael, not only the poor ones, but those who aspired to be great-and there are many such in our profession-lived united and in harmony, all their evil humours disappearing when they saw him, and every vile and base thought deserting their mind. Such a thing was never seen at any other time, and it arose because they were conquered by his courtesy and tact, and still more by his good nature, so full of gentleness and love that even animals loved him, not to speak of men. It is said that he would leave his own work to oblige any painter who had known him, and even those who did not. He always kept a great number employed, assisting and teaching them with as much affection as if they had been his own sons. He never went to court without having fifty painters at his heels, all good and skilful, who accompanied him to do him honour. In short, he did not live like a painter, but as a prince. For this cause, O Art of Painting, thou mayest consider thyself fortunate in having possessed an artist who, by his genius and character, has raised thee above the heavens. Blessed indeed art thou to have seen thy disciples brought together by the instruction of such a man, uniting the arts and virtues, which in Raphael compelled the greatness of Julius II. and the generosity of Leo, men occupying the highest dignity, to treat him with familiarity, and practise every kind of liberality, so that by means of their favour, and the wealth they gave him, he was able to do great honour to himself and to his art. Happy also were those who served under him, because all who imitated him were on a safe road, and so those who imitate his labours in art will be rewarded by the world, as those who copy his virtuous life will be rewarded in heaven. Bembo wrote the following epitaph for Raphael:

D.O.M.
RAPHAELI SANCTO IOAN. F: VRBINATI
PICTORI EMINENTISS. VETERVMQ. AEMVLO.
CVIVS SPIRANTEIS PROPE IMAGINEIS
SI CONTEMPLERE
NATVRAE ATQVE ARTIS FOEDVS
FACIELE INSPEXERIS.
IVLII II. ET LEONIS X. PONT. MAX.
PICTVRAE ET ARCHITECT. OPERIBVS
GLORIAM AVXIT
VIXIT AN XXXVII. INTEGER INTEGROS
QVO DIE NATVS EST EO ESSE DESIIT
VII. ID APRIL MDXX.

The Count Baldassare Castiglione wrote of his death as follows:

Quod lacerum corpus medica sanaverit arte,
Hippolytum Stygiis et revocarit aquis,
Ad Stygias ipse est raptus Epidaurius undas;
Sic precium vitae mors fuit artifici.
Tu quoque dum toto laniatam corpore Romam
Componis miro, Raphael, ingenio,
Atque Urbis lacerum ferro, igni, annisque cadaver
Ad vitam, antiquum jam revocasque decus;
Movisti Superum invidiam, indignataque mors est,
Te dudum extinctis reddere posse animain;
Et quod Tonga dies paullatim aboleverat, hoc te
Mortali spreta lege parare iterum..
Sic miser heu ! prima cadis intercepte juventa,
Deberi et morti nostraque nosque mones.

NOTES
1. Perugino was in Perugia in 1490 and again in 1499.
2. Raphael's mother died in 1491 when he was only eight years old. His father remarried and himself died in 1494.
3. Painted 1502; now in the Vatican Gallery.
4. The Sposalizio of the Brera, Milan painted in 1504.
5. In 1502, but by the nephew of Pius IL, Francesco Piccolomini, who afterwards became Pope as Pius III.
6. In 1504.
7. The Madonna del Giardino in the Vienna Gallery is one, the other is possibly that of Bridgewater House.
8. Now in the Uffizi, known as the Madonna del Cardellino.
9. Captain from 1495 to 1498.

10. Painted 1506; now in the National Gallery.
11. In 1505.
12. Now in the Naples Museum.
13. Now in the Pitti Gallery.
14. Now at Munich.
15. Borghese Gallery, Rome; painted 1507.
16. The Madonna del Baldacchino, now in the Pitti Gallery.
17. Either La Belle Jardiniere of the Louvre or the Colonna Madonna of Berlin.
18. In 1508.
19. In the following description Vasari has confused in the most astonishing manner the "Disputà" and the "School of Athens."
20. Finished in 1511.
21. Now in the Uffizi Gallery.
22. In the Farnesina; painted in 1514.
23. Segismondo do' Conti. This picture, known as the Madonna di Foligno, is now in the Vatican Gallery.
24. In 1512.
25. Painted in 1514.
26. Painted in 1512.
27. Finished in 1514.
28. 13 February 1513.
29. Madonna del Pesce, now in the Prado, Madrid.
30. Now in the Bologna Academy; painted 1513.
31. Pitti Gallery.
32. Pinakothek, Munich, ascription doubtful.
33. Madonna dell' Impannatta, Pitti Gallery.
34. Pitti Gallery; painted in 1518.
35. It should be St. Felicita.
36. The "Spasimo di Sicilia," now at Madrid; Vasari is wrong about Veronica.
37. Begun in 1514.
38. Dated 1517, the scene represents the coronation of Charlemagne.
39. Giovanni Francesco Penni.
40. The Sistine Madonna, now at Dresden.
41. Now in the Louvre; dated, 1518.
42. The cartoons were done in 1515 or 1516. They were bought by Charles 1. in 1630 and are now in the Victoria and Albert Museum.
43. Uffizi Gallery.
44. Maria Bibblena; but she seems to have died before the artist.
45. Now in the Vatican Gallery.

Appointment of Raphael as Inspector of Antiquities in Rome

1518

On August 1, 1514, Raphael was appointed chief architect of Saint Peter's. The papal brief which made the appointment specified that Bramante had named his successor to the office before dying. Raphael certainly considered this his most onerous duty. The other letter of nomination which we translate here is intended to facilitate Raphael's work on Saint Peter's by providing stone from the Roman ruins. Using ancient materials for building was current practice through the 16th century (Sixtus V had the Septizonium, one of Rome's most famous ancient ruins, destroyed for this purpose). Yet, the terms of Raphael's appointment showed an advance over previous practice in that it made an effort to avoid outrageous destructions. In this context one will notice the humanist attitude which gave precedence to inscriptions rather than reliefs.

TO RAPHAEL OF URBINO[1]

It is of the utmost importance for the work on the Roman temple of the Prince of the Apostles [St. Peter's], that the stones and marble, of which a great quantity are needed, be easily obtained in the neighborhood rather than imported from afar. And since we know that the Roman ruins provide them abundantly, and that all sorts of stones are found by almost anybody who starts to build in or around Rome, or digs up the ground for some other reason, we create you, because we have entrusted you with the direction of the work, inspector in chief of all the marble and all the stone which will be excavated from now on within Rome or within ten miles around it, so that you can purchase them if they are modest, and low origin and rank, that they should first of all inform you, in your position as head superviser, of all the marble and stones of all kinds discovered in the above-mentioned precincts. Whoever will not have complied within three days will be punishable by a 100 to 300 gold ducats fine, as you should decide. Since we have been informed that masons unheedingly cut and use ancient pieces of marble and stone that bear inscriptions or other remains which often contain things memorable, and which deserve to be preserved for the progress of classical studies and the elegance of the Latin tongue, but that get lost in this fashion, we order all stone quarries of Rome not to break or saw stones bearing inscriptions without your order and permission, liable to the same fine if they disobey our orders.

1. Rome, August 27, in the 3rd year of our Pontificate [1518].

Art Humanities Primary Source Reading 14

Baldesar Castiglione

Baldesar Castiglione (1478-1529) was an Italian writer and humanist who worked and was educated at the courts of the Dukes of Milan and Urbino. It was within this context that he met such artists as Leonardo da Vinci and Raphael, with whom he was to forge a lasting friendship. Castiglione's interest in art and antiquities eventually led to his employment in acquiring works of art for Isabella d'Este and Federico II Gonzaga, and producing reports on ancient Roman archaeological sites. In 1528, he published *The Book of the Courtier,* which outlined the proper type of behavior and education for an aristocrat through a series of fictional dialogues between various historical figures and members of the court of Elisabetta Gonzaga, Duchess of Urbino. Although at the time drawing and painting were not considered appropriate activities for the nobility, Castiglione devoted Book I of his text, from which these passages are drawn, to recommending that courtiers should learn both skills, so as to appreciate ancient and modern art, and to be able to record the images of landmarks and the proper proportions of living creatures. He also had his characters engage in a debate over the relative merits of sculpture versus painting, a popular discussion in Renaissance Italy, referred to as the *paragone.* Raphael painted portraits of his friend Castiglione on two occasions: once in 1514-1515, depicting him with the clothing and demeanor of a courtier, and once in the guise of the Persian prophet, Zoroaster, in the *School of Athens.* (Introduction by Christine Sciacca)

EXCERPTS FROM **THE BOOK OF THE COURTIER, 1528**

26. "Therefore he who wishes to be a good pupil, besides performing his tasks well, must put forth every effort to resemble his master, and, if it were possible, to transform himself into his master. And when he feels that he has made some progress, it will be very profitable to observe different men of the same calling, and governing himself with that good judgment which must ever be his guide, to go about selecting now this thing from one and that thing from another. And as the bee in the green meadows is ever wont to rob the flowers among the grass, so our Courtier must steal this grace from all who seem to possess it, taking from each that part which shall most be worthy praise; and not act like a friend of ours whom you all know, who thought he greatly resembled King Ferdinand the Younger of Aragon, and made it his care to imitate the latter in nothing but a certain trick of continually raising the head and twisting one side of the mouth, which the king had contracted from some infirmity. And there are many such, who think they gain a point if only they be like a great man in some thing; and frequently they devote themselves to that which is his only fault.

"But having before now often considered whence this grace springs, laying aside those men who have it by nature, I find one universal rule concerning it, which seems to me worth more in this matter than any other in all things human that are done or said: and that is to avoid affectation to the uttermost and as it were a very sharp and dangerous rock; and, to use possibly a new word, to practise in everything a certain nonchalance that shall conceal design and show that what is done and said is done without effort and almost without thought. From this I believe grace is in large measure derived, because everyone knows the difficulty of those things that are rare and well done, and therefore facility in them excites the highest admiration; while on the other hand, to strive and as the saying is to drag by the hair, is extremely ungraceful, and makes us esteem everything slightly, however great it be.

"Accordingly we may affirm that to be true art which does not appear to be art; nor to anything must we give greater care than to conceal art, for if it is discovered, it quite destroys our credit and brings us into small esteem. And I remember having once read that there were several very excellent orators of antiquity, who among their other devices strove to make everyone believe that they had no knowledge of letters; and hiding their knowledge they pretended that their orations were composed very simply and as if springing rather from nature and truth than from study and art; the which, if it had been detected, would have made men wary of being duped by it.

"Thus you see how the exhibition of art and study so intense destroys the grace in everything. Which of you is there who does not laugh when our friend messer Pierpaolo dances in his peculiar way, with those capers of his, legs stiff to the toe and head motionless, as if he were a stick, and with such intentness that he actually seems to be counting the steps? What eye so blind as not to see in this the ungracefulness of affectation,-and in many men and women who are here present, the grace of that nonchalant ease (for in the case of bodily movements many call it thus), showing by word or laugh or gesture that they have no care and are thinking more of everything else than of that, to make the onlooker think they can hardly go amiss?"

27. Messer Bernardo Bibbiena here said, without waiting:

"Now at last our friend messer Roberto has found someone to praise the manner of his dancing, as all the

rest of you seem to value it lightly; because if this merit consists in nonchalance, and in appearing to take no heed and to be thinking more of everything else than of what you are doing, messer Roberto in dancing has no peer on earth; for to show plainly that he is not thinking about it, he often lets the cloak drop from his shoulders and the slippers from his feet, and still goes on dancing without picking up either the one or the other."

Then the Count replied:

"Since you insist on my talking, I will speak further of our faults. Do you not perceive that what you call nonchalance in messer Roberto, is really affectation? For it is clearly seen that he is striving with all his might to seem to be taking no thought, and this is taking too much thought; and since it passes the true limits of moderation, his nonchalance is affected and unbecoming; and it is a thing that works precisely the reverse of the effect intended, that is the concealment of art. Thus in nonchalance (which is praiseworthy in itself), I do not think that it is less a vice of affectation to let the clothes fall from one's back, than in care of dress (which also is praiseworthy in itself) to hold the head stiff for fear of disarranging one's locks, or to carry a mirrour in the peak of one's cap and a comb in one's sleeve, and to have a valet follow one about the streets with sponge and brush: for such care in dress and such nonchalance both touch upon excess, which is always offensive and contrary to that pure and charming simplicity which is so pleasing to the human mind.

"You see how ungraceful a rider is who strives to sit bolt upright in the saddle after the manner we are wont to call Venetian, as compared with another who seems not to be thinking about it, and sits his horse as free and steady as if he were afoot. How much more pleasing and how much more praised is a gentleman who carries arms, if he be modest, speak little and boast little, than another who is forever sounding his own praises, and with blasphemy and bluster seems to be hurling defiance at the world! This too is naught but affectation of wishing to appear bold. And so it is with every exercise, nay with everything that can be done or said in the world."

28. Then my lord Magnifico said:

"This is true also with music, wherein it is a very great fault to place two perfect consonances one after the other, so that our very sense of hearing abhors it and often enjoys a second or seventh, which in itself is a harsh and intolerable discord. And the reason is that repetition of perfect consonances begets satiety and exhibits a too affected harmony; which is avoided by introducing imperfect consonances, and thus a kind of contrast is given, whereby our ears are held more in suspense, and more eagerly await and enjoy the perfect consonances, and sometimes delight in that discord of the second or seventh, as in something unpremeditated."

"You see then," replied the Count, "the harmful effect of affectation in this as in other things. It is said also to have been proverbial among some very excellent painters of antiquity, that over diligence is harmful, and Protogenes is said to have been censured by Apelles because he did not know when to take his hand from the tablet."

Then messer Cesare said:

"Methinks our friend fra Serafino has this same fault, of not knowing when to take his hands from the table, at least until all the food has been taken from it too."

The Count laughed, and continued:

"Apelles meant that in his painting Protogenes did not know when he had finished, which was the same thing as reproving him for being affected in his work. Thus this excellence, which is the opposite of affectation and which for the present we call nonchalance, besides being the true fountain from which grace springs, carries with it another ornament, which, in accompanying any human action whatever and however trifling it be, not only at once reveals the knowledge of him who performs it, but often leads us to rate his knowledge as much greater than in fact often it is; because it impresses upon the minds of the bystanders the idea that he who does well so easily, knows much more than he does, and that if he were to use care and effort in what he did, he could do it far better.

"And to multiply like examples, here is a man who handles weapons, either about to throw a dart or holding a sword in his hand or other weapon; if he nimbly and without thinking puts himself in an attitude of readiness, with such ease that his body and all his members seem to fall into that posture naturally and quite without effort, although he do no more, he will prove himself to everyone to be perfect in that exercise. Likewise in dancing, a single step, a single movement of the person that is graceful and not forced, soon shows the knowledge of the dancer. A musician who in singing utters a single note ending with sweet tone in a little group of four notes with such ease as to seem spontaneous, shows by that single touch that he can do much more than he is doing. Often too in painting, a single line not laboured, a single brush-stroke easily drawn, so that it seems as if the hand moves unbidden to its aim according to the painter's wish, without being guided by care or any skill, clearly reveals the excellence of the craftsman, which every man appreciates according to his capacity for judging. And the same is true of nearly everything else.

"Our Courtier then will be esteemed excellent and will attain grace in everything, particularly in speaking, if he avoids affectation; into which fault many fall, and often more than others, some of us Lombards; who, if they have been a year away from home, on their return at once begin to speak Roman, sometimes Spanish or French, and God knows how. And all this comes from over zeal to appear widely informed; in such fashion do men devote

care and assiduity to acquiring a very odious fault. And truly it would be no light task for me, if I were to try in these discussions of ours to use those antique Tuscan words that are quite rejected by the usage of the Tuscans of to-day; and besides I think everyone would laugh at me."

49. Then the Count said: . . . ,

"Before we enter upon that subject, I wish to discuss another matter, which I deem of great importance and therefore think our Courtier ought by no means to omit: and this is to know how to draw and to have acquaintance with the very art of painting.

"And do not marvel that I desire this art, which to-day may seem to savour of the artisan and little to befit a gentleman; for I remember having read that the ancients, especially throughout Greece, had their boys of gentle birth study painting in school as an honourable and necessary thing, and it was admitted to the first rank of liberal arts; while by public edict they forbade that it be taught to slaves. Among the Romans too, it was held in highest honour, and the very noble family of the Fabii took their name from it; for the first Fabius was given the name Pictor, because, being indeed a most excellent painter, and so devoted to painting that when he painted the walls of the temple of Health, he inscribed his own name thereon;" for although he was born of a family thus renowned and honoured with so many consular titles, triumphs and other dignities, and although he was a man of letters and learned in the law, and numbered among the orators, yet he thought to add splendour and ornament to his fame by leaving a memorial that he had been a painter. Nor is there lack of many other men of illustrious family, celebrated in this art; which besides being very noble and worthy in itself, is of great utility, and especially in war for drawing places, sites, rivers, bridges, rocks, fortresses, and the like; since however well we may keep them in memory (which is very difficult), we cannot show them to others.

"And truly he who does not esteem this art, seems to me very unreasonable; for this universal fabric that we see, with the vast heaven so richly adorned with shining stars, and in the midst the earth girdled by the seas, varied with mountains, valleys and rivers, and bedecked with so many divers trees, beautiful flowers and grasses,-may be said to be a great and noble picture, composed by the hand of nature and of God; and whoever is able to imitate it, seems to me deserving of great praise: nor can it be imitated without knowledge of many things, as he knows well who tries. Hence the ancients greatly prized both the art and the artist, which thus attained the summit of highest excellence; very sure proof of which may be found in the antique marble and bronze statues that yet are seen. And although painting is different from sculpture, both the one and the other spring from the same source, which is good design. Therefore, as the statues are divine, so we may believe the pictures were also; the more indeed because they are susceptible of greater skill."

50. – Then my lady Emilia turned to Giancristoforo Romano, who was sitting with the others there, and said:

"What think you of this opinion? Do you admit that painting is susceptible of greater skill than sculpture?"

Giancristoforo replied:

"I, my Lady, think that sculpture needs more pains, more skill, and is of greater dignity than painting."

The Count rejoined:

"In that statues are more enduring, perhaps we might say they are of greater dignity; for being made as memorials, they fulfil better than painting the purpose for which they are made. But besides serving as memorials, both painting and sculpture serve also to beautify, and in this respect painting is much superior; for if less diuturnal (so to speak) than sculpture, yet it is of very long life, and is far more charming so long as it endures."

Then Giancristoforo replied:

I really think that you are speaking against your convictions and that you are doing so solely for the sake of your friend Raphael; and perhaps too the excellence you find in his painting seems to you so consummate that sculpture cannot rival it: but consider that this is praise of an artist and not of his art."

Then he continued:

"It seems clear to me that both the one and the other are artificial imitations of,nature; but I do not see how you can say that truth, such as nature makes it, is not better imitated in a marble or bronze statue, wherein the members are round, formed and measured, as nature makes them,-than in a painting, where we see nothing but the surface and those colours that cheat the eyes; nor will you tell me, surely, that being is not nearer truth than seeming. Moreover I think sculpture is more difficult, because if a slip is made, it cannot be corrected (since marble cannot be patched again), but another statue must be made anew; which does not happen with painting, for one may change a thousand times, and add and take away, improving always."

51. – The Count said, laughing:

"I am not speaking for Raphael's sake; nor ought you to repute me so ignorant as not to know the excellence of Michelangelo in sculpture, your own, and others.' But I am speaking of the art, and not of the artists.

"You say very truly that both the one and the other are imitations of nature; but it is not true that painting

seems, and sculpture is. For while statues are round as in life and painting is seen only on the surface, statues lack many things that paintings do not lack, and especially light and shade. Thus flesh has one tone and marble another; and this the painter imitates to the life by chiaroscuro, greater or less according to the need, which the sculptor cannot do. And although the painter does not make his figure round, he presents the muscles and members rounded in such fashion as so to join the parts which are not seen, that we can discern very well that the painter knows and understands these also. And in this, another and greater skill is needed to represent those members that are foreshortened and grow smaller in proportion to the distance by reason of perspective; which, by means of measured lines, colours, lights and shades, shows you foreground and distance all on the single surface of an upright wall, in such proportion as he chooses. Do you really think it of small moment to imitate the natural colours, in representing flesh or stuffs or any other coloured thing? The sculptor certainly cannot do this, or express the grace of black eyes or blue, with the splendour of their amourous beams. He cannot show the colour of fair hair, or the gleam of weapons, or a dark night, or a storm at sea, or its lightnings and thunderbolts, or the burning, of a city, or the birth of rosy dawn with its rays of gold and purple. In short, he cannot show sky, sea, earth, mountains, woods, meadows, gardens, rivers, cities, or houses, all of which the painter shows.

52. – “Therefore painting seems to me nobler and more susceptible of skill, than sculpture. And I think that it, like other things, reached the summit of excellence among the ancients: which still is seen in the few slight remains that are left, especially in the grottoes of Rome; but much more clearly may it be perceived in the ancient authors, wherein is such honoured and frequent mention both of works and of masters, and whereby we learn how highly they were always honoured by great lords and by commonwealths.

"Thus we read that Alexander loved Apelles of Ephesus dearly,-so dearly, that having caused the artist to paint a portrait of his favourite slave undraped, and hearing that the worthy painter had become most ardently enamoured of her by reason of her marvellous beauty, he gave her to Apelles without hesitation:-munificence truly worthy of Alexander, to sacrifice not only treasure and states but his very affections and desires; and sign of exceeding love for Apelles, in order to please the artist, not to hesitate at displeasing the woman he dearly loved, who (we may believe) was sorely grieved to change so great a king for a painter. Many other signs also are told of Alexander's favour to Apelles; but he very clearly showed how highly he esteemed the painter, in commanding by public edict that none other should presume to paint his portrait.

"Here I could tell you of the rivalries of many noble painters, which filled nearly the whole world with praise and wonderment. I could tell you with what solemnity ancient emperors adorned their triumphs with pictures, and set them up in public places, and how dearly bought them; and that there were some painters who gave their works as gifts, esteeming gold and silver inadequate to pay for them; and how a painting by Protogenes was prized so highly, that when Demetrius laid siege to Rhodes and could have gained an entrance by setting fire to the quarter where he knew the painting was, he refrained from giving battle so that it might not be burned, and thus did not capture the place; and that Metrodorus, a philosopher and very excellent painter, was sent by the Athenians to Lucius Paulus to teach his children and to adorn the triumph that he was about to receive. Moreover many noble authors have written about this art, which is a great sign of the esteem in which it was held; but I do not wish to enlarge further upon it in this discussion.

"So let it be enough to say that it is fitting for our Courtier to have knowledge of painting also, as being honourable and useful and highly prized in those times when men were of far greater worth than now they are. And if he should never derive from it other use or pleasure than the help it affords in judging the merit of statues ancient and modern, of vases, buildings, medals, cameos, intaglios, and the like, it also enables him to appreciate the beauty of living bodies, not only as to delicacy of face but as to symmetry of all the other parts, both in men and in every other creature. Thus you see how a knowledge of painting is a source of very great pleasure. And let those think of this, who so delight in contemplating a woman's beauty that they seem to be in paradise, and yet cannot paint; which if they could do, they would have much greater pleasure, because they would more perfectly appreciate that beauty which engenders such satisfaction in their hearts."

53. – Here messer Cesare Gonzaga laughed, and said:

"Certainly I am no painter; yet I am sure I have greater pleasure in looking upon a woman than that admirable Apelles, whom you just mentioned, would have if he were now come back to life."

The Count replied:

"This pleasure of yours is not derived wholly from her beauty, but from the affection that perhaps you bear her; and if you will say the truth, the first time you saw that woman you did not feel a thousandth part of the pleasure that you did afterwards, although her beauty was the same. Thus you may see how much more affection had to do with your pleasure, than beauty had."

"I do not deny this," said messer Cesare; "but just as my pleasure is born of affection so is affection born of beauty. Thus it may still be said that beauty is the cause of my pleasure."

The Count replied:

"Many other causes also inflame our minds, besides beauty: such as manners, knowledge, speech, gesture, and a thousand other things which in a way perhaps might also be called beauties; but above all, the consciousness of being loved. So it is possible to love very ardently even without that beauty you speak of; but the love that springs from the outward bodily beauty which we see, will doubtless give far greater pleasure to him who appreciates it more than to him who appreciates it less. Therefore, to return to our subject, I think that Apelles enjoyed the contemplation of Campaspe's beauty far more than Alexander did: for we may easily believe that both men's love sprang only from her beauty; and perhaps it was partly on this account that Alexander resolved to give her to him who seemed fitted to appreciate her most perfectly.

"Have you not read that those five maidens of Crotona, whom the painter Zeuxis chose above the others of that city for the purpose of forming from them all a single type of surpassing beauty, were celebrated by many poets as having been adjudged beautiful by one who must have been a consummate judge of beauty?

Excerpts from *The Courtier* by Baldassare Castiglione, Leonard Eckstein Opdycke, trans. published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 1903.

ART HUMANITIES: PRIMARY SOURCE READER

Section 4: Michelangelo

Art Humanities Primary Source Reading 15

Michelangelo, Selected Poems

The passages that follow attest to Michelangelo as a personification of what we now call a "Renaissance Man." Though he is best known for his sculpture, painting, and architecture, Michelangelo was also a prolific poet, composing over three hundred pieces during his lifetime, sometimes even jotting down lines of verse in the margins of his drawings. Though an edition of 105 of his poems was abortively prepared between 1542 and 1546, the first printed version of his written work appeared in 1623 in a volume edited by his grandnephew Michelangelo the Younger. The latter Michelangelo drew from the edition prepared earlier, as well as family manuscripts, while altering the nature of the poems by completing some,and changing the language and content of others to conform with Counter-Reformation ideas about faith and love. This was the only available version of the artist's poetry until 1863, and, therefore, it shaped scholarly understanding of Michelangelo through the first part of the 19th century. The artist dealt with such broad themes as love and death, and, as in the selections here, the nature of artistic creativity. At the same time, the following poems provide us with a type of written self-portrait, which may be read alongside the images he created of himself in the guise of St. Bartholomew in the Last Judgment, and the figure of Nicodemus in the Florence Pietà. As the following examples suggest, Michelangelo's insights on himself were frequently in strong contrast to Vasari's effusively laudatory commentary on the artist's life and works.
(Introduction by Christine Sciacca)

Poem 46, ca. 1528 **a**

If my crude hammer shapes the hard stones
into one human appearance or another,
deriving its motion from the master who guides it, **3**
watches and holds it, it moves at another's pace.
But that divine one, which lodges and dwells in heaven, **5**
beautifies self and others by its own action;
and if no hammer can be made without a hammer,
by that living one every other one is made.
And since a blow becomes more powerful **9**
the higher it's raised up over the forge, **10**
that one's flown up to heaven above my own. **11**
So now my own will fail to be completed **12**
unless the divine smithy, to help make it,
gives it that aid which was unique on earth.

a. Sonnet, ca. 1528. The theme of losing someone who has served as the artist's earthly inspiration ("flown up to heaven") may refer to the death of M's brother Buonarroto (see no. 45), whose son Leonardo may be the person addressed in an accompanying prose passage, which continues the theme of the poem:
"Lionardo. He was alone on earth in exalting virtues with his great virtue; he had no one who would work the bellows. Now in heaven he will have many companions, since there is no one there but those who loved the virtues; so I hope that, from up there, he will complete my [hammer?] down here. At least in heaven he will have someone to work the bellows, for down here he had no companion at the forge where virtues are exalted."
The metaphor of poem and postscript derives from Dante, *Paradiso* 2:127-32: "The motion and virtue of the holy spheres/should be inspired by the blessed movers/as is the hammer's art by the smith," an image dating back to Plato's *Cratylus*.
3. *the master*: the hand of the divine sculptor, God.
5. *divine one:* heavenly hammer.
9-11. The force (person) that inspired my work has risen to heaven in death.
12. *my own* hammer, which needs forming and guidance by another, will necessarily fail.

Poem 62, ca. 1532 a

Only with fire can the smith shape iron
from his conception into fine, dear work;
neither, without fire, can any artist
refine and bring gold to its highest state,
nor can the unique phoenix be revived
unless first burned. And so, if I die burning,
I hope to rise again brighter among those
whom death augments and time no longer hurts.
I'm fortunate that the fire of which I speak
still finds a place within me, to renew me,
since already I'm almost numbered among the dead;
or, since by its nature it ascends to heaven,
to its own element, if I should be transformed
into fire, how could it not bear me up with it?

a. Sonnet, ca. 1532, probably for Tommaso de' Cavalieri. Among the earliest of the poems that M prepared for publication in 1546.
2. *conception*: the italian term *concetto* is central to the language of artistic theory and practice, referring to the original creative *idea* whose abstract (platonic) perfection must be realized in the artist's physical material; see no. 151.
11. *I'm almost numbered among the dead*: M used the same phrase in a letter to Benedetto Varchi in 1547 (C. MLXXXII; R. 280); cf. no. 263.
12-13. Dante speaks of the "instinct" that "bears fire upwards towards the moon," *Paradiso* 1:14-15; so too does Ficino, *Sopra lo amore*, oration 3, chap. 4.

Poem 151, ca. 1538-44 a

Not even the best of artists has any conception
that a single marble block does not contain
within its excess, and *that* is only attained
by the hand that obeys the intellect.
The pain I flee from and the joy I hope for
are similarly hidden in you, lovely lady,
lofty and divine; but, to my mortal harm,
my art gives results the reverse of what I wish.
Love, therefore, cannot be blamed for my pain,
nor can your beauty, your hardness, or your scorn,
nor fortune, nor my destiny, nor chance,
if you hold both death and mercy in your heart
at the same time, and my lowly wits, though burning,
cannot draw from it anything but death.

a. Sonnet, ca. 1538-44, among M's best known and most important for his revelations of Neoplatonic artistic theory. It was highly praised by Varchi, who made it the principal text of his first *Lezzione* on M's poetry and artistic ideas, delivered to the Florentine Academy in March 1547; M in turn thanked Varchi warmly for speaking so highly of this and other poems (C. MCXLIII; R. 343). Vasari later printed part of the poem in his Life of M (VM 7:274; VB p. 422). The "lady" is undoubtedly Vittoria Colonna, although neither Varchi nor Vasari mentions her by name in this connection.
1-4. These lines express M's sculptural theory of subtraction, by which the artist physically removes excess outer mass in order to reveal the preexisting form-idea already present within; the term *concetto*, "conception," is complex and of central importance in Neoplatonic and Cinquecento art theory (see Introduction and Summers, 203-33). Several poems expound on the basic theme that this conception, or mental inspiration, precedes and guides the physical labor of carving: cf. nos. 38, 62,144,152, 236, 241, 275. Similarly, M wrote that "one paints with the head and not with the hands" (C. MI; R. 227), and expressed the same ideas to Francisco de Hollanda.
3. *that*: that conception.
8. That is, I lack the necessary degree of skill to bring out of you the joy I desire and instead can only find unhappiness.
13. *ingegno* (here "wits") is another term with subtle ramifications in contemporary art theory, combining both "skill" and "mind"

(see Summers); cf. nos. 44, 84,149,159, 284.

Poem 152, ca. 1538-44 a

Just as by taking away, lady, one puts
into hard and alpine stone
a figure that's alive
and that grows larger wherever the stone decreases,
so too are any good deeds
of the soul that still trembles
concealed by the excess mass of its own flesh,
which forms a husk that's coarse and crude and hard.
You alone can still take them out
from within my outer shell,
for I haven't the will or strength within myself.

a. Madrigal, ca. 1538-114, for Vittoria Colonna. The sculpture metaphor is similar to no. 151, but the roles are reversed: there the sculptor chisels her; here he hopes she will cut through his physical limitations to reveal his inner goodness; cf. no 46. In a well-known letter to Benedetto Varchi, M defined the art of sculpture as "that which is made by the action of taking away [levare]" (C. MLXXXII; R. 280).
2-3. Cf. nos. 239, 241.
6. *trembles*: fears for its future salvation, the motive for performing good deeds.

Poem 164, ca. 1541-44 a

As a trustworthy model for my vocation,
at birth I was given the ideal of beauty,
which is the lamp and mirror of both my arts.
If any think otherwise, that opinion's wrong:
for this alone can raise the eye to that height
which I am preparing here to paint and sculpt.
Even though rash and foolish minds derive
beauty (which moves every sound mind
and carries it to heaven) from the senses,
unsound eyes can't move from the mortal to the divine,
and in fact are fixed forever in that place
from which to rise without grace is a vain thought.

a. Two *sestine* for Vittoria Colonna, ca. 154114, probably from the same period as no. 165, expounding the Neoplatonic theory of anagogy, through which one is led upward from earthly to divine beauty. For the quasi-astrological notion of receiving certain sensibilities at birth, cf. nos. 97,104, 119, 173.
3. *both my arts*: painting and sculpture.
5. that height: to that lofty conception of beauty and grace that constitutes the ideal forms of Platonic thought.
10. *unsound eyes*: eyes trapped and misled by the merely physical aspect of beauty; *infermi* (sick) contrasts with *sano* (healthy, sound) in line 9.

Poem 239, 1538-46 a

How can it be, Lady, as one can see
from long experience, that the live image
sculpted in hard alpine stone lasts longer
than its maker, whom the years return to ashes?
The cause bows down and yields to the effect,
from which it's clear that nature's defeated by art;
and I know, for I prove it true in beautiful sculpture,

that time and death can't keep their threat to the work.
Therefore, I can give both of us long life
in any medium, whether colors or stone,
by depicting each of these faces of ours;
so that a thousand years after our departure **12**
may be seen how lovely you were, and how wretched I, **13**
and how, in loving you, I was no fool. **14**

a. Sonnet in several versions, ca. 1538-46, for Vittoria Colonna; one of M's best-known poems, expressing his belief in the power of art to triumph over time (see no. 236; cf. nos. 97, 277). The poem parallels a remark by Colonna reported in Francisco de Hollanda's First Dialogue: "To one who dies it [painting] gives many years of life" (H p. 246). M's imagining of himself and Colonna as a potentially immortal couple is poignant in light of the fact that her own comment was in part a reference to her deceased husband.
3. Cf. similar expressions in nos. 152:2-3 and 241.
5. *cause. . . effect*: the sculptor is outlived by his creation.
6. The power of art to overcome nature's process of decay and death is a classic topos of art theory, dating back to Pliny.
12-14. M's sentiment here is in marked contrast to his deliberate departure from the actual features of the two dukes he sculpted for the Medici Chapel in the 1520s; in 1544, Niccolò Martelli recalled the sculptor defending the idealized lack of verisimilitude of the two figures by "saying that a thousand years from now no one would be able to know that they looked otherwise" (see de Tolnay, *Medici Chapel*, 68).

Poem 241, 1542-44 **a**

After many years of seeking and many attempts, **1**
the wise artist only attains a living image **2**
faithful to his fine conception, **3**
in hard and alpine stone, when he's near death; **4**
for at novel and lofty things **5**
one arrives late, and then lasts but a short time.
Likewise, if nature, straying **7**
from one face to another, and from age to age,
has reached the peak of beauty in yours, which
is divine, then she is old, and must soon perish.
And consequently terror,
closely linked to beauty,
feeds my great desire with a strange food;
and I can't decide or say,
having seen your face, which is greater, the hurt or the joy:
the end of the universe, or my great pleasure.

a. Madrigal, ca. 1542-44, comparing Nature's creation of Vittoria Colonna with the artist'; achievement of perfect beauty, both of which, he fears, must signal impending death; cf no. 240. In a postscript to Luigi del Riccio, M wrote: "Since you want some scribbles, can't send you anything but the ones I have. It's your bad luck, but your Michelangelc sends you his greetings.
1-4. M felt keenly the disparity between his ideal mental *concetti* and his often imperfect realizations of them in physical form (on *concetto*, see no. 151). It was partly for this reason that he destroyed many works or left them unfinished, as noted by Condivi (CW p. 107; and Vasari (VM 7:243; VB p. 404). Cf. A35.
4. *hard and alpine stone*: cf. nos. 152, 239.
5. Cf. no. 178, "new and lofty beauty."
7. *straying*: the Italian *errando* can mean both "wandering" and "erring" (i.e., experimenting unsuccessfully).

Poem 242, 1540-44 **a**

Since it's true that, in hard stone, one will at times **1**
make the image of someone else look like himself, **2**
I often make her dreary
and ashen, just as I'm made by this woman;
and I seem to keep taking myself
as a model, whenever I think of depicting her.

I could well say that the stone **7**
in which I model her
resembles her in its harsh hardness; but
in any case I could not,
while she scorns and destroys me,
sculpt anything but my own tormented features.
So, since art preserves the memory
of beauty through the years, if she wants to last, **14**
she will make me glad, so that I'll make her beautiful. **15**

a. Madrigal, ca. 1540-44, to which M added a brief postscript "For sculptors"-indicating that he is writing about a tendency to self-identification with one's work that will be understood by others in his profession (see no. 236). Savonarola preached that "every painter paints himself" in his Lenten sermons of 1497, no. 26 (*Prediche sopra Ezechiel*, Venice, 1517, f. 71v). M himself later said the same, with an uncomplimentary twist, regarding a fine depiction of an ox by an otherwise mediocre artist: "Every painter paints himself well [*ritrae se medesimo bene*]" (VM 7:280; VB 427 [alternate translation]).
1-2. In no. 173, M expresses the same thought in terms of the art of painting.
1. Dante also compared his hard lady to hard stone (*e.g.*, DR nos. 102, 103).
7. *I could well say*: in defense of my tendency to depict her unflatteringly.
14-15. Cf. no. 240.

Contract for the Pietà

1498

The link between earthly and divine beauty is made explicit in the contract for Michelangelo's *Pieta*. The subject of Mary holding the dead Christ, one of the Seven Sorrows of the Virgin, had long been popular in the North, though the motif had yet to find its way into the realm of Italian Renaissance sculpture. Michelangelo was given the commission by a French cardinal who wanted a sculpture to place at his tomb in St. Peter's in Rome. The cardinal died before the life-size sculpture was completed, but the *Pieta* is still in St. Peter's today, albeit reinstalled and heavily protected behind bullet-proof glass.

AUGUST 7, 1498.

Be it known and manifest to all who shall read this present writing that the Most Reverend Cardinal di San Dionisio has agreed that Maestro Michelangelo, statuary of Florence, that the said Maestro shall at his own proper costs make a Pietà of marble; that is to say, a draped figure of the Virgin Mary with the dead Christ in her arms, the figures being life-size, for the sum of four hundred and fifty gold ducats in papal gold *(in oro papali),* to be finished within the term of one year from the beginning of the work. And the Most Reverend Cardinal promises to pay the money in the manner following: that is to say, *imprimis*, he promises to pay the sum of one hundred and fifty gold ducats in papal gold before ever the work shall be begun, and thereafter while the work is in progress he promises to pay to the aforesaid Michelangelo one hundred ducats of the same value every four months, in such wise that the whole of the said sum of four hundred and fifty gold ducats in papal gold shall be paid within a twelvemonth, provided that the work shall be finished within that period: and if it shall be finished before the stipulated term his Most Reverend Lordship shall be called upon to pay the whole sum outstanding.

And I, Iacopo Gallo,* do promise the Most Reverend Monsignore, that the said Michelangelo will complete the said work, within one year, and that it shall be more beautiful than any work in marble to be seen in Rome today, and such that no master of our own time shall be able to produce a better. And I do promise the aforesaid Michelangelo, on the other hand, that the Most Reverend Cardinal will observe the conditions of payment as herein set forth in writing. And in token of good faith I, Iacopo Gallo, have drawn up the present agreement with my own hand the year, month and day aforesaid. Furthermore, be it understood that all previous agreements between the parties drawn up by my hand, or rather, by the hand of the aforesaid Michelangelo, are by this present declared null and void, and only this present agreement shall have effect.

The said Most Reverend Cardinal gave to me, Iacopo Gallo, one hundred gold ducats of the chamber in gold *(ducati d'oro in oro di Camera)* some time ago, and on the aforesaid day as above set forth I received from him a further sum of fifty gold ducats in papal gold.

Ita est IOANNES, CARDINALIS S. DYONISII
Idem Iacobus Gallus, *manu proprio*

*Jacopo Galli, a wealthy Roman banker and collector of antiques, bought Michelangelo's Bacchus.

Contract for Michelangelo's David

1501

It is easy to forget that until the modern era great works of art were not made for museums. In the Renaissance, artists worked on commission. The scope and subject of a project were largely pre-determined by the patron, and it was up to the artist to realize his patron's vision. The contracts for Michelangelo's monumental sculptures offer a glimpse of the priorities and concerns of these patrons.

For the entire course of the fifteenth century the citizens of Florence had hoped to adorn the exterior of their cathedral with a series of monumental marble statues representing Biblical prophets. For almost a hundred years, a tremendous block of marble known as "the Giant" lay in the cathedral stone yard, barely roughed out from the original block that had been quarried and allocated for the first prophet. At the turn of the new century, Piero Soderini, a leading figure in the new Republican government of Florence, undertook to transform the unrealized block of marble into a monument of potent civic significance. When word of this grand project reached Michelangelo in Rome, he returned to his native city, eager not only for such a lucrative commission, but also for the challenge of wresting a heroic figure from the colossal block of stone.

AUGUST 16, 1501

Spectabiles . . . viri, the Consuls of the Arte della Lana and the Lords Overseers [of the Cathedral][1] being met Overseers, have chosen as sculptor to the said Cathedral the worthy master, Michelangelo, the son of Lodovico Buonarrotti, a citizen of Florence, to the end that he may make, finish and bring to perfection the male figure known as the Giant, nine *braccia* in height, already blocked out in marble by Maestro Agostino[2] *grande*, of Florence, and badly blocked; and now stored in the workshops of the Cathedral.

The work shall be completed within the period and term of two years next ensuing, beginning from the first day of September next ensuing, with a salary and payment together in joint assembly within the hall of the said of six broad florins of gold in gold for every month. And for all other works that shall be required about the said building (*edificium*) the said Overseers bind themselves to supply and provide both men and scaffolding from their office and all else that may be necessary. When the said work and the said male figure of marble shall be finished, then the Consuls and Overseers who shall at that time be in authority shall judge whether it merits a higher reward, being guided therein by the dictates of their own consciences.

1. [The Operai, or committee in charge of a building.]
2. Agostino di Duccio.

The Installation of Michelangelo's David

1503

Leonardo da Vinci, the painter Botticelli, the local goldsmiths, and even the pipe players of the Florentine Republic were all part of a spirited debate surrounding the placement of Michelangelo's *David*. These minutes come from a meeting convened by the Florentine democratic regime, which was anxious to conciliate public opinion in all fields, including those of art and architecture.

Originally, the statue of David was to be placed high atop a buttress of the Florence Cathedral, but after this meeting, a new and more prominent site was selected near the front door of the Palazzo Vecchio, the town hall of Florence. This change of context – from religious to civic – added new meaning to the statue, transforming the image of a Biblical boy hero and king into an emblem of the Florentine Republic.

Over the course of four days, the statue, thirteen and a half feet tall, was moved on tree-trunk rollers from Michelangelo's workshop, through the narrow streets of Florence, and up to the town hall. The *David* was unveiled on 8 September 1504. There is no record that anyone asked the artist's opinion as to its placement, though his approval may be inferred.

The reunion experts called by the Opera[1] to decide the future location of Michelangelo's David is one of the many consultations, typical of the Florentine democratic regime, which was anxious to conciliate public opinion in all fields, those of art and architecture in particular. One will notice, however, that while most members of the committee voted for the Loggia de' Lanzi, the statue was installed in a much more honorific place: in front of the Old Palace in the place of Donatello's Judith, a solution that only the Herald of the Signoria had dared to propose, but which must, as Tolnay suggests, have had Michelangelo's support.

The description of the installation of the David is taken out of Luca Landucci's journal, one of the most interesting documents on Florentine life at the time; it is very rich in information about art, although written by a simple dealer in spices and drugs (1450-1519). The act of vandalism mentioned by Landucci may have been prompted by political considerations because Donatello's Judith, which was to be dethroned, was particularly dear to the radical republicans of the old school.

On the minutes of the reunion of experts and on all the other documents concerning the installation of the David, see Tolnay, The Youth of Michelangelo (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1947), pp. 96-98 and 151-153.

DELIBERATION ON THE LOCATION OF MICHELANGELO'S DAVID[2]

January 25, 1503

Considering that the statue of David is almost finished, and wishing to install it and find for it a convenient and suitable location, and a suitable time for the installation; (the place having to be sound and consolidated in agreement both with the instructions of Michelangelo, the artist who made the aforesaid giant, and of the consuls of the *Arte della lana*;[3] and wishing to have some advice as to the above mentioned matter etc., the consuls decided to call together, to decide on this, the masters, men and architects whose names are written down in Italian, and to write down their opinion word for word:

Andrea della Robbia
Giovanni Cornuola
Vante, *miniature painter*
the Herald of the Palace
Giovanni, fifer-player
Francesco d'Andrea Granacci
Biagio, *painter*
Piero di Cosimo, *painter*
Guasparre, *goldsmith*
Lorenzo della Golpaia
Salvestro, *jeweller*
Michelangelo [Viviani], *goldsmith*
Cosimo Rosselli
Chimenti del Tasso
Sandro di Botticelli, *painter*
Giovanni, called Giuliano and
Antonio da Sto. Gallo
Andrea da Monte a Santo Sovino,

Ludovico, *goldsmith and bronze-caster*
Riccio, *goldsmith*
Gallieno, *embroiderer*
Davit, *painter*
Simone del Pollainolo
Philippo di Philippo, *painter*
painter (in the margin: is in Genova)
Lionardo da Vinci
Pietro Perugino in the via Pinti, *painter*
Lorenzo di Credi, *painter*
Bernardo della Ciecha, *woodcarver*[4]

All those mentioned above came to the office of the Opera del Duomo, and as they were asked and summoned by two members of the Opera, to give and lay down their opinion etc. and to indicate the place where the statue should be installed. And from the beginning we shall take down word for word just what they said as it came out of their mouth in Italian.

Messer Francesco The Herald of the Palace: I have turned over in my mind those suggestions which my judgment could afford me. You have two places where the statue may be set up: the first, where the Judith stands; the second, in the middle of the courtyard where the David is.[5] The first might be selected because the Judith is an omen of evil, and no fit object where it stands, as we have the cross and lily for our emblems; besides, it is not proper that the woman should kill the male; and, above all, this statue was erected under an evil star, as you have gone continually from bad to worse since then. Even Pisa has been lost. The David of the courtyard is an imperfect statue because the leg thrust backwards is poor; and so I should advise you to put the Giant in one of these places, but I give preference myself to that of the Judith.[6]

Francesco Monciatto, carpenter:[7] I answer and say: I believe everything made is made for a certain purpose; and I believe so because it [the statue] was made to be placed above the pilasters or buttresses around the church:[8] why one should not want to put it there, I do not know; and it seems to me that it would have stood there as a fine ornament for the church and for the consuls, and the place has been changed. My advice is that since you changed the first project, it would be very well either in the Palace or around the church. Since I have not quite made up my mind, I shall yield to what others say, because by lack of time I have not given enough thought to what place would be most suitable.

Cosimo Rosselli: Both Messer Francesco [the herald] and Francesco [the carpenter] were right that it would be fine around the Palace. I also thought of placing it on the steps of the church to the right, with a pedestal on the corner of those steps, with a high base and ornament, and that's where it should go in my opinion.

Sandro Botticello: Cosimo has said exactly where I feel [it should go] to be seen by the passers-by with a Judith on the other corner; the *loggia dei Signori* is also possible, but on the corner of the church is better. I believe it would stand there best and it would be the best place .... [9]

Giuliano da Sangallo: I was much inclined to chose the corner of the church, like Cosimo, which is seen by the passers-by; but since it is exposed to the public, in view of the imperfection of the marble which is soft and spoiled by having remained in the open,[10] I do not think it would last. For that reason I decided that it would be well placed in the central bay of the *loggia dei Signori*, either in the middle of the vault so that one could walk around it, or further inside near the wall in the middle, with a black niche behind it like a little chapel. Because if it is put in the open it will soon be destroyed, and it has to be covered.

The Second Herald (nephew of Messer Francesco, the first speaker): I can see what they all mean, and everyone is right in a different way. And looking for a place, because of frost and cold I concluded that it must be sheltered, and that its place is in the foresaid loggia and in the bay near the Palace; there it would be sheltered and honored by the proximity of the Palace; but if it were placed in the central bay, it would interfere with the ceremonies performed there by the Singnoria and other magistrates, and before Your Honors decide where it belongs, you should check with Signori, because some of them are very clever.

Andrea called Il Riccio, goldsmith (*This was added after everyone had spoken*): I agree with what Messer Francesco the herald said, that there it would be well sheltered, and it would be better appreciated and its conservation would be better taken care of, and it would be better if it were sheltered; passers-by would go and see it, and a thing like this would not have to go and meet the passers-by; it is for us and the passers-by to go and see it and not for the statue to come and see us.

Lorenzo della Golpaia: I agree with the Herald, Riccio, and Giuliano da S. Gallo.

Biagio, painter: I think that this is wisely spoken, and I am of the opinion that it would stand best where Giuliano has said, if set far back so as not to hamper the ceremonies of state which take place in the Loggia. Or, if not there, then on the stairs.

Bernardo di Marcho: I agree with Giuliano da S. Gallo; I think he is right, and I subscribe to the arguments Giuliano has brought up.

Leonardo di Ser Pietra da Vinci: I agree it should be in the Loggia, where Giuliano has said, on the parapet where they hang the tapestries on the side of the wall; with appropriate ornament and in a way that does not interfere with the ceremonies of state.

Salvestro: We have considered and discussed all the places where such a work can be displayed, and I

believe that he who has made it should give it the best location. As for myself I think it would be best next to the palace. Nevertheless, as I said, the man who made it would know better than anyone else the place fit for the appearance and the conception of the statue.

Philippo di Philippo: You have all spoken very well and I believe the artist has considered the location better and at greater length, and let us hear his opinion, and I approve of all that has been said, for it has been said wisely.

Gallieno, embroiderer: As I see it, and in view of the quality of the statue, I believe it would be well where the lion sits on the square,[11] with a base as ornament. This place is suitable for such a statue and the lion could be put at the side of the gate of the palace on the corner of the parapet.

Davit, painter: It seems to me Gallieno has pointed out as worthy a place as any, and this is the suitable and convenient location, and put the lion where he said, or in another place, wherever it would be decided best.

Antonio, carpenter of S. Gallo: If the marble were not fragile, the place of the lion would be fine. But I don't think it would last there very long. Therefore, since the marble is fragile, I would install it in the Loggia, and if it is not quite on the street, the passers-by will put up with going to see it there.

Michelangelo, goldsmith: These wise men have well spoken, and best of all Giuliano da S. Gallo; it seems to me that the location in the loggia is fine, and if this is not approved, then the middle of the Council Hall.

Giovanni, fifer-player: Since I see your opinion, I would agree with Giuliano if it could be seen complete, but it can not be seen complete; one must think of the purpose of the work, the climate, the opening [of the loggia], of the wall, and of the roof; it would be necessary to walk around it, and on the other hand some wretch might hurt it with a bar. I think it would be well in the courtyard of the palace, as Messer Francesco the herald proposed, and this would be very agreeable to the creator, since such a place is worthy of such a sculpture.

Giovanni Cornuola: I was inclined to put it where the lion is, but I had not thought that marble was fragile and would be necessarily damaged by water and cold; therefore I think it would be well in the loggia as Giuliano da S. Gallo has said.

Guasparre di Simone: I had thought of putting it on the Piazza di S. Giovanni, but I think the loggia is a more suitable location, since it is fragile.

Piero di Cosimo, painter: I agree with Giuliano da S. Gallo, and even more that the man who made it should give his agreement, because he knows best how it should be located.

NOTES

1. The *Opera del Duomo* was the name given to the board of directors of the Cathedral works, as well as to the workshops and other establishments attached to these constructions.
2. Published by Gaye, *Carteggio inedito d'artisti del sec. XIV, XV, XVI* (Florence, 1839-40),11, 4.54-463.
3. *L'Arte della lana* was one of Florence's great corporations, and the consuls were its elected leaders.
4. Some of the characters on this list are difficult to identify, others are well known. The following seem to ask for some explanations:
   - Giovanni Comuola or delle Corniuole, engraver on hard stones, c. 1470-1516; we know a head of Savonarola carved by him in carnelian.
   - Vante the miniaturist is Attavante, 1482-1517, who worked for Lorenzo de Medici and was a friend of Leonardo.
   - Giovanni the fifer-player is B. Cellini's father: see the latter's *Vita*, 1, 5.
   - Francesco Granacci,1477-1543, is the well-known painter, a friend of Michelangelo's youth.
   - Davit the painter must be Ghirlandaio.
   - Simone del Pollaiuolo: this is the real name of the architect Cronaca.
   - Fillipo di Fillipo is Filippino Lippi.
   - Lorenzo della Golpaia built a famous astronomic clock described by Politian.
   - Michelangelo the goldsmith is, according to Gaye, Michelangelo Viviani, father of Bandinelli.
   - There were two Chimenti del Tasso, the uncle, 1430-1516, and the nephew, d. 1525. Both were wood sculptors and makers of intarsia.
   - Bernardo della Cecca, called Bernardo di Marcho below, is Bernardo di Marco Renzi, pupil of the cabinet maker and wood sculptor Fr. d'Angelo, called la Cecca.
   - It is hard to understand why Andrea Sansovino is called a painter.
5. Donatelló s bronze *David*, formerly owned by the Medici, was set up by the Republic in the courtyard of the Old Palace.
6. This is the opinion which prevailed. Donatello's *Judith* was stationed in front of the Old Palace, and was considered a symbol of Florentine freedom and of the Republic (this is what the Herald protests against when he says "as we have the cross and the lily for emblems").
7. Francesco Monciatto was, together with Cronaca, the architect of the Council Hall, 1495-1497.
8. The buttresses of the Cathedral's tribune were supposed to be crowned by statues; the marble allotted to Michelangelo,

which two or three sculptors successively had started and worked on, was originally planned for that place.
9. There follows the word *dalorini*, the meaning of which is dubious; perhaps for *dall'orini.*
10. The unfinished block had remained for forty years in the storehouse of the *Opera del Duomo.*
11. This figure, now lost, was in approximately the same spot in front of the Palace that is occupied today by a replica of Donatello's *Marzocco.*

Giorgio Vasari, "Life of Michelangelo Buonarrotti"

Vasari reserved the highest praise for Michelangelo, whose work he felt represented the culmination of all the artistic advances made by previous artists. The author introduces the artist by enumerating the redeeming features of his painting, architecture, and sculpture, all of which comprise the formal elements of artistic creation in general. If that were not enough, he states that there was not an artistic or professional pursuit at which Michelangelo did not excel. It is arguably Vasari, then, through his panegyric on Michelangelo, who formulated the idea of the artist as genius. As in his biography of Raphael, Vasari provides the reader with a long list of Michelangelo's works, highlighting what he saw as their superior qualities, and describing the circumstances behind their creation. The author's lengthy treatment of the Vatican *Pietà* and the *David* are two such passages. Vasari knew Michelangelo personally, and he frequently takes the opportunity to mention this direct connection in his text. As one of the few artists Vasari discussed who was alive when the first edition of the *Lives* was published in 1550, Michelangelo was somewhat unsatisfied with the author's account of his life. In 1553 he commissioned his follower Ascanio Condivi to write his biography, for which the artist directly provided the content. Vasari incorporated some portions of Condivi's text into his second edition of the *Lives,* without, however, acknowledging his source. (Introduction by Christine Sciacca)

EXCERPT FROM **LIVES OF THE ARTISTS, 2ND. ED., 1568**

While the most noble and industrious spirits were striving, by the light of the famous Giotto and of his followers, to give to the world a proof of the ability that the benign influence of the stars and the proportionate admixture of humours had given to their intellects, and while, desirous to imitate with the excellence of their art the grandeur of Nature in order to approach as near as possible to that supreme knowledge that many call understanding, they were universally toiling, although in vain, the most benign Ruler of Heaven in His clemency turned His eyes to the earth, and, having perceived the infinite vanity of all those labours, the ardent studies without any fruit, and the presumptuous self-sufficiency of men, which is even further removed from truth than is darkness from light, and desiring to deliver us from such great errors, became minded to send down to earth a spirit with universal ability in every art and every profession, who might be able, working by himself alone, to show what manner of thing is the perfection of the art of design in executing the lines, contours, shadows, and high lights, so as to give relief to works of painting, and what it is to work with correct judgment in sculpture, and how in architecture it is possible to render habitations secure and commodious, healthy and cheerful, well-proportioned, and rich with varied ornaments. He was pleased, in addition, to endow him with the true moral philosophy and with the ornament of sweet poesy, to the end that the world might choose him and admire him as its highest exemplar in the life, works, saintliness of character, and every action of human creatures, and that he might be acclaimed by us as a being rather divine than human. And since He saw that in the practice of these rare exercises and arts-namely, in painting, in sculpture, and in architecture-the Tuscan intellects have always been exalted and raised high above all others, from their being diligent in the labours and studies of every faculty beyond no matter what other people of Italy, He chose to give him Florence, as worthy beyond all other cities, for his country, in order to bring all the talents to their highest perfection in her, as was her due, in the person of one of her citizens.

There was born a son, then, in the Casentino, in the year 1474, under a fateful and happy star, from an excellent and noble mother, to Lodovico di Leonardo Buonarroti Simoni, a descendant, so it is said, of the most noble and most ancient family of the Counts of Canossa. To that Lodovico, I say, who was in that year Podestà of the township of Chiusi and Caprese, near the Sasso della Vernia, where S. Francis received the Stigmata, in the Diocese of Arezzo, a son was born on the 6th of March, a Sunday, about the eighth hour of the night, to which son he gave the name Michelangelo', because, inspired by some influence from above, and giving it no more thought, he wished to suggest that he was something celestial and divine beyond the use of mortals, as was afterwards seen from the figures of his horoscope, he having had Mercury and Venus in the second house of Jupiter, with happy augury, which showed that from the art of his brain and of his hand there would be seen to issue forth works marvellous and stupendous. Having finished his office as Podestà, Lodovico returned to Florence and settled in the village of Settignano, at a distance of three miles from the city, where he had a farm that had belonged to his forefathers; which place abounds with stone and is all full of quarries of grey-stone, which is constantly being worked by stone-cutters and sculptors, who for the most part are born in the place. Michelangelo was put out to nurse by Lodovico in that village with the wife of a stone-cutter: wherefore the same Michelangelo, discoursing once with Vasari, said to him jestingly, "Giorgio, if I have anything of the good in my brain, it has come from my being born in the pure air of your country of Arezzo, ever as I also sucked in with my nurse's milk the chisels and hammer with which I make my figures." In time Lodovico's family increased, and, being in poor circumstances, with slender revenues, he set about apprenticing his sons to the Guilds of Silk and

Wool. Michelangelo, who by that time was well grown, was placed to be schooled in grammar with Maestro Francesco da Urbino; but, since his genius drew him to delight in design, all the time that he could snatch he would spend in drawing in secret, being scolded for this by his father and his other elders, and at times beaten, they perchance considering that to give attention to that art, which was not known by them, was a mean thing and not worthy of their ancient house.

At this time Michelangelo had formed a friendship with Francesco Granacci, who, likewise a lad, had placed himself with Domenico Ghirlandajo in order to learn the art of painting; wherefore Granacci, loving Michelangelo, and perceiving that he was much inclined to design, supplied him daily with drawings by Ghirlandajo, who at that time was reputed to be one of the best masters that there were not only in Florence, but throughout all Italy. Whereupon, the desire to work at art growing greater every day in Michelangelo, Lodovico, perceiving that he could not divert the boy from giving his attention to design, and that there was no help for it, and wishing to derive some advantage from it and to enable him to learn that art, resolved on the advice of friends to apprentice him with Domenico Ghirlandajo. Michelangelo, when he was placed with Domenico Ghirlandajo, was fourteen years of age. Now he who wrote his life after the year 1550, when I wrote these Lives the first time, has said that some persons, through not having associated with him, have related things that never happened, and have left out many that are worthy to be recorded, and has touched on this circumstance in particular, taxing Domenico with jealousy and saying that he never offered any assistance to Michelangelo; which is clearly false, as may be seen from an entry by the hand of Lodovico, the father of Michelangelo, written in one of Domenico's books, which book is now in the possession of his heirs. That entry runs thus: "1488, I record, this first day of April, that I, Lodovico di Leonardo di Buonarrota, placed Michelangelo my son with Domenico and David di Tommaso di Currado for the three years next to come, on these terms and conditions, that the said Michelangelo shall remain with the above-named persons for the said period of time, in order to learn to paint and to exercise that vocation; that the said persons shall have command over him; and that the same Domenico and David shall be bound to give him in those three years twenty-four florins of full weight, the first year six florins, the second year eight florins, and the third ten florins; in all, the sum of ninety-six lire." And next, below this, is another record, or rather, entry, also written in the hand of Lodovico: "The aforesaid Michelangelo has received of that sum, this sixteenth day of April, two gold florins in gold. I, Lodovico di Leonardo, his father, have received twelve lire and twelve sold, as cash due to him." These entries I have copied from the book itself, in order to prove that all that was written at that time, as well as all that is about to be written, is the truth; nor do I know that anyone has been more associated with him than I have been, or has been a more faithful friend and servant to him, as can be proved even to one who knows not the facts, neither do I believe that there is anyone who can show a greater number of letters written by his own hand, or any written with greater affection than he has expressed to me. I have made this digression for the sake of truth, and it must suffice for all the rest of his Life. Let us now return to our story.

When the ability as well as the person of Michelangelo had grown in such a manner, that Domenico, seeing him execute some works beyond the scope of a boy, was astonished, since it seemed to him that he not only surpassed the other disciples, of whom he had a great number, but very often equalled the things done by himself as master, it happened that one of the young men who were learning under Domenico copied with the pen some draped figures of women from works by Ghirlandajo; whereupon Michelangelo took that drawing and with a thicker pen outlined one of those women with new lineaments, in the manner that it should have been in order to be perfect. And it is a marvellous thing to see the difference between the two manners, and the judgment and excellence of a mere lad who was so spirited and bold, that he had the courage to correct the work of his master. That sheet is now in my possession, treasured as a relic; and I received it from Granacci to put in my book of drawings together with others by the same hand, which I received from Michelangelo. In the year 1550, when Giorgio was in Rome, he showed it to Michelangelo, who recognized it and was pleased to see it again, saying modestly that he knew more of the art when he was a boy than he did at that time, when he was an old man.

This affair did not happen without some censure attaching to Cardinal San Giorgio, in that he did not recognize the value of the work, which consisted in its perfection; for modern works, if only they be excellent, are as good as the ancient. What greater vanity is there than that of those who concern themselves more with the name than the fact? But of that kind of men, who pay more attention to the appearance than to the reality, there are some to be found at any time.

Now this event brought so much reputation to Michelangelo, that he was straightway summoned to Rome and engaged by Cardinal San Giorgio, with whom he stayed nearly a year, although, as one little conversant with our arts, he did not commission Michelangelo to do anything. At that time a barber of the Cardinal, who had been a painter, and could paint with great diligence in distemper-colours, but knew nothing of design, formed a friendship with Michelangelo, who made for him a cartoon of S. Francis receiving the Stigmata. That cartoon was painted very carefully in colours by the barber on a little panel; and the picture is now to be seen in S. Pietro a Montorio in the first chapel on the left hand as one enters the church. The talent of Michelangelo was then clearly

recognized by a Roman gentleman named Messer Jacopo Galli, an ingenious person, who caused him to make a Cupid of marble as large as life, and then a figure of a Bacchus ten palms high, who has a cup in the right hand, and in the left hand the skin of a tiger, with a bunch of grapes at which a little satyr is trying to nibble. In that figure it may be seen that he sought to achieve a certain fusion in the members that is marvellous, and in particular that he gave it both the youthful slenderness of the male and the fullness and roundness of the female-a thing so admirable, that he proved himself excellent in statuary beyond any other modern that had worked up to that time. On which account, during his stay in Rome, he made so much proficience in the studies of art, that it was a thing incredible to see his exalted thoughts and the difficulties of the manner exercised by him with such supreme facility; to the amazement not only of those who were not accustomed to see such things, but also of those familiar with good work, for the reason that all the works executed up to that time appeared as nothing in comparison with his. These things awakened in Cardinal di San Dionigi, called Cardinal de Rohan, a Frenchman, a desire to leave in a city so famous some worthy memorial of himself by the hand of so rare a craftsman; and he caused him to make a Pieta of marble in the round, which, when finished, was placed in the Chapel of the Vergine Maria della Febbre in S. Pietro, where the Temple of Mars used to be. To this work let no sculptor, however rare a craftsman, ever think to be able to approach in design or in grace, or ever to be able with all the pains in the world to attain to such delicacy and smoothness or to perforate the marble with such art as Michelangelo did therein, for in it may be seen all the power and worth of art. Among the lovely things to be seen in the work, to say nothing of the divinely beautiful draperies, is the body of Christ; nor let anyone think to see greater beauty of members or more mastery of art in any body, or a nude with more detail in the muscles, veins, and nerves over the framework of the bones, nor yet a corpse more similar than this to a real corpse. Here is perfect sweetness in the expression of the head, harmony in the joints and attachments of the arms, legs, and trunk, and the pulses and veins so wrought, that in truth Wonder herself must marvel that the hand of a craftsman should have been able to execute so divinely and so perfectly, in so short a time, a work so admirable; and it is certainly a miracle that a stone without any shape at the beginning should ever have been reduced to such perfection as Nature is scarcely able to create in the flesh. Such were Michelangelo's love and zeal together in this work, that he left his name-a thing that he never did again in any other work-written across a girdle that encircles the bosom of Our Lady. And the reason was that one day Michelangelo, entering the place where it was set up, found there a great number of strangers from Lombardy, who were praising it highly, and one of them asked one of the others, who had done it, and he answered, "Our Gobbo from Milan." Michelangelo stood silent, but thought it something strange that his labours should be attributed to another; and one night he shut himself in there, and, having brought a little light and his chisels, carved his name upon it. And truly the work is such, that an exalted spirit has said, as to a real and living figure –

Bellezza ed Onestate
E Doglia a Pietà in vivo marmo morte,
Deh, come voi pur fate,
Non piangete sí forte,
Che anzi tempo risvegllsi da morte;
E pur mal grado suo
Nostro Signore, a tuo
Sposo, Figliuolo, a Padre,
Unica Sposa sua, Figliuola, a Madre.

From this work he acquired very great fame, and although certain persons, rather fools than otherwise, say that he has made Our Lady too young, are these so ignorant as not to know that unspotted virgins maintain and preserve their freshness of countenance a long time without any mark, and that persons afflicted as Christ was do the contrary? That circumstance, therefore, won an even greater increase of glory and fame for his genius than all his previous works.

Letters were written to him from Florence by some of his friends, saying that he should return, because it was not unlikely that he might obtain the spoiled block of marble lying in the Office of Works, which Piero Soderini, who at that time had been made Gonfalonier of the city for life, had very often talked of having executed by Leonardo da Vinci, and was then arranging to give to Maestro Andrea Contucci of Monte Sansovino, an excellent sculptor, who was seeking to obtain it. Now, however difficult it might be to carve a complete figure out of it without adding pieces (for which work of finishing it without adding pieces none of the others, save Buonarroti alone, had courage enough), Michelangelo had felt a desire for it for many years back; and, having come to Florence, he sought to obtain it. This block of marble was nine braccia high, and from it, unluckily, one Maestro Simone da Fiesole had begun a giant, and he had managed to work so ill, that he had hacked a hole between the legs, and it was altogether misshapen and reduced to ruin, insomuch that the Wardens of Works of S. Maria del Fiore, who had the charge of the undertaking, had placed it on one side without troubling to have it finished; and

so it had remained for many years past, and was likely to remain. Michelangelo measured it all anew, considering whether he might be able to carve a reasonable figure from that block by accommodating himself as to the attitude to the marble as it had been left all misshapen by Maestro Simone; and he resolved to ask for it from Soderini and the Wardens, by whom it was granted to him as a thing of no value, they thinking that whatever he might make of it would be better than the state in which it was at that time, seeing that neither in pieces nor in that condition could it be of any use to their building. Whereupon Michelangelo made a model of wax, fashioning in it, as a device for the Palace, a young David with a sling in his hand, to the end that, even as he had defended his people and governed them with justice, so those governing that city might defend her valiantly and govern her justly. And he began it in the Office of Works of S. Maria del Fiore, in which he made an enclosure of planks and masonry, thus surrounding the marble; and, working at it continuously without anyone seeing it, he carried it to perfect completion. The marble had already been spoilt and distorted by Maestro Simone, and in some places it was not enough to satisfy the wishes of Michelangelo for what he would have liked to do with it; and he therefore suffered certain of the first marks of Maestro Simone's chisel to remain on the extremity of the marble, some of which are still to be seen. And truly it was a miracle on the part of Michelangelo to restore to life a thing that was dead.

This statue, when finished, was of such a kind that many disputes took place as to how to transport it to the Piazza della Signoria. Whereupon Giuliano da San Gallo and his brother Antonio made a very strong framework of wood and suspended the figure from it with ropes, to the end that it might not hit against the wood and break to pieces, but might rather keep rocking gently; and they drew it with windlasses over flat beams laid upon the ground, and then set it in place. On the rope which held the figure suspended he made a slip-knot which was very easy to undo but tightened as the weight increased, which is a most beautiful and ingenious thing; and I have in my book a drawing of it by his own hand-an admirable, secure, and strong contrivance for suspending weights.

It happened at this time that Piero Soderini, having seen it in place, was well pleased with it, but said to Michelangelo, at a moment when he was retouching it in certain parts, that it seemed to him that the nose of the figure was too thick. Michelangelo noticed that the Gonfalonier was beneath the Giant, and that his point of view prevented him from seeing it properly; but in order to satisfy him he climbed upon the staging, which was against the shoulders, and quickly took up a chisel in his left hand, with a little of the marble-dust that lay upon the planks of the staging, and then, beginning to strike lightly with the chisel, let fall the dust little by little, nor changed the nose a whit from what it was before. Then, looking down at the Gonfalonier, who stood watching him, he said, "Look at it now." "I like it better," said the Gonfalonier, "you have given it life." And so Michelangelo came down, laughing to himself at having satisfied that lord, for he had compassion on those who, in order to appear full of knowledge, talk about things of which they know nothing.

When it was built up, and all was finished, he uncovered it, and it cannot be denied that this work has carried off the palm from all other statues, modern or ancient, Greek or Latin; and it may be said that neither the Marforio at Rome, nor the Tiber and the Nile of the Belvedere, nor the Tiber of Monte Cavallo, are equal to it in any respect, with such just proportion, beauty and excellence did Michelangelo finish it. For in it may be seen most beautiful contours of legs, with attachments of limbs and slender outlines of flanks that are divine; nor has there ever been seen a pose so easy, or any grace to equal that in this work, or feet, hands and head so well in accord, one member with another, in harmony, design, and excellence of artistry. And, of a truth, whoever has seen this work need not trouble to see any other work executed in sculpture, either in our own or in other times, by no matter what craftsman. Michelangelo received from Piero Soderini in payment for it four hundred crowns; and it was set in place in the year 1504. In consequence of the fame that he thereby won as a sculptor, he made for the above-named Gonfalonier a most beautiful David of bronze, which Soderini sent to France; and at this time, also, he began, but did not finish, two medallions of marble-one for Taddeo Taddei, which is now in his house, and another that he began for Bartolommeo Pitti, which was presented by Fra Miniato Pitti of Monte Oliveto, a man with a rare knowledge in cosmography and many other sciences, and particularly in painting, to Luigi Guicciardini, who was much his friend. These works were held to be admirable in their excellence; and at this same time, also, he blocked out a statue of S. Matthew in marble in the Office of Works of S. Maria del Fiore, which statue, rough as it is, reveals its full perfection and teaches sculptors in what manner figures can be carved out of marble without their coming out misshapen, so that it may be possible to go on ever improving them by removing more of the marble with judgment, and also to draw back and change some part, according as the necessity may arise. He also made a medallion in bronze of a Madonna, which he cast in bronze at the request of certain Flemish merchants of the Moscheroni family, persons of high nobility in their own country, who paid him a hundred crowns for it, and intended to send it to Flanders.

Michelangelo used to work almost every day, as a pastime, at that block with the four figures of which we have already spoken; which block he broke into pieces at this time for these reasons, either because it was hard and full of emery, and the chisel often struck sparks from it, or it may have been that the judgment of the man was so great that he was never content with anything that he did. A proof that this is true is that there are few finished

statues to be seen out of all that he executed in the prime of his manhood, and that those completely finished were executed by him in his youth, such as the Bacchus, the Pietà in S. Maria della Febbre, the Giant of Florence, and the Christ of the Minerva, which it would not be possible to increase or diminish by as little as a grain of millet without spoiling them; and the others, with the exception of the Dukes Giuliano and Lorenzo, Night, Dawn, and Moses, with the other two, the whole number of these statues not amounting in all to eleven, the others, I say, were all left unfinished, and, moreover, they are many, Michelangelo having been wont to say that if he had had to satisfy himself in what he did, he would have sent out few, nay, not one. For he had gone so far with his art and judgment, that, when he had laid bare a figure and had perceived in it the slightest degree of error, he would set it aside and run to lay his hand on another block of marble, trusting that the same would not happen to the new block; and he often said that this was the reason that he gave for having executed so few statues and pictures. This Pietà, when it was broken, he presented to Francesco Bandini. Now at this time Tiberio Calcagni, a Florentine sculptor, had become much the friend of Michelangelo by means of Francesco Bandini and Messer Donato Giannotti; and being one day in Michelangelo's house, where there was the Pietà, all broken, after a long conversation he asked him for what reason he had broken it up and destroyed labours so marvellous, and he answered that the reason was the importunity of his servant Urbino, who kept urging him every day to finish it, besides which, among other things, a piece of one of the elbows of the Madonna had been broken off, and even before that he had taken an aversion to it, and had had many misfortunes with it by reason of a flaw that was in the marble, so that he lost his patience and began to break it up; and he would have broken it altogether into pieces if his servant Antonio had not besought him that he should present it to him as it was. Whereupon Tiberio, having heard this, spoke to Bandini, who desired to have something by the hand of Michelangelo, and Bandini contrived that Tiberio should promise to Antonio two hundred crowns of gold, and prayed Michelangelo to consent that Tiberio should finish it for Bandini with the assistance of models by his hand, urging that thus his labour would not be thrown away. Michelangelo was satisfied, and then made them a present of it. The work was carried away immediately, and then put together again and reconstructed with I know not what new pieces by Tiberio; but it was left unfinished by reason of the death of Bandini, Michelangelo, and Tiberio. At the present day it is in the possession of Pier Antonio Bandini, the son of Francesco, at his villa on Monte Cavallo. But to return to Michelangelo; it became necessary to find some work in marble on which he might be able to pass some time every day with the chisel, and another piece of marble was put before him, from which another Pietà had been already blocked out, different from the first and much smaller.

Michelangelo was much inclined to the labours of art, seeing that everything, however difficult, succeeded with him, he having had from nature a genius very apt and ardent in these most noble arts of design. Moreover, in order to be entirely perfect, innumerable times he made anatomical studies, dissecting men's bodies in order to see the principles of their construction and the concatenation of the bones, muscles, veins, and nerves, the various movements and all the postures of the human body; and not of men only, but also of animals, and particularly of horses, which last he much delighted to keep. Of all these he desired to learn the principles and laws in so far as touched his art, and this knowledge he so demonstrated in the works that fell to him to handle, that those who attend to no other study than this do not know more. He so executed his works, whether with the brush or with the chisel, that they are almost inimitable, and he gave to his labours, as has been said, such art and grace, and a loveliness of such a kind, that (be it said without offence to any) he surpassed and vanquished the ancients; having been able to wrest things out of the greatest difficulties with such facility, that they do not appear wrought with effort, although whoever draws his works after him finds enough in imitating them.

The genius of Michelangelo was recognized in his lifetime, and not, as happens to many, after death, for it has been seen that Julius II, Leo X, Clement VII, Paul III, Julius III, Paul IV, and Pius IV, all supreme Pontiffs, always wished to have him near them, and also, as is known, Suleiman, Emperor of the Turks, Francis of Valois, King of France, the Emperor Charles V, the Signoria of Venice, and finally, as has been related, Duke Cosimo de' Medici; all offering him honourable salaries, for no other reason but to avail themselves of his great genius. This does not happen save to men of great worth, such as he was; and it is evident and well known that all these three arts were so perfected in him, that it is not found that among persons ancient or modern, in all the many years that the sun has been whirling round, God has granted this to any other but Michelangelo. (He had imagination of such a kind, and so perfect, and the things conceived by him in idea were such, that often, through not being able to express with the hands conceptions so terrible and grand, he abandoned his works-nay, destroyed-many of them; and I know that a little before he died he burned a great number of designs, sketches, and cartoons made with his own hand, to the end that no one might see the labours endured by him and his methods of trying his genius, and that he might not appear less than perfect. Of such I have some by his hand, found in Florence, and placed in my book of drawings; from which, although the greatness of that brain is seen in them, it is evident that when he wished to bring forth Minerva from the head of Jove, he had to use Vulcan's hammer. Thus he used to make his figures in the proportion of nine, ten, and even twelve heads, seeking nought else but that in putting them all together there should be a certain harmony of grace in the whole, which nature does not present; saying that it was necessary to have the compasses in the eyes and not in the hand, because the hands work and the

eye judges; which method he used also in architecture.

No one should think it strange that Michelangelo delighted in solitude, he having been one who was enamoured of his art, which claims a man, with all his thoughts, for herself alone; moreover, it is necessary that he who wishes to attend to her studies should shun society, and, while attending to the considerations of art, he is never alone or without thoughts. And those who attributed it to caprice and eccentricity are wrong, because he who wishes to work well must withdraw himself from all cares and vexations, since art demands contemplation, solitude, and ease of life, and will not suffer the mind to wander. For all this, he prized the friendship of many great persons and of learned and ingenious men, at convenient times; and these he maintained. Thus the great Cardinal Ippolito de' Medici loved him greatly, and, having heard that a Turkish horse that he possessed pleased Michelangelo because of its beauty, it was sent as a present to him by the liberality of that lord, with ten mules laden with fodder, and a serving-man to attend to it; and Michelangelo accepted it willingly. The illustrious Cardinal Pole was much his friend, Michelangelo being enamoured of his goodness and his talents; also Cardinal Farnese, and Santa Croce, which latter afterwards became Pope Marcellus, Cardinal Ridolfi, Cardinal Maffeo, Monsignor Bembo, Carpi, and many other Cardinals, Bishops, and Prelates, whom it is not necessary to name. Others were Monsignor Claudio Tolomei, the Magnificent Messer Ottaviano de' Medici, his gossip, whose son he held at baptism, and Messer Bindo Altoviti, to whom he presented that cartoon of the Chapel in which Noah, drunk with wine, is derided by one of his sons, and his nakedness is covered by the two others; M. Lorenzo Ridolfi, M. Annibale Caro, and M. Giovan Francesco Lottini of Volterra. But infinitely more than any of the others he loved M. Tommaso de' Cavalieri, a Roman gentleman, for whom, being a young man and much inclined to these arts, he made, to the end that he might learn to draw, many most superb drawings of divinely beautiful heads, designed in black and red chalk; and then he drew for him a Ganymede rapt to Heaven by Jove's Eagle, a Tityus with the Vulture devouring his heart, the Chariot of the Sun falling with Phaëthon into the Po, and a Bacchanal of children, which are all in themselves most rare things, and drawings the like of which have never been seen. Michelangelo made a life-size portrait of Messer Tommaso in a cartoon, and neither before nor afterwards did he take the portrait of anyone, because he abhorred executing a resemblance to the living subject, unless it were of extraordinary beauty. These drawings, on account of the great delight that M. Tommaso took in them, were the reason that he afterwards obtained a good number, miraculous things, which Michelangelo once drew for Fra Sebastiano Viniziano, who carried them into execution; and in truth he rightly treasures them as reliques, and he has courteously given craftsmen access to them. Of a truth Michelangelo always placed his affections with persons noble, deserving, and worthy of them, for he had true judgment and taste in all things.

M. Tommaso afterwards caused Michelangelo to make many designs for friends, such as that of the picture for Cardinal di Cesis, wherein is Our Lady receiving the Annunciation from the Angel, a novel thing, which was afterwards executed in colours by Marcello Mantovano and placed in the marble chapel which that Cardinal caused to be built in the Church of the Pace at Rome. So, also, with another Annunciation coloured likewise by the hand of Marcello in a picture in the Church of S. Giovanni Laterano, the design of which belongs to Duke Cosimo de' Medici, having been presented after Michelangelo's death by his nephew Leonardo Buonarroti to his Excellency, who cherishes it as a jewel, together with a Christ praying in the Garden and many other designs, sketches, and cartoons by the hand of Michelangelo, and likewise the statue of Victory with a captive beneath, five braccia in height, and four captives in the rough which serve to teach us how to carve figures from the marble by a method secure from any chance of spoiling the stone; which method is as follows. You take a figure in wax or some other solid material, and lay it horizontally in a vessel of water, which water being by its nature flat and level at the surface, as you raise the said figure little by little from the level, so it comes about that the more salient parts are revealed, while the lower parts-those, namely, on the under side of the figure-remain hidden, until in the end it all comes into view. In the same manner must figures be carved out of marble with the chisel, first laying bare the more salient parts, and then little by little the lower parts; and this method may be seen to have been followed by Michelangelo in the abovementioned captives, which his Excellency wishes to be used as exemplars for his Academicians.

Michelangelo loved his fellow-craftsmen; and held intercourse with them, as with Jacopo Sansovino, Rosso, Pontormo, Daniello da Volterra, and Giorgio Vasari of Arezzo, to which last he showed innumerable kindnesses; and he was the reason that Giorgio gave his attention to architecture, intending to make use of him some day, and he readily conferred and discussed matters of art with him. Those who say that he was not willing to teach are wrong, because he was always willing with his intimates and with anyone who asked him for counsel; and I have been present on many such occasions, but of these, out of consideration, I say nothing, not wishing to reveal the deficiencies of others. It may be urged that he had bad fortune with those who lived with him in his house, which was because he hit upon natures little able to imitate him. Thus, Pietro Urbano of Pistoia, his pupil, was a man of parts, but would never exert himself. Antonio Mini was willing, but had no aptitude of brain; and when the wax is hard it does not readily take an impression. Ascanio dalla Ripa Transone took great pains, but of this no fruits were ever seen either in designs or in finished works, and he toiled several years over a picture for which Michelangelo had given him a cartoon. In the end, all the good expectation in which he was held vanished

in smoke; and I remember that Michelangelo would be seized with compassion for his toil, and would assist him with his own hand, but this profited him little. If he had found a nature after his heart, as he told me several times, in spite of his age he would often have made anatomical studies, and would have written upon them, for the benefit of his fellow-craftsmen; for he was disappointed by several. But he did not trust himself, through not being able to express himself in writing as he would have liked, because he was not practised in diction, although in the prose of his letters he explained his conceptions very well in a few words. He much delighted in readings of the poets in the vulgar tongue, and particularly of Dante, whom he much admired, imitating him in his conceptions and inventions; and so with Petrarca, having delighted to make madrigals and sonnets of great weight, upon which commentaries have been written. M. Benedetto Varchi gave a lecture in the Florentine Academy upon that sonnet which begins

Non ha l'ottimo artista alcun concetto
Ch'un marmo solo in se non circonscriva.

Michelangelo sent a vast number by his own hand-receiving answers in rhyme and in prose to the most illustrious Marchioness of Pescara, of whose virtues he was enamoured, and she likewise of his; and she went many times to Rome from Viterbo to visit him, and Michelangelo designed for her a Dead Christ in the lap of Our Lady, with two little Angels, all most admirable, and a Christ fixed on the cross, who, with the head uplifted, is recommending His Spirit to the Father, a divine work; and also a Christ with the Woman of Samaria at the well. He much delighted in the sacred Scriptures, like the excellent Christian that he was; and he held in great veneration the works written by Fra Girolamo Savonarola, because he had heard the voice of that friar in the pulpit. He greatly loved human beauty for the sake of imitation in art, being able to select from the beautiful the most beautiful, for without this imitation no perfect work can be done; but not with lascivious and disgraceful thoughts, as he proved by his way of life, which was very frugal. Thus, when he was young, all intent on his work, he contented himself with a little bread and wine, and this he continued when old until the time when he was painting the judgment in the Chapel, taking his refreshment in the evening when he had finished the day's work, but always very frugally. And although he was rich, he lived like a poor man, nor did any friend ever eat at his table, or rarely; and he would not accept presents from anyone, because it appeared to him that if anyone gave him something, he would be bound to him for ever. This sober life kept him very active and in want of very little sleep, and often during the night, not being able to sleep, he would rise to labour with the chisel; having made a cap of thick paper, and over the centre of his head he kept a lighted candle, which in this way threw light over where he was working without encumbering his hands. Vasari, who had seen the cap several times, reflecting that he did not use wax, but candles of pure goat's tallow, which are excellent, sent him four bundles of these, which weighed forty libbre. And his servant with all courtesy carried them to him at the second hour of the evening, and presented them to him; but Michelangelo refused them, declaring that he did not want them; and then the servant said: "They have broken my arms on the way between the bridge and here, and I shall not carry them back to the house. Now here in front of your door there is a solid heap of mud; they will stand in it beautifully, and I will set them all alight." Michelangelo said to him: "Put them down here, for I will not have you playing pranks at my door."

While Michelangelo was having the tomb of Julius II finished, he caused a marble-hewer to execute a terminal figure for placing in the tomb in S. Pietro in Vincola, saying to him, "Cut away this to-day," "Level that," "Polish here"; insomuch that, without the other noticing it, he enabled him to make a figure. Wherefore, when it was finished, the man gazed at it marvelling; and Michelangelo said: "What do you think of it?" "I think it fine," he answered, "and I am much obliged to you." "Why so?" asked Michelangelo. "Because by your means, I have discovered a talent that I did not know I possessed."

Now, to be brief, I must record that the master's constitution was very sound, for he was lean and well knit together with nerves, and although as a boy he was delicate, and as a man he had two serious illnesses, he could always endure any fatigue and had no infirmity, save that in his old age he suffered from dysuria and from gravel, which in the end developed into the stone; wherefore for many years he was syringed by the hand of Maestro Realdo Colombo, his very dear friend, who treated him with great diligence. He was of middle stature, broad in the shoulders, but well proportioned in all the rest of the body. In his latter years he wore buskins of dogskin on the legs, next to the skin, constantly for whole months together, so that afterwards, when he sought to take them off, on drawing them off the skin often came away with them. Over the stockings he wore boots of cordwain fastened on the inside, as a protection against damp. His face was round, the brow square and spacious, with seven straight lines, and the temples projected considerably beyond the ears; which ears were somewhat on the large side, and stood out from the cheeks. The body was in proportion to the face, or rather on the large side; the nose somewhat flattened, as was said in the Life of Torrigiano, who broke it for him with his fist; the eyes rather on the small side, of the colour of horn, spotted with blueish and yellowish gleams; the eyebrows with few hairs, the lips thin, with the lower lip rather thicker andprojecting a little, the chin well shaped and in proportion with the

rest, the hair black, but mingled with white hairs, like the beard, which was not very long, forked, and not very thick.

Truly his coming was to the world, as I said at the beginning, an exemplar sent by God to the men of our arts, to the end that they might learn from his life the nature of noble character, and from his works what true and excellent craftsmen ought to be. And I, who have to praise God for infinite blessings, as is seldom wont to happen with men of our profession, count it among the greatest blessings that I was born at the time Michelangelo was alive, that I was thought worthy to have him as my master, and that he was so much my friend and intimate, as everyone knows, and as the letters written by him to me, now in my possession, bear witness; and out of love for truth, and also from the obligation that I feel to his loving kindness, I have contrived to write many things of him, and all true, which many others have not been able to do. Another blessing he used to point out to me himself: "You should thank God, Giorgio, who has caused you to serve Duke Cosimo, who, in his contentment that you should build and paint and carry into execution his conceptions and designs, has grudged no expense; and you will I remember, if you consider it, that the others whose Lives you have written did not have such advantages."

"Life of Michelangelo" is reprinted from *Lives of the Most Eminent Painters* by Giorgio Vasari, Gaston DuC. de Vere, trans., were published by the Medici Society, Ltd. 1912-1915.

Poem 285, 1552-54 a

The voyage of my life at last has reached, **1**
across a stormy sea, in a fragile boat, **2**
the common port all must pass through, to give **3**
an accounting for every evil and pious deed.
So now I recognize how laden with error **5**
was the affectionate fantasy **6**
that made art an idol and sovereign to me, **7**
like all things men want in spite of their best interests. **8**
What will become of all my thoughts of love,
once gay and foolish, now that I'm nearing two deaths? **10**
I'm certain of one, and the other looms over me. **11**
Neither painting nor sculpture will be able any longer
to calm my soul, now turned toward that divine love
that opened his arms on the cross to take us in. **14**

a. Sonnet, among M's best-known poems, which underwent numerous drafts between October 1552 and September 1554. One version is written on a draft of a letter to his nephew Lionardo from April 1554 (C. MCXCIV; R. 388), another on TC no. 423v (see nos. 281-84). The final version was sent to Giorgio Vasari in a letter of September 1554 (C. MCXCVII; R. 390); Vasari replied with a sonnet in matching rhymes and later reprinted and discussed the poem in the second edition of his *Lives* (VM 7:246; VB p. 406). The contrast in theme with M's earlier sonnet no. 277, dedicated to Vasari, is marked; cf. no. 288, also sent to Vasari.

1-3. The image of life as a storm-tossed boat seeking port recalls Petrarch, no. 189, "My ship laden with forgetfulness," and (more generally) his no. 80. Cf. similar boat images in nos. 45:13-15, 299:5-8.

3. common port: death, the final harbor shared by all souls and the time for divine judgment. 5-S. It was my own lack of understanding (fantasy)-which was, however, well intentioned and impassioned-that made me exalt art, as all men pursue some worldly desire even though it is sinful or distracting (cf. no. 284).

5. *laden with error*: cf. Petrarch, no. 132:12.

10-11. *two deaths*: that of the body, which is certain, and that of the soul in damnation, which seems imminent. Cf. nos. 43:12, 293:3.

14. This line parallels the fantasy of heavenly embrace in a poem by Girolamo Benivieni, "Already, in thought/I seem to be welcomed into his arms" (*Opere*, Venice, 1522, f. 100v); cf. also Petrarch, no. 264:14-15. Visually, it recalls M's series of late Crucifixion drawings showing Christ with his arms outstretched (TC nos. 410-421). For similar images of arms, cf. nos. 161, 290

(Translation by James M. Saslow)

ART HUMANITIES: PRIMARY SOURCE READER

Section 5: Bruegel

Art Humanities Primary Source Reading 20

Karel Van Mander, "Pieter Bruegel of Bruegel"

Karel van Mander (1548-1606) accomplished for Netherlandish painters of the 15th and 16th centuries what Vasari had done for Italian artists when he published the *Schilder-boeck*, or *Book of Painters* in 1604. The text consists of six sections that reflect both van Mander's background as a painter and draughtsman and his understanding of the nature and purpose of Vasari's *Lives of the Artists*. He includes accounts of the lives of ancient Greek painters, painters of the Italian Renaissance (which he translated and adapted directly from Vasari's *Lives of the Artists*), and most importantly, of Northern European painters, as well as tracts on the theory of painting and an interpretation of the symbolism in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. The selection below from the biography of Bruegel is drawn from van Mander's treatment of Netherlandish artists which discussed the careers of nearly 200 individuals, thereby setting important groundwork for the history of Dutch and German painting. In this passage, the author adopts Vasari's manner of prose, glorifying the artist's talents and evaluating the technical merits of his work. He also refers particularly to Bruegel's interest in peasant life, reflected in such works as *The Peasant Wedding,* and his travels across the Alps, which influenced the character of the landscapes he often included in his compositions, as in *Christ Carrying the Cross*. (Introduction by Christine Sciacca)

EXCERPT FROM DUTCH AND FLEMISH PAINTERS, 1604

Nature was wonderfully felicitous in her choice when, in an obscure village in Brabant, she selected the gifted and witty Pieter Breughel to paint her and her peasants, and to contribute to the everlasting fame of painting in the Netherlands.

Pieter was born not far from Breda, in a village called Breughel, a name he took for himself and his descendants. He learned his craft from Pieter Koeck van Aelst, whose daughter he later married. He often carried her in his arms when she was little, and when he lived with Aelst. From Aelst he went to work with Jeroon Kock, and then he went to France and to Italy.

He practiced a good deal in the manner of Jeroon van den Bosch, and made many similar, weird scenes and drolleries. For this reason, he was often called Pier den Droll. Indeed, there are very few works from his hand that the beholder can look at seriously, without laughing. However stiff, serious, and morose, one may be, one cannot help laughing, or smiling.

Pieter painted many pictures from life on his journey, so that it was said of him, that while he visited the Alps, he had swallowed all the mountains and cliffs, and, upon coming home, he had spit them forth upon his canvas and panels; so remarkably was he able to follow these and other works of nature.

He settled down, selecting Antwerp as his residence, and there he entered the guild of the painters in 1551 . He did a great amount of work for a merchant by the name of Hans Franckert, a noble and worthy man who liked to chat with Breughel. He was with him every day. With this Franckert, Breughel often went on trips among the peasants, to their weddings and fairs. The two dressed like

peasants, brought presents like the other guests, and acted as if they belonged to the families or acquaintances of the bride or of the groom. Here Breughel delighted in observing the manners of the peasants in eating, drinking, dancing, jumping, making love, and engaging in various drolleries, all of which he knew how to copy in color very comically and skillfully, and equally well with water-color and oils; for he was exceptionally skilled in both processes. He knew well the characteristics of the peasant men and women of the Kampine and elsewhere. He knew how to dress them naturally and how to portray their rural, uncouth bearing while dancing, walking, standing, or moving in different ways. He was astonishingly sure of his composition and drew most ably and beautifully with the pen. He made many little sketches from nature.

As long as he remained in Antwerp, he lived with a servant girl whom indeed he would have married, had it not been for the unfortunate fact that she used to lie all the time, which was repugnant to his love of truth. He made a contract or agreement with her that he would check off all her lies upon a stick. For this purpose he took a fairly long one, and he said that if the stick became full of notches in the course of time it would prevent the wedding. This happened before much time had elapsed.

At last, since Pieter Koeck's widow had finally settled in Brussels, he fell in love with her daughter, whom, as we have said, he had often carried in his arms, and he married her; but her mother requested that Breughel leave Antwerp, and make his residence in Brussels, in order that he might get his former girl out of sight and out of mind. This also happened.

Breughel was a quiet and able man who did not talk much, but was jovial in company, and he loved to frighten people, often his own pupils, with all kinds of ghostly sounds and pranks that he played.

Some of Breughel's most significant works are at present in the possession of the Emperor; for example, a great Tower of Babel with many beautiful details. One can look into it from above. Furthermore, there is a smaller representation of the same subject. There are, besides, two Carrying o f the Cross paintings, very natural-looking, always with a few drolleries in them somewhere. Again, there is a Massacre o f the Innocents, in which there is much to see that is done true to life, of which I have spoken elsewhere--a whole family, for instance, begging for the life of a peasant child whom a murderous soldier has seized in order to kill it; the grief and the swooning of the mother and other events appear realistic.

Finally, there is a Conversion of St Paul, also representing some very beautiful cliffs. It would be very hard to enumerate every thing Breughel did--fantasies, representations of hell, peasant scenes, and many other things.

He painted a Temptation of Christ, in which one looks down from above, as from the Alps, upon cities and country borne up by clouds, through the rents in which one looks out.

He made a Dulle Griet, who is stealing something to take to Hell, and who wears a vacant stare and is strangely dressed. I believe this and other pictures are also in the possession of the Emperor.

Sr Herman Pilgrims, art lover in Amsterdam, has a Peasant Wedding done in oils, which is very beautiful. The faces and bare limbs of the peasants in it are yellow and brown as if they were sunburned, and they show ugly skins, different from those of city dwellers.

He painted a picture in which Lent and Carnival are fighting; another, where all kinds of remedies are used against death; and one with all kinds of children at games; and innumerable other little, clever things.

Two canvases painted in water-color can be seen in the home of Sr Willem Jacobsz., who lives near the new church in Amsterdam. They represent a Peasant Wedding, where many amusing episodes together with the true character of the peasant may be seen. Among the group giving presents to the bride, is an old peasant who has his little money bag hanging around his neck, and who is busy counting the gold into his hand. These are unusual paintings.

Shortly before his death, the townsmen of Brussels commanded Breughel to represent in pictures the digging of the canal from Brussels to Antwerp. These pictures were not completed because of his death.

Many of Breughel's strange compositions and comical subjects one may see in his copper engravings. But he has made many skilful and beautiful drawings; he supplied them with inscriptions

which, at the time, were too biting and too sharp, and which he had burned by his wife during his last illness, because of remorse, or fear that most disagreeable consequences might grow out of them. In his will he left his wife a picture of A Magpie on a Gallows. By the magpie, he meant the gossips whom he delivered to the gallows. In addition, he had painted a picture in which Truth triumphs. According to his own statement, this was the best thing painted by him.

He left behind him two sons who were able painters. One was called Pieter and studied with Gillis van Coninxloo and painted portraits from life; the other, Jan, learned water-color painting from his grandmother, the mother of Pieter van Aelst. Jan studied the process of oil-painting with a certain Pieter Goe-kindt, who had many beautiful things in his house. He went to Cologne and then to Italy, where he made a great name as a landscape painter; he also made other subjects, very small in size, a type of work in which he excelled. Lampsonius speaks of Pieter Breughel in the following lines, with the question:

Who may be this other Jeroon Bos,
Who came in this world again,
Who pictures to us the fantastic conceptions of his own master again,
Who is most able with the brush,
Who is even surpassing his master?
Ye, Pieter, ye work in the artistic style of your old master.
But you rise still higher:
For reason that you select
Pleasant topics to laugh about.
Through these you deserve great merit
And with your master you must be praised for being a great artist.

Art Humanities Primary Source Reading 21

Abraham Ortelius

"TRIBUTE TO PIETER BRUEGEL," c. 1570

That Pieter Bruegel was the most perfect painter of his age, no one -- unless jealous or envious or ignorant of his art-could ever deny But that he was snatched away from us in the flower of his age -- I cannot say whether I should attribute it to Death, who thought Bruegel was more advanced in age (sc. than he actually was) when he observed the distinguished skill of his art, or whether I should attribute it to Nature who feared that she would be held up in contempt because of his artistic and talented skills at imitation.

A grieving Abraham Ortelius consecrates this to the memory of his friend.

When asked which of his predecessors he followed, the painter Eupompos is said to have declared that he followed nature herself, not an artist. This agrees with our Bruegel, whose pictures I would not really call *artificiosae*, but rather natural. Indeed, I would not call him the best of painters, but rather the very nature of painters. So I think that he is worthy of being followed by all.

This Bruegel painted many things which are not able to be painted, as Puny says of Apelles. In all his works more is always to be understood than he actually painted, as the same writer says of Timanthes.

As Eunapius says in his commentary on Iamblichus, painters who paint pretty young people and wish to add some charm and grace of their own completely destroy the image presented to them, and stray both from the exemplar set before them and from true form. From this fault our Bruegel was free.

Art Humanities Primary Source Reading 22

Ovid, The Fall of Icarus

Born in 43 BCE, Ovid was the most well regarded poet in Rome until 8 BCE when he was banished by the Emperor Augustus for unknown reasons. His most significant work is *The Metamorphoses,* which contains stories drawn from Greek mythology and Virgil's *Aeneid,* retold with ironic overtones and linked by the theme of transformation. The influence of Ovid's writing extended beyond the 1st century BCE, as it was embraced by medieval and Renaissance writers as well as artists. The irony of human vainglory and audacity is the central goal of Ovid's rendition of the story of the Fall of Icarus. Daedelus, the great artist and craftsman, was famous for creating, amongst other things, the labyrinth to entrap the Minotaur on the island of Crete. He eventually helped Theseus to kill the beast, thereby enraging King Minos, who, in turn, imprisoned Daedelus in his own maze. The story that follows recounts his attempt to escape from exile with his son, Icarus. In keeping with his critical view of the shortfalls of human nature, Bruegel deals with this story in his painting of the same name, *The Fall of Icarus.* (Introduction by Christine Sciacca)

EXCERPT FROM **THE METAMORPHOSES, C. 1 A.D.**

Meanwhile Daedalus, tired of Crete and of his long absence from home, was filled with longing for his own country, but he was shut in by the sea. Then he said: "The king may block my way by land or across the ocean, but the sky, surely, is open, and that is how we shall go. Minos may possess all the rest, but he does not possess the air." With these words, he set his mind to sciences never explored before, and altered the laws of nature. He laid down a row of feathers, beginning with tiny ones, and gradually increasing their length, so that the edge seemed to slope upwards. In the same way, the pipe which shepherds used to play is built up from reeds, each slightly longer than the last. Then he fastened the feathers together in the middle with thread, and at the bottom with wax; when he had arranged them in this way, he bent them round into a gentle curve, to look like real birds' wings. His son Icarus stood beside him, and, not knowing that the materials he was handling were to endanger his life, laughingly captured the feathers which blew away in the wind, or softened the yellow wax with his thumb, and by his pranks hindered the marvellous work on which his father was engaged.

When Daedalus had put the finishing touches to his invention, he raised himself into the air, balancing his body on his two wings, and there he hovered, moving his feathers up and down. Then he prepared his son to fly too. "I warn you, Icarus," he said, "you must follow a course midway between earth and heaven, in case the sun should scorch your feathers, if you go too high, or the water make them heavy if you are too low. Fly halfway between the two. And pay no attention to the stars, to Bootes, or Helice or Orion with his drawn sword: take me as your guide, and follow me!"

While he was giving Icarus these instructions on how to fly, Daedalus was at the same time fastening the novel wings on his son's shoulders. As he worked and talked the old man's cheeks were wet with tears, and his fatherly affection made his hands tremble. He kissed his son, whom he was never to kiss again: then, raising himself on his wings, flew in front, showing anxious concern for his companion, just like a bird who has brought her tender fledglings out of their nest in the treetops, and launched them into the air. He urged Icarus to follow close, and instructed him in the art that was to be his ruin, moving his own wings and keeping a watchful eye on those of his son behind him. Some fisher, perhaps, plying his quivering rod, some shepherd leaning on his staff, or a peasant bent over his plough handle caught sight of them as they flew past and stood stock still in astonishment, believing that these creatures who could fly through the air must be gods.

Now Juno's sacred isle of Samos lay on the left, Delos and Paros were already behind them, and Lebinthus was on their right hand, along with Calymne, rich in honey, when the boy Icarus began to enjoy the thrill of swooping boldly through the air. Drawn on by his eagerness for the open sky, he left his guide and soared upwards, till he came too close to the blazing sun, and it softened the sweet-smelling wax that bound his wings together. The wax melted. Icarus moved his bare arms up and down, but without their feathers they had no purchase on the air. Even as his lips were crying his father's name, they were swallowed up in the deep blue waters which are called after him. The unhappy father, a father no longer, cried out: "Icarus!" "Icarus," he called. "Where are you? Where am I to look for you?" As he was still calling "Icarus" he saw the feathers on the water, and cursed his inventive skill. He laid his son to rest in a tomb, and the land took its name from that of the boy who was buried there.

Art Humanities Primary Source Reading 23

Francisco da Hollanda

EXCERPT FROM **FOUR DIALOGUES ON PAINTING, 1548**

What do you advise, Messer Lattanzio? then said the Marchesa: Shall I put a question to Michael Angelo about painting? Perhaps, in order to prove to me that great men are reasonable and not churlish, he will not be so severe with me as he is with others?

And Lattanzio answered: For the sake of your Excellency Michael Angelo will surely constrain himself to express here what he rightly keeps hidden from the world.

And Michael Angelo said: Your Excellency has only to ask for something that I can give and it is yours.

And smiling she said: I much wish to know, since we are on the subject, what Flemish painting may be and whom it pleases, for it seems to me more devout than that in the Italian manner.

Flemish painting, slowly answered the painter, will, generally speaking, Signora, please the devout better than any painting of Italy, which will never cause him to shed a tear, whereas that of Flanders will cause him to shed many; and that not through the vigour and goodness of the painting but owing to the goodness of the devout person. It will appeal to women, especially to the very old and the very young, and also to monks and nuns and to certain noblemen who have no sense of true harmony. In Flanders they paint with a view to external exactness or such things as may cheer you and of which you cannot speak ill, as for example saints and prophets. They paint stuffs and masonry, the green grass of the fields, the shadow of trees, and rivers and bridges, which they call landscapes, with many figures on this side and many figures on that. And all this, though it pleases some persons, is done without reason or art, without symmetry or proportion, without skilful choice or boldness and, finally, without substance or vigour. Nevertheless there are countries where they paint worse than in Flanders. And I do not speak so ill of Flemish painting because it is all bad but because it attempts to do so many things well (each one of which would suffice for greatness) that it does none well.

Art Humanities Primary Source Reading 24

Desiderius Erasmus

Erasmus (1466-1536) began his career as a Dutch writer and humanist with studies at the cathedral school of Utrecht, and at the Augustinian monastery of Steyn. He was eventually ordained a priest in 1486, but he abandoned the clerical life for more secular scholarly pursuits. He traveled to England in 1499, and again in 1505, where he became acquainted with the English writer and statesman, Sir Thomas More, who encouraged his study of biblical texts. Subsequently, he became counselor to various high-ranking officials, including Charles V. While staying with More in England in 1509 he wrote his most famous work, *The Praise of Folly,* of which forty editions were published during the author's lifetime. His text follows the pattern of literature popular in Europe in the 15th and 16th centuries that dealt with the theme of foolish human behavior, such as Sebastian Brandt's *Das Narrenschiff,* or *Ship of Fools*. Here Erasmus speaks in the guise of Folly, personified as a woman, who illustrates the foibles of society by describing and praising herself and the power she has to dictate human behavior. He employed this vehicle to criticize the church and the papacy, as well as royalty and superstitious behavior, among other faults. While Erasmus's dissatisfaction with the Catholic Church was in keeping with the ideals of what was to become the Protestant Reformation, he disapproved of Martin Luther's means of distributing his message through printed pamphlets, as well as the violence of some Protestant zealots. Contemporary Netherlandish artists also frequently dealt with the theme of human folly, most notably Pieter Bruegel, as in his painting, *Netherlandish Proverbs.* (Introduction by Christine Sciacca)

EXCERPTS FROM MORIAE ENCOMIUM
OR THE PRAISE OF FOLLY, 1511

AN ORATION OF FEIGNED MATTER,
SPOKEN BY FOLLY IN HER OWN PERSON

At what rate soever the World talks of me (for I am not ignorant what an ill report Folly hath got, even amongst the most Foolish), yet that I am that She, that onely She, whose Deity recreates both gods and men, even this is a sufficient Argument, that I no sooner stept up to speak to this full Assembly, than all your faces put on a kind of new and unwonted pleasantness. So suddenly have you clear'd your brows, and with so frolique and hearty a laughter given me your applause, that in troth, as many of you as I behold on every side of me, seem to me no less than Homer's gods drunk with Nectar and Nepenthe; whereas before, ye sat as lumpish and pensive as if ye had come from consulting an Oracle. And as it usually happens when the Sun begins to shew his Beams, or when after a sharp Winter the Spring breathes afresh on the Earth, all things immediately get a new face, new colour, and recover as it were a certain kind of youth again: in like manner, by but beholding me, ye have in an instant gotten another kind of Countenance; and so what the otherwise great Rhetoricians with their tedious and long-studied Orations can hardly effect, to wit, to remove the trouble of the Mind, I have done it at once, with my single look.

But if ye ask me why I appear before you in this strange dress, be pleas'd to lend me your ears, and I'le tell you; not those ears, I mean, ye carry to Church, but abroad with ye, such as ye are wont to prick up to Jugglers, Fools and Buffons, and such as our Friend Midas once gave to Pan. For I am dispos'd awhile to play the Sophister with ye; not of their sort who nowadays buzle Young-men's heads with certain empty notions and curious trifles, yet teach them nothing but a more than Womanish obstinacy of scolding: but I'le imitate those Antients, who, that they might the better avoid that infamous

appellation of Sophi or Wise, chose rather to call'd Sophisters. Their business was to celebrate the Praises of the gods and valiant men. And the like Encomium shall ye hear from me, but neither of Hercules nor Solon, but mine own dear Self, that is to say, Folly Nor do I esteem those Wise-men a rush, that call it a foolish and insolent thing to praise one's self. Be it as foolish as they would make it, so they confess it proper: and what can be more, than that Folly be her own Trumpet? For who can set me out better than my self, unless perhaps I could be better known to another than to my self? Though yet I think it somewhat more modest than the general practice of our Nobles and Wise men, who, throwing away all shame, hire some flattering Orator or Lying Poet, from whose mouth they may hear their praises, that is to say meer lyes; and yet, composing themselves with a seeming modesty, spread out their Peacock's plumes and erect their Crests, whilst this impudent Flatterer equals a man of nothing to the gods, and proposes him as an absolute pattern of all Virtue that's wholly a stranger to 't, sets out a pittiful Jay in other's Feathers, washes the Blackmoor white, and lastly swells a Gnat to an Elephant. In short, I will follow that old Proverb that says, 'He may lawfully praise himself that lives far from Neighbours.' Though, by the way, I cannot but wonder at the ingratitude, shall I say, or negligence of Men, who, notwithstanding they honour me in the first place and are willing enough to confess my bounty, yet not one of them for these so many ages has there been, who in some thankful Oration has set out the praises of Folly; when yet there has not wanted them, whose elaborate endeavours have extol'd Tyrants, Agues, Flyes, Baldness and such other Pests of Nature, to their own loss of both time and sleep. And now ye shall hear from me a plain extemporary speech, but so much the truer. Nor would I have ye think it like the rest of Orators, made for the Ostentation of Wit; for these, as ye know, when they have been beating their heads some thirty years about an Oration, and at last perhaps produce somewhat that was never their own, shall yet swear they compos'd it in three dayes, and that too for diversion: whereas I ever lik't it best to speak whatever came first out.

But let none of ye expect from me, that after the manner of Rhetoricians I should go about to Define what I am, much less use any Division; for I hold it equally unlucky to circumscribe her whose Deity is universal, or make the least Division in that Worship about which every thing is so generally agree'd. Or to what purpose, think ye, should I describe my self, when I am here present before ye, and ye behold me speaking? For I am, as ye see, that true and onely giver of wealth, whom the Greeks call Mwpía, the Latines Stultitia, and our plain English Folly. Or what need was there to have said so much, as if my very looks were not sufficient to inform ye who I am? Or as if any man, mistaking me for Wisedome, could not at first sight convince himself by my face, the true index of my mind? I am no Counterfeit, nor do I carry one thing in my looks and another in my breast. No, I am in every respect so like my self, that neither can they dissemble me, who arrogate to themselves the appearance and title of Wisemen, and walk like Asses in Scarlethoods; though after all their hypocrisie Midas's ears will discover their Master. A most ingrateful generation of men, that, when they are wholly given up to my Party, are yet publickly asham'd of the name, as taking it for a reproach; for which cause, since in truth they are □ □□□□□□□ Fools, and yet would appear to the World to be Wisemen and Thales's, wee'll ev'n call 'em □ □□□□□□us Wise-fools.

Nor will it be amiss also to imitate the Rhetoricians of our times, who think themselves in a manner Gods, if like Horse-leeches they can but appear to be double-tongu'd; and believe they have done a mighty act if in their Latin Orations they can but shuffle-in some ends of Greek, like Mosaick-work, though altogether by head and shoulders and less to the purpose. And if they want hard words, they run over some Worm-eaten Manuscript, and pick out half a Dozen of the most old and absolete to confound their Reader, believing, no doubt, that they that understand their meaning will like it the better, and they that do not, will admire it the more by how much the lesse they understand it. Nor is this way of ours of admiring what seems most Forreign without it's particular grace; for if there happen to be any more ambitious than others, they may give their applause with a smile, and, like the Asse, shake their ears, that they may be thought to understand more than the rest of their neighbours.

But to come to the purpose: I have giv'n ye my name; but what Epithet shall I adde? What but that of the most Foolish? For by what properer name can so great a goddess as Folly be known to her Disciples? And because it is not alike known to all from what stock I am sprung, with the Muses' good leave I'le do my endeavour to satisfie you. But yet neither the first Chaos, Orcus, Saturn, or Japhet, nor any of those thred-bare, musty Gods, were my Father, but Plutus, Riches; that only he, that is, in spight of Hesiod, Homer, nay and Jupiter himself, *Divum Pater atque Hominum Rex*, the Father of Gods and Men; at whose single beck, as heretofore, so at present, all things Sacred and Prophane are turn'd topsie turvy. According to whose Pleasure War, Peace, Empire, Counsels, Judgements, Assemblies, Wedlocks, Bargains, Leagues, Laws, Arts, all things Light or Serious-I want breath-in short, all the publick and private business of mankind, is govern'd; without whose help all that Herd of Gods of the Poets' making, and those few of the better sort of the rest, either would not be at all, or if they were, they would be but such as live at home and keep a poor house to themselves. And to whomsoever hee's an Enemy, 'its not Pallas her self that can befriend him: as on the contrary he whom he favours may lead Jupiter and his Thunder in a string. This is my father and in him I glory Nor did he produce me from his brain, as Jupiter that sowre and ill-look'd Pallas; but of that lovely Nymph call'd Youth, the most beautiful and galliard of all the rest. Nor was 1, like that limping Black-smith, begot in the sad and irksome bonds of Matrimony. Yet, mistake me not, 'twas not that blind and decrepit Plutus in Aristophanes that got me, but such as he was in his full strength and pride of youth; and not that onely, but at such a time when he had been well heated with Nectar, of which he had, at one of the Banquets of the Gods, taken a dose extraordinary.

And as to the place of my birth, forasmuch as nowadays that is look'd upon as a main point of Nobility, it was neither, like Apollo's, in the floating Delos, nor Venus-like on the rolling Sea, nor in any of blind Homer's as blind Caves: but in the fortunate Islands, where all things grew without plowing or sowing; where neither Labour, nor Old-age, nor Disease, was ever heard of; and in whose fields neither Daffadil, Mallows, Onyons, Beans, and such contemptible things would ever grow; but, on the contrary, Rue, Angelica, Buglosse, Marjoram, Trefoiles, Roses, Violets, Lillies, and all the Gardens of Adonis, invite both your sight and your smelling. And being thus born, I did not begin the world, as other Children are wont, with crying; but streight perch'd up and smil'd on my mother. Nor do I envy to the great Jupiter the Goat, his Nurse, forasmuch as I was suckled by two jolly Nymphs, to wit, Drunkenness, the daughter of Bacchus, and Ignorance, of Pan. And as for such my companions and followers as ye perceive about me, if you have a mind to know who they are, ye are not like to be the wiser for me, unlesse it be in Greek: This here, which you observe with that proud cast of her eye, is □□□□□□□□, Self-love; She with the smiling countenance, that is ever and anon clapping her hands, is □□□□□□, Flattery; She that looks as if the were half asleep, is □□□□, Oblivion; She that sits leaning on both Elbows with her hands clutch'd together, is □□□□□□□□, Laziness; She with the Garland on her head, and that smells so strong of perfumes, is □□□□□, Pleasure; She with those staring eyes, moving here and there, A□□□, is Madness; She with the smooth Skin and full pamper'd body is, □□□□□, Wantonness; and, as to the two Gods that ye see with them, the one is □□□□□, Intemperance, the other □□□□□□□ □□□□□ Dead Sleep. These, I say, are my household Servants, and by their faithful Counsels I have subjected all things to my Dominion, and erected an empire over Emperors themselves. Thus have ye had my Lineage, Education, and Companions.

Do but observe our grim Philosophers that are perpetually beating their brains on knotty Subjects, and for the most part you'll find 'em grown old before they are scarce young. And whence is it, but that their continual and restless thoughts insensibly prey upon their spirits, and dry up their Radical Moisture? Whereas, on the contrary, my fat fools are as plump and round as a Westphalian Hogg, and never sensible of old age, unless perhaps, as sometimes it rarely happens, they come to be infected with Wisdom; so hard a thing it is for a man to be happy in all things. And to this purpose is that no

small testimony of the Proverb, that sayes, 'Folly is the onely thing that keeps Youth at a stay, and Old age afar off'; as it is verifi'd in the Brabanders, of whom there goes this common saying, 'That Age, which is wont to render other Men wiser, makes them the greater Fools.' And yet there is scarce any Nation of a more jocund converse, or that is less sensible of the misery of Old age, than they are. And to these, as in scituation, so for manner of living, come nearest my friends the Hollanders. And why should I not call them mine, since they are so diligent observers of me that they are commonly call'd by my name? -- of which they are so far from being asham'd, they rather pride themselves in 't. Let the foolish world then be packing and seek out Medeas, Circes, Venuses, Auroras and I know not what other Fountains of restoring Youth. I am sure I am the onely person that both can, and have made it good. 'Tis I alone that have that wonderful juice with which Memnon's daughter prolong'd the youth of her Grandfather Tithon. I am that Venus by whose favour Phaon became so young again that Sappho fell in love with him. Mine are those Herbs, if yet there be any such, mine those Charms, and mine that Fountain, that not onely restores departed Youth but, which is more desirable, preserves it perpetual. And if ye all subscribe to this Opinion, that nothing is better than Youth, or more execrable than Age, I conceive you cannot but see how much ye are indebted to me, that have retain'd so great a good, and shut out so great an evil.

In fine, I am so necessary to the making of all society and manner of the both delightful and lasting, that neither would the people long endure their Governors, nor the Servant his Master, nor the Master his Footman, nor the Scholar his Tutor, nor one friend another, nor the Wife her Husband, nor the Userer the Borrower, nor a Souldier his Commander, nor one Companion another, unlesse all of them had their interchangeable failings, one while flattering, other while prudently conniving, and generally sweetning one another with some small relish of Folly.

Again, take notice of this no contemptible blessing which Nature hath giv'n fools, that they are the only plain, honest men and such as speak truth. And what is more commendable than truth? for though that Proverb of Alcibiades in Plato attributes Truth to Drunkards and Children, yet the praise of it is particularly mine, even from the testimony of Euripides; amongst whose other things there is extant that his honourable saying concerning us, 'A fool speaks foolish things.' For whatever a fool has in his heart, he both shews it in his looks and expresses it in his discourse; while the wise men's are those two Tongues which the same Euripides mentions, whereof the one speaks truth, the other what they judge most seasonable for the occasion. These are they that 'turn black into white,' blow hot and cold with the same breath, and carry a far different meaning in their Breast from what they feign with their Tongue. Yet in the midst of all their prosperity, Princes in this respect seem to me most unfortunate, because, having no one to tell them truth, they are forc't to receive flatterers for friends.

And next these come those call themselves the Religious and Monks; most false in both Titles, when both a great part of 'em are farthest from Religion, and no men swarm thicker in all places than themselves. Nor can I think of any thing that could be more miserable, did not I support 'em so many several wayes. For whereas all men detest 'em to that height, that they take it for ill luck to meet one of 'em by chance, yet such is their happiness that they flatter themselves. For first, they reckon it one of the main Points of Piety if they are so illiterate that they can't so much as read. And then when they run over their Offices, which they carry about 'em, rather by tale than understanding, they believe the Gods more than ordinarily pleas'd with their braying. And some there are among 'em that put off their trumperies at vast rates yet roave up and down for the bread they eat; nay, there is scarce an Inne, Waggon, or Ship into which they intrude not, to the no small damage of the Commonwealth of Beggars. And yet, like pleasant fellows, with all this Vileness, Ignorance,
Rudeness and Impudence, they represent to us, for so they call it, the lives of the Apostles. Yet what is more pleasant than that they do all things by Rule and, as it were, a kind of Mathematicks, the least swerving from which were a crime beyond forgiveness:-as, how many knots their shooes must be ti'd with, of what colour every thing is, what distinction of habits, of what stuffe made, how many straws broad their

Girdles and of what fashion, how many bushels wide their Cowle, how many fingers long their Hair, and how many hours sleep; which exact equality, how disproportionable it is, among such variety of bodies and tempers, who is there that does not perceive it? And yet by reason of these fooleries they not onely set slight by others, but each different Order, men otherwise professing Apostolical Charity, despise one another, and for the different wearing of a habit, or that 'tis of darker colour, they put all things in combustion. And amongst these there are some so rigidly Religious that their upper Garment is hair-Cloth, their inner of the finest Linnen; and, on the contrary, others wear Linnen without, and hair next their skins. Others, agen, are, as affraid to touch mony, as poyson, and yet neither forbear Wine nor dallying with Women. In a word, 'tis their onely care that none of 'em come near one another in their manner of living, nor do they endeavour how they may be like Christ, but how they may differ among themselves.

In brief, go whither ye will, among Prelates, Princes, Judges, Magistrates, Friends, Enemies, from highest to lowest, and you'll find all things done by money; which, as a Wise man contemns it, so it takes a special care not to come near him. What shall I say? There is no measure or end of my praises, and yet 'tis fit my Oration have an end. And therefore I'll ev'n break off; and yet, before I do it, 'twill not be amiss if I briefly shew ye that there has not been wanting even great Authours that have made me famous, both by their Writings and Actions, lest perhaps otherwise I may seem to have foolishly pleas'd my self only, or that the Lawyers charge me that I have prov'd nothing. After their example, therefore, will I alleadge my proofs, that is to say, nothing to the point.

And first, every man allows this Proverb, 'That where a man wants matter, he may best frame some.' And to this purpose is that Verse which we teach Children, "Tis the greatest wisdome to know when and where to counterfeit the Fool.' And now judge your selves what an excellent thing this Folly is, whose very counterfeit and semblance only has got such praise from the Learned. But more candidly does that fat plump 'Epicurean bacon-hogg,' Horace, for so he calls himself, bid us 'mingle our purposes with Folly'; and whereas he adds the word brevem, short, perhaps to help out the Verse, he might as well have let it alone; and agen, "tis a pleasant thing to play the fool in the right season'; and in another place, he had rather 'be accounted a dottrel and sot, than to be wise and made mouths at.' And Telemachus in Homer, whom the Poet praises so much, is now and then called **GREEK TEXT** Fool and by the same name, as if there were some good fortune in 't, are the Tragedians wont to call Boyes and Striplings. And what does that sacred book of Iliads contain, but a kind of counter-scuffle between foolish Kings and foolish People? Besides, how absolute is that praise that Cicero gives of it! 'All things are full of fools.' For who does not know that every good, the more diffusive it is, by so much the better it is?

Excerpts from *The Praise of Folly* are by Desiderius Erasmus, translated by John Wilson, Clarendon Press, 1913.

ART HUMANITIES: PRIMARY SOURCE READER

Section 6: Bernini

Art Humanities Primary Source Reading 25

Saint Teresa in Ecstasy

Excerpt from *Life of Saint Teresa*, describing her transverberation (literally, "a striking through"—when an angel pierced her heart with the arrow of divine love)

"…Beside me, on the left hand, appeared an angel in bodily form, such as I am not in the habit of seeing except very rarely. Though I often have visions of angels, I do not see them…But it was out Lord's will that I should see this angel in the following way. He was not tall but short, and very beautiful; and his face was so aflame that he appeared to be one of the highest rank of angels, who seem to be all on fire. They must be of the kind called cherubim, but they do not tell me their names. I know very well that there is a great difference between some angels and others, and between these and others still, but I could not possibly explain it. In his hands I saw a great golden spear, and at the iron tip there appeared to be a point of fire. This he plunged into my heart several times so that it penetrated to my entrails. When he pulled it out, I felt that he took them with it, and left me utterly consumed by the great love of God. The pain was so severe that it made me utter several moans. The sweetness caused by this intense pain is so extreme that one cannot possibly wish it to cease, nor is one's soul then content with anything but God. This is not a physical, but a spiritual pain, though the body has some share in it—even a considerable share. So gentle is this wooing which takes place between God and the soul that if anyone thinks I am lying, I pray God in his goodness, to grant him some experience of it."

Art Humanities Primary Source Reading 26

Paul Fréart, Sieur de Chantelou

EXCERPTS FROM THE DIARY OF CAVALIERS BERNINI'S VISIT TO FRANCE,[1] 1665

June 6th [1665]. On the sixth, while the tables were being made and other things necessary for drawing were being prepared, the time was passed in conversation. As the Cavalier Bernini is a man with a famous name and a great reputation, I, in agreement with you, my very dear brother, have deemed it a useful thing for our common study and for our amusement to preserve some record of what I have heard said by him. You who have never seen him will perhaps be glad if I make a rough draft, or as the Italian painters say, a *schizzo*, of him and his character.

So I will tell you that the Cavalier is a man of short stature but well-proportioned, thin rather than fat, and of a fiery temperament. His face resembles an eagle's, especially the eyes. He has very long eyebrows and a large forehead that is a little caved in toward the middle and rises gently from the eyes. He is bald, and what hair he has is curly and white. By his own admission, he is sixty-five. Nevertheless, he is vigorous for that age, and walks firmly as though he were only thirty or forty. One might say that his mind is one of the most perfect nature has ever formed, for, without having studied, he has almost all the gifts which the sciences give a man. Besides, he has a fine memory, a lively and quick imagination, and his judgment seems clear and sound.

His enunciation is very beautiful and he has a special talent for explaining things with words, expressions, and gestures, and for making them vivid as well as the greatest painters have been able to do with their brushes. No doubt this is why he has succeeded so well with the comedies he has written. They have won, it is said, universal approval, and they caused a great stir in Rome because of the decorations and the astonishing contraptions he introduced, which deceived even those who had been forewarned. On every occasion Bernini likes to quote Pope Urban VIII, who loved and cherished him from his early youth. One of the first things I remember his telling me is that the Pope, at that time only a cardinal, was once at the house of Bernini's father, who was also a sculptor. After seeing a work that the Cavalier had finished at the age of eight, Cardinal Barberini (for so Urban VIII was then called) laughingly said to Bernini's father: "Signor Bernini, take care! That child will surpass you and doubtless will be more skillful than his master." He said that his father replied brusquely, "Your Eminence knows that in this game, he who loses wins."

Speaking of sculpture and of the difficulty of achieving success, especially in obtaining a resemblance in marble portraits, he told me one remarkable thing, and this he has since repeated on all occasions: that if some one whitened his hair, beard, eyebrows, and, if it were possible, the pupils of his eyes and his lips, and in that state showed himself to those who are wont to see him every day, they would scarcely recognize him. In order to prove this he added: when a person faints, the pallor alone which spreads over his face makes him almost unrecognizable, and it is often said "He no longer seems himself." It is equally difficult to achieve a likeness in a marble portrait, which is all of one color. He said another thing even more extraordinary: sometimes in order to imitate the model well it is necessary to introduce in a marble portrait something that is not found in the model. This seems to be a paradox, but he explained it thus: in order to represent the darkness that some people have around the eye, it is necessary to deepen the marble in the place where it is dark in order to represent the effect of that color and thus make up by skill, so to speak, the imperfection of the art of sculpture, which is unable to give color to objects. However, he said, the model is not the same as the imitation. Afterwards, he added a rule which, according to him, should be followed in sculpture, but of which I am not as convinced as of the preceding ones. He said: a sculptor creates a figure with one

hand held high and the other hand placed on the chest. Practice teaches that the hand in the air must be larger and fuller than the one resting on the chest. This is because the air surrounding the first alters and consumes something of the form or, to express it better, something of the quantity of the form. I myself believe that this diminution would take place in nature itself; therefore it is not necessary to represent in the figure what is not in nature. I did not tell him so and since then I have thought that the ancients followed a rule of making the columns which they placed at the corners of the temples one-sixteenth larger than the others, because, as Vitrivius says, being surrounded by a large quantity of air, which consumes their quantity, they would have appeared less large than their neighbors, even though they were not so in reality.

Then, speaking of painting as compared to sculpture, each having its partisans who have disputed at length in recent centuries, as much as in the time of the Greeks, the question to which of the two arts must be given precedence and the place of honor, the Cavalier endeavored to show by well-contrived arguments that painting is much easier and that a great deal more effort is required to attain perfection in sculpture. In order better to prove his proposition, he offered an example: "The King wants a beautiful work of sculpture, and discusses it with a sculptor to whom he allows the liberty of choosing the subject after his taste. For the task, His Majesty gives the sculptor one, two or three years, in short as much time as he may desire to perfect his work. The King makes the same proposition to a painter for a work of painting and allows the painter the same freedom of time and of subject. If the painter is asked, when the time has expired and his work is finished, whether he has put all the perfection of art of which he was capable into his work, he can freely answer in the affirmative since he has been able to put into his painting what he knew when he began the work, but also to add what be acquired in studying his subject during the entire time he had for the execution, whether six months, a year, or longer. The same is not true of the sculptor, the Cavalier said, for when his work is completed and he, too, is asked if it represents the best he could do, he might answer negatively, and be right, that it only represents what he knew when he began the work and that what he has learned since he could not add to this work, for he could neither change the pose he had decided to choose at the beginning nor correct it in accord with the progress he was making through study in his profession.

Afterwards he went from his room, where we were, onto his gallery. There he told me that he has a gallery almost exactly like this one in his house at Rome and that it is there that he creates most of his compositions as he walks around; that he notes on the wall with charcoal the ideas as they come to him; that it is usual for agile and imaginative minds to pile up thought upon thought on a subject. When a thought comes to them, they draw it; a second comes, and they note it also; then a third and a fourth; without discarding or perfecting any, they are always attached to the last idea by the special love one has for novelty. What must be done to correct this fault is to let these different ideas rest without looking at them for one or two months. After that time one is in a condition to choose the best one. If by chance the work is urgent and the person for whom one works does not allow so much time, it is necessary to have recourse to those glasses that change the color of objects or those that make objects seem larger or smaller, and to look at them [the sketches] upside down, and finally to seek through these changes in color, size, and position to correct the illusion caused by the love for novelty, which almost always prevents one from being able to choose the best idea.

AUGUST 19TH.

On the nineteenth, having come to the house of the Cavalier, I learned that M. Colbert had just left; that he had brought back the plans of the Louvre and had left a memorandum of the things necessary in the apartments for the convenience of the King, the two queens, the Dauphin, and the officers of their retinue; and others in charge of the kitchens, provisions, glasses, the five pantries, the offices and rooms for the tables of the Grand Maitre, chamberlain, maitres, etc.; also of the things necessary for the construction of a water reservoir from which water could be pumped in case of fire, and of room for storing the implements necessary in case of such an accident; a plan for the banquet and

ballrooms, and for the adaptation of the theater room; for a large armory in the Louvre ....

At noon M. Villeroi[2] came to see the bust (our fig. 5) in the southern apartment and served as an advance courier for the King, who came subsequently with a great crowd. The Cavalier had begun to give form to the nose, which was as yet only blocked in. M. de Crequi came forward to whisper in the King's ear. The Cavalier said laughingly, "These gentlemen have the King with them at their pleasure all day and they do not wish to leave him to me even a half-hour; I am tempted to do a caricature portrait of one of them." No one understood the remark. I said to the King that those were portraits in which the resemblance was in the ugly and the ridiculous. Monsignor Butti took up the conversation and remarked that the Cavalier was excellent at that sort of portraiture and that one should be shown to His Majesty. As a portrait of a woman was mentioned, the Cavalier said, "One must make a caricature of women only at night." M. de Prince, who was there, affirmed that under the hand of the Cavalier the resemblance of the bust to the King increased from one time to the next. The Marshal de Villeroi agreed. After three quarters of an hour, His Majesty left, saying to the Cavalier that he would not come back the next day but that on the following Thursday he would sit for him two or three hours. As he left the room, Madame de la Baume approached the King, who stationed himself near a window and gave her an audience of a good quarter of an hour. Then M. Colbert gave her a long audience too, after which he came to see the bust and remained in the room for some time. I told him that I had taken the Cavalier to Vincennes and that he was pleased by it, that he had said that the King was nowhere so well lodged and that he had thought the woodcarving, the gilding and the pictures very beautiful.

After Colbert had gone, the Cavalier said it would be enough for the King to come twice more; however, if His Majesty wished to come more often, the bust would not only resemble him but would be a speaking image of him. I forgot to say that Varin was there the entire time the Cavalier was working. Every one questioned Varin about the bust. He said to me that he believed the Cavalier had removed too much from the forehead and that it was impossible to replace marble. I assured him that this was not so and that the Cavalier's intention was to make the part of the forehead above the eyes very high, it being so in the model apart from the fact that one sees this treatment of the forehead in all the beautiful antique heads; and that the Cavalier and I had discussed the point at the beginning of the work.

In the afternoon, M. le Nonce came. Lefebvre, the painter, came with him. They admired the resemblance of the bust. After having studied it from all sides, Lefebvre exclaimed that even in the back there was a resemblance. Hearing this, the Cavalier said something worthy of note: that in the evening, if a candle is placed behind some one in such a way that his shadow falls on a wall, one will recognize the person from the shadow, for it is true that no one's head is set on his shoulders in the same way as another's. The same is true of the rest of the body. The first thing the artist must consider in working for a resemblance is the general impression of the person rather than the details.

In the morning, the Cavalier had told me he had observed, while working on the King's nose, that His Majesty's was of a peculiar shape, the lower part which joins the cheek being narrower than the front of the nose. This observation would aid in the resemblance ....

SEPTEMBER 5TH.

On the fifth the Cavalier worked as usual, and in the evening he went to the Academy MM. du Metz, Nocret, and de Sève, as delegates of the group, came to receive him at the street door. The Cavalier went first to the place where one draws from the models, who when they saw him assumed the poses assigned them. After remaining there sometime, he went into the hall where the academic lectures are held. The place of honor was offered him, but he did not wish to occupy it. The assembly was very large. M. Eliot, counselor at the Cour des aides, was there. The Cavalier glanced at the pictures in the hall which did not happen to be of the greatest value. He also looked at some bas-reliefs by some sculptors of the Academy. Afterwards, standing in the center of the

hall surrounded by all members of the entire Academy, he said that in his opinion there should be in the Academy casts of all the beautiful antique statues, bas-reliefs, and busts for the instruction of the young students, who should be required to draw in the antique style in order to form first from these works the idea of beauty which would then serve them all their life. The students would, in his opinion, be ruined if at the beginning they were set to draw from nature, for nature is almost always feeble and trifling. As a result, their imagination being filled only with the model in nature, they would never be able to produce anything great or beautiful which is not found in nature. Those who make use of nature should be sufficiently skillful to recognize its defects and correct them. Young people with no background are incapable of doing this. To prove his contention, he said that sometimes parts in the model that appear in relief should not be so and other parts that should be in relief do not appear so at all. He who possesses a good sense of design, disregards what the model shows when it should not appear in the work of art and emphasizes what ought to be there but does not appear in the model. He also said that a young man who has never possessed a knowledge of the beautiful is not capable of doing this. The Cavalier said that when he was very young he often drew from the antique and that in the first figure he did, when he was not sure of something he went to consult the Antinous as his oracle, and he noticed from day to day beauties in this figure which he had never seen and never would have seen had not he himself been working with a chisel. For this reason he always advised his students and all others not to abandon themselves so much to drawing and modelling that they did not work at the same time either in sculpture or painting, combining production and copying, or, so to speak, action and contemplationfrom which procedure progress results. I cited as an example, the better to confirm that actual work with the material is absolutely necessary, the late Antoine Carlier, known to most of the Academy, who had spent a good part of his life in Rome modelling in an incomparable fashion all the beautiful antiques, and I made them [the Academicans] confess that, as he had begun too late to work from his imagination, his genius had become sterile through the slavery of imitation, and it then became impossible for him to produce any original work. With regard to painters, the Cavalier added that besides drawings that could be made from antique bas-reliefs and statues, it was also necessary to help the students by providing copies of the artists who painted in the grand manner, like Giorgione, Pordenon, Titian, and Paul Veronese, rather than Raphael, even though he was the most correct of all. It has been said of this painter that no one else was comparable to him in composition because he had had for friends Bembo and Balthazar Castiglione, who helped him by their knowledge and their genius. Then the Cavalier said that it was an Academic question whether a painter should allow a picture to be seen as soon as it was finished, or whether it would not be better to put it away for awhile, and then look at it again before exhibiting it to the public. It was Annibale Carracci's choice to exhibit a picture immediately in order to learn its faults-whether it was too dry, too hard or had other errors-in order to correct them. The Cavalier added that in order to stimulate competition in the Academy it was good to give prizes as Cardinal Barberini gave in the Academy in Rome, of which he [Berninil was a member. The prize to whoever does the best drawing ought to be an order for a picture from the drawing, and it should be liberally paid for and similarly the sculptor who made the best model should receive an order for a statue for the Louvre and should be well paid for it. And then he said that, having worked nearly sixty years, he could give a little advice. I answered that it was true and that a man of his genius and experience who would speak frankly would do more good in an hour of instruction than many years of research and study. M. Le Brun arrived at that moment. The Cavalier greeted him courteously and went on to say that three things were necessary for success in sculpture and painting: to see the beautiful early and accustom oneself to it, to work hard, and to have good advice. A man who had worked hard was able with very few words to save one a lot of trouble and to point out corrections and short-cuts. He repeated that Annibale Carracci believed in exhibiting a picture to public criticism as soon as it was completed, for the public was not deceived, did not flatter, and never failed to say, "It is dry, it is hard," when it was. He added that it was necessary for each person to correct the fault he may have by its

opposite, the sober by the easy going, the meager and feeble by the bulky and substantial, the airy by the sober. Some one then showed him the Crucifixion by Sarrazin, which he contemplated and then said that it was beautiful, but it was done in such a way that one seems to see a body slumping under the impact of torture. From the Scripture, one learns that the body of Our Lord was pulled with ropes to stretch it; thus the body could not slump as it does in that crucifix.

Then he returned to the place where the models were and saw the drawing of two or three academicians, among others, one by a young boy ten or twelve years old which he found very advanced. He said to me, in a low voice, that one should not study by lamp in the summer because of the heat, but by the light of day.

Afterwards, he took leave of the entire Academy, which descended to see him out, and among the others MM. du Metz and Perrault, who had arrived in the meantime.

OCTOBER 6TH

On the sixth, I did not go to the Cavalier's house until the afternoon. He was still resting, I found a great crowd looking at the bust, among others Madame Colbert. I had given the order for the King's carriage to come to the Cavalier's house as he had requested .

. . . The Nuncio and the Ambassador having left, we went to the Louvre. There the Cavalier requested me to learn if the King was in council so that he might see, if His Majesty had gone out, whether there would be an advantageous place for the bust in his apartment. The King was in council; so we went to the new apartment of the Queen Mother, where Bernini had planned to place the bust on the platform for the audiences and the little Christ in the cabinet behind. From there we went to see the Queen and then the Cavalier came back, as M. Perrault[3] had sent word that he would come at five o'clock. Not finding him there, Bernini asked me to go with him to the Feuillants. When we returned we found M. Perrault. My brother, who desired to be present, was with us. The Cavalier said that he hoped the foundation [of the Louvre] would be ready on Saturday so that the first stone could be laid. M. Perrault replied that the coins [to be buried in the foundation] would not be ready for that day. The Cavalier replied that they would go under other stones, that he wished to leave the following Tuesday because of the cold. M. Perrault talked to him of the arches of the kitchen court façade and the difficulty there would be in closing them. The Cavalier took a pencil and showed in what manner it should be done. I said that these were little difficulties that were not pressing and there would be time to think of them in three or four years; that in the new apartment of the Queen Mother were similar arches for which frames had been made. Perrault replied that this had been done with the greatest difficulty. I repeated that these were all minor matters that were in no way pressing, that all was clear in the plan. M. Perrault told me that he had a notebook full of the difficulties which were to be faced. The Cavalier had the plan brought so that Perrault could show the things he wished explained. There was one matter that deserved explanation, Perrault said: not only he but a hundred others would like to know why this part of the new pavilion on the river side is smaller than the other, that being contrary to symmetry and having no relation to the dome in the middle of this façade. From Perrault's pointing to the plan, and from what he [Bernini] had understood of the conversation, although he does not know French, he had grasped that Perrault was talking of his work and asserting that there was a fault in the design. He looked at two Italians who were there and told them to go away. Then he took the pencil and said that if he had drawn this new part of the pavilion on the level of the angle of the façade it would have been a gross error; it sufficed that there should be a relation between this part of the pavilion and the other, although this part was not so large; he wished Perrault to know that it was not for him to make these difficulties; he was ready to listen to discussions on the convenience of the palace, but for the composition of the design, it must be someone cleverer than he (the Cavalier pointed with his finger to himself) who tried to correct it; in this matter Perrault was not worthy to clean the soles of his shoes; but this was not the question of the moment; his design had pleased the King; he would make his complaints to the King, and presently he was going to M. Colbert to tell him of

the insult he had received. M. Perrault, seeing that the Cavalier took the matter in this way, was very much alarmed. He begged me to soothe the Cavalier and to make him understand that he did not seek to find fault with the Cavalier's work, but to have some reply ready for those who would make the same objection. This I told the Cavalier. I begged him to consider that if he brought the matter to this point he would deprive a young man of his career, and I implied that the Cavalier was too good to wish to be the cause of M. Perrault's disgrace. His son and Signor Mathie, who were there, tried to appease him, but it was useless. He went into the other room, saying that he was going to see now M. Colbert, now the Nuncio. M. Perrault begged me to make the Cavalier understand that he had had no intention of hurting him. "That a man of my sort," said the Cavalier to himself, "I, whom the Pope treats with consideration and for whom he has respect, that I should be treated thus! I will complain of it to the King; even if my life is at stake, I shall leave tomorrow. I do not know why I should not take a hammer to the bust after such an insult. I am going to see the Nuncio." As he walked away I begged Signor Mathie to stop him. He told me in a low voice to let him spend his anger; that I should trust him to smooth things over. Signor Paul also made excuses to the Cavalier for Perrault when he implored him to do so, saying that what Perrault had said was without any intention of giving offense. Finally the Cavalier, instead of leaving to go to the Nuncio as was his intention, was led upstairs. My brother and I went to accompany M. Perrault to M. Colbert's house. He told us he was going to inform him of the Cavalier's anger. I replied that he had better refrain from doing so, and that he should find out first if the affair could be quieted. He should not speak of it to anyone and my brother and I would not speak of it either. He begged us to leave it this way.

OCTOBER 10TH.

On the tenth when I went to the Cavalier's house, I found Signor Paul leaving to see M. Colbert. On his return, he said M. Colbert was going to the Louvre. The Cavalier, having heard from someone that the Prince was here, wished to go to his lodgings to see his Highness, but he was not in Paris, and the Duke had just left for Chantilly to see his father. From there we went to the Gobelins, where M. Le Brun received the Cavalier. First he gazed intently at a tapestry design of an *Endymion in the Arms of Sleep*. He said it was in good taste and praised it highly. Then he saw the two great pictures of the *Battle of the Granicus* and the *Triumph of Alexander*. After the Cavalier had studied them intently, M. Le Brun had the picture of the *Battle of the Granicus* taken in the courtyard, as he had done when the King was at the Gobelins. The Cavalier looked at it for a long time, withdrawing from it as far as he could. Afterwards he said several times, "It is beautiful, it is beautiful." Canvas had been placed above as a ceiling to focus the vision. He had it removed and looked at the picture again for a long time. He had previously seen the great picture by Paolo Veronese[4] which the Venetians gave to the King and which was formerly at the Servites Convent in Venice. He returned to look at it and found some admirably painted heads, which he said were portraits of the Senators of that time and even of the Doge. He praised its grand execution, but he found in this work several bungled parts, and some poorly drawn hands. He said the Magdalen at the feet of our Lord was painted with marvelous plasticity but from the waist down the figure was not well drawn; the leg of Christ nearest the beholder was entirely wrong, and the arm and right hand were equally bungled. He admired above all a figure seated at the table near Christ, which one only sees from the rear. M. Le Brun pointed out to me that there were several points of view in the picture and that, even though the horizon is lower than the table, one nevertheless sees the top of the table; that the buildings were not correctly drawn in relation to this horizon and that they were not painted by Paolo Veronese. He said the King on seeing this picture praised the Magdalen and found the right part of the picture the most beautiful, which is correct. Afterwards, we saw another picture by Paolo Veronese, which had belonged to M. Fouquet, in which is portrayed an Andromeda Rescued by Perseus. It is well painted, as are most of the works by this painter. But the Cavalier thought that the Perseus is in a strange position, as though squatting. I pointed out that the left leg of the Andromeda seemed very badly drawn.

The Cavalier drew Le Brun to one side, gave him some information, then said to him, "I have told you this honestly, for to a man who possesses eighteen out of twenty parts one can say what one sees, but to those who lack eighteen out of twenty one has nothing to say. Annibale Carracci was right in saying often: 'One should speak to him who knows, not to him who doesn't know.'" The Cavalier went on to say that a rather talented sculptor one day begged Michelangelo Buonarroti to come to his studio to see a figure he had made. While Michelangelo looked at it-the light not being as the sculptor would have desired-he now shut one window, then opened another, and because of the sun did not find a light such as he would have wished to illuminate his figure. Michelangelo, seeing this, said to him: "There is no light better than in the place where the statue will stand. There the people will see it and they will say whether it is good."

The Cavalier was shown the drawings copied from the *Triumph of Alexander* by an eleven-year-old boy He found them very good and was astonished that at that age the lad should be so advanced. They brought him some of the boy's original drawings, which amazed him even more. The Cavalier said that the boy should be helped, sent to Italy and kept there for nine or ten years. After the boy showed him some of his academy drawings, the Cavalier said. "It spoils young men to make them draw so soon from life when they are not yet capable of choosing the beautiful and leaving the ugly, the more so since the models available in France are not very good." He said that the King should send for some models and that they should be chosen from the Levantine slaves. He said that the Greeks had the bestformed bodies and that they could be bought. Turning to me, he told me he had forgotten to put that in his recommendations for the Academy, and that it should be added to them. The Cavalier sent Signor Paul, who had accompanied him, to see the places where the Gobelins are made.

"Do you think," I asked him, "a picture of Annibale Carracci would not be more praiseworthy?" The Cavalier replied that it would be, and by far; that if Annibale had lived at the time of Raphael, he would have given cause for jealousy to him and, with greater reason, to Paolo Veronese, Titian, and Correggio, all of whom had been colorists. Michelangelo was right in saying that God had not permitted these men to know how to draw, for then they would have been supermen. The Cavalier added that if the pictures of all the masters were compared to those of Raphael it would be seen that Raphael's were of uniform excellence, whereas in those of the others there would be many parts worth consideration. Raphael had precision in drawing, clever composition, dignity in drapery, grace, beautiful adornments, beautiful and symmetrical disposition of figures according to perspective, none of which the others had had. In truth Raphael had lacked the beautiful color of the Lombards, but they on their part lacked proportion, drawing and dignity in drapery. One sees that Poussin, who was the most learned and the greatest painter, after having imitated Titian for a time finally focussed on Raphael, thereby showing that he esteemed Raphael above the others. Monsignor Butti said that he had seen Poussin's beautiful picture *Germanicus*.[5] The Cavalier said, "You should see those M. Chantelou has: they are something different. He has seven representing the 'Sacraments'[6] which I could look at for six months without tiring." Monsignor Butti asked their size. He said, "Of ordinary size with figures two feet in height. Nothing is more beautiful than that. There is a man who based his study on the antique and who in addition had great genius. I have always held him in high regard and because of it I have made enemies in Rome. You must see them," the Cavalier continued to Monsignor Butti, "he has done, however, some things since that are not equal to those: the picture of the *Adulterous Woman*, the *Flight into Egypt* that I saw at that merchant's, and your *Samaritan*[7] (turning toward me) no longer have this force. A man should know when to stop."

I forgot to mention that he said that Paolo Veronese and Titian sometimes took their brushes and executed things they had not planned, letting themselves be carried away by a kind of frenzy of painting; that was the cause of the marked differences among their works; those of them which had been carefully handled were incomparable while others sometimes were only color without composition or thought. The Queen of Sweden had nine or ten good and bad Paolo Veroneses, and there were only three truly good ones among them.

The Cavalier said that as most of the time nature is not beautiful, he had had brought to him from Civitavecchia and from the Marches of Ancona some of those Levantines to serve as models, and he considered himself fortunate to have found them. There was a general rule to give to those who were drawing from nature: to be on their guard and examine the model well, to draw the legs long rather than short, for the little more you give them augments the beauty, and the little less makes the figure awkward and heavy; it is always necessary to add a little more width to the shoulders of the man, rather than depict the narrowness observed in nature; to make the head a little smaller rather than large; in women, the shoulders should be a little narrower than one sees in nature, God having given to men width in the shoulders for strength and for work, and width in the hips to women so they may be able to carry us in their flanks. One should make feet small rather than too large; this is observed in beautiful models and in the ancient ones. He repeated that the King should have some models brought from Greece. He would put it on the list of recommendations he had made for the Academy. Furthermore, the heads of the Academy should give lectures for the instruction of the young students and should vary them according to the different classes, of which there should be three. He said, speaking of the students' drawings which he had just seen, that he had found through his study one factor of the greatest importance in the posing of figures: namely, their distribution of weight; rarely does a man, if he is not too old, put his weight on both legs, one should therefore represent the weight of the body as really resting on one leg and the shoulder on the side of the supporting leg should be lower than the other shoulder, and if an arm has been raised it should always be on the opposite side to the leg which supports the body; otherwise there is no grace in the drawing, and nature is forced. In his studies of the beautiful antique statues, he had found them all posed thus.

M. du Metz, who was there, said he would remember these beautiful observations. I said it was of great benefit to those who studied art to have such good teaching, for it would shorten the years that they would have to devote, perhaps fruitlessly, to their studies; that there were few persons who were not jealous of their particular knowledge; the general rules of art were taught enough, but the ones the particular artist had made for himself were never or very rarely taught; we were greatly obliged to the Cavalier for speaking so openly. The Cavalier replied that what we have is given us by God and to teach it to others is to return it to Him; there are three things: "to see, to listen to great men, and to practice."

The little Blondeau showed him some of his academy studies. The Cavalier found them quite good for a young man. "But you must go to Rome," he said to him. "At this age young men should go to Rome, for the trip must be made before they are twenty, but they should not be too young either." He said Annibale Carracci had advised him when he himself was young to draw for at least two years from the judgment of Michelangelo in order to learn the rhythm of the muscles; later when he was drawing from nature at the Academy, Scivoli, watching him draw, said, "You are a clever one. You do not draw what you see. This is from Michelangelo." It was the result of the study he had done before ....

NOTES

1. The excerpts are translated from *Journal du voyage du Cavalier Bernin en France*, Paris, 1930. The text was first published by L. Lalanne, "Journal du voyage du Cavalier Bernin en France," *Gazette des beaux-arts*, xv-xxxi,1877-1885.
See also: Henri Chardon, Les Frères Fréart de Chantelou, Le Mans, 1867; L. Mirot, "Le Bernin en France," *Mémore de la société de l'histoire de Paris et del'Ile-de-France*, xxxi,1904, pp. 161 ff.
2. Marshal of France: Nicoles de Villeroi (1598-1685)
3. Claude Perrault (1613-88) succeeded Bernini. His plan for the columned façade of the Louvre was adopted. See R. Blomfield. *A History of French Architecture, 1667-1774*, London, 1921, 1, pp. 68-83; A. Blunt, *French Art and Architecture, 1500-1700*, Penguin, Hammondsworth,1957, pp. 189-190.
4. *Feast in the House of Simon*.
5. *Death of Germanicus* painted for Cardinal Barberini, The Minneapolis Institute of Arts. Exact

dating disputed, c. 1627.

6. 1644-1647, second series painted for Chantelou, now in Bridgewater House, London.
7. These pictures are no longer extant.

Art Humanities Primary Source Reading 27

Ovid, Daphne and Apollo

EXCERPT FROM **THE METAMORPHOSES, C. 1 AD**

Every courtier invited to the lavish Borghese villa in Rome would have known and perhaps been able to recite the lines from the epic poem by Ovid (43 BCE-17CE?) that gave rise to Bernini's extraordinary sculpture of Apollo and Daphne. Ovid was a leading poet of ancient Rome, but his *Metamorphoses* provided much inspiration for seventeenth-century Rome as well: poets and musicians were quick to adapt his themes for their dramatic performances. Paintings of Daphne's transformation into a laurel tree were commonplace, but sculptors had yet to tackle the subject. Bernini, ever ready to demonstrate his virtuosity, effected a double transformation, as cold hard marble became an image of soft flesh, itself springing roots and sprouting leaves.

The sculpture finds a visual as well as a textual source in antiquity: the famed *Apollo Belvedere*, star of the papal collections in Rome, underpins Bernini's figure of the young god. The *Apollo and Daphne* was an instant sensation upon its installation in the Borghese villa, where visitors might also have been invited to stroll through a laurel grove planted outside the windows.

Other animals of different kinds were produced by the earth, of its own accord, when the long-lingering moisture was warmed through by the rays of the sun. Then the mud and soggy marshes swelled under the heat, and fertile seeds, nourished in the life-giving earth as in a mother's womb, grew and in the fullness of time acquired a definite shape. This is what happens when the Nile, the river with seven mouths, recedes from the flooded fields and returns its streams to their original bed. The new mud becomes burning hot under the sun's rays, and the farmers, as they turn over the sods of earth, come upon many animals. Among these creatures they see some just begun, but already on the point of coming alive, others unfinished, lacking their full complement of limbs; and often in one and the same body one part is alive, while another is still only raw earth. Indeed, when heat and moisture have reached the proper balance, they bring forth life, and all things are born from these two elements. Although fire and water are always opposites, none the less moist heat is the source of everything, and this discordant harmony is suited to creation.

So when the earth, all muddied by the recent flood, grew warm again, under the kindly radiance of the sun in heaven, she brought forth countless forms of life. In some cases she reproduced shapes which had been previously known, others were new and strange. It was at that time that she gave birth to the huge Python, among the rest, though indeed she had no wish to do so; and this snake, whose body covered so great a stretch of the hillside, struck terror into the newborn race of men, for they had never known its like. The archer god, Apollo, who had never before used such weapons against anything but fleeing deer or timid wild goats, almost emptied his quiver to destroy the serpent, overwhelming it with a thousand arrows, till the venom flowed out from all its dark wounds. Then, in case the passage of time should blot out the memory of his glorious deed, the god established sacred games, which he called Pythian, after the serpent he had vanquished. Contests of many kinds were held at these games, and when the young athletes had been successful there in wrestling, running, or chariot-racing, they received a wreath of oak-leaves as a prize. There was no laurel in those days, and any tree served to provide the garland which Phoebus wore around his temples, to crown his handsome flowing locks.

Daphne, the daughter of Peneus, was Phoebus' first love, and it was not blind chance which brought this about, but Cupid's savage spite. Not long before, the Delian god, still exultant over his slaying of the serpent, had seen Cupid bending his taut bow, and had said: 'You naughty boy, what have you to do with a warrior's arms? Weapons such as these are suited to my shoulders: for I can aim my shafts unerringly, to wound wild beast or human foe, as I lately slew the bloated Python with my countless arrows, though it coveted so many acres with its pestilential coils. You be content with your torch to excite love, whatever that may be, and do not aspire to praises that are my prerogative.' But Venus' son replied: 'Your bow may pierce everything else, Phoebus, but mine will pierce you: and as all animals are inferior to the gods, your glory is to that extent less than mine.'

With these words he swiftly winged his way through the air, till he alighted on the shady summit of Parnassus. From his quiver, full of arrows, he drew two darts, with different properties. The one puts love to flight, the other kindles it. That which kindles love is golden, and shining, sharp-tipped; but that which puts it to flight is blunt, its shaft tipped with lead. With this arrow the god pierced the nymph, Peneus' daughter, but Apollo he wounded with the other, shooting it into the marrow of his bones. Immediately the one fell in love; the other, fleeing the very word 'lover,' took her delight in woodland haunts and in the spoils of captured beasts, emulating Diana, the maiden goddess, with her hair carelessly caught back by a single ribbon.

Many a suitor wooed her but, turning away from their entreaties, she roamed the pathless woods, knowing nothing of men, and caring nothing for them, heedless of what marriage or love or wedded life might be. Again and again her father said: 'It is your duty to marry and give me a son-in-law, my child.' Often he repeated: 'My child, it is your duty to give me grandchildren.' But she blushed, hating the thought of marriage as if it were some crime. The modest colour crimsoned her fair face and, throwing her arms round her father's neck, she cried imploringly: 'My dear, dear father, let me enjoy this state of maiden bliss for ever! Diana's father granted her such a boon in days gone by!' Her father did, indeed, yield to her request, but her very loveliness prevented her from being what she desired, and her beauty defeated her own wishes.

As soon as Phoebus saw Daphne, he fell in love with her, and wanted to marry her. His own prophetic powers deceived him and he hoped to achieve his desire. As the light stubble blazes up in a harvested field, or as the hedge is set alight, if a traveller chance to kindle a fire too close, or leaves one smouldering when he goes off at daybreak, so the god was all on fire, his whole heart was aflame, and he nourished his fruitless love on hope. He eyed her hair as it hung carelessly about her neck, and sighed: 'What if it were properly arranged!' He looked at her eyes, sparkling bright as stars, he looked at her lips, and wanted to do more than look at them. He praised her fingers, her hands and arms, bare almost to the shoulder. Her hidden charms he imagined lovelier still.

But Daphne ran off, swifter than the wind's breath, and did not stop to hear his words, though he called her back: 'I implore you, nymph, daughter of Peneus, do not run away! Though I pursue you, I am no enemy. Stay, sweet nymph! You flee as the lamb flees the wolf, or the deer the lion, as doves on fluttering wings fly from an eagle, as all creatures flee their natural foes! But it is love that drives me to follow you. Alas, how I fear lest you trip and fall, lest briars scratch your innocent legs, and I be the cause of your hurting yourself. These are rough places through which you are running-go less swiftly, I beg of you, slow your flight, and I in turn shall pursue less swiftly!

'Yet stay to inquire whose heart you have charmed. I am no peasant, living in a mountain hut, nor am I a shepherd or boorish herdsman who tends his flocks and cattle in these regions. Silly girl, you do not know from whom you are fleeing: indeed, you do not, or else you would not flee. I am lord of Delphi, Claros, and Tenedos, and of the realms of Patara too. I am the son of Jupiter. By my skill the past, the present, and the future are revealed; thanks to me, the lyre strings thrill with music. My arrow is sure, though there is one surer still, which has wounded my carefree heart. The art of medicine is my invention, and men the world over give me the name of healer. All the properties of

herbs are known to me: but alas, there are no herbs to cure love, and the skill which helps others cannot help its master.'

He would have said more, but the frightened maiden fled from him, leaving him with his words unfinished; even then, she was graceful to see, as the wind bared her limbs and its gusts stirred her garments, blowing them out behind her. Her hair streamed in the light breeze, and her beauty was enhanced by her flight. But the youthful god could not endure to waste his time on further blandishments and, as love itself prompted, sped swiftly after her. Even so, when a Gallic hound spies a hare in some open meadow he tries by his swiftness to secure his prey, while the hare, by her swiftness, seeks safety: the dog, seemingly just about to fasten on his quarry, hopes at every moment that he has her, and grazes her hind quarters with outstretched muzzle, but the hare, uncertain whether she has not already been caught, snatches herself out of his very jaws, and escapes the teeth which almost touch her.

Thus the god and the nymph sped on, one made swift by hope and one by fear; but he who pursued was swifter, for he was assisted by love's wings. He gave the fleeing maiden no respite, but followed close on her heels, and his breath touched the locks that lay scattered on her neck, till Daphne's strength was spent, and she grew pale and weary with the effort of her swift flight. Then she saw the waters of the Peneus: 'O father,' she cried, 'help me! If you rivers really have divine powers, work some transformation, and destroy this beauty which makes me please all too well!' Her prayer was scarcely ended when a deep languor took hold on her limbs, her soft breast was enclosed in thin bark,her hair grew into leaves, her arms into branches, and her feet that were lately so swift were held fast by sluggish roots, while her face became the treetop. Nothing of her was left, except her shining loveliness.

Even as a tree, Phoebus loved her. He placed his hand against the trunk, and felt her heart still beating under the new bark. Embracing the branches as if they were limbs he kissed the wood: but, even as a tree, she shrank from his kisses. Then the god said: 'Since you cannot be my bride, surely you will at least be my tree. My hair, my lyre, my quivers will always display the laurel. You will accompany the generals of Rome, when the Capitol beholds their long triumphal processions, when joyful voices raise the song of victory. You will stand by Augustus' gateposts too, faithfully guarding his doors, and keeping watch from either side over the wreath of oak leaves that will hang there. Further, as my head is ever young, my tresses never shorn, so do you also, at all times, wear the crowning glory of never-fading foliage.' Paean, the healer, had done: the laurel tree inclined her newmade branches, and seemed to nod her leafy top, as if it were a head, in consent.

There is a grove in Haemonia, shut in on every side by steep wooded slopes. Men call it Tempe. Through this grove flow the foaming waters of Peneus, gushing out from the bottom of Pindus' range. As the river roars downwards, it gathers mists of light spray, and scatters its drops on the treetops. The noise of its waters wearies the ear, far beyond its own neighbourhood. This was the home, the dwelling, the most secret haunt of the great river. Sitting here, in a cave hewn out of the cliffs, he was dispensing justice to the waves and to the nymphs who inhabited his stream.

To this spot there came first the rivers of his own country-Spercheus, poplar-fringed, the neverresting Enipeus, old Apidanus, gentle Amphrysus, and Aeas: none of them knowing whether to congratulate or to condole with Daphne's father. Then all the other rivers came, all the streams which, wherever their course has carried them, at last bring down their waters, weary with wandering, to the sea.

Only Inachus was not present, but remained hidden away in the depths of his cave, swelling his stream with tears, and in utter misery lamenting the loss of his daughter Io. He did not know whether she was alive or among the Judes of the dead: but since he could not find her anywhere he assumed that she was nowhere to be found, and his heart feared worse than he knew.

Jupiter had caught sight of her as she was returning from her father's stream, and had said: 'Maiden, you are fit for Jupiter himself to love, and will make someone divinely happy when you share his couch. Now, while the sun is at its zenith, seek shelter

from its heat in the depths of the greenwood,'and he indicated the shady grove-'and do not be afraid to go alone into the haunts of wild beasts: you will be safe, though you make your way into the very heart of the forest, for you will be under the protection of a god; no common god at that, but the one who holds heaven's great sceptre, and launches the roving thunderbolt. Do not run away from me!'-for the girl was already fleeing. She had left the pasture lands of Lerna behind her, and the Lyrcean fields, thickly planted with trees, when the god spread darkness over the wide earth, concealing it from view. Then he halted the maiden's flight, and robbed her of her maidenhood.

Meanwhile Juno looked down over the heart of Argos, and wondered that floating clouds should give the appearance of night during the bright daytime. She realized that these were no river mists, nor were they exhaled from the damp earth. She looked round to see where her husband was: for by now she knew well the deceptions practised by that husband, who had so often been caught behaving as he ought not. When she could not find him in the sky, 'Unless I am mistaken,' she said, 'he is doing me some wrong.' Then, gliding down from high heaven, she stood on earth and bade the clouds disperse.

Jupiter had sensed his wife's arrival before she appeared, and had changed Inachus' daughter into a sleek heifer. Even as a cow she was lovely. Juno, though against her will, admired the look of the animal, and inquired whose it was, where it came from, and from what herd-as if she did not know the truth! Jupiter lied to her, and to stop her asking further questions about its parentage, said that it had been born of the earth. Then Saturn's daughter asked to have it as a present. What was he to do? It would be cruel to hand over his darling to another, but not to give her looked suspicious. On the one hand shame persuaded him to yield, but on the other love made him reluctant. His love would have triumphed over his sense of shame: but if a gift as trivial as a cow were refused to one who was his sister and his wife, it might seem to be more than a cow.

Art Humanities Primary Source Reading 28

Saint Teresa of Avila

Saint Teresa (1515-1582) was a mystic and an active reformer of the Catholic church in her native Spain. With unparalleled concreteness, she described and analyzed the intense bliss of her mystic visions in her "Life," a spiritual autobiography. Teresa's text demonstrates how the love poetry of troubadours was often recycled by religious mystics, who replaced the name of a human beloved with the name of God.

To reveal an inner, spiritual state through visual form is one of the fundamental challenges of art, and around 1647 Bernini was given the commission to make Teresa's divine rapture visible to all. The setting was the Cornaro family chapel in Rome, the patron perhaps hoping that the ecstasy that the saint experienced in life would be his in the afterlife. In essence, Bernini's sculpture is an illustration of Teresa's text, but it is also an exercise in devotion designed to convince us of the truth of her vision.

Teresa was canonized in 1622, the same year as Saint Ignatius Loyola. The *Spiritual Exercises* of Saint Ignatius, a book Bernini read many times, urges that we seek the divine through essentially visual means, conjuring up images of the holy persons in order to converse with them. Bernini often said his sculpture of Saint Teresa was the most beautiful thing he had ever done.

EXCERPT FROM **THE LIFE OF**
SAINT TERESA OF AVILA BY HERSELF, 1562-65

She treats of the difference between union and rapture, and explains what a rapture is. She also says something about the good that a soul derives from being, by the Lord's goodness, brought to it. She speaks of its effects:

I wish that I could explain, with God's help, the difference between union and rapture, or elevation, or flight of the spirit or transport-for they are all one. I mean that these are all different names for the same thing, which is also called ecstasy. It is much more beneficial than union, its results are much greater, and it has very many other effects as well. Union seems to be the same at the beginning, the middle, and the end, and is altogether inward. But the ends of rapture are of a much higher nature, and their effects are both inward and outward. As the Lord has explained things hitherto, let Him do so now. For if His Majesty had not shown me ways and means of saying something, I certainly should never have found any.

Let us now reflect that this last water of which I have spoken is so abundant that, if the ground did not refuse to receive it, we might suppose the cloud of His great Majesty to be with us here on earth. But when we are thanking Him for this great blessing, and drawing near to Him by means of such works as are in our power, the Lord catches up the soul just as one might say the clouds gather up the mists of the earth, and carries it right out of itself just as I have heard it said the clouds or the sun actually do catch up the mists. Then the cloud rises to heaven, taking the soul with it, and begins to show it the features of the kingdom He has prepared for it. I do not know whether this is an accurate comparison, but in point of fact that is how it happens.

In these raptures, the soul no longer seems to animate the body; its natural heat therefore is felt to diminish and it gradually gets cold, though with a feeling of very great joy and sweetness. Here there is no possibility of resisting, as there is in union, in which we are on our own ground. Against union, resistance is almost always possible though it costs pain and effort. But rapture is, as a rule, irresistible. Before you can be warned by a thought or help yourself in any way, it comes as a quick and violent shock; you see and

feel this cloud, or this powerful eagle rising and bearing you up on its wings.

You realize, I repeat, and indeed see that you are being carried away you know not where. For although this is delightful, the weakness of our nature makes us afraid at first, and we need a much more determined and courageous spirit than for the previous stages of prayer. Come what may, we must risk everything and leave ourselves in God's hands. We have to go willingly wherever we are carried, for in fact, we are being born off whether we like it or not. In this emergency very often I should like to resist, and I exert all my strength to do so, especially at such times as I am in a public place, and very often when I am in private also, because I am afraid of delusions. Sometimes with a great struggle I have been able to do something against it. But it has been like fighting a great giant, and has left me utterly exhausted. At other times resistance has been impossible; my soul has been carried away, and usually my head as well, without my being able to prevent it; and sometimes it has affected my whole body, which has been lifted from the ground.

This has only happened rarely. Once, however, it took place when we were all together in the choir, and I was on my knees, about to take Communion. This distressed me very much, for it seemed a most extraordinary thing and likely to arouse considerable talk. So I ordered the nuns -- for it happened after I was made prioress-not to speak of it. On other occasions, when I felt that the Lord was about to enrapture me again, and once in particular during a sermon-it was our patron's feast and some great ladies were present-I lay on the ground and the sisters came to hold me down, but all the same the rapture was observed. Then I earnestly beseeched the Lord to grant me no more favours if they must have outward and visible signs. For worries on this score exhausted me, and whenever He gave me these raptures I was observed. It seems that, of His goodness, he has been pleased to hear me. For I have never had them since, although it is true that this was not long ago.

It seemed to me when I tried to resist that a great force, for which I can find no comparison, was lifting me up from beneath my feet. It came with greater violence than any other spiritual experience, and left me quite shattered. Resistance requires a great struggle, and is of little use in the end when the Lord wills otherwise, for there is no power that can resist His power. At other times He is graciously satisfied with our seeing that He desires to grant us this grace, and that it is not His Majesty that is withholding it. Then, when we resist out of humility, the same effects follow as if we had given a complete assent.

The effects of rapture are great. One is that the mighty power of the Lord is made manifest. We see that against His Majesty's will we can do nothing to control either the soul or the body. We are not the masters; whether we like it or not, we see that there is One mightier than we, that these favours are given by Him, and that, of ourselves we can do absolutely nothing. This imprints a deep humility upon us. I confess that in me it aroused a great fear, at first a very great fear. One sees one's body being lifted from the ground; and though the spirit draws it up after itself, and does so most gently if it does not resist, one does not lose consciousness. At least I myself was sufficiently aware to realize that I was being lifted. The majesty of One who can do this is so manifest that one's hair stands on end, and a great fear comes over one of offending so great a God. But this fear is stifled by very great love, newly enkindled, for One who has, as we see, so great a love for so vile a worm, that He does not seem satisfied with actually raising the soul to Himself, but will have the body also, mortal though it is, and though its clay is befouled by all the sins we have committed.

Rapture leaves behind a certain strange detachment also, the real nature of which I shall never be able to describe. All that I can say is that it is somewhat different from that caused by purely spiritual graces. For although they produce a complete detachment of the spirit from all things, here the Lord seems to wish the body to be detached also. Thus a new estrangement from the world takes place, which makes life much more painful. It also leaves a distress behind, which we cannot bring about ourselves and which we can never remove, once it has come. I should very much like to explain this great distress, but I do not think I shall be able to. Still I will say something

about it, if I can.

It must be noted that these events are much more recent than the visions and revelations of which I am now going to write, and which belong to the time when I was practising prayer and the Lord was giving me such great joys and favours. Although I still have these occasionally, this distress that I am going to describe is now a far more frequent and ordinary experience with me. Its intensity varies, but I will speak of it at its most severe. Later I shall describe the great shocks I used to suffer when the Lord chose to throw me into these transports, but they have, in my opinion, no more connexion with this distress of mine than has any completely physical experience with one that is entirely spiritual. I do not think that I am greatly exaggerating. For although the distress caused by these shocks is felt by the soul, it is also felt by the body. Both seem to share in it. It does not cause the extreme abandonment, however, that comes with this purely spiritual distress.

We play no part, as I have said, in bringing a rapture on. Very often there comes an unexpected desire-I do not know what impels it-and with that desire, which permeates the whole soul in a moment, it begins to become so weary that it rises far above itself and above all creation. God then so strips it of everything that, strive though it may, it can find no companion on earth. Nor, indeed does it wish for one; it would rather die in its solitude. It may be spoken to and make every possible effort to reply, but all to no avail. Whatever the spirit may do, it does not escape from its solitude; and although God seems at that moment very far from the soul, He sometimes reveals His grandeur to it in the strangest way imaginable. This way is indescribable; and I do not think that anyone could believe or understand it who has not already experienced it. It is a communication made not to comfort the soul, but to show it the reason why it is weary-which is because it is absent from that Good that contains all good things within itself.

In this communication the desire grows, and so does the extreme loneliness in which the soul finds itself, and with it there comes a distress so subtle and piercing that, placed as it is in this desert, the soul can, I think, say literally with the Royal Prophet: 'I watch, and am as a sparrow alone upon the house top."[1] It is possible that King David was experiencing this same loneliness when he wrote although, since he was a saint, the Lord may have granted him this experience in a higher measure. This verse comes to my mind at these times in such a way that it seems to be fulfilled in me. It is a comfort to me to know that others have felt these extremes of loneliness, and an even greater comfort that they have been people of such quality. The soul, then, seems to be not in itself but on a house-top or roof, raised above itself and all created things. I think it is far above even its own highest part.

At other times the soul seems to be in a state of destitution, and to be asking itself: 'Where is Thy God?[2] It must be remembered that I did not know the Spanish meaning of this verse, and that later, when I found out, it used to comfort me to think that the Lord had brought them to my mind without any effort of mine. At other times I used to remember St Paul's saying that he was 'crucified unto the world.'[3] I do not mean that this is true of me -I clearly see that it is not. But the soul seems to me to be in this state when no comfort comes to it from heaven and it is not there itself, and when it desires none from the earth and is not there either. Then it is as if crucified between heaven and earth, suffering and receiving no help from either.

The help that comes from heaven is, as I have said, a most wonderful knowledge of God, so far above anything that we can desire that it brings with it greater torment. For the desire then grows so intense that its extreme distress, as I see it, sometimes robs it of all consciousness. But such states last only a short time. One seems to be on the point of death; only the agony carries with it so great a joy that I do not know of any proper comparison. It is a harsh yet sweet martyrdom. If any earthly thing is then offered to the soul, even one that it usually finds most sweet, it will not accept it, but seems to throw it away at once. It clearly realizes that it wants nothing but God, but loves no particular one of His attributes. It wants Him entire, and has no knowledge of what it desires. I say that it has no knowledge because the imagination can picture nothing; and indeed, I think that during much of this time the faculties are in suspense. As joy suspends them in union

and rapture, here they are suspended by their distress.

O Jesus! How I wish that someone could really explain this to you, my Father, if only so that you could tell me what it means. For this is the habitual state of my soul, nowadays. Whenever I am not busy with something, it is plunged into these death-like yearnings; and I am afraid when I feel them coming on, because I know that I shall not die. But once I am in them, I long to suffer like this for the rest of my life, although the pain is so extreme as to be nearly unbearable. Sometimes my pulse almost ceases to beat at all, as I have been told by the sisters who sometimes see me in this state, and so understand better now. My bones are all disjointed and my hands are so rigid that sometimes I cannot clasp them together. Even next day I feel a pain in my wrists and over my whole body, as if my bones were still out of joint.

Sometimes I really think that if things continue as they are at present, it must be the Lord's will to end them by putting an end to my life. The pain seems to me enough to cause death; only, I do not deserve it. All my longing at these times is to die. I do not remember purgatory or the great sins that I have committed, for which I deserve hell. I forget everything in my longing to see God; and this abandonment and loneliness seems better than all the company in the world. If there can be any comfort for one in this condition, it is to talk with some person who has passed through the same torment. Then she finds that, despite her complaints, nobody seems to believe her.

The soul in this state is further tormented because its distress has now so increased that it no longer seeks solitude as it did before, or company, except of those to whom it can complain. It is like a person with a rope round his neck, who is strangling but tries to take breath. The desire for company seems to me the product of our weakness, for our distress puts us in peril of death. This I know for certain since, as I have said, I have several times been in this situation myself during the crises of my severe illnesses, and I think I can say that the peril is as great as any I have known. The desire for the body and soul not to be parted, therefore, is like a voice crying out for help to take breath. By speaking of its pain, and complaining and seeking distractions, the soul is endeavouring to live, though much against the will of the spirit, or of the higher part of the soul, which wishes never to come out of this distress.

I am not sure if I am correct in what I say, or if I am expressing it properly, but to the best of my belief things happen in that way. I ask your Reverence what rest I can have in this life, now that the relief I once had in prayer and solitude, in which the Lord used to comfort me, has turned to an habitual torment. Yet at the same time this pain is so sweet, and the soul is so conscious of its value, that it now desires this suffering more than all the gifts that it used to receive. It believes this to be the safer state, too, because it is the way of the Cross; and, in my opinion, it contains a joy of exceeding worth, because the body has no part in it but agony, whereas the soul, even while suffering, rejoices alone in the bliss and contentment that this suffering brings.

I do not know how this can be, but it is so. This grace comes from the Lord; and I do not think I would exchange this favour which the Lord bestows on me-for it is highly supernatural and comes from His hand and, as I have said, is in no way acquired by me for any of the favours of which I shall speak later on; I do not say for all of them at once, but for any one of them separately. It must not be forgotten that this state, in which the Lord is keeping me now has come after all the others described in this book; I mean that these transports have succeeded the favours that I received from the Lord and have written of already.

In the beginning I was afraid, as is almost always the case with me when the Lord grants me a new grace, until His Majesty reassures me as I proceed. He told me to have no fear, and to value this favour above all those that He had given me before, for the soul was purified by this pain; it was burnished or refined, like gold in the crucible, the better to take the enamel of His gifts, and the dross was being burnt away here instead of in purgatory. I had perfectly understood that this was a great favour, but I was much more certain of it now; and my confessor tells me that all is well. But though I was afraid because I was so wicked, I could never believe that it was anything bad. On the contrary, the supreme greatness of the blessing frightened me, when I remembered how little I

deserved it. Blessed be the Lord who is so good! Amen.

I seem to have wandered from my subject. I began by speaking of raptures, and what I have been describing is something greater than a rapture, and so leaves behind the effects that I have recorded.

Now let us return to raptures, and to their most usual characteristics. Very often they seemed to leave my body as light as if it had lost all its weight, and sometimes so light that I hardly knew whether my feet were touching the ground. But during the rapture itself, the body is very often like a corpse, unable to do anything of itself. It remains all the time in whatever attitude it was in when the rapture came on it; seated, for example, and with the hands open or closed. The subject rarely loses consciousness; I have occasionally lost it entirely, but not very often and only for a short time. Generally the senses are disturbed; and though absolutely powerless to perform any outward action the subject still sees and hears things, though only dimly, as if from far away. I do not say that he can see and hear when the rapture is at its height; and by 'its height' I mean those times when the faculties are lost, because closely united with God. Then, in my opinion, it neither sees nor hears nor feels. But, as I said in describing the previous prayer of union, this complete transformation of the soul in God is of short duration. While it lasts, however, none of the senses perceives or knows what is taking place. We can have no way of understanding this, while we are on earth at least-or rather God cannot wish us to, since we have not the capacity for such understanding. This I have learnt for myself.

You will ask me, Father, how it is that a rapture sometimes lasts for many hours. Very often my experience is as I have described it in relation to the previous stage of prayer, the rapture is discontinuous. And very often the soul is absorbed, or-to put it better-the Lord absorbs it into Himself. But after He has held it for a moment, the will alone remains in union. The two other faculties appear to be always moving, like the pointer on a sundial, which is never at rest, though if the Sun of Righteousness wishes, He can make them stand still.

What I am describing lasts only a moment. But as the surge and impulse of the spirit have been violent, the will remains absorbed, even when the other faculties begin to stir again, and remains mistress over all these workings in the body For though the two restless faculties try to disturb it, it thinks that the fewer enemies it has the better, and so takes care that they shall not do so. Therefore it suspends them entirely, that being the Lord's wish. The eyes are generally closed, although we may not wish to close them, and if occasionally they remain open, the soul, as I have just said, does not perceive anything or pay attention to what it sees.

A person can do very little in this condition, and so will not be capable of doing much when the faculties come to themselves again. But let him to whom the Lord grants this favour not be discouraged when he finds himself in this state, with his body unable to move for many hours, and with his understanding and memory wandering at times. True, generally they are absorbed in the praise of God, or in an attempt to comprehend or understand what has happened to them. Yet even for this they are not sufficiently awake, but are like people who have slept and dreamed for a long time, and have not yet properly woken up.

I stress this point because I know that there are persons now, even in this place, to whom the Lord is granting these favours; and if their directors have no experience of this-more especially if they have no learning -- they may suppose that persons enraptured should be as if dead. It is a shame that such suffering should be caused by confessors who do not understand what I am saying. But, if I have spoken at all to the point, you will understand me, sir, since the Lord has already granted you this experience, though, as this happened only recently, perhaps you have not considered these matters as much as I have. So then, however hard I try, my body has not enough strength to move for quite a long time; the soul has taken it all away. But often a person who was previously very ill, and racked with severe pain, is left healthy at the end and stronger than before. For a very great gift is received in rapture, and the Lord sometimes wishes the body, as I have said, to enjoy it also, because at such times it is obedient to the will of the soul.

Our Lord was pleased that I should sometimes see a vision of this kind. Beside me, on the left hand, appeared an angel in bodily form, such as I am not in the habit of seeing except very rarely. Though I often have visions of angels, I do not see them. They come to me only after the manner of the first type of vision that I described. But it was our Lord's will that I should see this angel in the following way. He was not tall but short, and very beautiful; and his face was so aflame that he appeared to be one of the highest rank of angels, who seem to be all on fire. They must be of the kind called cherubim, but they do not tell me their names. I know very well that there is a great difference between some angels and others, and between these and others still, but I could not possibly explain it. In his hands I saw a great golden spear, and at the iron tip there appeared to be a point of fire. This he plunged into my heart several times so that it penetrated to my entrails. When he pulled it out, I felt that he took them with it, and left me utterly consumed by the great love of God. The pain was so severe that it made me utter several moans. The sweetness caused by this intense pain is so extreme that one cannot possibly wish it to cease, nor is one's soul then content with anything but God. This is not a physical, but a spiritual pain, though the body has some share in it-even a considerable share. So gentle is this wooing which takes place between God and the soul that if anyone thinks I am lying, I pray God, in his goodness, to grant him some experience of it.

Throughout the days that this lasted I went about in a kind of stupor. I had no wish to look or to speak, only to embrace my pain, which was a greater bliss than all crested things could give me. On several occasions when I was in this state the Lord was pleased that I should experience raptures so deep that I could not resist them even though I was not alone. Greatly to my distress, therefore, my raptures began to be talked about. Since I have had them, I have ceased to feel this pain so much, though I still feel the pain that I spoke of in a previous chapter-I do not remember which. The latter is very different in many respects, and much more valuable. But when this pain of which I am now speaking begins, the Lord seems to transport the soul and throw it into an ecstasy. So there is no opportunity for it to feel its pain or suffering, for the enjoyment comes immediately. May He be blessed for ever, who has granted so many favours to one who has so ill repaid these great benefits.

NOTES
1.Psalm cii, 7. [Vulg. ci. 7]
2. Psalm xlii, 3. [Vulg. xli. 4]
3. Galatians vi, 14.

ART HUMANITIES: PRIMARY SOURCE READER

Section 7: Rembrandt

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Constantijn Huygens

EXCERPTS FROM **THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CONSTANTIJN HUYGENS, 1629-31**

Constantijn Huygens (1596-1687) was the Northern Baroque incarnation of the ideal Renaissance courtier described in Baldesarre Castiglione's treatise. In addition to his professional activities as a diplomat and personal vocation as a poet, Huygens was a talented musician and composer, well-versed in most fields of knowledge of his time, and a true connoisseur of, among other things, art. He served in this last capacity as artistic advisor to Frederik Hendrik, the Prince of Orange. This was probably Huygens' motive to seek out Rembrandt (1607-1669) and Jan Lievens (1607-1674) in their shared studio in Leiden in 1628, although he only committed his account to paper in his fragmentary autobiography, composed in 1629-31. Several paintings by Rembrandt and Lievens from 1628 are listed in the inventories of the prince's collection and these correspond closely to Huygens' characterizations of the two artists. Their subsequent works are less easy to distinguish due to their mutual influence, especially of Rembrandt on Lievens.

Huygens clearly betrays more personal affection for Lievens, yet he recognized Rembrandt as by far the more important artist. His allusions to antiquity and Aeneas (who brought Illium to Italy) are routinely dismissed by commentators as topoi, or conventional topics, a gloss so common that it has itself become a topos. This is ironic, since Huygens explicitly directs his remarks against those who naively assert that there is nothing new under the sun, a point he repeatedly returns to throughout his autobiography, as he reminds us here. Elsewhere in his manuscript he cites further examples of the moderns and specifically the Dutch surpassing the ancients, such as the Dutch invention of glasses, prince Maurits' reforms of the army, the scientific studies of Francis Bacon, and Dutch landscape painting, and he praises the simplicity and practicality of the Dutch tongue. His remarks about the commoner fathers and mediocre teachers of the "noble pair of youths" likewise jibe with his general point about the selfinvention of the young Dutch nation in the face of aged antiquity. Far from empty rhetoric, then, Huygens' claim that Rembrandt had surpassed the art of antiquity and Italy is a self-conscious celebration of nascent Dutch culture and identity, which Rembrandt himself helps to found, as a modern Aeneas.

Huygens' one caveat concerning the two painters' reluctance to make an artistic pilgrimage to Italy is highly significant. Their ostensible response that the best Italian paintings in their time were found north of the Alps is borne out by examples such as Raphael's portrait of Baldesarre Castiglione, which Rembrandt viewed and copied at an auction in Amsterdam and then adapted in several works. Rembrandt and Lievens also already borrow from graphic reproductions of Italian art in their earliest paintings, a practice Rembrandt continued throughout his life, expanding his dialogue with the classical tradition and ultimately justifying in his late works even the over-generous praise Huygens bestowed upon him at the outset of his career.

Benjamin Binstock

I have deliberately reserved for last a noble pair of youths from Leiden. Were I to say that they alone can vie with the greatest among the superior mortals mentioned earlier, I would still be underestimating the merits of these two; were I to say that they will soon surpass them, I would merely be expressing what their astonishing beginnings have led connoisseurs to expect.

Considering their parentage, there is no stronger argument against the belief that nobility resides in the blood. Some men pride themselves solely on this point, although I recall how cleverly they were refuted by that most brilliant of Italians, Traiano Boccalini, a modern author who writes with the greatest care and clarity. In a tale about an anatomical dissection of a nobleman's corpse, he relates how the doctors, after carefully examining the veins, unanimously declared that nobility did not dwell in the blood, since in this respect the man in no way differed from a commoner or peasant. As for my two youths, one was the son of a common embroiderer, the other a miller's son, although certainly not of the same grain. Who could help but marvel that two such prodigies of talent and skill should spring up from such rustic roots? Inquiring as to their boyhood teachers, I discover men who are barely known outside the common classes. Due to their parents' modest circumstances, the boys were compelled to take teacher's whose fees were low. Were these teachers to be confronted with their pupils today,

they would feel just as abashed as those who first instructed Vergil in poetry, Cicero in oratory, and Archimedes in mathematics. Let it however be said, with due respect for everyone's feelings and without detracting from anyone (for what is it to me?): these two owe nothing to their teachers but everything to their aptitude. Had they never received any tuition, but instead left to their own devices and suddenly been seized by the urge to paint, I am convinced that they would have risen to the same heights they have now attained. They are wrongly thought to have been led to this point by others.

The first, whom I called an embroiderer's son, is named Jan Lievens. The other, who is descended from a miller, Rembrandt. Both are still beardless and, going by their faces and bodies, more boys than men. It is beyond my capacities and the scope of this record to judge each individual according to his works activity. As suggested earlier in the case of Rubens, I wish these two would draw up an inventory of their oeuvres and a chart of their paintings. Such a modest record of a few facts would demonstrate, for the wonder and edification of all ages, the reasoning and judgment behind the design, composition, and elaboration of each of their works. I venture to make the following brief pronouncement about each of them: Rembrandt surpasses Lievens in his sure touch and in the liveliness of emotions. Conversely, Lievens is superior in invention and a certain grandeur of his daring themes and forms.

Due to his youthful spirit, Lievens breathes only that which is magnificent and lofty. He is not content with equalling the true scale of objects and figures in his paintings, but depicts them larger than life. By contrast, Rembrandt, wrapped up in his own art, loves to devote himself to a small painting and present an effect of concentration which one would seek in vain in the largest pieces of other artists. His painting of the repentant Judas returning to the high priest the silver-pieces which were the price of our innocent Lord illustrates the point I wish to make concerning all of his works. Compare this with all Italy, indeed, with everything beautiful and admirable that has been preserved from the earliest antiquity. The singular gesture of the despairing Judas-leaving aside the many fascinating figures in this one painting-that one furious Judas, howling, praying for mercy, but devoid of hope, all traces of hope erased from his countenance, his appearance frightening, his hair torn, his garment rent, his limbs twisted, his hands clenched bloodlessly tight, fallen prostrate on his knees on a blind impulse, his whole body contorted in wretched hideousness. Such I place against all the elegance that has been produced throughout the ages. This is what I would have those naive mortals know, who claim-and we have rebuked them for it elsewhere that nothing is said or done today has not already been expressed or achieved in antiquity. I maintain that it did not occur to Protogenes, Appeles or Parrhasius, nor could it occur to them were they return to earth that (I am amazed simply to report this) a youth, a Dutchman, a beardless miller, could bring together so much in one human figure and express what is universal. All honor to thee, my Rembrandt! To have carried Illium, indeed all Asia, to Italy is a lesser achievement than to have brought the laurels of Greece and Italy to Holland, the achievement of a Dutchman who has seldom ventured outside the walls of his native city [. . .]

I can scarcely tear myself away from discussing these outstanding youths, yet I can not help but censure them for the one fault which I have already noted in Lievens. They are securely contented with themselves and neither has hitherto found it important to spend a few months treaveling through Italy. In such great talents there is naturally a touch of madness, which can destroy young spirits. If only someone could drive this folly from their young heads, he would truly contribute the sole element needed to perfect their art. Oh, if only they could be acquainted with Raphael and Michelangelo, how eagerly their eyes would devour the monuments of these prodigious souls. How quickly they would surpass them all, giving Italians due cause to come to their own Holland. If only these men knew that they were born to raise art to consummate heights! But I will not be silent

about the pretext with which they excuse their apathy. They claim to be in the bloom of their youth and wish to profit from it; they have no time to waste on foreign travel. Moreover, since these days the kings and princes north of the Alps avidly delight in and collect pictures, the best italian paintings can be seen outside Italy. What is scattered around in that country and only to be tracked down with great inconvenience, can be found here en masse so that one can have his fill.

I do not wish to pass judgemen on the validity of this excuse. I can however attest that I have never observed such diligence and application in men of any sort, pursuit, or age. Truly, they are "redeeming the time," and that is their sole occupation. More remarkably, they regard even the diversions of youth as a waste of time, as if they were already old men burdened with age and long past such follies. Such indefatigable persistence at difficult labor may quickly yield great progress, yet I have often wished that these outstanding youths would practice moderation and consider their constitutions, which a sedentary occupation has already rendered less vigorous and robust.

Excerpt from the manuscript Autobiography of Constantijn Huygens, (Koninklijke Bibliotheek, The Hague), published in *Oud Holland*, 1891, translated by Benjamin Binstock.

Art Humanities Primary Source Reading 30

Rembrandt's Letters to Huygens

c.1639

In 1631, near the end of their period working together in Leiden, Rembrandt and Lievens painted different versions of the Crucifixion after Rubens. This must have been an official competition staged by Huygens, since Rembrandt was subsequently awarded the commission for a series illustrating Christ's Passion for the prince's gallery. Lievens then left for England to seek his fortune as a court portraitist, probably following Huygens'advice and provided with references from him, whereas Rembrandt established himself in Amsterdam as a portrait painter for its bourgeoisie, while his vision as a history painter continued to develop and change course. He took nearly a decade to complete his Passion series, based directly and indirectly on examples by Rubens, although rendered in an entirely contrary style, of an extreme naturalism and that intense concentration which Huygens opposes to Lievens' penchant for the magnificent and lofty, emulating Rubens. Unfortunately, in this case Rembrandt did not achieve very impressive results on a medium-size scale, which would explain his long delay and the need for his letters to Huygens, the only letters we have from Rembrandt. In his letters Rembrandt awkwardly plays for time and attempts to ingratiate himself to his protector.

In his third extant letter, from 1639, discussing his still unfinished Entombment and Resurrection, Rembrandt invokes his artistic goal of achieving "the greatest and most natural movement," presumably meaning both internal (emotional) and external (physical) movement, a dichotomy corresponding to the respective paintings in question. This formula sounds like an attempt to combine what Huygens describe as Rembrandt's "sure touch and the liveliness of emotions" and Lievens' grandeur. Rembrandt did not accomplish this goal very well in his Passion series, yet he does effect a synthesis of rigor and boldness, or emotion and physicality, in other, very different history paintings from this period, such as his Blinding of Samson of 1636 This was presumably the "token" offered to Huygens which Rembrandt mentions in his first, third, and fifth letters, although Huygens appears to have repeatedly declined to accept the gift. The extravagant style and theme of Rembrandt's Blinding of Samson are in stark contrast to his Passion paintings, as if he wanted to overcome the limitations of the commission, and at the same time both to appease Huygens and to express aggression toward him, as in his ambivalent letters. His last letters are increasingly overt regarding payment, which was certainly not the courtly way to proceed, and likely not very effective. There is no record of further contact between Rembrandt and Huygens after this point.

My lord,
My most gracious lord Huygens, [I] hope that your lordship will please tell his Excellency that I am hard at work on and expertly completing the three passion paintings which his Excellency himself has commissioned from me, an entombement and a resurrection and an Ascension of Christ. These are companion pieces to a raising and a descent of Christ on the Cross. Of the three earlier named pieces one is finished, the one with Christ's ascension to Heaven, and the other two are about half done. And so if his Excellency prefers to have this finished piece first or the three together, [I] beg my lord let me know that I may best serve the desires of his Prince Excellency.

And [I] also can not resist, because of my readiness to serve, from honoring my lord with my latest work trusting that this will be taken in the best way Along with my greetings [I] commend all of yours to God in health.

My lord's ready and devoted servant
Rembrandt
[I] live beside the pensionary boereel niuwe doelstraat

My lord,
After offering friendly greetings let me say I think it good that I follow directly to see how the piece fits in with the rest. As for the price of the piece, I have certainly earned 200 pounds with it but I will let myself be contented with whatever his excellence pays me. My lord if my lordship will not take my cheek amiss, I will not neglect to repay the favor.

Your Lordship's ready and devoted servant
Rembrandt

In the gallery of His exc. it will show best as there is a strong light there.

My lord,
Because of the great pleasure and devotion that I have put into the execution of the two pieces which his Highness has had me make, being the one where the dead body of Christ is laid in the grave and the other one where Christ rises up from the dead to the great shock of the guards. These same two pieces are now complete as well due to studious diligence so that I am now also inclined to deliver these in order to please his Highness since in these two the greatest and the most natural movement is observed which is also the reason that I have had them so long in my hands.

I therefore would request if my lord could please tell his Highness of this and if my lord could please have the two pieces first delivered to your house as happened before. I will wait first for a short note to this effect.

And since my lord will be bothered with this business for the second time in recognition a piece 10 feet long and 8 feet high will be included as well which will do honor to my lord in his house. I wish you all happpiness and the blessing of salvation, Amen.

Your Lordship, my lord's r. and
devoted servant Rembrandt

the 12 January 1639
My lord I live on the inner Amstel
the house is called the "sugar bakery"

My lord
It is then with the permission of your lordship that I send these two pieces which I believe will be found sufficient that his Highness will now pay me no less than a thousand guilders for each. Yet if his Highness thinks them not worth that and will pay me less according to his own pleasure I rely on his Highness' knowledge and discretion. I will thankfully let myself be contented with that and remain along with my greetings his

ready and devoted servant
Rembrandt

What I have advanced for the frames
and the crate is 44 guilders

My Lord
I have read your lordship's agreeable missive of the 14th with particular pleasure. [1] find there your lordship's good favor and disposition so that I remain with heart-felt devotion obliged to repay your lordship with service and friendship. Because of my inclination to do so I am sending the accompanying canvas against my lord's wishes hoping that this will not be taken amiss by you as it is the first token that I have presented my lord. The tax collector mr. wttenboogaert paid me a visit as I was busy packing these two pieces. He wanted to see one first. He said he could advance me the payments here from his office if it pleased his Highness. Thus I would request of you my lord that whatever his Highness grants me for the 2 pieces that I may receive this money here soon as it would

be particularly useful to me now. Awaiting your lordship's answer I wish your lordship and your family all happiness and salvation along with my greetings.

Your Lordship's r. and affectionate servant
Rembrandt

In haste this 27 January 1639
My lord hang this piece in a strong light and such that one can stand far away so that it will sparkle at its best.

Honored Lord
I have complete trust that everything will go well and in particular regarding my compensation for these last 2 pieces trusting your lordship that if it had gone according to of your lordship's favor and what is right there would have been no objection to the agreed price. And as far as the pieces delivered earlier no more than 600 carolus guilders were paid for each. And if his Highness can not be moved to a higher price with good will although they are admittedly worth it, I can be satisfied with 600 c. guilders each, as long as my outlay for the 2 ebony frames and the crate, which is 44 guilders, can be included in the account. So I would kindly request of my lord that I may now soon receive my payment here in Amsterdam, trusting that due to the good favor shown me I will soon enjoy my monies, while I remain grateful for all such friendship. And with my heartfelt greetings to my lord and to all your lordship's nearest friends, all are commended to God in long-lasting health.

Your Lordship's r. and affectionate servant
Rembrandt

My Lord,
My noble Lord it is with scruples that I inflict my letter upon you lordship in order to say that I complained to the collector Wttenbogaert concerning the delay of my payment, although the treasurer Volbergen denies this as the dues were claimed yearly The collector Wttenbogaert reponded to this last Wednesday that Volbergen has claimed the same dues every half year up till now, so that more than 4000 carolus guilders have once again appeared at the same office. And as these are the true circumstances I beseech you my well-disposed Lord that my warrant might can be taken care of at once so that I might now at last receive my well-earned 1244 guilders. And I will always seek to repay this to your lordship with ereverence, service and evidence of friendship. With this goes my heart-felt greetings and wishes God keep your lordship in good health and bless you

Your Lordship's r. and affectionate servant
Rembrandt

I live on the inner Amstel in the sugar-bakery.

Letters from Rembrandt to Huygens translated by Benjamin Binstock from *Die Urkunden uber Rembrandt* by C. Hofstede de Groot (The Hague, 1906).

Samuel Van Hoogstraten, On The Nightwatch

EXCERPT FROM **INLEYDING TOT DE HOOGE SCHOOLS DER SCHILDERKONST, 1672.**

Samuel van Hoogstraten was Rembrandt's pupil at the time he painted The Nightwatch and when this was installed in the Kloveniersdoelen, the guildhall of the riflemen's militia of Amsterdam. Hoogstraten's subsequent testimony in his "Great School of the Art of Painting" of 1672 directly contradicts the assertion, made by all postwar commentators, that the supposed controversy surrounding The Nightwatch at the time of its reception is a "Romantic myth." Clearly, contemporary criticism did not simply involve dissatisfaction on the part of the individuals portrayed but more generally a conflict between Rembrandt's artistic aims on the one hand and the needs and ideals of the guild, the other artists involved, and the society at large on the other. Similar antagonisms are already at work in Rembrandt's Passion series for the Prince's gallery and his Blinding of Samson for Constantijn Huygens, and eventually culminate in the rejection of Rembrandt's Oath of the Batavians of 1661, commissioned for the new Town Hall of Amsterdam.

It is not enough for a painter to place his portraits next to one another in a row, as one can see all too often here in Holland in the militia halls[. . .] Rembrandt has observed this rule very well in his piece for the militia hall in Amsterdam, although many feel too well, making more work of the large picture of his choice than the particular portions he was commissioned to execute. Nevertheless, the same work, no matter how much it deserves criticism, will outlast all its competitors, in my opinion, being so painterly in thought, so dashing in arrangement, and so powerful, that in the opinion of some, all the other pieces in the hall stand beside it like playing cards. Still, I would have preferred him to put more light into it.

Samuel van Hoogstraten, *Inleyding tot de Hooge Schoole der Schilderkonst* (Amsterdam: 1672), p 176. Translated for the *Art Humanities Primary Source Reader* by Benjamin Binstock.

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Jeremias de Dekker

POEM IN PRAISE OF REMBRANDT, 1667

In 1667, two years before Rembrandt's death, the poet jeremias de Dekker composed a moving tribute to his friend in gratitude for the portrait Rembrandt had painted of him the previous year. De Dekker's association of Rembrandt's achievements with the Dutch nation as a whole and his allusion to Rembrandt surpassing Raphael and Michelangelo in particular literally echo Huygens' characterization of the young Rembrandt, almost four decades earlier, in 1628. Huygens and most other Dutch literary figures completely ignored Rembrandt in the last decade of his life, reserving their applause for the international classicism adopted by his students. Their reticence could have been motivated in part by envy, as de Dekker's poem suggests; his sincere homage is a precious historical document in helping to understand the complex relation between Rembrandt and his Dutch contemporaries.

AN EXPRESSION OF GRATITUDE TO THE EXCELLENT AND WIDELY RENOWNED REMBRANDT VAN RIJN.

So great was the pride of the great Alexander in times past
that no one was allowed to paint his portrait save Apelles;
Appeles and no one else he asked to perform this task.
His vanity would not permit a lesser brush to be involved.
I feel no such proud spirit running through me, nor is my breast so swollen
and yet it pleases me (I don't seek to deny it) and arouses my wonder,
to see my being drawn across a flat panel, by the Apelles of our time:
and this not to derive an income, but simply as a favor,
out of a noble attraction to our muses, out of love of art.
Oh if I could reward your art with art, in place of with gold,
and portray you as masterfully in my paper verse, as you drew me on apiece of wood.
I would not describe your face, mister Rembrandt, but your able mind.
And render your nimble actions for all eyes, despite envy, that angry beast.
But to soar so high above my limits would pose a danger for me:
such work demands a mind trained in the art of painting, a Van Mander or Vasari.
To chase some fame with your so famous name, through rhyme or verse
is carrying water to the sea, lumber to the forest, and sand to the beach.
Just as fine vineyards need no wreaths of ever-green ivy,
Oh your fine brush needs ask no one's praise; it is renowned through itself.
And has perhaps carried its master's name as far afield as free Netherlanders sail.
Its artistic eminence has flown over the summits of the alps and into famed Rome,
and even makes Italy excitedly take notice along its Tiber banks.
Thousands lower their banners for him there; his free brushstrokes can be compared
with those of Raphael and Michelangelo, and even surpasses them.
It would thus, Van Rijn, be an all-too-clear sign of foolish prattle
to try to further the fame of your renowned brush through ryme, pen or poem.

Yet I know no other way to show my gratitude, an all-too meager prize with
which to reward your favor and your art.
So, three times thanks for your gift and favor, and accept this short poe
merely as a token of my eternal admiration of your art.

"An Expression of Gratitude to the Excellent and Widely Renowned Rembrandt van Rijn" by Jeremias de Dekker, from *Lof der Geldsucht ofte Vervolg der Mijmoeffeningen* (Amsterdam, 1667), translated by Benjamin Binstock.

ART HUMANITIES: PRIMARY SOURCE READER

Section 8: Goya

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Goya

ADDRESS TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF SAN FERNANDO REGARDING THE METHOD OF TEACHING THE VISUAL ARTS, 1792

MOST EXCELLENT SIR

Fulfilling on my behalf Your Excellency's order that each of us explain what he thinks opportune about the Study of the Arts, I say: That the Academies should not be exclusive, or serve more than as an aid to those who freely wish to study in them, banishing all servile subjection of the primary school, mechanical precepts, monthly prizes, financial aid, and other trivialities that degrade, and effeminate an Art as liberal and noble as Painting; nor should a time be predetermined that they study Geometry, or Perspective to overcome difficulties in drawing, for this itself will necessarily demand them in time of those who discover an aptitude, and talent, and the more advanced in it, the more easily they attain knowledge in the other Arts, as seen from the examples of those who have risen highest in this aspect, who I do not cite since they are so well known. I will give a proof to demonstrate with facts, that there are no rules in Painting, and that the oppression, or servile obligation of making all study or follow the same path, is a great impediment for the Young who profess this very difficult art, that approaches the Divine more than any other, since it makes known all that God has created; he who has most closely approached will be able to give few rules concerning the profound operations of the understanding that are needed for it, nor explain why he has been happier perhaps with a work where less care has been taken, than with one of greater finish; What a profound and impenetrable arcanum is encompassed in the imitation of divine nature, without which there is nothing good, not only in Painting (that has no other task than its exact imitation) but in the other sciences.

Annibale Carracci, revived Painting that since the time of Raphael had fallen into decline, with the liberality of his genius, he gave birth to more disciples, and better than as many practitioners as there has been, leaving each to proceed following the inclination of his spirit, without determining for any to follow his style, or method, putting only those corrections intended to attain the imitation of the truth, and thus is seen the different styles, of Guido, Guercino, Andrea, Sacchi, Lanfranco, Albano, etc.

I cannot omit another clearer proof. Of the Painters known to us of greatest ability, and who have taken the greatest pains to teach the method of their tired styles (according to what they have told us). How many students have resulted? Where is the progress? the rules? the method? From what they have written, has any more been attained than to arouse the interest of those that are not, nor cannot be Artists, with the object of more greatly enhancing their own [that is, the Artist's] works, and giving them broad authority to decide even in the presence of those versed in this very sacred Science that demands so much study (even of those who were born for it) to understand and discern what is best.

It is impossible to express the pain that it causes me to see the flow of the perhaps licentious, or eloquent pen (that so attracts the uninitiated) and fall into the weakness of not knowing in depth the material of which he writes; What a scandal to hear nature deprecated in comparison to Greek statues by one who knows neither the one, nor the other, without acknowledging that the smallest part of Nature confounds and amazes those who know most! What statue, or cast of it might there be, that is not copied from Divine Nature? As excellent as the artist may be who copied it, can he not but proclaim that placed at its side, one is the work of God, and the other of our miserable hands? He who wishes to distance himself, to correct it [nature] without seeking the best of it, can he help but fall into a reprehensible [and] monotonous manner,

of paintings, of plaster models, as has happened to all who have done this exactly? It seems that I stray from my original subject, but there is nothing more necessary, if there were to be a remedy for the actual decadence of the Arts but to know that they must not be dragged down by the power or knowledge of other sciences, but rather be governed by their own merit, as has always been the case when talents have flourished: then the despotic enthusiasts cease, and prudent lovers are born, who appreciate, venerate and encourage those who excel, providing them with work that can further advance their talent, helping them with greater force to produce all that their inclination promises: this is the true protection of the Arts, and it has always been shown that the works have made the men great. In conclusion, sir, I do not see any other means of advancing the Arts, nor do I believe there is one, than to reward and protect he who excels in them; to hold in esteem the true Artist, to allow free reign to the genius of students who wish to learn them, without oppression, nor imposition of methods that twist the inclination they show to this or that style, of Painting.

I have given my opinion in response to Your Excellency's charge, but if my hand doesn't govern the pen as I might wish, to explain that which I understand, I hope that your Excellency will excuse it, for my entire life has been spent in attaining the fruit of that of which I am now speaking.

Madrid
14 October 1792.

Letters from Goya to Vice-Protector Bernardo de Inarte

1794

4 JANUARY, 1794

In order to use my imagination which has been painfully preoccupied with my illness and my misfortunes, and to offset the expenditure I have inevitably incurred, I set out to paint a group of small pictures, in which I have managed to include observations of subjects which would not normally fall within the scope of commissioned work, in which there is no room for the inventive powers and inspiration of the imagination. I thought of sending them to the Academy, knowing, as Your Excellency does, the profitable results I might expect from the criticism of the artists there. But so as not to lose any possible advantage I have decided to send the paintings to Your Excellency first so that you can see them. Your position of authority and exceptional knowledge will ensure that they are looked at seriously and without envy. Take them, Your Excellency, and me too under your protection, for I am at present sorely in need of the favour you have always shown me.

[Iriarte evidently took the group of paintings to the Academy. The minutes of the corporation's meeting on 3 January refers to eleven pictures 'sent in by Goya' consisting of 'various subjects drawn from national pastimes.' The meeting was 'very pleased to see them, praising their qualities and those of Senor Goya.']

7 JANUARY, 1794

I wish I could adequately express to Your Excellency my thanks for the many favours you have done me, and for the esteem which the professors and members of the San Fernando Academy have shown me, not only in their concern for my health, but also in their generous reaction to my works. I have been greatly encouraged, and am fired anew to fulfil my hopes of presenting works more worthy of that august body.

I am also very pleased that the pictures should remain in Your Excellency's house as long as you wish, and when I have finished the one on which I am working at present-depicting a courtyard in a madhouse, with two madmen fighting naked, while the keeper strikes them on the head and others are in their sacks (a sight I have seen in Saragossa)-I shall send it to you so that you have the whole group ....

Advertisement for Los Caprichos

FEBRUARY 1799

A collection of prints of imaginary subjects, invented and etched by Don Francisco Goya. The author is convinced that it is as proper for painting to criticize human error and vice as for poetry and prose to do so, although criticism is usually taken to be exclusively the province of literature. He has selected from amongst the innumerable foibles and follies to be found in any civilized society, and from the common prejudices and deceitful practices which custom, ignorance or self-interest have hallowed, those subjects which he feels to be the most suitable material for satire, and which, at the same time, stimulate the artist's imagination.

Since most of the subjects depicted in this work are not real, it is not unreasonable to hope that connoisseurs will readily overlook their defects.

The author has not followed the precedents of any other artist, nor has he been able to copy Nature herself. It is very difficult to imitate Nature, and a successful imitation is worthy of admiration. He who departs entirely from Nature will surely merit high esteem, since he has to put before the eyes of the public forms and poses which have only existed previously in the darkness and confusion of an irrational mind, or one which is beset by uncontrolled passion.

The public is not so ignorant of the Fine Arts that it needs to be told that the author has intended no satire of the personal defects of any specific individual in any of his compositions. Such particularized satire imposes undue limitations on an artist's talents, and also mistakes the way in which perfection is to be achieved through imitation in art.

Painting (like poetry) chooses from universals what is most apposite. It brings together in a single imaginary being, circumstances and characteristics which occur in nature in many different persons. With such an ingeniously arranged combination of properties the artist produces a faithful likeness, but also earns the title of inventor rather than that of servile copyist.

ART HUMANITIES: PRIMARY SOURCE READER

Section 9: Monet

Art Humanities Primary Source Reading 36

Edmond Duranty

EXCERPT FROM **THE NEW PAINTING, 1876**

Here they are then, these artists who exhibit in the Durand-Ruel Gallery, linked to those who precede or accompany them. They are no longer isolated. One must not consider them as thrown upon their own devices.

I have, therefore, less in view the present exhibition than the *cause* and the *idea*.

What do they produce? What does the movement produce? And, consequently, what do these artists produce, wrestling with tradition body-to-body, admiring it and wanting to destroy it at the same time, realizing that it is great and powerful, and for that very reason attacking it?

Why then should we be interested in them? Why do we then forgive them for too often producing (though not out of laziness) nothing but sketches and abbreviated summaries?

It is really because it is a great surprise in a period like this one, when it seemed that there was no longer anything left to discover, when preceding periods had been analyzed so much, when we seem stifled beneath the mass and weight of the creations of past centuries, to see new ideas suddenly spring up, a special creation. A young branch has developed on the old tree trunk of art. Will it cover itself with leaves, flowers, and fruits? Will it extend its shade over future generations? I hope so.

What, then, have they produced?

A color scheme, a kind of drawing, and a series of original views.

Among their number, some limit themselves to transforming tradition and attempt to translate the modern world without turning too far from the old and magnificent formulas which served to express preceding worlds, while others sweepingly discard the techniques of the past.

As far as method of coloring is concerned, they have made a real discovery, whose origin cannot be found elsewhere-neither with the Dutch, nor in the pale tones of fresco painting, nor in the light tonalities of the eighteenth century. They are not merely concerned with that fine, flexible play of colors which results from the observation of the most delicate value in tones which contrast with or penetrate one another. Their discovery actually consists in having recognized that fulll light de-colors tones, that the sun reflected by objects tends (because of its brightness) to bring them back to that luminous unity which melts its seven prismatic rays into a single colorless radiance: light.

Proceeding from intuition to intuition, they have little by little succeeded in breaking down sunlight into its rays, its elements and to reconstitute its unity by means of the general harmony of spectrum colors which they spread on their canvases. From the point of view of sensitivity of the eye, of subtle penetration of the art of color, it is a completely extraordinary result. The most learned physicist could find nothing to criticize in their analyses of light ....

The romantic artist, in his studies of light, was only familiar with the orange colored strip of the sun setting beneath dark hills, or the white impasto, tinged with either chrome yellow or rose lake, which he threw over the bituminous opacities of his forest floors. No light without bitumen, without ivory black, without Prussian blue, without contrasts which, it is said, make the tone appear warmer, more heightened. He believed that light added color and animation to the tone and he was persuaded that it [light] only existed on condition that it was surrounded by shadows. The basement with a ray of light coming through a narrow air hole-such was the governing idea of the romantic artist. Even today, in every country, the landscape is treated like the depths of a fireplace or the interior of the back of a shop.

And yet everyone has gone through some thirty leagues of countryside in the summer and has been able to see how hillocks, meadow, and field vanished, so to speak, in a single light-filled reflection which they receive from the sky and give back to it; for this is the law which engenders light in nature-aside from the particular blue, green, or composite ray which each substance absorbs; and over and above this ray, it [light] reflects both the ensemble of all the rays and the color of the vault which covers the earth. Now indeed, for the first time, painters have understood and reproduced, or tried to reproduce, these phenomena. In some of their canvases we can feel like light and the heat vibrate and palpitate. We feel an intoxication of light, which, for painters educated outside of and in opposition to nature, is a thing without merit, without importance, much too bright, too clear, too crude, and

too explicit ....

And the aim of drawing, in these modern attempts, is precisely that of becoming so intimately acquainted with nature and of embracing it so strongly that it [drawing] will become unexceptionable in all its relationships of form and familiar with the inexhaustible diversity of character. Farewell to the human body treated like a vase with a decorative, swinging curve; farewell to the uniform monotony of the framework, the flayed figure jutting out beneath the nude; what we need is the particular note of the modern individual, in his clothing, in the midst of his social habits, at home or in the street ....

By means of a back, we want a temperament, an age, a social condition to be revealed; through a pair of hands, we should be able to express a magistrate or a tradesman; by a gesture, a whole series of feelings. A physiognomy will tell us that this fellow is certainly an orderly, dry, meticulous man, whereas that one is carelessness and disorderliness itself. An attitude will tell us that this person is going to a business meeting, whereas that one is returning from a love tryst. *A man opens a door, he enters; that is enough: we see that he has lost his daughter.* Hands that are kept in pockets can be eloquent. The pencil will be steeped in the marrow of life. We will no longer see mere outlines measured with a compass, but animated, expressive forms, logically deduced from one another ....

The idea, the first idea, was to take away the partition separating the studio from everyday life .... It was necessary to make the painter leave his sky-lighted cell, his cloister where he was in contact with the sky alone, and to bring him out among men, into the world ....

For the observer, there is a whole logic of color-method and drawing which proceeds from a viewpoint, according to whether it was chosen at a certain hour, in a certain season, in a certain place. This viewpoint cannot be expressed, this logic cannot be captured by using Venetian fabrics against Flemish backgrounds ....

If one imagines . . . that at a given moment one could take a colored photograph of an interior, one would have a perfect accord, a truthful and typical expression, everything participating in the same feeling. If one waited until a cloud came to veil the daylight and immediately took a new picture, one would obtain a result similar to the first. But if one now took a portion of the details of the first photograph and joined them to a portion of the details of the second to make a painting, then homogeneity, accord, truthfulness, the impression-all would disappear, replaced by a false, inexpressive note. This is, however, what is done every day by painters who do not deign to observe and instead use extracts from ready-made painting ....

Views of people and things have a thousand ways of being unexpected in reality. Our point of view is not always in the center of a room with two lateral walls receding toward that of the rear; it does not always gather together the lines and angles of cornices with a mathematical regularity and symmetry. Nor is it always free to suppress the great swellings of the ground and of the floor in the foreground; it [one's viewpoint] is sometimes very high, sometimes very low, missing the ceiling, getting at objects from their undersides, unexpectedly cutting off the furniture ....

From within, we communicate with the outside through a window; and the window is the frame that ceaselessly accompanies us .... The window frame, depending upon whether we are near or far, seated or standing, cuts off the external view in the most unexpected, most changeable way, obtaining for us that eternal variety and unexpectedness which is one of the great delights of reality.

If one now considers the person, whether in a room or in the street, he is not always to be found situated on a straight line at an equal distance from two parallel objects; he is more confined on one side than on the other by space. In short, he is never in the center of the canvas, in the center of the setting. He is not always seen as a whole: sometimes he appears cut off at mid-leg, half-length, or longitudinally At other times, the eye takes him in from close-up, at full height, and throws all the rest of a crowd in the street or groups gathered in a public place back into the small scale of the distance. A detailed description of all these viewpoints would go on infinitely, as would a description of all the settings: the railway, the linen-draper's shop, the scaffoldings of construction, the lines of gas lights, the boulevard benches with the newspaper stands, the omnibus and the carriage, the café with its billiard tables, the restaurant with its tablecloths and place settings.

They [the Impressionists] have tried to render the walk, the movement, the tremor, the intermingling of passersby, just as they have tried to render the trembling of leaves, the shivering of water, and the vibration of air inundated with light, and just as, in the case of the rainbow colorings of the solar rays, they have been able to capture the soft ambiance of a grey day . . . .

However, when I see these exhibitions, these attempts, I become a bit melancholy in my turn and say to myself: these artists, who are almost all my friends, whom I have seen, with pleasure, take off on an unknown path, who answered in part the demands of those art programs we set forth in our youthwhere are they going? Will they increase their endowment and keep it?

Will these artists be the primitives of a great movement of artistic renewal and will their successors, if they are relieved of the first difficulties of sowing and manage to reap abundantly, have the piety toward their precursors that the sixteenth-century Italians had for the *quattrocentists*? . . .

And now, I wish a good wind to the fleet, so that it may be carried to the Islands of the Blessed. I urge the

pilots to be careful, resolute, and patient. The navigation is dangerous, and they should have set sail in larger and sturdier boats; several vessels are quite small and narrow, good only for coastline painting. Let us remember that, on the contrary, it is a question of ocean bound painting!

Théodore Duret

EXCERPT FROM **THE IMPRESSIONIST PAINTERS, 1878**

The Impressionists did not create themselves all alone; they did not grow like mushrooms. They are a product of a regular evolution of the modern French school. *Natura non fecit saltum* no more in painting than in anything else. The Impressionists descend from the naturalistic painters; their fathers are Corot, Courbet, and Manet. It is to these three masters that the art of painting owes the simplest methods of construction and that impulsive brushwork proceeding by means of large strokes and masses, which alone defies time. It is to them that we owe light-colored painting, finally freed from litharge, from bitumen, from chocolate, from tobacco juice, from burnt fat and bread crumbs. It is to them that we owe the out-of-doors study, the sensation not merely of colors, but of the slightest nuances of colors, the tones, and still further, the search for the connection between the condition of the atmosphere which illuminates the painting and the general tonality of the objects which are painted in it. To that which the Impressionists received from their predecessors was added the influence of Japanese art.

If you stroll along the banks of the Seine, at Asnières for example, you can take in with a single glance the red roof and the dazzlingly white wall of a cottage, the tender green of a poplar, the yellow of the road, the blue of the river. At noon, in the summer, every color will seem harsh to you, intense, without possible loss of saturation or shrouding in a general half-tone. Well, this may seem odd, but it is true nevertheless; we had to wait until the arrival of Japanese albums before anyone dared to sit down on the bank of a river to juxtapose on canvas a boldly red roof, a white wall, a green poplar, a yellow road, and blue water. Before Japan it was impossible; the painter always lied. Nature with its frank colors was in plain sight yet no one ever saw anything on canvas but attenuated colors, drowning in a general half-tone.

As soon as people looked at Japanese pictures, where the most glaring, piercing colors were placed side by side, they finally understood that there were new methods for reproducing certain effects of nature which had been neglected or considered impossible to render until then, and which it might be good to try For these Japanese pictures, which so many people at first took for a mere gaudy mixture of colors, are strikingly faithful. Ask those who have visited Japan. I find myself continually rediscovering on a fan or in an album the precise sensation of the scenes and landscape I saw in Japan. I look at a Japanese album and say: yes, yes, that is exactly how Japan looked to me .... Japanese art conveys the specific appearances of nature by means of bold, new methods of coloring. It cannot fail to strike inquiring artists, and thus [it] strongly influenced the Impressionists.

After the Impressionists had taken from their immediate predecessors in the French school their forthright manner of painting out-of-doors from the first impression with vigorous brushwork, and had grasped the bold, new methods of Japanese coloring, they set off from these acquisitions to develop their own originality and to abandon themselves to their personal sensations.

The Impressionist sits on the banks of a river; depending on the condition of the sky, the angle of vision, the hour of the day, the calm or agitation of the atmosphere, the water takes on a complete range of tones; without hesitating, he paints on his canvas water which has all these tones. When the sky is overcast, the weather rainy, he paints glaucous, heavy, opaque water. When the sky is clear, the sun bright, he paints sparkling, silvery, brilliant blue water. When there is wind, he paints the reflections produced by the ripples; when the sun sets and darts its rays into the water, the Impressionist, in order to fasten down these effects, plasters his canvas with yellow and red. At this point, the public begins to laugh.

When winter comes, the Impressionist paints snow. He sees that the shadows on the snow are blue in the sunlight; unhesitatingly, he paints blue shadows. Now the public laughs outright. If certain clayey soils of the countryside have a lilac tinge, the Impressionist paints lilac landscapes. At this point, the public begins to get indignant.

Under the summer sun, with reflections of green foliage, skin and clothing take on a violet tint. The Impressionist paints people in violet woods. Then the public lets loose violently the critics shake their fists, call the painter a "communist" and a rascal. The poor Impressionist vainly asserts his complete honesty, declares that he only reproduces what he sees, that he remains faithful to nature; the public and the critics condemn him. They don't bother to find out whether or not what they discover on the canvas corresponds to what the painter has actually observed in nature. Only one thing matters to them: what the Impressionists put on their canvases does not correspond to what is on the canvases of previous painters. If it is different, then it is bad.

Louis Leroy

Louis Leroy was a French painter and critic who exhibited his paintings at the Salon between 1835 and 1861. These were mainly academic landscapes depicting the Fontainebleau forest outside Paris, and they stood in strong contrast to the contemporary painting of Manet, Cezanne, and Monet, whose work Leroy disdained. He is primarily known, however, for his 1874 article in the satirical magazine, *Le Chivari,* where he presents his arguments against the new mode of painting through the vehicle of a spirited dialogue between the author and the agitated Mr. Joseph Vincent as they survey the first exhibition of Impressionists. The two men discuss Monet's *Impression, Sunrise* and *Le Boulevard des Capucines* in detail, consequently revealing not only current negative opinions regarding such work, but also its innovative features. His frequent play on the term "impression" in the article has led to his association with giving movement its name, though others used it at this time as well. (Introduction by Christine Sciacca)

"EXHIBITION OF THE IMPRESSIONISTS," 1874

A REVIEW FROM LE CHARIVARI

Oh, it was indeed a strenuous day . . . when I ventured into the first exhibition on the boulevard des Capucines in the company of M. Joseph Vincent, landscape painter, pupil of [the academic master] Bertin, recipient of medals and decorations under several governments! The rash man had come there without suspecting anything; he thought that he would see the kind of painting one sees everywhere, good and bad, rather bad than good, but not hostile to good artistic manners, devotion to form, and respect for the masters. Oh, form! Oh, the masters! We don't want them any more, my poor fellow! We've changed all that.

Upon entering the first room, Joseph Vincent received an initial shock in front of the *Dancer* by M. Renoir.

"What a pity," he said to me, "that the painter, who has a certain understanding of color, doesn't draw better; his dancer's legs are as cottony as the gauze of her skirts."

"I find you hard on him," I replied. "On the contrary, the drawing is very tight."

Bertin's pupil, believing that I was being ironical, contented himself with shrugging his shoulders, not taking the trouble to answer. Then, very quietly, with my most naive air, I led him before the *Ploughed Field* of M. Pissarro. At the sight of this astounding landscape, the good man thought that the lenses of his spectacles were dirty. He wiped them carefully and replaced them on his nose.

"By Michalon!" he cried. "What on earth is that?"

"You see . . . a hoarfrost on deeply ploughed furrows."

"Those furrows? That frost? But they are palette-scrapings placed uniformly on a dirty canvas. It has neither head nor tail, top nor bottom, front nor back."

"Perhaps . . . but the impression is there."

"Well, it's a funny impression! Oh . . . and this?"

"*An Orchard* by M. Sisley. I'd like to point out the small tree on the right; it's gay, but the impression. . . "

"Leave me alone, now, with your impression . . . it's neither here nor there. But here we have a *View of Melun* by M. Rouart, in which there's something to the water. The shadow in the foreground, for instance, is really peculiar."

"It's the vibration of tone which astonishes you."

"Call it sloppiness of tone and I'd understand you better -- Oh, Corot, Corot, what crimes are committed in your name! It was you who brought into fashion this messy composition, these thin washes, these mudsplashes in front of which the art lover has been rebelling for thirty years and which he has accepted only because constrained and forced to it by your tranquil stubbornness. Once again, a drop of water has worn away the stone!"

The poor man rambled on this way quite peacefully, and nothing led me to anticipate the unfortunate accident which was to be the result of his visit to this hair-raising exhibition. He even sustained, without major injury, viewing the *Fishing Boats Leaving the Harbor* by M. Claude Monet, perhaps because I tore him away from dangerous contemplation of this work before the small, noxious figures in the foreground could produce their effect.

Unfortunately, I was imprudent enough to leave him too long in front of the *Boulevard des Capucines*, by the same painter.

"Ah-ha!" he sneered in Mephistophelian manner. "Is that brilliant enough, now! There's impression, or I don't know what it means. Only be so good as to tell me what those innumerable black tongue-lickings in the

lower part of the picture represent?"

"Why, those are people walking along," I replied.

"Then do I look like that when I'm walking along the boulevard des Capucines? Blood and thunder! So you're making fun of me at last?"

"I assure you, M. Vincent. . . . "

"But those spots were obtained by the same method as that used to imitate marble: a bit here, a bit there, slapdash, any old way. It's unheard of, appalling! I'll get a stroke from it, for sure."

I attempted to calm him by showing him the *St. Denis Canal* by M. Lépine and the *Butte Montmartre* by M. Ottin, both quite delicate in tone; but fate was strongest of all: the *Cabbages* of M. Pissarro stopped him as he was passing by and from red he became scarlet.

"Those are cabbages," I told him in a gently persuasive voice.

"Oh, the poor wretches, aren't they caricatured! I swear not to eat any more as long as I live!"

"Yet it's not their fault if the painter . . . "

"Be quiet, or I'll do something terrible."

Suddenly he gave a loud cry upon catching sight of the *Maison du pendu* by M. Paul Cézanne. The stupendous impasto of this little jewel accomplished the work begun by the *Boulevard des Capucines; père* Vincent became delirious.

At first his madness was fairly mild. Taking the point of view of the impressionists, he let himself go along their lines: "Boudin has some talent,"
he remarked to me before a beach scene by that artist; "but why does he fiddle so with his marines?"

"Oh, you consider his painting too finished?"

"Unquestionably. Now take Mlle. Morisot! That young lady is not interested in reproducing trifling details. When she has a hand to paint she makes exactly as many brushstrokes lengthwise as there are fingers and the business is done. Stupid people who are finicky about the drawing of a hand don't understand a thing about impressionism, and great Manet would chase them out of his republic."

"Then M. Renoir is following the proper path; there is nothing superfluous in his *Harvesters*. I might almost say that his figures. . . "

" . . . are even too finished."

"Oh, M. Vincent! But do look at those three strips of color, which are supposed to represent a man in the midst of the wheat!"

"There are two too many; one would be enough."

I glanced at Bertin's pupil; his countenance was turning a deep red. A catastrophe seemed to me imminent, and it was reserved to M. Monet to contribute the last straw.

"Ah, there he is, there he is!" he cried, in front of No. 98. "1 recognize him, papa Vincent's favorite! What does that canvas depict? Look at the catalogue."

"*Impression, Sunrise*."

"*Impression* -- I was certain of it. I was just telling myself that, since I was impressed, there had to be some impression in it . . . and what freedom, what ease of workmanship! Wallpaper in its embryonic state is more finished than that seascape."

In vain I sought to revive his expiring reason . . . but the horrible fascinated him. *The Laundress*, so badly laundered, of M. Degas drove him to cries of admiration. Sisley himself appeared to him affected and precious. To indulge his insanity and out of fear of irritating him, I looked for what was tolerable among the impressionist pictures, and I acknowledged without too much difficulty that the bread, grapes, and chair of *Breakfast*, by M. Monet, were good bits of painting. But he rejected these concessions.

"No, no!" he cried. "Monet is weakening there. He is sacrificing to the false gods of Meissonier. Too finished, too finished! Talk to me of the *Modern Olympia*! That's something well done."

Alas, go and look at it! A woman folded in two from whom a Negro girl is removing the last veil in order to offer her in all her ugliness to the charmed gaze of a brown puppet. Do you remember the *Olympia* of M. Manet? Well, that was a masterpiece of drawing, accuracy, finish, compared with the one by M. Cézanne.

Finally, the pitcher ran over. The classic skull of *père* Vincent, assailed from too many sides, went completely to pieces. He paused before the municipal guard who watches over all these treasures and, taking him to be a portrait, began for my benefit a very emphatic criticism.

“Is he ugly enough?" he remarked, shrugging his shoulders. "From the front, he has two eyes . . . and a nose . . . and a mouth! Impressionists wouldn't have thus sacrificed to detail. With what the painter has expended in the way of useless things, Monet would have done twenty municipal guards!"

"Keep moving, will you!" said the "portrait."

"You hear him-he even talks! The poor fool who daubed at him must have spent a lot of time at it!"

And in order to give the appropriate seriousness to his theory of aesthetics, *père* Vincent began to dance the scalp dance in front of the bewildered guard, crying in a strangled voice: "Hi-ho! I am impression on the

march, the avenging palette knife, the *Boulevard des Capucines* of Monet, the *Maison du pendu* and the *Modern Olympia* of Cèzanne. Hi-ho! Hi-ho!"

Jules LaForgue

The French poet and critic, Jules LaForgue was a Reader of French at the Prussian court from 1881 to 1886, during which time he reviewed German art exhibitions for the *Gazette des beaux-arts.* He became interested in Impressionism in 1881 and subsequently devoted his attention to analyzing and defending the new movement. Even more significantly, he sought to devise a theory that would link Impressionism with current studies in optics and the psychology of perception. In this text he sets up an opposition between the traditional elements of painting, such as line, theoretic perspective, and studio lighting, all of which he sees as artifice, and the Impressionist use of the *plein-air* technique, and employment of the vibration of color to create form and perspective, which he states engages the "natural eye." He also describes the Impressionist practice of painting during a brief span of time, as Monet did in his series of paintings depicting Rouen Cathedral and haystacks in a field at different times of day and during different seasons. LaForgue was notable among critics of the time for his support of originality, and his insistence on engagement with art primarily as a visual experience. (Introduction by Christine Sciacca)

"IMPRESSIONISM," 1883

Physiological Origin of Impressionism: The Prejudice of Traditional Line. It is clear that if pictorial work springs from the brain, the soul, it does so only by means of the eye, the eye being basically similar to the ear in music; the Impressionist is therefore a modernist painter endowed with an uncommon sensibility of the eye. He is one who, forgetting the pictures amassed through centuries in museums, forgetting his optical art school training-line, perspective, color-by dint of living and seeing frankly and primitively in the bright open air, that is, outside his poorly lighted studio, whether the city street, the country, or, the interiors of houses, has succeeded in remaking for himself a natural eye, and in seeing naturally and painting as simply as he sees. Let me explain.

Leaving aside the two artistic illusions, the two criteria on which aestheticians have foolishly insisted -- *Absolute Beauty and Absolute Human Taste* one can point to three supreme illusions by which technicians of painting have always lived: line, perspective, studio lighting. To these three things, which have become second nature to the painter, correspond the three steps of the Impressionist formula: form obtained not by line but solely by vibration and contrast of color; theoretic perspective replaced by the natural perspective of color vibration and contrast; studio lighting-that is, a painting, whether representing a city street, the country, or a lighted drawing room, painted in the even light of the painter's studio, and worked on at any hour-this replaced by plein-air, open airthat is, by the painting done in front of its subject, however impractical, and in the shortest possible time, considering how quickly the light changes. Let us look in detail at these three points, these three dead language procedures, and see them replaced by Life itself.

Line is an old deep-rooted prejudice whose origin must be sought in the first experiments of human sensation. The primitive eye, knowing only white light with its indecomposable shadows, and so unaided by distinguishing coloration, availed itself of tactile experiment. Then, through continual association and interdependence, and the transference of acquired characteristics between the tactile and visual faculties, the sense of form moved from the fingers to the eye.

Fixed form does not originate with the eye: the eye, in its progressive refinement, has drawn from it the useful sense of sharp contours, which is the basis of the childish illusion of the translation of living non-dimensional reality by line and perspective.

Essentially the eye should know only luminous vibration, just as the acoustic nerve knows only sonorous vibration. The eye, after having begun by appropriating, refining, and systematizing the tactile faculties, has lived, developed, and maintained itself in this state of illusion by centuries of line drawings; and hence its evolution as the organ of luminous vibration has been extremely retarded in relation to that of the ear, and in respect to color, it is still a rudimentary intelligence. And so while the ear in general easily analyzes harmonics like an auditory prism, the eye sees light only roughly and synthetically and has only vague powers of decomposing it in the presence of nature, despite the three fibrils described by Young, which constitute the facets of the prisms. Then a natural eye-or a refined eye, for this organ, before moving ahead, must first become primitive again by ridding itself of tactile illusions-a natural eye forgets tactile illusions and their convenient dead language of line, and acts only in its faculty of prismatic sensibility. It reaches a point where it can see reality in the living atmosphere of forms, decomposed, refracted, reflected by beings and things, in incessant variation. Such is this first characteristic of the Impressionist eye.

The Academic Eye and the Impressionist Eye: Polyphony of Color. In a landscape flooded with light, in

which beings are outlined as if in colored grisaille, where the academic painter sees nothing but a broad expanse of whiteness, the Impressionist sees light as bathing everything not with a dead whiteness but rather with a thousand vibrant struggling colors of rich prismatic decomposition. Where the one sees only the external outline of objects, the other sees the real living lines built not in geometric forms but in a thousand irregular strokes, which, at a distance, establish life. Where one sees things placed in their regular respective planes according to a skeleton reducible to pure theoretic design, the other sees perspective established by a thousand trivial touches of tone and brush, by the varieties of atmospheric states induced by moving planes.

The Impressionist eye is, in short, the most advanced eye in human evolution, the one which until now has grasped and rendered the most complicated combinations of nuances known.

The Impressionist sees and renders nature as it is-that is, wholly in the vibration of color. No line, light, relief, perspective, or chiaroscuro, none of those childish classifications: all these are in reality converted into the vibration of color and must be obtained on canvas solely by the vibration of color.

In the little exhibition at the Gurlitt Gallery, the formula is visible especially in the work of Monet and Pissarro . . . where everything is obtained by a thousand little dancing strokes in every direction like straws of color-all in vital competition for the whole impression. No longer an isolated melody, the whole thing is a symphony which is living and changing like the "forest voices" of Wagner, all struggling to become the great voice of the forest-like the Unconscious, the law of the world, which is the great melodic voice resulting from the symphony of the consciousness of races and individuals. Such is the principle of the *plein-air* Impressionist school. And the eye of the master will be the one capable of distinguishing and recording the most sensitive gradations and decompositions on a simple flat canvas. This principle has been applied not systematically but with genius by certain of our poets and novelists.

False Training of the Eyes. Now everyone knows that we do not see the colors of the palette in themselves but rather according to the illusions which the paintings of the past have developed in us, and above all we see them in the light which the palette itself gives off. (Compare the intensity of Turner's most dazzling sun with the flame of the weakest candle.) What one might call an innate harmonic agreement operates automatically between the visual effect of the landscape and the paint on the palette. This is the proportional language of painting, which grows richer in proportion to the development of the painter's optical sensibility. The same goes for size and perspective. In this sense, one might even go so far as to say that the painter's palette is to real light and to the tricks of color it plays on reflecting and refracting realities what perspective on a flat canvas is to the real planes of spatial reality. On these two things, the painter builds.

Mobility of Landscape and Mobility of the Painter's Impressions. You critics who codify the beautiful and guide the development of art, I would have you look at this painter who sets down his easel before a rather evenly lighted landscapean afternoon scene, for example. Let us suppose that instead of painting his landscape in several sittings, he has the good sense to record its tonal values in *fifteen minutes* -- that is, let us suppose that he is an Impressionist. He arrives on the scene with his own individual optic sensibility. Depending on the state of fatigue or preparation the painter has just been through, his sensibility is at the same time either bedazzled or receptive; and it is not the sensibility of a single organ, but rather the three competitive sensibilities of Young's fibrils. In the course of these fifteen minutes, the lighting of the landscape-the vibrant sky, the fields, the trees, everything within the insubstantial network of the rich atmosphere with the constantly undulating life of its invisible reflecting or refracting corpuscles-has undergone infinite changes, has, in a word, lived.

In the course of these fifteen minutes, the optical sensibility of the painter has changed time and time again, has been upset in its appreciation of the constancy and relative values of the landscape tones. Imponderable fusions of tone, opposing perceptions, imperceptible distractions, subordinations and dominations, variations in the force of reaction of the three optical fibrils one upon the other and on the external world, infinite and infinitesimal struggles.

One of a myriad examples: I see a certain shade of violet; I lower my eyes toward my palette to mix it and my eye is involuntarily drawn by the white of my shirt sleeve; my eye has changed, my violet suffers.

So, in short, even if one remains only fifteen minutes before a landscape, one's work will never be the real equivalent of the fugitive reality, but rather the record of the response of a certain unique sensibility to a moment which can never be reproduced exactly for the individual, under the excitement of a landscape at a certain moment of its luminous life which can never be duplicated.

There are roughly three states of mind in the presence of a landscape: first, the growing keenness of the optical sensibility under the excitement of this new scene; second, the peak of keenness; third, a period of gradual nervous exhaustion.

To these should be added the constantly changing atmosphere of the best galleries where the canvas will be shown, the minute daily life of the landscape tones absorbed in perpetual struggle. And, moreover, with the spectators the same variation of sensibility, and with each an infinite number of unique moments of sensibility.

Subject and object are then irretrievably in motion, inapprehensible and unapprehending. In the flashes of identity between subject and object lies the nature of genius. And any attempt to codify such flashes is but an

academic pastime.

Double Illusion of Absolute Beauty and Absolute Man! Innumerable Human Keyboards. Aestheticians have always talked a great deal of nonsense about one or the other of two illusions: the objectivity of Absolute Beauty, and the subjectivity of Absolute Man-that is, Taste.

Today we have a more exact feeling for the life within us and outside us.

Each man is, according to his moment in time, his racial milieu and social situation, his moment of individual evolution, a kind of keyboard on which the exterior world plays in a certain way. My own keyboard is perpetually changing, and there is no other like it. All keyboards are legitimate.

The exterior world likewise is a perpetually changing symphony (as is illustrated by Fechner's law, which says that the perception in differences declines in inverse proportion to their intensities).

The optical arts spring from the eye and solely from the eye.

There do not exist anywhere in the world two eyes identical as organs or faculties.

All our organs are engaged in a vital struggle: with the painter, it is the eye that is dominant; with the musician, the ear; with the philosopher, the powers of the mind, etc.

The eye most deserving of our admiration is the one which has evolved to the greatest extent; and consequently the most admirable painting will be not that which displays the academic fancies of "Hellenic beauty," "Venetian color," "Cornelius' thought," etc., but rather that which reveals this eye in the refinement of its nuances or the complication of its lines.

The atmosphere most favorable to the freedom of this evolution lies in the suppression of schools, juries, medals, and other such childish paraphernalia, the patronage of the state, the parasitism of blind art critics; and in the encouragement of a nihilistic dilettantism and open-minded anarchy like that which reigns amid French artists today: *Laissez faire, laissez passer*. Law, beyond human concerns, must follow its automatic pattern, and the wind of the Unconscious must be free to blow where it will.

Definition of Plein-Air Painting. Open air, the formula applicable first and foremost to the landscape painters of the Barbizon School (the name is taken from the village near the forest of Fontainebleau) does not mean exactly what it says. This open air concept governs the entire work of Impressionist painters, and means the painting of beings and things in their appropriate atmosphere: out-of-door scenes, simple interiors, or ornate drawing rooms seen by candlelight, streets, gas-lit corridors, factories, market places, hospitals, etc.

Explanation of Apparent Impressionist Exaggerations. The ordinary eye of the public and of the non-artistic critic, trained to see reality in the harmonies fixed and established for it by its host of mediocre painters-this eye, as eye, cannot stand up to the keen eye of the artist. The latter, being more sensitive to luminous variation, naturally records on canvas the relationship between rare, unexpected, and unknown subtleties of luminous variation. The blind, of course, will cry out against willful eccentricity. But even if one were to make allowance for an eye bewildered and exasperated by the haste of these impressionistic notes taken in the heat of sensory intoxication, the language of the palette with respect to reality would still be a conventional tongue susceptible to new seasoning. And is not this new seasoning more artistic, more alive, and hence more fecund for the future than the same old sad academic recipes?

Program for Future Painters. Some of the liveliest, most daring painters one has ever known, and also the most sincere, living as they do in the midst of mockery and indifference-that is, almost in poverty, with attention only from a small section of the press-are today demanding that the State have nothing to do with art, that the School of Rome (the Villa Medici) be sold, that the Institute be closed, that there be no more medals or rewards, and that artists be allowed to live in that anarchy which is life, which means everyone left to his own resources, and not hampered or destroyed by academic training which feeds on the past. No more official beauty; the public, unaided, will learn to see for itself and will be attracted naturally to those painters whom they find modern and vital. No more official salons and medals than there are for writers. Like writers working in solitude and seeking to have their productions displayed in their publishers' windows, painters will work in their own way and seek to have their paintings hung in galleries. Galleries will be their salons.

Framing. In their exhibitions the Independents have substituted intelligent, refined, imaginative frames for the old gilt frames which are the stock in trade of academic convention. A green sunlit landscape, a white winter page, an interior with dazzling lights and colorful clothes require different sorts of frames which the respective painters alone can provide, just as a woman knows best what material she should wear, what shade of powder is most suited to her complexion, and what color of wallpaper she should choose for her boudoir. Some of the new frames are in solid colors: natural wood, white, pink, green, jonquil yellow; and others are lavish combinations of colors and styles. While this new style of frame has had repercussions in official salons, there it has produced nothing but ornate bourgeois imitations.

Diego Martelli

"THE IMPRESSIONISTS," 1880

Ladies and Gentlemen:

When at another time in this room I had the honor to read something about art and about the artists, I indicated to you how the instinct for art and for ornament in man perhaps precedes the feeling for scientific reflection; how in the maturity of the history of a people, artistic expression might be clearly defined and appear complete to us; and how, when a period of civilization is exhausted, the old forms lose their vitality and are replaced by others that contain in themselves (note the Byzantines) all the agony of the present, all the potentialities of the future; and, in concluding, I recounted to you the vicissitudes of the artistic life of the Englishman, Turner, and the struggles and suffering of our so-called "Macchiaioli" and exhorted you to be benevolent and attentive toward those who study and suffer, because in the work of these poor men there is contained a great lesson and the seeds of a great future.

When I spoke to you thus in 1877, I did not know that the following year I would be swept by the vicissitudes of fortune to the Universal Exposition in Paris, nor did I know that, given time, I would find myself in that great center of human thought, once more living the life of an artist, and coming close to a society of painters who were in the midst of privation and struggle, pushed on out of necessity by the new forms that dominate modern thought; despised by the crowd, offended and trampled on by the authorities, they nevertheless follow their own way, animated by the spirit of the apostles that enjoins them to find the new truth through paths unknown to the satisfied masses.

I come before you today to describe the phases and relate the history of this movement, believing that your time will not be spent in vain; not because of my own poor self and my humble words, but because of the importance of the events that I shall unfold before your eyes.

The bad customs of modern society, always oscillating between quick gains and sudden losses, pushes the masses toward luxury and pleasure, reviving the adage of the Romans of the decadence, *Edamus et bibamus, post mortem nulla voluptas*. Thus the super-strength of gold has given real social importance to the "Nana's" that rule over caprice and vie in luxury and exaggeration with the richest and most aristocratic ladies of the manor today.

For this reason also, art has taken on a particular manner that the French call "chic," and that characterizes art of the "mode." This art, which came especially from Paris rather than elsewhere, requires brilliance of handiwork rather than brilliance of the brain . . .

It always happens, however, that-when the traditions of the past burn themselves out, just like a torch for lack of fuel, and when the flood of adventurers and adventuresses, revelling, invade the proscenium-a few men of genius and of good will, recognizing the futility of going against the current of the times [and] scornful of a present that has meaning only in the label of hairdressers, concentrate once more upon themselves, and with prophetic minds strain toward the future and deepen themselves in the search for truth. Some of those who are most conscious of their position arm themselves with the whip of satire and caricature and they lash it around without pity; others, unconscious of themselves, work with the security and tranquility of masters, aware of their greatness, ignorant, however, of their social importance.

The first of these two types died a poor man in a country village on the outskirts of Paris at the age of eighty: Honoré Daumier, son of a glassworker from Marseilles ....

Daumier is very strong with the chiaroscuro, which he forces a bit too much, misusing the asphalts and the bitumens in the manner of Decamps, and he is almost unbeatable in the analysis of forms and the character of movements. I like to recall, among many others, a little picture representing an acrobat Hercules, stupidly leaning against one of the wings backstage in a theater, on the stage of which one sees two of his companions who are fighting like dogs . . .

A giant of the second type was Gustave Courbet, whom, since his death, all France honors, although he was wrong to have demolished the Vendome column and to belong to the Commune. Just as in the compositions of Daumier one discovers the thinker and the satirist beneath the brush and pencil of the artist, so beneath the brush of Courbet one finds only the finely organized eye that sees well and the hand that successfully reproduces that which the eye has seen ....

The following words summarize the entire biography of the famous artist: knowledge without consciousness, the gift of seeing an effect in its truth and of knowing how to find upon the palette the colors for seeing it. A man created with so much power of spontaneous assimilation must necessarily be a very important

coefficient in the revolution of ideas. With the indifference and serenity of a pachyderm, he literally had to crush all the Lilliputian painters of cabinet pictures and all the mummies of the Academy, and show by his actions that art is something that lives by and for itself. As devoid of thought as he was full of natural energy, he beat his own indomitable way onward, confident of himself and an enemy of every artificiality; perfectly in equilibrium, he was and felt himself to be a great artist. When he wanted to discuss ideas, everyone recognized in him an ignorant man; when he worked, [they saw] a painter of the first order.

I remember in 1863, when I had gone to Paris, I saw two pictures by Courbet at the Salon: one, very large, a snow scene, represented The Stag Hunt; the other, not small, *Midday Siesta in a Field in Normandy*, and I must confess I was very disconcerted by the absolute lack of unusualness revealed by these canvases. The two paintings were done with great sincerity and breadth, but did not confirm the reputation of eccentricity of which their author had taken advantage.

In that same exhibition I saw for the first time the works of Edward Manet, which seemed ugly to me and whose originality seemed to me absolutely pretended ....

I told you shortly before that I did not like Manet and now I must add that I like Manet very much, and moreover, I like those same works that at first made such a bad impression upon me. In 1878, as soon as arrived in France, I had the luck, through my friends, Desbutin [sic] and Zandomeneghi, to meet this artist, who by this time was famous and who, together with many of his kind, frequented the café Nouvelle Athènes on the Place Pigalle, a café which, considering the change of time and the different city, reminded me of the very gay confusion of the old café Michelangiolo in Florence, which also played such a big part in the rebirth of art in our country.

Edward Manet is a handsome man of forty-seven, tall and with blond beard and hair. in the midst of which streaks of silvery white are beginning to appear. His eyes are very lively and acute, his mouth expresses the irony of a good boy, a characteristic of Parisians, and his manners are the exquisitely courteous ones of a well brought up person ....

Degas, working more for his own edification than out of desire to offer canvases to the admiration of the public, was struck by the effort and by the specialized kind of movement that the ironers make when they work and by the interesting play of light produced in their shops by the great quantity of whites that one finds hung up all about. Those white collarless blouses, a big hole for the neck, reflected by the surrounding whites, the design and the color of the arms, stirred by the particular action of the woman who holds the iron, became, after the first look, the starting point for a series of very penetrating and beautiful studies that constitute a large part of his work.

Just as the ironers were his subjects by day, so the ballerinas of the *Foyer de l'Opéra* were by night, and we find in the portfolios of this master a series of most admirable studies that have been, and are, used for his graceful compositions.

We must not forget that the great Leonardo da Vinci, roaming through the countryside, continually studied human deformities and drew very witty caricatures; the relationship between the study of the beautiful and that of the ugly is intimate, and Degas, through his own genius, had to wed and harmonize these two sentiments in an originality all his own, by means of which the feeling for truth of the primitives is invested with the light and phosphorescent scintillations of our times.

Up to now I have spoken to you about artists who represent modernity in an outstanding way, but I have not spoken to you of true and actual Impressionists, who more at the present moment represent in their works the dawn of the future, and it is absolutely necessary for me to throw you into a field that is a little abstract and metaphysical, in which I hope you will have the patience to follow me with your kind attention.

Impressionism is not only a revolution in the field of thought, but is also a physiological revolution of the human eyes. It is a new theory that depends on a different way of perceiving the sensations of light and of expressing the impressions. Nor do the Impressionists fabricate their theories first and then adapt the paintings to them, but on the contrary, as always happens with discoveries, the pictures were born of the unconscious visual phenomenon of men of art who, having studied, afterward produced the reasoning of the philosophers.

Pierre-Auguste Renoir

EXCERPTS FROM **THE SOCIETY OF THE IRREGULARISTS, 1884**

In all the controversies matters of art stir up daily, the chief point to which we are going to call attention is generally forgotten. We mean irregularity

Nature abhors a vacuum, say the physicists; they might complete then axiom by adding that she abhors regularity no less.

Observers actually know that despite the apparent simplicity of the laws governing their formation, the works of nature are infinitely varied, from the most important to the least, no matter what their species or family The two eyes of the most beautiful face will always be slightly unlike; no nose is placed exactly above the center of the mouth; the quarters of an orange, the leaves of a tree, the petals of a flower are never identical; it thus seems that every kind of beauty draws its charm from this diversity.

If one looks at the most famous plastic or architectural works from this viewpoint, one easily sees that the great artists who created them, careful to proceed in the same way as that nature whose respectful pupils they have always remained, took great care not to transgress her fundamental law of irregularity. One realizes that even works based on geometric principles, like St. Mark's,[1] the little house of Francis I in the Cours La Reine . . . as well as all the so-called Gothic churches . . . have not a single perfectly straight line, and that the round, square, or oval forms which are found there and which ii would have been extremely easy to make exact, never are exact. One can thus state, without fear of being wrong, that every truly artistic production has been conceived and executed according to the principle of irregularity; in short, to use a neologism which expresses our thought more completely, it is always the work of an irregularist.

At a time when our French art, until the beginning of this century still so full of penetrating charm and exquisite imagination, is about to perish of regularity and dryness, when the mania for false perfection makes engineers diagram the ideal, we think that it is useful to react against the fatal doctrines which threaten to annihilate it, and that it is the duty of all men of sensitivity and taste to gather together without delay, no matter how repugnant they may otherwise find combat and protest.

An association is therefore necessary.

Although I do not want to formulate a final platform here, a few projected ideas are briefly submitted:

The association will be called the society of irregularists, which explains the general ideas of the founders.

Its aim will be to organize as quickly as possible exhibitions of all artists, painters, decorators, architects, goldsmiths, embroiderers, etc., who have irregularity as their aesthetic principle.

Among other conditions for admission, the rules stipulate precisely, as far as architecture is concerned: All ornaments must be derived from nature, with no motif-flower, leaf, figure, etc., etc. being exactly repeated; even the least important outlines must be executed by hand without the aid of precision instruments; as far as the plastic arts are concerned, the goldsmiths and others.. . will have to exhibit alongside of their finished works the drawings or paintings from nature used to create them.

No work containing copies of details or of a whole taken from other works will be accepted.

A complete grammar of art, dealing with the aesthetic principles of the organization, setting forth its tendencies, and demonstrating its usefulness, will be published by the founding committee with the collaboration of the members who offer their services.

Photographs of celebrated monuments or decorative works which bring forth evidence of the principle of irregularism will be acquired at the expense of the society and placed in a special room for the public.[2]

SAYINGS ON ART

I like beautiful materials, rich brocades, diamonds flashing in the light, but I would have had a horror of wearing such things myself. I am grateful to those who do wear them, provided they allow me to paint them. On the other hand, I would just as soon paint glass trinkets and cotton goods costing two sous a yard. It is the artist who makes the model.-Yes and no. I need to feel all the excitement of life stirring around me, and I'll always need it.

I have a horror of the word "flesh," which has become so shopworn. Why not "meat," while they're about

it? What I like is skin, a young girl's skin that is pink and shows that she has a good circulation. But what I like above all is serenity

It's all very well to be sentimental about the past. Of course, I miss those plates decorated by hand, and the furniture made by the village carpenter; the days when every workman could use his imagination and put something of himself into whatever little practical object he was making. To get that kind of pleasure nowadays you have to be an artist and sign your work, which is something I detest. On the other hand, under Louis the Fifteenth I would have been, obliged to paint nothing but specified subjects. And what seems most significant to me about our movement is that we have freed painting from the importance of the subject. I am at liberty to paint flowers, and call them simply flowers, without their needing to tell a story.

The artist who seeks to present himself entirely naked to his public ends by revealing a conventional character, which is not even himself. It is merely romanticism, with its self-confession, tears, and agony, in reality the posings of a third-rate actor. But it sometimes happens that a Raphael who only wished to paint nice girls with little children-to whom he gave the title of "Virgin"-reveals himself with the most touching intimacy

I've spent my life making blunders. The advantage of growing old is that you become aware of your mistakes more quickly.

There isn't a person, a landscape, or a subject that doesn't possess at least some interest-although sometimes more or less hidden. When a painter discovers this hidden treasure, other people immediately exclaim at its beauty. Old Corot opened our eyes to the beauty of the Loing, which is a river like any other; and I am sure that the Japanese landscape is no more beautiful than other landscapes. But the point is that Japanese painters knew how to bring out their hidden treasure.[3]

FROM RENOIR'S NOTEBOOK

Everything that I call grammar on primary notions of Art can be summed up in one word: Irregularity.

The earth is not round. An orange is not round. Not one section of it has the same form or weight as another. If you divide it into quarters, you will not find in a single quarter the same number of pips as in any of the other three; nor will any of the pips be exactly alike.

Take the leaf of a tree-take a hundred thousand other leaves of the same kind of tree-not one will exactly resemble the other.

Take a column. If I make it symmetrical with a compass, it loses its vital principle.

Explain the irregularity in regularity. The value of regularity is in the eye only . . . the non-value of the regularity of the compass.

It is customary to prostrate oneself in front of the (obvious) beauty of Greek art. The rest has no value. What a farce! It is as if you told me that a blond is more beautiful than a brunette; and vice versa.

Do not restore; only remake the damaged parts.

Do not think it is possible to repeat another period.

The artist who uses the least of what is called imagination will be the greatest.

To be an artist you must learn to know the laws of nature.

The only reward one should offer an artist is to buy his work.

An artist must eat sparingly and give up a normal way of life.

Delacroix never won a prize.

How is it that in the so-called barbarian ages art was understood, whereas in our age of progress exactly the opposite is true.

When art becomes a useless thing, it is the beginning of the end .... A people never loses half, or even just a part, of its value. Everything comes to end at the same time.

If art is superfluous, why caricature or make a pretense of it? . . . I only wish to be comfortable? Therefore I have furniture made of rough wood for myself, and a house without ornament or decoration .... I only want what is strictly necessary... 1f I could obtain that result, I should be a man of taste. But the ideal of simplicity is almost impossible to achieve.

The reason for this decadence is that the eye has lost the habit of seeing.

Artists do exist. But one doesn't know where to find them. An artist can do nothing if the person who asks him to produce work is blind. It is the eye of the sensualist that I wish to open.

Not everyone is a sensualist just because he wishes to be.

There are some who never become sensualists no matter how hard they try

Someone gave a picture by one of the great masters to one of my friends, who was delighted to have an object of undisputed value in his drawing room. He showed it off to everyone. One day he came rushing in to see me. He was overcome with joy. He told me naively that he had never understood until that morning why the picture was beautiful. Until then he had always followed the crowd in being impressed only by the signature. My

friend had just become a sensualist.

It is impossible to repeat in one period what was done in another. The point of view is not the same, any more than are the tools, the ideals, the needs, or the painters' techniques.

A gentleman who has become newly rich decides that he wants a chateau. He makes inquiries as to the style most in fashion at the time. It turns out to be Louis XIII; and off he goes. And of course, he finds an architect who builds him an imitation Louis XIII. Who is to blame?

The art lover is the one who should be taught. He is the one to whom the medals should be given-and not to the artist, who doesn't care a hang about them.

Painters on porcelain only copy the work of others. Not one of them would think of looking at the canary he has in a cage to see how its feet are made.

They ought to have cheaply priced inns in luxuriant surroundings for those in the decorative arts. I say inns; but, if you wish, schools minus teachers. I don't wish my pupils to be polished up any more than I want my garden to be tidied up.

Young people should learn to see things for themselves, and not ask for advice.

Look at the way the Japanese painted birds and fish. Their system is quite simple. They sat down in the countryside and watched birds flying. By watching them carefully, they finally came to understand movement; and they did the same as regards fish.

Don't be afraid to look at the great masters of the best periods. They created irregularity within regularity. Saint Mark's Cathedral in Venice: symmetrical, as a whole, but not one detail is like another!

An artist, under pain of oblivion, must have confidence in himself, and listen only to his real master: Nature.

The more you rely on good tools, the more boring your sculpture will be.

The Japanese still have a simplicity of life, which gives them time to go about and contemplate. They still look, fascinated, at a blade of grass, or the flight of birds, or the wonderful movements of fish, and they go home, their minds filled with beautiful ideas, which they have no trouble in putting on the objects they decorate.

I believe that I am nearer to God by being humble before this splendor (nature); by accepting the role I have been given to play in life; by honoring this majesty without self-interest, and, above all, without asking for anything, being confident that He who has created everything has forgotten nothing.

I believe, therefore, without seeking to understand. I don't wish to give any name, and especially I do not wish to give the name of God, to statues or to paintings. For He is above everything that is known. Everything that is made for this purpose, is, in my humble opinion, a fraud.

Go and see what others have produced, but never copy anything except nature. You would be trying to enter into a temperament that is not yours and nothing that you would do would have any character.

The greatest enemy of the worker and the industrial artist is certainly the machine.

The modern architect is, generally speaking, art's greatest enemy.

Since you love the Republic so much, why are there no statues of the Republic as beautiful as the Athenas of the Greeks? Do you love the Republic less than the Greeks did their gods?

There are people who imagine that one can re-do the Middle Ages and the Renaissance with impunity. One can only copy: that is the watchword. And after such folly has continued long enough, go back to the sources. You will see how far away we have got from them.

God, the King of artists, was clumsy.[4]

Silver white, chrome yellow, Naples yellow, ocher, raw sienna, vermilion, rose lake, Veronese green, viridian, cobalt blue, ultramarine blue. Palette knife, scraper, oil, turpentine--everything necessary for painting. The yellow ocher, Naples yellow, and sienna earth are intermediate tones only, and can be omitted since their equivalents can be made with other colors. Brushes made of marten hair; flat silk brushes.[5]

Algiers, March 1881

My Dear Monsieur Durand-Ruel,

I have just been trying to explain to you why I send pictures to the Salon. In Paris there are scarcely fifteen people capable of liking a painter who doesn't show at the Salon. There are 80,000 who won't buy so much as a nose from a painter who is not hung at the Salon. That's why I send in two portraits every year, little as that is. Besides, I do not want to fall in with the mania for believing that a thing is bad because of where it happens to be. In short, I don't want to waste time cherishing grudges against the Salon. I don't even want to seem to do so. In my opinion one should paint as well as possible, and that is all. Ah! If I were accused of neglecting my art, or sacrificing my opinions to idiotic ambition, I would understand my critics. But as that is not so, there is nothing they can reproach me with; on the contrary. At this moment, as always, I am concerned solely with doing good work. I want to paint stunning pictures that you can sell for very high prices. I shall manage it before long, I hope. I have been keeping away from all other painters, in the sun, to think things out. I believe I have come to an end

and found what I wanted. I may be wrong, but it would very much surprise me. Be patient for a little longer, and I hope I shall soon prove to you that one can show at the Salon and still do good painting.

So please plead my cause with my friends. I send to the Salon for purely commercial reasons. Anyhow, it's like with certain medicines. If it does no good, it does no harm.

I think I'm quite fit again now. I'm going to be able to work hard and make up for lost time.

At which point I wish you excellent health. And a lot of rich collectors. But keep them till I get back. I shall stay here another month. I don't want to leave Algiers without bringing back something from this marvelous country

A thousand greetings to my friends and to you.

Renoir[6]

Naples, 21 November 1881

Dear Monsieur Durand-Ruel,

I have been meaning to write to you for a long time, but I wanted to send you a mass of pictures as well. But I am still bogged down in experiments-a malady. I'm not satisfied, so I clean things off, again and again. I hope the mania is coming to an end; that is why I am giving you this sign of life. I do not think I shall bring back very much from my travels. But I think I shall have made progress, which always happens after experimenting for a long time. One always comes back to one's first love, but with a note added. Anyhow, I hope you will forgive me if I don't bring you back a great deal. Besides, you'll see what I shall do for you in Paris.

I am like a child at school. The new page is always going to be neatly written, and then pouf! . . . a blot. I'm still making blots . . . and I am forty years old. I went to look at the Raphaels in Rome. They are very fine and I ought to have seen them earlier. They are full of skill and wisdom. He didn't try to do the impossible, like me. But his work is fine. I prefer Ingres for oil paintings. But the frescoes are admirable in their simplicity and nobility.

I take it you are well, as usual, and your little family too. But I shall be seeing you soon, for Italy is very fine. But Paris . . . Ah! Paris . . .

I am beginning something. I won't tell you what, because then I should spoil it. I have my superstitions.

A thousand greetings,

Renoir[7]

NOTES

1. St. Mark's Cathedral in Venice.
2. Pierre-Auguste Renoir. "La Société des irregularistes," in Lionello Venturi, *Les Archives de l'Impressionisme* (Paris, New York: Durand-Ruel, 1939), 1, 127-129. Reprinted by permission of the publisher.
3. Pierre-Auguste Renoir in Jean Renoir, *Renoir, My Father*, trans. Rudolph and Dorothy Weaver (Boston and Toronto: Little, Brown and Company, 1962), pp. 102, 114-115, 186, 221-222. Reprinted by permission of the publisher. Copyright Jean Renoir 1958,1962.
4. Ibid., pp. 240-245. 5. Ibid., p. 386.
5. Ibid., p. 386.
6. Pierre-Auguste Renoir, Letter to Paul Durand-Ruel from Algiers, March, 1881, in Friedenthal, *Letters of the Great Artists* (London: Thames and Hudson, 1963), pp. 133-136.
7. Pierre-Auguste Renoir, Letter to Paul Durand-Ruel from Naples, November 21, 1881, in Richard Friedenthal, *Letters*, p. 136.

Charles Baudelaire

"CROWDS"

It is not given to every man to take a bath of multitude; enjoying a crowd is an art; and only he can relish a debauch of vitality at the expense of the human species, on whom, in his cradle, a fairy has bestowed the love of masks and masquerading, the hate of home, and the passion for roaming.

Multitude, solitude: identical terms, and interchangeable by the active and fertile poet. The man who is unable to people his solitude is equally unable to be alone in a bustling crowd.

The poet enjoys the incomparable privilege of being able to be himself or some one else, as he chooses. Like those wandering souls who go looking for a body, he enters as he likes into each man's personality. For him alone everything is vacant; and if certain places seem closed to him, it is only because in his eyes they are not worth visiting.

The solitary and thoughtful stroller finds a singular intoxication in this universal communion. The man who loves to lose himself in a crowd enjoys feverish delights that the egoist locked up in himself as in a box, and the slothful man like a mollusk in his shell, will be eternally deprived of. He adopts as his own all the occupations, all the joys and all the sorrows that chance offers.

What men call love is a very small, restricted, feeble thing compared with this ineffable orgy, this divine prostitution of the soul giving itself entire, all its poetry and all its charity, to the unexpected as it comes along, to the stranger as he passes.

It is a good thing sometimes to teach the fortunate of this world, if only to humble for an instant their foolish pride, that there are higher joys than theirs, finer and more uncircumscribed. The founders of colonies, shepherds of peoples, missionary priests exiled to the ends of the earth, doubtlessly know something of this mysterious drunkenness; and in the midst of the vast family created by their genius, they must often laugh at those who pity them because of their troubled fortunes and chaste lives.

Art Humanities Primary Source Reading 43

Roger Marx

"ON MONET'S `WATER LILIES,"' 1909

JUNE 1909

Before transcribing one's own impressions, one would like to retrace one's steps and put them in order to give them better definition. One's first reaction to these 48 pictures is bewilderment. In most of them, objections having little to do with painting are the cause of this malaise; they have to do more with the identity of the subject and the number of duplications and with the at first seemingly fragmentary aspect of these pictures. The paintings manifest an authority and independence, an egocentric quality that is offensive to our vanity and humbling to our pride. M. Claude Monet is interested in pleasing only himself. His exertions are directed at recording the multifaceted differences of the pleasures he experiences during the course of the day as he works in one single place: such are the apparently selfish goals of his art, and it suits him to subordinate everything to this era. The value of a theme lies in its potential for increasing the number of sensations aroused in the viewer and enriching their quality. His system is a familiar one, but M. Claude Monet has not heretofore undertaken to push its consequences quite so far.

Rounded haystacks on a level field; poplars standing in ordered sequence against the sky; a Gothic porch displaying its sculptures in dazzling light; a cliff overlooking the ocean; the Seine embracing a wooded islet; water lilies rippling the surface of a serene pond in the park; in London, a bridge pressing its heavy pilings into the deepest part of the Thames, or the Houses of Parliament looming ghostlike out of the mists-all these are scenes complete in themselves, in which the composition is circumscribed, where lines are harmoniously contrasted, and where the depiction of the subject is determined by the emphasis accorded the theme.

M. Claude Monet has now severed his last ties to the Barbizon School; he is pursuing the renewal of his art according to his own vision and his own means; his manifest preference for a familiar site is conducive to painting different-but-parallel versions of the same subject. These variations on a theme clearly indicate the stages of his progression.

Besides being an artist, M. Claude Monet is also, like Emile Gallé and M. Maurice Maeterlinck, knowledgeable and passionately interested in plants. The paradox of aquatic flora has for a long time intrigued and captivated his imagination; he promised himself he would rise to the challenge and enjoy it. The Epte, near his residence in Giverny, flows silently and peacefully; it was quick work to take advantage of its course and to plant, in small hollows, the water lilies that emblazon the ponds in the summer. From now on this will provide periodic celebrations in honor of the painter; the lilies will be under his very eyes and within daily reach, and, as summer returns every year, he will continue to be eager to fix the ephemeral vision and to immortalize the field of flowered water and the spell it casts.

This is the task he set himself and which for so many years he has performed. The *Water Lily Pond* had already provided the general theme of the "series" that made up the exhibition held in 1900. The group that M. Claude Monet brings together this time, is related to it and is its logical sequel. Let us, in turn, try to subdivide it, not chronologically as the show's catalogue does, but thematically.

One painting serves as a transition between the present and the past. The background is set there as in the landscapes that were exhibited in 1900: tall trees with their melancholy branches, luxuriant and thick vegetation, and the little Japanese bridge covered with lichen and moss. But this is only an isolated reminder, perhaps even a fortuitous one. Let us move along. A new intention immediately surfaces: M. Claude Monet intends to do away with the terrestrial setting that delimited the horizon, enclosed and "fixed" the composition. He changed his viewpoint with the result that the shore moves back and very soon is obliterated. It is scarcely visible at the top of the early pictures: a narrow strip of land encircles with verdure the slight thinning of the wooded area, which the floating clusters streak with speckled moiré. No more earth, no more sky, no limits now; the dormant and fertile waters completely cover the field of the canvas; light overflows, cheerfully plays upon a surface covered with verdigris leaves. The water lilies emerge from these and proudly stretch their white, pink, yellow, or blue corollas to the sky, avid for air and sun. Here the painter deliberately broke away from the teachings of Western tradition by not seeking pyramidal lines or a single point of focus. The nature of what is fixed, immutable, appears to him to contradict the very essence of fluidity; he wants attention diffused and scattered everywhere. He considers himself free to place the small gardens of his archipelago wherever he pleases: to the right, to the left, at the top, or at the bottom of his canvas. In this context, within the necessary boundaries of their frames, these "eccentric" representations are reminiscent of some lightcolored "fuokusa," printed with bouquets scattered as capriciously as clouds that are interrupted by the folds of the hem.

M. Claude Monet's decision was a wise one and tends to justify even more the subtitle given to this series: *Water Landscapes*. We would imagine shores forever receding and the painter's inspiration confined within a narrow field. Far from it. The magical evocation of the reflections supplements the evidence of reality; it is these reflections that evoke the vanished shores. Here once more are the poplars, quivering and inverted; the tall willows with their weeping branches; and here, among the trees, is the clearing, the path of light on which shines the gold and purple sky The blazes of dawn and sunset fire the transparent mirror, and such is the brilliance of these lights of apotheosis-that their reflection makes it difficult at first to distinguish the humble plants lost in the shadows, which extend along the surface of the waters.

In addition to these moments that bestow magnificence upon nature, there are others equally poetic, less sublime perhaps but more enduring and grandly suggestive. These are the hours that in the summertime mark the middle of the day. Their charm counteracts the violence of the contrasts; these hours are redolent of harmonious languor and gentle voluptuousness. One's soul relaxes in the beneficence of daydreams. The afternoons are blessed with a profusion of dazzling light, a powdering of iridescent brightness; the rays of the sun become volatile, contours soften, elements merge and mingle. At the height of the heat, near the ponds, nature appears to be floating in the moist air, fading away and promoting the play of imagination. These are mirages transposed to a minor key of bluish and ash-colored hues, reflected in the lily pond, which is now like a soft azure cover. It is dappled by flecks of pale green foam highlighted here and there by flashes of topaz, ruby, sapphire, or mother-of-pearl. Through the incense of soft vapors, under a light veil of silvery mist, "the indecisive meets the precise." Certainty becomes conjecture, and the enigma of the mystery opens the mind to the world of illusion and the infinity of dreams.

The artist protests:

> What diabolic ideal torments you, and why tax me with being a visionary? Do you really think that the excitement and ecstasy with which I express and fulfill my passion for nature simply leads to a fairyland? You mustn't assume that I have labyrinthine, visionary plans. The truth is simpler; the only virtue in me is my submission to instinct; it is because I rediscovered and allowed intuitive and secret forces to predominate that I was able to identify with creation and become absorbed in it. My art is an act of faith, an act of love and humility. Yes, humility. People who hold forth on my painting conclude that I have arrived at the ultimate degree of abstraction and imagination that can be found in reality I should much prefer to have them acknowledge the gift, my total absorption in my work. I applied paint to these canvases in the same way that monks of old illuminated their books of hours; they owe everything to the close union of solitude and silence, to a passionate and exclusive attention akin to hypnosis. I have been denied the liberty of concentrating on a single motif and of drawing it under all possible conditions, at all times of the day, in all the infinite variety of its successive charms. Yet sparing oneself the effort required to broach a new theme is one way of conserving one's strength; it is also the means of capturing the ephemeral changes of atmosphere and light that are the very essence of painting. The subject doesn't matter! One instant, one aspect of nature is all that is needed.
>
> I have set up my easel in front of this body of water that adds a pleasant freshness to my garden; its circumference is less than 200 meters. Looking at it, you thought of infinity; you were able to discern in it, as in a microcosm, the presence of the elements and the instability of a universe that changes constantly under our very eyes. Nonetheless, to exile my painting "anywhere, out of the world" is going too far. This leads, I know, to the inevitable comparison with Turner. What would be the fate of art criticism without the prop of comparisons? Claude Lorrain was no master of mine; I never built, along distant shores, unlikely palaces with terrace upon terrace climbing to an oriental sky. My landscapes would fail as a backdrop for the tragic gesture of Salammbo or Akedysseril. The richness I achieve comes from nature, the source of my inspiration. Perhaps my originality boils down to being a hypersensitive receptor, and to the expediency of a shorthand by means of which I project on a canvas, as if on a screen, impressions registered on my retina. If you absolutely must find an affiliation for me, select the Japanese of olden times: their rarified taste has always appealed to me; and I sanction the implications of their esthetic that evokes a presence by means of a shadow and the whole by means of a fragment. Bring out my affinity, if you like, to our own eighteenth-century painters, with whom I recognize a close kinship of sensitivity and technique.

> But how much wiser it would be not to cut myself off from my own period, a period to which I belong with every fiber of my being! It would be much more accurate to describe me -- a disciple of Courbet and Jongkind -- as a contemporary of Stéphane Mallarmé and Claude Debussy. I agree with them and with Baudelaire that all the arts have points in common, that there are harmonies and concerts of color that are self-sufficient and that affect us just as a musical phrase or a chord can strike us deeply, without reference to a precise and clearly stated theory. The indeterminate and the vague are modes of expression that have a reason for existing and have their own characteristics; through them sensations become lasting; they are the key to symbolism and continuity. I was once briefly tempted to use water lilies as a sole decorative theme in a room. Along the walls, enveloping them in the singleness of its motif, this theme was to have created the illusion of an endless whole, of water without horizon or shore. Here nerves taut from overwork could have relaxed, lulled by the restful sight of those still waters, and to whosoever lived there, the room would have offered a refuge for peaceful meditation at the center of a flowering aquarium. This makes you smile; the name of des Esseintes is on the tip of your tongue. Isn't it a pity, really, to deny strength the right to express something fragile and to be so ready to declare the search for refinement incompatible with robust health? No, des Esseintes is not my prototype, it's closer to Maurice Barrès' Philippe who "methodically cultivates spontaneous emotions." I have half a century of experience and soon I shall have passed my sixty-ninth year, but my sensitivity, far from diminishing, has been sharpened by age, which holds no fears for me so long as unbroken communication with the outside world continues to fuel my curiosity, so long as my hand remains a ready and faithful interpreter of my perception. One of your colleagues, and not the least among them, said: "When looking at water, sky, mountains one feels they are forever young, untouched by events; they are as they were at the beginning. Confronted by their strength, our weakness vanishes." I have no other wish than to mingle more closely with nature, and I aspire to no other destiny than to work and live in harmony with her laws, as Goethe prescribed. Nature is greatness, power, and immortality; compared with her, a creature is nothing but a miserable atom.

"Granted," we answer, 'but nature cannot do without man; her beauty, which is quite subjective, would not be apparent without the thought that defines it, without the poetry that sings her praises, without the art that portrays her. She has never before been shown in such sumptuous and new variety. Supper guests at Madame Faustin's claim that the French language "has not, in the past, striven for precision, whereas at the present time it is cultivated by the most sensitive people, by those most eagerly seeking to convey indescribable sensations .... " This is also true of painting, and M. Claude Monet is not one to be satisfied with the lack of precision of his predecessors. He differs from them by his hyperesthesia and also by the contradictions inherent in his temperament. With a cold but passionate eye he can examine his impulses and reason them out; he is obstinate and lyrical, coarse and subtle; his art throbs with all the fires of enthusiasm; serenity flows from it. Dedication to his art does not hinder his search for a range of soft hues. In some paintings the medium, which has been

lovingly applied, bestows upon the surface of the canvas the porous feel of a dull granite, which one longs to caress. Never, in all the years since mankind has existed and men have painted, has anyone painted better or quite like this. As I looked at length, making notes in the exhibition catalog, an artist with a foreign accent accosted me: "You are writing about this exhibition, sir. Say that we are all ignorant. Proclaim that, compared with this, the pictures in the Salons, all the Salons, are just daubs, nothing but daubs." And he continued on his way, his arms raised to heaven.

It seems to us that this is proof of a high level of technical knowledge, and that this great mastery reveals an approach to landscape painting in tune with our times and essentially characteristic of its author. Painters in the past attempted to separate the eternal from the transitory. They distinguished elements, bodies, substances in an effort to be specific about volumes and planes. The temper of the era, its tents, its leisurely pace encouraged these artists to take their time in perfecting their work. The rush to live and to produce was alien to a serene period when calmness prevailed. M. Claude Monet belongs to a quite different age, one in which dizzying speed is the rule, where the creative person wants instant awareness of the universe and of himself through quick and violent impressions. The question is no longer a matter of fixing what is there but of seizing what is going by The concrete reality of things is less important than an interdependence established by impermanent relationships. A number of artists took pride in depicting a palpable reality, whereas the atmosphere that envelops it is what defies the minutiae of transcription. This is the very thing M. Claude Monet aspires to do and does so well. He is the painter of air and light, of affinities and reflexes, of clouds fleeing, of mists dissipating, of shafts of light displaced by the earth as it turns. He is also the painter of atmosphere and harmonies, not so much of the solemn harmonies so dear to de Lamartine, but to those "pleasant and light" ones celebrated by the saint of Assisi in his "Canticle of the Creatures." M. Claude Monet's heart beats responsively as soon as he comes into contact with the intimate life of the out-of-doors. His enthusiasm animates his vision; he causes us to know and to love beauty everywhere, a beauty that eludes both a casual glance and scientific examination with lens and compass. It would be difficult to resist the appeal of an artist of such extraordinary sensitivity, who is so steeped in his work that he succeeds in making us share his own emotion, joy, and humanism. We are reminded of the criteria Novalis sets forth: "constant contact with everyday life; free association of ideas; close attention to even the minutest details; an inner poetic life; a simple soul." Without these, the title "harbinger of nature" is not merited. So, the more one thinks about it, the more he seems to merit it.

ART HUMANITIES: PRIMARY SOURCE READER

Section 10: Picasso

Art Humanities Primary Source Reading 44

Georges Braque

PERSONAL STATEMENT, 1910

I couldn't portray a woman in all her natural loveliness . . . I haven't the skill. No one has. I must, therefore, create a new sort of beauty, the beauty that appears to me in terms of volume, of line, of mass, of weight, and through that beauty interpret my subjective impression. Nature is a mere pretext for a decorative composition, plus sentiment. It suggests emotion, and I translate that emotion into art. I want to expose the Absolute, and not merely the factitious woman.

The Architectural Record, New York, May 1910

Georges Braque's personal statement is reprinted from the May 1910 issue of the *Architectural Record*.

Art Humanities Primary Source Reading 45

Gertrude Stein

Perhaps best described by Picasso's portrait of her, Gertrude Stein was an imposing figure and a powerful influence on modern literature and art. Stein is the author of numerous books, plays, poems, and essays on literature. While her place in the history of literature is still somewhat contested, there are those who would place her with Joyce, Pound, and Eliot as one of the great literary innovators of the 20th century.

Gertrude Stein was born in 1874 in Pennsylvania, grew up in Vienna, Paris and Oakland California. She studied psychology at Radcliffe and Johns Hopkins before moving to Paris with her brother Leo in 1902. The house that the two Stein siblings shared in Paris became a meeting place for artists and writers, and both Steins were supportive patrons of the most advanced art being made in Paris at the time.

Just as Cubism called for a redefinition of visual representation, and tried to make us see the tools of representation (line, shading, marks) as things in themselves, worthy of attention, Stein's writing, with its incremental repetitions and rhythms, has been described as "a systematic investigation of the elements of language (parts of speech, syntax, phonetics, morphermics, etymology, punctuation) and of literature (narrative, poetry, prose, drama, and genre itself)." Hers was thus a highly analytical project in its aim of breaking down literature into its parts. This is the way in which it was compared to Picasso's analytical cubism. In addition, some of her works have been compared to collage for their abrupt juxtapositions, their incorporation of divergent linguistic materials, and their attempt to detach words from their common meanings. These comparisons between Picasso and Stein are encouraged by the historical evidence, namely the close personal and artistic friendship that developed between Stein and Picasso in the early years of the twentieth century, and which lasted many decades. Both attached great importance to the work of French painter Paul Cézanne, and discussed his work during some of the eighty or so sittings that Stein had to endure while Picasso attempted to capture her portrait in 1905.

Stein attempted several literary portraits of Picasso over her lifetime, and published a book on his art in 1938. The text provided here was written in 1909 and was published in the United States in the August 1912 issue of Alfred Steiglitz's influential magazine *Camera Work.* Although Stein had been writing for many years, this was one of her earliest publications. Using rhythm, tone and slight changes in sentences that almost repeat themselves, Stein

made her readers aware of the materiality of words and of writing, that is, how they are made up of sounds, rhythms, and cadences.

"PICASSO," 1912

One whom some were certainly following was one who was completely charming. One whom some were certainly following was one who was charming. One whom some were following was one who was completely charming. One whom some were following was one who was certainly completely charming.

Some were certainly following and were certain that the one they were then following was one working and was one bringing out of himself then something. Some were certainly following and were certain that the one they were then following was one bringing out of himself then something that was coming to be a heavy thing, a solid thing and a complete thing.

One whom some were certainly following was one working and certainly was one bringing something out of himself then and was one who had been all his living had been one having something coming out of him.

Something had been coming out of him, certainly it had been coming out of him, certainly it was something, certainly it had been coming out of him and it had meaning, a charming meaning, a solid meaning, a struggling meaning, a clear meaning.

One whom some were certainly following and some were certainly following him, one whom some were certainly following was one certainly working.

One whom some were certainly following was one having something coming out of him something having meaning and this one was certainly working then.

This one was working and something was coming then, something was coming out of this one then. This one was one and always there was something coming out of this one and always there had been something coming out of this one. This one had never been one not having something coming out of this one. This one had been one whom some were following. This one was one whom some were following. This one was being one whom some were following. This one was one who was working.

Albert Gleizes and Jean Metzinger

Albert Gleizes (b.1881, Paris, France) and Jean Metzinger (b.1883 Nantes, France) were painters as well as writers and occasional critics. They had begun exhibiting together in 1910, alongside Fernand Leger, Robert Delaunay. A critic wrote disparagingly of their "pallid cubes," thus spawning the term "cubism." This group's influential "Golden Section" (Section D'Or) exhibition of 1912 coincided with the publication of Gleizes and Metzinger's book Du Cubisme.

Part manifesto, part treatise, part exhortation, Du Cubisme was an effort to describe the common ground that was shared among these artists and to reconcile their many differences under a unifying theory. Among the artists they discuss are forerunners such as Paul Cézanne and André Derain, as well as Picasso, Leger, Gleizes and Metzinger themselves, as well as Francis Picabia, Marcel Duchamp and others. It was the first substantial text on the new art.

Despite the fact that Du Cubisme treats cubism as a descendant of the French tradition, Gleizes and Metzinger do not embrace Impressionism wholeheartedly. They write of Impressionism that "by diversity of color it seeks to create life, and it promotes a feeble, and ineffectual quality of drawing. The dress sparkles in a marvelous play of colors; but the figure disappears, is atrophied…the retina predominates over the brain; but the Impressionist is conscious of this, and to justify himself he speaks of the incompatibility of the intellectual faculties and the artistic sense!" On the other hand, they are hardly advocating an overly intellectual art, and insist, in the passage excerpted below, that "Geometry is a science, painting is an art. The geometer measures, the painter savours."

Like the other protagonists for the new art collected here, Gleizes and Metzinger sound the call that painting must abandon slavish representation when they exhort "let the picture imitate nothing; let it nakedly present its motive, and we should indeed be ungrateful were we to deplore the absence off those things - flowers, or landscape, or faces – whose mere reflection it might have been."

EXCERPT FROM **CUBISM, 1912**

To understand Cézanne is to foresee cubism. Henceforth we are justified in saying that between this school and previous manifestations there is only a difference of intensity, and that in order to assure ourselves of this we have only to study the methods of this realism, which, departing from the superficial reality of Courbet, plunges with Cézanne into profound reality, growing luminous as it forces the unknowable to retreat.

Some maintain that such a tendency distorts the curve of tradition. Do they derive their arguments from the future or the past? The future does not belong to them, as far as we are aware, and one be singularly ingenuous to seek to measure that which exists by that which exists no longer.

Unless we are to condemn all modern painting, we must regard cubism as legitimate, for it continues modern methods, and we should see in it the only conception of pictorial art now possible. In other words, at this moment cubism is painting.

Here we should like to demolish a very general misunderstanding to which we have already made allusion. Many consider that decorative considerations should govern the spirit of the new painters. They cannot see that a decorative work is the antithesis of the picture.

A decorative work exists only by virtue of its destination; it is animated only by the relationship existing between it and the given objects. Essentially dependent, necessarily incomplete, it must in the first place satisfy the mind so as not to distract it from the spectacle which justifies and completes it. It is an organ.

The true picture, on the other hand, bears its *raison d'être* within itself. It can be moved from a church to a drawing-room, from a museum to a study. Essentially independent, necessarily complete, it need not immediately satisfy the mind: on the contrary, it should lead it, little by little, towards the fictitious depths in which the co-ordinative light resides. It does not harmonize with this or that ensemble; it harmonizes with things in general, with the universe: it is an organism . . .

Dissociating, for convenience, things that we know to be indissolubly united, let us study, by means of form and colour, the integration of plastic consciousness.

To discern a form implies, besides the power to see and to be moved, a certain development of the mind; in the eyes of most people the external world is amorphous.

To discern a form is to verify against a pre-existing idea; this is an act that no one, save the man we call an artist, can accomplish without external assistance.

In the presence of some natural spectacle, a child, in order to co-ordinate his sensations and to subject them to mental control, compares them with his picture-book; a man, culture intervening, makes reference to works of art.

The artist, having discerned a form which presents a certain intensity or analogy with his pre-existing idea, prefers it to other forms, and consequently for we like to force our preferences on others -- he endeavours to enclose the quality of this form (the unmeasurable sum of the affinities perceived between the visible manifestation and the tendency of his mind) in symbol likely to affect others . . .

Let the picture imitate nothing; let it nakedly present its *raison d'être*. We should indeed be ungrateful were we to deplore the absence of all those things flowers, or landscape, or faces whose mere reflection it might have been. Nevertheless, let us admit that the reminiscence of natural forms cannot be absolutely banished; not yet, at all events. An art cannot be raised to the level of a pure effusion at the first step.

This is understood by the cubist painters, who indefatigably study pictorial form and the space which it engenders.

This space we have negligently confounded with pure visual space or with Euclidian space.

Euclid, in one of his postulates, speaks of the indeformability of figures in movement, so we need not insist upon this point.

If we wished to relate the space of the painters to geometry, we should have to refer it to the non-Euchdian mathematicians; we should have to study, at some length, certain of Riemann's theorems.

As for visual space, we know that it results from the agreement of the sensations of convergence and “accommodation” in the eye.

For the picture, a plane surface, the “accomodation” is useless. The convergence which perspective teaches us to represent cannot evoke the idea of depth. Moreover, we know that even the most serious infractions of the rules of perspective by no means detract from the spatiality of a painting. The Chinese painters evoke space, although they exhibit a strong partiality for *divergence*.

To establish pictorial space, we must have recourse to tactile and motor sensations, indeed to all our faculties. It is our whole personality, contracting or dilating, that transforms the plane of the picture. Since in reaction this plane reflects the viewer's personality back upon his understanding, pictorial space may be defined as a sensible passage between two subjective spaces.

The forms which are situated within this space spring from a dynamism which we profess to command. In order that our intelligence may possess it, let us first exercise our sensibility. There are only *nuances*; form appears endowed with properties identical with those of colour. It can be tempered or augmented by contact with another form; it can be destroyed or emphasized; it is multiplied or it disappears. An ellipse may change its circumference because it is inscribed in a polygon. A form which is more emphatic than the surrounding forms may govern the whole picture, may imprint its own effigy upon everything. Those picture-makers who minutely imitate one or two leaves in order that all the leaves of a tree may seem to be painted, show in a clumsy fashion that they suspect this truth. An illusion, perhaps, but we must take it into account. The eye quickly interests the mind in its errors. These analogies and contrasts are capable of all good and all evil; the masters felt this when they tried to compose with pyramids, crosses, circles, semicircles, etc.

To compose, to construct, to design, reduces itself to this: to determine by our own activity the dynamism of form.

Some, and they are not the least intelligent, see the aim of our technique in the exclusive study of volumes. If they were to add that it suffices, surfaces being the limits of volumes and lines those of surfaces, to imitate a contour in order to represent a volume, we might agree with them; but they are thinking only of the sensation of *relief*, which we hold to be insufficient. We are neither geometers nor sculptors: for us lines, surfaces, and volumes are only modifications of the notion of fullness. To imitate volumes only would be to deny these modifications for the benefit of a monotonous intensity. As well renounce at once our desire for variety.

Between reliefs indicated sculpturally we must contrive to hint at those lesser features which are suggested but not defined. Certain forms should remain implicit, so that the mind of the spectator may be the chosen place of their concrete birth.

We must also contrive to break up, by large restful surfaces, all regions in which activity is exaggerated by excessive contiguities.

In short, the science of design consists of instituting relations between straight lines and curves. A picture which contained only straight lines or curves would not express existence.

It would be the same with a picture in which curves and straight lines exactly compensated one another, for exact equivalence is equal to zero.

The diversity of the relations of line to line must be indefinite; on this condition it incorporates the quality, the unmeasurable sum, of the affinities perceived between what we discern and what pre-exists within us: on this

condition a work of art moves us.

What the curve is to the straight line the cold tone is to the warm tone in the domain of colour . . .

The law of contrast, old as the human eye, and on which Seurat judiciously insisted, was promulgated with much clamor, and none of those who flattered themselves the most on their sensitivity had enough of it to perceive that to apply the law of complementaries without tact is to deny it. It is only of value by the fact of automatic application, and only demands a delicate handling of values.

It was then that the cubists taught a new manner of regarding light.

According to them, to illuminate is to reveal; to colour is to specify the mode of revelation. They call luminous that which strikes the imagination, and dark that which the imagination has to penetrate.

We do not mechanically connect the sensation of white with the idea of light, any more than we connect the sensation of black with the idea of darkness. We admit that a black jewel, even if of a dead black, may be more luminous than the white or pink satin of its case. Loving light, we refuse to measure it, and we avoid the geometrical ideas of the focus and the ray, which imply the repetition-contrary to the principle of variety which guides us-of bright planes and sombre intervals in a given direction. Loving colour, we refuse to limit it, and subdued or dazzling, fresh or muddy, we accept all the possibilities contained between the two extreme points of the spectrum, between the cold and the warm tone.

Here are a thousand tints which issue from the prism, and hasten to range themselves in the lucid region forbidden to those who are blinded by the immediate . . .

If we consider only the bare fact of painting, we attain a common ground of understanding.

Who will deny that this fact consists in dividing the surface of the canvas and investing each part with a quality which must not be excluded by the nature of the whole?

Taste immediately dictates a rule: we must paint so that no two portions of similar extent are to be found in the picture. Common sense approves, and explains: let one portion repeat another, and the whole becomes measurable; the work, ceasing to be an expression of our personality (which cannot be measured, as nothing in it ever repeats itself), fails to do what is expected of it.

The inequality of parts being granted as a prime condition, there are two methods of regarding the division of the canvas. According to the first, all the parts are connected by a rhythmic convention which is determined by one of them. This-its position on the canvas matters little-gives the painting a centre from which the gradations of colour proceed, or towards which they tend, according as the maximum or minimum of intensity resides there.

According to the second method, in order that the spectator, himself free to establish unity, may apprehend all the elements in the order assigned to them
by creative intuition, the properties of each portion must be left independent, and the plastic continuum must be broken into a thousand surprises of light and shade.

Hence two methods apparently inimical.

However little we know of the history of art, we can readily mention names to illustrate either method. The interesting point is to reconcile the two.

The Cubist painters endeavour to do so, and whether they partially break the tie proclaimed by the first method, or confine one of those forces which the second method would leave free, they achieve that superior disequilibrium without which we cannot conceive lyrical art.

Both methods are based on the kinship of colour and form.

Although of a hundred thousand living painters only four or five appear to perceive it, a law here asserts itself which is to be neither discussed nor interpreted, but rigorously followed.

Every inflection of form is accompanied by a modification of colour, and every modification of colour gives birth to a form.

There are tints which refuse to wed certain lines; there are surfaces which cannot support certain colours, repelling them to a distance or sinking under them as under too heavy a weight.

To simple forms the fundamental hues of the spectrum are allied, and fragmentary forms should assume shimmering colours.

Nothing surprises us so greatly as to hear someone praising the colour of a picture and finding fault with the drawing. The impressionists afford no excuse for such absurdity. Although in their case we may have deplored the poverty of form and at the same time praised the beauties of their colouring, it was because we confined ourselves to regarding them as precursors.

In any other case we flatly refuse to perpetuate a division contrary to the vital forces of the painter's art.

Only those who are conscious of the impossibility of imagining form and colour separately can usefully contemplate conventional reality.

There is nothing real outside ourselves; there is nothing real except the coincidence of a sensation and an individual mental direction. Far be it from us to throw any doubts upon the existence of the objects which strike our senses; but, rationally speaking, we can only have certitude with regard to the images which they produce in

the mind.

It therefore amazes us when well-meaning critics try to explain the remarkable difference between the forms attributed to nature and those of modern painting by a desire to represent things not as they appear, but as they are. As they are! How are they, what are they? According to them, the object possesses an absolute form, an essential form, and we should suppress chiaroscuro and traditional perspective in order to present it. What simplicity! An object has not one absolute form; it has many. It has as many as there are planes in the region of perception. What these writers say is marvelously applicable to geometrical form. Geometry is a science; painting is an art. The geometer measures; the painter savours. The absolute of the one is necessarily the relative of the other; if logic takes fright at this idea, so much the worse! Will logic ever prevent a wine from being different in the retort of the chemist and in the glass of the drinker?

We are frankly amused to think that many a novice may perhaps pay for his too literal comprehension of the remarks of one cubist, and his faith in the existence of an Absolute Truth, by painfully juxtaposing the six faces of a cube or the two ears of a model seen in profile.

Does it ensue from this that we should follow the example of the impressionists and rely upon the senses alone? By no means. We seek the essential, but we seek it in our personality and not in a sort of eternity, laboriously divided by mathematicians and philosophers.

Moreover, as we have said, the only difference between the impressionists and ourselves is a difference of intensity, and we do not wish it to be otherwise.

There are as many images of an object as there are eyes which look at it; there are as many essential images of it as there are minds which comprehend it.

But we cannot enjoy in isolation; we wish to dazzle others with that which we daily snatch from the world of sense, and in return we wish others to show us their trophies. From a reciprocity of concessions arise those mixed images, which we hasten to confront with artistic creations in order to compute what they contain of the objective; that is of the purely conventional.

From *Du Cubisme*, Paris, 1912, pp. 9-11, 13-14, 17-21, 25-32. In English in Robert L. Herbert, *Modern Artists on Art,* Englewood Cliffs, 1964.

Art Humanities Primary Source Reading 47

Carl Einstein

Carl Einstein (1885-1940 was a political activist, art collector, magazine editor and groundbreaking art historian. His *Negro Sculpture* of 1915 was the first study of African art to emerge from within the sphere of modern art, and this was the audience for which it was intended. In this text and elsewhere Einstein attacked the idea of evolution in art, much as Picasso does in the statement reprinted here (PSR49) Einstein did not see African art as an art of the past, or as a precursor to modern art. Instead he saw it as an important art form in its own right. A close friend of Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler's (PSR48), Einstein also saw important similarities between African art and the recent efforts of cubism.

Negro Sculpture included 111 plates of works of African art without captions or information about where they came from or the material from which they were made.. It has been suggested that in doing this Einstein was resisting the typical way that non-western cultural artifacts were displayed at the time in Europe. Since at least 1867, World's Fairs and expositions had featured exhibits that claimed to represent entire cultures from the non-western world, sometimes recreating entire villages. Ethnographic museums grouped sculptures with objects such as baskets and weapons, or displayed them in such large numbers, that it was difficult to examine individual objects on aesthetic grounds. Today Einstein's decontextualization of the African art objects he wrote about would be criticized, but it is likely that at the time Einstein was trying to emphasize certain artistic features of the objects that he believed transcended their context. In addition, he believed that these cultic objects were intended to be able to stand alone, without explanation of context, and that this was a part of their cultic power. Like the ideal of an autonomous art that the cubists argued for (PSR46, 48, 49) these objects did not seem to imitate anything, but instead stood on their own.

EXCERPT FROM **"NEGRO SCULPTURE," 1915**

. . . A few years ago, in France, we lived through the epoch-making crisis. By means of a tremendous effort at awareness, men recognised the irrelevance and questionableness of the accepted method. Some painters were able to command sufficient strength to turn away from mechanical, repetitive craftsmanship; shaking free from the customary means of expression, they investigated the elements of the perception of space-what this leads to, and what conditions it imposes. The results of this important struggle are sufficiently well known. At the same time they necessarily discovered Negro sculpture, and recognised that it has, on its own, given birth to the pure plastic forms.

The efforts of these painters are usually referred to as abstraction, although no one could possibly deny that a direct spatial awareness could not have been approached without an immense critical effort in clearing away erroneous paraphrases. This is the essential point; and it sharply distinguishes Negro art from the art which has taken it as a guide. What appears in the latter as abstraction is, in the former, a direct experience of nature. From a formal point of view Negro sculpture will be found to be-out-and-out realism.

The contemporary artist cannot concentrate on working towards pure form; he still feels himself to be in opposition to what has gone before. His creative effort involves an excessive element of reaction. His inevitably critical approach strengthens the analytical in his work.

From *Negerplastik*, Munich, 1915, 2nd ed. 1920, pp. XI-XII.

Art Humanities Primary Source Reading 48

Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler

Born in Mannheim, Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler was an art dealer, publisher and writer. In 1907 he opened the Galerie Kahnweiler in Paris and visited Picasso's studio, where he saw the recently completed *Demoiselles D'Avignon*. He instantly became an ardent supporter and defender of Picasso's art. Other artists Kahnweiler came to promote and exhibit over the following years included Georges Braque, as well as such important modernist painters as Henri Matisse, André Derain, and Fernand Léger.

Kahnweiler was not only a promoter and patron of cubism from the moment of its emergence in Paris, he was also one of its most dedicated and brilliant theorists. Exiled from France during World War I, Kahnweiler wrote his groundbreaking study *The Way of Cubism* in Switzerland. In this book, Kahnweiler likens Cubism to a new language, and insists that one had to learn that language before trying to appreciate the images created with it. In the excerpt provided below, Kahnweiler describes some of the trial-and-error and discovery that led Picasso and Braque to the development of Cubism, as well as the ways in which Cubism differs from previous Western art. From Picasso's struggle to use color in a new way, to Braque's experiments with limiting the depth represented in a painting, Kahnweiler describes how Cubism led away from the Renaissance method of "painting light as color on the surface of objects" towards something new, where the mind of the viewer played as much of a role in the total experience as his or her eye. A similar emphasis on the idea that cubism leads away from an art of imitation, that it is an art which is "an end in itself" fully autonomous from the duties of mimicking appearances, can also be found in Albert Gleizes' and Jean Metzinger's roughly contemporary book, *Cubism* (PSR 46)

Kahnweiler's writing is particularly interesting in the context of the Core curriculum because of the way he draws on one of western philosophy's central figures, John Locke. In the excerpt below, Kahnweiler is particularly interested in Locke's idea of primary and secondary qualities. Readers familiar with Locke's writing can keep it in mind here and when looking at Cubist works and see if they think Kahnweiler's use of Locke is helpful or plausible.

EXCERPT FROM **THE WAY OF CUBISM, 1920**

Several times during the spring of 1910 Picasso attempted to endow the forms of his pictures with colour. That is, he tried to use colour not only as an expression of light, or chiaroscuro, for the creation of form, but rather as an equally important end in itself. Each time he was obliged to paint over the colour he had thus introduced; the single exception is a small nude of the period (about 18 x 23 centimeters in size) in which a piece of fabric is coloured in brilliant red.

At the same time Braque made an important discovery. In one of his pictures he painted a completely naturalistic nail casting its shadow on a wall. The usefulness of this innovation will be discussed later. The difficulty lay in the incorporation of this "real" object into the unity of the painting. From then on, both artists consistently limited the space in the background of the picture. In a landscape, for instance, instead of painting an illusionistic distant horizon in which the eye lost itself, the artists closed the three-dimensional space with a mountain. In still-life or nude painting, the wall of a room served the same purpose. This method of limiting space had already been used frequently by Cézanne.

During the summer, again spent in l'Estaque, Braque took a further step in the introduction of "real objects," that is, of realistically painted things introduced, undistorted in form and colour, into the picture. We find lettering for the first time in a *Guitar Player* of the period. Here again, lyrical painting uncovered a new world of beauty-this time in posters, display windows and commercial signs which play so important a role in our visual impressions.

Much more important, however, was the decisive advance which set cubism free from the

language previously used by painting. This occurred in Cadaqués (in Spain, on the Mediterranean near the French border) where Picasso spent his summer. Little satisfied, even after weeks of arduous labour, he returned to Paris in the autumn with his unfinished works. But he had taken the great step; he had pierced the closed form. A new tool had been forged for the achievement of the new purpose.

Years of research had proved that closed form did not permit an expression sufficient for the two artists' aims. Closed form accepts objects as contained by their own surfaces, viz. the skin; it then endeavours to represent this closed body, and, since no object is visible without light, to paint this "skin" as the contact point between the body and light where both merge into colour. This chiaroscuro can provide only an illusion of the form of objects. In the actual three--dimensional world the object is there to be touched even after light is eliminated. Memory images of tactile perceptions can also be verified on visible bodies. The different accommodations of the retina of the eye enable us, as it were, to "touch" three-dimensional objects from a distance. Two-dimensional painting is not concerned with all this. Thus the painters of the Renaissance, using the closed form method, endeavoured to give the illusion of form by painting light as colour on the surface of objects. It was never more than "illusion."

Since it was the mission of colour to create the form as *chiaroscuro*, or light that had become perceptible, there was no possibility of rendering local colour or colour itself. It could only be painted as objectivated light.

In addition, Braque and Picasso were disturbed by the unavoidable distortion of form which worried many spectators initially. Picasso himself often repeated the ludicrous remark made by his friend, the sculptor Manolo, before one of his figure paintings: "What would you say if your parents were to meet you at the Barcelona station with such faces?" This is a drastic example of the relation between memory images and the figures represented in the painting. Comparison between the real object as articulated by the rhythm of forms in the painting and the same object as it exists in the spectator's memory inevitably results in "distortions" as long as even the slightest verisimilitude in the work of art creates this conflict in the spectator. Through the combined discoveries of Braque and Picasso during the summer of 1910 it became possible to avoid these difficulties by a new way of painting.

On the one hand, Picasso's new method made it possible to "represent" the form of objects and their position in space instead of attempting to imitate them through illusionistic means. With the representation of solid objects this could be effected by a process of representation that has a certain resemblance to geometrical drawing. This is a matter of course since the aim of both is to render the three-dimensional object on a two-dimensional plane. In addition, the painter no longer has to limit himself to depicting the object as it would appear from one given viewpoint, but, wherever necessary for fuller comprehension, he can show it from several sides, and from above and below.

Representation of the position of objects in space is done as follows: instead of beginning from a supposed foreground and going on from there to give an illusion of depth by means of perspective, the painter begins from a definite and clearly defined background. Starting from this background the painter now works toward the front by a sort of scheme of forms in which each object's position is clearly indicated, both in relation to the definite background and to other objects. Such an arrangement thus gives a clear and plastic view. But if only this scheme of forms were to exist it would be impossible to see in the painting the "representation" of things from the outer world. One would only see an arrangement of planes, cylinders, squares, etc.

At this point Braque's introduction of undistorted real objects into the painting takes on its full significance. When "real" details are thus introduced the result is a stimulus which carries with it memory images. Combining the "real" stimulus and the scheme of forms, these images construct the finished object in the mind. Thus the desired physical representation comes into being in the spectator's mind.

Now the rhythmization necessary for the coordination of the individual parts into the unity of the work of art can take place without producing disturbing distortions, since the object in effect is no longer "present" in the painting, that is, since it does not yet have the least resemblance to actuality. Therefore, the stimulus cannot come into conflict with the product of the assimilation. In other words, there exist in the painting the scheme of forms and small real details as stimuli integrated into the unity of the work of art; there exists, as well, but only in the mind of the

spectator, the finished product of the assimilation, the human head, for instance. There is no possibility of a conflict here, and yet the object “recognized” in the painting is now “seen” with an intensity of which no illusionistic art is capable.

As to colour, its utilization as *chiaroscuro* had been abolished. Thus, it could be freely employed, as colour, within the unity of the work of art. For the representation of local colour, its application on a small scale is sufficient to effect its incorporation into the finished representation in the mind of the spectator.

In the words of Locke, these painters distinguish between primary and secondary qualities. They endeavour to represent the primary, or most important qualities, as exactly as possible. In painting these are the object's form and its position in space. They merely suggest the secondary characteristics such as colour and tactile quality, leaving their incorporation into the object to the mind of the spectator.

This new language has given painting an unprecedented freedom. It is no longer bound to the more or less verisimilar optic image which describes the object from a single viewpoint. It can, in order to give a thorough representation of the object's primary characteristics, depict them as stereometric drawing on the plane surface, or, through several representations of the same object, it can provide an analytical study of that object which the spectator then reassembles in his mind. The representation does not necessarily have to be in the closed manner of the stereometric drawing; coloured planes, through their direction and relative position, can bring together the formal scheme without uniting in closed forms. This was the great advance made at Cadaqués. Instead of an analytical description, the painter can, if he prefers, also create in this way a synthesis of the object, or in the words of Kant, “put together the various conceptions and comprehend their variety in one perception.”

From *Der Weg zum Kubismus*, Munich, 1920, pp. 27-34; English ed. Way of Cubism, New York, 1949, pp. 10-12.

Pablo Picasso

Picasso was born Pablo Picasso y Ruiz in Malaga, Spain in 1881. His father was an art teacher who became a professor at the Barcelona Academy in 1886. Picasso moved to Paris at age 19 already possessing a prodigious amount of training and great technical facility. His earliest work in Paris was occupied with the cabaret scenes and the nightlife of the city. He received favorable notices from the beginning of his career, and enjoyed the support and patronage of such influential people as Gertrude Stein (PSR45) and Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler (PSR48).

The statement reprinted here was made in 1923 in Spanish and was translated in to English and published as “Picasso Speaks” in *The Arts*, a New York magazine. In this brief statement the artist takes on several of the most contentious topics in modern art at the time. Like Gleizes and Metzinger (PSR46) and like Kahnweiler (PSR48) Picasso clearly wants to dispel the idea that his art is any less precise than previous artistic styles. Note his word choices in this statement: he seems to be insisting that an art that is not imitative can still be concrete, true, and convincing. Like the many other authors on cubism, Picasso asserts that art has a role besides imitation: “nature and art, being two different things, cannot be the same thing” he states with deceptive simplicity.

Another general assumption that Picasso wants to resist is that art evolves logically from one style to the next as part of a logical or organic process. As an artist who throughout his career worked in a multitude of styles and manners, Picasso has a stake in combating the notion of an artist must stick to a particular style or approach to his or her art.

"STATEMENT TO MARIUS DE ZAYAS," 1923

I can hardly understand the importance given to the word *research* in connection with modern painting. In my opinion to search means nothing in painting. To *find* is the thing. Nobody is interested in following a man who, with his eyes fixed on the ground, spends his life looking for the purse that fortune should put in his path. The one who finds something no matter what it might be, even if his intention were not to search for it, at least arouses our curiosity, if not our admiration.

Among the several sins that I have been accused of, none is more false than that I have, as the principal objective in my work, the spirit of research. When I paint, my object is to show what I have found and not what I am looking for. In art intentions are not sufficient and, as we say in Spanish, love must be proved by deeds and not by reasons. What one does is what counts and not what one had the intention of doing.

We all know that Art is not truth. Art is a lie that makes us realize truth, at least the truth that is given us to understand. The artist must know how to convince others of the truthfulness of his lies. If he only shows in his work that he has searched, and re-searched, for the way to put over lies, he would never accomplish anything.

The idea of research has often made painting go astray, and made the artist lose himself in mental lucubrations. Perhaps this has been the principal fault of modern art. The spirit of research has poisoned those who have not fully understood all the positive and conclusive elements in modern art and has made them attempt to paint the invisible and, therefore, the unpaintable.

They speak of naturalism in opposition to modern painting. I would like to know if anyone has ever seen a natural work of art. Nature and art, being two different things, cannot be the same thing. Through art we express our conception of what nature is not.

Velazquez left us his idea of the people of his epoch. Undoubtedly they were different from the way he painted them, but we cannot conceive a Philip IV in any other way than the one Velazquez painted. Rubens also made a portrait of the same king and in Rubens' portrait he

seems to be quite another person. We believe in the one painted by Velazquez, for he convinces us by his right of might.

From the painters of the origins, the primitives, whose work is obviously different from nature, down to those artists who, like David, Ingres and even Bouguereau, believed in painting nature as it is, art has always been art and not nature. And from the point of view of art there are no concrete or abstract forms, but only forms which are more or less convincing lies. That those lies are necessary to our mental selves is beyond any doubt, as it is through them that we form our aesthetic view of life.

Cubism is no different from any other school of painting. The same principles and the same elements are common to all. The fact that for a long time cubism has not been understood and that even today there are people who cannot see anything in it, means nothing. I do not read English, an English book is a blank book to me. This does not mean that the English language does not exist, and why should I blame anybody else but myself if I cannot understand what I know nothing about?

I also often hear the word evolution. Repeatedly I am asked to explain how any painting evolved. To me there is no past or future in art. If a work of art cannot live always in the present it must not be considered at all. The art of the Greeks, of the Egyptians, of the great painters who lived in other times, is not an art of the past; perhaps it is more alive today than it ever was. Art does not evolve by itself, the ideas of people change and with them their mode of expression. When I hear people speak of the evolution of an artist, it seems to me that they are considering him standing between two mirrors that face each other and reproduce his image an infinite number of times, and that they contemplate the successive images of one mirror as his past, and the images of the other mirror as his future, while his real image is taken as his present. They do not consider that they are all the same images in different planes.

Variation does not mean evolution. If an artist varies his mode of expression this only means that he has changed his manner of thinking, and in changing, it might be for the better or it might be for the worse.

The several manners I have used in my art must not be considered as an evolution, or as steps toward an unknown ideal of painting. All I have ever made was made for the present and with the hope that it will always remain in the present. When I have found something to express, I have done it without thinking of the past or of the future. I do not believe I have used radically different elements in the different manners I have used in painting. If the subjects I have wanted to express have suggested different ways of expression I have never hesitated to adopt them. I have never made trials or experiments. Whenever I had something to say, I have said it in the manner in which I have felt it ought to be said. Different motives inevitably require different methods of
expression. This does not imply either evolution or progress, but an adaption of the idea one wants to express and the means to express that idea.

Arts of transition do not exist. In the chronological history of art there are periods which are more positive, more complete than others. This means that there are periods in which there are better artists than in others. If the history of art could be graphically represented, as in a chart used by a nurse to mark the changes of temperature of her patient, the same silhouettes of mountains would be shown, proving that in art there is no ascendant progress, but that it follows certain ups and downs that might occur at any time. The same occurs with the work of an individual artist.

Many think that cubism is an art of transition, an experiment which is to bring ulterior results. Those who think that way have not understood it. Cubism is not either a seed or a foetus, but an art dealing primarily with forms, and when a form is realized it is there to live its own life. A mineral substance, having geometric formation, is not made so for transitory purposes, it is to remain what it is and will always have its own form. But if we are to apply the law of evolution and transformation to art, then we have to admit that all art is transitory. On the contrary, art does not enter into these philosophic absolutisms. If cubism is an art of transition I am sure that the only thing that will come out of it is another form of cubism.

Mathematics, trigonometry, chemistry, psychoanalysis, music and what-not, have been related to cubism to give it an easier interpretation. All this has been pure literature, not to say nonsense, which has only succeeded in blinding people with theories.

Cubism has kept itself within the limits and limitations of painting, never pretending to go beyond it. Drawing, design and colour are understood and practised in cubism in the spirit and manner in which they are understood and practised in all other schools. Our subjects might be different, as we have introduced into painting objects and forms that were formerly ignored. We have kept our eyes open to our surroundings, and also our brains.

We give to form and colour all their individual significance, as far as we can see it; in our subjects, we keep the joy of discovery, the pleasure of the unexpected; our subject itself must be a source of interest. But of what use is it to say what we do when everybody can see it if he wants to?

'Picasso Speaks,' *The Arts*, New York, May 1923, pp. 315-26; reprinted in Alfred Barr: Picasso, New York 1946, pp. 270-1.

ART HUMANITIES: PRIMARY SOURCE READER

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Art Humanities Primary Source Reading 50

Frank Lloyd Wright

Although he is best known for his long architectural career in America in the first half of the 20th century, Frank Lloyd Wright (1896-1959) was also a prolific writer, presenting and publishing numerous papers on architecture, landscaping, Japanese art and architecture, and even life in Chicago, throughout his career. The speech below, also known as the “Hull House Lecture” for the venue where he presented it for the first time to the Chicago Arts and Crafts Society, is an early example of his written work. He revised the lecture three times, presenting it again at the Western Society of Engineers in 1901, publishing it in the catalogue of the 14th Annual Exhibition of the Chicago Architectural Club in the same year, and delivering it in 1904 to the Chicago convention of the Daughters of the American Revolution. It represents the first written statement by an American architect who embraced the use of the machine in his craft. Wright was responding to the English Arts and Crafts movement which was exercising strong influence over American design at the time, and which he saw as a movement that anachronistically relied on handicraft, at a time when industry was conceiving new materials and techniques. At the time when he was presenting this paper, Wright was formulating ideas about a new type of home design known as the “prairie house,” which was to become the signature building style for the domestic spaces he built between 1903 and 1913, such as the Robie House. (Introduction by Christine Sciacca)

"THE ART AND CRAFT OF THE MACHINE," 1901

As we work along our various ways, there takes shape within us, in some sort, an ideal – something we are to become – some work to be done. This, I think, is, denied to very few, and we begin really to live only when the thrill of this ideality moves us in what we will to accomplish! In the years which have been devoted in my own life to working out in stubborn materials a feeling for the beautiful, in the vortex of distorted complex conditions, a hope has grown stronger with the experience of each year, amounting now to a gradually deepening conviction that in the Machine lies the only future of art and craft – as I believe, a glorious future; that the Machine is, in fact, the metamorphosis of ancient art and craft; that we are at last face to face with the machine-the modern Sphinx-whose riddle the artist must solve if he would that art live – for his nature holds the key. For one, I promise "whatever gods may be" to lend such energy and purpose as I may possess to help make that meaning plain; to return again and again to the task whenever and wherever need be; for this plain duty is thus relentlessly marked out for the artist in this, the Machine Age, although there is involved an adjustment to cherished gods, perplexing and painful in the extreme; the fire of many long-honored ideals shall go down to ashes to reappear, phoenix like, with new purposes.

The great ethics of the Machine are as yet, in the main, beyond the ken of the artist or student of sociology; but the artist mind may now approach the nature of this thing from experience, which has become the commonplace of his field, to suggest, in time, I hope, to prove, that the machine is capable of carrying to fruition high ideals in art – higher than the world has yet seen!

Disciples of William Morris cling to an opposite view. Yet William Morris himself deeply sensed the danger to art of the transforming force whose sign and symbol is the machine, and though of the new art we eagerly seek he sometimes despaired, he quickly renewed his hope.

He plainly foresaw that a blank in the fine arts would follow the inevitable abuse of new-found power, and threw himself body and soul into the work of bridging it over by bringing into our lives afresh the beauty of art as she had been, that the new art to come might not have dropped too many stitches nor have unraveled what would still be useful to her.

That he had abundant faith in the new art his every essay will testify.

That he miscalculated the machine does not matter. He did sublime work for it when he pleaded so well for the process of elimination its abuse had made necessary; when he fought the innate vulgarity of theocratic impulse in art as opposed to democratic; and when he preached the gospel of simplicity.

All artists love and honor William Morris.

He did the best in his time for art and will live in history as the great socialist, together with Ruskin, the great moralist: a significant fact worth thinking about, that the two great reformers of modern times professed the

artist.

The machine these reformers protested, because the sort of luxury which is born of greed had usurped it and made of it a terrible engine of enslavement, deluging the civilized world with a murderous ubiquity, which plainly enough was the damnation of their art and craft.

It had not then advanced to the point which now so plainly indicates that it will surely and swiftly, by its own momentum, undo the mischief it has made, and the usurping vulgarians as well.

Nor was it so grown as to become apparent to William Morris, the grand democrat, that the machine was the great forerunner of democracy.

The ground plan of this thing is now grown to the point where the artist must take it up no longer as a protest: genius must progressively dominate the work of the contrivance it has created; to lend a useful hand in building afresh the "Fairness of the Earth."

That the Machine has dealt Art in the grand old sense a death-blow, none will deny.

The evidence is too substantial.

Art in the grand old sense – meaning Art in the sense of structural tradition, whose craft is fashioned upon the handicraft ideal, ancient or modern; an art wherein this form and that form as structural parts were laboriously joined in such a way as to beautifully emphasize the manner of the joining: the million and one ways of beautifully satisfying bare structural necessities, which have come down to us chiefly through the books as "Art."

For the purpose of suggesting hastily and therefore crudely wherein the machine has sapped the vitality of this art, let us assume Architecture in the old sense as a fitting representative of Traditional-art, and Printing as a fitting representation of the Machine.

What printing – the machine – has done for architecture – the fine art – will have been done in measure of time for all art immediately fashioned upon the early handicraft ideal.

With a masterful hand Victor Hugo, a noble lover and a great student of architecture. traces her fall in "Notre Dame."

The prophecy of Frollo, that "The book will kill the edifice," I remember was to me as a boy one of the grandest sad things of the world.

After seeking the origin and tracing the growth of architecture in superb fashion, showing how in the middle ages all the intellectual forces of the people converged to one point – architecture – he shows how, in the life of that time, whoever was born poet became an architect. All other arts simply obeyed and placed themselves under the discipline of architecture. They were the workmen of the great work. The architect, the poet, the master, summed up in his person the sculpture that carved his facades, painting which illuminated his walls and windows, music which set his bells to pealing and breathed into his organs there was nothing when was not forced in order to make something of itself in that time, to come and frame itself in the edifice.

Thus down to the time of Gutenberg architecture is the principal writing the universal writing of humanity.

In the great granite books begun by the Orient, continued by Greek and Roman antiquity, the middle ages wrote the last page.

So to enunciate here only summarily a process, it would require volumes to develop; down to the fifteenth century the chief register of humanity is architecture.

In the fifteenth century everything changes.

Human thought discovers a mode of perpetuating itself, not only more resisting than architecture, but still more simple and easy.

Architecture is dethroned.

Gutenberg's letters of lead are about to supersede Orpheus' letters of stone.

The book is about to kill the edifice.

The invention of printing was the greatest event in history.

It was the first great machine, after the great city.

It is human thought stripping off one form and donning another.

Printed, thought is more imperishable than ever – it is volatile, indestructible.

As architecture it was solid; it is now alive; it passes from duration in point of time to immortality.

Cut the primitive bed of a river abruptly, with a canal hollowed out beneath its level, and the river will desert its bed.

See how architecture now withers away, how little by little it becomes lifeless and bare. How one feels the water sinking, the sap departing, the thought of the times and people withdrawing from it. The chill is almost imperceptible in the fifteenth century, the press is yet weak, and at most draws from architecture a superabundance of life, but with the beginning of the sixteenth century, the malady of architecture is visible. It becomes classic art in a miserable manner; from being indigenous, it becomes Greek and Roman; from being true and modern, it becomes pseudo-classic.

It is this decadence which we call the Renaissance.

It is the setting sun which we mistake for dawn.

It has now no power to hold the other arts; So they emancipate themselves, break the yoke of the architect, and take themselves off, each in its own direction.

One would liken it to an empire dismembered at the death of its Alexander, and whose provinces become kingdoms.

Sculpture becomes statuary, the image trade becomes painting, the canon becomes music. Hence Raphael, Angelo, and those splendors of the dazzling sixteenth century.

Nevertheless, when the sun of the middle ages is completely set, architecture grows dim, becomes more and more effaced. The printed book, the gnawing worm of the edifice, sucks and devours it. It is petty, it is poor, it is nothing.

Reduced to itself, abandoned by other arts because human thought is abandoning it, it summons bunglers in place of artists. It is miserably perishing.

Meanwhile, what becomes of printing?

All the life, leaving architecture, comes to it. In proportion as architecture ebbs and flows, printing swells and grows. That capital of forces which human thought had been expending in building is hereafter to be expended in books; and architecture, as it was, is dead, irretrievably slain by the printed book; slain because it endures for a shorter time; slain because human thought has found a more simple medium of expression, which costs less in human effort; because human thought has been rendered volatile and indestructible, reaching uniformly and irresistibly the four corners of the earth and for all.

Thenceforth, if architecture rise again, reconstruct, as Hugo prophesies she may begin to do in the latter days of the nineteenth century, she will no longer be mistress, she will be one of the arts, never again the art; and printing – the Machine – remains the second Tower of Babel of the human race.

So the organic process, of which the majestic decline of Architecture is only one case in point, has steadily gone on down to the present time, and still goes on, weakening the hold of the artist upon the people, drawing off from his rank poets and scientists until architecture is but a little, poor knowledge of archeology, and the average of art is reduced to the gasping poverty of imitative realism; until the whole letter of Tradition, the vast fabric of precedent, in the flesh, which has increasingly confused the art ideal while the machine has been growing to power, is a beautiful corpse from which the spirit has flown. The spirit that has flown is the spirit of the new art, but has failed the modern artist, for be has lost it for hundreds of years in his lust for the letter, the beautiful body of art made too available by the machine.

So the artist craft wanes.

Craft that will not see that human thought is stripping off one form and donning another, and artists are everywhere, whether catering to the leisure class of old England or ground beneath the heel of commercial abuse here in the great West, the unwilling symptoms of the inevitable, organic nature of the machine, they combat, the hell-smoke of the factories they scorn to understand.

And, invincible, triumphant, the machine goes on, gathering force and knitting the material necessities of mankind ever closer into a universal automatic fabric; the engine, the motor, and the battle-ship, the works of art of the century!

The Machine is Intellect mastering the drudgery of earth that the plastic art may live; that the margin of leisure and strength by which man's life upon the earth can be made beautiful, may immeasurably widen; its function ultimately to emancipate human expression!

It is a universal educator, surely raising the level of human intelligence, so carrying within itself the power to destroy, by its own momentum, the greed which in Morris' time and still in our own time turns it to a deadly engine of enslavement. The only comfort left the poor artist, side-tracked as he is, seemingly is a mean one; the thought that the very selfishness which man's early art idealized, now reduced to its lowest terms, is swiftly and surely destroying itself through the medium of the Machine.

The artist's present plight is a sad one, but may he truthfully say that society is less well off because Architecture, or even Art, as it was, is dead, and printing, or the Machine, lives?

Every age has done its work, produced its art with the best tools or contrivances it knew, the tools most successful in saving the most precious thing in the world – human effort. Greece used the chattel slave as the essential tool of its art and civilization. This tool we have discarded, and we would refuse the return of Greek art upon the terms of its restoration, because we insist now upon a basis of Democracy.

Is it not more likely that the medium of artistic expression itself has broadened and changed until a new definition and new direction must be given the art activity of the future, and that the Machine has finally made for the artist, whether he will yet own it or not, a splendid distinction between the Art of old and the Art to come? A distinction made by the tool which frees human labor, lengthens and broadens the life of the simplest man, thereby the basis of the Democracy upon which we insist.

To shed some light upon this distinction, let us take an instance in the field naturally ripened first by the machine-commercial field.

The tall modern office building is the machine pure and simple.

We may here sense an advanced stage of a condition surely entering all art for all time; its already triumphant glare in the deadly struggle taking place here between the machine and the art of structural tradition reveals "art" torn and hung upon the steel frame of commerce, a forlorn head upon a pike, a solemn warning to architects and artists the world over.

We must walk blindfolded not to see that all that this magnificent resource of machine and material has brought us so far is a complete, broadcast degradation of every type and form sacred to the art of old; a pandemonium of tin masks, huddled deformities, and decayed methods; quarreling, lying, and cheating, with hands at each other's throats – or in each other's pockets; and none of the people who do these things, who pay for them or use them, know what they mean, feeling only – when they feel at all-that what is most truly like the past is the safest and therefore the best; as typical Marshall Field, speaking of his new building, has frankly said: "A good copy is the best we can do."

A pitiful insult, art and craft!

With this mine of industrial wealth at our feet we have no power to use it except to the perversion of our natural resources? A confession of shame which the merciful ignorance of the yet material frame of things mistakes for glorious achievement.

We half believe in our artistic greatness ourselves when we toss up a pantheon to the god of money in a night or two, or pile up a mammoth aggregation of Roman monuments, sarcophagi and Greek temples for a post office in a year or two-the patient retinue of the machine pitching in with terrible effectiveness to consummate this unhallowed ambition-this insult to ancient gods. The delicate, impressionable facilities of terra cotta becoming imitative blocks and voussoirs of tool-marked stone, badgered into all manner of structural gymnastics, or else ignored in vain endeavor to be honest; and granite blocks, cut in the fashion of the followers of Phidias, cunningly arranged about the steel beams and shafts, to look "real" leaning heavily upon an inner skeleton of steel for support from floor to floor, which strains beneath the "reality" and would fain, I think, lie down to die of shame.

The "masters" – ergo, the fashionable followers of Phidias – have been trying to make this wily skeleton of steel seem seventeen sorts of "architecture" at once, when all the world knows except the "masters" – that it is not one of them.

See now, how an element – the vanguard of the new art-has entered here, which the structural – art equation cannot satisfy without downright lying and ignoble cheating.

This element is the structural necessity reduced to a skeleton, complete in
itself without the craftsman's touch. At once the million and one little ways of satisfying this necessity beautifully, coming to us chiefly through the books as the traditional art of building, vanish away become history.

The artist is emancipated to work his will with a rational freedom unknown to the laborious art of structural tradition – no longer tied to the meager unit of brick arch and stone lintel, nor hampered by the grammatical phrase of their making – but he cannot use his freedom.

His tradition cannot think.

He will not think.

His scientific brother has put it to him before he is ready

The modern tall office building problem is one representative problem of the machine. The only rational solutions it has received in the world may be counted upon the fingers of one hand. The fact that a great portion of our "architects" and "artists" are shocked by them to the point of offense is as valid an objection as that of a child refusing wholesome food because his stomach becomes dyspeptic from over – much unwholesome pastry – albeit he be the cook himself.

We may object to the mannerism of these buildings, but we can take no exception to their manner nor hide from their evident truth.

The steel frame has been recognized as a legitimate basis for a simple, sincere clothing of plastic material that idealizes its purpose without structural pretense.

This principle has at last been recognized in architecture, and though the masters refuse to accept it as architecture at all, it is a glimmer in a darkened field-the first sane word that has been said in Art for the Machine.

The Art of old idealized a Structural Necessity-now rendered obsolete and unnatural by the Machine and accomplished it through man's joy in the labor of his hands.

The new will weave for the necessities of mankind, which his Machine will have mastered, a robe of ideality no less truthful, but more poetical, with a rational freedom made possible by the machine, beside which the art of old will be as the sweet, plaintive wail of the pipe to the outpouring of full orchestra.

It will clothe Necessity with the living flesh of virile imagination, as the living flesh lends living grace to the hard and bony human skeleton.

The new will pass from the possession of kings and classes to the every-day lives of all-from duration in point of time to immortality.

This distinction is one to be felt now rather than clearly defined.

The definition is the poetry of this Machine Age, and will be written large in time; but the more we, as

artists, examine into this premonition, the more we will find the utter helplessness of old forms to satisfy new conditions, and the crying need of the machine for plastic treatment-a pliant, sympathetic treatment of its needs that the body of structural precedent cannot yield.

To gain further suggestive evidence of this, let us turn to the Decorative Arts-the immense middle-ground of all art now mortally sickened by the Machine-sickened that it may slough the art ideal of the constructural art for the plasticity of the new art-the Art of Democracy

Here we find the most deadly perversion of all-the magnificent prowess of the machine bombarding the civilized world with the mangled corpses of strenuous horrors that once stood for cultivated luxury-standing now for a species of fatty degeneration simply vulgar.

Without regard to first principles or common decency, the whole letter of tradition – that is, ways of doing things rendered wholly obsolete and unnatural by the machine-is recklessly fed into its rapacious maw until you may buy reproductions for ninety-nine cents at "The Fair" that originally cost ages of toil and cultivation, worth now intrinsically nothing-that are harmful parasites befogging the sensibilities of our natures, belittling and falsifying any true perception of normal beauty the Creator may have seen fit to implant in us.

The idea of fitness to purpose, harmony between form and use with regard to any of these things, is possessed by very few, and utilized by them as a protest chiefly-a protest against the machine!

As well blame Richard Croker for the political iniquity of America.

As "Croker is the creature and not the creator" of political evil, so the machine is the creature and not the creator of this iniquity; and with this difference-that the machine has noble possibilities unwillingly forced to degradation in the name of the artistic; the machine, as far as its artistic capacity is concerned, is itself the crazed victim of the artist who works while he waits, and the artist who waits while he works.

There is a nice distinction between the two.

Neither class will unlock the secrets of the beauty of this time.

They are clinging sadly to the old order, and would wheedle the giant frame of things back to its childhood or forward to its second childhood, while this Machine Age is suffering for the artist who accepts, works, and sings as he works, with the joy of the here and now!

We want the man who eagerly seeks and finds, or blames himself if he fails to find, the beauty of this time; who distinctly accepts as a singer and a prophet; for no an may work while he waits or wait as he works in the sense that William Morris' great work was legitimately done-in the sense that most art and craft of to-day is an echo; the time when such work was useful has gone.

Echoes are by nature decadent.

Artists who feel toward Modernity and the Machine now as William Morris and Ruskin were justified in feeling then, had best distinctly wait and work sociologically where great work may still be done by them. In the field of art activity they will do distinct harm. Already they have wrought much miserable mischief.

If the artist will only open his eyes he will see that the machine he dreads has made it possible to wipe out the mass of meaningless torture to which mankind, in the name of the artistic, has been more or less subjected since time began; for that matter, has made possible a cleanly strength, an ideality and a poetic fire that the art of the world has not yet seen; for the machine, the process now smoothes away the necessity for petty structural deceits, soothes this wearisome struggle to make things seem what they are not, and can never be; satisfies the simple term of the modern art equation as the ball of clay in the sculptor's hand yields to his desire – comforting forever this realistic, brain-sick masquerade we are wont to suppose art.

William Morris pleaded well for simplicity as the basis of all true art. Let us understand the significance to art of that word – SIMPLICITY – for it is vital to the Art of the Machine.

We may find, in place of the genuine thing we have striven for, an affectation of the naive, which we should detest as we detest a full-grown woman with baby mannerisms.

English art is saturated with it, from the brand-new imitation of the old house that grew and rambled from period to period to the rain-tub standing beneath the eaves.

In fact, most simplicity following the doctrines of William Morris is a protest; as a protest, well enough; but the highest form of simplicity is not simple in the sense that the infant intelligence is simple-nor, for that matter, the side of a barn.

A natural revulsion of feeling leads us from the meaningless elaboration of to-day to lay too great stress on mere platitudes, quite as a clean sheet of paper is a relief after looking at a series of bad drawings – but simplicity is not merely a neutral or a negative quality.

Simplicity in art, rightly understood, is a synthetic, positive quality, in which we may see evidence of mind, breadth of scheme, wealth of detail, and withal a sense of completeness found in a tree or a flower. A work may have the delicacies of a rare orchid or the stanch fortitude of the oak, and still be simple. A thing to be simple needs only to be true to itself in organic sense.

With this ideal of simplicity, let us glance hastily at a few instances of the machine and see how it has been forced by false ideals to do violence to this simplicity; how it has made possible the highest simplicity, rightly

understood and so used. As perhaps wood is most available of all homely materials and therefore, naturally, the most abused-let us glance at wood.

Machinery has been invented for no other purpose than to imitate, as closely as possible, the wood-carving of the early ideal-with the immediate result that no ninety-nine cent piece of furniture is salable without some horrible botchwork meaning nothing unless it means that art and craft have combined to fix in the mind of the masses the old hand-curved chair as the ne plus ultra of the ideal.

The miserable, lumpy tribute to this perversion which Grand Rapids alone yields would mar the face of Art beyond repair; to say nothing of the elaborate and fussy joinery of posts, spindles, jig sawed beams and braces, butted and strutted, to outdo the sentimentality of the already over-wrought antique product.

Thus is the wood-working industry glutted, except in rarest instances. The whole sentiment of early craft degenerated to a sentimentality having no longer decent significance nor commercial integrity; in fact all that is fussy, maudlin, and animal, basing its existence chiefly on vanity and ignorance.

Now let us learn from the Machine.

It teaches us that the beauty of wood lies first in its qualities as wood; no treatment that did not bring out these qualities all the time could be plastic, and therefore not appropriate-so not beautiful, the machine teaches us, if we have left it to the machine that certain simple forms and handling are suitable to bring out the beauty of wood and certain forms are not; that all woodcarving is apt to be a forcing of the material, an insult to its finer possibilities as a material having in itself intrinsically artistic properties, of which its beautiful markings is one, its texture another, its color a third.

The machine, by its wonderful cutting, shaping, smoothing, and repetitive capacity, has made it possible to so use it without waste that the poor as well as the rich may enjoy to-day beautiful surface treatments of clean, strong forms that the branch veneers of Sheraton and Chippendale only hinted at, with dire extravagance, and which the middle ages utterly ignored.

The machine has emancipated these beauties of nature in wood; made it possible to wipe out the mass of meaningless torture to which wood has been subjected since the world began, for it has been universally abused and maltreated by all peoples but the Japanese.

Rightly appreciated, is not this the very process of elimination for which Morris pleaded?

Not alone a protest, moreover, for the machine considered only technically, if you please has placed in artist hands the means of idealizing the true nature of wood harmoniously with man's spiritual and material needs, without waste, within reach of all.

And how fares the troop of old materials galvanized into new life by the Machine?

Our modern materials are these old materials in more plastic guise, rendered so by the Machine, itself creating the very quality needed in material to satisfy its own art equation.

We have seen in glancing at modern architecture how they fare at the hands of Art and Craft; divided and still-divided in orderly sentence with rank and file of obedient retainers awaiting the master's behest.

Steel and iron, plastic cement and terra-cotta.

Who can sound the possibilities of this old material, burned clay, which the modern machine has rendered as sensitive to the creative brain as a dry plate to the lens-a marvelous simplifier? And this plastic covering material, cement, another simplifier, enabling the artist to clothe the structural frame with a simple, modestly beautiful robe where before he dragged in, as he does still drag, five different kinds of material to compose one little cottage, pettily arranging it in an aggregation supposed to be picturesque-as a matter of fact, millinery, to be warped and beaten by sun, wind, and rain into a variegated heap of trash.

There is the process of modern casting in metal-one of the perfected modern machines, capable of any form to which fluid will flow, to perpetuate the imagery of the most delicately poetic mind without let or hindrance within reach of everyone, therefore insulted and outraged by the bungler forcing it to a degraded seat at his degenerate festival.

Multitudes of processes are expectantly awaiting the sympathetic interpretation of the master mind; the galvano-plastic and its electrical brethren, a prolific horde, now cheap fakirs imitating real bronzes and all manner of the antique, secretly damning it in their vitals.

Electro-glazing, a machine shunned because too cleanly and delicate for the clumsy hand of the traditional designer, who depends upon the mass and blur of leading to conceal his lack of touch.

That delicate thing, the lithograph-the prince of a whole reproductive province of processes-see what this processes becomes in the hands of a master like Whistler. He has sounded but one note in the gamut of its possibilities, but that product is intrinsically true to the process, and as delicate as the butterfly's wing. Yet the most this particular machine did for us, until then in the hands of Art and Craft, was to give us a cheap, imitative effect of painting.

So spins beyond our ability to follow to-night, a rough, feeble thread of the evidence at large to the effect that the machine has weakened the artist; all but destroyed his hand-made art, if not its ideals, although he has made enough miserable mischief meanwhile.

These evident instances should serve to hint, at least to the thinking mind, that the Machine is a marvelous simplifier; the emancipator of the creative mind, and in time the regenerator of the creative conscience. We may see that this destructive process has begun and is taking place that Art might awaken to the power of fully developed senses promised by dreams of its childhood, even though that power may not come the way it was pictured in those dreams.

Now, let us ask ourselves whether the fear of the higher artistic expression demanded by the Machine, so thoroughly grounded in the arts and craft, is founded upon a finely guarded reticence, a recognition of inherent weakness or plain ignorance?

Let us, to be just, assume that it is equal parts of all three, and try to imagine an Arts and Crafts Society that may educate itself to prepare to make some good impression upon the Machine, the destroyer of their present ideals and tendencies, their salvation in disguise.

Such a society will, of course, be a society for mutual education.

Exhibitions will not be a feature of its programme for years, for there will be nothing to exhibit except the short-comings of the society, and they will hardly prove either instructive or amusing at this stage of proceedings. This society must, from the very nature of the proposition, be made up of people who are in the work – that is, the manufacturers – coming into touch with such of those who assume the practice of the fine arts as profess a fair sense of the obligation to the public such assumption carries with it, and sociological workers whose interests are ever closely allied with art, as their prophets Morris, Ruskin, and Tolstoy evince, and all those who have as personal graces and accomplishment perfected handicraft, whether fashion old or fashion new.

Without the interest and co-operation of the manufacturers, the society cannot begin to do its work, for this is the cornerstone of its organization.

All these elements should be brought together on a common ground of confessed ignorance, with a desire to be instructed, freely encouraging talk and opinion, and reaching out desperately for any one who has special experience in any way connected, to address them.

I suppose, first of all, the thing would resemble a debating society, or something even less dignified, until some one should suggest that it was time to quit talking and proceed to do something, which in this case would not mean giving an exhibition, but rather excursions to factories and a study of processes in place-that is, the machine in processes too numerous to mention, at the factories with the men who organize and direct them, but not in the spirit of the idea that these things are all gone wrong, looking for that in them which would most nearly approximate the handicraft ideal; not looking into them with even the thought of handicraft, and not particularly looking for craftsmen, but getting a scientific ground-plan of the process in mind, if possible, with a view to its natural bent and possibilities.

Some processes and machines would naturally appeal to some, and some to others; there would undoubtedly be among us those who would find little joy in any of them.

This is, naturally, not child's play, but neither is the work expected of the modern artist.

I will venture to say, from personal observation and some experience, that not one artist in one hundred has taken pains to thus educate himself. I will go further and say what I believe to be true, that not one educational institution in America has as yet attempted to forge the connecting link between Science and Art by training the artist to his actual tools, or, by a process of nature-study that develops in him the power of independent thought, fitting him to use them properly.

Let us call these preliminaries then a process by which artists receive information nine-tenths of them lack concerning the tools they have to work with to-day – for tools to-day are processes and machines where they were once a hammer and a gouge.

The artist to-day is the leader of an orchestra, where he once was a star performer.

Once the manufacturers are convinced of the respect and appreciation on the part of the artist, they will welcome him and his counsel gladly and make any experiments having a grain of apparent sense in them.

They have little patience with a bothering about in endeavor to see what might be done to make their particular machine endeavor and restore man's joy in the mere work of his hands-for this once lovely attribute is far behind.

This proceeding doubtless would be of far more educational value to the artist than to the manufacturer, at least for some time to come, for there would be a difficult adjustment to make on the part of the artist and an attitude to change. So many artists are chiefly "attitude" that some would undoubtedly disappear with the attitude.

But if out of twenty determined students a ray of light should come to one, to light up a single operation, it would have been worth while, for that would be fairly something; while joy in mere handicraft is like that of the man who played the piano for his own amusement – a pleasurable personal accomplishment without real relation to the grim condition confronting us.

Granting that a determined, dauntless body of artist material could be brought together with sufficient persistent enthusiasm to grapple with the Machine, would not some one be found who would provide the suitable experimental station (which is what the modern Arts and Crafts shop should be) – an experimental station that

would represent in miniature the elements of this great pulsating web of the machine, where each pregnant process or significant tool in printing, lithography, galvano-electro processes, wood and steel working machinery, muffles and kilns would have its place and where the best young scientific blood could mingle with the best and truest artistic inspiration, to sound the depths of these things, to accord them the patient, sympathetic treatment that is their due?

Surely a thing like this would be worth while – to alleviate the insensate numbness of the poor fellows out in the cold, hard shops, who know not why nor understand, whose dutiful obedience is chained to botch work and bungler's ambition; surely this would be a practical means to make their dutiful obedience give us something we can all understand, and that will be as normal to the best of this machine age as a ray of light to the healthy eye; a real help in adjusting the Man to a true sense of his importance as a factor in society, though he does tend a machine.

Teach him that machine is his best friend – will have widened the margin of his leisure until enlightenment shall bring him a further sense of the magnificent ground plan of progress in which he too justly plays his significant part.

If the art of the Greek, produced at such cost of human life, was so noble and enduring, what limit dare we now imagine to an Art based upon an adequate life for the individual?

The machine is his!

In due time it will come to him!

Meanwhile, who shall count the slain?

From where are the trained nurses in this industrial hospital to come if not from the modern arts and crafts?

Shelley says a man cannot say – "I will compose poetry." "The greatest poet even cannot say it, for the mind in creation is as a fading coal which some invisible influence, like an inconstant wind awakens to transitory brightness; this power arises from within like the color of a flower which fades and changes as it is developed, and the conscious portions of our nature are unprophetic either of its approach or its departure"; and yet in the arts and crafts the problem is presented as a more or less fixed quantity, highly involved, requiring a surer touch, a more highly disciplined artistic nature to organize it as a work of art.

The original impulses may reach as far inward as those of Shelley's poet, be quite as wayward a matter of pure sentiment, and yet after the thing is done, allowing its rational qualities, is limited in completeness only by the capacity of whoever would show them or by the imperfection of the thing itself.

This does not mean that Art may be shown to be an exact Science.

"It is not pure reason, but it is always reasonable."

It is a matter of perceiving and portraying the harmony of organic tendencies; is originally intuitive because the artist nature is a prophetic gift that may sense their qualities afar.

To me, the artist is he who can truthfully idealize the common sense of these tendencies in his chosen way.

So I feel conception and composition to be simply the essence of refinement in organization, the original impulse of which may be registered by the artistic nature as unconsciously as the magnetic needle vibrates to the magnetic law, but which is, in synthesis or analysis, organically consistent, given the power to see it or not.

And I have come to believe that the world of Art, which we are so fond of calling the world outside of Science, is not so much outside as it is the very heart quality of this great material growth-as religion is its conscience.

A foolish heart and a small conscience.

A foolish heart, palpitating in alarm, mistaking the growing pains of its giant frame for approaching dissolution, whose sentimentality the lusty body of modern things has outgrown.

Upon this faith in Art as the organic heart quality of the scientific frame of things, I base a belief that we must look to the artist brain, of all brains, to grasp the significance to society of this thing we call the Machine, if that brain be not blinded, gagged, and bound by false tradition, the letter of precedent. For this thing we call Art is it not as prophetic as a primrose or an oak? Therefore, of the essence of this thing we call the Machine, which is no more or less than the principle of organic growth working irresistibly the Will of Life through the medium of Man.

Be gently lifted at nightfall to the top of a great down-town office building, and you may see how in the image of material man, at once his glory and menace, is this thing we call a city.

There beneath, grown up in a night, is the monster leviathan, stretching acre upon acre into the far distance. High overhead hangs the stagnant pall of its fetid breath, reddened with the light from its myriad eyes endlessly everywhere blinking. Ten thousand acres of cellular tissue, layer upon layer, the city's flesh, outspreads enmeshed by intricate network of veins and arteries, radiating into the gloom, and there with muffled, persistent roar, pulses and circulated as the blood in your veins, the ceaseless beat of the activity to whose necessities it all conforms.

Like to the sanitation of the human body is the drawing off of poisonous waste from the system of this enormous creature; absorbed first by the infinitely ramifying, thread-like ducts gathering at their sensitive terminals matter destructive to its life, hurrying it to millions of small intestines, to be collected in turn by larger, flowing to the great sewer, on to the drainage canal, and finally to the ocean.

This ten thousand acres of flesh-like tissue is again knit and inter-knit with a nervous system marvelously complete, delicate filaments for hearing, knowing, almost feeling the pulse of its organism, acting upon the ligaments and tendons for motive impulse, in all flowing the impelling fluid of man's own life.

Its nerve ganglia! – The peerless Corliss tandems whirling their hundred ton fly-wheels, fed by gigantic rows of water tube boilers burning oil, a solitary man slowly pacing backward and forward, regulating here and there the little feed valves controlling the deafening roar of the flaming gas, while beyond, the incessant clicking, dropping, waiting – lifting, waiting, shifting of the governor gear controlling these modern Goliaths seems a visible brain in intelligent action, registered infallibly in the enormous magnets, purring in the giant embrace of great induction coils, generating the vital current meeting with instant response in the rolling cars on elevated tracks ten miles away, where the glare of the Bessemer steel converter makes a conflagration of the clouds.

More quietly still, whispering down the long, low rooms of factory buildings buried in the gloom beyond, range on range of stanch, beautifully perfected automatons, murmur contentedly with occasional click-clack, that would have the American manufacturing industry of five years ago by the throat to-day; manipulating steel as delicately as a mystical shuttle of the modern loom manipulates a silk thread in the shimmering pattern of a dainty gown.

And the heavy breathing, the murmuring, the clangor, and the roar!-how the voice of this monstrous thing, this greatest of machines, a great city, rises to proclaim the marvel of the units of its structure, the ghastly warning boom from the deep throats of vessels heavily seeking inlet to the waterway below, answered by the echoing clangor of the bridge bells growing nearer and more ominous as the vessel cuts momentarily the flow of the nearer artery, warning the current from the swinging bridge now closing on its stately passage, just in time to receive in a rush of steam, as a streak of light, the avalanche of blood and metal hurled across it and gone, roaring into the night on its glittering bands of steel, ever faithfully encircled by the slender magic lines tick-tapping its invincible protection.

Nearer, in the building ablaze with midnight activity, the wide white band streams into the marvel of the multiple press, receiving unerringly the indelible impression of the human hopes, joys, and fears throbbing in the pulse of this great activity, as infallibly as the gray matter of the human brain receives the impression of the senses, to come forth millions of neatly folded, perfected news sheets, teeming with vivid appeals to passions, good or evil; weaving a web of intercommunication so far reaching that distance becomes as nothing, the thought of one man in one corner of the earth one day visible to the naked eye of all men the next; the doings of all the world reflected as in a glass, so marvelously sensitive this wide white band streaming endlessly from day to day becomes in the grasp of the multiple press.

If the pulse of activity in this great city, to which the tremor of the mammoth skeleton beneath our feet is but an awe-inspiring response, is thrilling, what of this prolific, silent obedience?

And the texture of the tissue of this great thing, this Forerunner of Democracy, the Machine, has been deposited particle by particle, in blind obedience to organic law, the law to which the great solar universe is but an obedient machine.

Thus is the thing into which the forces of Art are to breathe ill of identity! A SOUL!

An address by Frank Lloyd Wright to the Chicago Arts and Crafts Society, at Hull House, March 6, and to the Western Society of Engineers, March 20,1901.

Art Humanities Primary Source Reading 51

ank Lloyd Wright

This key text by the architect Frank Lloyd Wright represents the gathering of many of the ideas he had expressed in previous speeches and publications into a comprehensive statement of his own philosophy of architecture. He presented the essay for the first time before a group of architects in 1908, and it was published in the *Architectural Record* in the same year. Eighty-seven illustrations accompanied the article, which was the largest number of his designs to appear in print up to that point in time. This core set of ideas became so important to Wright that he presented numerous speeches over the next 20 years under the same prefatory title, elaborating upon the central theme of this text. Wright mentions that the context of many of his buildings at this

time was the Midwestern United States, which was characterized by a prairie landscape. This was the inspiration for his designs for domestic dwellings during this period of his career, of which the Robie House is the quintessential example. By the time of the publication of this paper, Wright had also erected Unity Temple and the Larkin Building, both of which he mentions here. (Introduction by Christine Sciacca)

"IN THE CAUSE OF ARCHITECTURE," 1908

Radical though it be, the work here illustrated is dedicated to a cause conservative in the best sense of the word. At no point does it involve denial of the elemental law and order inherent in all great architecture; rather it is a declaration of love for the spirit of that law and order and a reverential recognition of the elements that made its ancient letter in its time value and beautiful.

Primarily, Nature furnished the materials for architectural motifs out of which the architectural forms as we know them today have been developed, and, although our practice for centuries has been for the most part to turn from her, seeking inspiration in books and adhering slavishly to dead formulae, her wealth of suggestion is inexhaustible; her riches greater than any man's desire. I know with what suspicion the man is regarded who refers matters of fine art back to Nature. I know that it is usually an ill-advised return that is tempted, for Nature in external, obvious aspect is the usually accepted sense of the term and the nature that is reached. But given inherent vision there is no source so fertile, so suggestive, so helpful aesthetically for the architect as a comprehension of natural law. As Nature is never right for a picture so is she never right for the architect-that is, not ready made. Nevertheless, she has a practical school beneath her more obvious forms in which a sense of proportion may be cultivated, when Vignola and Vitruvius fail as they must always fail. It is there that he may develop that sense of reality that translated to his own field in terms of his own work will lift him far above the realistic in his art: there he will be inspired by sentiment that will never degenerate to sentimentality and he will learn to draw with a surer hand the every-perplexing line between the curious and the beautiful.

A sense of the organic is indispensable to an architect; where can he develop it so surely as in this school? A knowledge of the relations of form and function lies at the root of his practice; where else can he find the pertinent object lessons Nature so readily furnishes? Where can he study the differentiations of form that go to determine character as he can study them in the trees? Where can that sense of inevitableness characteristic of a work of art be quickened as it may be by intercourse with nature in this sense?

Japanese art knows this school more intimately than that of any people. In common use in their language there are many words like the word edaburi which, translated as near as may be, means the formative arrangement of the branches of a tree. We have no such word in English, we are not yet sufficiently civilized to think in such terms, but the architect must not only learn to think in such terms but he must learn in this school to fashion his vocabulary for himself and furnish it in a comprehensive way with useful words as significant as this one.

For seven years it was my good fortune to be the understudy of a great teacher and a great architect, to my mind the greatest of his time -- Mr. Louis H. Sullivan.

Principles are not invented, they are not evolved by one man or one age, but Mr. Sullivan's perception and practice of them amounted to a revelation at a time when they were commercially inexpedient and all but lost to sight in current practice. The fine-art sense of the profession was at that time practically dead; only glimmerings were perceptible in the work of Richardson and of Root.[1]

Adler and Sullivan had little time to design residences. The few that were unavoidable fell to my lot outside of office hours. So largely, it remained for me to carry into the field of domestic architecture the battle they had begun in commercial building. During the early years of my own practice I found this lonesome work. Sympathizers of any kind were then few, and they were not found among the architects. I well remember how "the message" burned within me, how I longed for comradeship until I began to know the younger men and how welcome was Robert Spencer, and then Myron Hunt, and Dwight Perkins, Arthur Heun, George Dean, and Hugh Garden. Inspiring days they were. I am sure, for us all. Of late we have been too busy to see one another often, but the "New School of the Middle West"[2] is beginning to be talked about and perhaps some day it is to be. For why not the same "Life" and blood in architecture that is the essence of all true art?

In 1894, with this text from Carlyle at the top of the page-"The ideal is within thyself, thy condition is but the stuff thou art to shape that same ideal out of" -- I formulated the following "propositions." I set them down here much as they were written then, although in the light of experience they might be stated more completely and succinctly.

I -- Simplicity and Repose are qualities that measure the true value of any work of art.

But simplicity is not in itself an end nor is it a matter of the side of a barn but rather an entity with a

graceful beauty in its integrity from which discord, and all that is meaningless, has been eliminated. A wildflower is truly simple. Therefore:

1. A building should contain as few rooms as will meet the conditions which give it rise and under which we live and which the architect should strive continually to simplify; then the ensemble of the rooms should be carefully considered that comfort and utility may go hand in hand with beauty. Beside the entry and necessary work rooms there need be but three rooms on the ground floor of any house, living room, dining room, and kitchen, with the possible addition of a "social office"; really there need be but one room, the living room, with requirements otherwise sequestered from it or screened within it by means of architectural contrivances.

2. Openings should occur as integral features of the structure and form, if possible, its natural ornamentation.

3. An excessive love of detail has ruined more fine things from the standpoint of fine art or fine living than any one human shortcoming-it is hopelessly vulgar. Too many houses, when they are not little stage settings or scene paintings, are mere notion stores, bazaars, or junk shops. Decoration is dangerous unless you understand it thoroughly and are satisfied that it means something good in the scheme as a whole, for the present you are usually better off without it. Merely that it "looks rich" is no justification for the use of ornament.

4. Appliances or fixtures as such are undesirable. Assimilate them together with all appurtenances into the design of the structure.

5. Pictures deface walls oftener than they decorate them. Pictures should be decorative and incorporated in the general scheme as decoration.

6. The most truly satisfactory apartments are those in which most or all of the furniture is built in as a part of the original scheme considering the whole as an integral unit.

II-There should be as many kinds (styles) of houses as there are kinds (styles) of people and as many differentiations as there are different individuals. A man who has individuality (and what man lacks it?) has a right to its expression in his own environment.

III -- A building should appear to grow easily from its site and be shaped to harmonize with its surroundings if Nature is manifest there, and if not try to make it as quiet, substantial and organic as She would have been were the opportunity Hers.*

We of the Middle West are living on the prairie. The prairie has a beauty of its own, and we should recognize and accentuate this natural beauty, its quiet level. Hence, gently sloping roofs, low proportions, quiet skylines, suppressed heavyset chimneys and sheltering overhangs, low terraces and outreaching walls sequestering private gardens.

IV-Colors require the same conventionalizing process to make them fit to live with that natural forms do; so go to the woods and fields for color schemes. Use the soft, warm, optimistic tones of earths and autumn leaves in preference to the pessimistic blues, purples, or cold greens and grays of the ribbon counter; they are more wholesome and better adapted in most cases to good decoration.

V -- Bring out the nature of the materials, let their nature intimately into your scheme. Strip the wood of varnish and let it alone--stain it. Develop the natural texture of the plastering and stain it. Reveal the nature of the wood, plaster, brick, or stone in your designs, they are all by nature friendly and beautiful. No treatment can be really a matter of fine art when these natural characteristics are, or their nature is, outraged or neglected.

VI -- A house that has character stands a good chance of growing more valuable as it grows older while a house in the prevailing mode, whatever that mode may be, is soon out of fashion. stale, and unprofitable.

Buildings like people must first be sincere, must be true, and then withal as gracious and lovable as may be. Above all, integrity. The machine is the normal tool of our civilization. give it work that it can do well-nothing is of greater importance. To do this will be to formulate new industrial ideals, sadly needed.

These propositions are chiefly interesting because for some strange reason they were novel when formulated in the face of conditions hostile to them and because the ideals they phrase have been practically embodied in the buildings that were built to live up to them. The buildings of recent years have not only been true to them, but are in many cases a further development of the simple propositions so positively stated then.

Happily, these ideals are more commonplace now. Then the skylines of our domestic architecture were fantastic abortions, tortured by features that disrupted the distorted roof surfaces from which attenuated chimneys like lean fingers threatened the sky; the invariably tall interiors were cut up into box-like compartments, the more boxes the finer the house, and "Architecture" chiefly consisted in healing over the edges of the curious concoction of holes that had to be cut in the walls for light and air and to permit the occupant to get in or out. These interiors were always slaughtered with the butt and slash of the old plinth and corner block trim, of dubious origin, and

finally smothered with horrible millinery.

That individuality in a building was possible for each homemaker, or desirable, seemed at that time to rise to the dignity of an idea. Even cultured men and women care so little for the spiritual integrity of their environment; except in rare cases they are not touched, they simply do not care for the matter so long as their dwellings are fashionable or as good as those of their neighbors and keep them dry and warm. A structure has no more meaning to them aesthetically than has the stable to the horse. And this came to me in the early years as a definite discouragement. There are exceptions, and I found them chiefly among American men of business with unspoiled instincts and untainted ideals. A man of this type usually has the faculty of judging for himself. He has rather liked the "idea" and much of the encouragement this work receives comes straight from him because the "common sense" of the thing appeals to him. While the "cultured" are still content with their small chateaux, colonial wedding cakes, English affectations, or French millinery, he prefers a poor thing but his own. He errs on the side of character, at least, and when the test of time has tried his country's development architecturally, he will have contributed his quota, small enough in the final outcome though it be; he will be regarded as a true conservator.

In the hope that some day America may live her own life in her own buildings, in her own way, that is, that we may make the best of what we have for what it honestly is or may become, I have endeavored in this work to establish a harmonious relationship between ground plan and elevation of these buildings, considering the one as a solution and the other in expression of the conditions of a problem of which the whole is a project. I have tried to establish an organic integrity to begin with, forming the basis for the subsequent working out of a significant grammatical expression and making the whole, as nearly as I could, consistent.

What quality of style the buildings may possess is due to the artistry with which the conventionalization as a solution and an artistic expression of a specific problem within these limitations has been handled. The types are largely a matter of personal taste and may have much or little to do with the American architecture for which we hope.

From the beginning of my practice, the question uppermost in my mind has been not "what style?" but "what is style?" and it is my belief that the chief value of the work illustrated here will be found in the fact that if in the face of our present-day conditions any given type may be created independently and imbued with the quality of style, then a truly noble architecture is a definite possibility, so soon as Americans really demand it of the architects of the rising generation.

I do not believe we will ever again have the uniformity of type which has characterized the so-called great "styles." Conditions have changed; our ideal is Democracy, the highest possible expression of the individual as a unit not inconsistent with a harmonious whole. The average of human intelligence rises steadily, and as the individual unit grows more and more to be trusted we will have an architecture with rather variety in unity than has ever arisen before, but the forms must be born out of our changed conditions, they must be true forms, otherwise the best tradition has to offer is only an inglorious masquerade, devoid of vital significance or true spiritual value.

The trials of the early days were many and at this distance picturesque. Workmen seldom like to think, especially if there is financial risk entailed; at your peril do you disturb their established processes mental or technical. To do anything in an unusual, even if in a better and simpler way, is to complicate the situation at once. Simple things at that time in any industrial field were nowhere at hand. A piece of wood without a molding was an anomaly; a plain wooden slat instead of a turned baluster a joke, the omission of the merchantable "grille" a crime; plain fabrics for hangings or floor covering were nowhere to be found in stock.

To become the recognized enemy of the established industrial order was no light matter, for soon whenever a set of my drawings was presented to a Chicago mill-man for figures he would willingly enough unroll it, read the architects's name, shake his head, and return it with the remark that he was " not hunting for trouble"; sagacious owners and general contractors tried cutting out the name, but in vain, his perspicacity was ratlike, he had come to know "the look of the thing." So, in addition to the special preparation in any case necessary for every little matter of construction and finishing, special detail drawings were necessary merely to allow the things to be left off or not done and not only studied designs for every part had to be made but quantity surveys and schedules of millwork furnished the contractors beside. This, in a year or two, brought the architect face to face with the fact that the fee for his service "established" by the American Institute of Architects was intended for something stock and shop, for it would not even pay for the bare drawings necessary for conscientious work.

The relation of the architect to the economic and industrial movement of his time, in any fine-art sense, is still an affair so sadly out of joint that no one may easily reconcile it. All agree that something has gone wrong and except the architect be a plain factory magnate, who has reduced his art to a philosophy of old clothes and sells misfit or made over-ready-to-wear garments with commercial aplomb and social distinction, he cannot succeed on the present basis established by common practice. So, in addition to a situation already completed for them, a necessarily increased fee stared in the face the clients who dared. But some did dare, as the illustrations prove.

The struggle then was and still is to make "good architecture," "good business." It is perhaps significant that in the beginning it was very difficult to secure a building loan on any terms upon one of these houses, now it is easy to secure a better loan than ordinary; but how far success has attended this ambition the owners of these buildings alone can testify. Their trials have been many, but each, I think, feels that he has as much house for his money as any of his neighbors, with something in the home intrinsically valuable besides, which will not be out of fashion in one lifetime and which contributes steadily to his dignity and his pleasure as an individual.

It would not be useful to dwell further upon difficulties encountered, for it is the common story of simple progression everywhere in any field; I merely wish to trace here the "motif" behind the types. A study of the illustrations will show that the buildings presented fall readily into three groups having a family resemblance; the low-pitched hip roofs, heaped together in pyramidal fashion or presenting quiet, unbroken skylines; the low roofs with simple pediments countering on long ridges; and those topped with a simple slab. Of the first type, the Winslow, Henderson, Willits, Thomas, Heurtley, Heath, Cheney, Martin, Little, Gridley, Millard, Tomek, Coonley, and Westcott houses, the Hillside Home School and the Pettit Memorial Chapel are typical. Of the second type, the Bradley, Hickox, Davenport and Dana houses are typical. Of the third, atelier for Richard Bock, Unity Church,[3] the concrete house of The Ladies' Home journal, and other designs in process of execution. The Larkin Building is a simple, dignified utterance of a plain, utilitarian type, with sheer brick walls and simple stone copings. The studio is merely an early experiment in "articulation."

Photographs do not adequately present these subjects. A building has a presence, as has a person, that defies the photographer, and the color so necessary to the complete expression of the form is necessarily lacking; but it will be noticed that all the structures stand upon their foundations to the eye as well as physically. There is good, substantial preparation at the ground for all the buildings and it is the first

grammatical expression of all the types. This preparation, or water table, is to these buildings, what the stylobate was to the ancient Greek temple. To gain it, it was necessary to reverse the established practice of setting the supports of the building to the outside of the wall and to set them to the inside, so as to leave the necessary support for the outer base. This was natural enough and good enough construction but many an owner was disturbed by private information from the practical contractor to the effect that he would have his whole house in the cellar if he submitted to it. This was at the time a marked innovation though the most natural thing in the world and to me, to this day, indispensable.

With this innovation established, one horizontal stripe of raw material, the foundation wall above ground, was eliminated and the complete grammar of type one made possible. A simple, unbroken wall surface from foot to level of second story sill was thus secured, a change of material occurring at that point to form the simple frieze that characterizes the earlier buildings. Even this was frequently omitted, as in the Francis apartments[4] and many other buildings, and the wall was let alone from base to cornice or eaves.

"Dress reform houses" they were called, I remember, by the charitably disposed. What others called them will hardly bear repetition.

As the wall surfaces were thus simplified and emphasized the matter of fenestration became exceedingly difficult and more than ever important, and often I used to gloat over the beautiful buildings I could build if only it were unnecessary to cut holes in them: but the holes were managed at first frankly as in the Winslow house and later as elementary constituents of the structure grouped in rhythmical fashion, so that all the light and air and prospect the most rabid client could wish would not be too much from in artistic standpoint; and of this achievement I am proud. The groups are managed, too, whenever required. so that overhanging eaves do not shade them, although the walls are still protected from the weather. Soon the poetry-crushing characteristics of the guillotine window, which was then firmly rooted, became apparent, and singlehanded I waged a determined battle for casements swinging out, although it was necessary to have special hardware made for them as there was none to be had this side of England. Clients would come ready to accept any innovation but "those swinging windows," and when told that they were in the nature of the proposition and that they must take them or leave the rest, they frequently employed "the other fellow" to give them something "near," with the "practical" windows dear to their hearts.

With the grammar so far established, came an expression pure and simple, even classic in atmosphere, using that much-abused word in its best sense; implying, that is, a certain sweet reasonableness of form and outline naturally dignified.

I have observed that Nature usually perfects her forms; the individuality of the attribute is seldom sacrificed, that is, deformed or mutilated by cooperative parts. She rarely says a thing and tries to take it back at the same time. She would not sanction the "classic" proceeding of say, establishing an "order," a colonnade, then building walls between the columns of the order reducing them to pilasters, thereafter cutting holes in the wall and pasting on cornices with more plasters around them, with the result that every form is outraged, the whole an abominable mutilation, as is most of the architecture of the Renaissance wherein style corrodes style and all the forms are stultified.

In laying out the ground plans for even the more insignificant of these buildings, a simple axial law and order and the ordered spacing upon a system of certain structural unit definitely established for each structure. In accord with its scheme of practical construction and aesthetic proportion, is practiced as an expedient to simplify the technical difficulties of execution, and, although the symmetry may not be obvious, always the balance is maintained. The plans are as a rule much more articulate than is the school product of the Beaux Arts. The individuality of the various functions of the various features is more high developed, all the forms are complete in themselves and frequently do duty at the same time from within and without as decorative attributes of the whole. This tendency to greater individuality of the parts emphasized by more and more complete articulation will be seen in the plans for Unity Church, the cottage for Elizabeth

Stone at Glencoe, and the Avery Coonley house in process of construction at Riverside, Illinois. Moreover, these ground plans are merely the actual projection of a carefully considered whole. The "architecture" is not "thrown up" as an artistic exercise, a matter of elevation from a preconceived ground plan. The schemes are conceived in three dimensions as organic entities, let the picturesque perspective fall how it will. While a sense of the incidental perspectives the design will develop is always present, I have great faith that if the thing is rightly put together in true organic sense with proportions actually right the picturesque will take care of itself. No man ever built a building worthy the name of architecture who fashioned it in perspective sketch to his taste and then fudged the plan to suit. Such methods produce mere scene-painting. A perspective may be a proof but it is no nurture.

As to the mass values of the buildings the aesthetic principles outlined in proposition III will account in a measure for their character.

In the matter of decoration the tendency has been to indulge it less and less, in many cases merely providing certain architectural preparation for natural foliage or flowers, as it is managed in, say, the entrance to the Lawrence house at Springfield. This use of natural folia and flowers for decoration is carried to quite an extent in all the designs and, although the buildings are complete without this efflorescence, they may be said to blossom with the season. What architectural decoration the buildings carry is not only conventionalized to the point where it is quiet and stays as a sure foil for the nature forms from which it is derived and with which it must intimately associate, but it is always of the surface, never on it.

The windows usually are provided with characteristic straight-line patterns absolutely in the flat and usually severe. The nature of the glass is taken into account in these designs as is also the metal bar used in their construction, and most of them are treated as metal "grilles" with glass inserted forming a simple rhythmic arrangement of straight lines and squares made as cunning as possible so long as the result is quiet. The aim is that the designs shall make the best of the technical contrivances that produce them.

In the main the ornamentation is wrought in the warp and woof of the structure. It is constitutional in the best sense and is felt in the conception of the ground plan. To elucidate this element in composition would mean a long story and perhaps a tedious one, though to me it is the most fascinating phase of the work, involving the true poetry of conception.

The differentiation of a single, certain simple form characterizes the expression of one building. Quite a different form may serve for another, but from one basic idea all the formal elements of design are in each case derived and held well together in scale and character. The form chosen may flare outward, opening flower-like to the sky, as in the Thomas house; another, droop to accentuate artistically the weight of the masses; another be noncommittal or abruptly emphatic, or its grammar may be deduced from some plant form that has appealed to me, as certain properties in line and form of the sumach were used in the Lawrence house at Springfield; but in every cue the motif is adhered to throughout so that it is not too much to say that each building aesthetically is cut from one piece of goods and consistently hangs together with an integrity impossible otherwise.

In a fine-art sense these designs have grown as natural plants grow, the individuality of each is integral and as complete as skill, time, strength, and circumstances would permit.

The method in itself does not of necessary produce a beautiful building, but it does provide a framework as a basis which has an organic integrity, susceptible to the architect's imagination and at once opening to him Nature's wealth of artistic suggestion, ensuring him a guiding principle within which he can never be wholly false, out of tune, or lacking in rational motif. The subtleties, the shifting blending harmonies, the cadences, the nuances are a matter of his own nature, his own susceptibilities and faculties.

But self-denial is imposed upon the architect to a far greater extent than upon any other member of the fine art family. The temptation to sweeten work, to make each

detail in itself lovable and expressive is always great, but that the whole may be truly eloquent of its ultimate function restraint is imperative. To let individual elements arise and shine at the expense of final repose is, for the architect, a betrayal of trust for buildings are the background or framework for the human life within their walls and a foil for the nature efflorescence without. So architecture is the most complete of conventionalizations and of all the arts the most subjective except music.

Music may be for the architect ever and always a sympathetic friend whose counsels, precepts, and patterns even are available to him and from which he need not fear to draw. But the arts are today all cursed by literature; artists attempt to make literature even of music, usually of painting and sculpture and doubtless would of architecture also were the art not moribund; but whenever it is done the soul of the thing dies and we have not art but something far less for which the true artist can have neither affection nor respect.

Contrary to the usual supposition this manner of working out a theme is more flexible than any working out in a fixed, historic style can ever be, and the individuality of those concerned may receive more adequate treatment within legitimate limitations. This matter of individuality puzzles many; they suspect that the individuality of the owner and occupant of a building is sacrificed to that of the architect who imposes his own upon Jones, Brown, and Smith alike. An architect worthy of the name has an individuality, it is true; his work will and should reflect it, and his buildings will all bear a family resemblance one to another. The individuality of an owner is first manifest in his choice of his architect, the individual to whom he entrusts his characterization. He sympathizes with his work; its expression suits him, and this furnishes the common ground upon which client and architect may come together. Then, if the architect is what he ought to be, with his ready technique he conscientiously works for the client, idealizes his client's character and his client's tastes, and makes him feel that he building is his as it really is to such an extent that he can truly say that he would rather have his own house than any other he has ever seen. Is a portrait, say by Sargent, any less a revelation of the character of the subject because it bears his stamp and is easily recognized by anyone as a Sargent? Does one lose his individuality when it is interpreted sympathetically by one of his own race and time who can know him and his needs intimately and idealize them, or does he gain it only by having adopted or adapted to his condition a ready-made historic style which is the fruit of a seedtime other than his, whatever that style may be?

The present industrial condition is constantly studied in the practical application of these architectural ideals and the treatment simplified and arranged to fit modern processes and to utilize to the best advantage the work of the machine. The furniture takes the clean-cut, straight-line forms that the machine can render far better than would be possible by hand. Certain facilities, too, of the machine, which it would be interesting to enlarge upon, are taken advantage of and the nature of the materials is usually revealed in the process.

Nor is the atmosphere of the result in its completeness new and hard. In most of the interiors there will be found a quiet, a simple dignity that we imagine is only to be found in the "old" and it is due to the underlying organic harmony, to the each in all and the all in each throughout. This is the modern opportunity to make of a building, together with its equipment, appurtenances, and environment, an entity which shall constitute a complete work of art, and a work of art more valuable to as a whole than has before existed because discordant conditions endured for centuries are smoothed away; everyday life here finds an expression germane to its daily existence: an idealization of the common need sure to be uplifting and helpful in the same sense that pure air to breathe is better than air poisoned with noxious gases.

An artist's limitations are his best friends. The Machine is here to stay. It is the forerunner of the democracy that is our dearest hope. There is no more important work before the architect now than to use this normal tool of civilization to the best advantage instead of prostituting it as he has hitherto done in reproducing with murderous ubiquity forms both of other times and other conditions and which it can only serve to destroy.

The exteriors of these structures will receive less ready recognition perhaps than

the interiors, and because they are the result of a radically different conception as to what should constitute a building. We have formed a habit of mind concerning architecture to which the expression of most of these exteriors must be a shock, at first more or less disagreeable, and the more so as the habit of mind is more narrowly fixed by so-called classic training. Simplicity is not in itself an end; it is a means to an end. Our aesthetics are dyspeptic from incontinent indulgence in "Frenchite" pastry. We crave ornament for the sake of ornament; cover up our faults of design with ornamental sensualities that were a long time ago sensuous ornament. We will do well to dismiss this unwholesome and unholy craving and look to the simple line; to the clean though living form and quiet color for a time, until the true significance of these things has dawned for us once more. The old structural forms which up to the present time, have spelled "architecture" are decayed. Their life went from them long ago and new conditions industrially, steel and concrete and terra-cotta in particular, are prophesying a more plastic art wherein as the flesh is to our bones so will the covering be to the structure, but more truly and beautifully expressive than ever. But that is a long story This reticence in the matter of ornamentation is characteristic of structures and for at least two reasons: first, they are the expression of an idea that the ornamentation of a building should be constitutional, a matter of the nature of the structure beginning with the ground plan. In the buildings themselves, in the sense of the whole there is lacking neither richness nor incident but their qualities are secured not by applied decoration, they are found in the fashioning of the whole, in which color, too, plays as significant a part as it does in an old, Japanese woodblock print. Second: because as before stated: buildings perform their highest function in relation to human life within and the natural efflorescence without; and to develop and maintain the harmony of a true chord between them making of the building in this sense a sure foil for life, broad, simple surfaces and highly conventionalized forms are inevitable. These ideals take the buildings out of school and marry them to the ground; make them intimate expressions or revelations of the exteriors, individualize them regardless of preconceived notions of style. I have tried to make their grammar perfect in its way and to give their forms and proportions an integrity that will bear study, although few of them can be intelligently studied apart from their environment. So, what might be termed the democratic character of the exteriors is their first undefined offence-the lack, wholly, of what the professional critic would deem architecture; in fact, most of the critic's architecture has been left out.

There is always a synthetic basis for the features of the various structures, and consequently a constantly accumulating residue of formulas, which becomes more and more useful; but I do not pretend to say that the perception or conception of them was not at first intuitive, or that those that lie yet beyond will not be grasped in the same intuitive way; but, after all, architecture is a scientific art, and the thinking basis will ever be for the architect his surety, the final court in which his imagination sifts his feelings.

The few draughtsmen so far associated with this work have been taken into the draughting room, in every case almost wholly unformed, many of them with no particular previous training and patiently nursed for years in the atmosphere of the work itself until saturated by intimate association, at an impressionable age, with its motifs and phases, they have become helpful. To develop the sympathetic grasp of detail that is necessary before this point is reached has proved usually a matter of years, with little advantage on the side of the collegetrained understudy. These young people have found their way to me through natural sympathy with the work and have become loyal assistants. The members, so far, all told here and elsewhere, of our little university of fourteen years standing are: Marion Mahony, a capable assistant for eleven years: William Drummond, seven years; Francis Byrne, five years; Isabel Roberts, five years; George Willis, four years; Walter Griffin, four years; Andrew Willatzon, three years; Charles E. White, Jr., one year; Erwin Barglebaugh and Robert Hardin, each one year; Albert McArthur, entering.

Others have been attracted by what seemed to them to be the novelty of the work, staying only long enough to acquire a smattering of form, then departing to sell a superficial proficiency elsewhere. Still others shortly develop a mastery of the subject,

discovering that it is all just as they would have done it, anyway, and, chafing at the unkind fate that forestalled them in its practice, resolve to blaze a trail for themselves without further loss of time. It is urged against the more loyal that they are sacrificing their individuality to that which has dominated this work; but it is too soon to impeach a single understudy on this basis, for, although they will inevitably repeat for years the methods, forms, and habit of thought, even the mannerisms of the present work, if there is virtue in the principles behind it that virtue will stay with them through the preliminary stages of their own practice until their own individualities truly develop independently. I have noticed that those who have made the most fuss about their "individuality" in early stages, those who took themselves most seriously in that regard, were inevitably those who had least.

Many elements of Mr. Sullivan's personality in his art-what might be called his mannerisms-naturally enough clung to my work in the early years and may be readily traced by the casual observer, but for me one real proof of the virtue inherent in this work will lie in the fact that some of the young men and women who have given themselves up to me so faithfully these past years will some day contribute rounded individualities of their own and forms of their own devising to the new school.

This year, I assign to each a project that has been carefully conceived in my own mind, which he accepts as a specific work. He follows its subsequent development through all its phases in drawing room and field meeting with the client himself on occasion, gaining an all-round development impossible otherwise, and insuring an enthusiasm and a grasp of detail decidedly to the best interest of the client. These privileges in the hands of selfishly ambitious or overconfident assistants would soon wreck such a system; but I can say that among my own boys it has already proved a moderate success, with every prospect of being continued as a settled policy in future.

Nevertheless, I believe that only when one individual forms the concept of the various projects and also determines the character of every detail in the sum total, even to the size and shape of the pieces of glass in the windows, the arrangement and profile of the most insignificant of the architectural members, will that unity be secured which is the soul of the individual work of art. This means that fewer buildings should be entrusted to one architect. His output will of necessity be relatively small-small that is, as compared to the volume of work turned out in any one of fifty "successful offices" in America. I believe there is no middle course worth considering in the fight of the best future of American architecture. With no more propriety can an architect leave the details touching the form of his concept to assistants, no matter how sympathetic and capable they may be, than can a painter entrust the painting in of the details of his picture to a pupil; for an architect who would do individual work must have a technique well developed and peculiar to himself which, if he is fertile, is still growing with his growth. To keep everything "in place" requires constant care and study in matters that the old-school practitioner would scorn to touch.

As for the future the work shall grow more truly simple; more expressive with fewer lines, fewer forms; more articulate with less labor, more plastic, more fluent, although more coherent; more organic. It shall grow not only to fit more perfectly the methods and procure that are called upon to produce it, but shall further find whatever is lovely or of good repute in method or process, and idealize it with the cleanest most virile stroke I can imagine. As understanding and appreciation of life matures and deepens, this work shall prophesy and idealize the character of the individual it is fashioned to serve more intimately, no matter how inexpensive the result must finally be. It shall become in its atmosphere as pure and elevating in its humble way as the trees and flowers are in their perfectly appointed way, for only so can architecture be worthy in high rank as a fine art, or the architect discharge the obligation he assumes to the public-imposed upon him by the nature of his own profession.

"In the Cause of Architecture" by Frank Lloyd Wright is reprinted from the Architectural Record, 1908,

ENDNOTES

* In this I had in mind the barren town lots devoid of tree or natural incident, townhouses and board walks only in evidence.

1. Architects Henry Hobson Richardson (1838-1886) and John Wellborn Root (18501891). Richardson, architect of the 1885 Marshall Field Wholesale Store in Chicago, was primarily known for his very individualistic --"Romanesque-like"-rock faced masonry buildings on the East Coast, Root, who moved to Chicago in 1872 following the great fire, as best known for the tall office buildings he designed in partnership with Daniel Burnham during the 1880s.

2. H. Allen Brooks identifies "New School of the Middle West" as Wright's phrase and states that it first appears here, at least in print, in this essay of 1908. Thomas T. Tallmadge about the same time coined the phrase "the Chicago School," which included at least some of the same people Wright mentions here. By 1912 the term "Prairie Style" had also appeared. The definition of these "schools" or "styles" of architecture shifted over time and continues to be confusing (H. Allen Brooks, The Prairie School, New York: W. W. Norton & Co.,1972. p. 10-11).

3. Actually Unity Temple in Oak Park, designed by Wright in 1904.

4. Francis Apartments. The Francis Apartments were built in Chicago in 1895 for the Terre Haute Trust Company of Indiana. They were demolished in 1971.

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Le Corbusier/Pierre Jeanneret

"FIVE POINTS TOWARDS A NEW ARCHITECTURE," 1926

The theoretical considerations set out below are based on many years of practical experience on building sites.
Theory demands concise formulation.

The following points in no way relate to aesthetic fantasies or a striving for fashionable effects, but concern architectural facts that imply an entirely new kind of building, from the dwelling house to palatial edifices.

1. The supports. To solve a problem scientifically means in the first place to distinguish between its elements. Hence in the case of a building a distinction can immediately be made between the supporting and the non-supporting elements. The earlier foundations, on which the building rested without a mathematical check, are replaced by individual foundations and the walls by individual supports. Both supports and support foundations are precisely calculated according to the burdens they are called upon to carry. These supports are spaced out at specific, equal intervals, with no thought for the interior arrangement of the building. They rise directly from the floor to 3, 4, 6, etc. metres and elevate the ground floor. The rooms are thereby removed from the dampness of the soil; they have light and air; the building plot is left to the garden, which consequently passes under the house. The same area is also gained on the flat roof.

2. The roof gardens. The flat roof demands in the first place systematic utilization for domestic purposes: roof terrace, roof garden. On the other hand, the reinforced concrete demands protection against changing temperatures. Overactivity on the part of the reinforced concrete is prevented by the maintenance of a constant humidity on the roof concrete. The roof terrace satisfies both demands (a rain-dampened layer of sand covered with concrete slabs with lawns in the interstices; the earth of the flowerbeds in direct contact with the layer of sand). In this way the rain water will flow off extremely slowly. Waste pipes in the interior of the building. Thus a latent humidity will remain continually on the roof skin. The roof gardens will display highly luxuriant vegetation. Shrubs and even small trees up to 3 or 4 metres tall can be planted. In this way the roof garden will become the most favoured place in the building. In general, roof gardens mean to a city the recovery of all the built-up area.

3. The free designing of the ground-plan. The support system carries the intermediate ceilings and rises up to the roof. The interior walls may be placed wherever required, each floor being entirely independent of the rest. There are no longer any supporting walls but only membranes of any thickness required. The result of this is absolute freedom in designing the ground-plan; that is to say, free utilization of the available means, which makes it easy to offset the rather high cost of reinforced concrete construction.

4. The horizontal window. Together with the intermediate ceilings the supports form rectangular openings in the façade through which light and air enter copiously. The window extends from support to support and thus becomes a horizontal window. Stilted vertical windows consequently disappear, as do unpleasant mullions. In this way, rooms are equably lit from wall to wall. Experiments have shown that a room thus lit has an eight times stronger illumination than the same room lit by vertical windows with the same window area.

The whole history of architecture revolves exclusively around the wall apertures. Through use of the horizontal window reinforced concrete suddenly provides the possibility of maximum illumination.

5. Free design of the façade. By projecting the floor beyond the supporting pillars, like a balcony all round the building, the whole façade is extended beyond the supporting construction. It thereby loses its supportive quality and the windows may be

extended to any length at will, without any direct relationship to the interior division. A window may just as well be 10 metres long for a dwelling house as 200 metres for a palatial building (our design for the League of Nations building in Geneva). The façade may thus be designed freely.

The five essential points set out above represent a fundamentally new aesthetic. Nothing is left to us of the architecture of past epochs, just as we can no longer derive any benefit from the literary and historical teaching given in schools.

Constructional considerations

Building construction is the purposeful and consistent combination of building elements.

Industries and technological undertakings are being established to deal with the production of these elements.

Serial manufacture enables these elements to be made precise, cheap and good. They can be produced in advance in any number required.

Industries will see to the completion and uninterrupted perfecting of the elements.

Thus the architect has at his disposal a box of building units. His architectural talent can operate freely. It alone, through the building programme, determines his architecture.

The age of the architects is coming.