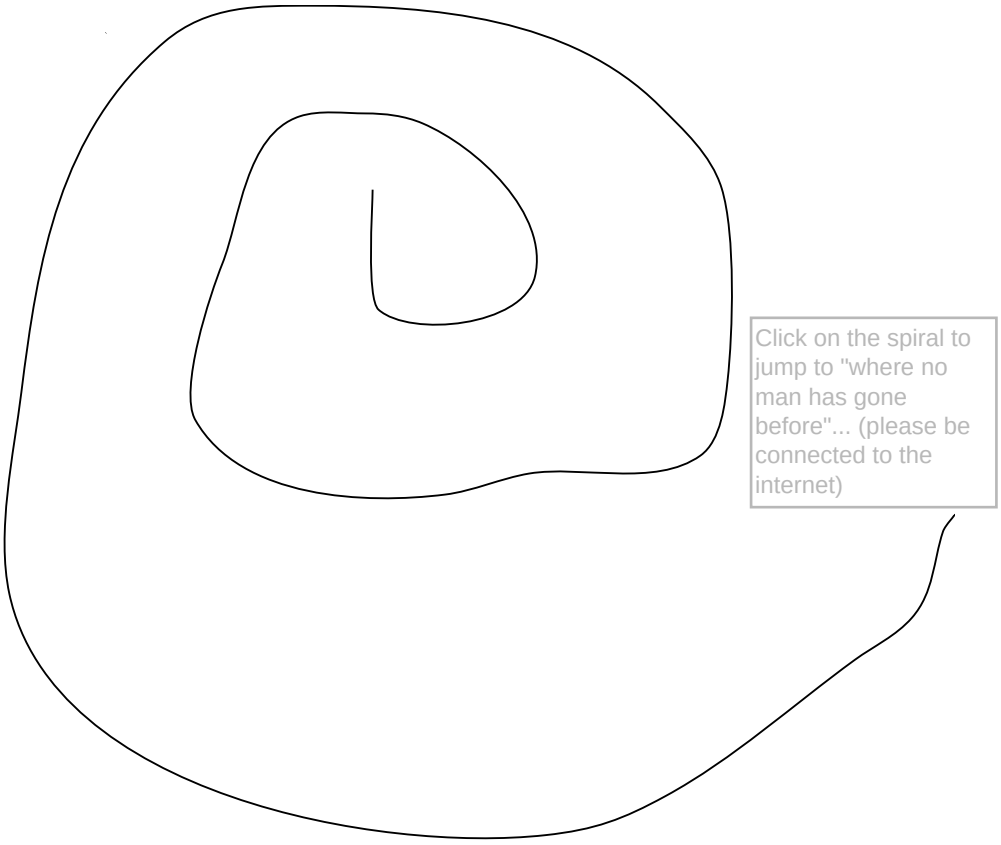
lesson | **SPACE**

Teach yourself Art at a Master's level without the Master.

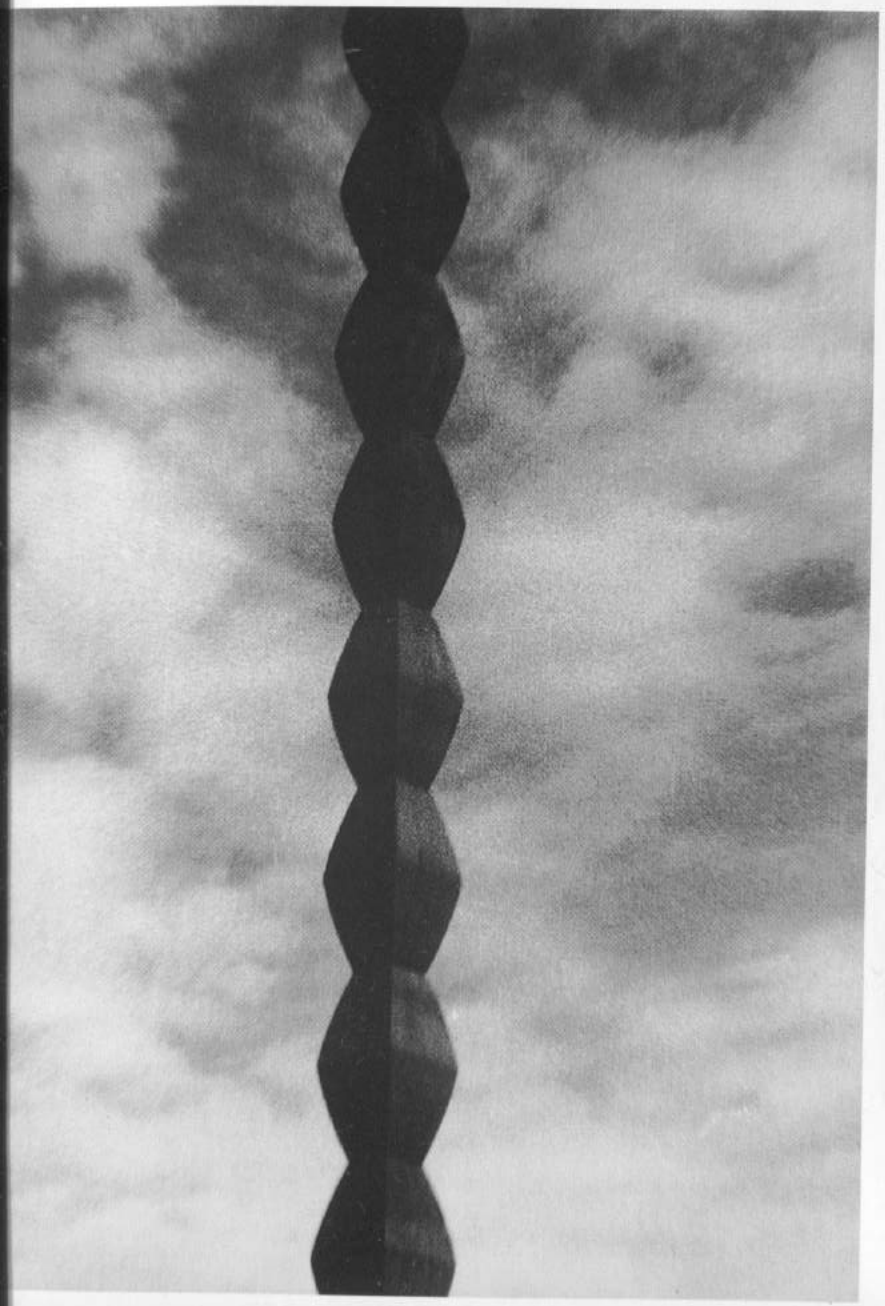
A COURSE READER + EXERCISES

BY SEAN WARD

SPACE


Click on the spiral to jump to "where no man has gone before"... (please be connected to the internet)

1938, cat. no. 32



25. Ph 578b, 1938, cat. no. 30

18. Ph 243a, *c.* 1926, cat. no. 22

19. Ph 346a, autumn 1933, cat. no. 29

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1 In no particular order.

2 In no particular order.

Exercises[1]:

- *Build a sculpture out of your belongs and everything in the room you are currently in. Locate the best area to give your new sculpture awesome light. Take a picture of your new sculpture. Making a drawing of your new sculpture where its entirety fits on the page. Do the same for a painting.*
- *Take a walk with a camera and journal. Stop when rest is needed. From your resting position take a photograph of what is in front of you. Write the steps you've taken to get to that point of rest. Draw a map of how you've gotten there.*
- *Take a walk with a camera and smartphone. Find a space to place yourself in. Give a stranger your camera and ask for him/her to take a photograph of you in that space. Mark the location of the photo and space on your smartphone using an app. Share these photographs and locations.*
- *Inside or out, locate a space. Walk ten feet - marking where each foot is placed on the ground. Go back to the beginning of the ten feet, create rubbings from where each foot was marked.*
- *Make an object that connects two spaces.*
- *Make an object that connects two opposite walls.*
- *Make an object, take it on a walk and document the journey.*

#Student Work

[1] Scattered throughout.

FRANCIS ALŸS

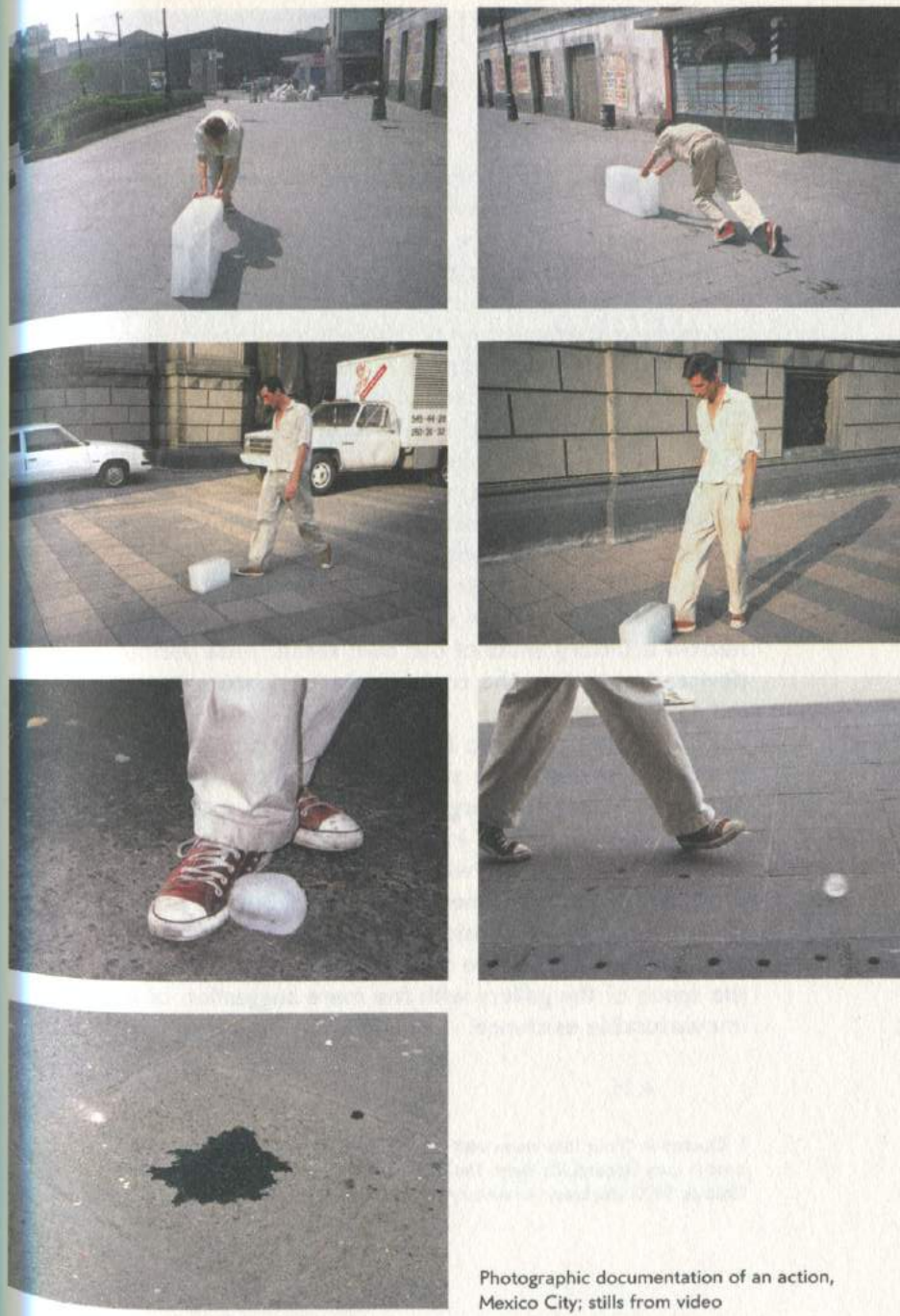
Paradox of Praxis 1 1997
cat. no. 1

Sometimes pushing objects in front of him or trailing them behind, Francis Alÿs has used the act of walking as a platform for poetic interventions into urban spaces and border zones. Fascinated with the idea of an action that produces no visible result, he has also used walking to explore "doing nothing while producing something."[1]

Paradox of Praxis 1 documents Alÿs pushing a block of ice through the streets of Mexico City over a nine-hour period, edited down to a five-minute progression. In this video the ice slowly disappears; the cube becomes a progressively smaller brick and is soon the size of a tennis ball. Alÿs initially labors to push the cumbersome block, yet as it shrinks, he absently kicks the ice through the streets until it is little more than a small puddle of water on the pavement. Pushing this disintegrating form through the streets of Mexico City, he wears down the hermetic solidity of minimalist sculpture. While the deterioration of the work's apparent object recalls much conceptual art of the 1960s and 1970s—which often did nothing but insist that it was something—Alÿs has inverted this paradigm while nevertheless ending in a similar place. Stretching the object's inexorable dissolution through the space of the city, the artist makes the point that progress is not inevitable—in short, that sometimes making something leads to nothing.

A.H.

1. Russell Ferguson, *Francis Alÿs: The Politics of Rehearsal* (Los Angeles: Hammer Museum, 2007), 63.



Photographic documentation of an action, Mexico City; stills from video

THE REVERIES OF THE SOLITARY WALKER

By JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU

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THE REVERIES OF THE SOLITARY WALKER

FIRST WALK

Behold me, then, as if alone upon the earth, having neither brother, relative, friend, or society, but my own thoughts; the most social and affectionate of men, proscribed, as it were, by unanimous consent. They have sought in the refinement of their hatred, what would be the most cruel torment to my susceptible soul, and have rent asunder every bond which attached me to them. I should have loved mankind in spite of themselves, and it was only by throwing off humanity that they could avoid my affection. At length, then, behold them strangers, unknown, as indifferent to me as they desired to be; but thus detached from mankind, and everything that relates to them, what am I? This remains to be sought. Unhappily, the search must be preceded by casting a glance on my own situation, since I must necessarily pass through this examination, in order to judge between them and myself.

It is now above fifteen years since I have been in this strange situation, which yet appears to me like a dream; ever imagining, that disturbed by indigestion, I sleep uneasily, but shall soon awake, freed from my troubles, and surrounded by my friends. Yes, surely, I have glided unconsciously from nightly watchings into profound sleep, or rather from life to death; dragged, I know not how, from the natural order of things, I find myself precipitated into an incomprehensible chaos, where I can distinguish nothing, and the more I consider my present situation, the less I seem to comprehend it.

How could I possibly foresee the destiny that awaited me? Or, how can I even now, though betrayed into this state, form any adequate idea of it? Could I, if in my, right senses, suppose that one day, the man I was, and yet remain, should be taken, without any kind of doubt, for a monster, a poisoner, an assassin, the horror of the human race, the sport of the rabble, my only salutation to be spit upon, and that a whole generation would unanimously amuse themselves in burying me alive? When this strange revolution first happened, taken by unawares, I was overwhelmed with astonishment; my agitation, my indignation, plunged me into a delirium, which ten years have scarcely been able to calm: during this interval, falling from error to error, from fault to fault, and folly to folly, I have, by my imprudence, furnished the contrivers of my fate with instruments, which they have artfully employed to fix it without resource.

For a long time, my struggles were as violent as unavailing,

employed without art, dissimulation, or prudence: warm, open, impatient, and frank in my disposition, every endeavor to disengage myself did but entangle me the more, and give my enemies incessant advantages, which they took care to improve: at length, finding all my efforts useless, all my uneasiness vain, I adopted the only means that remained; which was, to submit without murmuring to my fate; and found an indemnification for my misfortunes, by the tranquility, which this resignation procured me, and which could not be allied with the continual struggle of a painful and ineffectual resistance.

Another circumstance has contributed to this tranquility: in the eagerness of their malice, my persecutors had omitted one thing highly necessary to the accomplishment of their designs, this was, to portion out the effects of their malice in such a manner that they might maintain and renew my sorrows by successive oppressions. Had they possessed the skill to have left me some beam of hope, they might have held me by that, and continued me their play-thing by false lures, till at length they had totally overwhelmed me by successive torments, arising from deceived expectation; but they exhausted all their inventions at once, and in stripping me of every hope, deprived themselves of every resource. The defamation, oppression, scandal, and derision with which they have loaded me, are no more capable of augmentation than they are of being palliated, and can no more increase my misfortunes, than I can remove them; they have been so precipitate in bringing my misery to the utmost pitch, that all the powers on earth, aided by all the machinations of hell, can add nothing to it; even bodily pans, instead of augmenting my calamities, serve only to divert them, and while they extort groans, prevent-shudderings; the pangs of my body making me less sensible to those of my soul.

What then have I to fear from mankind, since my situation cannot be rendered worse? No more can they alarm me; inquietude and fear are evils from which they have delivered me forever; which is no insignificant consolation. Present evils make little impression on me; when I encounter them, I readily take my measures; but it is different with those that keep me in doubt; alarmed imagination combines, turns, extends, and augments the idea of them, tormenting me an hundred times more than their reality can do, the threat being ever more terrible than the stroke. When misfortunes actually arrive, being stripped of every imaginary horror, and reduced to their real weight, I always think them much less than I had feared, and find relief even in the midst of my sufferings. In this state, freed from fear, and delivered from suspense and hope, even custom alone will suffice to render that situation daily more supportable, which no calamities can render worse.

By degrees, the sensation of unhappiness becomes less acute, when there remains no possibility of giving it re-animation; and this service I have received from my persecutors, for by showering down at once the whole violence of their animosity, they have lost all authority over me, and hereafter I can securely laugh at their malice.

For about two months since, a complete calm has been reestablished in my heart. I had long been a stranger to fear; but I continued to encourage hope; this sentiment sometimes flattered, sometimes frustrated, was a medium, through which a thousand different passions found means to agitate me: an event, as melancholy as it was unforeseen, has at length banished from my heart every beam of hope, and made me consider my worldly destiny as irrevocably fixed; since then, I have resigned myself without reserve, and have regained my tranquility. When I became acquainted with the extent of the plot formed against me, I totally gave tip the idea of regaining, during life, the good opinion of the public; and even was this acquisition possible, the confidence could not be reciprocal, and consequently must be useless. Should mankind return to me it would be vain, I am no longer to be found; they have inspired me with such disgust, that their commerce would not only be insipid, but painful; and I am an hundred times happier in my solitude, than I could possibly be in their company. They have torn from my heart all the sweets of society, which at my age can never spring up again; 'tis too late!—henceforward let them do me good or harm it is perfectly indifferent, my cotemporaries can never give me a moment of concern.

I once looked forward to the future, and hoped for a better generation, who, examining with care and impartiality the opinion formed by the present, and thence forming a judgment between us, would easily unravel the artifice of those who gave rise to it, and view me as I really am. This hope suggested the idea of writing my Dialogues, with a thousand useless expedients to make them reach posterity, and though distant, kept my mind in the same agitation as when I endeavored to find a mind actuated by principles of justice in the present age, still rendering me the sport of my contemporaries. I have mentioned in my Dialogues, on what this expectation was founded; it was a mistake, and I have happily discovered my error time enough to enjoy before my last hour an interval of perfect tranquility. This interval began from the time I have already mentioned, and I have reason to believe will never more be interrupted.

Few days pass, without my being confirmed by new reflections, how much I erred in flattering myself that I should ever recover the good opinion of the public, even in a future age; considering it is

conducted by guides who are perpetually renewed in those very societies that hold me in such implacable aversion. Particulars die, but collective bodies never can; the same passions are perpetuated, and their ardent hatred, immortal as the demon that inspires it, has ever the same activity. Though all my particular enemies should be no more, Physicians and Oratorians will still exist, and should I have no other persecutors, those two description of people, I may be assured, will show no more savour to my memory, than they have done to my person. Perhaps in the course of time, the Physicians whom I have really offended, might be appeased; but the Oratorians, whom I loved, esteemed, in whom I placed the utmost confidence, and whom I never offended, the Oratorians, [1] church-men, and half-monks, will be forever implacable, their own iniquity being my crime, which self-love can never par on; and the public, whose animosity they will continually increase and re-animate, will no more be appeased than themselves.

[1] An order of priests, who take their name from the orator of St. Jerome, at Rome.

My fate, therefore, is absolutely fixed; no circumstance can bring me either good or evil; nothing remains for me either to hope or fear in this world; yet, though plunged into this fearful abyss, behold me tranquil!—poor, unfortunate, and infirm; but completely beyond the reach of suffering.

Every future occurrence will be immaterial to me; I have in the world neither relative, friend, or brother; I am on the earth, as if I had fallen into some unknown planet; if I contemplate anything around me, it is only distressing, heart rending objects; everything I cast my eyes on, conveys some new subject either of indignation or affliction; I will endeavor, henceforward, to banish from my mind all painful ideas, which unavailingly distress me. Alone for the rest of my life, I must only look for consolation, hope, or peace, in my own breast; and neither ought, or will, henceforward, think of anything but myself. It is in this state, that I return to the continuation of that severe and just examination which I formerly called my Confessions; I consecrate my latter days to the study of myself; and to the preparation of that account, which I must shortly render up of my actions. I resign my thoughts entirely to the pleasure of conversing with my own soul; that being the only consolation that man cannot deprive me of. If by dint of reflection on my internal propensities, I can, attain to putting them in better order, and correcting the evil that remains in me, their meditations will not be utterly useless; and though I am accounted

worthless on earth, shall not cast away my latter days. The leisure of my daily walks has frequently been filled with charming contemplations, which I regret having forgot; but will write down those that occur in future; then, every; time I read them over, I shall forget my misfortunes, disgraces, and persecutors, on recollecting, and contemplating, the integrity of my own heart.

These sheets will only contain a concise journals of my reveries, treating principally of myself, because a solitary must be very much employed with his own person, but if during my walk other ideas pass through my mind, they shall equally find place.; I will relate my thoughts, precisely as they strike me, and with as little connection as the ideas of yesterday have with those of today, since from these will result a clearer knowledge of my temper, with the complexion and tendency of those thoughts and sentiments which are my daily food, in the singular situation I am thrown into, than could otherwise be obtained. These sheets, should, therefore be looked on as an appendix to my Confessions; but I no longer give them that name, since I have more anything to say that suits the appellation my heart is purified by repeated strokes of adversity and I can hardly find, though I search with the utmost care, any remains of reprehensible inclinations. What should I confess then, when all terrestrial affections are erased? I have as little to praise as blame, for henceforward I am nothing among; mankind; nor can I ever be otherwise, possessing no actual relation or real society'; no longer having it in my power to attempt any good, which would not turn to evil, nor to act without injuring either others or myself, thus obstinacy has become my greatest duty, and I maintain it to the utmost of my power. But in this inactive state of body my soul is still alive, producing thoughts and sentiments; its moral and internal faculties, appear to have augmented by the death of every earthly and temporal concern; my body is only an embarrassment, an obstacle, which I already endeavor to disengage myself from.

A situation so singular, certainly deserves to be both examined and described; it is to this examination I consecrate my future days, and in order to accomplish it with success, I should proceed with circumspection and methods but I am incapable of such labor, nay it would even divert me from my purpose, which is to render an account to myself of the successive modifications of my soul. In some measure, I perform the operation on myself, which physicians do on the air, in order to ascertain the daily condition of it; applying (if I may use the expression) the barometer to my soul, not doubting but these experiments, well directed, and constantly repeated, will procure information equally to be depended on; but I do not equally extend my

views, content with keeping a register of operations, without seeking to reduce them into a system. I undertake the same enterprise Montaigne did, but for a direct contrary purpose; he wrote his Essays only for others, I my Reveries entirely for myself. If in my more advanced age, and on the verge of dissolution, I remain (according to my present wish) in the same disposition, I shall recollect, on reading these Reveries, the pleasure I experienced on writing them; and thus, recalling past time, shall redouble my existence. Even in spite of mankind, I shall yet enjoy the charms of society, and, when decrepit with age, hold converse with myself, as I now should with a friend younger than I am.

I wrote the first of my Confessions, and my Dialogues, in continual care; being anxious to preserve them from the rapacious hands of my enemies, and transmit them, if possible, to other generations, This uneasiness no longer torments me, I know what I write will be useless, and a desire to be better known by mankind is extinguished in my heart, where nothing remains but profound indifference on the fate of my real writings and monuments of my innocence, which, perhaps, are by this time totally annihilated. Let them watch all my motions, and disquiet themselves about these sheets; let them seize, suppress, and defame them, it is henceforward absolutely equal to me; I will neither conceal, or endeavor to make them public; if they are taken from me while I live, they cannot deprive me of the pleasure of having wrote them, the remembrance of their contents, or the solitary meditations of which they are the transcript, and whose source can only be exhausted with my being.

If, at the beginning of my calamities, I had but known how to refrain from struggling with my fate; could I have adopted the method I do at present; all the efforts of man, all their tremendous contrivances, would have been ineffectual; their plots would no more have destroyed my tranquility, than the success of them can henceforward. Let them enjoy my disgrace, they cannot d bar me from the enjoyment of my innocence; and I shall conclude my days in peace, spite of all their machinations.

SECOND WALK

Having resolved to describe the habitual state of my soul, in the most unaccountable situation that ever mortal experienced, I can find no manner so simple and effectual, to execute this purpose, as to keep a faithful register of my solitary walks, and the reveries which accompany them; when I find my mind entirely free, and suffer my

ideas to follow their bent, without resistance or control These hours of solitude and meditation are the only ones in the day when I am entirely myself, and for myself, without diversion, or obstacle; and when I can truly say, I am what nature designed me...

I was soon convinced that I had begun this project too late; my imagination, being already less lively, is not, as formerly, enraptured at the contemplation, temptation of those objects which animate it. I am less intoxicated with the delirium of my reveries, there is more of remembrance than creation in their productions; a cold languishment enervates all my facilities; the animal spirits extinguish by degrees; my soul creeps painfully from its feeble tenement, and were I deprived of the hope of that state to which my soul aspires, because I feel a right to the expectation of it, I should no longer exist but in remembrance. Thus, if I would contemplate myself before my decline, I must at least look back some years, to the time, when losing all hope below, and finding no support for my heart on earth, I accustomed myself, by little and littler to nourish it with its own substance, and to seek, support entirely within myself.

This resource, which I adopted too late, became so fruitful, that it soon recompensed me forevery, loss. The habit of retiring within myself, made me soon lose the feeling, and almost the remembrance of my sorrows; thus I learned, by my own experience that the source of true happiness is in ourselves, and that it is beyond the power of man to render those truly miserable, who determine to be otherwise. For five or six years past, I have enjoyed habitually those inward delights which are found in the contemplations of mild, affectionate souls; the raptures, the ecstasies which I sometimes experienced in my lonely walks, were enjoyments which I owed to my persecutors; without them, I should never have found, or known, the treasures contained within myself. In the midst of so much riches, how was it possible to keep a faithful register? Endeavoring to recall so many pleasing reveries, instead of describing, I fall into them again; it is a state which remembrance recalls, and which it would be impossible to relate, did I entirely cease to feel it.

I experienced the truth of this in those walks which immediately succeeded the project of writing the continuation of my Confessions, particularly in that I am about to relate, and in which, an unforeseen accident broke the thread of my ideas, and gave them for some time a different turn.

On Thursday, the twenty-fourth of October, 1776, I walked after dinner through the *Boulevards*, as far as the *Rue du Chemin-verd*; from whence I gained the heights of *Menil-montant*, and, pasting through the

vineyards and meadows, crossed, as far as *Charronne*, the lovely manor that separates those two villages; after which, I took a circle, designing to cross the same meadows by another path. While walking through them, I felt that pleasure and interest which agreeable prospects ever give me, frequently stopping to examine plants which I saw among the grass. I perceived two which are seldom found near Paris, though common enough in this place; one was the *Pieris Hieracioides*, and the other the *Bupleurum Falcatum*. This discovery amused me for a long time, and ended by my finding a plant still more scarce, especially in a high country; this was the *Ceraftium Aquaticum*, which, notwithstanding the accident that happened the same day, I afterwards found in a book I then had about me, and placed it in my collection. In short, after having observed several plants that were in flower, the appearance and examination of which, though familiar, ever gave me pleasures, by degrees I discontinued my observations, and gave myself up to the no less pleasing impressions they had altogether made upon me. The vintage, which brings so many walkers from the city, had been over a few days; the peasants too, having completed their autumnal labor, had retired till the return of Winter should furnish them with fresh employment; the country was yet green and pleasant, though the trees, partly stripped of their leaves, presented the picture of solitude, and indicated the approach of a more dreary season. From these various objects, resulted a mingled impression of melancholy and pleasure, too analogous to my age and fate, not to enforce the application. I contemplated within myself the decline of an innocent, though unhappy life, my soul still full of lively feelings, and my mind yet graced with some remaining lustre, though already faded with grief, and dried up by sorrow. Lonely and forsaken, I felt the forward frost steal on me; exhausted imagination no longer peopling my solitude with beings formed to delight my heart. I said to myself, with a sigh, what have I to do on earth; I was made for life, and am dying without having enjoyed it; but this was not my fault, and I shall bear to the Author of my being, if not an offering of good works, which I was prevented from performing, at least a tribute of good intentions frustrated, found sentiments, but given without effect, and a patience proof against man's disdain. I was moved with these reflections, recapitulating the motions of my soul from my early youth, during my riper years, since my sequestration from mankind; and in the course of that long retreat in which I shall conclude my days. I reviewed with complacency all the affections of my heart, all its tender, though blind attachments, those ideas, more consoling than melancholy, with which I had sustained my mind for some years past, and was preparing to recollect every

particular sufficiently to describe them, with a pleasure equal to what I felt on experiencing those emotions Having passed my afternoon in these peaceful meditation, I was returning very content with my walk, when I was drawn from my reveries by the following event:

About six o'clock, as I was on the descent of *Menil-montant*, just opposite the *Galant Fardinier*; some people that walked before me having suddenly turned aside, I saw a large Danish dog rushing towards me. He was running with his utmost swiftness before a coach, and had neither time to stop his speed, or turn aside, when he perceived me in his way. I judged that the only means I had to prevent being thrown down, was to take a high leap, so exactly timed, that the dog might pass under my feet. This idea, which struck me with the rapidity of lightning, and which I had neither time to consider or execute, was the last before my accident. I neither felt the blow or fall, nor anything that followed it, till I returned to my senses.

It was almost night when I came to myself, and found I was supported by some young people, who told me what had happened. The dog not being able to stop his speed, had leaped violently against my legs, and with his size and swiftness had thrown me head foremost with my whole weight on my upper jaw, on a very rough pavement, and what increased the shock, Being on a descent, my head sell lower than my feet.

The coach the dog belonged to immediately followed, and must have passed over me, if the coach-man had not instantly pulled in his horses. This account I had from those who took me up, and continued supporting me when I returned to my senses. The state I was in at that moment is too singular to pass without being described.

The night was advancing, I saw the sky, some stars, and a little verdure. This first sensation was delightful; and at that time I felt nothing further. It appeared that I was just awakened into life, and had inspired me with the charm of my new existence every object that surrounded me. Fully occupied with the present moment, I remembered nothing that had passed, had no distinct idea of myself, nor the least notion of what had just happened. I neither knew who I was, nor where I came from; felt no pain, fear, or inquietude and saw my blood run as I would have seen a rivulet, without thinking in any manner that it belonged to me. I felt throughout my whole being the most ravishing calm, to which, on recollection, I can find nothing comparable among our most active and distinguished pleasures.

They asked me where I lived?—It was impossible for me to resolve them. I enquired, in return, where I was?—They informed me at the *Haute Borne*; they might as well have told me I was at Mount

Atlas. I should have demanded the name of the kingdom, province, and part where I found myself; yet even that would not have been sufficient to restore my recollection. It was necessary I should recall to my memory every recent circumstance, even to walking through the *Boulevards*, in order to recollect my name and dwelling. A gentleman whom I did not know, and who had the charity to accompany me some part of the way, understanding that I lived at such a distance, advised me to take a coach from the Temple to my own house. I walked very well and lightly, without feeling any wound or pain, though I continued spitting a great deal of blood; but I had cold shiverings, which made my loosened teeth chatter very disagreeably. On my arrival at the Temple, I Imagined that as I had walked without pain, it was better to continue my way on foot, than expose myself to the danger of perishing with cold in a hackney-coach; I therefore walked the half league from the Temple to *la rue Platriere*, keeping on without difficulty, shunning interruption and coaches, and finding my way as if I had been in perfect health. I arrive at home, open the door by a private spring, go up stairs in the dark, and enter my apartment, without any accident, except the above mentioned fall and its consequences, which I was not yet sensible of.

The screams of my wise on my appearance, informed I was more hurt than I had apprehended. I passed the night without feeling, or being sensible of my situation; but felt it the next day. My upper lip was slit on the inside, quite up to my nose the skin having prevented a total separation; four of my teeth were forced into the upper jaw, and that part of my face that covered them was much swelled and bruised; my left thumb extremely hurt, the right thumb bruised and swelled very large; the left arm violently sprained; the left knee swelled, and incapable of bending, form a large and painful contusion, but with all this hurt nothing was broken, not even a tooth, which happiness, in such a violent fall, was almost a prodigy.

This is a true account of my accident, which in a few days was spread all over Paris, but so altered and disfigured, that it was impossible to recognize it. I ought to have expected some such metamorphosis before hand, but so many ridiculous circumstances were added, so many obscure private inferences were drawn, and they were mentioned to me with an air so laughably discreet, that the appearance of so much mystery gave me some uneasiness. I ever hated ambiguities; they naturally inspire a horror, which those I have been surrounded by for so many years have not been able to eradicate. Among the singularities which attended this occurrence, I shall only remark one, which will be sufficient to furnish some idea of the rest:

Monsieur Lenoir, Lt. General of Police, with whom I had never been acquainted, sent his Secretary to enquire after my health, and make me pressing offers of service, which in my present circumstances, did not appear of any utility or consolation. The Secretary pressed me very warmly to accept them, adding, that if I could not depend on him, I might immediately write to Monsieur Lenoir. The urgency with which he Pressed this, and the air of confidence that accompanied it, made me apprehend that some mystery, was concealed under all this, which I fought in vain to develop. So much was not necessary to alarm me, particularly during the agitated state in which the accident and its attendant fever had put my head. I gave myself up to a thousand uneasy and melancholy conjectures, making commentaries on all that surrounded me, which rather indicates the delirium of a fever than the apathy of a man who no longer interested, himself in anything.

Another circumstance helped to disturb my tranquility: Madame D'Ormoy had sought my acquaintance for some years, by many little affected insignificancies without my being able to divine the cause of it; her frequent visits, without object of pleasure, seeming to mark some secret end. She had mentioned the plan of a novel, which she had a mind to write, and present to the Queen: I told her my opinion of female authors, and she gave me to understand that this project was formed for the re-establishment of her fortune, which required protection. This reason was certainly an unanswerable one. She afterwards informed me, that not being able to gain access to the Queen, she had determined to give her book to the Public: there was no longer any necessity to offer advice, which was not required and which she would not have followed had I given it. She proposed showing me her manuscript: I declined seeing it, and accordingly no more was said on the subject.

One fine day, during my convalescence, I received this book from her, printed, and even bound. In the preface were such gross encomiums on myself, dawbed on with such affectation, that I was disgusted; the palpable flattery it contained, never been allied to real good wishes, is what my heart was ever on its guard, against.

Some days after, Madame D'Ormoy paid me a visit attended by her daughter. She informed me that her book had made a great noise, occasioned by a note it contained. In running over the novel, had hardly remarked this note; after her departure I read it over again, examined it, and thought I could plainly discover the motives of her visits, her coaxing, and all the violent praises in the preface, judging they were designed to make the public attribute this note to me, and consequently the blame its author might incur under the circumstances in which it

had been published. I had no means of crushing this report, and the impressions it might give rise to, all could possibly do, was not to suffer a repetition of the vain and troublesome visits, either of Madame D'Ormoy or her daughter for which purpose; I wrote the following note: As Rousseau receives no author at his house, he thanks Madame D'Ormoy for all former civilities; but declines in future the honor of her visits.

She answered this by a very polite letter, but in the style of all those written to me on similar occasions: I had barbarously plunged a dagger in her feeling heart, and; I was to believe, that possessing for me such true and lively sentiments, her death must infallibly be the consequence of this rupture. Thus it is, that an upright, frank behavior, is made to appear like a fearful crime in the eyes-of the world! And I am convinced I should seem wicked and ferocious in the opinion of my contemporaries, though, they could attribute no other crime to me than not being as false and perfidious as themselves.

I had already been out several times since my accident, frequently walking even to the *Thuileries* when, by the visible astonishment of several persons I met, I was convinced something new was stirring with respect to me, but could not possibly conjecture what; till at length, I learned it was currently reported, I had died from the effects of my fall, and this news was propagated so rapidly, and maintained with such obstinacy, that even a fortnight aster, I heard it was mentioned at Court as an absolute certainty; and the courier of Avignon (as somebody took the pains to write to me word) in announcing this happy news, had not failed to anticipate that tribute of outrage and indignity which is prepared for my memory, on quitting this world, by a kind of funeral oration. This piece of information was accompanied by a circumstance yet more singular, which I only learned by chance, and could never get any particular account of; this was, that a subscription had actually been opened for printing the collection of manuscripts that should be found at my house. This convinced me that a parcel of fabricated writings were kept ready to be attributed to me after my decease; for to imagine they would print any faithfully that might be found at the time of my death, was a folly that could never enter the imagination of any thinking person, whom fifteen year's experience had sufficiently enlightened.

These incidents; which were sudden, and followed by others not less extraordinary, added fresh indignation to my feelings, which I thought already callous, and the dark clouds that perpetually surrounded me, revived the horror they naturally give rise to in my heart. I fatigued myself with conjectures, endeavoring to develop these,

to me incomprehensible mysteries. The constant explanation of these enigmas, tended to confirm my former belief, which was, that my fate and reputation having been concerted and determined by the unanimous concurrence of the present generation, could not be over-ruled by any effort of mine, since it would be impossible to transmit any deposit to a future age, without its having to pass in this through hands that would be interested to suppress it.

But I now carried my conclusions further; the concurrence of so many accidental circumstances, the situation of my most cruel enemies, distinguished as it were by rank and fortune, all that governed the state, all those who have the direction of the public opinion, place-men, everyone in credit, seeming eager to find those who had any secret animosity, and would join the general cry against me; this universal agreement is too extraordinary to be entirely fortuitous. The refusal of one single person to become an accomplice in this persecution, one favorable event on my side, a single unforeseen circumstance, as an obstacle to their designs, might have staggered my opinion; but all dispositions, fatalities, accidents, and revolutions, have contributed to further the attempts of man by so striking a concurrence, that it appears miraculous, and leaves me no room to doubt but their success was established by an immutable decree, and a multitude of observations both on the past and present, confirm me so entirely in this persuasion, that I cannot help, henceforward, regarding that work as one of the secrets impenetrable to human reason, which I hitherto looked on as proceeding, from the wickedness of mankind.

This idea, far from being melancholy, consoles and tranquilizes my mind, teaching me resignation; though I cannot go so far as St. Augustine, who was comforted even under the idea of damnation, if such should prove to be the will of God. My resignation arises from a more interested source, I must confess, but not less pure, and more worthy, in my opinion, of that perfect Being I adore.

God is just; it is his will that I should suffer; he knows my innocence: this is the foundation of my confidence, and both my heart and understanding combine to assure me I am not deceived. Let mankind and fate, therefore, pursue their course; let me learn to suffer without murmuring; at length all things will regain their natural order, and sooner or later my turn will be remembered.

THIRD WALK

IN CONTINUING TO LEARN I GROW OLD.

Solon frequently repeated these words in his old age: in one sense, I may repeat them likewise in mine; but it is a melancholy science which I have acquired in twenty year's experience, even ignorance is preferable to it. Adversity is, doubtless, a great master, but a master whose lessons are dearly purchased, and sometimes not worth the price we give for them. Besides, before we have obtained sufficient knowledge from such tardy studies, the season to profit by it is over. Youth is the proper time to acquire wisdom, age is the period when we should practice it. I confess that experience ever improves, but can only be of service for the future. Is it not too late to learn how we ought to live, at the very moment we are about to die? Of what utility are the informations so lately and sorrowfully acquired on my own fate, and the contrivances of those who have been the instruments of it? I have only learned to know mankind, that I might feel more acutely the miseries into which they have plunged me: this knowledge, only discovering their snares, without enabling me to avoid them. Why did I not always remain in that thoughtless, but pleasing confidence, which rendered me for so many years, the scorn and plaything of my pretended friends? So far from guarding against their contrivances, I had not the least suspicion of them. I was their dupe and victim, it is true, but I thought myself beloved, and my heart enjoyed the sweets of that friendship with which they had inspired me while I attributed to them an equal portion of it. These pleasing illusions are melancholy truth, which time and reason have unveiled, in making me feel my misfortunes, has also shown me they are without remedy; that resignation is my only resource; that all the experience of age, in my situation, is without present utility, and utterly unprofitable for the future. At our birth we begin that race whose goal is death; of what utility would it be to learn to conduct the chariot with skill, at the very end of our journey? To think of quitting it gracefully, is all that is then necessary. The only proper study for an old man, if any remains for him, is to learn to die, a business least attended to in an advanced age, everything but that being thought of. Old people hold more to life than children, and leave it with more reluctance than young ones; because their cares having been all for this world, they find on quitting it that they have lost their labor. All their hopes, all their wealth, the fruit of so many laborious watchings, must then be relinquished, having thought

of gaining nothing during life, which they can carry with them.

I began this study in good time, and if I did not profit by my reflections, it was not for want of having made, or well considered the weight of them. Thrown at an early age into the storms of life, I learned by experience that I was not formed for this world, and should never attain that condition which my heart felt the necessity of. Despairing, therefore, to find happiness among mankind, my ardent imagination leaped over that space of my existence which I had yet scarcely entered on, as over a strange inhospitable soil, wishing to fix my abode in a more tranquil asylum.

This sentiment, nurtured by education from my infancy, and strengthened during my whole life by that inexhaustible train of sorrows and misfortunes which have accompanied it, has called me at all times to the consideration of the nature and destination of my being with more attention and care than I have observed in any other person. I have seen many who philosophize more learnedly than myself, but their philosophy (to use the expression) is foreign to themselves. Wishing to appear wiser than others, they examine the arrangement of the world, as they would study some complicated machine through mere curiosity, contemplating human nature, that they may speak of it learnedly, but without any thought of self improvement; still laboring to instruct others, without enlightening themselves. Some of these determine to write a book, no matter what, provided it is well received. When wrote and published, its contents interest the author no longer, except by a wish to have others adopt the opinions it inculcates, and a resolution to defend them in case of an attack; but he entertains no idea of using it for his own improvement, or embarrassing himself whether these opinions are true or false, provided no one refuses them. On the contrary, whatever I desired to learn was for nay own information, and not to instruct others. I have ever been persuaded that before we set tip for teachers, we should acquire a competent knowledge of ourselves, and of all the studies I have pursued, while surrounded by the bustle of the world, there is none I should not equally have applied to, had I been confined to a desert isle for the rest of my days. What we ought to do depends, greatly on what we ought to believe, and in all that does not relate to the immediate calls of nature, our opinions are the rule of our actions. Governed by these principles, which were ever mine, I long and repeatedly sought to regulate the enjoyment of my life, to discover its real allotment, and was, at length, consoled for my want of aptitude in conducting myself skillfully in this world, on feeling it; is a science we should not endeavor to attain.

Born in a family where morality and piety were conspicuous,

afterwards brought up by a minister remarkable for wisdom and religion, I imbibed principles, maxims, some will say prejudices, which have never forsaken me. Given up to my own government, while yet a child, allured by caresses, seduced by vanity, and constrained by necessity, I became a Catholic, but still remained a Christian. Confirmed in time by habit, my heart was sincerely attached to my new religion the instructions and example of Madame de Warrens gave stability to this attachment, the rural solitude in which I passed the flower of my youth, the study of good books, to which I applied myself, strengthened these natural propensities and affectionate dispositions, rendering me religious almost after the manner of *Fenelon.* Placed in a calm retreat, meditation, the study of Nature, the contemplation of the universe, incessantly carries the thoughts of a recluse, towards the Author of all these objects, prompting him to search with pleasing inquietude the final destination of what he sees, and the source of his feelings. Afterwards, when my destiny again threw me in the torrent of the world, I recognized nothing that could delight my heart for a single moment. The regret of my peaceful leisures continually pursued me, and mingled indifference and disgust with every pleasure that was within my reach, and with every pursuit that could conduct me to riches or honor. Irresolute in my unsatisfactory wishes, I hoped little, obtained less, and felt, in the allurements of prosperity, that even should I obtain all I believed myself in search of I should not find that happiness my heart so ardently sought aster, without entertaining any precise, idea of its object. Thus, everything contributed to detach my affections from this world, even before misfortunes had entirely estranged me from it. To the age of forty I continued floating between indigence and riches, wisdom and folly, full of habitual failings, without any vicious inclinations; living at hazard, without being guided by principles, or regulated by reason; wavering in my duties, without despising them, but frequently without comprehending their tendency.

From my youth, I had fixed on the age of forty as the period of my efforts and pretensions of every kind, ully resolved, that when I should attain that age, in whatever situation I might find myself, I would contentedly remain there for the rest of my life, living from day to day, without care for my future subsistence. When that period arrived, I executed my resolution without regret; and though my fortune seemed inclined to take a more favorable turn, relinquished it, not only without pain, but even with a sensible satisfaction. In renouncing every false hope and allurement, I delivered myself up to that calm repose which was ever my predominant taste, the most durable of my inclinations. I

gave up the world and its vanities, and renounced all superfluous ornaments, no longer wore a sword, watch, white stockings, or lace, confining myself to a good cloth suit, with a plain wig, and what was still better, rooted, from my heart, those covetings and desires which stamped a value on those objects. I gave up the situation I then occupied, for which I felt Nature: had not designed me, and; set about copying music at so much a page, and employment always had a decided inclination for.

I did not confine my reform to exteriors. I was sensible that these privations required others, more difficult, doubtless, but far more necessary, and resolving not to do my work by halves, undertook: to submit my interior to a strict examination, which might reduce it to that state I should wish to find it in at my death.

A remarkable resolution which had lately taken place in me, a new moral world which began to present itself, the unreasonable judgment of mankind, which (without foreseeing how much I should become its victim) I began to feel the absurdity of, the increasing necessity of a more substantial good than literary fame, which inclination had securely reached me before I felt myself disgusted with it, the desire to pursue, for the remainder of my life, a more salutary course than that which had employed the most valuable part of it; in a word, every consideration tended to point out the immediate necessity of this reform, which I had long felt the want of, I undertook it, therefore, and spared nothing that depended on me to render the execution of my enterprise effectual.

It is from this epocha, that I may date an entire renunciation of the world, and an increased desire for solitude, which has never since forsaken me. The work I had resolved on could not be accomplished without an absolute retreat; it required long and uninterrupted meditations, which the tumult of society would not admit; this forced me to adopt, for some time, a different manner of life, and presently I so well relished its enjoyments, that I never discontinued it since, except at intervals and by constraint, ever returning to it again, then opportunity offered, with redoubled affection; and, in the sequel, when mankind had rendered this sequestration necessary, I found that what they supposed would have rendered me miserable, turned out my greatest happiness, which I could not otherwise have procured myself.

I entered on the work I had resolved-to undertake with a zeal proportioned to its importance, and the necessity I felt to perfect it. At that time I lived, I lived among modern philosophers, who bear little; resemblance to the ancients; these, instead of removing doubts or fixing irresolutions, presently staggered all those certitudes which I thought it

necessary to obtain confirmation of; for your ardent missionaries of atheism, and furious dogmatists, cannot endure those who differ from themselves in the most trifling particular. I frequently defended my opinion weakly, partly from a dislike to disputes, and partly for want of talents to maintain them; but I never adopted their distressing doctrines; and this resistance, to intolerant minds, who, besides, had private views to answer, was not one of the least causes of their animosity.

They had not prevailed on me to adopt their sentiments, but. They had rendered me uneasy in my own: their arguments had staggered, but not convinced me I could not think of any pertinent answers, but I felt their, objections were not unanswerable; I accused myself less of error than inaptitude, and my feelings, disputed much better than my reason.

At length, I said, shall I forever: suffer myself to be tossed about by the sophism of these plausible reasoners, when I am not even certain that they believe what they preach to others with so much earnestness? Those passions which govern their opinions, self-interest, which demands you should believe this or that, render it impossible to penetrate their true sentiments. Should we seek for the simplicity of truth in the leaders of a party? Their philosophy is designed for others, I must have one of my own: let me seek it diligently while it is yet time that I may possess a fixed rule for the conduct of my latter days. I am now in a mature age, possessed of all the powers of my understanding, already I approach the decline; if I wait longer, my intellectual faculties will have lost their activity, and my tardy deliberations may be less useful than they promise to be at this time: I will, therefore, seize the present moment; it is the epocha of my external and mental reform; let me ultimately fix my opinions and principles, remaining for the residue of my life, what mature deliberation shall convince me I ought to be.

I executed this project slowly, and at different times, but with as much application and care as I was capable of employing, being ully persuaded that the repose of my life and future happiness depended on it. At first, I found myself in such a labyrinth of embarrassments, difficulties, objections, and obscurity, that I was tempted twenty, times over to abandon all, to renounce my vain researches, and level my deliberations to the rules of common prudence, without searching further into those principles it was so much labor to develop; but this prudence was foreign to my disposition, and I felt myself no more able to adopt it, than I should have been to profit by its admonitions; laboring to acquire it, therefore, was failing over a stormy sea without rudder or compass, in search of a light-house, which, when found, directed to no port.

I persisted, notwithstanding every discouragement: for the first

time in my life, I possessed courage, and to that I am indebted for having been able to sustain the horrible destiny which from that, period began to envelope me, without my entertaining the least idea of its approach. After the most ardent and sincere researches that were ever undertaken, perhaps, by one mortal, I determined on those sentiments for the residue of my life, which appeared reasonable and necessary, and, if I have been mistaken in the result, have at least the consolation of knowing, that my error), cannot be imputed to me as a crime, since I used my utmost efforts to guard against mistakes. I make no doubt but the prejudices of childhood, and the secret wishes of my heart, may have inclined the balance to that side which procured me most consolation; for is it difficult to defend our belief from what we ardently desire. Who can doubt, but being interested to admit or reject particular notions of a future state, determines the belief of the major part of mankind, through the medium of their hopes and fears? These, I allow, might fascinate my judgment, but not render my faith less sincere, for I examined cautiously, and feared to be mistaken in every particular. If our whole term of existence is confined to this life, it was expedient for me to know this, that I might take my measures accordingly, while some part of my being remained, and before I was completely duped; but what I had most to fear, in my present undertaking, was, venturing the everlasting state of my soul for the fake of temporal enjoyments, which in my opinion, were never very desirable.

I confess that I did not answer to my own satisfaction all the difficulties that had embarrassed me, and which our philosophers had so often thundered in my ears; but being determined to decide on points which human understanding has so little direction to, and finding on all hands impenetrable mysteries and unanswerable objections, I adopted in each question, such sentiments as appeared to me best established, and most conformable to reason, without stopping at those objections which I could not resolve, and which I knew were opposed by others, not less powerful, in the opposite system. A dogmatical method of treating these subjects is only conformable to a spirit of imposition; meantime, it is necessary to have a belief of one's own, and to select it with all possible maturity of judgment. If, in spite of these precautions, we yet fall into error, we cannot in justice be pronounced culpable, since we have not erred either wilfully or carelessly. This was the immovable principle which I established as the basis of my security.

The result of my wearisome researches were nearly those opinions which I have since put together in the Confession of Faith of my Savoyard Vicar, a work that has been unworthily profaned by the

present generation, but which may one day cause a revolution in the opinions of mankind, if good sense and truth should ever revive among them.

From this time, easy in the principles I had adopted, after such long and painful meditation, I have made them the fixed rule of my conduct and belief, without perplexing myself, either with those objections I cannot resolve, or those I could not foresee, and which, presenting themselves from time to time, have sometimes staggered, but never overthrown me. I have ever said, these are but metaphysical subtleties, arguments which should have no weight against found principles, adopted by reason, confirmed by the feelings of my heart, and bearing the seal of inward approbation, by the silence and subjection of the passions. In these concerns, so superior to human understanding, shall one objection, which I cannot resolve, overthrow a body of doctrine so well constructed, so firmly connected, composed with so much meditation and care, so well appropriated to my understanding, my heart, my whole being, and reinforced by that, internal satisfaction which I feel wanting in all others? No vain delusive arguments shall ever; destroy that affinity which I perceive between my immortal nature, and the construction of this world, with the exact order which reigns therein. I find in the correspondent and moral order of things, from whence the system I have adopted results, those very resources which I stand in need of to support the miseries of life. In any other system I should live without comfort, and die without hope, being the most miserable of all creatures; let me then adhere to that opinion which is alone sufficient to make me happy, in spite of fortune or mankind.

This deliberation, and the conclusion I drew from it, seemed dictated by reason itself, as a preparation for the destiny that was approaching, which might enable me to sustain it. What would have been my fate, or what would yet become of me, among the dreadful trials with which I have been surrounded, and in the incredible situation to which I am reduced for the rest of my life, if without asylum from my implacable persecutors, indemnification for the scandals which have been heaped on me by the world, or hope of ever obtaining that justice I feel due to me, I saw myself given up without future hope to the most horrible fate a mortal can possibly experience? While tranquil in my innocence I pictured nothing but affection and benevolence among mankind, my believing, confident heart was laid open to them as to friends and brothers; meanwhile, the traitors silently entangled me in nets forged at the bottom of Hell. Surprised by the most unforeseen of all misfortunes, the most terrible for a feeling haughty soul, dragged

into the snare without knowing why, or to what end, I plunged into an abyss of ignominy, surrounded by fearful obscurity, through which I could discover nothing but distressing objects. On the first surprise, I was overwhelmed, and should never have recovered from the fit of horror these unforeseen misfortunes plunged me into, had I not already, laid up a magazine of strength, which served to raise me from my fall.

It was not until after years of agitation, that recovering my spirits, and beginning to return to myself, I felt the full value of those resources I had procured for my moments of adversity; when, deciding on all those things which I saw it necessary to form a judgment of, I saw, in comparing my maxims with my situation, that I gave infinitely more importance to the opinions of men, and the little wants of this transitory existence, than, they deserved; since this life, being but a state of probation, it is immaterial what kind of trials we experienced in it, provided they produced the designed effect; consequently, the greater and more multiplied our afflictions are, the more meritorious it is to sustain them properly. The most acute troubles lose their edge with those who consider the great and sure reward that attends them; and the certainty of obtaining this recompense, was the principal fruit I had gathered from my former meditation.

It is true, that in the midst of those numberless outrages, and unbounded indignities, which overwhelmed me from all parts, some intervals of uneasiness and doubt, from time to time, shook my hopes, and disturbed my tranquility. The powerful objections, which I could not resolve, during these moments of despondency, presented themselves to my mind with redoubled strength, and added to the hopelessness of my situation, when weighed down with my destiny, I was ready to give up all for lost. Frequently, new arguments which I heard, took hold of my thoughts, and strengthened those that already tormented me.—"Alas!" said I, my heart overwhelmed with grief, "what shall save me from utter despair, if, in the darkness of my fate, I contemplate only as chimeras those consolations which my reason had collected? If destroying thus, its own work, it strikes away the prop of hope and confidence it had procured me in adversity, what support have I but those illusions which amuse myself alone? The whole present generation viewing only errors and prejudices in what I singly adopt, finding truth and evidence in a contrary system, and appearing scarce able to believe that I am sincere in my profession of them; while giving into these opinions with my utmost belief, I find insurmountable difficulties, which yet do not prevent me from persisting in them. Am I, then, alone wife and enlightened among mankind? To be persuaded that things are thus, is it sufficient that they accord; with my ideas, and that

I find this order of them convenient? Can I derive a, firm confidence from appearances, which have no solidity for the rest of mankind, and which would appear delusive even to myself if my heart did not support my reason? Ought I not rather to have sought my persecutors with equal weapons, by adopting their, maxims, than to depend on delusions of my own, and become a prey to their attempts, without a single effort to replace them? I think myself prudent, while, perhaps, I am but the dupe, victim, and martyr of a vain, error."

How many times, in these moments of doubt and uncertainty, have I been ready to abandon, myself to despair! and had I ever passed a month in that state, it would have been all over with me in this world; but their attacks, though frequent, were short, and though even yet I am not entirely delivered from them, they have become so scarce and momentary, that they have not even strength to interrupt my felicity, being light inquietudes, which, no longer affect my soul, any more than the falling of a feather into a river, can affect its course.

I am convinced that re-considering those points which I had formerly concluded on, is supposing myself to possess more information, more discernment, or a greater degree of zeal, than I employed at the time these decisions were made; but I am persuaded this is not the case, and no substantial reason can induce me to prefer those opinions, which while overwhelmed with despair served only to augment my misery, to sentiments adopted in the vigor of my age, in the full maturity of my understanding, after the most serious examination, and at a period when the serenity of my life left no predominant interest but the investigation of truth. Now that no heart is wrung with distress, my soul weighed down by cares, my imagination bewildered, my brain perplexed by the multitude of distressing mysteries which surround me; now when every faculty, enfeebled by age and sufferings, have lost their vigor, shall foolishy cast away those resources I had so carefully procured, giving more confidence to the declining state of my intellects, in order to render myself unavailingly miserable, than to my reason, when possessing all its vigor, it endeavored to guard me against the anguish of unmerited misfortunes? No; I am neither wiser, better instructed, nor more sincere than when I decided these important questions. I was not then unconscious of those difficulties which now perplex me, they were then surmounted, and if at present some new ones start up, which I was not then aware of, they are the sophisms of subtle metaphysicians, which should not be permitted to invalidate those eternal truths which have been admitted at all times, and by all the sages, which are acknowledged by all nations, and are engraven on the human hearten characters indelible. I knew

when meditating on these subjects, that human reason, circumscribed by the senses, could not comprehend them in their full extent; I contented myself, therefore, with that evidence that was within my reach, without attempting what was beyond it: this conclusion was reasonable, and I adhere to it with the full approbation of my heart and reason. On what evidence should I renounce it, which might not be combated by still more forcible arguments to continue, firm in my attachment? What dangers do I find in this adherence? What advantages would accrue from a change? That morality without root or produce which they pompously display in some of their writings, or theatric representations, without an idea of its producing any effect on the heart or understanding; or rather that secret and crude morality, the inferior doctrine of all their adherents, to which the former serves as a mask, which they only follow in their outward conduct, and have so dexterously made use of with regard to myself; this hostile morality, is of no use for defense, being good for nothing but attack. Of what use, then, would it be to me, in the condition I am reduced to? Innocence is the only support I depend on in my sufferings, how much more wretched then should I make myself, if relinquishing this last, this powerful resource, I substituted wickedness in its place? Could I hope to rival them in the art of mischief? And even could I attain to it, what consolation should I derive from the retribution I might deal them! I should forfeit my own esteem and gain nothing in return.

Reasoning thus with myself, I so far established my principles, as to have them shaken no longer by captious arguments, or unanswerable objections, by difficulties beyond my reach and perhaps beyond the reach of human reason. Resting my belief on the most solid basis I could possibly establish for it, I accustomed myself to repose pose so securely under the shadow of my conscience, that no contradictory arguments, either ancient or modern, could have power for a single instant to shake or trouble my repose. Declined into a languor and inactivity of understanding, I have even forgot the evidences and maxims on which my belief was founded, but I (hall never forget the conclusions, which with the approbation of my reason and conscience, I drew from them, and to this point I will adhere. Let all the philosophers of the universe unite to explode these principles, I will continue firm for the rest of my life, in every particular to the decisions of that time, when I was more able than I now am of choosing wisely.

Tranquil in these dispositions, together with self approbation, I find them supply that hope and those consolations, I stand so much in need of in my present situation. It is impossible that a solitude so complete, permanent, and distressing in itself, the perpetually active

animosity of the whole present generation, and the indignities it is perpetually loading me with, should not sometimes depress my spirits, that my hope should not be shaken, and that discouraging doubts should not arise at times to trouble my soul and sill it with distress; but it is then, when incapable of those exertions which would be necessary to give me assurance, that I recall my former resolutions; it is then that the care, attention, and sincerity of heart, with which I formed them, return to my remembrance, and bring back my fleeting hopes.

Thus confined to the contracted sphere of my former acquisitions, I have not, like Solon, the happiness of gaining some piece of information every day of my old age, since I find it necessary to guard against the dangerous pride of endeavoring to acquire that knowledge I formerly found beyond my comprehension; but there remain few acquisitions to hope for on the side of useful knowledge, many important ones remain on the side of those virtues necessary in my situation. This is the proper season to enrich and ornament my soul with those acquirements she may carry with her, when delivered from this mortal body, which clouds every object, and viewing the truth without a veil, she will perceive the poverty and insufficiency of all that knowledge, which our learned pedants are so vain of, and will lament those moments as lost in this life, when she endeavored to obtain it; but patience, gentleness, resignation, and impartial justice, are possessions she will carry with her; with these we may enrich ourselves incessantly, without fearing that death should rob us of our acquisitions, or diminish their value. It is to this invaluable study alone that I will consecrate the remainder of my old age, happy if by the knowledge of myself I can attain to leave life, not better, for that is impossible, but more virtuous than I entered it.

FOURTH WALK

Among the small number of books I yet continue to read, the works of Plutarch are what I am most attached to, and profit most by. This was the first study of my childhood, will be the last of my old age, and is almost the only author that I never read without reaping some advantage. Two days ago I read in his moral works, the treatise, *How to profit by our Enemies.* The same day, while ranging some papers which had been sent me by different author I met with one of the journals of the Abbé Rosier, to which he had put these words, as a motto, *Vitam vero impendent*! Rosier. Too well acquainted with the turns of these gentlemen to be mistaken in this, I was convinced he meant to convey a cruel piece of irony under this appearance of politeness? but on what

could it be founded? What reason was there for this sarcasm? What occasion could I have given him? Wishing to practice the lessons of the good Plutarch, I resolved to examine myself during my next day's walk on the article of lying, being well confirmed in the opinion I had for some time past entertained, that the *know thyself*, of the temple of Delphos, was not a point so easily attained as I had imagined in my Confessions.

The next day, having begun my walk in order to fulfill this design, the first idea that presented itself to my imagination, was the remembrance of a dreadful untruth, advanced in my early youth, the recollection of which has troubled my whole life, and reaches even to my old age, grieving that heart already rent by so many sorrows. This lie, which was a great crime in itself, was probably more terrible in its effects, which I have ever remained ignorant of, but which remorse has pictured in the most distressing colors; aid yet, were my dispositions at the time I committed this crime to be considered, it could only be called false shame; since, far from being occasioned by a design to injure her who was the victim of it, I can vow, in the light of Heaven, that at the very moment this invincible shame rent it from my lips, I would joyfully have given every drop of my blood, to have turned all the evil of it on myself. It was a delirium which I cannot explain, otherwise than by saying (what I am persuaded was the fact) that my natural timidity had mastered, during that moment, every other feeling of my soul.

The remembrance of this unhappy crime, and the inextinguishable and bitter remorse which has followed it, have inspired me with a horror and detection for lying, which effectually secured me, ever after, from that vice. When I first chose my motto as an author, I was persuaded it was what I merited, and I made no doubt but I should find myself worthy of it, when, on the insinuation of the Abbé Rosier set about a more serious re-examination of my conduct.

Proceeding in this review with the utmost circumspection, I was greatly surprised at the number of things I had mentioned as truths, which were purely of my own invention, at the very time, when proud of my love of truth, I sacrificed to it my safety, interest, and person, with an impartiality, perhaps, without example.

What surprised me most, on the recollection of these inventions, was to find I had never experienced any real repentance on that account I, in whom the horror of falsehood is so great, that I know nothing my heart so much detests; I, who have braved sufferings, which I could easily have evaded by a lie, by what unaccountable extravagance of disposition could I be guilty of this folly for mere pastime, without any

advantage in view, and by what inconceivable contradiction did I escape feeling the least regret on that account, while the remorse of a single untruth has not ceased to afflict me for fifty years? I was never hardened in my crimes; moral instinct has ever conducted me right; my conscience has ever maintained its primitive integrity, and even had it sometimes declined, and faded with my interest, how, maintaining all its uprightness on those occasions, where man, hurried away by his passions, might at least plead human weakness as an excuse, should it sleep over indifferent transactions, where vice had nothing to excuse it? I was convinced, that on the solution of this problem, depended the justice of that decision I had to pronounce in this particular on myself, and after having examined it thoroughly, I arrived, by the following means, at a conclusion:

I remembered to have read, in some philosophical treatise, that concealing a truth we ought to divulge is to lie: It naturally follows, from this definition, that to conceal a truth we ought not to divulge, is not to lie. But he, who not being bound to speak the truth, advances the contrary, does he lie? According to the former definition it cannot properly be said he does, for if we give counterfeit money to a man we are not indebted to, we may deceive him, it is true, we do not rob him.

On these premises two questions present themselves for examination, and both of great importance; first, on what occasions we ought to speak the truth, since we are not always bound to a declaration of it? and, secondly, whether there are situations in which we may deceive innocently? This latter question is, I know, already copiously decided on: negatively, in books, where the most austere morality costs the author nothing; affirmatively, in society, where the morality of books passes for an impracticable jargon: leaving, therefore, these two authorities, let me endeavor, from my own principles, at an attempt to resolve these questions for myself.

Abstract and universal truth is the most precious of all things. Without her, man would be blind; she is the eye of reason; it is by her he is taught to conduct himself, and arrive at what he ought to be, to perform his duty, and accomplish the end of his creation. Particular and individual truth, does not always confer a benefit, it is sometimes an evil, and frequently indifferent. The things a man should be acquainted with, the knowledge of which are necessary to his happiness, are not, perhaps, very numerous; but in whatever number they may be, they are his property, and he has an undoubted right to claim them wherever they may be found, and no one can keep him from the possession of them, without being guilty of the most unjustifiable of all thefts, since they are the common right of all, and a communication deprives no one

of his acquisitions.

As to those truths which are of no kind of utility, either for instruction or practice, how can they become a debt? for since property is only founded on utility, where there is no possible advantage to be derived there can be no claim. An estate, though barren, may be demanded, because, at least, it may serve to build a habitation on, but an idle tale, indifferent in every particular, whether true or false, cannot be of consequence to anyone. In the moral order of things nothing is useless, any more than in the physical. Nothing can become a debt that is not of some possible utility; consequently that truth may become so, it must be that species of it, by which justice might be affected; and it is profaning the sacred name of truth, to apply it to those frivolous objects, whose existence is utterly indifferent to everyone, and the knowledge of which is absolutely unavailing. Truth, then, divested of all possible utility, cannot become a debt, and, consequently, he who is silent, or disguises it, in such circumstances does not lie.

But can truths, however trivial they may appear, be utterly without use? This is another question, that remains to be discussed, which we will return to presently; at present, let us pass to the second question.

To leave unsaid that which is true, and to speak that which is false, are two things very different in themselves, but which, notwithstanding, frequently produces the same effect. In every case where the truth is indifferent, the opposite error must be equally so; from whence it follows, by a parity of reasoning, that he who deceives in advancing a falsehood, is not more unjust than he who deceives by not declaring the truth. In respect to unmeaning truth, error is not worse than ignorance; for example, whether I believe the sand at the bottom of the sea to be white or red, is of no more service than to be ignorant what color it is. How can he be unjust that injures no one, since injustice consists in wrong done to our neighbor?

But these questions, decided in this summary manner, could not yet furnish me with any certain rule for my practice, without many preliminary examinations, which would be necessary, in order to apply them with precision in all possible exigences that might present themselves; for if the obligation to speak truth is only founded on its utility, how halt I become a competent judge of this expediency? Very frequently the advantage of one party is the detriment of the other, and private interest is almost always contrary to the public:—How then should we conduct ourselves in these situations r Must the interest of the absent person be sacrificed to him we speak to? Must we be silent, or speak that truth, which being serviceable to one party, may be an injury to the other? Is it necessary to weigh all that ought to be said for

public good, or distributive justice? And am I sufficiently assured that I am acquainted with all these relations so ully, as always to determine on the fide of equity? Again; in examining what we owe to others, have I sufficiently examined what we owe to ourselves, and what we owe to truth for its own fake? If I do no wrong to another, does it follow that I do none to myself? And does it suffice, never to have been unjust, to be always innocent?

How many embarrassing discussions might we avoid by resolving always to declare the truth, whatever might be the consequence! Justice herself dwells in the truth of things; lying is always iniquity; error becomes imposture when we give that which is not, for the rule of what ought to be done or believed; and whatever effects may result from truth, we are ever unblameable when that alone is employed, and nothing of our own invention mingled with it.

But this is cutting the question without resolving it. The object of the present enquiry is not, whether we should always speak the truth, but whether we are at all times equally obliged to it; and, on the definition before recited, supposing we are not, how to distinguish those cases where the truth is rigorously due, from those we may be silent on without injustice, or disguise without lying: for I have found that such cases really exist. It remains, therefore, to discover a certain rule, by which we may judge, and determine between them.

But whence extract this rule, and the evidence of its infallibility? In all difficult questions like the present, relating to morality, I have always found it safer to resolve them by the dictates of my conscience, than by the information of my reason. Never has moral instinct deceived me, having maintained until now its purity in my heart sufficiently to authorize this reliance; and if it has sometimes been silent in the presence of my passions, has regained its empire over them in my recollections, where I judge myself with as much severity, as, perhaps, I shall be at the bar of the? Sovereign Judge of all.

Deciding on discourses from the effects they produce, is a method very liable to error; for, exclusive of the consideration that these effects are not always sufficiently obvious, they vary to infinity, with the circumstances that produce them: we should endeavor, therefore, to weigh the intention of the speaker, and determine the degree of malice or benevolence they contain. To advance an untruth, is not to lie, except it is done with an intention to deceive, and even that intention, far from being always attended by a mischievous design, has sometimes a quite contrary tendency. But to render a lie innocent, it is not sufficient there should be no injury intended; a fixed persuasion should be obtained, that the mistake into which we lead the person our discourse is directed

to, can be of no possible detriment either to him or any other: but it is difficult to obtain this certitude, consequently it is very seldom that a lie can be innocent. To lie for self-advantage is imposture; to lie for the emolument of another is fraud; to be guilty of a falsehood that may do harm is calumny, which is the worst kind of lying; and to advance an untruth, without profit or prejudice either to ourselves or others, is not lying, but fiction.

Fictions which have a moral tendency are called apologues or fables; and as their design is only to convey some useful truth under striking and agreeable similitudes, it is not necessary to preserve even the appearance of reality, and he who invents and relates a fable as such, does not lie in any respect.

There are other fictions purely idle, such as the greater part of our novels and tales, which, without containing any real instruction, aim only at amusement. A judgment should be formed of these from the apparent intention of the author; but when published under an assurance of being real facts, it is impossible to give any other name than direct lies; meantime, whoever scrupled being guilty of these falsities? Or, whoever seriously reproached anyone with them as a crime? Suppose, for example, there is some moral purpose in the *Temple de Gnide*, that object is secured and vitiated by voluptuous descriptions and seducing images, which the author has endeavored to varnish over with an affectation of modesty. He pretends this work was translated from a Greek manuscript, giving such a history of its discovery as he thought most likely to impose it on his readers for a truth; and if this is not a direct lie, let anyone inform me what is? Yet no one ever thought of reproaching this author with it as a crime, or treating him as an imposture!

It will be said, this was but a pleasantry; that in making this affirmation he never expected to be believed, and that the Public never entertained any doubt but he was the inventor of this Greek work, which he pretends only to have translated. I answer, that such a pleasantry without object, would have been a very childish amusement; that a liar is no less guilty of falsehood because his lie is universally discovered: that we should distinguish between the enlightened part of the Public, and the multitude of simple, credulous readers, on whom the history of this manuscript, related by a grave author with an air of seriousness, has really imposed, and who drink that poison without scruple from an antique vase, which they would have rejected had it been offered in a modern cup.

Whether these distinctions are to be found in; any book is immaterial, their existence is not less real in the heart of every man

who is in earnest, with himself, and will not indulge in anything his conscience can reproach him with for the invention of what is merely advantageous to ourselves is not less a lie than if it tended to the disadvantage of our neighbor, though the cases are not equally criminal. To procure an advantage for anyone which he has no right to enjoy, is to subvert the order of justice. Falsely to attribute to ourselves, or others, any action, from which praise or blame, inculpation or exculpation may ensue, is to be guilty of injustice; then, everything contrary to truth, which, tends to the subversion of justice, is a lie, and this is the precise boundary of that vice; but that which is not truth, yet has no kind of influence on natural justice, is only fiction; and I must confess, that whoever reproaches himself with simple fiction as being guilty of a lie, has a conscience more delicate than mine.

Those which are called good-natured, or obliging falsehoods, are, notwithstanding, real lies; because an imposition, whether to the advantage of ourselves or others, is not less unjust than an imposition of a contrary tendency. That a man who bestows either praise or blame contrary to truth is guilty of a falsehood, when any real person is spoken of; but if imaginary beings only are concerned, he is at liberty to say what he pleases, without being guilty of a lie; provided he does not undertake to decide on the morality of the imaginary facts, and forms no false conclusion, for then if he does not lie in regard to facts, he lies against moral truth, which is an hundred times more respectable.

I have seen those whom the world calls people of veracity, whose regard to truth amounted only to being scrupulously exact in frivolous conversations such as reciting with the utmost exactitude every circumstance of time, place, and persons, not permitting themselves the least latitude for fiction, or a single circumstance to be embellished or exaggerated. In every particular where their interest is not concerned, they maintain an inviolable fidelity in their relations; but let any subject be started by which any advantage may be obtained, every art is employed to represent things in the most favorable light, and should downright lies appear necessary, is they abstain from telling them, they take care to act in such a manner, that others may adopt erroneous opinions, without their suffering the imputation of falsehood, and thus, when prudence takes the opposite side, bid adieu to veracity.

The man of real veracity pursues a direct contrary course: in things perfectly indifferent, he pays little regard to that exactitude which the other class so much pride themselves on; he makes no scruple of amusing a company by feigned relations, from whence no unjust conclusion can be drawn, either for or against any person, dead or living; but every conversation which might unjustly produce good or

evil, profit or loss, esteem or disdain for anyone, he considers as a lie, which is never suffered to take possession of his heart, his lips, or his pen. He is of strict veracity, even in opposition to his interest, though he prides himself little on maintaining it in idle conversation. He is of strict veracity, because he never seeks to deceive, but is as firm to the truth that condemns, as to that which honors him, never attempting imposition, either for his own advantage, or to the detriment of his enemies. The difference, then, between the man of real veracity, and he who only puts on the appearance of it, is, that the latter is most rigorously punctual to that truth which costs him nothing, but no further: while the former never adheres so pertinaciously to his veracity as when sacrificing his interest to the love of it

But it will be said, how can this relaxation, in regard to indifferent concerns, be consistent with that ardent love of truth, which I make the principal distinction of the man of real veracity? Is not this love of truth contaminated in admitting such an alloy? No; it is pure and sincere; it is an emanation from the love of justice, which would scorn to be false, though frequently fictitious. Justice and truth, in his idea, are synonymous terms, which he uses indifferently. The holy truth, which his heart adores, consists not in frivolous expressions, or in indifferent actions, but in rendering everyone what is actually his due, whether it may be imputations favorable or unfavorable, either retributions of honor or shame, praise or disapprobation. He scorns to do his neighbor the slightest wrong, either from ill-will, or for his own emolument; his love of equity prevents the former, nor would his conscience suffer him to appropriate to his own use what belongs to another. He is ever most anxious to preserve the esteem of his own hears, it is the satisfaction he can least bear to part with, and he would feel a loss on acquiring the approbation of the whole world, at the expense of his own. He will lie, then, sometimes, in things indifferent, without scruple or consciousness of acting wrong; but never to the detriment, or advantage of his neighbor, or of himself. In everything that concerns historical truth, in all that respects the conduct of mankind, justice, social intercourse, or useful knowledge, he will, to the utmost of his abilities, keep both himself and others from error; and beyond this, he cannot conceive the existence of a lie. If the *Temple de Gnide* is a useful work, the account of the Greek manuscript is an innocent fiction; if the work has an immoral tendency, it is an unjustifiable falsehood.

Such were the rules my conscience established with regard to truth and lying; but I felt, on examination, that I had followed these rules instinctively, before they were approved by my reason, moral instinct having ever made the application. That criminal lie of which poor

Marion became the victim, was followed by inextinguishable remorse, which secured me for the rest of my life, not only from all lies of equal turpitude, but from all those (of whatever kind they might be) that could possibly affect the interest or reputation of another. By this general exclusion I have avoided the necessity of weighing whether the good which might follow a deviation from truth, was greater than the evil; for in thus marking the precise limits of lying, I have equally excluded mischievous or good-natured untruths, and regarding both as culpable, have forbid myself the use of either.

In this particular, as in most others, my disposition has greatly influenced my maxims, or, rather my habits; for I was never governed by rules, having ever followed the guidance of natural impulse. Never did a premeditated lie take possession of my thoughts, never did I lie for my interest, though frequently from shame, to extricate myself from embarrassment, in things utterly indifferent, or, at least, only interesting to myself when having a converse ion to sustain, the tardiness of my ideas rendered my discourse unentertaining, and obliged me to have recourse to fiction, which might furnish something to say. When it was necessary to speak, and amusing truths did not present themselves to my mind, I made use of fiction rather than remain silent; but, in the invention of these fables, I took every possible precaution that they should not be lies; that is to say, that they should neither wound justice, or interfere with that truth we owe to our neighbor, confining those discourses to a kind of fiction indifferent to myself and all mankind. I attempted to substitute moral possibilities in the place of moral facts; to represent the natural affections of the human hearts and draw some useful instruction from them; in one word, to invent moral tales and apologues; but it required more presence of mind, and facility of expression, than ever I possessed, to turn the familiar chat of conversation into useful instruction; its course, being too rapid for my ideas, forced me, generally, to speak before I thought, and by this means to utter ridiculous follies, which my reason, disapproved, and my heart rejected, at the very moment they were passing my lips, but which, continually preceding my judgment, could not be reformed by its censures.

It is, likewise, from this sudden irresistible impulse of constitution, that in circumstances entirely unforeseen, shame and timidity frequently force lies from me, without my will having any part in them, being produced by the necessity of an instant reply. The profound impression of the wrong done to poor Marion, is sufficient to restrain any that might be injurious to others, but not to prevent those which serve to extricate me from embarrassment, when none but myself is

concerned, though not less contrary to my conscience and principles, than those which might influence the fate of others.

I call Heaven to witness, that if I could the next instant recall the lie that has excused, and declare the truth that would upbraid me, without doing myself an additional injury by such manifest retraction, I would do it gladly; but the shame of exposing myself thus evidently, forbids this acknowledgment, and I sincerely repent my fault, without having the power to repair it. One example will explain this better than all I can say, and show that I neither lie from interest or self love, still less from any mischievous intention; but merely from embarrassment and false shame, though frequently conscious that the lie is obvious, without even that consideration having power to prevent it.

Sometime ago M. Foulquier persuaded (contrary to my usual custom to bring my wise, and join with him and M. Benoit in a friend dinner, which was provided for us at Mrs. Voussin's, the tavern-keeper, who was invited to dine with us, as were her two daughters. While we were at table, the eldest of these, who had lately been married, and was now with child... [2] looking in my face, asked me suddenly, whether I ever had any children? I answered with confusion, that I had not that happiness; on which, smiling maliciously, she looked round at the company, in a way that sufficiently expressed her meaning.

[2] These points indicate some words which were not legible in the manuscript.

It is evident this was not the answer I should have wished to make, even had I meant to deceive them, for I plainly saw by the looks of the company that my answer would not change their opinion in this particular. The negative I gave this question was expected; nay it was proposed on purpose to enjoy the satisfaction of making me lie, and I was not so stupid as not to perceive this. Two minutes after, the following answer, which I should have returned, presented itself to my mind. *This is a very strange question from a young woman, to a man who remained a bachelor till his old age.* Had I spoke thus, without lying, or making any avowal, I should have had no cause to blush, since I should have had the laughers on my side, with the satisfaction of having given her a kind of lesson, which might have taught her to be more cautious in questioning me impertinently. But I let this opportunity slip; indeed I seldom say what I ought, usually blundering on the contrary. It is certain, in this instance, that neither my judgment or will, dictated the answer I returned, which was the mechanical effect of my embarrassment. Formerly, I was less sensible of this shame,

avowing my faults with more frankness than confusion; because I made no doubt, but the sorrow for them, which I felt so strongly, would be perceived; but the eye of malignity wounds and disconcerts me, as my unhappiness increases I become more fearful, and never did I venture on a lie but from timidity.

I was never more sensible of my natural aversion to falsehood than while writing my Confessions, for then temptations to this vice were strong and frequent, had my disposition inclined that way; but far from having concealed or used dissimulation in any particular I had to charge myself with, by a turn of mind I find it difficult to describe, and which proceeded, perhaps, from my dislike to every species of imitation, I rather found myself inclined to err in a contrary sense, by accusing myself too severely, than by covering my faults with too much indulgence; and my conscience assures me, that one day I shall be judged with more lenity than I have already dealt to myself. Yes, I aver with a noble elevation of soul, that I carried veracity and freedom as far, or I dare believe further, in that work, than ever man did; for feeling that the good outweighed the evil, I was proud to divulge all; accordingly nothing was concealed.

I have never said less than the truth, I have sometimes said more, not in regard to facts, but the feelings they produced; and this kind of falsehood was rather an effect of the delirium of imagination, than an act of my will. I do wrong even to call this falsehood, for none of these additions deserve that name. I wrote my Confessions in my old age, after having been disgusted with the vain pleasures of life, which I had lightly ran over, and which my heartfelt the insufficiency of. I wrote from memory; this frequently failed me, of furnished but imperfect ideas; I was obliged therefore to fill up these chasms by the assistance of imagination, which never contradicted reality. I loved to dwell on the happy moments of my life, and sometimes to embellish them with ornaments, which tender regret for their loss supplied me with. I represented those things which had escaped my memory, as I was persuaded they had been, and perhaps, as they really were; but never different from what I recollected of them. I might give truth some borrowed charms, but never did I put lies in the place of it, in order to palliate my vices or enhance my virtues.

If, sometimes, by an involuntary motion, while painting myself in profile, I have exhibited that side which was least deformed, these concealments have been ully compensated by others more extraordinary, by which I have frequently concealed graces more carefully than dissects. This is a singularity in my disposition which mankind will be very pardonable in disbelieving; but which, however

incredible, is no less true. I have often exposed my faults in all their turpitude; but I have seldom related what was praise-worthy with every possible advantage, and I have sometimes suppressed altogether what seemed to give me too much honor, lest, instead of writing my Confessions, I should seem to have been writing my panegyric. I have described my early youth without dwelling on those happy qualities with which my heart was endowed, and even sometimes concealing facts which would have put them beyond doubt. I now recollect two in particular, both which occurred while writing my Confessions, that I omitted them for the above mentioned reason.

I went almost every Sunday to pass the day at Paques with Monsieur Fazy, who had married one of my aunts, and who had a manufactory there of India stuffs. I was one day in the calendering room, looking at the brass rollers, whose brightness took my attention and tempted me to rub my fingers on them; when young Fazy, having got into the wheel, gave it about the eight of a turn so suddenly, that the rollers caught the ends of two of my fingers and crushed them. I screamed out, and Fazy instantly turned back the machine; but my nails continued on the cylinder, and the blood ran from my fingers. Fazy cried out with fright, hastened from the wheel, embraced me, conjuring me to cease my cries, or he should be undone. In the height of my anguish, his uneasiness affected me; I was silent; we went to the carp pond where he helped to wash my fingers, and stop the blood with some moss. He begged me with tears not to accuse him; I promised him I would not, and kept my word as well, that twenty years after, nobody knew by what accident my fingers had been scarred, for they ever remained so. I was obliged to keep my bed for three weeks on this account; it was more than two months before I was able to use my hand, and when anyone enquired how I came by this hurt, I said a great stone had fallen on my fingers, and crushed them.

> Magnanima menzôgna! or quando è il vero
> Si bello che si possa à te preporre?

One circumstance, however, that attended this accident, rendered it very vexatious; it happened to be at the time they were teaching the citizens their exercise; they had formed a rank with three other boys, who, with myself, in our uniforms, were to exercise in the company which belonged to our quarter of the town, and I had the mortification to hear the drum pass under my window, attended by my three companions, while I was confined to my bed.

The other instance is similar, but happened when I was something

older.—

I was at *Plain-Palais* with one of my acquaintance, whose name was Plince, playing a game at mall. Happening to quarrel in our game, we fought, and during the combat, he gave me a blow on the head with the mall, so well applied, that, with a little more strength, it must have split my skull. I instantly sell, and never in my life was witness of such violent agitation as this poor boy expressed on seeing the blood run down my hair. He thought I was killed, threw himself on me and bursting into tears, even shrieked out with anguish. I embraced him, as well as I was able, mingling my tears with his, being sensible of an emotion that was not without its charms. At length he endeavored to stop the blood, which yet continued to run, and finding we could not effect this with our handkerchiefs, he took me to his mother, who had a little garden just by. This good lady could hardly support herself on seeing me in this condition; she retained strength enough, however, to administer the assistance I stood in need of, and after having fomented my wound, dressed it with lilies steeped in brandy, which is reckoned an excellent vulnerary, and is much used in that country. Her tears, and those of her son, penetrated my heart to such a degree, that for a long time after, I looked on her as my mother, and him and my brother; till after having been absent some years, I gradually forgot them.

I was as secret in this instance as I had been in the former, and an hundred circumstances of this kind have happened in my life, which I was not tempted to speak of in my Confessions; so little did I endeavor to make the most advantage of those good qualities I felt in my character. No; whenever I spoke contrary to known truth, it was in things that were utterly indifferent, and proceeded from the difficulty I found in expressing my thoughts, or the pleasure of writing, and not from any interested motive, or to the prejudice of any person; and whoever will be at the pains of reading my Confessions impartially, if that should ever be the case, will find that those particulars which I have avowed are more humiliating and difficult to be acknowledged than many of greater atrocity, but less disgraceful, and which I have not considered, because I never, with intention, committed them.

It follows from all these reflections, that the profession of veracity I had made was rather founded on my own sentiments of uprightness and equity than on the nature of things, and that in my practice I have rather followed the dictates of my conscience than any abstract notions of truth and falsehood. I have often invented fables, but seldom lied. By following these principles, I have often given my enemies advantage over me, but have done no wrong to anyone, nor have I attributed more merit to myself than was my due. It seems to me, that truth is only a

virtue when considered in this light; in other respects, it is only a metaphysical study, from which neither good or evil can result.

I do not, however, feel my heart sufficiently satisfied to believe myself absolutely irreprehensible In weighing so carefully what I owed to others, have I sufficiently examined what I owed to myself? If we should be just to our neighbor, we certainly should be so to ourselves; it is an homage which every honest man should pay to his own dignity. When I supplied the barrenness of my Conversation with innocent fiction, I was certainly wrong, because we ought never to disgrace ourselves in order to amuse others; and when carried away by the pleasure of writing, I added to reality invented ornaments, I was still more blameable, since to decorate truth with fables, is in fact to disfigure it.

But what rendered me still less inexcusable was the motto I had chosen, which obliged me more than any other man to a strict adherence to truth; it was not sufficient, therefore, that I should sacrifice my interest and inclinations, I should likewise have conquered my weakness and natures timidity if should have shown courage and strength on all occasions, and fiction or fable should never have escaped the lips or pen which were particularly consecrated to truth. Thus I should have resolved, when I adopted that proud device, and this should have been continually in my remembrance while I dared to bear it. Never did premeditated falsehood dictate my deviations from truth, they ever arose from weakness; though I confess this is a bad excuse. A weak soul finds sufficient difficulty in abstaining from vice; but it is arrogance and temerity for it to make profession of heroic virtues.

Perhaps these reflections would never have occurred, had not the Abbé Rosier suggested them. It is very late, doubtless, to put them in practice; bus it is not too late to be convinced of my errors, and to rectify my will: henceforward, that is all that depends on me; but on this, and every other similar occasion, the maxim of Solon is applicable to all ages, and it is never too late to learn, even from our enemies, to be just, modest, and unpresuming.

FIFTH WALK

Of all the places I have inhabited (and I have been in some that were delightful) none ever rendered me so truly happy, or left such pleasing impressions on my memory, as the Island of Saint Pierre, in the Lake of Bienne. This little island, which is called at Neufchâtel the Isle of La Motte, is little known, even in Switzerland, no traveler, that I recollect, having mentioned it; notwithstanding it is very agreeable, and

peculiarly calculated for the happiness of a man who loves to circumscribe his steps: for though I am, perhaps, the only one in the world to whom Fate has given law in that particular, I cannot believe I am the only person who possesses so natural a taste, though, to the present moment, I have never happened to meet with anyone of that disposition.

The banks of the Lake of Bienne are more wild and romantic even than those of the Lake of Geneva, since the rocks and woods approach nearer to the edge of the water, and in other respects are no less delightful. If well cultivated meadows and vineyards are not so numerous; if there are sewer towns and houses, there is more natural verdure, fields, study retreats and groves; in a word, agreeable and well-contrasted objects more frequently present themselves. As there is no commodious road on these smiling banks for carriages, the country is little frequented by travellers; but is highly interesting to the contemplative philosopher, who loves to ruminate at leisure on the charms of Nature, while retiring into a silence broken only by the ery of eagles, the mingled warbling of various song-birds, or the rustling of torrents which precipitate themselves from the surrounding mountains. This beautiful basin, which is almost round, contains near its center, two small islands; one, cultivated and inhabited, which is about half a league in circumference; the other, smaller, desert and wild, which will in time be totally destroyed, from the transportation of earth, which is continually being removed to repair the devastation made by the waves and storms on the larger one. Thus, in every instance, the substance of the weak; is employed to give additional strength to the powerful. There is but one house at this place, which is large, agreeable, and commodious, this belongs to the hospital of Berne, as does the whole island, and is inhabited by the Steward of this estate, his family and domestics; who has poultry in abundance, a dove house, fish-ponds, lie. The island, though small, is so diversified by its various products and aspect, that it presents a variety of prospects; being proper for every kind of culture, you see alternately, fields, vineyards, orchards, and rich pastures, shaded by groves of trees, and intermingled with shrubs of all kinds, which, from the vicinity of the water are kept perpetually fresh. A high terrace, planted with two rows of trees, runs the whole length of the island, and in the middle of this terrace a pretty saloon is erected, where the inhabitants from the neighboring shores meet and dance on Sundays, during the vintage. In this island I took refuge, after the lapidation of Motiers, and found its situation so delightful, and the life I led there so conformable to my humour, that I resolved to end my days in this place, and had no inquietude, except a doubt, whether I should

be permitted to execute this project, which did not accord with that which carried me to England, for I already began to feel that inclination, and those presentiments of future suffering which yet pursued me. I wished this asylum had been made my perpetual prison, that I had been confined there for life, and deprived of the power or hope of quitting it; cut off from all communication with the rest of the world, ignorant of what passed there, that I might forget its existence, and that mine also be forgotten.

I was permitted to pass only two months in this island, but I could have passed two years, a whole eternity there, without one moment's weariness, though I had, except Teresa, no other company than the above mentioned Steward and his family, who were all very good sort of people, and nothing further; but that was precisely what was necessary for me. I reckon these two months as the most pleasing part of my life; I was so truly happy, that I could have been satisfied with it during my whole existence, without a single wish arising in my soul to exchange that felicity for another kind of enjoyment.

What did this happiness consist of, and what was it I so particularly enjoyed? I leave that to be guessed by the present generation, from the description I shall give of it. The precious *far niente* was the first and principal of these enjoyments, which I indulged unto the utmost extent, and all I did during my residence there, was but the pleasing and necessary occupation of a man devoted to indolence.

The hope that nothing more could be derived by my persecutors than to leave me in this lonely spot, where I had willingly ensnared myself, which, it was impossible for me to quit with privacy or without assistance, and where I could have neither communication or correspondence, but through the medium of those who surrounded me. This inspired me with expectation of concluding my days in more tranquility than I had hitherto passed them, and the idea that I should have time to settle all at leisure, occasioned me to neglect everything. Hurried there naked and alone, I successively sent for my wise, my books, and some other little necessaries, which I never had the pleasure of unpacking, but left my cares and chests as they arrived, living on the spot where I hoped to conclude my life, as in an inn, which I purposed to quit the next day. I found everything here so perfectly to my mind, that to have made any change would have spoiled all. One of my greatest pleasures was, to leave my books well packed, and to have no ink-stand, and on receiving any troublesome letter, which I was obliged to answer, I borrowed the Steward's, grumbling the whole time, and hastening to return it, with the vain wish that I might have no more occasion for pens or ink. Instead of stupid manuscripts and musty

books, I filled my apartment with; flowers and plants, for I was then in the first server of botany, which taste the Doctor of Invernois had lately inspired me with, and which presently became a passion. Rejecting, therefore, all laborious researches, I was only for studies which suited an indolent life, and would furnish amusement, without much trouble. I undertook to compose: the *Flora Petrinsularis*, and describe all the plants of the island, without a single exception, a detail sufficient to have employed all the rest of my days

'Tis said that a certain German wrote a book on the zest of a lemon; I should have written one on each herb the field produced, on every kind of moss that adhered to the trees, on each weed that covered and: adorned the rocks; in short, I designed that not a single blade of grass or vegetable atom should escape an ample description.

In consequence of this noble resolution, every morning after breakfast (which we partook of all together) I went, with a magnifying glass in my hand, and my *Systema Natura* under my arm, to visit a certain portion of the island, which I had, for that purpose, divided into four parts, with an intention to explore them successively in each season of the year. Nothing can be more singular than the delight and ecstasy I experienced on each observation of the structure, organization, and action of the sexual parts in the fructification of vegetables; which system was hitherto absolutely new to me. The distinction of generical characters which I traced among common plants till others should present themselves, and which I had not before the least conception of, charmed me beyond measure. The long forked stamina of the *Brunelle,* the observations I made on those of the nettle and pellitory, the explosion of the fruit of the balfam-apple, and the bud of the box-tree, a thousand little acts of fructification which I observed for the first time, overwhelmed me with delight; I was ready to run to everyone and enquire, whether they had seen the horns of the *Brunelle*, as Fontaine enquired if anyone had ever read Habakkuk. In two or three hours, I usually returned with an ample provision—a stock of amusement for the employment of the afternoon at home, in case of rain. I employed the rest of the morning, in going with the Steward, his wise, and Teresa, to see the husbandmen, and observe the harvest, usually putting my hand to the work; and frequently, when the inhabitants of Berne came to visit me, they found me perched up in a great tree, girded about with a sack that I was filling with fruit, and which I afterwards let down by a cord. The exercise I had taken in the morning, and the good humour inseparable from it, rendered rest at dinner-time very agreeable, but when it was too long, and the sine weather invited me abroad, I could not spare so much time, and while

others were yet at table, I stole away, then leaping into the boat, rowed it to the middle of the Lake, and when the water was calm, laying at my whole length, with my eyes towards Heaven, let it drive slowly with the waters, sometimes, for several hours, enjoying a thousand pleasing, though confused reveries, which, without any particular and fixed object, were, in my opinion, an hundred times preferable to what I had ever found among the most delightful of what are called the pleasures of life. Sometimes on being informed by the declination of the Sun, that it was time to return home, I found myself so far from the island, that I was obliged to labor with my utmost strength to reach it before night.

At other times, instead of passing my time on the water, I amused myself in walking along the verdant banks of the island, where the limpid waters and refreshing shades frequently invited me to bathe; but one of my most customary excursions, was a voyage to the small island, where I used to disembark, and pass the afternoon in extremely circumscribed walks, in the midst of water-pepper, thistles, rook-stalk, and shrubs of every kind. Sometimes reposing on the top of a sandy hillock, covered with graft, wild thyme, flowers, and even clover, which possibly had been sown there formerly, and was very proper nourishment for rabbits, who might multiply there in peace, without fear for themselves, or injury to anything. I made this remark to the Steward, who sent to Neufchatel for some rabbits, and went with great ceremony, accompanied by his wise, one of his sisters, Teresa, and myself, to establish them on this little island, which they began to people before my departure, and where, without doubt, they continued to increase, if they could sustain the rigor of the winter. The planting of this little colony was a holiday, and the pilot of the Argonauts could not have been prouder of his office than I was on that occasion, while taking the company and rabbits from the large to the small island; nor did I forget to remark, that the Steward's wise, who was extremely apprehensive of water, embarked with confidence under my care, and showed no signs of fear during the passage.

When the Lake was too much agitated to permit my navigating it with safety, I passed the afternoon in walking through the island, herbalizing in all parts, or seating myself on some pleasant solitary spot, enjoyed at ease the charm of contemplation. At other times, I gained the natural terraces and heights of the island, from whence my eye ran over the magnificent and delightful prospect of the Lake and its shores, crowned on one side by the neighboring mountains, exhibiting on the other a view of open and richly cultivated plains, beyond which the sight was lost among the bluish mountains which bounded the horizon. On the approach of night, I descended from these eminences,

and, seated on the sands at the edge of the Lake, or in some concealed retreat, where the roaring of the waves, and commotion of the waters taking my attention, chased the idea of every other agitation from my soul, plunging it into delicious reveries, during which night frequently stole on me unperceived.

The ebb and flow of the water, its continual noise, increased at intervals by the wind, perpetually striking on the organs of sight and hearing, kept up those inward sensations which my reveries almost extinguished, just enough to make me sensible of my existence, without the trouble of reflection; and if at times some comparisons occurred On the instability of worldly concerns, which were aptly compared to the troubled face of the waters, these light impressions were quickly effaced by the continued uniformity of the scene. Charmed, without any active concurrence of my soul, I felt myself so powerfully attached to the spot, that when informed by night and the appointed signal, that it was time to return, I could not quit it without regret.

After supper, when the evening was fine, we walked all together on the terrace, and breathed the fresh air from the Lake, or, seated, in the pavilion, laughed, chatted, or sung some good old songs, which were preferable to the labored composition of our modern ones; and, at length, retired to rest, content with the pleasures of the day, and desirous of spending the succeeding one in a similar manner.

Thus passed my time, during my residence on this island, when not interrupted by unforeseen and troublesome visitors. But what was there in all this sufficiently attractive to excite in my heart regrets so lively, tender, and durable, that after fifteen years, it is impossible to think of this beloved habitation, without feeling myself in a manner transported thither by the ardor of my wishes?

I have remarked during the vicissitudes of a long life, that the periods of sweetest enjoyment, and most lively pleasure, are not those whose remembrance wins and delights me most. These moments of delirium and passion, however charming they might be, appear from their vivacity itself, but as points thinly scattered along the line of life, being too detached and rapid to constitute any permanent idea of felicity. The happiness my heart regrets is not composed of fugitive moments, but is an uniform and lasting condition, which has nothing ravishing in itself, but whose continuation increases the charm, till at length it arrives at supreme felicity.

Everything fluctuates on earth; nothing remains in a constant and lasting form, and those affections which are attached to external things necessarily change with their object. We are ever looking forward or backward, ruminating on what is past, and can return no more, or

anticipating the future, which may never arrive; there is nothing solid to which the heart can attach, itself, neither have we here below any pleasures that are lasting. Permanent, happiness is, I fear, unknown, and scarcely is there an instant in our most lively enjoyments when the heart can truly say, May this moment last forever!!!—How then can such a fugitive state be called happiness, which leaves an uneasy void in the heart, which ever prompts us to regret something that is past, or desire something for the future?

But if there is a state where the soul can find a hold strong enough to lean on securely, to attach its whole being to, without a single wish to recall the past or anticipate the future, where time appears avoid, and the present is extended without our noticing its duration, or tracing its successions without any idea of privation or enjoyment, pleasure or pain, desire, fear, or sensation, except of our existence, that sentiment alone employing it, while this state lasts, the person who feels it may call himself happy; not possessing an imperfect happiness, poor and dependent, but a complete felicity, perfect and full, which leaves no wish or void in the soul.

Such is the state in which I frequently found myself in the island of Saint Pierre, in my solitary reveries; whether stretched in a boat which I let float to the will of the waters, seated on the banks of the agitated Lake, on the borders of a beautiful river, or by a brook murmuring over its pebbled bottom.

In what does the enjoyment of such a situation consist? In nothing beyond ourselves, nothing foreign to our own existence, for while this state lasts (like the supreme) the enjoyment of that alone is sufficient felicity. The consciousness of existence, divested of every other sensation, is a sentiment of contentment and peace, which alone suffices to render it dear and satisfactory to whoever can put away those sensual and earthly affections which perpetually disturb and embitter our terrestrial felicity.

But the greater part of mankind, agitated by continual passions, are little acquainted with this state, and having imperfectly enjoyed it, during a few instants, perhaps, thence form a very inadequate idea, which prevents their feeling its worth. Perhaps it might not be convenient, in the present order of things, that, lost in pleasing ecstasies, mankind should be disgusted with an active life, since their multiplied wants have prescribed it as a duty. But an unfortunate being, cut off from human society, who can no longer perform anything useful here below, either for himself or others, may find in this state a pleasing consolation, which neither fortune or man can deprive him of.

It is true that these consolations cannot be felt by all minds, nor in

all situations. It is necessary that the heart should be at peace, that no passion should arise to disturb this calm; it requires not only a disposition adapted to it on the part of the person who is to experience this felicity, but a concurrence of surrounding objects; neither an absolute repose, or too much agitation but an uniform form and moderate disposition, not subject to sudden gusts of passion, or utter despondency.—Without motion, life is but a lethargy; but if the agitation is unequal, or too violent, it awakens our feelings, fixes them too much on external objects, destroys the pleasure of the reverie, and, tearing us from ourselves, instantly replaces us under the yoke of fortune and mankind, giving us back the sensation of our misfortunes. Absolute rest is productive of melancholy, and presents the image of death; then the assistance of a cheerful imagination is necessary, which voluntarily presents its aid to those on whom Heaven has bestowed it. This degree of emotion, therefore, if not supplied by outward objects, should arise from within ourselves; this lessens our repose 'tis true, but it is also more agreeable, when the inward soul does nothing more than lightly touch the surface. There should be only just enough to recollect ourselves, and forget all our misfortunes. This kind of reverie may be enjoyed in every situation where we can obtain tranquility; and I have often thought that in the Bastile, or in a dungeon, where no object struck my sight, I could enjoy agreeable contemplations.

It must be allowed, these were more agreeably produced in a fertile, though solitary island, naturally circumscribed and detached from the rest of the world, where nothing but smiling objects presented themselves, where no painful remembrances were recalled, and where the society of a small number of inhabitants was connected and pleasing, without being sufficiently interesting to occupy me entirely; where, in fine, I could either give myself up for the whole day to those occupations which were most comfortable to my disposition, or to the most luxurious indolence. The occasion was, doubtless, delightful, and a contemplative mind, who, feeding on agreeable chimeras, amidst the most unpleasant objects, could glut himself at ease by procuring a concourse of all that really struck the senses. Awaking from a long and peaceful reverie, perceiving myself surrounded by flowers, birds, and verdure, permitting my wandering sight to rove remote over romantic shores and vast extent of crystalline waters, I connected all those pleasing objects with my fictitious enjoyments, and returning by degrees to my reason, could scarcely distinguish the point of separation between ideal and real delights; so much did everything concur to complete the happiness of that quiet solitary life I led In this charming abode. Why cannot I recall it? Why cannot I go and finish my days in

that peaceful life, without ever quitting it, or seeing any inhabitant of the continent, who might once recall those calamities of all kinds, which have been showered on me during so many years? Delivered from all earthly passions which are engendered by the tumults of society, my soul would frequently bound above its atmosphere, and anticipate its communion with those celestial intelligences whose number it shortly hopes to augment. I know mankind will beware of affording so quiet an asylum, but they cannot prevent me from transporting myself each day on the wings of imagination to that happy spot, and enjoying, for some hours, the pleasure I tasted while I dwelt there. Was I on that island, my pleasing reveries might be more conveniently enjoyed; but if I can imagine myself there, is it not the same thing? It is frequently more; for in addition to abstract and monotonous contemplation, I join every charming idea that could vivify the scene. Real objects frequently escape my senses, during these ecstasies; but the more profound my reveries, the more expressively they represent ideal ones. I am frequently in the midst of these delights, and they appear even more charming than when on the island of Saint Pierre I actually beheld them.

The misfortune is, that as imagination cools, they are represented with more difficulty, and are of shorter duration—Alas! 'tis when we are about to quit this mortal covering, that we are most embarrassed with it.

SIXTH WALK

Scarcely have we a mechanical propensity whose cause might not be traced in our hearts, if we knew how to search for them. Yesterday, in passing the new Boulevard, to herbalize along the side of the Biévre, next to Gentilly, I turned to the right, on approaching the *Barriere d'Enfer*, getting into the country on the road to Fontainbleau, and gaining the heights which border that little river. This walk was very indifferent in itself: but recalling to my memory that I had often mechanically taken the same route, I sought within myself for the cause, and could not help laughing on the discovery of it.

In one corner of the Boulevards, as you pass the *Barrier d'Enfer*, a woman is daily stationed, during the summer, who sells fruit, ptisan, and small loaves. This woman has a son, an agreeable boy, but lame, who hobbling on his crutches, asks charity of the passers by with a tolerable good grace. I scraped a kind of acquaintance with this little fellow, and he never failed to pay his compliments as I passed by, which was always followed by my little gratuity. At first, I was pleased

to see him, bestowed my mite willingly, and continued to do so for some time with unabated satisfaction, often listening to, and exciting his little prattle, which I found very entertaining. This pleasure became habitual, and found itself by degrees, I know not how, transformed, into a kind of duty, which I soon felt the weight of, and particularly, as in the preliminary harangue, which one must listen to, he never failed to call me repeatedly Monsieur Rousseau, to demonstrate that he knew me; but which informed me, on the contrary, that he knew me no better than those who had instructed him. From that time, I passed this spot less willingly and, at length, mechanically got into the habit of taking a round when I approached this crossway. On reflection, I discovered the reason of my conduct, for nothing of all this had distinctly occurred till now.

This observation recalled successively a multitude of others, which confirmed me in the opinion, that the true and primitive motives of the greater part of my actions, are not so clearly perceived by myself as I had supposed them. I know and feel, that to do good is the truest happiness that the human heart can experience; but this happiness has been long since out of my reach, and it is riot in so miserable slate as mine, that I can hope to select one single action that would be productive of real good. The greatest care of those who govern my fate having been, that everything in respect to me should bear a false deceitful appearance, a seeming virtuous motive, is no more than a lure, which they present in order to lead me into that snare which they have set to entangle me. I am fully sensible of this, and also that the only good remaining in my power is to abstain from acting, for fear of doing ill, without intending or knowing it.

I have known happier moments, when following the emotions of my heart, I could sometimes bestow content on others; and I owe myself the honorable testimony, that whenever I could enjoy that satisfaction, I found it more delightful than any other. This inclination was lively, true, pure, and nothing in my most secret thoughts ever contradicted it, though I have frequently felt the weight of those benefits I conferred, by the chain of obligations they drew after them. On these occasions the pleasure disappeared, and I no longer found in the continuation of my favors, that charm which had before delighted me; but instead of it, a most insupportable constraint.

During my short-lived prosperity, numbers had recourse to me, and never, in any service I could render them, did I once refuse my assistance; but those first benefits, bestowed in the full effusion of my heart, forged chains of successive engagements which I could not foresee, and whose weight I could not support. My first services were,

in the opinion of those who received them, an earnest of many which were to follow, and whenever any unfortunate circumstance threw on me the grapple of a benefit received, it was all over with me; this voluntary and free gift established an indisputable debt in all those emergencies which might occur hereafter, without inability itself being a sufficient excuse; and thus a very pleasing and rational enjoyment was, in time, transformed into a burthensome obligation.

These chains, however, did not seem very heavy to me while the public remained ignorant of them, and I lived in obscurity; but when once my writings had made my person known (a great fault, doubtless, but more than expiated by my misfortunes) I became the universal resort of the unfortunate, or those calling themselves, such, of all adventurers who sought a dupe, and of all those who under cover of the great credit they pretended to attribute to me, endeavored to profit by my easiness. It was then I had occasion to experience that every natural propensity, not excepting even benevolence itself, when carried to extremes, and practiced in society without prudence or discrimination, change their nature, and frequently become as dangerous as they would be useful under proper regulation. So many cruel experiments altered my disposition by degrees; or rather, confined it within proper limits, teaching me to follow my inclination of doing good less blindly, or deny assistance, when it only served to favor the wickedness of others. But I do not regret these mortifications, since they procured me, by reflection, new lights on the knowledge of myself, and on the true motives of my conduct in a thousand particulars, in which I had been usually deceived.

I have found, that in order to do good with satisfaction to myself, it is necessary I should act with freedom; that the pleasure a virtuous action should bestow, is lost when once it becomes a duty, and that the pressure of obligation is sufficient to convert the most pleasing enjoyment into an intolerable burthen. This conviction has greatly modified the opinion I long since had entertained of my own virtue; for there is none in following our inclinations, and doing good, because it procures us satisfaction; but in vanquishing our propensities when duty demands it, ever acting as that prescribes, which I have known less how to perform, than any man in the world.

Born with a feeling and virtuous heart, carrying pity and commiseration even to weakness, my soul exulting in every act of generosity, I was humane, benevolent, and charitable, from inclination, and even through the influence of the passions; my heart alone being interested. I should have been the best and most merciful of men, had I been the most powerful, and to have extinguished in my breast every

desire of vengeance, it was only necessary to have put revenge within my reach. I should have been just without constraint, though in opposition to my interest; but, to the disadvantage of persons dear to me, I could never resolve to be so. When my duty and heart were at variance, the former seldom gained the victory, unless forbearance alone was necessary, then I was frequently strong; but to act from duty in opposition to inclination, I found impossible. Let duty, or even necessity, command, when my heart is silent my inclination is also deaf, and I cannot obey: I see the evil that threatens, and let it arrive, instead of attempting to prevent it; I sometimes make an effort, but it presently tires me, and I find it impossible to persevere. Among the things I might easily perform, what I cannot do with pleasure, I find it in vain to attempt. Yet more; constraint, though in instances which naturally accord with my disposition, is sufficient to deaden, and convert them into repugnance, or even aversion, if it acts too strongly: this it was that rendered painful the good actions required of me, though I should have performed them freely had they been undemanded. Unconstrained benevolence is what I love to bestow; but when those who have received it, pretend to extort a continuation, under pain of their hatred, and make out an obligation of ever continuing a benefactor, because I once took pleasure in being such, from that moment constraint arrives and inclination vanishes. What I then give into, is from weakness, or false shame; good will no longer subsists, and, far from applauding, I even reproach myself for acting thus in opposition to my feelings.

I know there is a kind of contract, and even of the most reasonable kind, subsisting between the benefactor and the obliged: it is a sort of society which they form with each other, more closely connected than that which generally unites mankind. If the person obliged engages himself to gratitude, the benefactor engage, in the same degree, to preserve for the other, as long as he shall remain worthy of it, that good will he has thought fit to demonstrate, and to renew those acts of beneficence as often as his abilities will permit, and they should be required of him: these are the express conditions and natural effects of that compact which is established between them. The person who refuses the first favor demanded of him, gives no right of complaint to the person refuse but he who will not repeat a favor formerly granted, frustrates a hope himself has authorized, deceiving and defeating an expectation he at first gave rise to. This refusal is thought more unjust and harsh than the first would have been, though equally proceeding from that independence which the soul loves, and which it cannot renounce without difficulty. When I pay a debt, I fulfill a duty; when I

bestow a gift, I procure myself a satisfaction: the pleasure attending the former arises from habitual virtue, that which attends the latter, is a spontaneous effect of nature, and of an inferior quality.

After so many melancholy experiments, I have learned to foresee the consequences which would result from following the first impulse of my feelings, and have frequently abstained from a good action I had both will and ability to perform, from a dread of the obligation it might hereafter draw upon me, if I gave into it inconsiderately. I was not always sensible of this fear; on the contrary, in my youth, I generally became attached to those who received obligations from me, and frequently experienced a return of affection, founded more on gratitude than interest. But things have changed their appearance in this particular, as in most others, since the commencement of my misfortunes. From that time, I have lived as in a new generation which bears no resemblance to the former; and my opinion in regard to others has experienced as great a change as theirs can possibly have done in respect to me. The very people I was acquainted with in the former, appear quite different in this latter generation, and (to use the expression) have assimilated into it. Formerly, open, frank, and generous; then, as they now are, having changed with the times, and acted like the rest. How, then, can I maintain the same opinion for those who have adopted sentiments quite contrary to those which gave rise to it? I do not hate mankind, because I cannot feel hatred; but it is impossible to refuse them that disdain they merit, or refrain from, expressing my disapprobation.

Perhaps a greater change than was necessary has taken place even in myself, without my being sensible of it: but what man could remain unaltered in a situation similar to mine, convinced by twenty years experience, that all the happy dispositions Nature had implanted in my heart, were turned by my destiny, or the contrivance of those who direct it, to the prejudice of myself or others, and can no longer look on a good action demanded of me, but as a snare under which some certain mischief is concealed? I am convinced, that whatever the effect might be, I should no less have the merit of my good intentions; but the interior charm is no more, I feel nothing but indifference and apathy, for being persuaded, that instead of doing an useful action, I am only duped, indignation and self-love join the disapprobation of my reason, inspiring repugnance and aversion, instead of that candour and zeal I should have felt in my natural state of mind.

There are adversities which elevate and strengthen the soul, but there are others which deaden and depress it, and of these I am the prey. Had there been any bad leaven in my soul, the fermentation might

have been raised to excess, and made me frantic; but in my present situation, it has only rendered me of no use in the world, being incapable of doing a good action for myself or others. I, therefore, abstain from the endeavor; and this state, which is only innocent because unavoidable, makes me experience a kind of pleasure in giving wholly without reproach, into the natural indolence of my disposition. I doubtless go too far when I avoid every occasion of acting, even where I see nothing but good can result from it; but convinced that I am not permitted to view things as they really are, I abstain from judging by appearances, and whatever lure is thrown over any arguments for acting, their being put in my way, is sufficient to convince me they are fallacious.

Even from infancy, my destiny seems to have spread the first snare which so long since rendered me liable to fall into others. Born the most credulous of men, during a period of forty years, my natural confidence was never once deceived: Falling suddenly among a different order of beings, I gave into a thousand snares without once suspecting them, and twenty years experience has scarcely sufficed to acquaint me with my fate. At length convinced that the demonstrations of regard and friendship they lavished on me, were only falsehood and deceits I passed rapidly to the opposite extreme; for when once we have quitted the natural bias of our inclinations, no bounds contain us. From that time, I was disgusted with mankind, and my will coinciding with theirs in this respect, held me at a greater distance from the world than all their machinations.

Do all they can, my repugnance can never amount to aversion. When I consider the dependence under which they have placed themselves to me, that I might remain equally dependent on them, they inspire me with real pity. If I am not unhappy, they are so, nor do I ever contemplate this subject, without finding their condition truly lamentable. Pride, perhaps, has some influence over my own feelings; conscious superiority forbids my hatred; they may excite my disdain, but it can go no further; in short, I love myself too well to admit of hatred for anyone; that would be closing, contracting my existence, which I rather wish to extend over the whole universe.

I had much rather fly than hate mankind. Their aspect strikes my senses, and through them my heart, with impressions which a thousand cruel circumstances render painful; but the uneasiness ceases the moment the object that caused it disappears. While present, I think of them in spite of myself, but never by means of recollection, and when absent they are as if they did not exist.

They are only indifferent in what relates to myself; for when others

are concerned, they interest and move me, like the characters of a drama which I see represented on the stage; for to render justice indifferent to me, my moral being must be annihilated. Scenes of injustice and wickedness yet make my blood boil with anger, while acts of virtue, in which neither affectation or ostentation appear, make me even tremble with delight, and draw tears of satisfaction from my eyes. But then, it is necessary I should see and be convinced of their reality, since after what I have experienced, trusting report, or the judgment of others, would be madness.

If my person and features were as much unknown to mankind as my disposition and temper, I should yet live quietly among them, and their society might even be pleasing, while I remained a perfect stranger. Given up without constraint to my natural inclination, I should yet love them, if they never troubled themselves with me, should exercise an universal and perfectly disinterested benevolence, and, without forming any particular attachment, or bearing the joke of any duty, would do for them freely, all they have taken so much pains to incite by their self-love, or enforce by their laws, dictated by vanity, and pursued with severity.

If I had remained free, obscure, and alone placed in the situation Nature designed me for, I should have done nothing but what was right, for my heart bears not the feeds of any mischievous passion. Had I been invisible and powerful as the Almighty, I should have been benevolent and good like him: it is power and freedom that make good men, weakness and slavery never made any but wicked ones. Had I been in possession of Gyges's ring, it would have removed me from dependence on mankind, and have made them dependent on me. When in my air-built castles, I have frequently asked myself what use I should make of this ring? For a temptation to abuse is very nearly allied to the power. Master of satisfying my desires, everything within my reach, without a possibility of being deceived by anyone, what could I have desired beyond it? Only one thing: that would have been, to see all hearts content: the appearance of universal felicity being alone able to inspire my soul with permanent happiness, while the ardent desire to increase it, had been my most constant passion. Just without partiality, and good without weakness, I should equally have secured myself from blind distrust or implacable hatred: because seeing mankind as they really are, and reading the very bottom of their hearts, I should have found none amiable enough to merit all my affection, few odious enough to deserve all my hatred, or whose wickedness itself did not dispose me to pity, by a certain knowledge of the misery they procured themselves, while endeavoring to inflict it on others. Perhaps, in my

moments of gaiety I should have felt a childish inclination for acting prodigies; but perfectly disinterested for myself, needing no law beyond my natural benevolence, and for one act of severe justice, should have done a thousand of clemency and equity. Minister of Providence, and dispenser of its laws according to my will, I should have performed more useful and sagacious miracles than those of the Golden Legend, or the tomb of St. Médard.

There is but one single circumstance in which the power of penetrating everywhere invisible could have drawn, me into temptations which I might not have resisted, and once engaged in these wanderings, whither would they have conducted me! I must be little acquainted with the nature of my own heart to flatter myself that these facilities would not have seduced, or that reason would have withheld me in this fatal inclination. Sure of myself in every other instance, by this I should have spoiled all. Whoever is endowed with a power superior to mankind, should also be above the weakness of humanity, without which, that excess of strength would, in effect, only sink him below the most feeble, or what he would actually have been, had he remained their equal.

Everything considered, I believe I had better throw away my magic ring, before it has made me commit some folly.

If men determine to suppose me the reverse of what I really am, and the sight of me increases their injustice, it is my wisest way to shun, but not to be eclipsed, among them. Let them study arts to conceal their contrivances; let them shun the light of day, and bury themselves in the earth like moles, or let them look on me if they please; so much the better; but that they, cannot do, they will never, see any but the J.J. of their own imagination, fashioned at their will, to be hated at their pleasure. I should do wrong, therefore, to interest myself in the fate of this ideal being, since it is not me they see under this form.

The conclusion I draw from all these reflections is that I was never formed for civil society, where all is constraint, obligation and duty; my natural love of independence ever rendering me incapable of the subjections necessary to those who wish to live well with mankind. While I act freely, I am good, and do nothing but what is right; but the moment I feel the yoke imposed, either by necessity or the will of mankind, I become rebellious, or rather stubborn and useless; for when called on to act against inclination, let what will be the consequence, performance is impossible; nay, from weakness, I neglect even what my inclinations call me to. I abstain from acting, for in that my incapacity is conspicuous; my strength is merely negative, my very sins

being of omission, rarely of commission. I ever imagined that the liberty of man consisted in doing whatever he felt an inclination for; but never supposed it consistent with, being forced to do what is disagreeable. An exemption from this is what I have ever claimed, frequently preserved, and by asserting my right to it have most offended my cotemporaries; an active, artful, ambitious race, who detest liberty in others, nor desire it for themselves; provided they sometimes have their will, or rather are permitted to control the will of others; who would suffer constraint during the whole term of their existence, act in a manner repugnant to their inclinations, and omit nothing that is servile, to obtain command. There wrong does not consist in excluding me as an useless member of society, but-in proscribing me as a pernicious one: I have done very little good, I confess, but no ill, that never having once accorded with my inclination; and I question whether any man in the world has really done less, than myself.

SEVENTH WALK

Hardly have I begun this collection of my copious reveries, yet I am already sensible that I draw near the conclusion of it. Another amusement succeeds, absorbs, and even deprives me of opportunity to contemplate and give into my design. This inclination has acquired an ardor which almost reaches to extravagance, nor can I refrain from laughing when I reflect on it; yet even that does not restrain me, for in my present situation, I have but one rule for my conduct, which is, to follow my inclination freely. I cannot change my fate; I have only innocent inclinations; hereafter the opinions of mankind will be; immaterial, and wisdom itself prescribes that I should please myself with everything that remains within my reach, whether in public or alone, having no rule but my fancy, no bounds except the little strength I have remaining; behold me, then, confined to a vegetable diet, and fully employed in botanical researches.

I was already advanced in-years, when I took the first inclination for this study, while with the Doctor, of Invernois, in Switzerland. I herbalized with sufficient success during my travels to acquire a tolerable knowledge of the vegetable kingdom; but having passed the age of sixty, finding my strength insufficient for extensive botanical researches, and being likewise sufficiently occupied with copying music to require no other employ, I deserted ray herbal, sold my books, and was content with inspecting those common plants I found in my walks about Paris. During this interval, the little I had learned almost

entirely escaped my memory, with more ease and expedition than it had been placed there. Now that I am turned of sixty-five, deprived of the little memory I once possessed, and strength to ramble about the country, without books, without garden, and even without a common, herbal; behold me once more suddenly seized with this folly, with more ardor than I felt for it on the first attack, and seriously undertaking to learn by heart the whole *Regnum Vegetabile* of Murray, and to get acquainted with all the various plants on the habitable globe.

Unable to purchase a fresh collection of botanical books, I have set about transcribing those I borrow, and resolve to begin a herbal more copious than my former one, since I design it shall include all the productions of the sea and Alps, with every tree in both the Indies. Mean time, I make sure of the pimpernel, the chervil, borage, and groundsel, botanizing learnedly at the side of my bird cage, and at every trifling plant I meet with, cry with satisfaction, "this is one herb more, however."

I shall not attempt to justify the resolution I have taken of giving into this propensity; though it is a very reasonable one, in my opinion, since I am persuaded, that to give up myself to those amusements which offer themselves, is the wisest thing I can do in my present situation, and even a great virtue; being a means of preventing any leaven of hatred and vengeance from taking root in my heart; for to find any taste for pleasure in circumstances like mine, gives proof of a disposition little subject to irascible passions; but it is my method of being revenged on my persecutors, for I cannot inflict a severer punishment than by being happy, notwithstanding their endeavors to make me otherwise.

Yes, doubtless, Reason herself permits, nay even prescribes, that I should give into every harmless inclination; but she does not inform me why this amusement invites, or point out what attractions I can find in a vain study, pursued without profit or improvement, which recalls me to the fatigues of youth and the exercises of a school-boy, While weighed down by age and infirmities, and possessing neither activity or memory. This is a whimsicality I wish to investigate, since I imagine it would throw some new light on that knowledge of myself, to which I have consecrated my remaining leisure.

I have sometimes studied profoundly, but seldom with pleasure, almost always against inclination, and as it were by force. Reveries recreate and amuse, but study fatigues and distresses me, thought being ever a painful and unentertaining occupation. Sometimes my reveries end in meditation, but more frequently my meditations convert to reveries; and during these wanderings my soul fleets lightly over the

universe on the wings of imagination, wrapped with ecstasies which surpass every other enjoyment.

While I could indulge in the full extent of these ideal pleasures, every other occupation appeared Insipid; but when once engaged in a literary career, by an impulse foreign to my disposition, I felt the fatigue of mental labor, and the importunity of an unhappy celebrity; while pleasing reveries grew cold and languid, my thoughts turning to the melancholy of my situation in spite of every effort to the contrary, and I could seldom enjoy any of those charming ecstasies, which during fifty years had supplied the want of same and fortune, rendering me in a state of indolence, without any other expense than that of time, the happiest of mortals.

Trees, shrubs, and plants, are the decoration and covering of the earth. What is more melancholy than the sight of a naked barren country, which presents the eye with nothing but stones, earth, and sand? but enlivened by nature, and clothed in its wedding suit, in the midst of fragrant flowers, springs of water, and the warbling of various birds, the earth offers, in the concurrence and harmony of the vegetable, mineral, and animal kingdoms, a scene interesting and full of charms, the only object in nature which can never weary the eye or heart.

The more sensibility the soul of a contemplative man possesses, the more it gives into the exact excited by this concord: a pleasing and profound reverie takes possession of his senses, being lost in the delicious intoxication and immensity of this charming system, with which he feels himself so intimately connected. Detached objects make no more impression on him, he only sees and feels the whole, and some particular circumstance must contract and circumscribe his ideas, before he is enabled to enter on a partial observation of that universe, which his imagination is on the stretch to compass.

This is what naturally happened to me, when my heart, contracted by distress, concentrated every impulsive motion about itself, in order to preserve those remains of heat which were almost evaporated and extinguished by the melancholy into which it sung by degrees. I wandered carelessly in the woods and over the mountains, not daring to think for fear of increasing my sorrows; while imagination, which, in me, recoils from painful objects, permitted my senses to run into the light by pleasing impressions produced by the surrounding scenes: my eyes wandered perpetually from object to object, nor was it possible in so great a variety but some should, have power to arrest and amuse them.

I conceived a fondness for this recreation of the fight, which calms

and amuses the unfortunate blunting the edge of their sorrows. The nature of the objects which present themselves, greatly aids this amusement, and renders it more seducing, Odoriferous smells, brilliant colors, and the most elegant forms, seem to dispute the right of fixing our attention. A love of pleasure is alone sufficient to make us give into those delightful sensations, and if this effect does not take place in all those who contemplate these charms, it is owing, in some, to natural insensibility, but generally proceeds from the mind being so much occupied with other concerns, that it only steals time for the consideration of those objects which immediately strike the senses.

Another reason which contributes to withdraw the attention of polite people from the vegetable kingdom, is that custom of considering a collection of plants as so many drugs and medicines. Theophrastus thought differently on the subject, and this philosopher, who may be looked on as the only botanist of antiquity, is not much known among us. But thanks to a certain Dioscorides, a great compiler of recipes, and to his commentators, physic has taken such possession of plants, transforming them into simples, that those properties only are pointed out, which it is impossible to discover; that is to say, the pretended virtues which it pleases the generality of botanists to attribute them. It is not conceived that the organization of vegetables can of itself merit our attention. People who pass their lives in learnedly arranging shells, ridicule botany as an useless study, unless accompanied, as they express it, by its application; that is to say, when one does not abandon the observation of Nature, which never lies, and is silent on this system, to give entire credit to the authority of men, who seldom speak truth, yet affirm a number of particulars that we must-believe on their word, which is frequently founded on some borrowed authority. Stop in an enameled meadow, examine successively the flowers that adorn it; those who observe you thus employed, supposing you are of the healing fraternity, will approach, and enquire what herbs are good to cure the scald in children, the itch in men, or the glanders in horses.

This disgusting prejudice is partly destroyed in other countries, particularly in England, thanks to Linnæus, who has, in some measure, rescued botany from the school of pharmacy, restoring it to natural history and economical uses; but in France, where this study has not become so general, they have remained so ignorant in this particular, that a Parisian wit, being in the environs of London, and viewing a garden which belonged to some virtuoso, exclaimed, as if that was the greatest encomium that could be bestowed on it, "What a charming garden for an apothecary!" According to this account, Adam should have been the first apothecary, or it is not easy to form an idea of a

garden better stocked with plants than that of Eden.

These medicinal Ideas, certainly are not calculated to render the study of botany agreeable; they tarnish the enamel of the meadows, cause the vivid dyes of the flowers to fade, and wither the freshness of the groves, rendering their shades and verdure not only insipid but disgusting. All those charming and beautiful statures which continually present themselves, are nothing to those who only wish to pound them in a mortar; and who would seek or imagine garlands for smiling shepherdesses, among the ingredients for a clister?

But an idea of pharmacy never damped my rural pleasures, nothing being more distant from my thoughts, than diet-drink and plasters. I have often thought, while considering the fields, vineyards, woods, and their numerous progeny attentively, that the vegetable kingdom was a plenteous magazine of food bestowed by nature on man and animals; but it never struck me to seek for drugs and medicines there, nor do I see anything in those various productions which indicates such a destination, and certainly Nature would have pointed out the use, had they been intended for this purpose, as she has done respecting what is proper for food. I am sensible that the pleasure I feel in wandering I through the groves would even be embittered by an idea of human infirmities, and would utterly vanish if once I began to consider severs, the stone, gout, or epilepsy. I do not mean, however, to dispute the great virtues attributed to vegetables, and shall only add, that supposing these virtues real, it is sheer malice in any person to continue ill, since there is not a single malady incident to man, but may be radically cured by twenty different kinds of herbs.

That turn of mind which is ever connected with personal interest, making us seek everywhere for profit or relief, but would incline us to look on all nature with indifference if we were in health and affluence, never governed me. I feel myself, in that particular, quite contrary to other men, since everything that bears any reference to the consideration of my wants, saddens and depraves my ideas; nor could I ever find any real charm in the pleasures of the mind, but when they were entirely independent of personal interest. Had I, then, ever so much confidence in physic, and the practice was in itself ever so agreeable, I could never apply to it, or experience in the study, those pleasures which, flow from a pure and disinterested contemplation, since my soul could not expand and enjoy the works of Nature, while I felt it confined by the bonds of mortality.

Without ever having much faith in medicine, I have put great confidence in physicians, whom I have esteemed and loved, having trusted them with the absolute management of my bodily health.

Fifteen years experience has informed me, to my cost, what conclusion I should draw; and returning again to the simple laws of Nature, I have, through them, regained my former health: If the physicians, physicians, therefore, had no other quarrel against me, who can wonder at their animosity? I am a living proof of the vanity of their art, and the inutility of their prescriptions.

No, nothing personal, nothing that is connected with interested views, can truly employ my soul. I never meditate so delightfully as when freed in the fullest sense from every regard to myself; then I experience ecstasies, enjoyments inexpressible; it is then, that rushing as it were into the great system of beings, I assimilate with universal Nature. While I considered mankind as my brethren, I formed plans of terrestrial happiness; and these projects being relative to all, I could only be happy in public felicity; the idea of private, detached advantage, never having reached my heart till I saw mankind seek theirs in my misery: then, if I would avoid hating, I found it was necessary to shun them; taking refuge, therefore, with our common mother, I sought in her arms to sustain myself against the attacks of her children; I became a solitary, or according to them, an unsociable misanthropist, because I thought the wildest retreat preferable to the society of depraved mortals, who are only nourished with treasons and malice.

Abstaining from thought, lest the remembrance of my misfortunes should obtrude in spite of all my efforts to the contrary; obliged to suppress the refrains of a cheerful, though now languishing imagination, which so many sorrows might at length depress; reduced to the necessity of endeavoring to forget mankind, who endeavor to overwhelm me with scandal and indignity, lest indignation should at length convert my thoughts into bitterness against them; I cannot concentrate my whole existence within myself, since my expansive soul seeks to extend its ideas and faculties to other objects; nor can I rush blindfold into the vast ocean of nature, because my weakened and relaxed intellects no longer find objects within their reach sufficiently fixed and powerful to sustain them. I have not strength to wade through the chaos of my former ecstasies, my ideas are now scarce anything but sensations, and the sphere of my understanding is not superior to the objects which immediately surround me.

Shunning mankind and seeking solitude, fancying little, thinking less, yet, notwithstanding, endowed with a lively temper, which preserved me from a languishing and melancholy apathy, I began to find employment, in what surrounded me, and by a very natural instinct, gave the preference to the most agreeable objects.

The mineral kingdom has in it nothing amiable and attractive; its riches, enclosed in the bosom of the earth, seem to be hidden from the sight of matt that they may not tempt his avarice, being there as in reserve, to supply one day the place of those true riches that are more within his reach, for which he loses the inclination in proportion as he becomes corrupt; then must he call industry, pain, and labor to the aid of his sorrows, he digs in the bowels of the earth, searches to the center at the risk of life and the expense of health, for imaginary treasure, instead of the real wealth, which was freely offered, while he knew how to employ it: he shuns the sun, and hurries himself alive!—he does well, being no longer worthy to enjoy the cheerful light of the day. From thence, quarries, pits, forges, furnaces, with all the apparatus of anvils, hammers, smoke, and fire, succeed to the pleasing images of rural labor. Squalid features, unhappy wretches who languish in the infectious vapor of the mines, sooty forges, hideous Cyclops, are the objects and inhabitants which the mines substitute in the bowels of the earth, for that of verdure, flowers, the azure sky, amorous shepherds and robust laborers, who live and are happy on its surface.

It is easy, I confess, to gather sand or stones, to fill our pockets and cabinets with them, and on the strength of these collections to assume the air of a naturalist; but those who attach and bound their researches to this kind of collections, are, in general, wealthy dunces, who seek no further than the pleasure of arranging and making a show of them. To profit by the study of minerals, it is necessary to be both a chemist and a physician, to make painful and expensive experiments; working in laboratories, spending much time and money among coals, crucibles, furnaces, and alembics, in suffocating vapors and smoke; always at the risk of life, and frequently at the expense of health. From all this insipid and fatiguing labor, results, in general, more pride than knowledge, for even die most indifferent chemist will imagine he has penetrated into the great mysteries of Nature, because chance, perhaps, has taught him a few combinations of that art.

The animal kingdom is more within our reach, and certainly merits much better to be considered; but this study has likewise its difficulties, embarrassments, disasters, and troubles, particularly for a solitary, who has no one to make observations for him, or to assist his labors. How should I observe, dissect, study, and understand the birds of the air, fish in the waters, quadrupeds fleeter than the wind, and stronger than man, who are not more disposed to offer themselves for my examination, than I am able to overtake or make them submit by force? I must then have recourse to snails, worms, and flies; pass my life, and spend my breath, in running after butterflies, impaling poor insects alive,

dissecting mice, when I could catch them, or the dead carcasses of animals which I might find by chance.

The study of animals is nothing without anatomy; it is by that we are taught to consider their genus, and to class and distinguish their various species. In order to study their manners and characters, aviaries, reservoirs, and menageries, would be necessary; they must be constrained, by some contrivance, to continue within reach of my observation; but I have not the means to keep them in captivity, nor activity enough to follow them in their speed while in a state of freedom; I must, therefore, study them when dead, separate their bones, and turn at leisure their palpitating entrails! What an assemblage does an anatomical amphitheatre exhibit!—Stinking bodies, putrid and lived flesh, blood, loathsome entrails, hideous skeletons, and pestilential vapors!—It is not among such objects, I promise you, that J. J. will seek amusement.

Beautiful flowers, enameled meadows, refreshing shades, brooks, groves, and verdure, come and purify my imagination, soiled by these hideous objects. My soul, dead to all lively emotions, can, henceforth, only be affected by sensible images; I have no longer anything but sensations, and through those alone can feel pain or pleasure here below. Attracted by the smiling objects which surround me, I consider, contemplate, compare, and at length learn to class them: behold me, then, on a sudden, as much a botanist as is requisite for any person to be, who only wishes to study Nature, that he may discover perpetual sources of delight. I do not seek instruction, it is too kite; besides, I have never found that profound science contributed to the happiness of life; but I seek to procure myself pleasing and innocent amusements which I may enjoy without constraint, and which, meantime, beguiles my misfortunes. I neither run into expense or trouble while wandering carelessly from herb to herb, from plant to plant, examining and comparing their various characters, and noting their affinity or difference; in short, while I observe vegetable organization follow, in a manner, the course and play of these living machines, seek (sometimes successfully) their general laws, the reason and of their different structures, I give myself up to the charms I feel, in a grateful admiration of that Power, who bestows on me the enjoyment of so many wonders.

Plants appear to have been sown upon the earth in the same profusion that stars are planted in the firmament, and equally invite man, by the attractions of pleasure and curiosity, to the study of Nature; but the stars are placed far from us, and need preliminary studies, instruments, machines, immense ladders (if I may use the expression) to place us where we may understand them. Plants are naturally within

our reach, they spring up under our feet, and even in our hands: if the minuteness of their constituent parts are sometimes imperceptible to the naked eye, the instruments necessary to discover them are more easily obtained and applied, than those requisite in the study of astronomy. Botanical objects are most proper to an indolent solitary, a needle and magnifying glass being all the apparatus necessary to consider them; he wanders freely from one object to another, viewing each flower with pleasing curiosity; and when he begins to understand the structure and use of their various parts, enjoys a satisfaction, purchased without care or labor, yet as pure and lively as if obtained with the utmost difficulty.

There exists in this idle occupation, a charm that is not to be experienced except in the full calm of the passions, which alone suffices to render life pleasing and happy, but the moment a motive of interest or vanity mingles with it, whether you seek to obtain a place, or write a book; if you study in order to instruct, and herbalize only to become author or professor, all its attractive charms vanish, and plants, being no longer considered but as instruments of our passions, no more real pleasure can result from the study of them. Our end, then, is not to gain knowledge, but to make others sensible of our acquirements; and while in the wood, or on the hills, considering ourselves as on the theatre of the world, we are employed with, the idea of being admired. Others contract botany within the narrow bounds of the garden or cabinet, and instead of observing vegetables in their natural state, are only busied with systems and rules, furnishing eternal subjects of dispute, which are not calculated to make one single plant better understood, and consequently can throw no light on the natural history of the vegetable kingdom. From thence arises that hatred, and those jealousies, which an emulation for same excites among botanical authors more than those of any other class: thus, taking this pleasing study from its native seat, they have transplanted it into cities and academies, where it is sure to degenerate, like exotic plants in the gardens of the curious.

Very different dispositions have concurred to render this study a kind of passion to me, which occupies the void of those I no longer feel. I climb the rocks and mountains, descend into the valleys and woods, to withdraw myself as much as possible from the remembrance of man, and the pursuits of the wicked. It appears to me, that when shaded by a forest I am forgotten, free and peaceful as though I had no longer any enemies, or that the leaves shield me as much from their attempts, as they put them from my remembrance; supposing, in my folly, that as I no longer think of them, they no longer think of me; and I find so great a pleasure in this illusion, that I should give into it

entirely, did not my situation, weakness, and wants, forbid me.

The more profound the solitude in which I now live, the more do I feel that some objects are necessary to fill up the void, and those which imagination denies, or that my memory repulses, are supplied by those spontaneous productions, which the earth, in her uncultivated states offers to my view in every direction, The pleasure of seeking in the desert for new plants, conceals the pain of flying from my persecutors, and when I light on any spot where I can discover no trace of human footsteps, I breathe at ease, as in an asylum where their hatred cannot overtake me.

I shall never, during my whole life, lose the recollection of a herbalizing I one day made on the side of the Robaila, a mountain belonging to the *Justicier Clere*. I was alone, exploring the hollows and chasms of this mountain, from wood to wood, from rock to rock, when, at length, I discovered a retreat so truly concealed, that never in my life did I behold so wild and romantic a scene. Black firs were mingled with prodigious beech trees, several of which had fallen with age, and crossing each other, shut up this retreat as with an impenetrable barrier. Through some opening of this dreary enclosure, the eye was presented with craggy peaked rocks and horrible precipices, which I dared not cast a look at, without laying down with my face to the ground. The horned owl, the raven, and the spray, screamed from the clefts of this mountain, while some small birds, scarce but familiar, tempered the horror of the solitude. There I found the notched *heptaphyllos*, the *cicclamen*, the *nidus avis*, the greater *laserpitium*, and some other plants, which delighted and amused me for some time; but insensibly governed by the forcible impression made on me by so many striking objects, I forgot my botany, and seating myself on a bed of *lycopodium* and moss, began to contemplate at my ease, supposing I was in a retreat unknown to the whole world, and where my persecutors could never find me. A sentiment of pride was mingled with this reverie; I compared myself to those great voyagers who discover desert islands, and said, with self-complacency, "doubtless, I am the first mortal whoever penetrated this retreat," regarding myself as another Columbus. While I was indulging this idea, I heard, at some small distance, a kind of clattering noise, which seemed familiar to me; I listen—the noise is repeated and increased. Surprised, and curious, I rose hastily, and crept through the bushes, on that side from which the found proceeded; when, in a thicket, not twenty paces distant from that retreat which I thought no one but myself had ever discovered, I perceived—a stocking manufactory!

I cannot express the confused and contradictory agitation I felt in

my heart on this discovery. My first sensation was an involuntary joy at again finding myself among mortals, when I had supposed myself totally alone; but this emotion, more rapid than lightening, soon gave place to a melancholy and more lasting reflection, which was, that I could not possibly hide myself, even among the cliffs of the Alps, from the cruel search of men, who would delight to torment me; for I was well convinced, there was not, perhaps, two people in this manufactory, but what were initiated into the combination of which that sorry preacher Montmollin was the chief, who drew his hearers from a much greater distance. I hastened to drive away this disagreeable idea, and concluded this adventure at laughing at my ridiculous vanity, and the whimsical manner in which it had been punished.

But who would have expected to find a manufactory on the edge of a precipice? Indeed, there is no spot in the world which exhibits such a mixture of uncultivated nature and human industry, as Switzerland; the whole country, to use the expression, is nothing but one great city, whose streets, longer and wider than those of St. Antoine, are adorned by forests, or separated by mountains, and whose straggling lonely dwellings, only communicate by a kind of English gardens. While on this subject, I recollect another botanical excursion that Du Peyron, Descharney, Colonel Pury, the Justicier Clerc and myself, had taken some time before on the mountain of Chasseron, from whose summit seven lakes may be perceived. We were informed there was but one house on this mountain, and certainly we should never have divined the profession of its inhabitant, if our informer had not added, he was a bookseller, who even gained a very comfortable subsistence in this country. [3] A single trait of this kind throws a greater light on Switzerland than all the descriptions of travellers.

[3] It was doubtless the resemblance of names which caused M. Rousseau to apply the anecdote of this bookseller to Chasseron instead of Chasseral, another very high mountain on the frontiers of the principality of Neufchatel.

I shall relate one more of the same kind, which tends to characterize a very different people. During my residence at Grenoble, I made many little botanical excursions out of the city with the Sieur Bovier, an attorney of that country; not that he loved or understood botany, but having undertaken to be my companion, he scarcely quitted me a moment. One day, as we were walking by the side of the Isere, in a spot covered with thorny willows, I saw some ripe fruit on these shrubs, which I had the curiosity to taste, and finding an agreeable

acidity, began eating it by way of refreshment. The Sieur Bovier was by my side, but neither spoke to me, nor followed my example; when one of his friends coming up, and seeing me gather these berries, exclaimed, "Sir! what are you doing? Do you not know that fruit is poisonous?" "This fruit poisonous!" replied I with surprise. "Without doubt," answered he, "and everyone is so well aware of it, that not a single person in the country will taste it." I looked at the Sieur Bovier, and said, "Why did not you inform me of this?" "Ah! Sir," replied he, respectfully, I did not dare to take that liberty." I laughed, heartily at his provincial humility, but discontinued my collation, though I was then persuaded, as I am yet, that every natural production which is agreeable to the palate cannot be pernicious, unless taken to excess; however, I confess I took some care of myself for the remainder of the day; but felt no ill effect from this fruit, except a little inquietude; I supped well, slept better, and rose the next morning in perfect health, after having allowed the day before fifteen or twenty berries of this terrible hippophæ, of which a very small dose certainly poisons, as everyone assured me the day following at Grenoble. This adventure appeared so ridiculous, that I never recollect it without laughing at the singular discretion of the lawyer Bovier.

My botanical excursions, the local impressions of various objects which have struck me in them, the ideas they gave rise to, and the incidents that occurred, were mingled together, and have left impressions which are renewed by the sight of those plants I then used to gather. I shall no more behold the beautiful landscapes, forests, lakes, groves, rocks, and mountains, whose aspect has ever touched my heart; but though I can no longer stray through those happy regions, I have only to look over my collection, and I am immediately transported thither, the very fragments of plants which I gathered at that time, being sufficient to, make me recollect those magnificent spectacles. My collection is, therefore, to me, a journal of botanical excursions, which brings them back to my memory with new charms, and, producing the effect of a camera, delineates them as present to my sight.

It is this concatenation of ideas which attaches me to botany, by recalling to my recollection all those images that are most delightful; the meadows, waters, woods, and solitudes, but more particularly the peace and repose enjoyed among them, are by this means retraced incessantly on my memory. This makes me forget the persecutions of mankind, the hatred, disdain, wrongs, and all the injuries with which they have repaid my tender and sincere attachment to them. This transports me into peaceful habitations, among innocent and worthy people, like those I was formerly accustomed to. It recalls my youth

and harmless pleasures, making me again enjoy them; and often renders me happy, though plunged by Fate into the most melancholy, situation that ever mortal experienced.

EIGHTH WALK

Meditating on the dispositions of my soul, in every situation of life which I have passed through, I am extremely surprised at the disproportion I perceive between the different combinations of my destiny, and the habitual conceptions of good and evil with which they have affected me. The several intervals of my short-lived prosperity have scarcely left one permanent agreeable remembrance of the manner in which I enjoyed, them; while, on the contrary, during the greatest miseries of my life, I constantly experienced the most tender sentiments, which, though affecting, were delicious; these, shedding a salutary balm on the sorrows of my wounded heart, seemed to convert grief into enjoyment, and the amiable remembrance of those pleasing sensations, frequently returns, unaccompanied by those sorrows that formerly attended them. It appears to me that I have given more into the pleasure of my existence, and more truly lived, when the peculiarity of my fate had concentrated all my feelings, as it were, about my own heart, than when they evaporated outwardly, in pursuit of those objects which merit so little in themselves, yet constitute the whole felicity of those we think most happy.

When all was right around me, when I was content with everything, and satisfied with the sphere I was to occupy, I filled it with my affections, while my expansive soul, extending itself to other objects, was perpetually attracted by a thousand different inclinations, and by amiable attachments, which continually employed my heart: in these situations I forgot myself in some measure, thinking principally on what was foreign to me, and experiencing in the continual agitation of my feelings, all the vicissitude of earthly things. This exquisite sensibility lest me neither inward peace, nor outward repose; happy in appearance only, I had not a single sentiment that could have borne the proof of reflection, or with which I could truly have been content. Never was I perfectly satisfied either with others or myself; the tumult of the world made me giddy, solitude wearied me, I perpetually wished for a change of situation, and met with happiness in none. Meantime, I was entertained well, and caressed everywhere; I had not a single enemy, none who bore me ill-will, none that were envious, everyone sought to oblige me, and I frequently had it in my power to oblige others. Without wealth, employment, or flatterers; without any display

or reputation of particular talents, I enjoyed every advantage that could have resulted from them all, and saw no one in a situation which I thought preferable to my own. What then was wanting to make me happy? I cannot answer this; but I am fully sensible I was not so. What additional misfortune is wanting at this time to make me the most miserable of mankind? Nothing that human malice can add; yet in this deplorable situation, I would not change my being and destiny with the most fortunate among my persecutors; but would rather be myself in the midst of these misfortunes, than any of those who figure in all the glare of prosperity. Cut off from every connection, my soul must nourish itself on its own substance; but she is not exhausted, though I ruminate on a void, if I may be allowed the expression, my clouded imagination and faded ideas no longer furnishing sufficient aliment to my heart, while my soul dimmed and obstructed by the weakness of its bodily organs, sinks daily under the weight of them, having no longer strength sufficient to free itself, and dart as heretofore from its aged and feeble covering.

This entering into ourselves, is what we are naturally forced to by adversity, and this, perhaps, renders it so insupportable to the generality of mankind: for my part (who have only weaknesses to reproach myself with) I easily find consolation, for never did premeditated evil approach my heart: Yet, unless I was fortified by stupidity, how could I contemplate my situation, though but for a single moment, without seeing it in all its horrors, and sinking under the weight of grief and despair? Far from that, though the most feeling of beings, I consider it unmoved, and without struggle or effort nay almost with indifference, see myself in a state which no other man, perhaps, could support the idea of without the utmost perturbation.

How did I acquire this insensibility? For I was very far from this peaceful disposition when I first opened my eyes on that plot which had been so long ensnaring me in secret. I was instantly overwhelmed with this new discovery: infamy and treason sell on me unawares, for what honest soul could be prepared for such attacks, since they must be merited to be foreseen? When I found myself entangled in the snares they spread for me, indignation, fury, and delirium took possession of my heart; I knew not how to act, my head was giddy; while in the fearful obscurity into which they had plunged me, I could discover no light to direct, no support or hold, whose help I might rely on, to resist the despair which threatened to overwhelm me.

How could I hope for happiness or peace in this dreadful situation? yet, though I still continue in it, and am even plunged deeper than ever into this fearful abyss, I have found tranquility and ease, am happy and

cheerful, laughing sometimes at the perpetual torments which my persecutors are giving themselves, while I am content, and so employed with flowers, stamina, and childish amusements, that I do not even think of them.

But how was this change produced? Naturally, insensibly, and without effort. The first surprise indeed was dreadful. I who felt myself worthy of love and esteem; I who thought myself honored and respected, as I deserved to be, found myself on a sudden transformed into the most fearful monster, such a one, indeed, as never existed. I saw a whole generation precipitate itself into this unreasonable opinion, without explanation, doubt, or shame, and even without my being able to learn the cause of this strange revolution. At first, I struggled violently, and did but entangle myself the more, I wished to force my persecutors to some explanation; but they took care not to satisfy me in this particular. After having a long time tormented myself to no purpose, it was necessary to take breath; meantime, I still hoped, and said to myself, "so stupid a blindness, so absurd a prejudice, cannot long influence the whole human race; there are men of sense who will not share this delirium there are upright minds who detest traitors and imposture, I will seek them; at length, surely, I shall find a man, and if I meet with one, the rest will be confounded." I sought in vain, I found none; the combination was universal, without exception or difference, and I am reduced to a certainty of concluding my days in this horrid proscription, without ever being able to penetrate the mystery.

It is in this deplorable situation, after long and dreadful agonies, that, instead of- despair, which seemed my inevitable portion forever, I once more found serenity, tranquility, peace, and even happiness; since each day of my life I recall the occupations of the preceding one with pleasure, and desire no variation for tomorrow.

From whence proceeds this difference? From one single circumstance, which is, that I have learned to bear the yoke of necessity without murmuring. Formerly, I was attached to a thousand things, all which connections have been rent asunder successively, and I am reduced to depend on myself, and adopt my own plan for happiness. Now that I am pressed on all sides, I maintain my equilibrium, because, no longer attached to anything, I depend on myself alone.

When I struggled with so much ardor against public opinion, I still bore its yoke, though I did riot perceive it; for while I entertained an advantageous idea of mankind, or at least of a part of them, the opinions they might form could not be indifferent to me. I had frequently found that the judgment of the public was very equitable; but did not then perceive that this equity was the effect of chance, or that

the rules on which their opinions are founded were drawn from their passions or prejudices, and that even when they judge uprightly, it frequently springs from a bad principle; since they may pretend to honor the merit of another, not from a love of justice, but to give themselves an air of impartiality, that they may caluminate the same man, on other subjects, more securely. But when, after long and vain experiments, I found everyone, without exception, remained in the most cruel and absurd system that infernal malice ever invented; when I saw that, in respect to me, reason was banished from all heads, and equity from all hearts; when I found a frantic generation given up without reserve to the blind furor of its guides, against an unfortunate being who never did, wished, or attempted harm against anyone, it was time to lay aside my lantern, and exclaim "There are none such as I sought for!"

From that time I began to consider myself as alone upon the earth, and that my cotemporaries were, in regard to me, but mechanical beings, who acted by mere impulsion, and whose actions could only be calculated by the laws of motion. Whatever intention, whatever passions I might suppose in their souls, these would never explain their conduct on my account, in any manner that I could comprehend. Their interior dispositions, therefore, cease to be of any consequence to me; since I no longer consider them in any other light than machines moving in various directions, but destitute, in regard to me, of all good or moral reflection.

In all the evils that befall us, we look more to the intention than the effect. A tile falling from a house may wound us more, but does not vex us half so much as a stone thrown from an ill-designing hand; the blow, indeed, may fail, but the intention never misses its mark. Corporeal sufferings are least felt amid the strokes of adverse fortune; and when the unhappy know not on whom to charge their sufferings, they attribute them to Destiny, whom they personify on this occasion, and supply with eyes and understanding, that he may be in a capacity to torment them wilfully. Thus it is with the gamester, who, enraged with his losses, is in a fury, though he knows not with whom; he, therefore, imagines a fate maliciously tormenting him, and thus, giving food to his passion, becomes enraged and exasperated against an enemy himself has created; but a wise man, who only views the misfortunes which happen to him as the strokes of blind Necessity, has not these unreasonable agitations: he complains in his affliction, but without heat or passion, he only feels the actual pain of those evils which assail him; the strokes he receives may slightly wound his person, but not one of them can reach his heart, or in the least remove the early impression of

a religious and virtuous education.

It requires much labor to arrive thus far, but this is not all; if we stop there, we only cut off the evil, but leave the root behind, and this root is not implanted in others, but in our own bosoms, from whence we must endeavor to eradicate it. This I was perfectly sensible of when my recollection returned, my reason pointing out nothing but absurdity in all the explications I had given to my sufferings, been soon convinced that the causes, instruments, and means of all this, were unfathomable, inexplicable, and ought to be regarded with indifference; in short, that I ought to consider my whole destiny as so many acts of pure fatality, in which neither plan, intention, nor moral cause existed; that I should submit without murmuring or uneasiness, since both were utterly unavailing; that all I had now to do on earth, was to look on myself as a being merely passive, and that I should not waste that strength in useless struggles against my fate, which was given me in order to support it. This is what I thought both my reason and heart acquiesced in; yet I felt the latter sometimes complain. From whence arose this murmur?—I sought, and found the cause: it arose from self-pride, which having been irritated with mankind, rose up also against the conviction of reason.

This discovery was not so readily made as some may imagine; for an innocent, persecuted man, is apt to mistake affection to his own person for a pure love of justice; but when once the true source is discovered, it may easily be stopped, or at least turned into its proper channel. Self-esteem is the strongest incentive to elevated souls: self-pride, fertile in illusions, often disguises itself, and is mistaken for the former; but when once the fraud is discovered, the danger ceases; for though it is difficult to eradicate it entirely, it may easily be kept in subjection.

I was never much inclined to self pride, but this factitious passion increased with me in the world, particularly after I commenced author: I had less of it, perhaps, than many others, but yet I had a prodigious quantity. The terrible lessons I received, presently confined it within just bounds. This reformation began by a simple dislike of injustice, and concluded by a thorough disdain of it: then, relying on the integrity of my own heart, and striking off those exterior relations which render self importunate, by renouncing all comparisons and preferences, this passion was reduced again to self-esteem, resumed its natural course, and has delivered me from the yoke of opinion.

From this time, my soul regained its peace, and almost its felicity; for in whatever situation we may find ourselves, it is through the mind only that we can be completely miserable; when that is composed, and

we listen to the voice of Reason, she consoles us for all those woes which it was not in our power to avoid, and even annihilates them, when they do not immediately act upon us, since we are certain to escape their sharpest stings, the instant they cease to employ our attention; the most distressing situations being nothing to those who do not think of them. Offences, revenge, over-reaching, outrages, or injustice, lose their force with those who, in the evils they experience, see only the actual injury, without considering the intention, and whose self-esteem does not depend on that opinion it pleases others to bestow on their actions. In whatever light men think fit to view me, they cannot change my being, and, in spite of their power or dark intrigues, I shall continue, let them do what they please, to remain precisely what I am. It is certain that their behavior, in respect to me, influences my real situation; the barrier they have placed between themselves and me, cutting off all resource, subsistence, or relief, which my old age and wants require, renders even money useless, since it cannot procure me those services which are necessary. There is neither commerce, reciprocal trust, or correspondence between me and mankind; alone in the midst of them, I have no resource but myself, and that is a very weak one at my age, especially in the state to which I am reduced. These sorrows are undoubtedly great; but they have lost their force with me, since I have learned to bear them without anger. The situations in which real want is felt, are not very numerous; foresight and imagination multiply them, and it is this continuity of sensation, which causes our inquietude and unhappiness. For me, it is in vain that I am sensible I shall suffer tomorrow, it suffices to render me content, that I do not suffer today. I am not affected with the evils I foresee, but only with those I feel, which reduces my portion of suffering to very little. Alone, sick, and abandoned in my bed, I might die with want, cold, and hunger, without any person concerning himself about it; and, provided I remain unmoved, and as little affected as the rest, of what consequence is all this? But is it nothing, particularly at my age, to view life and death, sickness and health, riches and poverty, glory and defamation, with equal indifference? Other old men are uneasy about everything, while I am regardless of all; nor is this indifference the effect of my own wisdom, but of the malice of my enemies, and is a compensation for the ills they have dealt me; for, by rendering me insensible to the strokes of adverse fortune, they have done me more service than if they had lest me free from its attacks; since never having experienced adversity, I should continually have dreaded its approach, but now that it is vanquished, I can fear it no more.

This state of mind restores me, in the midst of all the crosses of

life, to the enjoyment of my natural disposition, almost as completely as if I lived in the highest prosperity, except during those short intervals, when I am recalled by the presence of some particular object to the most melancholy inquietudes. At other times, given up to the guidance of my inclinations, of the affections which most attract me, my heart yet nourishes itself by the indulgence of those sentiments for which it was formed, and I enjoy and partake of them, with the imaginary beings my fancy creates, as though all these things really existed:, nay, they do exist for me who create them, and I neither fear they should betray or abandon me; they will exist while Memory holds her seat, or Reason maintains her empire; they will endure while my miseries remain, and suffice to make me forget them.

Everything concurs to bring me back to that peaceful and happy state for which Nature designed me. I pasted three-fourths of my time, either employed with instructive and even agreeable objects, to which I give up my mind and senses with pleasure, or with those ideal beings my fancy forms according to my heart; a commerce with whom, yet keeps its feelings and affections alive: if not thus employed alone, and content with myself, I already experience that happiness which I am conscious is due to me. In all this, self-love does the whole work, self-pride is of no account. It is not thus in those melancholy moments which I yet sometimes pass among men, the dupe of their treacherous caresses, their false deceitful compliments, and honied malignity: however I endeavor to suppress it, self pride then prevails, and the hatred and animosity I perceive in their hearts, through every weak concealment, tears mine with keenest sorrow; while the idea of being taken for so gross a dupe, adds to my grief a childish vexation, the fruit of this foolish pride, which, though I feel the ridiculousness of, I cannot conquer. The efforts I have made to bear these insulting and satirical looks unmoved, are amazing: an hundred times have I passed in the public walks, in order to accustom myself to these painful trials; but so far from having been able to blunt my feelings, I could never advance a single step towards it, and all my vain efforts have left me as susceptible of trouble and vexation as ever.

Governed by the senses, notwithstanding all my endeavors, I have never been able to resist their impressions, and while the object continues to act upon them, my heart cannot cease to be affected; but these fugitive afflictions last no longer than the sensation which gives rise to them. The presence of a malicious person affects me violently; but the instant he disappears, the impression ceases; he is immediately banished from my memory, and if I am ever so well assured he is busying himself about me, I cannot trouble myself about him. The evil

which I do not actually feel, does not in the least affect me; and the persecutor I do not see, can give me no concern. I am sensible of the advantage this disposition gives to those who rule my destiny; but let them dispose of it at their pleasure, I had rather they should torment me without resistance, than that I should be forced to think of them, in order to avoid the efforts of their malice.

It is my senses, acting thus immediately on my heart, that occasion the sole torment of my life: In retreats, where I see no one, I think no more of my misfortunes, no longer feel them, no longer suffer, but am happy and content, without obstacle or interruption. At other times, I rarely escape some sensible attack, and frequently when I least expect it: a gesture or malicious look that I observe, an envenomed word that I hear, or an adversary I chance to meet with, suffices to overthrow me. All I can do in these cases is to forget and fly from these affronts as fast as possible; my pain vanishes with the subject that caused it, and calmness resumes it place the moment I am alone, or if anything then disturbs my peace, it is a fear of meeting in my way some new object of inquietude. This is my principal concern; but this is sufficient to embitter my happiness: I lodge in the midst of Paris; in going from my house, I sigh for the country and solitude; but I have a considerable way to go before I can breathe at ease, and in this space I encounter a thousand objects which wound my heart, and half the day passes in agonies, before I can find the wished asylum, happy if at length I am permitted to reach it. The moment I escape the sight of injurious man is delicious, and when I find myself under the trees, surrounded by verdure, I think myself in a terrestrial Paradise, enjoying as lively an interval of pleasure as the happiest of mortals can experience.

I perfectly remember that during my short-lived prosperity, the very same solitary walks, now so delightful to me, were insipid and wearisome. When I happened to be at anyone's house in the country, the necessity of using exercise, and breathing a freer air, made me frequently go out alone; then, escaping like a thief, I wandered in the park, or about the country; but far from finding the pleasing calm I experience at present, I carried with me the vain agitation that employed me in the house, the remembrance of the company I quitted pursued me even to my solitude, while the vapors of self-pride, seemed to tarnish the freshness of the groves, and disturb the quiet of my retreat. It was in vain that I fled to the recesses of the woods, an importunate crowd followed me everywhere in idea, and all nature faded in my sight; nor was it till since I have been detached from social passions, and their melancholy train, that I have found her again in all her charms.

Convinced of the impossibility of restraining these powerful involuntary emotions, I have ceased to attempt it. At every fresh attack, my blood ferments, while rage and indignation immediately take possession of me; I therefore give up to Nature this first explosion, which all my strength could not overcome. I only endeavor to prevent the effects they might produce, if left to themselves; meantime, my eyes sparkle, my features are agitated, I feel an universal trembling and suffocating palpitation; all these proceed from physical causes, and depend on constitution, nor can any effort of reason conquer them; but after having given way to this first transport, we may re-obtain the government of ourselves, and recover our senses by degrees. I attempted this a long time without success; but at length more happily, when ceasing to exhaust my strength in vain resistance, I waited the moment that reason might govern, to vanquish my weakness, for she never speaks but when she may be heard. Alas! what do I say? until reason might govern! I should do wrong to bestow on her the honor of this triumph, in which she has no share; all this is the effect of a versatile disposition, which an impetuous wind sometimes agitates, but which resumes it native calmness the moment this hurricane ceases to blow: it is my natural ardor which catches the momentary agitation, it is my natural indolence which as instantaneously appeases me. I give into every present impulse, each shock occasions a violent emotion; but the cause vanishing, the effect ceases; nothing communicated is lasting, and all the events of fortune, all-the machinations of man, can have but little hold on a being thus formed.

To afflict me with lasting pain, it would be necessary to renew the impression every moment, for intervals, however short, are sufficient to restore me to myself. I am what it pleases men to make me, while they continue to work on my senses; but in the first instant of relaxation, I am again what Nature designed me. To this point, therefore, notwithstanding all endeavors to the contrary, I most constantly return; and in this situation, even in despite of fate itself, enjoy that happiness for which I feel myself peculiarly formed. I have described this state in one of my former reveries, which suits me so well, that I wish for nothing during its continuance, and fear nothing but to see it disturbed. I am not in any manner affected with the evils mankind have heaped on me, the fear of what they may yet do, is alone capable of giving me the smallest agitation; but convinced they have no new contrivance by which they can permanently affect me, I laugh at their inventions, and enjoy myself in spite of their malignity.

NINTH WALK

Happiness is a permanent condition, which does not seem designed for man, while here below. Everything on earth is in a state of continual fluctuation, which will not permit anything to maintain a constant form. Every object with which we are surrounded, changes; we are equally mutable, nor can any man be certain he shall love tomorrow what he loves today: thus all our plans for happiness in this life, are purely chimerical. Let us, then, prize contentment whenever it offers; let us beware how we banish it by our own folly, neither let us embarrass ourselves with forming projects to ensure its continuance, since such projects are certain follies; I have seen few men, perhaps none, in a state of happiness; but I have seen many content, and of all the objects that ever struck me, it is that which conveys the greatest satisfaction to my heart, and I believe this is a natural consequence of the great power of involuntary sensation on my internal feelings.

Happiness has no particular outward sign to discover itself by; we must be able to view the heart before we can be certain who are truly happy; but contentment is to be read in the eyes, the conversation, the accent, the manner, and seems to communicate itself to him that perceives it. Can there be a greater pleasure than to see a whole people given to the enjoyment of a holiday, every heart expanding with the exhilarating rays of pleasure, which pass joyfully but rapidly amid the clouds of life?

Three days ago, M. P. came with extraordinary haste to show me a n eulogy on Madame Geoffrin by M. D. The reading was preceded by repeated bursts of laughter on the ridiculous phrases this piece contained, and the silly play on words with which he said it abounded. Still continuing to laugh, he began reading, while I listened with a seriousness, which (on observing that I did not imitate him) calmed his levity. The longest and most labored article of this piece turned on the pleasure Madame Geoffrin took in seeing children, and exciting their harmless prattle. The author drew from this, and with reason, the proof of an amiable disposition; though he did not stop here, but directly accused these who had not the same taste, with evil dispositions, and wickedness. He maintained this so far, as to assert, that if all the malefactors who are taken up to the gallows or the wheel, were interrogated on that subject, they would universally agree in confessing, they had never loved children. These assertions appeared very singular in the situation they were placed-in; for supposing all this true, was it necessary to foil the praise due to an estimable woman, with disgusting

images of executions and malefactors? I easily understood the true motive of this paltry affectation, and when M. P. had finished reading this piece, after praising what I thought worthy, I added, that the author had less friendship than hatred in his heart when he wrote it.—The next day, the weather being fine, though cold, I took a walk as for as the military school, expecting to meet with some moss in full bloom. During my walk, I reflected on the visit of the preceding evening, and on the work of M. D. which I could not believe the far-fetched episode I have before remarked, could be placed there without design. The affectation of bringing this trifle to me, from whom they usually conceal everything, was sufficiently expressive of their meaning. I had sent my children to the Asylum; this was sufficient to make me pass for an unnatural father; from thence, extending and exaggerating the idea, they had deduced, as a necessary consequence, that I hated children. In following the gradations of this chain of thought, I admired with what art human industry may change white to black: for I do not believe that ever man loved better to see these little puppets play together, than myself, and frequently in the streets or public walks, I stop to observe their little tricks and sports, with a degree of interest which I never observed in any other person. The very day I was visited by M. P. and not an hour before his arrival, I had received one from the two younger children of Soussoi, my landlord, the eldest of whom might be about seven years old. They had embraced me so freely, and I had repaid their caresses with such tenderness, that notwithstanding the disparity of years, they seemed sincerely satisfied with me, while I was transported with pleasure to find that my aged figure had not disgusted them: Even the youngest came to me so willingly, that, more childish than they were, I felt myself most attached to him, and saw his departure with as much concern as if he had belonged to me.

I know that the reproach of have sent my children to the Asylum, has readily degenerated, with the assistance of very little alteration, into that of being an unnatural father, and hating children; though, it is certain that the fear of exposing them to a destiny a thousand times worse, and almost inevitable by any other means, obliged me to take that step. Had I been less concerned for what might become of them, not being in a situation to bring these children up myself, I should have left them to their mother, who would have spoiled them, or to her family, who would have converted them into monsters—I even yet tremble to think of it! —What Mahomet made of Saide, is nothing to what would have been made of them in respect to me, and I am certain, from the snares which were afterwards spread for me on that account, that the project was formed. It is true, I was very far, at that time, from

suspecting these atrocious snares, but was then fully convinced that the education least dangerous to them would be that of the Asylum, and accordingly I placed them there. I should do so again, and with less concern, was I in the same circumstances; though I am convinced no father can feel more tenderness for his children than I should have felt for mine, and habit in some degree assisted Nature.

If I have made any progress in the knowledge of the human heart, it is to the pleasure I have experienced in seeing and observing children, that I owe it. This same pleasure, in my youth was rather an obstacle, for I joined so gaily and heartily in their play, that I never thought of studying their dispositions; but as I grew old, and found they were alarmed at the sight of my feeble frame, I abstained from teasing them, rather wishing to deprive myself of a pleasure, than to disturb their joy; I therefore satisfied myself with observing their little tricks and sports, and found a recompense for the sacrifice I made of my satisfaction, by the lights these observations threw on the study of the first and genuine dispositions of Nature, of which our learned men understand nothing. I have given sufficient proof in my writings, of having too carefully and minutely attended to this study, not to have done it with pleasure; for it must certainly appear the most incredible circumstance in the world, that Eloisa and Emilius should have been written by a man who did not love children.

I never possessed either presence of mind or facility of speech, and since my misfortunes, both my tongue and head are still more embarrassed; the idea and expression equally escape me, and nothing requires greater discernment, or a more proper choice of expressions, than a discourse held with children. What augments this embarrassment in me, is the interpretation and weight they give to every word that proceeds from a man who has wrote professedly for children, and whose discourse is supposed to have the weight of oracles for them. The constraint and inaptitude I feel on these occasions, make me uneasy and disconcerted, and I should be more at ease before an Asiatic monarch, than before a child it was necessary to make prattle.

Another inconvenience, which I have already hinted at, puts me at a greater distance from children, and though, since my misfortunes I see them with the same satisfaction, yet I no longer enjoy an equal familiarity. Children do not love old age; the sight of decaying nature is hideous in their eyes: the repugnance I discover in their little faces overwhelms me, and I had rattier abstain from caressing, than inspire them with disgust; but this scruple is nothing to our modern philosophers of either sex. Madame Geoffrin was little concerned whether children were pleased with her or not, provided she was

amused with them; but to me, that that enjoyment is nothing unless it is reciprocal, and I am no longer in an age or situation to see the hearts of children bound with pleasure to meet mine; should that ever happen again, the satisfaction, from its scarceness, would be more lively. I had a strikingproof of this the other morning, by the pleasure I took in caressing the little ones of Soussoi; not only because the presence of the good nurse who attended them laid me under no restraint, but particularly from the cheerful air with which they accosted me, and because, during the visit, they neither appeared weary, or displeased with my company.

Alas! could I yet experience some moments of real tenderness, proceeding from the heart, were it only from a child; could I once more observe Joy and contentment in some eye, communicated by my presence, for how many sorrows and troubles would it atone, by the short, but delightful effusions my heart would experience! I should not then be reduced to seek among animals that look of friendship which is denied me by mankind. I can judge the effect it would produce by a very few examples; but those are ever dear to my memory. I will describe one, that in any other situation would have been forgotten, and the impression it made on me, may furnish some idea of the unhappiness of mine.

Two years ago, having been walking towards *La Nouvelle France*, I turned to the left, and willing to extend my walk round *Montmartre*, crossed the village of *Clignancourt*. As I walked along, thoughtful, and regardless of the surrounding objects, I felt something clasp my knees, and immediately perceived it was a child of about five or six years old, clinging round them, who at the same time looked up so fondly and familiarly in my face, that I was greatly moved, saying to myself, "thus I should have been treated by my own." I took the child in my arms, and after having kissed it several times, in a kind of transport, continued my way. I felt as I walked on that something was wanting to complete my satisfaction, and this obliged me to return. I reproached myself with having quitted the child so soon, thinking I had discovered in its manner a kind of inspiration, which ought not to have been slighted. Giving into the temptation, I ran towards the child, embraced it again, and gave him money to buy some small *Nanterre* loaves, a man who sold them happening to be passing by. J began to make him talk; and on asking who's son he was? He pointed to a man that was hooping some barrels. I was just preparing to quit the child, in order to speak to the father, when I was prevented by seeing a man whisper him, who appeared to be one of those spies who are ever at my heels. While this person was speaking, I remarked that the cooper's eyes were fixed

attentively on me, with no very friendly aspect: this sight contracted my heart in an instant, and I quitted both father and child, with greater expedition than I had returned to them; but with a sensation less agreeable, and which altered my whole chain of feelings. I have, notwithstanding, frequently felt these sentiments revive, and have often passed *Clignancourt*, in hopes of seeing this child again, but have never since met either with him or his father, and the only result of this encounter is, a lively remembrance, intermingled with that pleasing melancholy which is natural to me in all those emotions that penetrate my heart.

There is a compensation in all things; if my pleasures are short and seldom occur, they are more lively when enjoyed, than if they were more frequent. I renew them, if I may so express myself, by frequent recollections, and though scarce, if they were unmixed and pure, perhaps I should experience more happiness than I did in my greatest prosperity. In extreme poverty, a very little makes us rich; a beggar who picks up a crown piece is more affected with his good fortune than a rich man would be on finding a purse of gold. The world would laugh could they see into my soul, and view the impression the smallest pleasures of this kind make on it, when I can steal from the vigilance of my persecutors. Four or five years ago, a most pleasing incident presented itself, which I never recollect without delight, from having so well enjoyed it.

One Sunday I went with my wise to dine at Porte Maillot, after which we crossed the wood of Boulogne, as far as *La Muette*; there we fat ourselves down in the shade, waiting the decline of the sun, designing to return gently through Passy. Soon after, about twenty young girls, conducted by a kind of nun, arrived at the same place: some seated themselves on the grass, while others played round about us. During their play, a man with wafers passed by, furnished with his drum and his lottery-board, seeking for customers. I soon perceived that the young lasses longed for the wafers, and two or three of them, who had, I suppose, some farthings in their pockets, asked leave to play. While the governess was hesitating and disputing on this point, I called the man to me, bidding him let the young ladies draw once each, and I would pay for them. This command inspired so much pleasure throughout the whole company, that the sight of it would more than have repaid me had I emptied my purse for that purpose. As I saw their haste occasioned confusion, with the permission of the governess, I ranged them all on one side, making them pass to the other as they drew. Though there were no blanks, and each must at least get one wafer, which would prevent entire discontent, yet I privately took an

opportunity of bidding the man use his ordinary dexterity in a contrary sense so as to bestow as many prizes as possible, and I would pay the difference. By this means near an hundred wafers were distributed among them, though they drew but once each, for on that score I was inexorable, neither favoring those who were least fortunate, or showing any preference that might raise discontents. My wise prevailed with those who had good lots to (hare them with their comrades, by which means the prizes were nearly equal, and the joy universal.

I entreated the nun to draw in her turn, though dreading to have my offer disdainfully refused; but she accepted it with pleasure, drawing like the pensioners, and taking her lot cheerfully. I respected her for this conduct, looking on it as a kind of politeness far preferable to any airs of affectation. During this sport some disputes arose, which were brought before my tribunal, at which these little ones pleaded in their turns, giving me an opportunity to observe, that though none of them were pretty, the gentility of some obliterated the idea of their want of beauty.

At length we separated, extremely well satisfied with each other, and this afternoon was one of those which I recollect with the greatest satisfaction. The amusement was not a very expensive one, since for thirty sous, which was the most it cost me, I had an hundred crown's worth of content; so true it is that pleasure does not depend on extravagance, and that joy is as readily purchased by pence as pounds. I went several times to this place, in hopes of meeting the lame little company, but was never fortunate enough to do so.

This recalls to my memory another amusement of the same kind, but much further back. It was during that unhappy period, when familiar with the rich and men of letters, I was sometimes constrained to partake of their melancholy amusements. I was at *La Chevrette*, at a festival occasioned by the birthday of its owner: all the family were assembled to celebrate it, with every kind of noisy entertainment; neither shows, feasting, or fireworks, were omitted; there was hardly time to breathe; it was all giddiness, without amusement. After dinner, we took a walk in the avenue, where a kind of fair was kept. The villagers were dancing: the gentlemen condescended to dance with the country maids; but the ladies maintained their dignity. There were people here who fold gingerbread: a young gentleman took it in his head to buy some, and throw it piece by piece among the crowd; and all the company were so delighted to see the clowns scramble, fight, and overthrow each other in quest of it, that everyone was eager to contribute towards the sport. Gingerbread, therefore, flew in every direction, while men and maids, running, falling, and laming each

other, offered a most charming amusement to the spectators. Though not really pleased as they were, I did like the rest, from a principle of false shame; but soon weary of emptying my purse in order to lame my fellow creatures, I quitted the good company, and walked alone through the fair. The variety of objects that presented themselves, amused me for a considerable time: among others, I perceived five or six Savoyard boys round a young girl, who had about a dozen pititful apples yet remaining in her basket, which (he would willingly have parted with, but die Savoyards could not muster above two or three farthings among them all, and these were insufficient to make the desired purchase. This basket was to them the garden of the Hesperides, and the young wench the dragon that guarded this precious fruit. The farce amused me for some time; at length, I concluded it by buying the apples, and distributing them among the boys. I then enjoyed the most pleasing spectacle that can flatter the heart of man, that of seeing joy, united with the innocence of youth, spread itself all around me, for the spectators, in contemplating, shared it; but I who purchased it so cheaply, had the additional pleasure of feeling it was my own work.

In comparing this amusement with that I had just quitted, I felt, with satisfaction, the difference between real inclination and natural pleasures, and those that spring from opulence, which are engendered by derision and disdain; for what amusement should be derived from seeing a number of our fellow-creatures, greedy through poverty, overthrowing, choking, and brutally laming each other, from eagerness to procure some morsels of gingerbread, which had been trampled on, and were covered with dust?

For my part, when I reflect on the kind of voluptuousness I have enjoyed on various occasions, I find it consisted less in sentiments of benevolence than in the pleasure of contemplating happy faces. That sight has, indeed, to me a charm, which, though it penetrates my heart, appears to rise entirely from animal sensation; for if I do not feet the satisfaction I bestow, though fully convinced, of its reality, it does not give me half the pleasure. This is to me even a disinterested enjoyment, which does not depend on the part I take in it; for in public holidays, the pleasure of contemplating a number of happy faces, has ever attracted me. This pleasure has often been frustrated in France, for that nation, who pretend to so much gaiety, show little of it in their sports, Formerly, I often went to the Guinguettes, to see the poorer sort of people dance; but these dances were so awkward, and their behavior and countenances so dull and melancholy, that I always left them rather wearied than amused; but at Geneva, and in Switzerland, where mirth and laughter do not continually evaporate in malignant tricks,

everything breathes contentment and gaiety in their public entertainments. The hideous aspect of poverty is banished, neither does pride show its insolence; but good-will, friendship, and concord dispose all hearts to cheerfulness. Frequently, in the transports of innocent joy, strangers accost, embrace, and invite each other to share the pleasures of the day. In order to enjoy these pleating sports, it is not necessary I should be actually engaged in them, let me but see, and I am certain to partake of the jollity; and among so many contented faces, I am convinced there would not be found one heart more happy than my own.

Though this is a pleasure arising only from sensation, it has certainly a moral cause, and what is a proof of this, the same objects, instead of delighting, wound me with grief and indignation, when I am convinced that these expressions of satisfaction and pleasure on the faces as the mischievous, are only signs that their malice is accomplished. An appearance of innocent joy is the only kind that delights my heart; cruel, satirical mirth, overwhelms and afflicts it though I am not the object of its malignity. These symptoms, certainly, are not exactly the fame, arising from such different principles: yet they are equally the marks of satisfaction, and the perceptible difference cannot he proportionate to the emotions which they excite in me.

Expressions of sorrow and pain affect me even yet more powerfully, to a height which I cannot sustain, without being agitated with emotions more lively than those which occasioned them. Imagination adds to the acuteness of my feelings, and incorporates me with the suffering person, frequently inflicting greater torments than himself endures. A discontented face is another sight I cannot support, particularly if I think the cause bears any reference to myself; I cannot tell how many crown pieces the lowring, ill-natured looks of the foot men who waited, have forced out of my pocket, in those houses to which I formerly had the folly to let myself be dragged, and where the servants always made me pay dearly for the hospitality of their masters. Ever too much affected with sensible objects, especially by those which demonstrate pleasure or dissatisfaction, benevolence or aversion, I suffer myself to be influenced by these exterior expressions, having no resource to escape their influence but flight. A sign, a gesture, a glance of the eye, from, an unknown person; is sufficient to destroy my happiness, or calm my sufferings strings. I am only in my own power when alone; at other times, I am the sport of all those who happen to surround me.

Formerly, I lived in the- world with pleasure, when I saw nothing but benevolence in every countenance, or, at worst, indifference in

those who were unknown to me; but, at present, when my persecutors do not take less pains to make my person generally known, than to hide my disposition, I cannot set my foot in the streets without finding myself surrounded with heart-rending objects. I hasten with my utmost speed into the country, and the instant I perceive the verdure I begin to breathe at ease. Is it astonishing that lam fond of solitude, since I see nothing but animosity on the faces of mankind, while Nature ever wears a smile at my approach?

I must confess, notwithstanding, that I yet feel pleasure in living among those who are strangers to my person, but this satisfaction they have almost entirely deprived me of. I loved, some years ago, to ramble through the villages, to see the countrymen in the morning, mending their flails, or the women sitting at the doors with their children. This sight had in it an inexpressible charm, which touched my heart: I sometimes stopped instinctively to observe the contrivances of these good people, sighing, I knew not why. I am ignorant whether my persecutors took notice that I enjoyed this trifling amusement, and therefore resolved to deprive me of it; but from the altered looks of the villagers, as I passed by, and the air with which they seemed to examine me, I was persuaded that great care had been taken to deprive me of that satisfaction. The same tiling was still more strikingly observable at the Hospital 6s the Invalids: that excellent establishment has ever interested me, nor can I behold without tenderness and veneration, those good old men, who may say with those of Lacedemon,

> Once we were, though now grown old,
> Valiant, hardy, young, and bold.

One of my favorite walks used to be round the military school, where I frequently met with some invalids who having preserved their ancient military civility, saluted me as I passed. This salute, which my heart returned, an hundred fold, flattered and augmented the pleasure I felt at seeing them. Not being able to conceal anything of this kind, I frequently spoke of the invalids, and the manner in which their presence affected me. No more was necessary—soon after I perceived I was not unknown among them, or rather that was worse than known, since they now viewed me with the public eye. From that time, no more civility, no more salutations; a distant air and visible shyness took place of their former urbanity. The freedom of their ancient profession not permitting them to conceal animosity under smiles and falsehood, they openly showed me the most violent hatred; and such is the extreme

misery of my situation, that I am constrained to esteem them most, who least disguise their ill will.

Since then, I walk with less pleasure by the Hospital of the Invalids: but my opinion of them does not depend on their thoughts of me, and I never see without respect and veneration, those ancient defenders of their country, though I feel the hardship of having the justice I do them so indifferently repaid. If by chance I meet with one who has escaped the common information, or not knowing my person, expresses no aversion, the friendly salute I receive from him compensates for the repulsive behavior of the rest. I forget their unkindness, to remember his good nature, imagining he possesses a soul like mine, into which hatred cannot enter.

I fully experienced this pleasure last year, in crossing the water to the Isle of Swans. A poor old invalid was waiting the arrival of more company; when I came up, I stepped into the boat, and bid the ferryman put off. The water was rough, and the passage tedious. I hardly dared address a word to the invalid, for fear of being repulsed, as usual; but his civility reassured me. We chatted together; he appeared to be a man offense and morality I was delighted with his affable and courteous behavior, not being accustomed to so much kindness; but my surprise ceased when I learned he had just arrived from the country, consequently it was natural to surmise that my person had not been pointed out to him, and that he had not received the usual instructions. I profited by this opportunity to converse one moment with a man, and felt, from the pleasure I experienced in it, how much the value of our most common pleasures is capable of being augmented by their scarcity. When we were about to leave the boat, he prepared his poor halfpenny; but I paid the passage, begging him to put it up, though, I trembled at the same time for fear I should displease him, which, however, did not happen; on the contrary, he seemed sensible of my attention, and particularly to that (as he was older than myself) of helping him out of the boat. Who would believe that I was child enough to cry with pleasure! I ardently wished to put a twenty-sous piece into his hand, to have furnished him with tobacco, but could not take courage to attempt it. The same shame has often prevented me from doing laudable actions, from which I have abstained, deploring my imbecility.

For once, after quitting my invalid, I consoled myself by reflecting, that I should have acted against my own principles, in mingling with native benevolence, pecuniary objects, which foil and degrade its disinterestedness, We should ever hasten to succor those in want; but in the ordinary concerns of life, let us leave benevolence and urbanity to

do their work, without daring to approach or corrupt so pure a source with anything venal or mercenary. It is said that the people in Holland make yon pay for being told the hour of the day, or directed to the place you want to find. How despicable must that people be, how lost to the endearing quality of benevolence, who thus sordidly make a traffic of the most simple duties of humanity!

I have remarked, that hospitality is only fold in Europe: throughout Asia you are lodged gratis. I well know that it is not so abundantly furnished with conveniences; but is it nothing to be enabled to say, "I am a man, and as such, received by my fellow creatures: pure humanity affords me this shelter?" Small privations are easily endured when the mind is better treated than the body.

TENTH WALK

This day is Palm Sunday. It is precisely fifty years since my acquaintance commenced with Madame de Warrens. She was then eight and twenty, being born with the century. I wanted something of seventeen, and the increasing warmth of a temperament which I was yet unacquainted with, gave additional heat to a heart naturally full of life. If it was not astonishing that she should conceive an affection for a young man, who, with an agreeable person, was lively, though mild and modest; it is surely less extraordinary, that a charming, sensible, and elegant woman, should inspire me with gratitude, and with a yet more tender sentiment, which I could not distinguish from it; but what is rather particular, this first moment produced an inevitable chain of fate throughout my whole future life. My natural organs not having yet developed the most precious faculties of my soul, it had received no fixed form, but seemed to wait with a kind of impatience for the moment that should impress it, which moment, though accelerated by this meeting, did not arrive so soon as might have been expected; since, by the simplicity of manners which education had given me, that delightful but rapid state was prolonged, in which love and innocence inhabit the same heart. She sent me from her; but everything recalled me back again: I found it necessary to return; this return fixed my destiny, and long before she was mine, I lived for her alone. Ah! had I been everything to her heart, as she was sufficient to mine, what peaceful and happy days should we have puffed together! We have spent such; but they were short and rapid, and what a fate has followed them! Not a day passes in which I do not recollect with pleasure and tenderness, this short, and only time in my life, when I enjoyed myself fully, without alloy or obstacle, and in which I could be truly said to

live. I can nearly say with the Roman Prefect, who being disgraced under Vespasian, went to end his days peaceably in the country, I have passed seventy years on the earth, and have lived seven. Had it not been for this short but precious interval, I should have remained a stranger to myself during my whole life, having been so agitated, thrown, and dragged about by the passions of others (though almost passive and unresisting) through a stormy existence, that I should be puzzled to separate what is really my own, in my actions or conduct, from what has been compulsive, so much has cruel necessity kept me in subjection. But during those few years, beloved by a most amiable and accomplished woman, I acted as I pleased, was what I wished to be; while by the employment of my leisure hours, aided by her lessons and example, my soul (yet inexperienced and simple) received the impressions best suited to its nature, and which it has ever since adhered to. An inclination for solitude and contemplation sprang up in my heart, with the expansive and tender sentiments which naturally accompany such propensities. Tumult and noise contract and suppress these feelings, while calmness and peace re-animate and exalt them.

Solitude is necessary to me when in love: I engaged Madame de Warrens, therefore, to retire into the country. A lonely house, on the gentle declivity of a valley, was our asylum, where, for the space of four or five years, I enjoyed an age of life, a full and pure happiness, which enlivens with the charms of its remembrance even my present wretched situation. I wished for a friend adapted to my heart: I possessed her—I sighed for a country life; I obtained it—I could not bear subjection; I was perfectly free, and more than free; since following my attachments only, I did no more than was delightful, my whole time being divided between affectionate cares and rural employments. I only wished for the continuation of so mild a fate, I felt no fear except that which arose from the uncertainty of its continuance; this the difficulties of our situation gave birth to, and it was not without foundation. This too, suggested the idea both of endeavoring to divert this uneasiness, and of providing resources against poverty. I imagined that the attainment of talents was the most certain security against the evils I dreaded; and, therefore, resolved to employ my leisure so as to put myself in a situation to return one day, if possible, to the best of women, that assistance I had received from her.

THE END

Take a walk with a camera and journal. Stop when rest is needed. From your resting position take a photograph of what is in front of you. Write the steps you've taken to get to that point of rest. Draw a map of how you've gotten there.

Living in the Loop

Diedrich Diederichsen

She's leaving home, bye-bye
—The Beatles

I received the following email from the Oberhausen Short Film Festival yesterday:

Between May 5–8, the lounge of the Oberhausen Short Film Festival will host the "Space for Projection," presenting the second edition of the project *loop pool*, with video loops produced by international artists, VJs, and directors. DJs and musicians will compose a live soundtrack to the loop program in the festival lounge.

But where I've just come from, a loop is something else entirely.

Over the past few months, I've been living in the shrinking city of Saint Louis, Missouri, a city with a growing crime rate, despite its dwindling population. The city's neglected ghettos are adjacent to the most luxurious mansions, reachable only by private roads. This is not some new type of gated community, but good old segregation—easily identified by grand art deco fences. In one area, in a unique show of the strength of gentrification, a restaurant owner has transformed three dilapidated blocks into a subculture shopping mile, including radical-Left-gender-theoretical-political bookshops, various boutiques, two music stores selling second-hand vinyl and CDs, Thai restaurants, sports bars, and an art house cinema. He personally ran an oversized sports bar named Blueberry Hill, where an eighty-year-old Chuck Berry performed *Maybellene*, *Johnny B. Goode*, and *Roll Over Beethoven*once a month. To cheer up the dishonored city there was also a Hollywood-Boulevard-like Walk of Fame, with stars embedded in its pavement bearing the names and birth years of local celebrities. Next to William S. Burroughs were Ike and Tina Turner, Tennessee Williams, and renowned individuals from the world of American sports. These three blocks of Delmar Avenue were known as the "Loop," something I failed to understand until I discovered that behind the shops is a narrow street, an alleyway where one can turn around to cruise back down the boulevard again without ever exiting this circle of relative safety—to the ghettos or the gated mansion blocks.

Downtown Chicago is also called "the Loop," after the elevated tramlines that encircle it. And Berlin has the S-Bahn ring, dating back to even before the Wall divided the city. In the late 1950s, the young Tony Conrad practically lived in the Berlin ring-train in order to save money on rent. Shortly thereafter, he discovered Minimal music, but he's not the only artist to learn from the loop in the last fifty years. Today, Bernhard Lang, with his complex simple composition-cycle *Differenz und Wiederholung (Difference and Repetition)* is the leading representative of the loop principle. The boom of so-called non-linear narrative in contemporary cinema (Tarantino, Gondry, Kaufman, González Iñárritu, Tykwer) began with the story of loops as prison houses of

temporality, as in *Groundhog Day*. Gregory Whitehead's "Walking The Circle" in volume three of documenta 12 magazine, elucidates his philosophico-therapeutic program of going in circles. The opposite of a circle, or of cruising, is getting ahead. When I was growing up, the idea of advancing had positive connotations for both escapism and conformism—the two mutually antagonistic perspectives on life marking the early Seventies.

First, conformism: to get ahead in life was one of the major ambitions of post-war West Germans. There were two versions of this conformism; the first form concerned the family and the desire to give your children a better future than the one you once had. In the second version, this desire to get ahead was projected onto one's own life. Getting ahead was the common denominator; it was in some sense ultimately about social climbing. There were so many stories about the first to attend university, the first to establish financial independence, and even the first to graduate from high school. The so-called Fordist compromise—the historic agreement between capital and labour also encompassed the promise of flexible social hierarchies. The ascent should be possible for anyone with a sense of discipline. This promise was initially taken at face value, and people enthusiastically believed in it. That the toil may not be worth the effort or that the social climb may be more difficult than expected was an experience yet to be had.

Getting ahead presumes two different things—on the one hand, that one has yet to arrive at the top and that there still is room up there, and, on the other hand, that the road to the top is not only open but also scenic. When it comes to getting ahead, the collective imaginary of the period was largely marked by automobiles and the autobahn, by the free flow of free citizens, which explains why the most prevalent metaphor summarizing the recent despondency in German politics is "reform congestion" *(Reformstau)*.

Everyone wanted to move forward, and now the loop is the central formal modus operandi of cultural production, not only in Oberhausen, not only in the black boxes of various biennials, not only in the microstructures of music, or in the discursive and meta-discursive object. The loop is not the mere opposite of meaningful history, nor is it simply the eternal return. The latter implies a process that once it began, it would not return to its starting point, but unfortunately it does exactly that: returning to the beginning every time, like a bad infinity. The friends and enemies of a philosophy of history have long wrestled over this. But the loop knows no process, it has never promised to go anywhere. One can hop on board at any moment without missing anything and disembark before anything might be missed. The loop is a space in time—but more on this later.

Now for the runaway variety of getting ahead. A recent edition of the Berlin Film Festival celebrated European cinema of the 1960s. Before the well-known features, shorts were shown, which included the earliest work of the Oberhausen generation of New German Cinema, whose filmmakers later became prominent directors in their own right. Interestingly, the Munich directors, such as Klaus Lemke, already wished to be glamorous and adventurous: film was supposed be larger than life and engage with gangsters and Acapulco. Whereas Hamburg directors, like Marquard Bohm, for example, already preferred the laconic charm of mitigated crankiness of the Poodle Club[i] sense of humor (e.g., Helmut Herbst and Marquard Bohm's *Na und [So What?]*, Federal Republic of Germany, 1966). There's something uncanny and telluric about this unrelenting persistence of regional culture over all these decades far beyond any easy loops or meticulous sense of progress.

Documentary films were also screened. Peter Fleischmann's *Herbst der Gammler*(*Autumn of the Penniless*, FRG, 1967) features long-haired kids of the 1960s, temporary outcasts and non-integrated adolescents whose chief occupation was simply travelling free of charge. Much like the juvenile wayfarers who appeared much later, having become socially acceptable, their objective was to travel as far as possible for as little as possible. All conversations hinged on the same questions: Where and in which of the European hotspots—Berlin, Paris, Rome, Ibiza—could one kip somewhere cheaply or free of charge? What are the cops like over there? What's up with the parties? Some of the teenagers had run away, some from so-called broken homes. Others had apparently taken a break from their otherwise bourgeois lifestyles, developing proto-political yet non-verbalized ideas in opposition to the pressure to get ahead. Whenever they were expected to explain more explicitly where and how an alternative life might be found, how it might be organized, what its content might be, the journey itself would be emphasized: the idea of travelling without knowing where to, for how long, nor, most importantly, why. Only thereafter will we know why we wanted to know. The absence of a goal or reason guarantees the absence of instrumental thinking, which, in turn, is the precondition for the right trip. A couple of years later, Bernward Vesper would write *Die Reise (The Journey)*, and after the posthumous appearance of this autobiographical novel in 1977, everyone attested to the ways in which it captured the well-known "experience of a generation." There are countless books, films, and songs everywhere in the world, simply called "The Trip": Kim Fowley, Roger Corman, the Electric Flag.[ii]

A few years earlier another documentary addressed the realities of professionally getting ahead: Ula Stöckl's *Haben Sie Abitur*? *(Did You Finish School?*, FRG, 1965) focused mainly on one night school in Stuttgart where young workers could spend their evenings studying for the German *Abitur* examinations. These students, who had nine to five jobs, attended classes daily starting at six p.m. in order to prepare for said exams. Besides the daily hours in class, there was of course homework and reading. And forget the weekends! In light of this unrestrained zeal for getting ahead, leisure as leisure, for the sake of recuperation or what us Marxists call reproduction, was frowned upon, as laziness. You could at least make an effort to get somewhere.

The candidates in question—almost exclusively men—each gave different reasons for engaging in such drudgery. By going through the university entrance exams and perhaps some subsequent training, some saw a chance for promotion from their current positions within their companies, which, in typical Fordist fashion, supported the further education of their employees. Other candidates had fulfilled certain conditions and were being rewarded for their diligence and dedication; others yet were simply responding to a moral imperative to education; and in one very interesting case, a man enrolled in the program all because of an ambitious wife.

The film's interviews with the wives and girlfriends provided a remarkable, disturbingly unappealing, and even somewhat twisted image. Almost all of these women made a rather worldly, realistic, and modern—one might say, emancipated—impression. Nearly all of them candidly professed expectations of their partners attaining additional qualification. But not only did they never question the division of roles, they actively defended it during their interviews, even though they obviously would have been very well equipped to play a role in their men's world themselves, a world for which they were making such thorough and meticulous plans. They'd studied longer and were much better educated than their mothers, and, very often, than their partners—but there was no social model within which they would have been able to apply the

knowledge and the attitudes they'd acquired in school and in training. Their vigor and their acquired cosmopolitanism were channeled into the careers of their partners. The study of art history and the charitable duties the upper middle classes reserved for their educated daughters were not available as compensation to these women for assuming a traditional female role. Instead of adopting a completely different—"female"—function, these daughters of the *petite bourgeoisie*, who often had the degree qualifying them to enroll in university programs or professional training, rolled up their shirtsleeves, and, thanks to their comparable skills, became active participants in their partners' careers. Trained for a career but barred from a career path, they were proxies in the house of man—buddies of their own men more than anything else.

One of these women, colder and more severe in tone than the rest, demanded that her fiancé bend over backwards. Her concerns were not about his professional career, but far more, as she put it, about his "intellectual level." She's given up on both a good education and career options on his account, and in return she wanted conversations about literature and other highbrow matters. Things were less than perfect in that department, a fact he confirmed with a bitter smirk. Unsuccessful couples do provide terrifyingly contoured insight into social reality.

The woman had so successfully interiorized petit bourgeois values of culture and education that she thought already beyond the ideology of social advancement in that she had reached the bourgeois point of articulating intellectual abilities and deeper spiritual fulfillments as goals, which a prosperous life must offer. This example of marital fervor for social betterment is in fact historically precocious. She talks to her fiancé in 1960 like his future hippie daughter—possibly aged fourteen in 1975—might one day speak to him. The projection of the promise of professional progress or social advancement onto one's partner is especially grotesque when concerning matters of intellectual development, which is normally seen as an individual pursuit. The classic, bourgeois ideal of a lifelong path of intellectual refinement is tied to the idea that the beneficiary of the said refinement and the one who seeks to attain it are the same person. Seldom is female oppression better described than by the woman who desires intellectual development and expects her husband to pursue it for her. This educationally disposed and, of course, intolerable wife of a man who works so hard and so speedily is a persistent *topos* of film history, especially of the 1970s. Aesthete wives dragging their husbands to the theater are displayed as culture-obsessed she-beasts with castrating furor, like the inspector's wife in Hitchcock's*Frenzy* forcing healthy British men to appreciate abstract painting and French cooking.

Men attend night school, while their wives devise their professions. Children instead do not wish to move forward professionally but by means of travelling and in their own individual lives. In *Donald has Secrets* (*Donald hat Geheimnisse* is the German title of Carl Barks's 1966 story originally titled *The Beauty Business*), drawn and written in the period we're talking about, Daisy Duck, along with Huey, Dewey, and Louie, takes to spying on Donald because he's always tied up in the evenings and rumor has it that he's attending night school. Daisy hopes he's studying interior design, like her friend's boyfriend, and in one of her thought bubbles there appears a modernist estate à la *Mon Oncle* that includes a man with a rugged crewcut and thick-rimmed glasses. The children point to a passing sanitation truck, jolting Daisy out of her daydream, to make a callous remark, "Or he's studying to be a garbage truck guy—these boys really make a lotta dough." I'll return to the surprise punch line, unveiling what Donald eventually becomes and why he kept his studies a secret, later.

The note of dissatisfaction most often felt by those who—like myself–suffered through circumstances that were not exactly repressive, but rather, boring, is expressed in the phrase “Das bringt mich nicht weiter” (That doesn’t get me anywhere). To teachers, parents, and clerics who prodded us with matters that meant nothing to us, we replied: “It doesn’t get me anywhere.” Teenagers are proud of the individuation results they have already harvested.

Any offer of getting ahead has to be measured against the state of development the teenage self has already achieved. This self knows two things: I am what I am to the extent that I have developed and moved on, as opposed to remaining the one I already was, the one the others validated as such. But also, unfortunately, only if I am validated can I take the necessary steps, and to do so I must somehow remain a recognizable, reliable type, both within the family and among my peers. A compromise is often found in the idea that one can move forward and go through radical experiences but accumulate these in a manner that allows one to become what one has always been and should always remain. At this point, support is usually provided by pop songs and books by Hermann Hesse.

We accumulate experiences like capital on our journeys in order to examine how well we fared in the process; we take pictures of both ourselves and the scenario, and if we find any likeness or aesthetic suitability in them we put these pictures in the photo albums of our minds or stick them in our mental baggage, integrating these images into our repertoire of passive individuality. Later, as we proceed to study and specialize, we reach back to some of these passive life experiences and transform them into active *Welthabe*, into the active elements and gestures that constitute us. We move onward and forward, we get ahead.

Even the trademark whine of the spoiled rotten—“Been there. Done that.”—bewails a lack of forward movement, but this particular form of narcissism comes historically later and is no longer interested in producing a deep and unmistakable self as the ultimate point of reference in a traditionally bourgeois sense of the term, a self by which the success of each experience must be measured in use value. What we see here is a consumerist ego that is always already complete, precisely because as a consumer it can see the use value of an experience only in the currency of its exchange value. It can sarcastically decree what are seemingly hard criteria for the quality of experiences: “I’ve been here already; This experience is no longer a rarified one and is, therefore, worthless; What’s in it for me?” The incommensurable I that appears in the world view of bourgeois idealism is no longer needed here.

The fact that middle class growth and wanderlust was nothing new in the 1960s and 70s does not mean that each historical occurrence of this restlessness merely rehashes the spirit of certain classic novels of the bourgeoisie. *Anton Reiser (Anton Traveler)* and*Wilhelm Meister (Wilhelm Master)*, for example, whose very titles name both route and destination, and in doing so, the customary congruence of the two. At least the early bourgeoisie of the eighteenth century still had to confront the fact that its subjectivity was not the only possible one, as its representatives were surrounded by, in terms of systems theory, an “environment” of the bourgeoisie, actors and wayfarers, the weird and the subaltern on the one hand, and, on the other, landowners, aristocrats, and ladies of the nobility. They experienced their own class as something problematic and lacking; to decide against it was ultimately just as feasible as opting for it. This raised the stakes and value of a decision in favor of the bourgeoisie, legitimating it as a free choice. By the end of the novel, one knew what one was doing. And the reader knew it, too.

The finest part of the journey is the moment of departure. Its official goal in the bourgeois tradition of self-development is to acquire an understanding of the need to become a citizen. This must unfold in a manner that appears to be free of any preordained sequence of experiences, even if in reality that sequence is of course highly didactic in nature. The moment preceding this forcibly-freely acquired insight in the necessity of becoming a member the bourgeoisie is a moment beyond constraint, that moment of leaving home, often as a result of force. At the beginning of bourgeois subjectivity lies the farewell to bourgeois subjectivity. This implies that one has already acquired a bourgeois subjectivity before delightedly discarding it for the first time. There was never a moment of innocence preceding the insight or—more critically—the bourgeois conditioning. On the contrary, a mark of this conditioning is the propagation of an illusory initial innocence, during which the advantages and disadvantages of various ways of living are prudently weighed.

The first traces of circularity emerge here: the loop already begins to twist and curve back on itself. Much later, the middle classes will take to looking at themselves and recognize this circularity as their fate, or as the sign of a life of failure. They will then ponder whether everyone is condemned to such a loop. After which—disappointed by the world and disillusioned by their own grandiose invention of the dialectic of departure and return—they will declare this circularity a law of nature and history and development an impossibility, as if the said laws of nature demanded that the entire world be condemned to a bourgeois way of thinking and living and to bearing its disappointments along with it. In the end, they will discover the loop to be a critical account of bourgeois individuation or—later on—to be a template for a different kind of life, and the loop will be affirmed as the conclusion of a concrete, definitive negation of bourgeois development as a career. This, too, was already beginning in the nineteenth century.

Things that in due course can go very well (or at least tragically awry) in Goethe are already more difficult when it comes to Büchner. Instead of narrating a colourful departure from the world of the bourgeoisie in the first person, Büchner tells the story of another poet, roughly a century older than himself—Jakob Michael Reinhold Lenz. Lenz belongs to the dramatists of the *Sturm und Drang* (literally “Storm and Urge”) school, an enthusiastically restive culture of restlessness. In *Sturm und Drang*, departure is a genre in itself. According to the mythology of this genre, however, the storm can never constitute anything other than a passing phase, and one must gradually overcome the respective urge *(Drang)*of a specific moment and move on. Thus, for example, years after *Goetz von Berlichingen*, Goethe could still write *Iphigenie*—the most urgeless and stormless work ever written in the German language. But Lenz never wrote anything else, and with the eventual clouding of his mind and disposition, he arguably became the first embodiment of the lunatic poet in the German-speaking world. A later and most prominent example thereof was Hölderlin—the one most important German-speaking precursor to all the cultures of upheaval and “getting ahead” of the global post-war underground.

Büchner tried to write a novella about the poet Lenz himself, without referring to his work, a psycho-grammatic profile of a poet, who was a refugee and wanderer by profession, and of the paths he took. The text became a kind of anti-Goethe, perhaps because it remained a fragment. A paradigmatic story of non-advancement—first as a survey of a certain human condition and then as a sort of suggestion for something other than development, something other than becoming mature and socially competent, an infantile happiness of pure departure, of that which constitutes the movement of the schizophrenic in *Anti-Oedipus*: to get away, to get away, to get away.

So Lenz gets away and takes off. But taking leave always implies a destination, a romantic one that is open-ended and unreachable. In the German Romantic tradition, the metaphor for this is the forest. (There was once a German translation of an American science fiction novel with the title *Das Wort für Welt ist Wald* or *The Word for World is Forest*.) So Lenz winds up in the woods. He strays. He comes across a small village and sees a girl. His moods change abruptly. Suddenly he is in a very happy and downright metaphysical mood, then in total despair, and, before long, physically broken. Just as I, despite my disenchantments in general and my disenchantment with the railway in particular, only need to be placed in a night train, no matter where it's going nor how prosaic the journey might be, to be automatically overcome with a joyful sensation of agency and departure, that is what happens to Lenz when he enters the forest. Unfortunately, his journeys either lead him in circles or to villages he's visited before, which repeatedly drive him to desperation. Lenz winds up with Father Oberlin, whose family takes care of him, and things become a little more discursive. There is talk of Lenz's father. A nightmare. Only with brute force can one defend oneself against the repressive patriarch who drives young literary sons into the wilderness. He who does not wish to resort to such treatment must refuse maturity, cancel adulthood, and flee. The return, whether as homecoming or as regression, is impossible, leaving only one option: the loop.

In the 1950s, Guy Debord summed up his agenda with the formula: "At night we go in circles to be consumed by fire." The sane, if devastated, arrivals depicted in the classic novels offered a stark contrast to the fateful being-driven-across-the-world of their descendants. The latter discovered at some point that if they gave in to aimless drifting, they'd simply go in circles. The classics also moved in circles, but in large and dialectical ones, whereas the bohemians, the beatniks, and Debord's drinking buddies turned pirouettes. Whoever wants to flee without destination lands in a loop. All you can hope to do is to beautifully follow its circles.

Die Soldaten (The Soldiers), one of Lenz's more pugnacious dramas, became the initial outline for one of the most aggressive and desperate operas of the post-war era, by Bernd Alois Zimmerman. Zimmerman became famous as the composer who coined the slightly mysterious and mystical formula of "the spherical shape of time" *(Kugelgestalt der Zeit)*. According to this idea, deriving from philosophies of time and music, musical experience should be divorced from the mere experience of a moment in time. The latter renders the passing of an already performed section of a musical work irrelevant and its future indeterminate. Instead, past and future should be realized and experienced in the immediate presence of musical experience. This is a little different from the positions of Adorno and other modernists in the field of new music who, far from giving up on temporality, wanted relationships between all musical parameters to be addressed in terms of time. The opposition between lived and measured time was the secret undercurrent of all kind of aesthetic debates around 1960. Adorno did not wish to see this opposition (falsely) reconciled; Zimmerman, on the other hand, appears to have wanted some kind of resolution between the two perspectives. After all, he did lend this idea the rather interesting name of "the spherical shape of time."

Having liquidated contemporary art and its protagonists within their sphere of influence over several decades, the Germans had no right to speak when it came to artistic matters. Strangely, already in the 1950s, when they kept their mouth shut otherwise, this did not apply to music and its philosophy, and the philosophies of time that arose during this period thereby also functioned

as hidden proposals for historical thinking. Could the shape of a sphere be a bashful formal proposal for the disposing of history?

Escapes and loop: for Adorno, jazz was a loop. All he saw was a fugitive return to the fold of the main theme at the end of a solo. In *Die Soldaten*, Zimmerman deployed a jazz combo—not for the first time, but more emphatically and explicitly than before. The combo employs a walking bass. To counter Adorno's description of the narrative cycle of jazz, its seemingly castrating pseudo-liberations, always ordering the renegade solo back into the main theme, the walking bass offers a nervous micro-loop, a repetition that lies not in the dismantling of narration, but in the pressing *physis* of the forward step. Jazz emphasizes the physical side of walking, going, leaving without a plan—beyond the successes or disappointments a plan can harbour. In Zimmerman's opera, it is an "Andalusian woman" who dances to jazz.

The loop is not a turning back but a circle, and the trajectory of *Wilhelm Meister* forms a tangent. His route is still associated with the point of departure, the paternal birthplace, while the loop has severed these ties. The price for this rupture is the indefinite postponement of arrival. Usually, noticing you're going in circles implies that you are lost. But many find this quite pleasant. Canadian artist Rodney Graham made this beautifully clear when he built a reading apparatus for Lenz in the early 1980s. Graham noticed that the English and French translations of Lenz both feature an exact repetition, a twofold use of the phrases "into the forest" and "*à la longue de la forêt*" respectively. So he laid out the text between these two points in a manner that fills a particular number of pages and built a machine of sorts that is based on a lectern, thanks to which the reader of the novella, upon reaching the second "into the forest," is taken back—not to the beginning of the story, but to the first "into the forest," meaning that neither the beginning nor the ending of the book remain accessible. So this is not about a loop that leads back home, and/or into regression, but one that forever follows the same trajectories as a runaway or a fugitive schizo. Incidentally, Graham's machine does not work in the German original; here, the two passages, which are rendered identical in translation, read: "*Den Wald hinab*" (down into the forest) and "*Den Wald hinauf*" (up into the forest).

Does the introduction of a third dimension offer hidden clues? Can one run in circles and still experience many an unpredictable thing? After all, things can always go up or down. To go back to the two notions of progress in the 1960s and 70s, it was never about a straight path, a mathematical axis, projected out into the world from one single point, through one single dimension. All these trajectories lead not only away from somewhere, but also up and down. They tell the stories of reaching high peaks and following crooked paths. In terms of spiritual self-realization, they are stories of perfection and refinement, ranging from cliff scaling to freefall.

Let's briefly return to Donald Duck, who was working on his social ascent at night school. To recap, Daisy had hoped he'd become an interior designer, while Huey, Dewey, and Louie scoffed that he was probably in training to be a trash collector. Instead, Donald becomes … a hairdresser. Daisy cannot suppress her—presumably homophobic—horror. Surely that is no profession for a man. She goes home, feeling "so very ashamed." In the meantime, Donald is moving up in the world. Daisy's girlfriends, of all people, eagerly flock to him, and his reputation as a hairdresser spreads among the ladies of the city, which now bestows yet another discomfort on Daisy. Jealousy. And in the end, Donald is faced with a very special kind of challenge.

For the French rendition of Rodney Graham's Lenz project[iii], his friend the famous Canadian artist Jeff Wall wrote an essay in which he linked the Lenz Loop to the usual historico-philosophical concepts: Freud's repetition compulsion, Nietzsche's eternal return, and finally, above all, Hegel's bad infinity. Naturally, these concepts all have a different relationship to the object and subject matter in question: that of moving round in circles, which is regarded either as an anthropological given, resisting the concept of history, or as an ominous psychological pattern, which can be reformed into a more successful form of subjectivity, or as a malfunctioning idea of history and development, which does remain appropriate in essence nonetheless. These concepts do concur with the fact that that the loop is, in any case, a negation of progress. But can we take this for granted?

These days, faced with the difficult choice of either adapting one's actions to the circumstances at hand and abandoning any leeway, or adopting a completely different, revolutionary, and utopian position that has no chance of success whatsoever, it's quite common to invoke the notion of potentiality. One sings the high melody of bare possibility, of the not yet nameable and therefore as yet un-debatable, embryonic, latent, faraway events. From Bloch to Agamben, one can easily find the many respective philosophical figures and arguments in favor of all this. As a category of thought and action, potentiality guarantees the survival of absolute oppositionality. The pragmatic but ugly principle of always rallying to the rescue of whatever is second worst is suspended in the name of some superior third element.

The cult of potentiality, however, is also an ally of the journey and the return-to-the-home. Classic utopian models play with the same dialectical thoughts of departure and return, just like the bourgeois *Bildungsroman*. One sees the clear resolution to go elsewhere, even the obligation to do so, to turn against oneself and one's father. And after a while, between the antagonistic poles of father and home, the return begins, in the name of finding "the way to oneself." If one wishes to acquire a timely and appropriate form of the old same, one must wish for something entirely different. It is during phases of congestion and roadblock, when alternatives and escapes are unavailable, that devotees of potentiality succeed in administrating these structures. The exercise demands that one fully convince oneself that, at the right moment, one will indeed immediately seize the other and potentially embark on a new journey. Still, the problem that the potential and future departures know no logic other than the classic leave-taking and inevitable homecoming may be far worse than the current state of congestion.

Get Rid of Yourself, a film by the New York–based artist collective Bernadette Corporation, combines the altercations of Genoa in 2001 with some fashion shows in New York, and spends a long time wallowing in problems similar to those described in these pages, combined with a voiceover derisively scorning Attac network and its slogan "Another world is possible." Its argument goes somehow like this: "Sure, maybe another world is possible, but actually I don't want another world at all. I want the world we have and I want to ruin it." In the context of the film, this desire is not meant to invoke ecological catastrophe or the ruining of the planet so much as the destruction of the capitalist order. There is no hint that this will unfold to the benefit of the implementation of another type of order, communism, for example, which one must first strive for, and for which one must accept a logic of the trajectory of development, of necessary sacrifices and intermediary stages. Rather, what we love the most in this world, or, better yet, what captivates us—the commodity—must be both revered and destroyed. The spell of commodities is acknowledged as a key element of today. One cannot escape it through disdainful contempt; one

must surrender to it and thereby enable its destruction precisely by recognizing its seductive powers. Having clarified this, the film proceeds to show us the looting of expensive fashion items.

Talking about the commodity, we refer here to the promise of immediacy and instant gratification and its denial of journey and sacrifice. It is often assumed that utopia is already hidden within the commodity as some misshapen dream, that some enchanted and transfixed better future already exists right here in the world, and not merely at the other end of a long journey or rainbow. What's new in Bernadette Corporation's approach is its refusal to respond by attacking our commodity-producing society, its structures and laws, and its decision to attack the empirical, concrete commodities themselves instead. In its infantile and anti-developmental spirit of sheer willpower, it is about as magical—but perhaps also as interesting—as the 1967 attempt of poets and musicians like Allen Ginsberg and the Fugs who, in an effort to end the Vietnam war, tried to dispel the evil spirits and demons from the Pentagon with the help of shamanic rituals.

This is an act also of non-departure, of staying put and moving in circles, preferable to the illusion of new beginnings, which is informed by the regular shopping spree, the circular activity par excellence: it is an eternal promise of a fresh start, which never claims to lead to a concrete utopia, but merely to recurring withdrawal symptoms following the consumption, something one already anticipates without fail. The ultimate moment of the commodity is the moment between purchase and consumption. The product has been bought, but not yet consumed—potentiality! Robert Crumb captured it in its entirety with a horde of identical, dull-eyed men streaming out of the subway, all of whom have the same thought bubble featuring the same stereotypical image of a naked female torso, all staring sadly at the ground. Only one of the men smiles (there's a porn magazine tucked in his bag). High above in the upper edge of the comic book pages, a godlike alter ego of Crumb's comes to comment: "Look at him, the poor thing! But he's happy." The use of the magazine will leave him depressed, a depression that will accompany him until he buys the next. But in that moment between the purchase and the expected disappointment he is happy.

Does this structure necessarily bring forth only the false happiness of this poor wanker? Haven't we come to know—not least through Minimalism and techno—that what we hear in a loop is never the same? Thanks to its supple and reliable consistency, our micro-changes suddenly become larger, and the world around the loop begins to grow. Time and again we see ourselves under the same conditions, looking slightly different every time. Again and again, Lenz runs into Father Oberlin, over and over he succumbs to a flash of insight and sees himself in a new light—after which he screams and cries or is actually happy. As for those Situationists who ran in nighttime circles during the early 1950s, it was in this sense that they would have liked to turn back the clock on their own lives, and on history and progress, too.

Commodity, circularity, craving. Are those who use drugs or commodities really turning in similar circles as Lenz? It is not the process of the loop's repetition that is disappointing, for it always successfully leads back to a starting point. I experience the same thing at least twice. By virtue of being objectively the same, it's an opportunity to observe the changes in my subjective experience, to experience change as a second order observer—a change that is not limited to linear progression. There are two sides to Daft Punk's "One More Time!" and the happy "Again!" of both Teletubbies and *Mainzelmännchen*:[iv] one, to ask whether anything is still available, and to affirm that it is, and then, to enjoy becoming something different as a result of the fact that the environment remains stable, be it Lenz's forest or the beat.

Naturally, this amounts to an evasion or denial of the wrong kind of work and development, but also the good work on the world, the negation of the way things stand. One clings to the relative happiness of being oneself quite distinctly, but without becoming a patriarch. It is a seemingly utopian thought; to become limitless without having to overcome anything, a takeover without a show of force. *Change the World Without Taking Power,* the title of John Holloway's book, articulates the paradoxical leftist underground sensation, or dream, of changing the world. This idea seems to be based on the feeling that the world changes when I myself change (without intervening in the world, that is, without working because that is always negating). The reason the loop became such a successful rhetorical trope in the effort to describe, narrate, and even organize experiences is that it harbors possibilities ranging from regression to self-reflection without ever becoming arbitrary: a conspicuous constellation that subsumes ever more (sub-) cultural territory, organizing very different things that would have otherwise been mere narrative. And no one really trusts narrative anymore.

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This essay originally appeared without endnotes. The following notes are additions by the editors.

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[i] An iconic bar, club, gallery, and project space in Hamburg since the 1990s.

[ii] Kim Fowley wrote and produced the 1966 song "The Trip." Roger Corman directed the 1967 film entitled *The Trip* starring Bruce Dern, Peter Fonda, and Susan Strasberg. The Electric Flag was a rock band formed in 1967 whose initial recording formed the soundtrack for Corman's film.

[iii] The title of Rodney Graham's Lenz project is entitled *LENZ* and was made in 1985.

[iv] Animated characters that introduce the commercial breaks on German TV.

4. Ph 71b, 1926, cat. no. 13
Brancusi - The White Work

5. Ph 65a, *c.* 1926, cat. no. 12

Build a sculpture out of your belongs and everything in the room you are currently in. Locate the best area to give your new sculpture awesome light. Take a picture of your new sculpture. Making a drawing of your new sculpture where its entirety fits on the page. Do the same for a painting.

Sculpture in the Expanded Field

Rosalind Krauss

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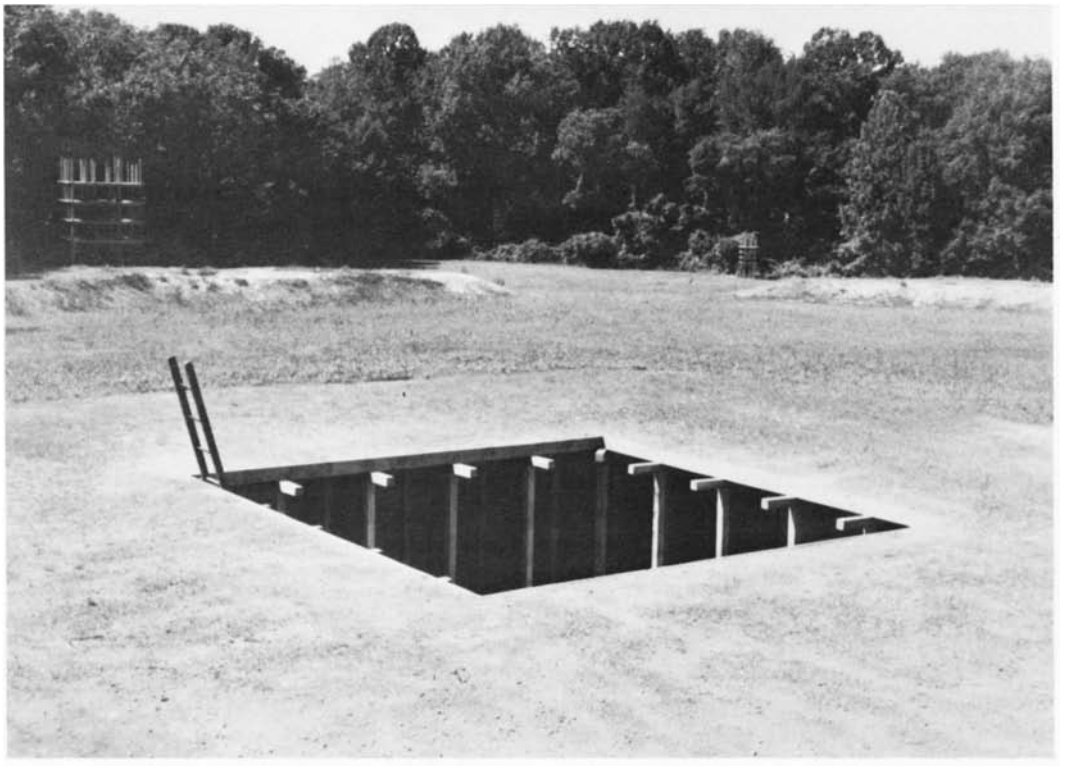
Sculpture in the Expanded Field

ROSALIND KRAUSS

Toward the center of the field there is a slight mound, a swelling in the earth, which is the only warning given for the presence of the work. Closer to it, the large square face of the pit can be seen, as can the ends of the ladder that is needed to descend into the excavation. The work itself is thus entirely below grade: half atrium, half tunnel, the boundary between outside and in, a delicate structure of wooden posts and beams. The work, *Perimeters/Pavilions/Decoys*, 1978, by Mary Miss, is of course a sculpture or, more precisely, an earthwork.

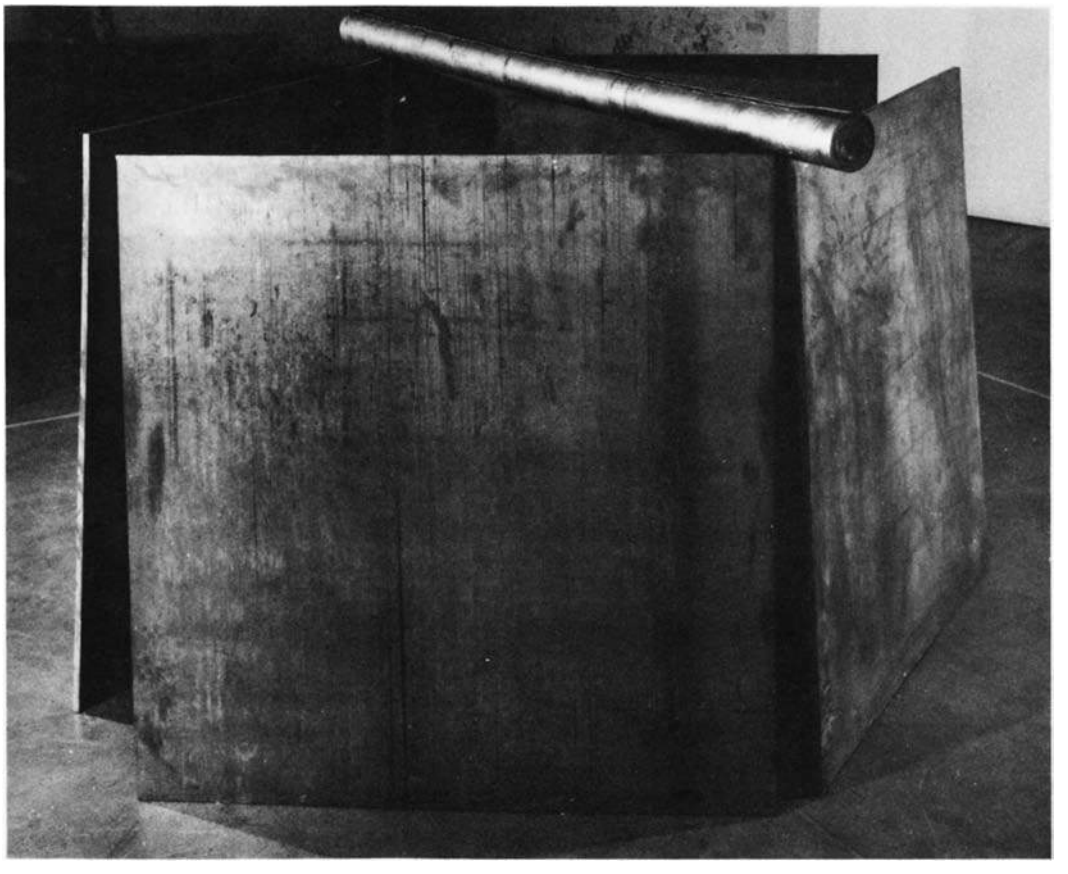
Over the last ten years rather surprising things have come to be called sculpture: narrow corridors with TV monitors at the ends; large photographs documenting country hikes; mirrors placed at strange angles in ordinary rooms; temporary lines cut into the floor of the desert. Nothing, it would seem, could possibly give to such a motley of effort the right to lay claim to whatever one might mean by the category of sculpture. Unless, that is, the category can be made to become almost infinitely malleable.

The critical operations that have accompanied postwar American art have largely worked in the service of this manipulation. In the hands of this criticism categories like sculpture and painting have been kneaded and stretched and twisted in an extraordinary demonstration of elasticity, a display of the way a cultural term can be extended to include just about anything. And though this pulling and stretching of a term such as sculpture is overtly performed in the name of vanguard aesthetics—the ideology of the new—its covert message is that of historicism. The new is made comfortable by being made familiar, since it is seen as having gradually evolved from the forms of the past. Historicism works on the new and different to diminish newness and mitigate difference. It makes a place for change in our experience by evoking the model of evolution, so that the man who now is can be accepted as being different from the child he once was, by simultaneously being seen—through the unseeable action of the telos—as the same. And we are comforted by this perception of sameness, this strategy for reducing anything foreign in either time or space, to what we already know and are.



Mary Miss. Perimeters/Pavillions/Decoys. *1978.*
(Nassau County, Long Island, New York.)

No sooner had minimal sculpture appeared on the horizon of the aesthetic experience of the 1960s, than criticism began to construct a paternity for this work, a set of constructivist fathers who could legitimize and thereby authenticate the strangeness of these objects. Plastic? inert geometries? factory production?—none of this was *really* strange, as the ghosts of Gabo and Tatlin and Lissitzky could be called in to testify. Never mind that the content of the one had nothing to do with, was in fact the exact opposite of, the content of the other. Never mind that Gabo's celluloid was the sign of lucidity and intellection, while Judd's plastic-tinged-with-dayglo spoke the hip patois of California. It did not matter that constructivist forms were intended as visual proof of the immutable logic and coherence of universal geometries, while their seeming counterparts in minimalism were demonstrably contingent—denoting a universe held together not by Mind but by guy wires, or glue, or the accidents of gravity. The rage to historicize simply swept these differences aside.



Richard Serra. 5:30. *1969.*

Of course, with the passing of time these sweeping operations got a little harder to perform. As the 1960s began to lengthen into the 1970s and "sculpture" began to be piles of thread waste on the floor, or sawed redwood timbers rolled into the gallery, or tons of earth excavated from the desert, or stockades of logs surrounded by firepits, the word *sculpture* became harder to pronounce—but not really that much harder. The historian/critic simply performed a more extended sleight-of-hand and began to construct his genealogies out of the data of millenia rather than decades. Stonehenge, the Nazca lines, the Toltec ballcourts, Indian burial mounds—anything at all could be hauled into court to bear witness to this work's connection to history and thereby to legitimize its status as sculpture. Of course Stonehenge and the Toltec ballcourts were just exactly *not* sculpture, and so their role as historicist precedent becomes somewhat suspect in this particular demonstration. But never mind. The trick can still be done by calling upon a variety of primitivizing work from the earlier part of the century—Brancusi's *Endless Column* will do—to mediate between extreme past and present.

But in doing all of this, the very term we had thought we were saving—*sculpture*—has begun to be somewhat obscured. We had thought to use a universal category to authenticate a group of particulars, but the category has now been forced to cover such a heterogeneity that it is, itself, in danger of collapsing. And so we stare at the pit in the earth and think we both do and don't know what sculpture is.

Yet I would submit that we know very well what sculpture is. And one of the things we know is that it is a historically bounded category and not a universal one. As is true of any other convention, sculpture has its own internal logic, its own set of rules, which, though they can be applied to a variety of situations, are not themselves open to very much change. The logic of sculpture, it would seem, is inseparable from the logic of the monument. By virtue of this logic a sculpture is a commemorative representation. It sits in a particular place and speaks in a symbolical tongue about the meaning or use of that place. The equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius is such a monument, set in the center of the Campidoglio to represent by its symbolical presence the relationship between ancient, Imperial Rome and the seat of government of modern, Renaissance Rome. Bernini's statue of the *Conversion of Constantine*, placed at the foot of the Vatican stairway connecting the Basilica of St. Peter to the heart of the papacy is another such monument, a marker at a particular place for a specific meaning/event. Because they thus function in relation to the logic of representation and marking, sculptures are normally figurative and vertical, their pedestals an important part of the structure since they mediate between actual site and representational sign. There is nothing very mysterious about this logic; understood and inhabited, it was the source of a tremendous production of sculpture during centuries of Western art.

But the convention is not immutable and there came a time when the logic began to fail. Late in the nineteenth century we witnessed the fading of the logic of

the monument. It happened rather gradually. But two cases come to mind, both bearing the marks of their own transitional status. Rodin's *Gates of Hell* and his statue of *Balzac* were both conceived as monuments. The first were commissioned in 1880 as the doors to a projected museum of decorative arts; the second was commissioned in 1891 as a memorial to literary genius to be set up at a specific site in Paris. The failure of these two works as monuments is signaled not only by the fact that multiple versions can be found in a variety of museums in various countries, while no version exists on the original sites—both commissions having eventually collapsed. Their failure is also encoded onto the very surfaces of these works: the doors having been gouged away and anti-structurally encrusted to the point where they bear their inoperative condition on their face; the *Balzac* executed with such a degree of subjectivity that not even Rodin believed (as letters by him attest) that the work would ever be accepted.

With these two sculptural projects, I would say, one crosses the threshold of the logic of the monument, entering the space of what could be called its negative condition—a kind of sitelessness, or homelessness, an absolute loss of place. Which is to say one enters modernism, since it is the modernist period of sculptural production that operates in relation to this loss of site, producing the monument as abstraction, the monument as pure marker or base, functionally placeless and largely self-referential.

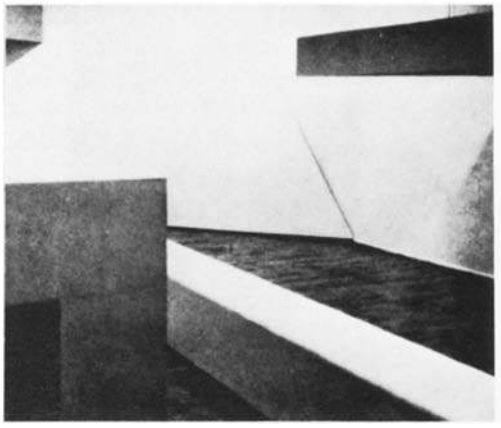
It is these two characteristics of modernist sculpture that declare its status, and therefore its meaning and function, as essentially nomadic. Through its fetishization of the base, the sculpture reaches downward to absorb the pedestal into itself and away from actual place; and through the representation of its own materials or the process of its construction, the sculpture depicts its own autonomy. Brancusi's art is an extraordinary instance of the way this happens. The base becomes, in a work like the *Cock*, the morphological generator of the figurative part of the object; in the *Caryatids* and *Endless Column*, the sculpture is all base; while in *Adam and Eve*, the sculpture is in a reciprocal relation to its base. The base is thus defined as essentially transportable, the marker of the work's homelessness integrated into the very fiber of the sculpture. And Brancusi's interest in expressing parts of the body as fragments that tend toward radical abstractness also testifies to a loss of site, in this case the site of the rest of the body, the skeletal support that would give to one of the bronze or marble heads a home.

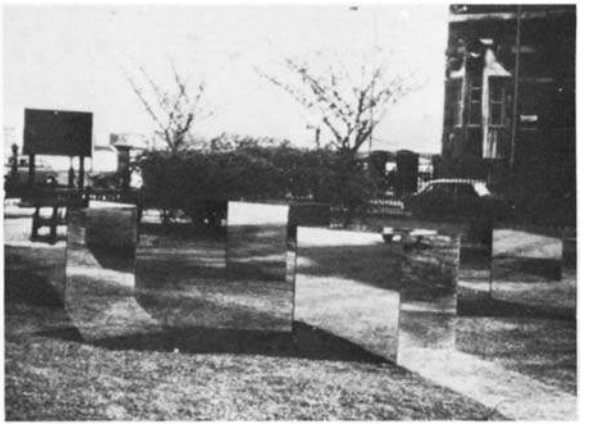
In being the negative condition of the monument, modernist sculpture had a kind of idealist space to explore, a domain cut off from the project of temporal and spatial representation, a vein that was rich and new and could for a while be profitably mined. But it was a limited vein and, having been opened in the early part of the century, it began by about 1950 to be exhausted. It began, that is, to be experienced more and more as pure negativity. At this point modernist sculpture appeared as a kind of black hole in the space of consciousness, something whose positive content was increasingly difficult to define, something that was possible to locate only in terms of what it was not. "Sculpture is what you bump into when

Auguste Rodin. Balzac. *1897.*

Constantin Brancusi. Beginning of the World. *1924.*

Robert Morris. Green Gallery Installation. 1964.
Untitled (Mirrored Boxes). 1965.

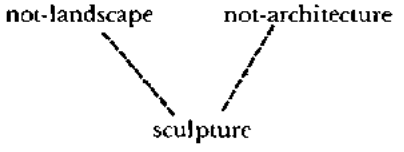




you back up to see a painting," Barnett Newman said in the fifties. But it would probably be more accurate to say of the work that one found in the early sixties that sculpture had entered a categorical no-man's-land: it was what was on or in front of a building that was not the building, or what was in the landscape that was not the landscape.

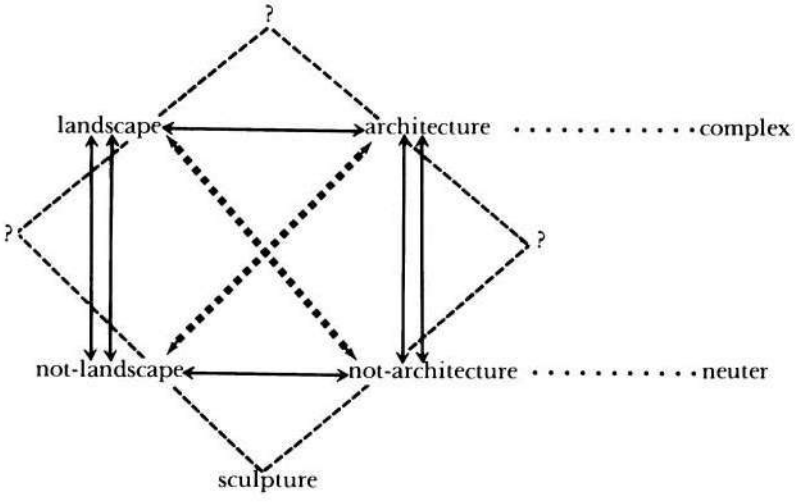
The purest examples that come to mind from the early 1960s are both by Robert Morris. One is the work exhibited in 1964 in the Green Gallery—quasi-architectural integers whose status as sculpture reduces almost completely to the simple determination that it is what is in the room that is not really the room; the other is the outdoor exhibition of the mirrored boxes—forms which are distinct from the setting only because, though visually continuous with grass and trees, they are not in fact part of the landscape.

In this sense sculpture had entered the full condition of its inverse logic and had become pure negativity: the combination of exclusions. Sculpture, it could be said, had ceased being a positivity, and was now the category that resulted from the addition of the *not-landscape* to the *not-architecture*. Diagrammatically expressed, the limit of modernist sculpture, the addition of the neither/nor, looks like this:



Now, if sculpture itself had become a kind of ontological absence, the combination of exclusions, the sum of the neither/nor, that does not mean that the terms themselves from which it was built—the *not-landscape* and the *not-*

architecture—did not have a certain interest. This is because these terms express a strict opposition between the built and the not-built, the cultural and the natural, between which the production of sculptural art appeared to be suspended. And what began to happen in the career of one sculptor after another, beginning at the end of the 1960s, is that attention began to focus on the outer limits of those terms of exclusion. For, if those terms are the expression of a logical opposition stated as a pair of negatives, they can be transformed by a simple inversion into the same polar opposites but expressed positively. That is, the *not-architecture* is, according to the logic of a certain kind of expansion, just another way of expressing the term *landscape*, and the *not-landscape* is, simply, *architecture*. The expansion to which I am referring is called a Klein group when employed mathematically and has various other designations, among them the Piaget group, when used by structuralists involved in mapping operations within the human sciences.* By means of this logical expansion a set of binaries is transformed into a quaternary field which both mirrors the original opposition and at the same time opens it. It becomes a logically expanded field which looks like this:

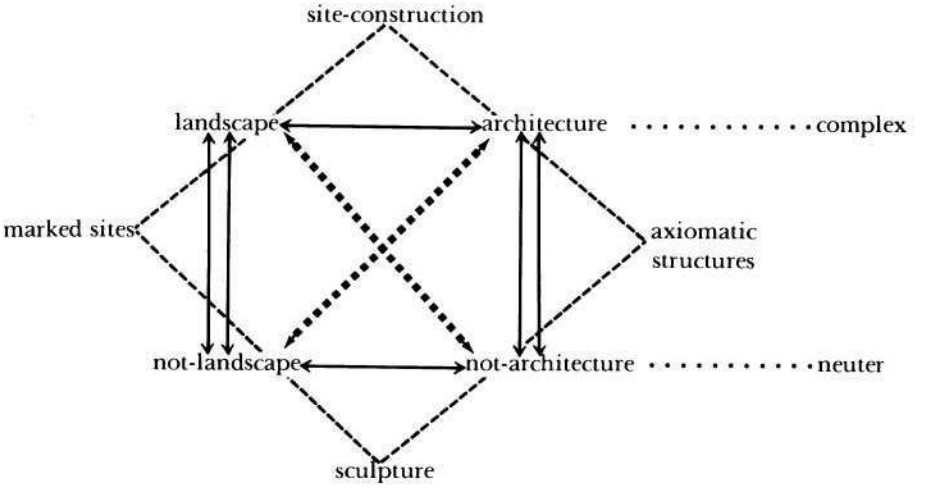


* The dimensions of this structure may be analyzed as follows: 1) there are two relationships of pure contradiction which are termed *axes* (and further differentiated into the *complex axis* and the *neuter axis*) and are designated by the solid arrows (see diagram); 2) there are two relationships of contradiction, expressed as involution, which are called *schemas* and are designated by the double arrows; and 3) there are two relationships of implication which are called *deixes* and are designated by the broken arrows.

For a discussion of the Klein group, see Marc Barbut, "On the Meaning of the Word 'Structure' in Mathematics," in Michael Lane, ed., *Introduction to Structuralism*, New York, Basic Books, 1970; for an application of the Piaget group, see A.-J. Greimas and F. Rastier, "The Interaction of Semiotic Constraints," *Yale French Studies*, no. 41 (1968), 86–105.

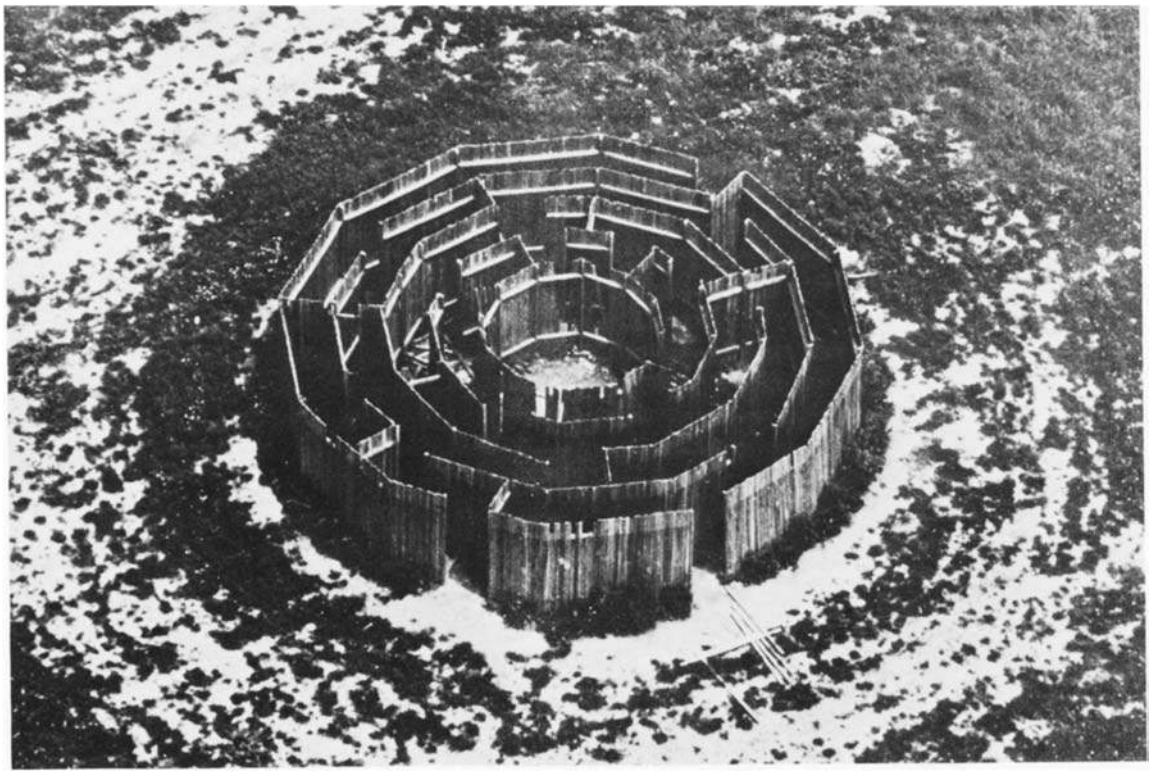
Another way of saying this is that even though *sculpture* may be reduced to what is in the Klein group the neuter term of the *not-landscape* plus the *not-architecture*, there is no reason not to imagine an opposite term—one that would be both *landscape* and *architecture*—which within this schema is called the *complex*. But to think the complex is to admit into the realm of art two terms that had formerly been prohibited from it: *landscape* and *architecture*—terms that could function to define the sculptural (as they had begun to do in modernism) only in their negative or neuter condition. Because it was ideologically prohibited, the complex had remained excluded from what might be called the closure of post-Renaissance art. Our culture had not before been able to think the complex, although other cultures have thought this term with great ease. Labyrinths and mazes are *both* landscape and architecture; Japanese gardens are *both* land-landscape and architecture; the ritual playing fields and processionals of ancient civilizations were all in this sense the unquestioned occupants of the complex. Which is *not* to say that they were an early, or a degenerate, or a variant form of sculpture. They were part of a universe or cultural space in which sculpture was simply another part—not somehow, as our historicist minds would have it, the same. Their purpose and pleasure is exactly that they are opposite and different.

The expanded field is thus generated by problematizing the set of oppositions between which the modernist category *sculpture* is suspended. And once this has happened, once one is able to think one's way into this expansion, there are—logically—three other categories that one can envision, all of them a condition of the field itself, and none of them assimilable to *sculpture*. Because as we can see, *sculpture* is no longer the privileged middle term between two things that it isn't. *Sculpture* is rather only one term on the periphery of a field in which there are other, differently structured possibilities. And one has thereby gained the "permission" to think these other forms. So our diagram is filled in as follows:



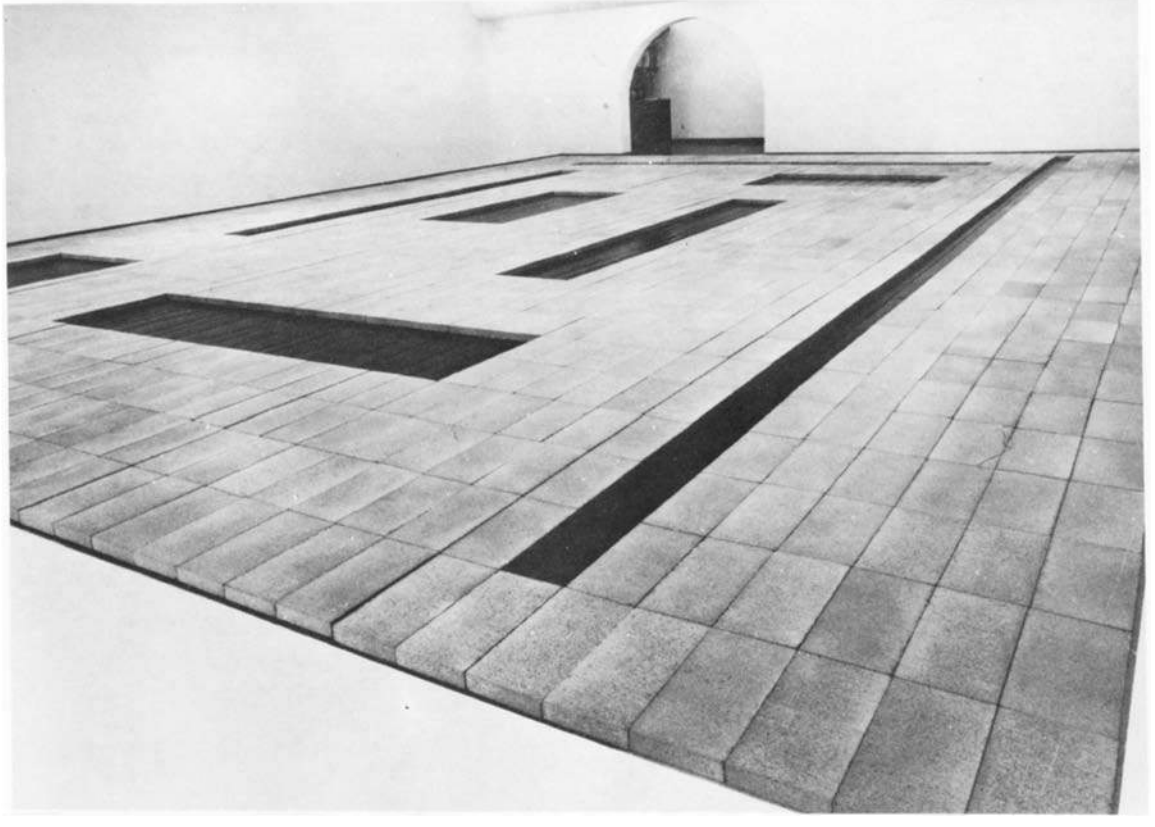
Robert Smithson. Spiral Jetty. *1969-70. (Photo Gianfranco Gorgoni.)*

Robert Morris. Observatory. *1970.*



Alice Aycock. Maze. *1972.*

Carl Andre. Cuts. *1967.*



It seems fairly clear that this permission (or pressure) to think the expanded field was felt by a number of artists at about the same time, roughly between the years 1968 and 1970. For, one after another Robert Morris, Robert Smithson, Michael Heizer, Richard Serra, Walter De Maria, Robert Irwin, Sol LeWitt, Bruce Nauman . . . had entered a situation the logical conditions of which can no longer be described as modernist. In order to name this historical rupture and the structural transformation of the cultural field that characterizes it, one must have recourse to another term. The one already in use in other areas of criticism is postmodernism. There seems no reason not to use it.

But whatever term one uses, the evidence is already in. By 1970, with the *Partially Buried Woodshed* at Kent State University, in Ohio, Robert Smithson had begun to occupy the complex axis, which for ease of reference I am calling *site construction.* In 1971 with the observatory he built in wood and sod in Holland, Robert Morris had joined him. Since that time, many other artists—Robert Irwin, Alice Aycock, John Mason, Michael Heizer, Mary Miss, Charles Simonds—have operated within this new set of possibilities.

Similarly, the possible combination of *landscape* and *not-landscape* began to be explored in the late 1960s. The term *marked sites* is used to identify work like Smithson's *Spiral Jetty* (1970) and Heizer's *Double Negative* (1969), as it also describes some of the work in the seventies by Serra, Morris, Carl Andre, Dennis Oppenheim, Nancy Holt, George Trakis, and many others. But in addition to actual physical manipulations of sites, this term also refers to other forms of marking. These might operate through the application of impermanent marks—Heizer's *Depressions,* Oppenheim's *Time Lines,* or De Maria's *Mile Long Drawing,* for example—or through the use of photography. Smithson's *Mirror Displacements in the Yucatan* were probably the first widely known instances of this, but since then the work of Richard Long and Hamish Fulton has focused on the photographic experience of marking. Christo's *Running Fence* might be said to be an impermanent, photographic, and political instance of marking a site.

The first artists to explore the possibilities of *architecture* plus *not-architecture* were Robert Irwin, Sol LeWitt, Bruce Nauman, Richard Serra, and Christo. In every case of these *axiomatic structures,* there is some kind of intervention into the real space of architecture, sometimes through partial reconstruction, sometimes through drawing, or as in the recent works of Morris, through the use of mirrors. As was true of the category of the *marked site,* photography can be used for this purpose; I am thinking here of the video corridors by Nauman. But whatever the medium employed, the possibility explored in this category is a process of mapping the axiomatic features of the architectural experience—the abstract conditions of openness and closure—onto the reality of a given space.

The expanded field which characterizes this domain of postmodernism possesses two features that are already implicit in the above description. One of these concerns the practice of individual artists; the other has to do with the

question of medium. At both these points the bounded conditions of modernism have suffered a logically determined rupture.

With regard to individual practice, it is easy to see that many of the artists in question have found themselves occupying, successively, different places within the expanded field. And though the experience of the field suggests that this continual relocation of one's energies is entirely logical, an art criticism still in the thrall of a modernist ethos has been largely suspicious of such movement, calling it eclectic. This suspicion of a career that moves continually and erratically beyond the domain of sculpture obviously derives from the modernist demand for the purity and separateness of the various mediums (and thus the necessary specialization of a practitioner within a given medium). But what appears as eclectic from one point of view can be seen as rigorously logical from another. For, within the situation of postmodernism, practice is not defined in relation to a given medium—sculpture—but rather in relation to the logical operations on a set of cultural terms, for which any medium—photography, books, lines on walls, mirrors, or sculpture itself—might be used.

Thus the field provides both for an expanded but finite set of related positions for a given artist to occupy and explore, and for an organization of work that is not

Robert Smithson. First and Seventh Mirror Displacements, Yucatan. *1969.*

dictated by the conditions of a particular medium. From the structure laid out above, it is obvious that the logic of the space of postmodernist practice is no longer organized around the definition of a given medium on the grounds of material, or, for that matter, the perception of material. It is organized instead through the universe of terms that are felt to be in opposition within a cultural situation. (The postmodernist space of painting would obviously involve a similar expansion around a different set of terms from the pair *architecture/landscape*—a set that would probably turn on the opposition *uniqueness/reproducibility*.) It follows, then, that within any one of the positions generated by the given logical space, many different mediums might be employed. It follows as well that any single artist might occupy, successively, any one of the positions. And it also seems the case that within the limited position of sculpture itself the organization and content of much of the strongest work will reflect the condition of the logical space. I am thinking here of the sculpture of Joel Shapiro, which, though it positions itself in the neuter term, is involved in the setting of images of architecture within relatively vast fields (landscapes) of space. (These considerations apply, obviously, to other work as well—Charles Simonds, for example, or Ann and Patrick Poirier.)

Richard Long. Untitled. 1969. (Krefeld, Germany.)

I have been insisting that the expanded field of postmodernism occurs at a specific moment in the recent history of art. It is a historical event with a determinant structure. It seems to me extremely important to map that structure and that is what I have begun to do here. But clearly, since this is a matter of history, it is also important to explore a deeper set of questions which pertain to something more than mapping and involve instead the problem of explanation. These address the root cause—the conditions of possibility—that brought about the shift into postmodernism, as they also address the cultural determinants of the opposition through which a given field is structured. This is obviously a different approach to thinking about the history of form from that of historicist criticism's constructions of elaborate genealogical trees. It presupposes the acceptance of definitive ruptures and the possibility of looking at historical process from the point of view of logical structure.

Joel Shapiro. Untitled (Cast Iron and Plaster Houses). 1975.

BRUCE NAUMAN

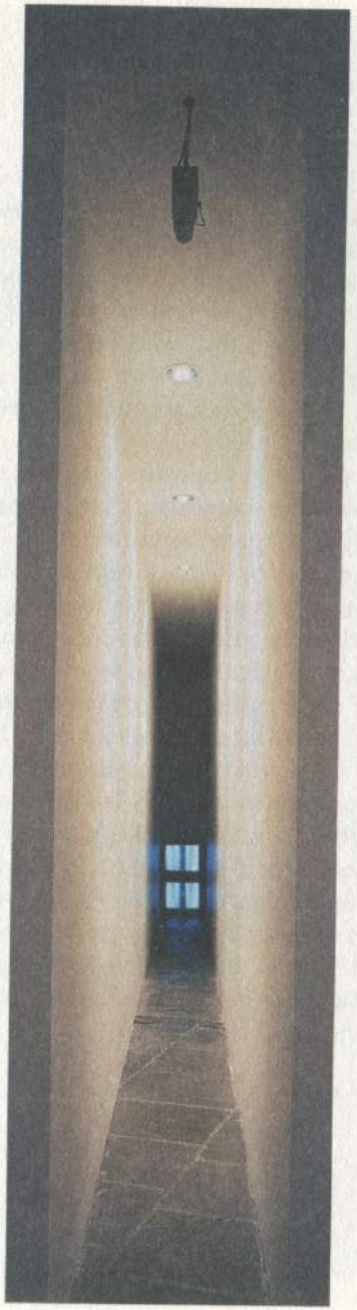
Live-Taped Video Corridor 1970
cat. no. 63

Bruce Nauman's corridor installations began with a prop featured in his video *Walk with Contrapposto* (1968). A series of autonomous walled corridors followed, including *Live-Taped Video Corridor.* As with the original, this corridor's claustrophobia-inducing width roughly corresponds to the dimensions of the artist's body, but while Nauman was the recorded subject of *Walk with Contrapposto*, here we are surveyed.

A video camera is mounted on the ceiling at the entrance to a long, narrow corridor; two monitors are stacked on the floor at its far end. The top one displays a live image from the camera; the bottom one plays a prerecorded tape of the empty corridor from the same perspective. As we walk along the corridor, we see ourselves on the monitor (from above and behind) but constantly diminishing in size as we proceed because, in doing so, we are moving away from the camera. The self-consciousness that comes with being watched is uncannily inverted—we see footage of ourselves disappearing into the distance even as we seem to have already vanished completely.

Nauman's installation scrambles our corporeal awareness by tricking the senses individually. While the narrow width of the corridor makes us more emphatically aware of our body's physicality, the visual information provided by the top monitor shows us receding from ourselves. The footage of the empty installation interior below provokes distrust of the other sensory information. The faculties we rely on most to orient ourselves, in other words, are played against us. Nauman's sensory relocation chamber forces a near out-of-body experience, simulating a splitting of consciousness and the experience of our own negation.

D.B.



Installation view, *The American Century: Art and Culture, 1900–2000, Part II, 1950–2000,* Whitney Museum of American Art, New York, 2000

Inside or out, locate a space. Walk ten feet - marking where each foot is placed on the ground. Go back to the beginning of the ten feet, create rubbings from where each foot was marked.

ROBERT SMITHSON

TOWARDS THE DEVELOPMENT OF AN AIR TERMINAL SITE (1967)

If it resembles something, it would no longer be the whole.

Paul Valery

Since July, 1966 I've been rendering consultation and advice as an "artist consultant" to Tippetts-Abbett-McCarthy-Stratton (Engineers and Architects). The project concerns the development of an air terminal between Fort Worth and Dallas. From time to time, after studying various maps, surveys, reports, specifications, and construction models, I meet with Walther Prokosch, John Gardner and Ernest Schwiebert in order to discuss the overall plan. I have engaged in these discussions not as an architect or engineer, but simply as an artist. The discussions do not operate on any presupposed notion of art, engineering or architecture. The problems disclose themselves, as we encounter them. Everything follows an exploratory path.

The actual meaning of an air terminal and how it relates to aircraft is one such problem. As the aircraft ascends into higher and higher altitudes and flies at faster speeds, its meaning as an object changes—one could even say reverses. The streamlined design of our earlier aircraft becomes increasingly more truncated and angular. Our whole notion of airflight is casting off the old meaning of speed through space, and developing a new meaning based on instantaneous time. The aircraft no longer "represents" a bird or animal (the flying tigers) in an organic way, because the movement of air around the craft is no longer visible. The meaning of airflight has for the most part been conditioned by a rationalism that supposes truths—such as nature, progress, and speed. Such meanings are merely "categorical" and have no basis in actual fact. The same condition exists in art, if one sees the art through the rational categories of "painting, sculpture and architecture." The rationalist sees only the details and never the whole. The categories that proceed from rational logic inflate a linguistic detail into a dated system of meaning, so that we cannot see the aircraft through the "speed." Language problems are often at the bottom of most rationalistic "objectivity." One must be conscious of the changes in language, before one attempts to discover the form of an object or fact.

Let us now try to delimit some new meanings in terms of the actual facts of today's new aircraft. By extracting esthetic morphologies from existing aircraft, the same way an artist extracts meanings from a given "art object," we should find a whole new set of values.

Artforum, June 1967

If an aircraft di
immobilization of
if we consider th
space, the less it r
lines of *space* are r
is the SECOR su
45-pound object
more than 2000 r
U.S. mainland and
program.

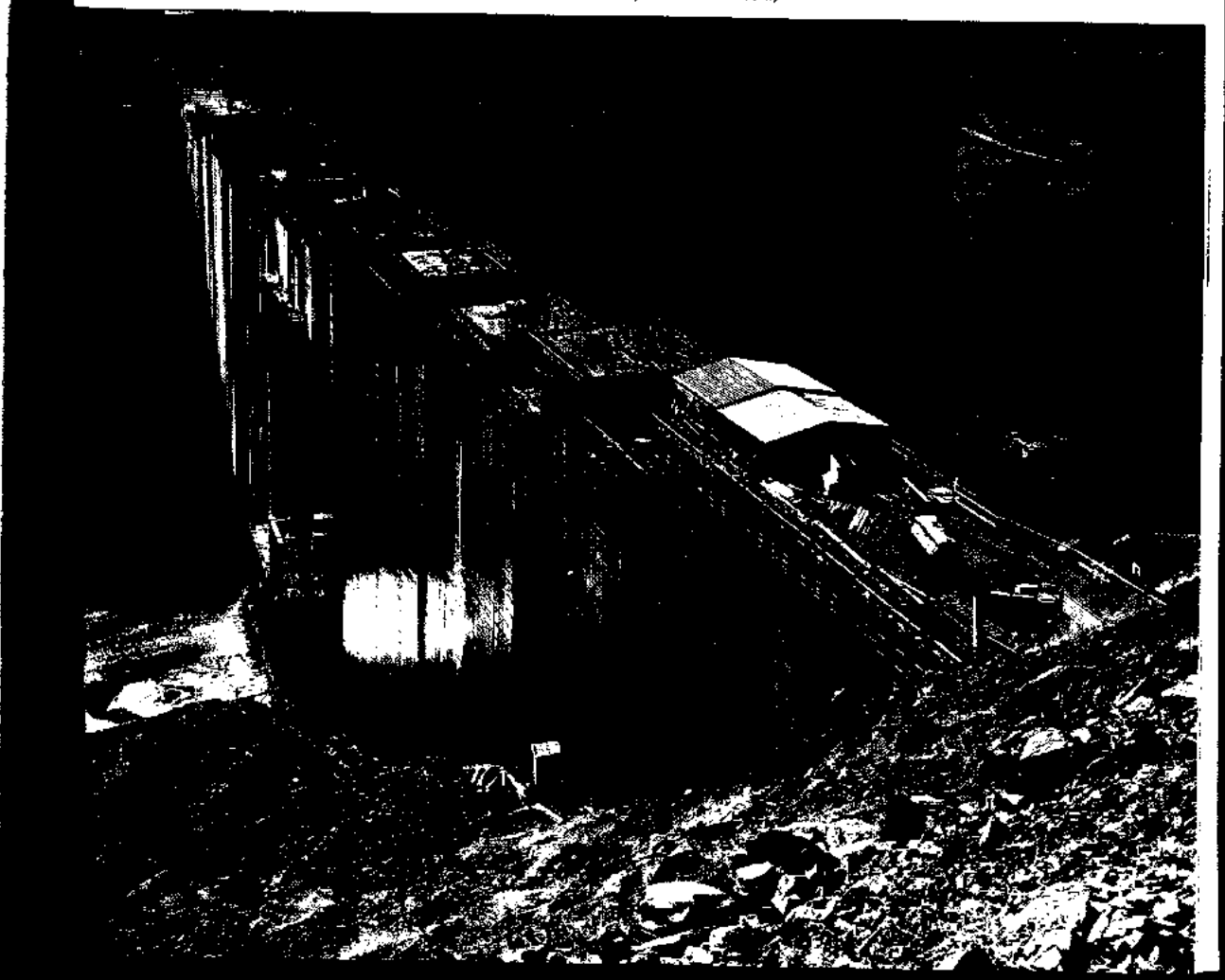
This kind of "a
surveying. The ins
scope mounted or
the surveyor to fi
boundaries of lan
and angles. This h

Pine Flat Dam, Sacramento
cease being a work of art

If an aircraft discloses itself on an instant network of time, the result is an immobilization of space. This immobilization of space becomes more apparent if we consider the high altitude satellite. The farther out an object goes in space, the less it represents the old rational idea of visible speed. The streamlines of *space* are replaced by a crystalline structure of *time*. An example of this is the SECOR surveying satellite fabricated by the Cubic Corporation. This 45-pound object enables surveyors to tie together land masses separated by more than 2000 miles of land or water, or roughly the distance between the U.S. mainland and Hawaii. It increases the capability of the geodetic surveying program.

This kind of "aerosurveying" derives from a more elementary type of land surveying. The instrument that the surveyor uses on the ground level is a telescope mounted on a tripod and fitted with cross hairs and a level. This enables the surveyor to find the points of identical elevation. The surveyor locates the boundaries of land tracts by measuring various sites within a network of lines and angles. This he does with the aid of the "surveyor's measure":

Pine Flat Dam, Sacramento, California. This dam is seen as a functionless wall. When it functions as a dam it will cease being a work of art and become a "utility." ("Site-Selection" made by Robert Smithson.)



7.92 inches	=	1 link
100 links	=	1 chain or 66 feet
80 chains	=	1 mile
625 square links	=	1 square pole
16 square poles	=	1 square chain
10 square chains	=	1 acre
640 acres	=	1 section, or 1 square mile
36 sections	=	1 township

The maps that surveyors develop from coordinating land and air masses resemble crystalline grid networks. Mapping the Earth, the Moon, or other planets is similar to the mapping of crystals. Because the world is round, grid coordinates are shown to be spherical, rather than rectangular. Yet, the rectangular grid fits within the spherical grid. Latitude and longitude lines are a terrestrial system much like our city system of avenues and streets. In short, all air and land is locked into a vast lattice. This lattice may take the shape of any of the six Crystal Systems. ". . . I saw all the mirrors in the planet and none reflected me . . ." (Borges).

Alexander Graham Bell (1847–1922), known to most people as the inventor of the telephone, was also interested in the problems of aerodynamics, aero-

Dallas–Fort Worth Regional Airport Layout Plan. (Tippetts, Abbett, McCarthy & Stratton.)

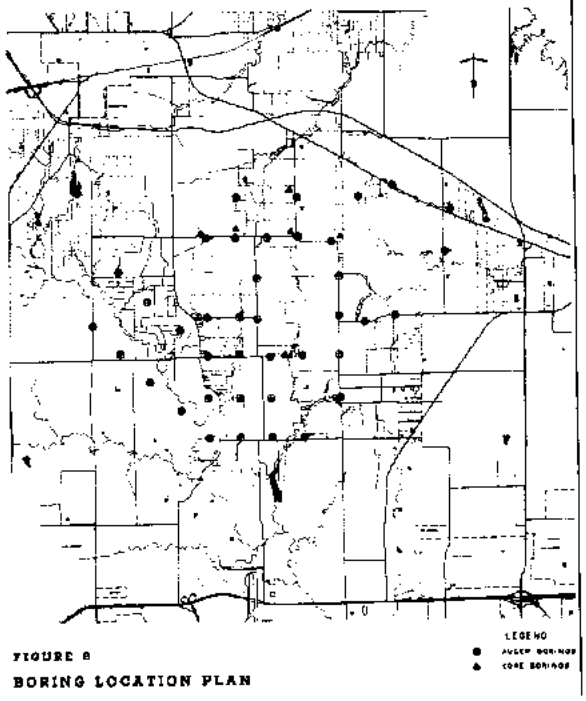
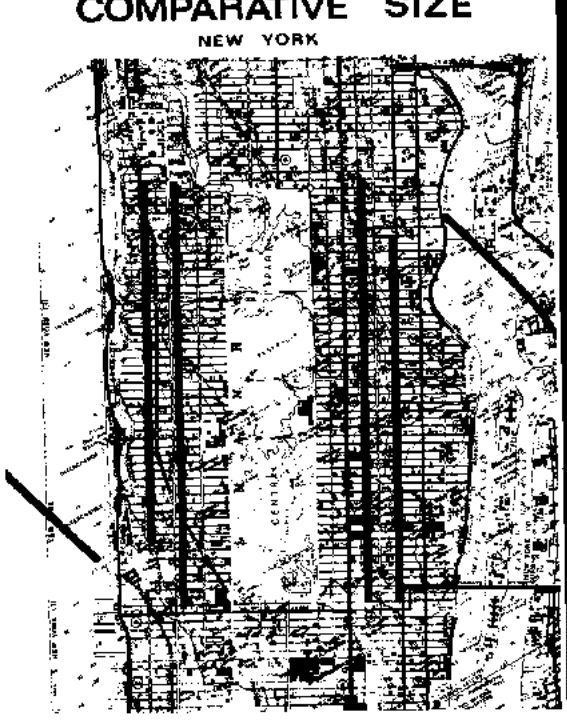


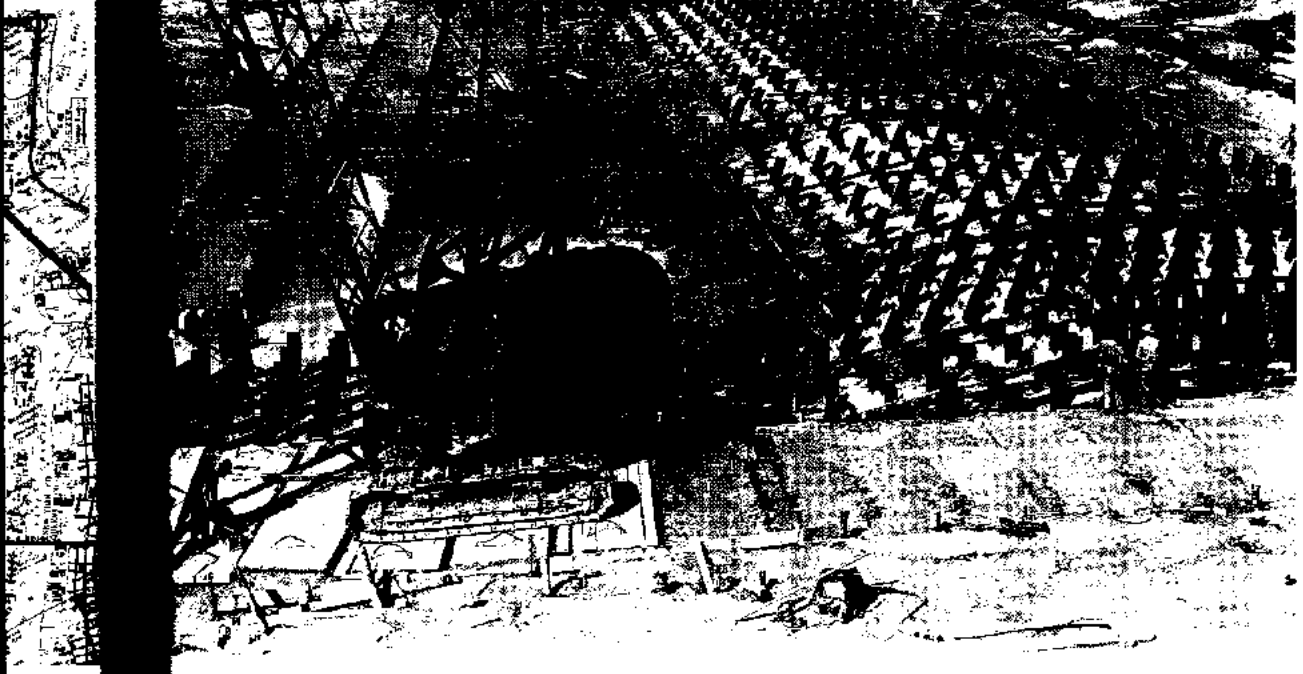
FIGURE 8
BORING LOCATION PLAN



nautics, shipbuilding engineering science, medicine, electrical engineering, and surveying. In Konrad Wachsmann's book *The Turning Point of Building*, we learn something of Bell's concern with "airborne structures" and how they relate to mass production. Bell designed kites based on tetragonal units, that on an esthetic level resemble the satellites such as the SECOR. His units were prefabricated, standardized and crystalline, not unlike Buckminster Fuller's inventions. He also built a pyramid-shaped outdoor observation station that reminds one of the art of Robert Morris. (Unlike Bell, Morris would not want to "live" in his art.) From inside his solid tetrahedron Bell surveyed his "flight" projects—the tetragonal lattice-kites. A grid connection was established by him between ground and air through this crystalline system. The solid mirrored the lattice. The site was joined to the sky in a structural equation. Bell's awareness of the physical properties of language, by way of the telephone, kept him from misunderstanding language and object relationships. Language was transformed by Bell into *linguistic objects*. In this way he avoided the rational categories of art. The impact of "telephone language" on physical structure remains to be studied. A visual language of modules seems to have emerged from Bell's investigations. Points, lines, areas, or volumes establish the syntax of sites.

All language becomes an alphabet of sites, or it becomes what we will call

Dam foundation site, somewhere in Texas. If viewed as a "discrete stage" it becomes an abstract work of art that vanishes as it develops. ("Site-Selection" made by Robert Smithson.)



Alexander Graham Bell in his outdoor observation station.

Alexander Graham Bell with his tetragonal lattice-kites.

the air terminal between Fort Worth and Dallas. The entire project shall rest on an elevation of about 550 feet to 620 feet. The area is well drained and practically free of trees and natural obstructions. The subsurface site of the project contains sediments from the Cretaceous Age. This underground site was penetrated by "auger borings" and "core borings." All the soil samples encountered in the borings were visually classified and tested. These samples ranged from clay to shale rock. The "boring" if seen as a discrete step in the development of the whole site has an esthetic value. It is an "invisible hole," and could be defined by Carl Andre's motto—"A thing is a hole in a thing it is not." The "boring," like other "earth works," is becoming more and more important to artists. Pavements, holes, trenches, mounds, heaps, paths, ditches, roads, terraces, etc., all have an esthetic potential.

Remote places such as the Pine Barrens of New Jersey and the frozen wastes of the North and South Poles could be coordinated by art forms that would use the actual land as a medium. Television could transmit such activity all over the world. Instead of using a paintbrush to make his art, Robert Morris would like to use a bulldozer. Consider a "City of Ice" in the Arctic, that would contain frigid labyrinths, glacial pyramids, and towers of snow, all built according to strict abstract systems. Or an amorphous "City of Sand" that would be nothing but artificial dunes, and shallow sand pits.

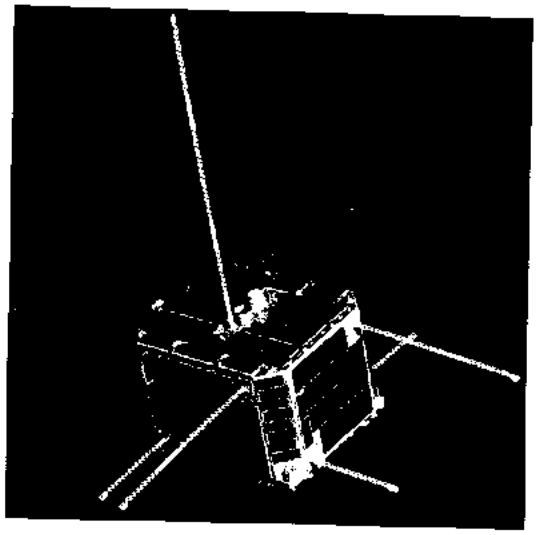
The air terminal—also known as the Universe—rests on a firmament of statistics. Here statistics are the abysmal archetypes that engender the entire complex of buildings. This terminal area of approximately 600 acres is enclosed by a two-way taxi system approximately 9,000 feet in length by 3,000 feet in width. This inscrutable terminal exceeds and rejects all termination. The following "spaces" have been engendered by the individual airlines:

TERMINAL BUILDINGS

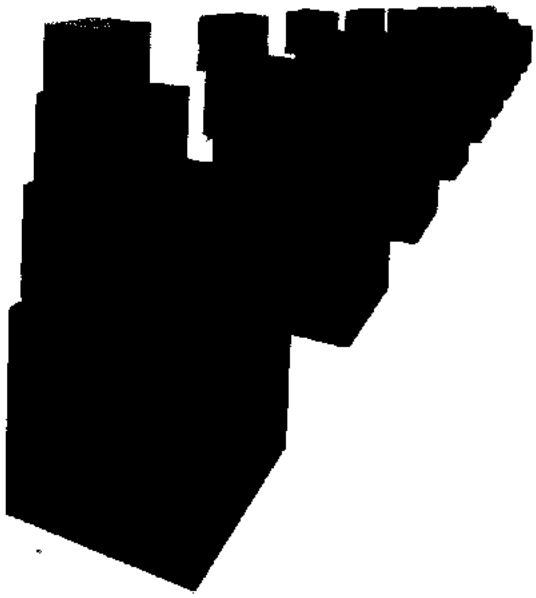
AIRLINES	Square Feet
American	1,400
Braniff	100,300
Central	14,500
Continental	34,400
Delta	70,700
Eastern	13,700
Mexicana	3,400
Trans-Texas	17,700
Western	13,800
Total	329,900

The process behind the air terminal endlessly plans and replans its concessions, agencies, and facilities from masses of information. Here unit terminals are not conceived as trip terminus points. Here no gate position has a unique location. The distribution of car traffic is maintained by a central axis of roadways that develops according to statistical probability. Extra terminal space may crystallize off this central linear axis. Framing this central complex of terminal units are the runways and taxiways.

Width of Land Strip	500 ft.
Width of Runway (R/W)	150 ft.
Width of Taxiway (T/W)	75 ft.
Distance between R/W Centerline and T/W Centerline	500 ft.
Distance between Parallel T/W's	300 ft.
Distance between Centerline T/W and Aircraft Parking	300 ft.
Distance between Centerline and Obstacle	250 ft.
Distance between Centerline and Building Line	750 ft.
Maximum Runway Effective Gradient	0.25%
Maximum R/W and T/W Longitudinal Grade	1.00%
Maximum R/W and T/W Transverse Grade	1.50%



SECOR Surveying Satellite. (Cubic Corporation, San Diego, California.)



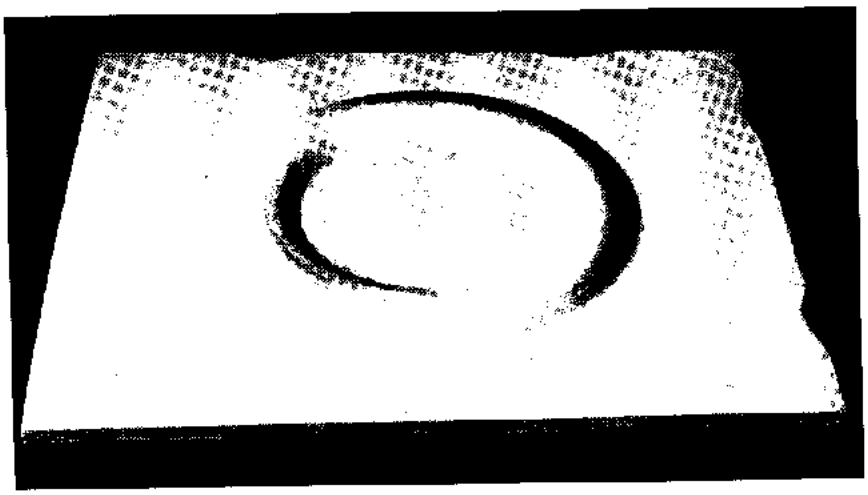
ROBERT SMITHSON. *Plunge.* 1966. Painted steel. 10 units, square surfaces, 14½ to 19" (½" increments).

It is most probable that we will someday see upon these runways, aircraft that will be more crystalline in shape. The shapes suggested by Alexander Graham Bell and the Cubic Corporation show evidence of such a direction. Already certain passenger aircraft resemble pyramidal slabs, and flying obelisks. Perhaps aircraft will someday be named after crystals. As it is now, many are still named after animals, such as DHC 2 Beavers; Vampire T.; Chipmunk T. Mk. 20; Dove 8s; Hawker Furies; Turkey; etc. At any rate, here are some names for possible crystalline aircraft: Rhombohedral T.2; Orthorhombic 60; Tetragonal Terror; Hexagonal Star Dust 49; etc.

The enormous scale of the runways will isolate such aircraft into "buildings" for short spaces of time, then these "buildings" will disappear. The principal runways will extend from 11,000 feet to 14,000 feet, or about the length of Central Park. *Consider an aircraft in the shape of an enormous "slab" hovering over such an expanse.*

Tippetts-Abbett-McCarthy-Stratton have developed other sites that have limits similar to the air terminal project. They include port and harbor facilities like the Navy pier in Chicago, a port in Anchorage and San Nicholas Harbor in Aruba. Such sites rest on wide expanses of water, and are generated by ship voyages and cargo movements. Bulk storage systems are contained by mazes of transfer pipelines that include hydrant refueling pump houses and gas dispensers. The process behind the making of a storage facility may be viewed in stages, thus constituting a whole "series" of works of art from the ground up. Land surveying and preliminary building, if isolated into discrete stages, may be viewed as an array of art works that *vanish* as they develop. Water resources that involve flood control, irrigation, and hydroelectric power provide one with an entirely new way to order the terrain. This is a kind of radical construction that takes into account large land masses and bodies of water. The making of artificial lakes, with the help of dams, brings into view a vast "garden." For instance, the Peligre Dam in the Republic of Haiti consists of 250-foot high concrete buttresses. This massive structure, with its artificial cascades and symmetrical layout, stands like an immobile facade. It conveys an immense scale and power. By investigating the physical forms of such projects one may gain unexpected esthetic information. I am not concerned here with the original "functions" of such massive projects, but rather with what they suggest or evoke.

It is important to mentally experience these projects as something distinctive and intelligible. By extracting from a site certain associations that have remained invisible within the old framework of rational language, by dealing directly with the appearance or what Roland Barthes calls "the *simulacrum* of the object," the aim is to reconstruct a new type of "building" into a whole that engenders new meanings. From the linguistic point of view, one establishes rules of structure based on a change in the semantics of building. Tony Smith seems conscious of this "simulacrum" when he speaks of an "abandoned



ROBERT MORRIS, model and cross-section for *Project in Earth and Sod*, 1966. Plaster, 1 × 20 × 24".

airstrip" as an "artificial landscape." He speaks of an absence of "function" and "tradition."

What is needed is an esthetic method that brings together anthropology and linguistics in terms of "buildings." This would put an end to "art history" as sole criterion. Art at the present is confined by a dated notion, namely "art as a criticism of earlier art." The myth of the Renaissance still conditions and infects much criticism with a mushy humanistic content. Re-birth myths should not be applied as "meanings" to art. Criticism exists as *language* and nothing more. *Usage precedes meaning*. The "meanings" derived from the word Renaissance, such as "truth," "beauty," and "classic," are diseased words and outmoded criteria. As one becomes aware of discrete usages, the syntax of esthetic communications discloses the relevant features of both "building" and "language." Both are the raw materials of communication and are based on *chance* —not historical preconceptions. Linguistic sense-data, not rational categories, are what we are investigating. Carl Andre has made it clear that without linguistic awareness there is no physical awareness.

Tony Smith writes about "a dark pavement" that is "punctuated by stacks, towers, fumes and colored lights." (*Artforum*, December 1966.) The key word is "punctuated." In a sense, the "dark pavement" could be considered a "vast sentence," and the things perceived along it, "punctuation marks." ". . . tower . . ." = the exclamation mark (!). ". . . stacks . . ." = the dash (—). ". . . fumes . . ." = the question mark (?). ". . . colored lights . . ." = the colon (:). Of course, I form these equations on the basis of sense-data and not rational-data. Punctuation refers to interruptions in "printed matter." It is used to emphasize and clarify the meaning of specific segments of usage. Sentences like "skylines" are made of separate "things" that constitute a *whole* syntax. Tony Smith also refers to his art as "interruptions" in a "space-grid."

The impressionistic[1] world-view imitates that architectural detail—the window. The rational category of "painting" was derived from the visual meaning of the word "window" and then extended to mean "wall." The transparency of the window or wall as a clear "surface" becomes diseased when the artist defines his art by the *word* "painting" alone. Perhaps that is what Tony Smith is getting at when he says his works are "probably malignant." "Painting" is not *an end*, but a *means*, therefore it is linguistically an out-of-date category. The linguistic meaning of a "wall" or "window," when emptied of rational content, becomes surfaces, and lines.

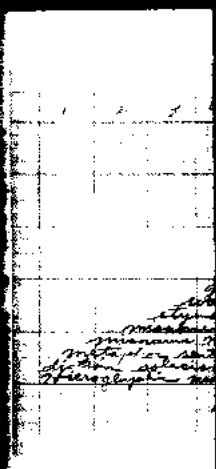
The most common type of window in the modern city is composed of a simple grid system that holds panes of clear glass. The "glass wall" is a part of many standard stores and office buildings. By emphasizing the transparent glass we arrive at a total crystalline consciousness of structure, and avoid the clotted patchy naturalistic details of "painting." The organic shapes that painters put on the "canvas-pane" are eliminated and replaced by a consciousness that develops a new set of linguistic meanings and visual results.

"Sculpture," when not figurative, also is conditioned by architectural details. Floors, walls, windows, and ceilings delimit the bounds of interior sculpture. Many new works of sculpture gain scale by being *installed* in a vast room. The Jewish Museum and the Whitney Museum have such interiors. The rooms of these museums tend away from the intimate values of connoisseurship, toward a more public value. The walls of modern museums need not exist as walls, with diseased details near or on them. Instead, the artist could define the interior as a total network of surfaces and lines. What's interesting about Dan Flavin's art is not only the "lights" themselves, but what they do to the *phenomenon* of the "barren room."

"Site Selection Study" in terms of art is just beginning. The investigation of a specific site is a matter of extracting concepts out of existing sense-data through direct perceptions. Perception is prior to conception, when it comes to site selection or definition. One does not *impose*, but rather *exposes* the site—be it interior or exterior. Interiors may be treated as exteriors or vice versa. The unknown areas of sites can best be explored by artists.

NOTE

1. Impressionism is a popular theory derived from "symbolist theory." It has nothing to do with individual artists. I use the word "impressionism" according to its recent linguistic mutation. The original meaning of the word is less important than its recent usage. We are not concerned with what "impressionism" was but rather what it *is* today. But it should be remembered that symbolist theory is prior to impressionist theory.



ROBERT SMI

LANGUA
THINGS

Language
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[My sense
R.S. June

Dwan Galle

INTERIOR (WITH JANE)

The eagerness of objects to
be what we are afraid to do

cannot help but move us Is
this willingness to be a motive

in us what we reject? The
really stupid things, I mean

a can of coffee, a 35¢ ear
ring, a handful of hair, what

do these things do to us? We
come into the room, the windows

are empty, the sun is weak
and slippery on the ice And a

sob comes, simply because it is
coldest of the things we know

RENAISSANCE

Bang your tambourine! kiss
my ass, don't mind if they

say it's vicious—they don't
know what music should do to you.

Now, while the drums are
whacking away and your blond

eyes stammer like two kinds
of topaz knocking together,

we'll wear out all the instruments
they usually beg with—the

2

Gaston Bachelard

house and universe

Quand les cimes de notre ciel se rejoindront
Ma maison aura un toit.[1]

(When the peaks of our sky come together
My house will have a roof.)

In the preceding chapter, I pointed out that it was reasonable to say we "read a house," or "read a room," since both room and house are psychological diagrams that guide writers and poets in their analysis of intimacy. We shall now read slowly several houses and rooms "written" by great writers.

I

Although at heart a city man, Baudelaire sensed the increased intimacy of a house when it is besieged by winter. In *Les paradis artificiels* (p. 280) he speaks of Thomas de Quincey's joy when, a prisoner of winter, he read Kant, with the help of the idealism furnished by opium. The scene takes place in a cottage in Wales. *"Une jolie habitation ne rend-elle pas l'hiver plus poétique, et l'hiver n'augmente-t-il pas la poésie de l'habitation? Le blanc cottage était* ASSIS *au fond d'une* PETITE *vallé* FERMÉE *de montagnes* SUFFISAMENT HAUTES; *il était comme emmailloté d'arbustes."* ("Isn't it true that a pleasant house makes winter more poetic, and doesn't winter add to the poetry of a house? The white cottage sat at the end of a *little* valley, *shut in* by *rather high* mountains; and it seemed to be *swathed* in shrubs.")

1 Paul Eluard, *Dignes de vivre*, Julliard, Paris, p. 115.

I have underlined the words in this short sentence that belong to the imagination of repose. And what a quiet setting for an opium-eater, reading Kant in the combined solitudes of dream and thought! As for the passage Baudelaire devoted to it, no doubt we can read it the way we can read any easy, too easy, passage. A literary critic might even be surprised by the naturalness with which this great poet has used commonplace images. But if, while reading this over-simplified passage, we accept the daydreams of repose it suggests; if we pause over the underlined words, it soon brings tranquility to body and soul. We feel that we are living in the protective center of the house in the valley. We too are "swathed" in the blanket of winter.

And we feel warm *because* it is cold out-of-doors. Further on in this deep-winter "artificial Paradise" Baudelaire declares that dreamers like a severe winter. "Every year they ask the sky to send down as much snow, hail and frost as it can contain. What they really need are Canadian or Russian winters. Their own nests will be all the warmer, all the downier, all the better beloved . . ."[1] Like Edgar Allan Poe, a great dreamer of curtains, Baudelaire, in order to protect the winter-girt house from cold added "heavy draperies that hung down to the floor." Behind dark curtains, snow seems to be whiter. Indeed, everything comes alive when contradictions accumulate.

Here Baudelaire has furnished us with a centered picture that leads to the heart of a dream which we can then take over for ourselves. No doubt we shall give it certain personal features, such as peopling Thomas de Quincey's cottage with persons from our own past. In this way we receive the benefits of this evocation without its exaggerations; our most personal recollections can come and live here. And through some indefinable current of sympathy, Baudelaire's description has ceased to be commonplace. But it is always like that: well-determined centers of revery are means of communication between men who dream as surely as well-

1 Henri Bosco has given an excellent description of this type of revery in the following short phrase: "When the shelter is sure, the storm is good."

defined concepts are means of communication between men who think.

In *Curiosités esthétiques* (p. 331) Baudelaire also speaks of a canvas by Lavieille which shows "a thatched cottage on the edge of a wood" in winter, "the sad season." "Certain of the effects that Lavieille often got," wrote Baudelaire, "seem to me to constitute the very essence of winter happiness." A reminder of winter strengthens the happiness of inhabiting. In the reign of the imagination alone, a reminder of winter increases the house's value as a place to live in.

If I were asked to make an expert evaluation of the oneirism in De Quincey's cottage, as relived by Baudelaire, I should say that there lingers about it the insipid odor of opium, an atmosphere of drowsiness. But we are told nothing about the strength of the walls, or the fortitude of the roof. The house puts up no struggle. It is as though Baudelaire knew of nothing to shut himself in with but curtains.

This absence of struggle is often the case of the winter houses in literature. The dialectics of the house and the universe are too simple, and snow, especially, reduces the exterior world to nothing rather too easily. It gives a single color to the entire universe which, with the one word, snow, is both expressed and nullified for those who have found shelter. In *Les déserts de l'amour* (p. 104), Rimbaud himself said: *"C'était comme une nuit d'hiver, avec une neige pour étouffer le monde décidément."* (It was like a winter's night, with snow to stifle the world for certain.)

In any case, outside the occupied house, the winter cosmos is a simplified cosmos. It is a non-house in the same way that metaphysicians speak of a non-I, and between the house and the non-house it is easy to establish all sorts of contradictions. Inside the house, everything may be differentiated and multiplied. The house derives reserves and refinements of intimacy from winter; while in the outside world, snow covers all tracks, blurs the road, muffles every sound, conceals all colors. As a result of this universal whiteness, we feel a form of cosmic negation in action. The dreamer of houses knows and senses this, and because of the diminished entity of the outside world, experiences all the qualities of intimacy with increased intensity.

II

Winter is by far the oldest of the seasons. Not only does it confer age upon our memories, taking us back to a remote past but, on snowy days, the house too is old. It is as though it were living in the past of centuries gone by. This feeling is described by Bachelin in a passage that presents winter in all its hostility.[1] "Those were evenings when, in old houses exposed to snow and icy winds, the great stories, the beautiful legends that men hand down to one another, take on concrete meaning and, for those who delve into them, become immediately applicable. And thus it was, perhaps, that one of our ancestors, who lay dying in the year one thousand, should have come to believe in the end of the world." For here the stories that were told were not the fireside fairy tales recounted by old women; they were stories about men, stories that reflect upon forces and signs. During these winters, Bachelin writes elsewhere (p. 58), "it seems to me that, under the hood of the great fireplace, the old legends must have been much older then than they are today." What they really had was the immemorial quality of the tragic cataclysms that can presage the end of the world.

Recalling these evenings during the dramatic winters in his father's house, Bachelin writes (p. 104): "When our companions left us, their feet deep in snow and their faces in the teeth of the blizzard, it seemed to me that they were going very far away, to unknown owl-and-wolf-infested lands. I was tempted to call after them, as people did in my early history books: "May God help you!"

And what a striking thing it is that a mere image of the old homestead in the snow-drifts should be able to inte-

1 Henri Bachelin, *Le Serviteur*, p. 102.

grate images of the year one thousand in the mind of a child.

III

We come now to a case which is more complex, and may even appear to be paradoxical. It is taken from a passage in Rilke's correspondence.[1]

Contrary to the general thesis I set forth in the preceding chapter, for Rilke, storms are particularly aggressive in cities, where heaven's ire, too, is most clearly manifested. In the country, apparently, hurricanes are less hostile to us. From my point of view, this is a paradox of cosmic origin. But, needless to say, the Rilke fragment is very fine, and it lends itself to interesting comment.

Here is what Rilke wrote to his fair "musician." "Do you know that when I am in a city I am frightened by hurricanes at night. It is as though, in their elemental pride, they did not see us. But they do see a lonely house in the country; they take it in their powerful arms and, in that way, they inure it, and when you are there, you would like to be out-of-doors, in the roaring garden, or at least, stand at the window and applaud the infuriated old trees that twist and turn as though possessed by the spirits of the prophets."

Photographically speaking, these lines of Rilke seem to me to be a "negative" of the house, the reverse of the function of inhabiting. When the storm rages and lashes the trees, in the shelter of the house, Rilke would like to be out-of-doors, not through any desire to enjoy the wind and the rain, but in order to pursue his own revery. So he shares, we feel, the anger reflex of the tree attacked by the anger of the wind. But he does not share the house's resistance. He puts his trust in the wisdom of the storm, in the clear vision of the lightning, and in all the elements which, even in their rage, see the abodes of men and agree to spare them.

But this "negative" of an image is none the less revealing, for it gives evidence of a dynamism in combat that is cosmic in its proportions. Rilke has furnished many proofs —to which we shall often refer—of his cognizance of the drama that attaches to the dwellings of men. At whatever dialectical pole the dreamer stands, whether in the house or in the universe, the dialectics become dynamic. House and space are not merely two juxtaposed elements of space. In the reign of the imagination, they awaken daydreams in each other, that are opposed. Rilke is ready to concede that the old house is "inured" by its trials. The house capitalizes its victories over the hurricanes. And since, in all research concerning the imagination, we must leave the realm of facts behind, we know perfectly that we feel calmer and more confident when in the old home, in the house we were born in, than we do in the houses on streets where we have only lived as transients.

1 Rilke, *Lettres à une musicienne*, in French translation, p. 112.

IV

Contrary to the "negative" we have just been considering, let us now take the example of a "positive" that constitutes total adherence to the drama of the house besieged by storms.

In Henri Bosco's *Malicroix*, the house is called La Redousse.[1] It is built on an island in the Camargue region, not far from the great Rhône river. It is a humble house and appears to lack resistance. We shall see what fortitude it possessed.

The author takes many pages to prepare us for the storm that is brewing. A poetic weather forecast goes to the very source from whence the sound and the movement are to come. With what art, to begin with, he achieves absolute silence, the immensity of these silent stretches of space! "There is nothing like silence to suggest a sense of unlimited space. Sounds lend color to space, and confer a sort of sound body upon it. But absence of sound leaves it quite pure and, in the silence, we are seized with the sensation of something vast and deep and boundless. It took complete hold of me

1 Corruption of *redoute*: retreat.

and, for several moments, I was overwhelmed by the grandeur of this shadowy peace.

"It asserted itself like a person.

"This peace had a body. It was caught up in the night, made of night. A real, a motionless body."

In this vast prose-poem, we come upon passages that contain the same progression of sounds and fears as is to be found in certain stanzas of Victor Hugo's *Les Djinns*. Only here, the author takes the time to show the narrowing of the space at the center of which the house is to live like an anguished heart. A kind of cosmic anguish precedes the storm. Then the wind starts to howl at the top of its lungs. Soon the entire menagerie of the hurricane lifts its voice. If one had the leisure to analyze the dynamics of storms, what a bestiary of the wind could be found not only in these pages but throughout Bosco's work. For this author knows instinctively that all aggression, whether it come from man or from the world, is of animal origin. However subtle, however indirect, hidden or contrived a human act of aggression may be, it reveals an origin that is unredeemed. In the tiniest of hatreds, there is a little, live, animal filament. And the poet-psychologist—or the psychologist-poet, if such a one exists—cannot go wrong in marking the different types of aggression with an animal cry. It is also a terrible trait of men that they should be incapable of understanding the forces of the universe intuitively, otherwise than in terms of a psychology of wrath.

And faced with this pack, which gradually breaks loose, the house becomes the real being of a pure humanity which defends itself without ever being responsible for an attack. La Redousse is man's Resistance; it is *human virtue*, man's grandeur.

Here is the passage that describes the house's human resistance at the height of the storm: (p. 115).

"The house was fighting gallantly. At first it gave voice to its complaints; the most awful gusts were attacking it from every side at once, with evident hatred and such howls of rage that, at times, I trembled with fear. But it stood firm. From the very beginning of the storm, snarling

winds had been taking the roof to task, trying to pull it off, to break its back, tear it into shreds, suck it off. But it only hunched over further and clung to the old rafters. Then other winds, rushing along close to the ground, charged against the wall. Everything swayed under the shock of this blow, but the flexible house stood up to the beast. No doubt it was holding firmly to the soil of the island by means of the unbreakable roots from which its thin walls of mud-coated reeds and planks drew their supernatural strength. Though the shutters and doors were insulted, though huge threats were proferred, and there was loud bugling in the chimney, it was of no avail. The already human being in whom I had sought shelter for my body yielded nothing to the storm. The house clung close to me, like a she-wolf, and at times, I could smell her odor penetrating maternally to my very heart. That night she was really my mother.

"She was all I had to keep and sustain me. We were alone."

Discussing maternity in my book, *La terre et les rêveries du repos*[1] I quoted the following magnificent lines by Milosz,[2] in which the Mother image and the House image are united:

Je dis ma Mère. Et c'est à vous que je pense, ô Maison!
Maison des beaux étés obscurs de mon enfance.
(Mélancolie)

(I say Mother. And my thoughts are of you, oh, House.
House of the lovely dark summers of my childhood.)
(Melancholy)

It was imperative to find a similar image to express the deep graditude of the inhabitant of La Redousse. Here, however, the image does not come from a nostalgia for childhood, but is given in its actuality of protection. Here, too, in addition to community of affection, there is community of forces, the concentrated courage and resistance of both house and man. And what an image of concentrated

1 José Corti, Paris.
2 O. V. de Milosz, 1877-1939.

being we are given with this house that "clings" to its inhabitant and becomes the cell of a body with its walls close together. The refuge shrinks in size. And with its protective qualities increased, it grows outwardly stronger. From having been a refuge, it has become a redoubt. The thatched cottage becomes a fortified castle for the recluse, who must learn to conquer fear within its walls. Such a dwelling has an educative value, for in this passage of Bosco's book there is a sort of dovetailing of the reserves of strength with the inner fortresses of courage. In a house that has become for the imagination the very heart of a cyclone, we have to go beyond the mere impressions of consolation that we should feel in any shelter. We have to participate in the dramatic cosmic events sustained by the combatant house. But the real drama of Malicroix is an ordeal by solitude. The inhabitant of La Redousse must dominate solitude in a house on an island where there is no village. He must attain to the dignity of solitude that had been achieved by one of his ancestors, who had become a man of solitude as a result of a deep tragedy in his life. He must live alone in a cosmos which is not that of his childhood. This man, who comes of gentle, happy people, must cultivate courage in order to confront a world that is harsh, indigent and cold. The isolated house furnishes him with strong images, that is, with counsels of resistance.

And so, faced with the bestial hostility of the storm and the hurricane, the house's virtues of protection and resistance are transposed into human virtues. The house acquires the physical and moral energy of a human body. It braces itself to receive the downpour, it girds its loins. When forced to do so, it bends with the blast, confident that it will right itself again in time, while continuing to deny any temporary defeats. Such a house as this invites mankind to heroism of cosmic proportions. It is an instrument with which to confront the cosmos. And the metaphysical systems according to which man is "cast into the world" might meditate concretely upon the house that is cast into the hurricane, defying the anger of heaven itself. Come what may the house helps us to say: I will be an inhabitant

of the world, in spite of the world. The problem is not only one of being, it is also a problem of energy and, consequently, of counter-energy.

In this dynamic rivalry between house and universe, we are far removed from any reference to simple geometrical forms. A house that has been experienced is not an inert box. Inhabited space transcends geometrical space.

But can this transposition of the being of a house into human values be considered as an activity of metaphor? Isn't this merely a matter of linguistic imagery? As metaphors, a literary critic would certainly find them exaggerated. On the other hand, a positivist psychologist would immediately reduce this language to the psychological reality of the fear felt by a man immured in his solitude, far from all human assistance. But phenomenology of the imagination cannot be content with a reduction which would make the image a subordinate means of expression: it demands, on the contrary, that images be lived directly, that they be taken as sudden events in life. When the image is new, the world is new.

And in reading applied to life, all passivity disappears if we try to become aware of the creative acts of the poet expressing the world, a world that becomes accessible to our daydreaming. In Bosco's *Malicroix* the world influences solitary man more than the characters are able to do. Indeed, if the many prose-poems the book contains were to be deleted, all that remained would be the story of a legacy, and a duel between the notary and the heir. But much is to be gained for a psychologist of the imagination if to "social" he adds "cosmic" reading. He comes to realize that the cosmos molds mankind, that it can transform a man of the hills into a man of islands and rivers, and that the house remodels man.

With the house that has been experienced by a poet, we come to a delicate point in anthropo-cosmology. The house, then, really is an instrument of topo-analysis; it is even an efficacious instrument, for the very reason that it is hard to use. In short, discussion of our theses takes place on ground that is unfavorable to us. For, in point of fact, a house is

first and foremost a geometrical object, one which we are tempted to analyze rationally. Its prime reality is visible and tangible, made of well hewn solids and well fitted framework. It is dominated by straight lines, the plumb-line having marked it with its discipline and balance.[1] A geometrical object of this kind ought to resist metaphors that welcome the human body and the human soul. But transposition to the human plane takes place immediately whenever a house is considered as space for cheer and intimacy, space that is supposed to condense and defend intimacy. Independent of all rationality, the dream world beckons. And as I read and re-read *Malicroix*, to quote Pierre-Jean Jouve, "I hear the iron hooves of dream" on the roof of La Redousse.

But the complex of reality and dream is never definitively resolved. The house itself, when it starts to live humanly, does not lose all its "objectivity." We shall therefore have to examine more closely how houses of the past appear in dream geometry. For these are the houses in which we are going to recapture the intimacy of the past in our daydreams. We shall have to apply ourselves increasingly to studying how, by means of the house, the warm substance of intimacy resumes its form, the same form that it had when it enclosed original warmth.

Et l'ancienne maison,
Je sens sa rousse tiédeur
Vient des sens à l'esprit.[2]

(And the old house
I feel its russet warmth
Comes from the senses to the mind.)

V

First of all, these old houses can be drawn—we can make a representation that has all the characteristics of a copy.

[1] In fact, it is interesting to note that the word *house* does not appear in the very well-compiled index to the new edition of C. G. Jung's *Metamorphosis of the Soul and its Symbols.*

[2] Jean Wahl, *Poèmes*, p. 23.

An objective drawing of this kind, independent of all daydreaming, is a forceful, reliable document that leaves its mark on a biography.

But let this exteriorist representation manifest an art of drawing, or a talent for representation, and it becomes insistent, inviting. Merely to judge it as a good, well executed likeness leads to contemplation and daydreaming. Daydreams return to inhabit an exact drawing and no dreamer ever remains indifferent for long to a picture of a house.

Long before the time when I began to read poetry every day, I had often said to myself that I should like to live in a house such as one sees in old prints. I was most attracted by the bold outlines of the houses in woodcuts which, it seemed to me, demanded simplicity. Through them, my daydreams inhabited the essential house.

These naïve daydreams, which I thought were my own, were a source of astonishment to me when I found traces of them in my reading.

In 1913, André Lafon had written:

Je rêve d'un logis, maison basse à fenêtres
Hautes, aux trois degrés usés, plats et verdis

. . . . . .

Logis pauvre et secret à l'air d'antique estampe
Qui ne vit qu'en moi-même, où je rentre parfois
M'asseoir pour oublier le jour gris et la pluie[1]

(I dream of a house, a low house with high
Windows, three worn steps, smooth and green

. . . . . .

A poor secret house, as in an old print,
That only lives in me, where sometimes I return
To sit down and forget the gray day and the rain.)

André Lafon wrote many other poems under the sign of "the poor house." In his literary "prints" the house welcomes the reader like a host. A bit more and he would be ready to seize the chisel and engrave his own reading.

[1] André Lafon, *Poésies* "Le rêve d'un logis." p. 91.

Certain types of prints end by specifying types of houses. Annie Duthil wrote:

Je suis dans une maison d'estampes japonaises
Le soleil est partout, car tout est transparent.[1]

(I am in a house in a Japanese print
The sun is everywhere, for everything is transparent.)

There exist sunny houses in which, at all seasons, it is summer, houses that are all windows.

And isn't the poet who wrote the following also an inhabitant of prints?

Qui n'a pas au fond de son coeur
Un sombre château d'Elseneur

. . . . . .

A l'instar des gens du passé
On construit en soi-même pierre
Par pierre un grand chateau hante[2]

(Who has not deep in his heart
A dark castle of Elsinore

. . . . . .

In the manner of men of the past
We build within ourselves stone
On stone a vast haunted castle.)

And so I am cheered by the pictures I find in my reading. I go to live in the "literary prints" poets offer me. The more simple the engraved house the more it fires my imagination as an inhabitant. It does not remain a mere "representation." Its lines have *force* and, as a shelter, it is *fortifying*. It asks to be lived in simply with all the *security* that *simplicity* gives. The print house awakens a *feeling for the hut* in me and, through it, I re-experience the *penetrating gaze* of the *little window*. But see now what has happened! When I speak the image sincerely, I suddenly

[1] Annie Duthil, *La Pécheuse d'absolu*, p. 10, Seghers, Paris.
[2] Vincent Monteiro, *Vers sur verre*, p. 15.

feel a need to underline. And what is *underlining* but *engraving* while we write?

VI

Sometimes the house grows and spreads so that, in order to live in it, greater elasticity of daydreaming, a daydream that is less clearly outlined, are needed. "My house," writes Georges Spyridaki,[1] "is diaphanous, but it is not of glass. It is more of the nature of vapor. Its walls contract and expand as I desire. At times, I draw them close about me like protective armor . . . But at others, I let the walls of my house blossom out in their own space, which is infinitely extensible."

Spyridaki's house breathes. First it is a coat of armor, then it extends *ad infinitum*, which amounts to saying that we live in it in alternate security and adventure. It is both cell and world. Here, geometry is transcended.

To give unreality to an image attached to a strong reality is in the spirit of poetry. These lines by René Cazelles[2] speak to us of this expansion, if we can inhabit his images. The following was written in the heart of Provence, a country of sharp contours:

"The undiscoverable house, where this lava flower blows, where storms and exhausting bliss are born, when will my search for it cease?

. . . . . .

"Symmetry abolished, to serve as fodder for the winds

. . . . . .

"I should like my house to be similar to that of the ocean wind, all quivering with gulls."

Thus, an immense cosmic house is a potential of every dream of houses. Winds radiate from its center and gulls fly from its windows. A house that is as dynamic as this allows the poet to inhabit the universe. Or, to put it differently, the universe comes to inhabit his house.

[1] Georges Spyridaki, *Mort lucide*, p. 55, Séghers, Paris.
[2] René Cazelles, *De terre et d'envolée*, pp. 23, 56. "G.L.M." Paris.

Occasionally, in a moment of repose, the poet returns to the center of his abode (p. 29).

. . . Tout respire à nouveau
La nappe est blanche

(. . . Everything breathes again
The tablecloth is white)

This bit of whiteness, this tablecloth suffices to anchor the house to its center. The literary houses described by Georges Spyridaki and René Cazelles are immense dwellings the walls of which are on vacation. There are moments when it is a salutary thing to go and live in them, as a treatment for claustrophobia.

The image of these houses that integrate the wind, aspire to the lightness of air, and bear on the tree of their impossible growth a nest all ready to fly away, may perhaps be rejected by a positive, realistic mind. But it is of value for a general thesis on the imagination because, without the poet's knowing it apparently, it is touched by the attraction of opposites, which lends dynamism to the great archetypes. In an article[1] in the *Eranos* yearbook, Erich Neumann shows that all strongly terrestrial beings—and a house is strongly terrestrial—are nevertheless subject to the attractions of an aereal, celestial world. The well-rooted house likes to have a branch that is sensitive to the wind, or an attic that can hear the rustle of leaves. The poet who wrote

L'escalier des arbres
On y monte[2]

(On the stairs of the trees
We mount)

was certainly thinking of an attic.

[1] Erich Neumann, *Die Bedeutung des Erdarchetyps für die Neuzeit*. Eranos-Jahrbuch, 1955, p. 12.
[2] Claude Hartmann, *Nocturnes*, La Galère, Paris.

If we compose a poem about a house, it frequently happens that the most flagrant contradictions come to wake us from our doldrums of concepts, as philosophers would say, and free us from our utilitarian geometrical notions. In this fragment by René Cazelles, solidity is achieved by an imaginary dialectics. We inhale in it the impossible odor of lava, here granite has wings. Conversely, the sudden wind is as rigid as a girder. The house conquers its share of sky. It has the entire sky for its terrace.

But my commentary is becoming too precise. Concerning the different characteristics of the house, it is inclined to be hospitable to fragmentary dialectics, and if I were to pursue it, I should destroy the unity of the archetype. However, this is always the case. It is better to leave the ambivalences of the archetypes wrapped in their dominant quality. This is why a poet will always be more suggestive than a philosopher. It is precisely his right to be suggestive. Pursuing the dynamism that belongs to suggestion, then, the reader can go farther, even too far. In reading and re-reading René Cazelles' poem, once we have accepted the burst of the image, we know that we can reside not only in the topmost heights of the house, but in a super-height. There are many images with which I like to make super-height experiments. The image of the house in the solid representation is folded lengthwise. When the poet unfolds it and spreads it out, it presents a very pure phenomenological aspect. Consciousness becomes "uplifted" in contact with an image that, ordinarily, is "in repose." The image is no longer descriptive, but resolutely inspirational.

It is a strange situation. The space we love is unwilling to remain permanently enclosed. It deploys and appears to move elsewhere without difficulty; into other times, and on different planes of dream and memory.

Is there a reader who would fail to take advantage of the ubiquity of a poem like this one:

Une maison dressée au coeur
Ma cathédrale de silence
Chaque matin reprise en rêve

Et chaque soir abandonnée
Une maison couverte d'aube
Ouverte au vent de ma jeunesse[1]

(A house that stands in my heart
My cathedral of silence
Every morning recaptured in dream
Every evening abandoned
A house covered with dawn
Open to the winds of my youth.)

This house, as I see it, is a sort of airy structure that moves about on the breath of time. It really is open to the wind of another time. It seems as though it could greet us every day of our lives in order to give us confidence in life. In my daydreaming, I associate these lines by Jean Laroche with the passage in which René Char[2] dreams in "a room that grew buoyant and, little by little, expanded into the vast stretches of travel." If the Creator listened to poets, He would create a flying turtle that would carry off into the blue the great safeguards of earth.

If further proof of these weightless houses were needed, there is a poem by Louis Guillaume, entitled *"Maison de Vent"*[3] (Wind House), in which the poet dreams as follows:

Longtemps je t'ai construite, ô maison!
A chaque souvenir je transportais des pierres
Du rivage au sommet de tes murs
Et je voyais, chaume couvé par les saisons
Ton toit changeant comme la mer
Danser sur le fond des nuages
Auxquels il mêlait ses fumées

. . . . . .

Maison de vent demeure qu'un souffle effaçait.

(Long did I build you, oh house!
With each memory I carried stones

[1] Jean Laroche, *Mémoires d'été*, Cahiers de Rochefort, p. 9.
[2] René Char, *Fureur et Mystère*, p. 41.
[3] Louis Guillaume, *Noir comme la mer*, Les Lettres, p. 60.

From the bank to your topmost wall
And I saw your roof mellowed by time
Changing as the sea
Dancing against a background of clouds
With which it mingled its smoke.

. . . . . .

Wind house, abode that a breath effaced.)

Some may wonder at this accumulation of examples. For the realist, the matter is settled: "none of that holds water! It is nothing but vain, inconsistent poetry; poetry that has lost all touch with reality." For the positive man, everything that is unreal is alike, the forms being submerged and drowned in unreality; and the only houses that are capable of possessing individuality are real ones.

But a dreamer of houses sees them everywhere, and anything can act as a germ to set him dreaming about them. Jean Laroche has written elsewhere:

Cette pivoine est une maison vague
Où chacun retrouve la nuit

(This peony is an empty house
In which each of us recaptures night.)

The peony encloses a sleeping insect in its red night:

Tout calice est demeure

(Every chalice is a dwelling-place.)

Pivoines et pavots paradis taciturnes!

(Peonies and poppies silent gardens of Paradise!)

writes Jean Bourdeillette[1] in a line that encloses infinity.

When we have dreamed as intensely as this in the hollow of a flower, the way we recall our lives in the house that is lost and gone, dissolved in the waters of the past, is no ordinary way. It is impossible to read the four lines that follow without entering into a dream that is endless:

[1] Jean Bourdeillette, *Les étoiles dans la main*, Séghers, p. 48.

La chambre meurt miel et tilleul
Où les tiroirs s'ouvrirent en deuil
La maison se mêle à la mort
Dans un miroir qui se ternit.[1]

(The room is dying honey and linden
Where drawers opened in mourning
The house blends with death
In a mirror whose lustre is dimming.)

VII

If we go from these images, which are all light and shimmer, to images that insist and force us to remember farther back into our past, we shall have to take lessons from poets. For how forcefully they prove to us that the houses that were lost forever continue to live on in us; that they insist in us in order to live again, as though they expected us to give them a supplement of living. How much better we should live in the old house today! How suddenly our memories assume a living possibility of being! We consider the past, and a sort of remorse at not having lived profoundly enough in the old house fills our hearts, comes up from the past, overwhelms us. Rilke[2] expresses this poignant regret in unforgettable lines which we painfully make our own, not so much for their expression as for their dramatic depth of feeling:

O nostalgie des lieux qui n'étaient point
Assez aimés à l'heure passagère
Que je voudrais leur rendre de loin
Le geste oublié, l'action supplémentaire.

(Oh longing for places that were not
Cherished enough in that fleeting hour
How I long to make good from far
The forgotten gesture, the additional act.)

1 Jean Bourdeillette, *op. cit.* p. 28. See, too, (p. 64) his recollection of a house that is lost and gone.
2 Rilke, *Vergers*, XLI.

Why were we so quickly sated with the happiness of living in the old house? Why did we not prolong those fleeting hours? In that reality something more than reality was lacking. We did not dream enough in that house. And since it must be recaptured by means of daydreams, liaison is hard to establish. Our memories are encumbered with facts. Beyond the recollections we continually hark back to, we should like to relive our suppressed impressions and the dreams that made us believe in happiness:

Où vous ai-je perdue, mon imagerie piétinée?[1]

(Where did I lose you, my trampled fantasies?)

If we have retained an element of dream in our memories, if we have gone beyond merely assembling exact recollections, bit by bit the house that was lost in the mists of time will appear from out the shadow. We do nothing to reorganize it; with intimacy it recovers its entity, in the mellowness and imprecision of the inner life. It is as though something fluid had collected our memories and we ourselves were dissolved in this fluid of the past. Rilke, who experienced this intimacy of fusion, speaks of the fusion of being with the lost house: "I never saw this strange dwelling again. Indeed, as I see it now, the way it appeared to my child's eye, it is not a building, but is quite dissolved and distributed inside me: here one room, there another, and here a bit of corridor which, however, does not connect the two rooms, but is conserved in me in fragmentary form. Thus the whole thing is scattered about inside me, the rooms, the stairs that descended with such ceremonious slowness, others, narrow cages that mounted in a spiral movement, in the darkness of which we advanced like the blood in our veins."[2]

Indeed, at times dreams go back so far into an undefined, dateless past that clear memories of our childhood home appear to be detached from us. Such dreams unsettle our daydreaming and we reach a point where we begin to doubt

1 André de Richaud, *Le droit d'asile*, Séghers, p. 26.
2 Rilke, *Notebook of Malte Laurids Brigge*, (Fr. tr. p. 33).

that we ever lived where we lived. Our past is situated elsewhere, and both time and place are impregnated with a sense of unreality. It is as though we sojourned in a limbo of being. And poets and dreamers find themselves writing things upon which metaphysicians would do well to meditate. Here, for instance, is a page of concrete metaphysics which by overlaying our memory of the childhood house with daydreams leads us to the ill-defined, vaguely located areas of being where we are seized with astonishment at being. In his novel *House of Breath*[1] (p. 40), William Goyen writes: "That people could come into the world in a place they could not at first even name and had never known before; and that out of a nameless and unknown place they could grow and move around in it until its name they knew and called with love, and call it HOME, and put roots there and love others there; so that whenever they left this place they would sing homesick songs about it and write poems of yearning for it, like a lover; . . . . . ." The soil in which chance had sown the human plant was of no importance. And against this background of nothingness human values grow! Inversely, if beyond memories, we pursue our dreams to their very end, in this pre-memory it is as though nothingness caressed and penetrated being, as though it gently unbound the ties of being. We ask ourselves if what has been, was. Have facts really the *value* that memory gives them? Distant memory only recalls them by giving them a value, a halo, of happiness. But let this value be effaced, and the facts cease to exist. Did they ever exist? Something unreal seeps into the reality of the recollections that are on the borderline between our own personal history and an indefinite pre-history, in the exact place where, after us, the childhood home comes to life in us. For before us—Goyen makes us understand this—it was quite anonymous. It was a place that was lost in the world. Thus, on the threshold of our space, before the era of our own time, we hover between awareness of being and loss of being. And the entire reality of memory becomes spectral.

[1] Random House, New York.

But it would seem that this element of unreality in the dreams of memory affects the dreamer when he is faced with the most concrete things, as with the stone house to which he returns at night, his thoughts on mundane things. William Goyen understands this unreality of reality (*loc. cit.* p. 56): "So this is why when often as you came home to it, down the road in a mist of rain, it seemed as if the house were founded on the most fragile web of breath and you had blown it. Then you thought it might not exist at all as built by carpenter's hands, nor had ever; and that it was only an idea of breath breathed out by you who, with that same breath that had blown it, could blow it all away." In a passage like this, imagination, memory and perception exchange functions. The image is created through co-operation between real and unreal, with the help of the functions of the real and the unreal. To use the implements of dialectical logic for studying, not this alternative, but this fusion, of opposites, would be quite useless, for they would produce the anatomy of a living thing. But if a house is a living value, it must integrate an element of unreality. All values must remain vulnerable, and those that do not are dead.

When two strange images meet, two images that are the work of two poets pursuing separate dreams, they apparently strengthen each other. In fact, this convergence of two exceptional images furnishes as it were a counter-check for phenomenological analysis. The image loses its gratuitousness; the free play of the imagination ceases to be a form of anarchy. I should like, therefore, to compare Goyen's image in the *House of Breath* with one that I quoted in my book *La terre et les rêveries du repos* (p. 96) and which, at the time, I was unable to relate to any other.

In *Le domaine public* (p. 70) Pierre Seghers writes:[1]

[1] My imagination having been stimulated as a result of the day-dreams set in motion by reading William Goyen, I have extended the original quotation, used in 1948.

Une maison où je vais seul en appelant
Un nom que le silence et les murs me renvoient
Une étrange maison qui se tient dans ma voix
Et qu'habite le vent.
Je l'invente, mes mains dessinent un nuage
Un bateau de grand ciel au-dessus des forêts
Une brume qui se dissipe et disparaît
Comme au jeu des images.

(A house where I go alone calling
A name that silence and the walls give back to me
A strange house contained in my voice
Inhabited by the wind
I invent it, my hands draw a cloud
A heaven-bound ship above the forests
Mist that scatters and disappears
As in the play of images.)

In order to build better this house in the mist and wind, we should need, according to the poet,

..... *Une voix plus forte et l'encens*
Bleu du coeur et des mots

(..... A more sonorous voice and the blue
Incense of heart and word.)

Like the house of breath, the house of wind and voice is a value that hovers on the frontier between reality and unreality. No doubt a realistic mind will remain well this side of this region. But for the poetry lover who reads with joy and imagination, it is a red-letter day when he can hear echoes of the lost house in two registers. The old house, for those who know how to listen, is a sort of geometry of echoes. The voices of the past do not sound the same in the big room as in the little bed chamber, and calls on the stairs have yet another sound. Among the most difficult memories, well beyond any geometry that can be drawn, we must recapture the quality of the light; then come the sweet smells that linger in the empty rooms, setting an aerial seal on each room in the house of memory. Still farther it is possible to recover not merely the timbre of the voices, "the inflections of beloved voices now silent," but also the resonance of each room in the sound house. In this extreme tenuousness of memory, only poets may be expected to furnish us with documents of a subtly psychological nature.

VIII

Sometimes the house of the future is better built, lighter and larger than all the houses of the past, so that the image of *the dream house* is opposed to that of the childhood home. Late in life, with indomitable courage, we continue to say that we are going to do what we have not yet done: we are going to build a house. This dream house may be merely a dream of ownership, the embodiment of everything that is considered convenient, comfortable, healthy, sound, desirable, by other people. It must therefore satisfy both pride and reason, two irreconcilable terms. If these dreams are realized, they no longer belong in the domain of this study, but in that of the psychology of projects. However, as I have said many times, for me, a project is short-range oneirism, and while it gives free play to the mind, the soul does not find in it its vital expression. Maybe it is a good thing for us to keep a few dreams of a house that we shall live in later, always later, so much later, in fact, that we shall not have time to achieve it. For a house that was final, one that stood in symmetrical relation to the house we were born in, would lead to thoughts—serious, sad thoughts—and not to dreams. It is better to live in a state of impermanence than in one of finality.

The following anecdote contains a certain wisdom.

It is told by Campenon, who has been discussing poetry with the poet, Ducis: "When we came to the little poems, indited to *his home, his flower-beds, his kitchen garden, his little wood, or his wine-cellar* . . . I could not help remarking jokingly that, a hundred years hence, he risked obliging his commentators to rack their brains. He began to laugh, and told me that having desired vainly ever since

he was young, to have a house in the country, with a small garden, he had made up his mind, at the age of seventy, to give them to himself on his own authority as a poet, and without putting his hand in his pocket. He had begun by acquiring a house, then, as the charm of ownership increased, had added the *garden,* the *little wood,* etc. None of this existed outside his imagination; but it sufficed for these little fancied possessions to take on reality in his eyes. He spoke of them and derived pleasure from them as though they were real; and so powerful was his imagination that I should not be surprised if, on frosty April nights, he didn't show signs of anxiety about his Marly vineyards.

"In this connection, he told me that a decent, honest country fellow, having read in the papers some of his lyrical pieces on the subject of his estate, had written to offer his services as overseer, adding that all he asked was a place to live and whatever wages might be considered fair."

Housed everywhere but nowhere shut in, this is the motto of the dreamer of dwellings. In the last house as well as in the actual house, the day-dream of inhabiting is thwarted. A daydream of elsewhere should be left open therefore, at all times.

An excellent exercise for the function of inhabiting the dream house consists in taking a train trip. Such a voyage unreels a film of houses that are dreamed, accepted and refused, without our ever having been tempted to stop, as we are when motoring. We are sunk deep in day-dreaming with all verification healthily forbidden. But lest this manner of travel be merely a gentle mania of mine, I should like to quote the following passage from Thoreau's Journals, of October 31, 1850:

"I am wont to think that I could spend my days contentedly in any retired country house that I see; for I see it to advantage now and without incumbrance; I have not yet imported my humdrum thoughts, my prosaic habits, into it to mar the landscape." On August 28, 1861, Thoreau addresses in thought the fortunate owners of the houses he has seen: "Give me but the eyes to see the things which you possess."

George Sand said that people could be classified according to whether they aspired to live in a cottage or in a palace. But the question is more complex than that. When we live in a manor house we dream of a cottage, and when we live in a cottage we dream of a palace. Better still, we all have our cottage moments and our palace moments. We descend to living close to the ground, on the floor of a cottage, then would like to dominate the entire horizon from a castle in Spain. And when reading has given us countless inhabited places, we know how to let the dialectics of cottage and manor sound inside us. This was experienced by a great poet, Saint-Pol Roux, whose book, *Féeries Intérieurs* (Inner Enchantments), contains two stories that need only be compared to obtain two quite different pictures of Brittany, and indeed two different worlds. From one world to the other, from one dwelling to the other, dreams come and go. The first story is entitled: *Adieux à la chaumière* (Farewell to the Cottage, p. 205) and the second: *Le châtelain et le paysan* (Squire and Peasant, p. 359).

The minute they entered the cottage, it opened its heart and soul: "At dawn, your freshly white-washed being opened its arms to us: the children felt that they had entered into the heart of a dove, and we loved the ladder—your stairway—right away." Elsewhere the poet tells how generously a cottage radiates peasant humanity and fraternity. This dove-house was a hospitable ark.

One day, however, Saint-Pol Roux left the cottage for the manor-house. "Before leaving for a life of 'luxury and pride,'" according to Théophile Briant,[1] "his Franciscan soul lamented, and he lingered a while longer under the lintel of Roscanvel." Briant quotes him as follows: "One last time, oh cottage, let me kiss your humble walls, even in their shadow, which is the color of my woe. . . ."

The Camaret manor, which became Saint-Pol Roux's home, is undoubtedly a poetic creation, in every sense of the word; it is the realization of a poet's dream castle. For he first bought a fisherman's cottage situated right by the sea, on the crest of the dune that the inhabitants of this

1 Théophile Briant, *Saint-Pol Roux*, p. 42, Séghers, Paris.

Breton peninsula call the Lion of Toulinguet. With the help of a friend, an artillery officer, he then drew up plans for a manor house with eight towers, the center of which was to be the house he had just bought. An architect modified somewhat this poetic project and the manor with the cottage heart was built.

"One day," Théophile Briant recalls (*loc. cit.* p. 37), "to synthesize the little Camaret peninsula for me, Saint-Pol Roux took a sheet of paper and drew a stone pyramid showing the hatchings of the wind and the roll of the sea. Underneath it he wrote: 'Camaret is a stone in the wind on a lyre.' "

A few pages back we discussed poems that sing of breath and wind houses, poems with which we seemed to have attained the *ultimate degree of metaphor.* And here we see a poet who follows the working draft of these metaphors to build his house!

We should find ourselves indulging in similar daydreams if we started musing under the cone-shaped roof of a windmill. We should sense its terrestrial nature, and imagine it to be a primitive hut stuck together with mud, firmly set on the ground in order to resist the wind. Then, in an immense synthesis, we should dream at the same time of a winged house that whines at the slightest breeze and refines the energies of the wind. Millers, who are wind thieves, make good flour from storms.

In the second tale in *Féeries Intérieures,* Saint-Pol Roux tells how he lived a peasant's life at the same time that he was lord of the Camaret manor. Never, perhaps, have the dialectics of cottage and manor been so simply or so powerfully inverted as here. "As I stand riveted to the first steps of the perron by my hob-nailed boots, I hesitate to emerge suddenly from my rustic's chrysalis in the rôle of lord."[1] And further on (p. 362) he writes: "My flexible nature adapts itself easily to this eagle's well-being, high above town and sea, a well-being in which my imagination loses no time conferring supremacy upon me, over elements and persons. And soon, bound up in my egoism, I forget, up-

[1] p. 361.

start peasant that I am, that the original reason for the manor house was, through antithesis, to enable me to really see the cottage."

The word *chrysalis* alone is an unmistakable indication that here two dreams are joined together, dreams that bespeak both the repose and flight of being, evening's crystallization and wings that open to the light. In the body of the winged manor, which dominates both town and sea, man and the universe, he retained a cottage chrysalis in order to be able to hide alone, in complete repose.

Referring to the work of the Brazilian philosopher, Lucio Alberto Pinheiro dos Santos,[1] I once said that by examining the rhythms of life in detail, by descending from the great rhythms forced upon us by the universe to the finer rhythms that play upon man's most exquisite sensibilities, it would be possible to work out a rhythmanalysis that would tend to reconcile and lighten the ambivalences that psychoanalysts find in the disturbed psyche. But if what poets say is true, alternating daydreams cease to be rivals. The two extreme realities of cottage and manor, to be found in the case of Saint-Pol Roux, take into account our need for retreat and expansion, for simplicity and magnificence. For here we experience a rhythmanalysis of the function of inhabiting. To sleep well we do not need to sleep in a large room, and to work well we do not have to work in a den. But to dream of a poem, then write it, we need both. It is the creative psyche that benefits from rhythmanalysis.

Thus the dream house must possess every virtue. However spacious, it must also be a cottage, a dove-cote, a nest, a chrysalis. Intimacy needs the heart of a nest. Erasmus, his biographer tells us, was long "in finding a nook in his fine house in which he could put *his little body* with safety. He ended by confining himself to one room until he could breathe *the parched air* that was necessary to him."[2]

And how many dreamers look everywhere in their house, or in their room, for the garment that suits them!

[1] Cf. *La dialecte de la durée,* Presses Universitaire de France, p. 129.
[2] André Saglio, *Maisons d'hommes célèbres,* Paris 1895, p. 82.

But I repeat: nest, chrysalis and garment only constitute one moment of a dwelling place. The more concentrated the repose, the more hermetic the chrysalis, the more the being that emerges from it is a being from elsewhere, the greater is his expansion. And, in my opinion, as the reader goes from one poet to the other, he is made more dynamic by his reader's imagination if he listens to Supervielle inviting the entire universe to come back into the house through all the wide-open doors and windows.[1]

Tout ce qui fait les bois, les rivières ou l'air
A place entre ces murs qui croient fermer une chambre
Accourez, cavaliers qui traversez les mers
Je n'ai qu'un toit du ciel, vous aurez de la place.

(All that makes the woods, the rivers or the air
Has its place between these walls which believe they close a room
Make haste, ye gentlemen, who ride across the seas
I've but one roof from heaven, there'll be room for you.)

The house's welcome is so genuine that even what may be seen from the windows belongs to it.

Le corps de la montagne hésite à ma fenêtre:
"Comment peut-on entrer si l'on est la montagne,
Si l'on est en hauteur, avec roches, cailloux,
Un morceau de la Terre altéré par le Ciel?"

(The body of the mountain hesitates before my window:
"How can one enter if one is the mountain,
If one is tall, with boulders and stones,
A piece of Earth, altered by Sky?")

When we have been made aware of a rhythmanalysis by moving from a concentrated to an expanded house, the oscillations reverberate and grow louder. Like Supervielle, great dreamers profess intimacy with the world. They learned this intimacy, however, meditating on the house.

[1] Jules Supervielle, *Les amis inconnus*, p. 93. p. 96.

IX

Supervielle's house is a house that is eager to see, one for which seeing is having. It both sees the world and has it. But like a greedy child, its eyes are bigger than its stomach. It has furnished us with one of those exaggerated images that a philosopher of the imagination is obliged to note right away with a reasonably critical smile.

But after this holiday of the imagination we shall have to return to reality, in order to speak of daydreams that accompany household activities. For they keep vigilant watch over the house, they link its immediate past to its immediate future, they are what maintains it in the security of being.

But how can housework be made into a creative activity?

The minute we apply a glimmer of consciousness to a mechanical gesture, or practice phenomenology while polishing a piece of old furniture, we sense new impressions come into being beneath this familiar domestic duty. For consciousness rejuvenates everything, giving a quality of beginning to the most everyday actions. It even dominates memory. How wonderful it is to really become once more the inventor of a mechanical action! And so, when a poet rubs a piece of furniture—even vicariously—when he puts a little fragrant wax on his table with the woolen cloth that lends warmth to everything it touches, he creates a new object; he increases the object's human dignity; he registers this object officially as a member of the human household. Henri Bosco once wrote:[1] "The soft wax entered into the polished substance under the pressure of hands and the effective warmth of a woolen cloth. Slowly the tray took on a dull luster. It was as though the radiance induced by magnetic rubbing emanated from the hundred-year-old sapwood, from the very heart of the dead tree, and spread gradually, in the form of light, over the tray. The old fingers possessed of every virtue, the broad palm, drew from the solid block with its inanimate fibers, the latent powers

[1] Henri Bosco, *Le jardin d'Hyacinthe*, p. 198.

of life itself. This was creation of an object, a real act of faith, taking place before my enchanted eyes."

Objects that are cherished in this way really are born of an intimate light, and they attain to a higher degree of reality than indifferent objects, or those that are defined by geometric reality. For they produce a new reality of being, and they take their place not only in an order but in a community of order. From one object in a room to another, housewifely care weaves the ties that unite a very ancient past to the new epoch. The housewife awakens furniture that was asleep.

If we attain to the limit at which dream becomes exaggerated, we experience a sort of consciousness of constructing the house, in the very pains we take to keep it alive, to give it all its essential clarity. A house that shines from the care it receives appears to have been rebuilt from the inside; it is as though it were new inside. In the intimate harmony of walls and furniture, it may be said that we become conscious of a house that is built by women, since men only know how to build a house from the outside, and they know little or nothing of the "wax" civilization.

No one has written better of this integration of revery into work, of our vastest dreams into the humblest of occupations, than Henri Bosco, in his description of the old faithful servant, Sidoine (*op. cit.* p. 173): "This vocation for happiness, so far from prejudicing her practical life, nurtured its action. When she washed a sheet or a tablecloth, when she polished a brass candlestick, little movements of joy mounted from the depths of her heart, enlivening her household tasks. She did not wait to finish these tasks before withdrawing into herself, where she could contemplate to her heart's content the supernatural images that dwelt there. Indeed, figures from this land appeared to her familiarly, however commonplace the work she was doing, and without in the least seeming to dream, she washed, dusted and swept in the company of angels."

I once read an Italian novel in which there was a street sweeper who swung his broom with the majestic gesture

of a reaper. In his daydream he was reaping an imaginary field on the asphalt, a wide field in real nature in which he recaptured his youth and the noble calling of reaper under the rising sun.

We should need, then, purer "reagents" than those of psychoanalysis to determine the "composition" of a poetic image. The fine determinations required by poetry bring us into the field of micro-chemistry, and a reagent that had been adulterated by the ready-made interpretations of a psychoanalyst could cloud the solution. No phenomenologist re-living Supervielle's invitation to the mountains to come in through the window would see in it a sexual monstrosity. This is rather the poetic phenomenon of pure liberation, of absolute sublimation. The image is no longer under the domination of things, nor is it subject to the pressures of the unconscious. It floats and soars, immense, in the free atmosphere of a great poem. Through the poet's window the house converses about immensity with the world. And as metaphysicians would say, it too, the house of men, opens its doors to the world.

In the same way, the phenomenologist who follows women's construction of the house through daily polishing must go beyond the psychoanalyst's interpretations. I, myself held to these interpretations in some of my earlier books.[1] But I now believe that we can go deeper, that we can sense how a human being can devote himself to things and make them his own by perfecting their beauty. A little more beautiful and we have something quite different.

Here we have the paradox of an incipience of a very customary action. Through housewifely care a house recovers not so much its originality as its origin. And what a great life it would be if, every morning, every object in the house could be made anew by our hands, could "issue" from our hands. In a letter to his brother Theo, Vincent van Gogh tells him that we should "retain something of the original character of a Robinson Crusoe" (p. 25). Make and remake everything oneself, make a "supplementary

1 Cf. *La psychanalyse du feu.*

gesture" toward each object, give another facet to the polished reflections, all of which are so many boons the imagination confers upon us by making us aware of the house's inner growth. To have an active day I keep saying to myself, "Every morning I must give a thought to Saint Robinson."

When a dreamer can reconstruct the world from an object that he transforms magically through his care of it, we become convinced that everything in the life of a poet is germinal. The following long fragment by Rilke, in spite of a certain overloading (gloves and costumes) gives us a feeling of naïve simplicity.

In *Lettres à une musicienne,* Rilke writes to Benvenuta that in the absence of his cleaning woman, he had been polishing his furniture. "I was, as I said, magnificently alone . . . when suddenly I was seized by my old passion. I should say that this was undoubtedly my greatest childhood passion, as well as my first contact with music, since our little piano fell under my jurisdiction as duster. It was, in fact, one of the few objects that lent itself willingly to this operation and gave no sign of boredom. On the contrary, under my zealous dustcloth, it suddenly started to purr mechanically . . . and its fine, deep black surface became more and more beautiful. When you've been through this there's little you don't know! I was quite proud, if only of my indispensable costume, which consisted of a big apron and little washable suède gloves to protect one's dainty hands. Politeness tinged with mischief was my reaction to the friendliness of these objects, which seemed happy to be so well treated, so meticulously renovated. And even today, I must confess that, while everything about me grew brighter and the immense black surface of my work table, which dominated its surroundings . . . became newly aware, somehow, of the size of the room, reflecting it more and more clearly: pale gray and almost square . . ., well, yes, I felt moved, as though something were happening, something, to tell the truth, which was not purely superficial but immense, and which touched my very soul: I was

an emperor washing the feet of the poor, or Saint Bonaventure, washing dishes in his convent."

Benvenuta's comment[1] on these episodes detracts from their charm somewhat when she tells us that Rilke's mother, "while he was still a mere child, forced him to dust the furniture and perform other household tasks." But one cannot help sensing the *nostalgia for work* that emanates from this fragment by Rilke, or realizing that this is an accumulation of psychological documents from different mental ages, since to the joy of helping his mother is added the glory of being one of the great of the earth, washing the feet of the poor. The whole thing is a complex of sentiments, with its association of politeness and mischief, of humility and action. Then, too, there is the striking line with which it opens: "I was magnificently alone!" Alone, as we are at the origin of all real action that we are not "obliged" to perform. And the marvelous thing about easy actions is that they do, in fact, place us at the origin of action.

Removed from its context, this long passage seems to me to be a good test of the reader's interest. Some may disdain it or wonder that it should interest anyone; whereas to others it may seem alive, effective and stimulating, since it offers each one of us a means of becoming aware of our room by strongly synthesizing everything that lives in it, every piece of furniture that wants to be friends.

There is also the courage of the writer who braves the kind of censorship that forbids "insignificant" confidences. But what a joy reading is, when we recognize the importance of these insignificant things, when we can add our own personal daydreams to the "insignificant" recollections of the author! Then insignificance becomes the sign of extreme sensitivity to the intimate meanings that establish spiritual understanding between writer and reader.

And what charm it confers upon our memories to be able to say to ourselves that, except for the suède gloves, we have lived moments similar to those lived by Rilke!

1 Benvenuta, *Rilke et Benvenuta,* French translation, p. 30.

X

All great, simple images reveal a psychic state. The house, even more than the landscape, is a "psychic state," and even when reproduced as it appears from the outside, it bespeaks intimacy. Psychologists generally, and Françoise Minkowska in particular, together with those whom she has succeeded interesting in the subject, have studied the drawings of houses made by children, and even used them for testing. Indeed, the house-test has the advantage of welcoming spontaneity, for many children draw a house spontaneously while dreaming over their paper and pencil. To quote Anne Balif:[1] "Asking a child to draw his house is asking him to reveal the deepest dream shelter he has found for his happiness. If he is happy, he will succeed in drawing a snug, protected house which is well built on deeply-rooted foundations." It will have the right shape, and nearly always there will be some indication of its inner strength. In certain drawings, quite obviously, to quote Mme. Balif, "it is warm indoors, and there is a fire burning, such a big fire, in fact, that it can be seen coming out of the chimney." When the house is happy, soft smoke rises in gay rings above the roof.

If the child is unhappy, however, the house bears traces of his distress. In this connection, I recall that Françoise Minkowska organized an unusually moving exhibition of drawings by Polish and Jewish children who had suffered the cruelties of the German occupation during the last war. One child, who had been hidden in a closet every time there was an alert, continued to draw narrow, cold, closed houses long after those evil times were over. These are what Mme. Minkowska calls "motionless" houses, houses that have become motionless in their rigidity. "This rigidity and motionlessness are present in the *smoke* as well as in the window curtains. The surrounding trees are quite *straight* and

[1] *De Van Gogh et Seurat aux dessins d'enfants*, illustrated catalogue of an exhibition held at the *Musée Pédagogique* (Paris) in 1949. Dr. F. Minkowska's comments on the drawings appear on page 157 of Mme. Balif's article.

give the impression of standing guard over the house" (*loc. cit.* p. 55). Mme. Minkowska knows that a live house is not really "motionless," that, particularly, it integrates the movements by means of which one accedes to the door. Thus the path that leads to the house is often a climbing one. At times, even, it is inviting. In any case, it always possesses certain kinesthetic features. If we were making a Rorschach test, we should say that the house has "K."

Often a simple detail suffices for Mme. Minkowska, a distinguished psychologist, to recognize the way the house functions. In one house, drawn by an eight-year-old child, she notes that there is "a knob on the door; people go in the house, they live there." It is not merely a constructed house, it is also a house that is "lived-in." Quite obviously the door-knob has a functional significance. This is the kinesthetic sign, so frequently forgotten in the drawings of "tense" children.

Naturally, too, the door-knob could hardly be drawn in scale with the house, its function taking precedence over any question of size. For it expresses the function of opening, and only a logical mind could object that it is used to close as well as to open the door. In the domain of values, on the other hand, a key closes more often than it opens, whereas the door-knob opens more often than it closes. And the gesture of closing is always sharper, firmer and briefer than that of opening. It is by weighing such fine points as these that, like Françoise Minkowska, one becomes a psychologist of houses.

Make an object that connects two spaces.

HELEN MIRRA

Map of parallel 59°S at a scale of one inch to one degree longitude 2000

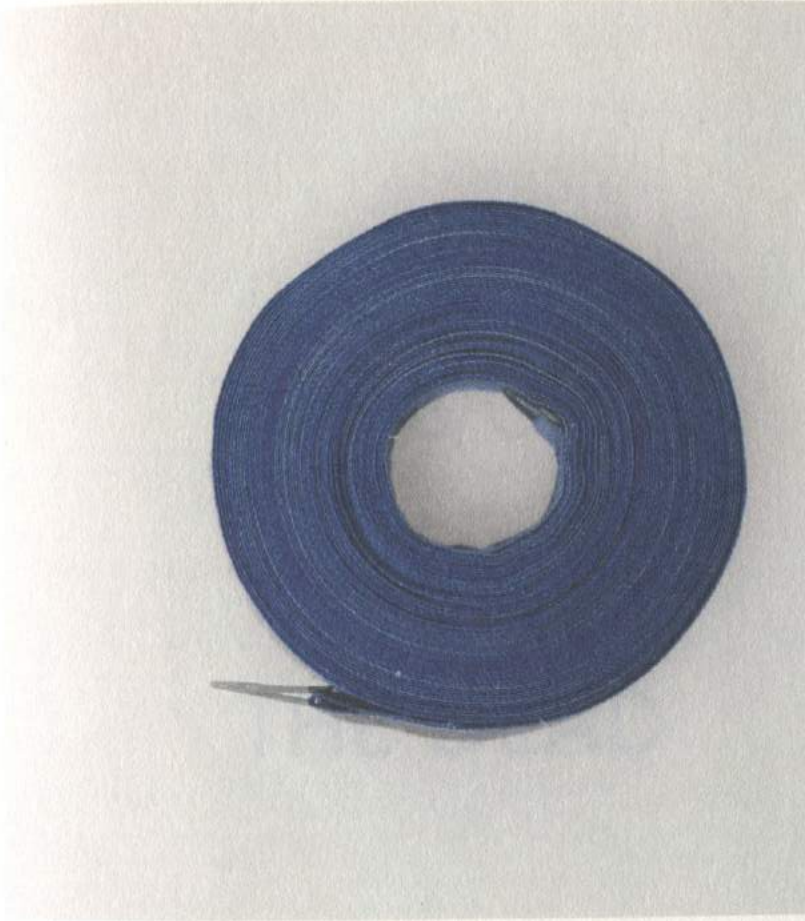
cat. no. 58

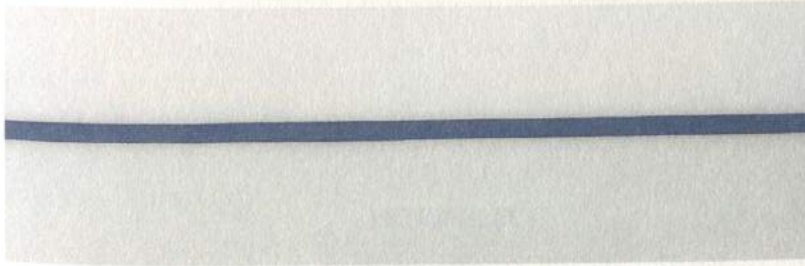
Bringing together science and poetry, Helen Mirra's latitude lines connect the metaphorical languages of time and space with experiential realities of travel and geography. This series replicates twenty-six imaginary lines that encircle the earth. Mapping every seventh latitude from the North Pole to the South Pole at a scale of one inch to one degree, Mirra hand-dyed strips of cloth to correspond in color to the surfaces of the earth that the lines traverse: green for farmland, blue for water, brown for tundra and desert.

As the artist explains, the bands of latitude act as "a way to enact a spatialization of temporality,"[1] and by using thin bands measured to replicate rolls of 16mm film, Mirra incorporates a reference to the moving image and its ability to capture time in a progression of pictures. Beginning near one entrance to the exhibition, *Parallel 59°S* stretches along a narrow passage, as if demarcating an interior journey, but farther into the exhibition, *Parallel 46°N* is shown wound upon itself, like a reel of film containing a voyage that has yet to be seen. Mirra's simple piece of rolled cloth embodies travel across the extremities of geography yet is small enough to fit in our hands, features of the earth distilled into a portable measure.

A.H.

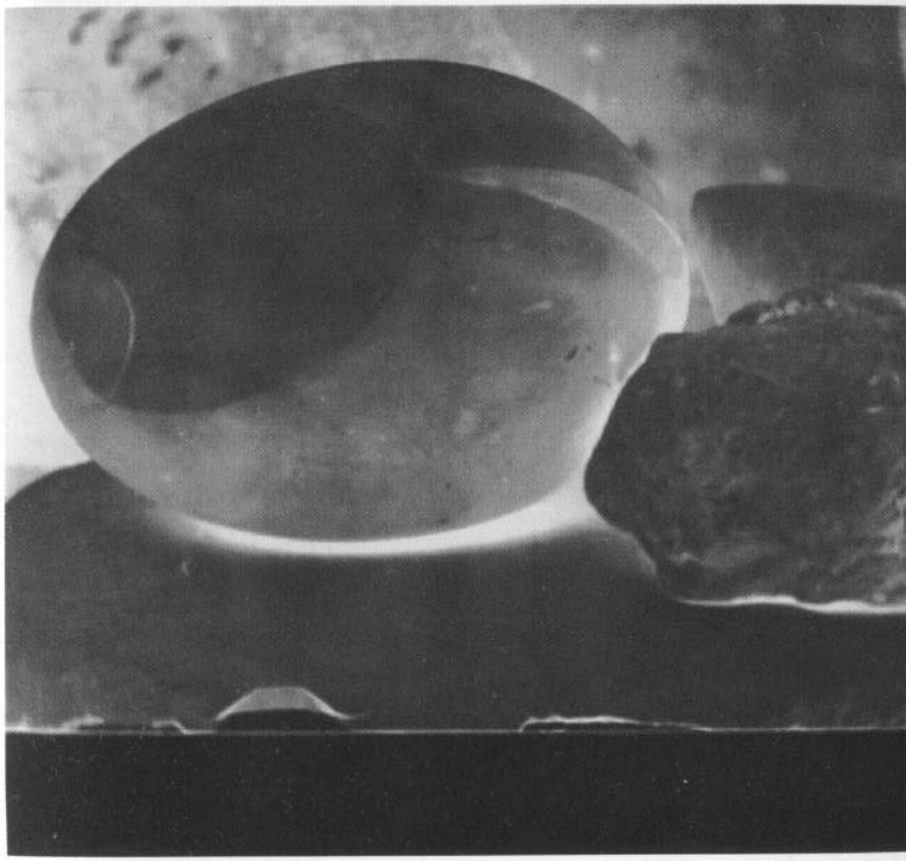
1. Helen Mirra, notes for the exhibition *Laws of Clash*, Donald Young Gallery, Chicago, 2005, http://www.hmirra.net/information/pdfs/mirra_pressreleases.pdf.





53. Ph 252e, *c.* 1923, cat. no. 46

54. Ph 253b, *c.* 1923, cat. no. 47



In Praise of Shadows

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FOREWORD

One of the basic human requirements is the need to dwell, and one of the central human acts is the act of inhabiting, of connecting ourselves, however temporarily, with a place on the planet which belongs to us, and to which we belong. This is not, especially in the tumultuous present, an easy act (as is attested by the uninhabited and uninhabitable no-places in cities everywhere), and it requires help: we need allies in inhabitation.

Fortunately, we have at hand many allies, if only we call on them; other upright objects, from towers to chimneys to columns, stand in for us in sympathetic imitation of our own upright stance. Flowers and gardens serve as testimonials to our own care, and breezes loosely captured can connect us with the very edge of the infinite. But in the West our most powerful ally is light. 'The sun never knew how wonderful it was,' the architect Louis Kahn said, 'until it fell on the wall of a building.' And for us the act of inhabitation is mostly performed in cahoots with the sun, our staunchest ally, bathing our world or flickering through it, helping give it light.

It comes with the thrill of a slap for us then to hear praise of shadows and darkness; so it is when there comes to us the excitement of realizing that musicians everywhere make their sounds to capture silence or that architects develop complex shapes just to envelop empty space. Thus darkness illuminates for us a culture very different from our own; but at the same time it helps us to look deep into ourselves to our own inhabitation of the world, as it describes with spine-tingling insights the traditional Japanese inhabitation of theirs. It could change our lives.

Charles Moore
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In Praise of Shadows

What incredible pains the fancier of traditional architecture must take when he sets out to build a house in pure Japanese style, striving somehow to make electric wires, gas pipes, and water lines harmonize with the austerity of Japanese rooms – even someone who has never built a house for himself must sense this when he visits a teahouse, a restaurant, or an inn. For the solitary eccentric it is another matter, he can ignore the blessings of scientific civilization and retreat to some forsaken corner of the countryside; but a man who has a family and lives in the city cannot turn his back on the necessities of modern life – heating, electric lights, sanitary facilities – merely for the sake of doing things the Japanese way. The purist may rack his brain over

the placement of a single telephone, hiding it behind the staircase or in a corner of the hallway, wherever he thinks it will least offend the eye. He may bury the wires rather than hang them in the garden, hide the switches in a closet or cupboard, run the cords behind a folding screen. Yet for all his ingenuity, his efforts often impress us as nervous, fussy, excessively contrived. For so accustomed are we to electric lights that the sight of a naked bulb beneath an ordinary milk glass shade seems simpler and more natural than any gratuitous attempt to hide it. Seen at dusk as one gazes out upon the countryside from the window of a train, the lonely light of a bulb under an old-fashioned shade, shining dimly from behind the white paper shoji of a thatch-roofed farmhouse, can seem positively elegant.

But the snarl and the bulk of an electric fan remain a bit out of place in a Japanese room. The ordinary householder, if he dislikes electric fans, can simply do without them. But if the family business involves the entertainment of customers in summertime, the gentleman of the house cannot afford to indulge his own tastes at the expense of others. A friend of mine, the proprietor of a Chinese restaurant called the Kairakuen, is a thoroughgoing purist in matters architectural. He deplores electric fans and long refused to have them in his restaurant, but the complaints from customers with which he was faced every summer ultimately forced him to give in.

I myself have had similar experiences. A few years ago I spent a great deal more money than I could afford to build a house. I fussed over every last fitting and fixture, and in every case encountered difficulty. There was the shoji: for aesthetic reasons I did not want to use glass, and yet paper alone would have posed problems of illumination and security. Much against my will, I decided to cover the inside with paper and the outside with glass. This required a double frame, thus raising the cost. Yet having gone to all this trouble, the effect was far from pleasing. The outside remained no more than a glass door; while within, the mellow softness of the paper was destroyed by the glass that lay behind it. At that point I was sorry I had not just settled for glass to begin with. Yet laugh though we may when the house is someone else's, we ourselves accept defeat only after having a try at such schemes.

Then there was the problem of lighting. In recent years several fixtures designed for Japanese houses have come on the market, fixtures patterned after old floor lamps, ceiling lights, candle stands, and the like. But I simply do not care for them, and instead searched in curio shops for old lamps, which I fitted with electric light bulbs.

What most taxed my ingenuity was the heating system. No stove worthy of the name will ever look right in a Japanese room. Gas stoves burn with a terrific roar, and unless provided with a chimney,

quickly bring headaches. Electric stoves, though at least free from these defects, are every bit as ugly as the rest. One solution would be to outfit the cupboards with heaters of the sort used in streetcars. Yet without the red glow of the coals, the whole mood of winter is lost and with it the pleasure of family gatherings round the fire. The best plan I could devise was to build a large sunken hearth, as in an old farmhouse. In this I installed an electric brazier, which worked well both for boiling tea water and for heating the room. Expensive it was, but at least so far as looks were concerned I counted it one of my successes.

Having done passably well with the heating system, I was then faced with the problem of bath and toilet. My Kairakuen friend could not bear to tile the tub and bathing area, and so built his guest bath entirely of wood. Tile, of course, is infinitely more practical and economical. But when ceiling, pillars, and paneling are of fine Japanese stock, the beauty of the room is utterly destroyed when the rest is done in sparkling tile. The effect may not seem so very displeasing while everything is still new, but as the years pass, and the beauty of the grain begins to emerge on the planks and pillars, that glittering expanse of white tile comes to seem as incongruous as the proverbial bamboo grafted to wood. Still, in the bath utility can to some extent be sacrificed to good taste. In the toilet somewhat more vexatious problems arise.

*

Every time I am shown to an old, dimly lit, and, I would add, impeccably clean toilet in a Nara or Kyoto temple, I am impressed with the singular virtues of Japanese architecture. The parlor may have its charms, but the Japanese toilet truly is a place of spiritual repose. It always stands apart from the main building, at the end of a corridor, in a grove fragrant with leaves and moss. No words can describe that sensation as one sits in the dim light, basking in the faint glow reflected from the shoji, lost in meditation or gazing out at the garden. The novelist Natsume Sōseki counted his morning trips to the toilet a great pleasure, 'a physiological delight' he called it. And surely there could be no better place to savor this pleasure than a Japanese toilet where, surrounded by tranquil walls and finely grained wood, one looks out upon blue skies and green leaves.

As I have said there are certain prerequisites: a degree of dimness, absolute cleanliness, and quiet so complete one can hear the hum of a mosquito. I love to listen from such a toilet to the sound of softly falling rain, especially if it is a toilet of the Kantō region, with its long, narrow windows at floor level; there one can listen with such a sense of intimacy to the raindrops falling from the eaves and the trees, seeping into the earth as they wash over the base of a stone lantern and freshen the moss about the stepping stones. And the toilet is the perfect place to listen to the chirping of insects or the song of the birds, to view the moon, or to

enjoy any of those poignant moments that mark the change of the seasons. Here, I suspect, is where haiku poets over the ages have come by a great many of their ideas. Indeed one could with some justice claim that of all the elements of Japanese architecture, the toilet is the most aesthetic. Our forbears, making poetry of everything in their lives, transformed what by rights should be the most unsanitary room in the house into a place of unsurpassed elegance, replete with fond associations with the beauties of nature. Compared to Westerners, who regard the toilet as utterly unclean and avoid even the mention of it in polite conversation, we are far more sensible and certainly in better taste. The Japanese toilet is, I must admit, a bit inconvenient to get to in the middle of the night, set apart from the main building as it is; and in winter there is always a danger that one might catch cold. But as the poet Saitō Ryokū has said, 'elegance is frigid.' Better that the place be as chilly as the out-of-doors; the steamy heat of a Western-style toilet in a hotel is most unpleasant.

Anyone with a taste for traditional architecture must agree that the Japanese toilet is perfection. Yet whatever its virtues in a place like a temple, where the dwelling is large, the inhabitants few, and everyone helps with the cleaning, in an ordinary household it is no easy task to keep it clean. No matter how fastidious one may be or how diligently one may scrub, dirt will show, particularly on a floor of wood or tatami matting. And so here too it turns out to be more hygienic and

efficient to install modern sanitary facilities – tiles and a flush toilet – though at the price of destroying all affinity with 'good taste' and the 'beauties of nature'. That burst of light from those four white walls hardly puts one in a mood to relish Sōseki's 'physiological delight'. There is no denying the cleanliness; every nook and corner is pure white. Yet what need is there to remind us so forcefully of the issue of our own bodies. A beautiful woman, no matter how lovely her skin, would be considered indecent were she to show her bare buttocks or feet in the presence of others; and how very crude and tasteless to expose the toilet to such excessive illumination. The cleanliness of what can be seen only calls up the more clearly thoughts of what cannot be seen. In such places the distinction between the clean and the unclean is best left obscure, shrouded in a dusky haze.

Though I did install modern sanitary facilities when I built my own house, I at least avoided tiles, and had the floor done in camphor wood. To that extent I tried to create a Japanese atmosphere – but was frustrated finally by the toilet fixtures themselves. As everyone knows, flush toilets are made of pure white porcelain and have handles of sparkling metal. Were I able to have things my own way, I would much prefer fixtures – both men's and women's – made of wood. Wood finished in glistening black lacquer is the very best; but even unfinished wood, as it darkens and the grain grows more subtle with the years, acquires an in-

explicable power to calm and sooth. The ultimate, of course, is a wooden 'morning glory' urinal filled with boughs of cedar; this is a delight to look at and allows not the slightest sound. I could not afford to indulge in such extravagances. I hoped I might at least have the external fittings made to suit my own taste, and then adapt these to a standard flushing mechanism. But the custom labor would have cost so much that I had no choice but to abandon the idea. It was not that I objected to the conveniences of modern civilization, whether electric lights or heating or toilets, but I did wonder at the time why they could not be designed with a bit more consideration for our own habits and tastes.

The recent vogue for electric lamps in the style of the old standing lanterns comes, I think, from a new awareness of the softness and warmth of paper, qualities which for a time we had forgotten; it stands as evidence of our recognition that this material is far better suited than glass to the Japanese house. But no toilet fixtures or stoves that are at all tasteful have yet come to the market. A heating system like my own, an electric brazier in a sunken hearth, seems to me ideal; yet no one ventures to produce even so simple a device as this (there are, of course, those feeble electric hibachi, but they provide no more heat than an ordinary charcoal hibachi); all that can be had ready-made are those ugly Western stoves.

There are those who hold that to quibble over matters of taste in the basic necessities of life is an extravagance, that as long as a house keeps out the cold and as long as food keeps off starvation, it matters little what they look like. And indeed for even the sternest ascetic the fact remains that a snowy day is cold, and there is no denying the impulse to accept the services of a heater if it happens to be there in front of one, no matter how cruelly its inelegance may shatter the spell of the day. But it is on occasions like this that I always think how different everything would be if we in the Orient had developed our own science. Suppose for instance that we had developed our own physics and chemistry: would not the techniques and industries based on them have taken a different form, would not our myriads of everyday gadgets, our medicines, the products of our industrial art – would they not have suited our national temper better than they do? In fact our conception of physics itself, and even the principles of chemistry, would probably differ from that of Westerners; and the facts we are now taught concerning the nature and function of light, electricity, and atoms might well have presented themselves in different form.

Of course I am only indulging in idle speculation; of scientific matters I know nothing. But had we devised independently at least the more practical sorts of inventions, this could not but have had profound influence upon the conduct of our everyday lives, and

even upon government, religion, art, and business. The Orient quite conceivably could have opened up a world of technology entirely its own.

To take a trivial example near at hand: I wrote a magazine article recently comparing the writing brush with the fountain pen, and in the course of it I remarked that if the device had been invented by the ancient Chinese or Japanese it would surely have had a tufted end like our writing brush. The ink would not have been this bluish color but rather black, something like India ink, and it would have been made to seep down from the handle into the brush. And since we would have then found it inconvenient to write on Western paper, something near Japanese paper – even under mass production, if you will – would have been most in demand. Foreign ink and pen would not be as popular as they are; the talk of discarding our system of writing for Roman letters would be less noisy; people would still feel an affection for the old system. But more than that: our thought and our literature might not be imitating the West as they are, but might have pushed forward into new regions quite on their own. An insignificant little piece of writing equipment, when one thinks of it, has had a vast, almost boundless, influence on our culture.

But I know as well as anyone that these are the empty dreams of a novelist, and that having come this far we cannot turn back. I know that I am only grumbling to

myself and demanding the impossible. If my complaints are taken for what they are, however, there can be no harm in considering how unlucky we have been, what losses we have suffered, in comparison with the Westerner. The Westerner has been able to move forward in ordered steps, while we have met superior civilization and have had to surrender to it, and we have had to leave a road we have followed for thousands of years. The missteps and inconveniences this has caused have, I think, been many. If we had been left alone we might not be much further now in a material way than we were five hundred years ago. Even now in the Indian and Chinese countryside life no doubt goes on much as it did when Buddha and Confucius were alive. But we would have gone only in a direction that suited us. We would have gone ahead very slowly, and yet it is not impossible that we would one day have discovered our own substitute for the trolley, the radio, the airplane of today. They would have been no borrowed gadgets, they would have been the tools of our own culture, suited to us.

One need only compare American, French, and German films to see how greatly nuances of shading and coloration can vary in motion pictures. In the photographic image itself, to say nothing of the acting and the script, there somehow emerges differences in national character. If this is true even when identical equipment, chemicals, and film are used, how much better our own photographic technology might have

suited our complexion, our facial features, our climate, our land. And had we invented the phonograph and the radio, how much more faithfully they would reproduce the special character of our voices and our music. Japanese music is above all a music of reticence, of atmosphere. When recorded, or amplified by a loudspeaker, the greater part of its charm is lost. In conversation, too, we prefer the soft voice, the understatement. Most important of all are the pauses. Yet the phonograph and radio render these moments of silence utterly lifeless. And so we distort the arts themselves to curry favor for them with the machines. These machines are the inventions of Westerners, and are, as we might expect, well suited to the Western arts. But precisely on this account they put our own arts at a great disadvantage.

Paper, I understand, was invented by the Chinese; but Western paper is to us no more than something to be used, while the texture of Chinese paper and Japanese paper gives us a certain feeling of warmth, of calm and repose. Even the same white could as well be one color for Western paper and another for our own. Western paper turns away the light, while our paper seems to take it in, to envelop it gently, like the soft surface of a first snowfall. It gives off no sound when it is crumpled or folded, it is quiet and pliant to the touch as the leaf of a tree.

As a general matter we find it hard to be really at

home with things that shine and glitter. The Westerner uses silver and steel and nickel tableware, and polishes it to a fine brilliance, but we object to the practice. While we do sometimes indeed use silver for teakettles, decanters, or saké cups, we prefer not to polish it. On the contrary, we begin to enjoy it only when the luster has worn off, when it has begun to take on a dark, smoky patina. Almost every householder has had to scold an insensitive maid who has polished away the tarnish so patiently waited for.

Chinese food is now most often served on tableware made of tin, a material the Chinese could only admire for the patina it acquires. When new it resembles aluminium and is not particularly attractive; only after long use brings some of the elegance of age is it at all acceptable. Then, as the surface darkens, the line of verse etched upon it gives a final touch of perfection. In the hands of the Chinese this flimsy, glittering metal takes on a profound and somber dignity akin to that of their red unglazed pottery.

The Chinese also love jade. That strange lump of stone with its faintly muddy light, like the crystallized air of the centuries, melting dimly, dully back, deeper and deeper – are not we Orientals the only ones who know its charms? We cannot say ourselves what it is that we find in this stone. It quite lacks the brightness of a ruby or an emerald or the glitter of a diamond. But this much we can say: when we see that shadowy surface, we think how Chinese it is, we seem to find in

its cloudiness the accumulation of the long Chinese past, we think how appropriate it is that the Chinese should admire that surface and that shadow.

It is the same with crystals. Crystals have recently been imported in large quantities from Chile, but Chilean crystals are too bright, too clear. We have long had crystals of our own, their clearness always moderated, made graver by a certain cloudiness. Indeed, we much prefer the 'impure' varieties of crystal with opaque veins crossing their depths. Even of glass this is true; for is not fine Chinese glass closer to jade or agate than to Western glass? Glassmaking has long been known in the Orient, but the craft never developed as in the West. Great progress has been made, however, in the manufacture of pottery. Surely this has something to do with our national character. We do not dislike everything that shines, but we do prefer a pensive luster to a shallow brilliance, a murky light that, whether in a stone or an artefact, bespeaks a sheen of antiquity.

Of course this 'sheen of antiquity' of which we hear so much is in fact the glow of grime. In both Chinese and Japanese the words denoting this glow describe a polish that comes of being touched over and over again, a sheen produced by the oils that naturally permeate an object over long years of handling – which is to say grime. If indeed 'elegance is frigid', it can as well be described as filthy. There is no denying, at any rate, that among the elements of the elegance in

which we take such delight is a measure of the unclean, the insanitary. I suppose I shall sound terribly defensive if I say that Westerners attempt to expose every speck of grime and eradicate it, while we Orientals carefully preserve and even idealize it. Yet for better or for worse we do love things that bear the marks of grime, soot, and weather, and we love the colors and the sheen that call to mind the past that made them. Living in these old houses among these old objects is in some mysterious way a source of peace and repose.

I have always thought that hospitals, those for the Japanese at any rate, need not be so sparkling white, that the walls, uniforms, and equipment might better be done in softer, more muted colors. Certainly the patients would be more reposed where they are able to lie on tatami matting surrounded by the sand-colored walls of a Japanese room. One reason we hate to go to the dentist is the scream of his drill; but the excessive glitter of glass and metal is equally intimidating. At a time when I was suffering from a severe nervous disorder, a dentist was recommended to me as having just returned from America with the latest equipment, but these tidings only made my hair stand on end. I chose instead to go to an old-fashioned dentist who maintained an office in an old Japanese house, a dentist of the sort found in small country towns. Antiquated medical equipment does have its drawbacks; but had modern medicine been developed in Japan we probably would have devised facilities and

equipment for the treatment of the sick that would somehow harmonize with Japanese architecture. Here again we have to come off the loser for having borrowed.

There is a famous restaurant in Kyoto, the Waranjiya, one of the attractions of which was until recently that the dining rooms were lit by candlelight rather than electricity; but when I went there this spring after a long absence, the candles had been replaced by electric lamps in the style of old lanterns. I asked when this had happened, and was told that the change had taken place last year; several of their customers had complained that candlelight was too dim, and so they had been left no choice – but if I preferred the old way they should be happy to bring me a candlestand. Since that was what I had come for, I asked them to do so. And I realized then that only in dim half-light is the true beauty of Japanese lacquerware revealed. The rooms at the Waranjiya are about nine feet square, the size of a comfortable little tearoom, and the alcove pillars and ceilings glow with a faint smoky luster, dark even in the light of the lamp. But in the still dimmer light of the candlestand, as I gazed at the trays and bowls standing in the shadows cast by that flickering point of flame, I discovered in the gloss of this lacquerware a depth and richness like that of a still, dark pond, a beauty I had not before seen. It had not been mere

chance, I realized, that our ancestors, having discovered lacquer, had conceived such a fondness for objects finished in it.

An Indian friend once told me that in his country ceramic tableware is still looked down upon, and that lacquerware is in far wider use. We, however, use ceramics for practically everything but trays and soup bowls; lacquerware, except in the tea ceremony and on formal occasions, is considered vulgar and inelegant. This, I suspect, is in part the fault of the much-vaunted 'brilliance' of modern electric lighting. Darkness is an indispensible element of the beauty of lacquerware. Nowadays they make even a white lacquer, but the lacquerware of the past was finished in black, brown, or red, colors built up of countless layers of darkness, the inevitable product of the darkness in which life was lived. Sometimes a superb piece of black lacquerware, decorated perhaps with flecks of silver and gold – a box or a desk or a set of shelves – will seem to me unsettlingly garish and altogether vulgar. But render pitch black the void in which they stand, and light them not with the rays of the sun or electricity but rather a single lantern or candle: suddenly those garish objects turn somber, refined, dignified. Artisans of old, when they finished their works in lacquer and decorated them in sparkling patterns, must surely have had in mind dark rooms and sought to turn to good effect what feeble light there was. Their extravagant use of gold, too, I should imagine, came of understanding

how it gleams forth from out of the darkness and reflects the lamplight.

Lacquerware decorated in gold is not something to be seen in a brilliant light, to be taken in at a single glance; it should be left in the dark, a part here and a part there picked up by a faint light. Its florid patterns recede into the darkness, conjuring in their stead an inexpressible aura of depth and mystery, of overtones but partly suggested. The sheen of the lacquer, set out in the night, reflects the wavering candlelight, announcing the drafts that find their way from time to time into the quiet room, luring one into a state of reverie. If the lacquer is taken away, much of the spell disappears from the dream world built by that strange light of candle and lamp, that wavering light beating the pulse of the night. Indeed the thin, impalpable, faltering light, picked up as though little rivers were running through the room, collecting little pools here and there, lacquers a pattern on the surface of the night itself.

Ceramics are by no means inadequate as tableware, but they lack the shadows, the depth of lacquerware. Ceramics are heavy and cold to the touch; they clatter and clink, and being efficient conductors of heat are not the best containers for hot foods. But lacquerware is light and soft to the touch, and gives off hardly a sound. I know few greater pleasures than holding a lacquer soup bowl in my hands, feeling upon my palms the weight of the liquid and its mild warmth.

The sensation is something like that of holding a plump new-born baby. There are good reasons why lacquer soup bowls are still used, qualities which ceramic bowls simply do not possess. Remove the lid from a ceramic bowl, and there lies the soup, every nuance of its substance and color revealed. With lacquerware there is a beauty in that moment between removing the lid and lifting the bowl to the mouth when one gazes at the still, silent liquid in the dark depths of the bowl, its color hardly differing from that of the bowl itself. What lies within the darkness one cannot distinguish, but the palm senses the gentle movements of the liquid, vapor rises from within forming droplets on the rim, and the fragrance carried upon the vapor brings a delicate anticipation. What a world of difference there is between this moment and the moment when soup is served Western style, in a pale, shallow bowl. A moment of mystery, it might almost be called, a moment of trance.

Whenever I sit with a bowl of soup before me, listening to the murmur that penetrates like the far-off shrill of an insect, lost in contemplation of flavors to come, I feel as if I were being drawn into a trance. The experience must be something like that of the tea master who, at the sound of the kettle, is taken from himself as if upon the sigh of the wind in the legendary pines of Onoe.

It has been said of Japanese food that it is a cuisine

to be looked at rather than eaten. I would go further and say that it is to be meditated upon, a kind of silent music evoked by the combination of lacquerware and the light of a candle flickering in the dark. Natsume Sōseki, in *Pillow of Grass*, praises the color of the confection yōkan; and is it not indeed a color to call forth meditation? The cloudy translucence, like that of jade; the faint, dreamlike glow that suffuses it, as if it had drunk into its very depths the light of the sun; the complexity and profundity of the color – nothing of the sort is to be found in Western candies. How simple and insignificant cream-filled chocolates seem by comparison. And when yōkan is served in a lacquer dish within whose dark recesses its color is scarcely distinguishable, then it is most certainly an object for meditation. You take its cool, smooth substance into your mouth, and it is as if the very darkness of the room were melting on your tongue; even undistinguished yōkan can then take on a mysteriously intriguing flavor.

In the cuisine of any country efforts no doubt are made to have the food harmonize with the tableware and the walls; but with Japanese food, a brightly lighted room and shining tableware cut the appetite in half. The dark miso soup that we eat every morning is one dish from the dimly lit houses of the past. I was once invited to a tea ceremony where miso was served; and when I saw the muddy, claylike color, quiet in a black lacquer bowl beneath the faint light of a candle,

this soup that I usually take without a second thought seemed somehow to acquire a real depth, and to become infinitely more appetizing as well. Much the same may be said of soy sauce. In the Kyoto-Osaka region a particularly thick variety of soy is served with raw fish, pickles, and greens; and how rich in shadows is the viscous sheen of the liquid, how beautifully it blends with the darkness. White foods too – white miso, bean curd, fish cake, the white meat of fish – lose much of their beauty in a bright room. And above all there is rice. A glistening black lacquer rice cask set off in a dark corner is both beautiful to behold and a powerful stimulus to the appetite. Then the lid is briskly lifted, and this pure white freshly boiled food, heaped in its black container, each and every grain gleaming like a pearl, sends forth billows of warm steam – here is a sight no Japanese can fail to be moved by. Our cooking depends upon shadows and is inseparable from darkness.

I possess no specialized knowledge of architecture, but I understand that in the Gothic cathedral of the West, the roof is thrust up and up so as to place its pinnacle as high in the heavens as possible – and that herein is thought to lie its special beauty. In the temples of Japan, on the other hand, a roof of heavy tiles is first laid out, and in the deep, spacious shadows created by the eaves the rest of the structure is built. Nor is this true only of temples; in the palaces of the nobility and

the houses of the common people, what first strikes the eye is the massive roof of tile or thatch and the heavy darkness that hangs beneath the eaves. Even at midday cavernous darkness spreads over all beneath the roof's edge, making entryway, doors, walls, and pillars all but invisible. The grand temples of Kyoto – Chion'in, Honganji – and the farmhouses of the remote countryside are alike in this respect: like most buildings of the past their roofs give the impression of possessing far greater weight, height, and surface than all that stands beneath the eaves.

In making for ourselves a place to live, we first spread a parasol to throw a shadow on the earth, and in the pale light of the shadow we put together a house. There are of course roofs on Western houses too, but they are less to keep off the sun than to keep off the wind and the dew; even from without it is apparent that they are built to create as few shadows as possible and to expose the interior to as much light as possible. If the roof of a Japanese house is a parasol, the roof of a Western house is no more than a cap, with as small a visor as possible so as to allow the sunlight to penetrate directly beneath the eaves. There are no doubt all sorts of reasons – climate, building materials – for the deep Japanese eaves. The fact that we did not use glass, concrete, and bricks, for instance, made a low roof necessary to keep off the driving wind and rain. A light room would no doubt have been more convenient for us, too, than a dark room. The quality that we call

beauty, however, must always grow from the realities of life, and our ancestors, forced to live in dark rooms, presently came to discover beauty in shadows, ultimately to guide shadows towards beauty's ends.

And so it has come to be that the beauty of a Japanese room depends on a variation of shadows, heavy shadows against light shadows – it has nothing else. Westerners are amazed at the simplicity of Japanese rooms, perceiving in them no more than ashen walls bereft of ornament. Their reaction is understandable, but it betrays a failure to comprehend the mystery of shadows. Out beyond the sitting room, which the rays of the sun can at best but barely reach, we extend the eaves or build on a veranda, putting the sunlight at still greater a remove. The light from the garden steals in but dimly through paper-paneled doors, and it is precisely this indirect light that makes for us the charm of a room. We do our walls in neutral colors so that the sad, fragile, dying rays can sink into absolute repose. The storehouse, kitchen, hallways, and such may have a glossy finish, but the walls of the sitting room will almost always be of clay textured with fine sand. A luster here would destroy the soft fragile beauty of the feeble light. We delight in the mere sight of the delicate glow of fading rays clinging to the surface of a dusky wall, there to live out what little life remains to them. We never tire of the sight, for to us this pale glow and these dim shadows far surpass any ornament. And so, as we must if we are not to disturb the glow, we finish

the walls with sand in a single neutral color. The hue may differ from room to room, but the degree of difference will be ever so slight; not so much a difference in color as in shade, a difference that will seem to exist only in the mood of the viewer. And from these delicate differences in the hue of the walls, the shadows in each room take on a tinge peculiarly their own.

Of course the Japanese room does have its picture alcove, and in it a hanging scroll and a flower arrangement. But the scroll and the flowers serve not as ornament but rather to give depth to the shadows. We value a scroll above all for the way it blends with the walls of the alcove, and thus we consider the mounting quite as important as the calligraphy or painting. Even the greatest masterpiece will lose its worth as a scroll if it fails to blend with the alcove, while a work of no particular distinction may blend beautifully with the room and set off to unexpected advantage both itself and its surroundings. Wherein lies the power of an otherwise ordinary work to produce such an effect? Most often the paper, the ink, the fabric of the mounting will possess a certain look of antiquity, and this look of antiquity will strike just the right balance with the darkness of the alcove and room.

We have all had the experience, on a visit to one of the great temples of Kyoto or Nara, of being shown a scroll, one of the temple's treasures, hanging in a large, deeply recessed alcove. So dark are these alcoves, even in bright daylight, that we can hardly discern the

outlines of the work; all we can do is listen to the explanation of the guide, follow as best we can the all-but-invisible brush strokes, and tell ourselves how magnificent a painting it must be. Yet the combination of that blurred old painting and the dark alcove is one of absolute harmony. The lack of clarity, far from disturbing us, seems rather to suit the painting perfectly. For the painting here is nothing more than another delicate surface upon which the faint, frail light can play; it performs precisely the same function as the sand-textured wall. This is why we attach such importance to age and patina. A new painting, even one done in ink monochrome or subtle pastels, can quite destroy the shadows of an alcove, unless it is selected with the greatest care.

A Japanese room might be likened to an inkwash painting, the paper-paneled shoji being the expanse where the ink is thinnest, and the alcove where it is darkest. Whenever I see the alcove of a tastefully built Japanese room, I marvel at our comprehension of the secrets of shadows, our sensitive use of shadow and light. For the beauty of the alcove is not the work of some clever device. An empty space is marked off with plain wood and plain walls, so that the light drawn into it forms dim shadows within emptiness. There is nothing more. And yet, when we gaze into the darkness that gathers behind the crossbeam, around the flower vase, beneath the shelves, though we know

perfectly well it is mere shadow, we are overcome with the feeling that in this small corner of the atmosphere there reigns complete and utter silence; that here in the darkness immutable tranquility holds sway. The 'mysterious Orient' of which Westerners speak probably refers to the uncanny silence of these dark places. And even we as children would feel an inexpressible chill as we peered into the depths of an alcove to which the sunlight had never penetrated. Where lies the key to this mystery? Ultimately it is the magic of shadows. Were the shadows to be banished from its corners, the alcove would in that instant revert to mere void.

This was the genius of our ancestors, that by cutting off the light from this empty space they imparted to the world of shadows that formed there a quality of mystery and depth superior to that of any wall painting or ornament. The technique seems simple, but was by no means simply achieved. We can imagine with little difficulty what extraordinary pains were taken with each invisible detail – the placement of the window in the shelving recess, the depth of the crossbeam, the height of the threshold. But for me the most exquisite touch is the pale white glow of the shoji in the study bay; I need only pause before it and I forget the passage of time.

The study bay, as the name suggests, was originally a projecting window built to provide a place for reading. Over the years it came to be regarded as no more than a source of light for the alcove; but most

often it serves not so much to illuminate the alcove as to soften the sidelong rays from without, to filter them through paper panels. There is a cold and desolate tinge to the light by the time it reaches these panels. The little sunlight from the garden that manages to make its way beneath the eaves and through the corridors has by then lost its power to illuminate, seems drained of the complexion of life. It can do no more than accentuate the whiteness of the paper. I sometimes linger before these panels and study the surface of the paper, bright, but giving no impression of brilliance.

In temple architecture the main room stands at a considerable distance from the garden; so dilute is the light there that no matter what the season, on fair days or cloudy, morning, midday, or evening, the pale, white glow scarcely varies. And the shadows at the interstices of the ribs seem strangely immobile, as if dust collected in the corners had become a part of the paper itself. I blink in uncertainty at this dreamlike luminescence, feeling as though some misty film were blunting my vision. The light from the pale white paper, powerless to dispel the heavy darkness of the alcove, is instead repelled by the darkness, creating a world of confusion where dark and light are indistinguishable. Have not you yourselves sensed a difference in the light that suffuses such a room, a rare tranquility not found in ordinary light? Have you never felt a sort of fear in the face of the ageless, a fear that in that

room you might lose all consciousness of the passage of time, that untold years might pass and upon emerging you should find you had grown old and gray?

And surely you have seen, in the darkness of the innermost rooms of these huge buildings, to which sunlight never penetrates, how the gold leaf of a sliding door or screen will pick up a distant glimmer from the garden, then suddenly send forth an ethereal glow, a faint golden light cast into the enveloping darkness, like the glow upon the horizon at sunset. In no other setting is gold quite so exquisitely beautiful. You walk past, turning to look again, and yet again; and as you move away the golden surface of the paper glows ever more deeply, changing not in a flash, but growing slowly, steadily brighter, like color rising in the face of a giant. Or again you may find that the gold dust of the background, which until that moment had only a dull, sleepy luster, will, as you move past, suddenly gleam forth as if it had burst into flame.

How, in such a dark place, gold draws so much light to itself is a mystery to me. But I see why in ancient times statues of the Buddha were gilt with gold and why gold leaf covered the walls of the homes of the nobility. Modern man, in his well-lit house, knows nothing of the beauty of gold; but those who lived in the dark houses of the past were not merely captivated by its beauty, they also knew its practical value; for gold, in these dim rooms, must have served the function

of a reflector. Their use of gold leaf and gold dust was not mere extravagance. Its reflective properties were put to use as a source of illumination. Silver and other metals quickly lose their gloss, but gold retains its brilliance indefinitely to light the darkness of the room. This is why gold was held in such incredibly high esteem.

I have said that lacquerware decorated in gold was made to be seen in the dark; and for this same reason were the fabrics of the past so lavishly woven of threads of silver and gold. The priest's surplice of gold brocade is perhaps the best example. In most of our city temples, catering to the masses as they do, the main hall will be brightly lit, and these garments of gold will seem merely gaudy. No matter how venerable a man the priest may be, his robes will convey no sense of his dignity. But when you attend a service at an old temple, conducted after the ancient ritual, you see how perfectly the gold harmonizes with the wrinkled skin of the old priest and the flickering light of the altar lamps, and how much it contributes to the solemnity of the occasion. As with lacquerware, the bold patterns remain for the most part hidden in darkness; only occasionally does a bit of gold or silver gleam forth.

I may be alone in thinking so, but to me it seems that nothing quite so becomes the Japanese skin as the costumes of the Nō theatre. Of course many are gaudy in the extreme, richly woven of gold and silver. But the Nō actor, unlike the Kabuki performer, wears no

white powder. Whenever I attend the Nō I am impressed by the fact that on no other occasion is the beauty of the Japanese complexion set off to such advantage – the brownish skin with a flush of red that is so uniquely Japanese, the face like old ivory tinged with yellow. A robe woven or embroidered in patterns of gold or silver sets it off beautifully, as does a cloak of deep green or persimmon, or a kimono or divided skirt of a pure white, unpatterned material. And when the actor is a handsome young man with skin of fine texture and cheeks glowing with the freshness of youth, his good looks emerge as perfection, with a seductive charm quite different from a woman's. Here, one sees, is the beauty that made feudal lords lose themselves over their boy favorites.

Kabuki costumes, in the history plays and dance dramas, are no less colorful than Nō costumes; and Kabuki is commonly thought to have far greater sexual appeal than Nō. But to the adept the opposite is true. At first Kabuki will doubtless seem the more erotic and visually beautiful; but, whatever they may have been in the past, the gaudy Kabuki colors under the glare of the Western floodlamps verge on a vulgarity of which one quickly tires. And if this is true of the costumes it is all the more true of the makeup. Beautiful though such a face may be, it is after all made up; it has nothing of the immediate beauty of the flesh. The Nō actor performs with no makeup on his face or neck or hands. The man's beauty is his own; our eyes are in no way

deceived. And so there is never that disappointment with the Nō actor that we feel upon seeing the unadorned face of the Kabuki actor who has played the part of a woman or handsome young man. Rather we are amazed how much the man's looks are enhanced by the gaudy costume of a medieval warrior – a man with skin like our own, in a costume we would not have thought would become him in the slightest.

I once saw Kongō Iwao play the Chinese beauty Yang Kuei-fei in the Nō play *Kōtei*, and I shall never forget the beauty of his hands showing ever so slightly from beneath his sleeves. As I watched his hands, I would occasionally glance down at my own hands resting on my knees. Again, and yet again, I looked back at the actor's hands, comparing them with my own; and there was no difference between them. Yet strangely the hands of the man on the stage were indescribably beautiful, while those on my knees were but ordinary hands. In the Nō only the merest fraction of the actor's flesh is visible – the face, the neck, the hands – and when a mask is worn, as for the role of Yang Kuei-fei, even the face is hidden; and so what little flesh can be seen creates a singularly strong impression. This was particularly true of Kongō Iwao; but even the hands of an ordinary actor – which is to say the hands of an average, undistinguished Japanese – have a remarkable erotic power which we would never notice were we to see the man in modern attire.

I would repeat that this is by no means true only of

youthful or handsome actors. An ordinary man's lips will not ordinarily attract us; and yet on the Nō stage, the deep red glow and the moist sheen that come over them give a texture far more sensual than the painted lips of a woman. Chanting may keep the actor's lips constantly moist, but there is more to his beauty than this. Then again, the flush of red in the cheeks of a child actor can emerge with extraordinary freshness – an effect which in my experience is most striking against a costume in which green predominates. We might expect this to be true of a fair-skinned child; yet remarkably the reddish tinge shows to better effect on a dark-skinned child. For with the fair child the contrast between white and red is too marked, and the dark, somber colors of the Nō costume stand out too strongly, while against the brownish cheeks of the darker child the red is not so conspicuous, and costume and face complement each other beautifully. The perfect harmony of the yellow skin with garments of a subdued green or brown forces itself upon our attention as at no other time.

Were the Nō to be lit by modern floodlamps, like the Kabuki, this sense of beauty would vanish under the harsh glare. And thus the older the structure the better, for it is an essential condition of the Nō that the stage be left in the darkness in which it has stood since antiquity. A stage whose floor has acquired a natural gloss, whose beams and backdrop glow with a dark light, where the darkness beneath the rafters and eaves

hangs above the actors' heads as if a huge temple bell were suspended over them – such is the proper place for Nō. Its recent ventures into huge auditoriums may have something to recommend them, but in such a setting the true beauty of the Nō is all but lost.

The darkness in which the Nō is shrouded and the beauty that emerges from it make a distinct world of shadows which today can be seen only on the stage; but in the past it could not have been far removed from daily life. The darkness of the Nō stage is after all the darkness of the domestic architecture of the day; and Nō costumes, even if a bit more splendid in pattern and color, are by and large those that were worn by court nobles and feudal lords. I find the thought fascinating: to imagine how very handsome, by comparison with us today, the Japanese of the past must have been in their resplendent dress – particularly the warriors of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The Nō sets before us the beauty of Japanese manhood at its finest. What grand figures those warriors who traversed the battlefields of old must have cut in their full regalia emblazoned with family crests, the somber ground and gleaming embroidery setting off strong-boned faces burnished a deep bronze by wind and rain. Every devotee of the Nō finds a certain portion of his pleasure in speculations of this sort; for the thought that the highly colored world on the stage once existed

just as we see it imparts to the Nō a historical fascination quite apart from the drama.

But the Kabuki is ultimately a world of sham, having little to do with beauty in the natural state. It is inconceivable that the beautiful women of old – to say nothing of the men – bore any resemblance to those we see on the Kabuki stage. The women of the Nō, portrayed by masked actors, are far from realistic; but the Kabuki actor in the part of a woman inspires not the slightest sense of reality. The failure is the fault of excessive lighting. When there were no modern floodlamps, when the Kabuki stage was lit by the meager light of candles and lanterns, actors must have been somewhat more convincing in women's roles. People complain that Kabuki actors are no longer really feminine, but this is hardly the fault of their talents or looks. If actors of old had had to appear on the bright stage of today, they would doubtless have stood out with a certain masculine harshness, which in the past was discreetly hidden by darkness. This was brought home to me vividly when I saw the aging Baikō in the role of the young Okaru. A senseless and extravagant use of lights, I thought, has destroyed the beauty of Kabuki.

A knowledgeable Osaka gentleman has told me that the Bunraku puppet theatre was for long lit by lamplight, even after the introduction of electricity in the Meiji era, and that this method was far more richly suggestive than modern lighting. Even now I find the

puppets infinitely more real than the actors of female Kabuki parts. But in the dim lamplight, the hard lines of the puppet features softened, the glistening white of their faces muted – a chill comes over me when I think of the uncanny beauty the puppet theatre must once have had.

The female puppets consist only of a head and a pair of hands. The body, legs, and feet are concealed within a long kimono, and so the operators need only work their hands within the costume to suggest movements. To me this is the very epitome of reality, for a woman of the past did indeed exist only from the collar up and the sleeves out; the rest of her remained hidden in darkness. A woman of the middle or upper ranks of society seldom left her house, and when she did she shielded herself from the gaze of the public in the dark recesses of her palanquin. Most of her life was spent in the twilight of a single house, her body shrouded day and night in gloom, her face the only sign of her existence. Though the men dressed somewhat more colorfully than they do today, the women dressed more somberly. Daughters and wives of the merchant class wore astonishingly severe dress. Their clothing was in effect no more than a part of the darkness, the transition between darkness and face.

One thinks of the practice of blackening the teeth. Might it not have been an attempt to push everything except the face into the dark? Today this ideal of

beauty has quite disappeared from everyday life, and one must go to an ancient Kyoto teahouse, such as the Sumiya in Shimabara, to find traces of it. But when I think back to my own youth in the old downtown section of Tokyo, and I see my mother at work on her sewing in the dim light from the garden, I think I can imagine a little what the old Japanese woman was like. In those days – it was around 1890 – the Tokyo townsman still lived in a dusky house, and my mother, my aunts, my relatives, most women of their age, still blackened their teeth. I do not remember what they wore for everyday, but when they went out it was often in a gray kimono with a small, modest pattern.

My mother was remarkably slight, under five feet I should say, and I do not think that she was unusual for her time. I can put the matter strongly: women in those days had almost no flesh. I remember my mother's face and hands, I can clearly remember her feet, but I can remember nothing about her body. She reminds me of the statue of Kannon in the Chūgūji, whose body must be typical of most Japanese women of the past. The chest as flat as a board, breasts paper-thin, back, hips, and buttocks forming an undeviating straight line, the whole body so lean and gaunt as to seem out of proportion with the face, hands, and feet, so lacking in substance as to give the impression not of flesh but of a stick – must not the traditional Japanese woman have had just such a physique? A few are still about – the aged lady in an old-fashioned household, some few

geisha. They remind me of stick dolls, for in fact they are nothing more than poles upon which to hang clothes. As with the dolls their substance is made up of layer upon layer of clothing, bereft of which only an ungainly pole remains. But in the past this was sufficient. For a woman who lived in the dark it was enough if she had a faint, white face – a full body was unnecessary.

I suppose it is hard for those who praise the fleshly beauty we see under today's bright lights to imagine the ghostly beauty of those older women. And there may be some who argue that if beauty has to hide its weak points in the dark it is not beauty at all. But we Orientals, as I have suggested before, create a kind of beauty of the shadows we have made in out-of-the-way places. There is an old song that says 'the brush-wood we gather – stack it together, it makes a hut; pull it apart, a field once more.' Such is our way of thinking – we find beauty not in the thing itself but in the patterns of shadows, the light and the darkness, that one thing against another creates.

A phosphorescent jewel gives off its glow and color in the dark and loses its beauty in the light of day. Were it not for shadows, there would be no beauty. Our ancestors made of woman an object inseparable from darkness, like lacquerware decorated in gold or mother-of-pearl. They hid as much of her as they could in shadows, concealing her arms and legs in the folds of long sleeves and skirts, so that one part and one only stood out – her face. The curveless body may,

by comparison with Western women, be ugly. But our thoughts do not travel to what we cannot see. The unseen for us does not exist. The person who insists upon seeing her ugliness, like the person who would shine a hundred-candlepower light upon the picture alcove, drives away whatever beauty may reside there.

Why should this propensity to seek beauty in darkness be so strong only in Orientals? The West too has known a time when there was no electricity, gas, or petroleum, and yet so far as I know the West has never been disposed to delight in shadows. Japanese ghosts have traditionally had no feet; Western ghosts have feet, but are transparent. As even this trifle suggests, pitch darkness has always occupied our fantasies, while in the West even ghosts are as clear as glass. This is true too of our household implements: we prefer colors compounded of darkness, they prefer the colors of sunlight. And of silver and copperware: we love them for the burnish and patina, which they consider unclean, insanitary, and polish to a glittering brilliance. They paint their ceilings and walls in pale colors to drive out as many of the shadows as they can. We fill our gardens with dense plantings, they spread out a flat expanse of grass.

But what produces such differences in taste? In my opinion it is this: we Orientals tend to seek our satisfactions in whatever surroundings we happen to find ourselves, to content ourselves with things as they are;

and so darkness causes us no discontent, we resign ourselves to it as inevitable. If light is scarce then light is scarce; we will immerse ourselves in the darkness and there discover its own particular beauty. But the progressive Westerner is determined always to better his lot. From candle to oil lamp, oil lamp to gaslight, gaslight to electric light – his quest for a brighter light never ceases, he spares no pains to eradicate even the minutest shadow.

But beyond such differences in temperament, I should like to consider the importance of the difference in the color of our skin. From ancient times we have considered white skin more elegant, more beautiful than dark skin, and yet somehow this whiteness of ours differs from that of the white races. Taken individually there are Japanese who are whiter than Westerners and Westerners who are darker than Japanese, but their whiteness and darkness is not the same. Let me take an example from my own experience. When I lived on the Bluff in Yokohama I spent a good deal of my leisure in the company of foreign residents, at their banquets and balls. At close range I was not particularly struck by their whiteness, but from a distance I could distinguish them quite clearly from the Japanese. Among the Japanese were ladies who were dressed in gowns no less splendid than the foreigners', and whose skin was whiter than theirs. Yet from across the room these ladies, even one alone, would stand out unmistakably from amongst a group of foreigners. For the

Japanese complexion, no matter how white, is tinged by a slight cloudiness. These women were in no way reticent about powdering themselves. Every bit of exposed flesh – even their backs and arms – they covered with a thick coat of white. Still they could not efface the darkness that lay below their skin. It was as plainly visible as dirt at the bottom of a pool of pure water. Between the fingers, around the nostrils, on the nape of the neck, along the spine – about these places especially, dark, almost dirty, shadows gathered. But the skin of the Westerners, even those of a darker complexion, had a limpid glow. Nowhere were they tainted by this gray shadow. From the tops of their heads to the tips of their fingers the whiteness was pure and unadulterated. Thus it is that when one of us goes among a group of Westerners it is like a grimy stain on a sheet of white paper. The sight offends even our own eyes and leaves none too pleasant a feeling.

We can appreciate, then, the psychology that in the past caused the white races to reject the colored races. A sensitive white person could not but be upset by the shadow that even one or two colored persons cast over a social gathering. What the situation is today I do not know, but at the time of the American Civil War, when persecution of Negroes was at its most intense, the hatred and scorn were directed not only at full-blooded Negroes, but at mulattos, the children of mulattos, and even the children of mulattos and whites. Those with the slightest taint of Negro blood, be it but

a half, a quarter, a sixteenth, or a thirty-second, had to be ferreted out and made to suffer. Not even those who at a glance were indistinguishable from pure-blooded whites, but among whose ancestors two or three generations earlier there had been a Negro, escaped the searching gaze, no matter how faint the tinge that lay hidden beneath their white skin.

And so we see how profound is the relationship between shadows and the yellow races. Because no one likes to show himself to bad advantage, it is natural that we should have chosen cloudy colors for our food and clothing and houses, and sunk ourselves back into the shadows. I am not saying that our ancestors were conscious of the cloudiness in their skin. They cannot have known that a whiter race existed. But one must conclude that something in their sense of color led them naturally to this preference.

Our ancestors cut off the brightness on the land from above and created a world of shadows, and far in the depths of it they placed woman, marking her the whitest of beings. If whiteness was to be indispensible to supreme beauty, then for us there was no other way, nor do I find this objectionable. The white races are fair-haired, but our hair is dark; so nature taught us the laws of darkness, which we instinctively used to turn a yellow skin white. I have spoken of the practice of blackening the teeth, but was not the shaving of the eyebrows also a device to make the white face stand

out? What fascinates me most of all, however, is that green, iridescent lipstick, so rarely used today even by Kyoto geisha. One can guess nothing of its power unless one imagines it in the low, unsteady light of a candle. The woman of old was made to hide the red of her mouth under green-black lipstick, to put shimmering ornaments in her hair; and so the last trace of color was taken from her rich skin. I know of nothing whiter than the face of a young girl in the wavering shadow of a lantern, her teeth now and then as she smiles shining a lacquered black through lips like elfin fires. It is whiter than the whitest white woman I can imagine. The whiteness of the white woman is clear, tangible, familiar, it is not this other-worldly whiteness. Perhaps the latter does not even exist. Perhaps it is only a mischievous trick of light and shadow, a thing of a moment only. But even so it is enough. We can ask for nothing more.

And while I am talking of this whiteness I want to talk also of the color of the darkness that enfolds it. I think of an unforgettable vision of darkness I once had when I took a friend from Tokyo to the old Sumiya teahouse in Kyoto. I was in a large room, the 'Pine Room' I think, since destroyed by fire, and the darkness, broken only by a few candles, was of a richness quite different from the darkness of a small room. As we came in the door an elderly waitress with shaven eyebrows and blackened teeth was kneeling by a candle behind which stood a large screen. On the far side of

the screen, at the edge of the little circle of light, the darkness seemed to fall from the ceiling, lofty, intense, monolithic, the fragile light of the candle unable to pierce its thickness, turned back as from a black wall. I wonder if my readers know the color of that 'darkness seen by candlelight'. It was different in quality from darkness on the road at night. It was a repletion, a pregnancy of tiny particles like fine ashes, each particle luminous as a rainbow. I blinked in spite of myself, as though to keep it out of my eyes.

Smaller rooms are the fashion now, and even if one were to use candles in them one would not get the color of that darkness; but in the old palace and the old house of pleasure the ceilings were high, the skirting corridors were wide, the rooms themselves were usually tens of feet long and wide, and the darkness must always have pressed in like a fog. The elegant aristocrat of old was immersed in this suspension of ashen particles, soaked in it, but the man of today, long used to the electric light, has forgotten that such a darkness existed. It must have been simple for specters to appear in a 'visible darkness', where always something seemed to be flickering and shimmering, a darkness that on occasion held greater terrors than darkness out-of-doors. This was the darkness in which ghosts and monsters were active, and indeed was not the woman who lived in it, behind thick curtains, behind layer after layer of screens and doors – was she not of a kind with them? The darkness wrapped her round tenfold,

twentyfold, it filled the collar, the sleeves of her kimono, the folds of her skirt, wherever a hollow invited. Further yet: might it not have been the reverse, might not the darkness have emerged from her mouth and those black teeth, from the black of her hair, like the thread from the great earth spider?

The novelist Takebayashi Musōan said when he returned from Paris a few years ago that Tokyo and Osaka were far more brightly lit than any European city; that even on the Champs Elysées there were still houses lit by oil lamps, while in Japan hardly a one remained unless in a remote mountain village. Perhaps no two countries in the world waste more electricity than America and Japan, he said, for Japan is only too anxious to imitate America in every way it can. That was some four or five years ago, before the vogue for neon signs. Imagine his surprise were he to come home today, when everything is so much brighter.

Yamamoto Sanehiko, president of the Kaizō publishing house, told me of something that happened when he escorted Dr Einstein on a trip to Kyoto. As the train neared Ishiyama, Einstein looked out the window and remarked, 'Now that is terribly wasteful.' When asked what he meant, Einstein pointed to an electric lamp burning in broad daylight. 'Einstein is a Jew, and so he is probably very careful about such things' – this was Yamamoto's interpretation. But the

truth of the matter is that Japan wastes more electric light than any Western country except America.

This calls to mind another curious Ishiyama story. This year I had great trouble making up my mind where to go for the autumn moon-viewing. Finally, after much perplexed head-scratching, I decided on the Ishiyama Temple. The day before the full moon, however, I read in the paper that there would be loudspeakers in the woods at Ishiyama to regale the moon-viewing guests with phonograph records of the Moonlight Sonata. I canceled my plans immediately. Loudspeakers were bad enough, but if it could be assumed that they would set the tone, then there would surely be floodlights too strung all over the mountain. I remember another ruined moon-viewing, the year we took a boat on the night of the harvest full moon and sailed out over the lake of the Suma Temple. We put together a party, we had our refreshments in lacquered boxes, we set bravely out. But the margin of the lake was decorated brilliantly with electric lights in five colors. There was indeed a moon if one strained one's eyes for it.

So benumbed are we nowadays by electric lights that we have become utterly insensitive to the evils of excessive illumination. It does not matter all that much in the case of the moon, I suppose, but teahouses, restaurants, inns, and hotels are sure to be lit far too extravagantly. Some of this may be necessary to attract customers, but when the lights are turned on in summer

even before dark it is a waste, and worse than the waste is the heat. I am upset by it wherever I go in the summer. Outside it will be cool, but inside it will be ridiculously hot, and more often than not because of lights too strong or too numerous. Turn some of them off and in no time at all the room is refreshingly cool. Yet curiously neither the guests nor the owner seem to realize this. A room should be brighter in winter, but dimmer in summer; it is then appropriately cool, and does not attract insects. But people will light the lights, then switch on an electric fan to combat the heat. The very thought annoys me.

One can endure a Japanese room all the same, for ultimately the heat escapes through the walls. But in a Western-style hotel circulation is poor, and the floors, walls, and ceilings drink in the heat and throw it back from every direction with unbearable intensity. The worst example, alas, is the Miyako Hotel in Kyoto, as anyone who has been in its lobby on a summer's evening should agree. It stands on high ground, facing north, commanding a view of Mount Hiei, Nyoigatake, the Kurodani pagoda, the forests, the green hills of Higashiyama – a splendidly fresh and clean view, all the more disappointing for being so. Should a person of a summer's evening set out to refresh himself among purple hills and crystal streams, to take in the cool breeze that blows through the tower on the heights, he will only find himself beneath a white ceiling dotted

with huge milk glass lights, each sending forth a blinding blaze.

As in most recent Western-style buildings, the ceilings are so low that one feels as if balls of fire were blazing directly above one's head. 'Hot' is no word for the effect, and the closer to the ceiling the worse it is – your head and neck and spine feel as if they were being roasted. One of these balls of fire alone would suffice to light the place, yet three or four blaze down from the ceiling, and there are smaller versions on the walls and pillars, serving no function but to eradicate every trace of shadow. And so the room is devoid of shadows. Look about and all you will see are white walls, thick red pillars, a garish floor done in mosaic patterns looking much like a freshly printed lithograph – all oppressively hot. When you enter from the corridor the difference in temperature is all too apparent. No matter how cool a breeze blows in, it is instantly transformed to hot wind.

I have stayed at the Miyako several times and think fondly of it. My warnings are given with the friendliest of intentions. It is a pity that so lovely a view, so perfect a place for enjoying the cool of a summer's night, should be utterly destroyed by electric lights. The Japanese quite aside, I cannot believe that Westerners, however much they may prefer light, can be other than appalled at the heat, and I have no doubt they would see immediately the improvement in turning

down the lights. The Miyako is by no means the only example. The Imperial Hotel, with its indirect lighting, is on the whole a pleasant place, but in summer even it might be a bit darker.

Light is used not for reading or writing or sewing but for dispelling the shadows in the farthest corners, and this runs against the basic idea of the Japanese room. Something is salvaged when a person turns off the lights at home to save money, but at inns and restaurants there is inevitably too much light in the halls, on the stairs, in the doorway, the gate, the garden. The rooms and the water and stones outside become flat and shallow. There are advantages for keeping warm in the winter, I suppose, but in the summer, no matter to what isolated mountain resort a person flees to escape the heat, he has a disappointment waiting if it is an inn or hotel he is going to. I have found myself that the best way to keep cool is to stay at home, open the doors, and stretch out in the dark under a mosquito net.

I recently read a newspaper or magazine article about the complaints of old women in England. When they were young, they said, they respected their elders and took good care of them; but their own daughters care nothing at all for them, and avoid them as though they were somehow dirty. The morals of the young, they lamented, are not what they once were. It struck me that old people everywhere have much the same com-

plaints. The older we get the more we seem to think that everything was better in the past. Old people a century ago wanted to go back two centuries, and two centuries ago they wished it were three centuries earlier. Never has there been an age that people have been satisfied with. But in recent years the pace of progress has been so precipitous that conditions in our own country go somewhat beyond the ordinary. The changes that have taken place since the Restoration of 1867 must be at least as great as those of the preceding three and a half centuries.

It will seem odd, I suppose, that I should go on in this vein, as if I too were grumbling in my dotage. Yet of this I am convinced, that the conveniences of modern culture cater exclusively to youth, and that the times grow increasingly inconsiderate of old people. Let me take a familiar example: now that we cannot cross an intersection without consulting a traffic signal, old people can no longer venture confidently out into the streets. For someone sufficiently well-off to be driven about in an automobile there may be no problem, but on those rare occasions when I go into Osaka, it sets every nerve in my body on edge to cross from one side of the street to the other. If the signal is in the middle of the intersection it is easy enough to see it; but it is all but impossible to pick out a stop light that stands off to the side, where no one would ever expect to find it. If the intersection is broad, it is only too easy to confuse the light for facing traffic with the light for

crossing traffic. It seemed to me the end of everything when the traffic policeman came to Kyoto. Now one must travel to such small cities as Nishinomiya, Sakai, Wakayama, or Fukuyama for the feel of Japan.

The same is true of food. In a large city it takes a concerted search to turn up a dish that will be palatable to an old person. Not long ago a newspaper reporter came to interview me on the subject of unusual foods, and I described to him the persimmon-leaf sushi made by the people who live deep in the mountains of Yoshino – and which I shall take the opportunity to introduce to you here. To every ten parts of rice one part of saké is added just when the water comes to a boil. When the rice is done it should be cooled thoroughly, after which salt is applied to the hands and the rice molded into bite-size pieces. At this stage the hands must be absolutely free of moisture, the secret being that only salt should touch the rice. Thin slices of lightly salted salmon are placed on the rice, and each piece is wrapped in a persimmon leaf, the surface of the leaf facing inward. Both the persimmon leaves and the salmon should be wiped with a dry cloth to remove any moisture. Then in a rice tub or sushi box, the interior of which is perfectly dry, the pieces are packed standing on end so that no space remains between them, and the lid is put in place and weighted with a heavy stone, as in making pickles. Prepared in the evening, the sushi should be ready to eat the next morning. Though the taste is best on the first day, it

remains edible for two or three days. A slight bit of vinegar is sprinkled over each piece with a sprig of bitter nettle just before eating.

I learned of the dish from a friend who had been to Yoshino and found it so exceptionally good that he took the trouble to learn how to make it – but if you have the persimmon leaves and salted salmon it can be made anywhere. You need only remember to keep out every trace of moisture, and to cool the rice completely. I made some myself, and it was very good indeed. The oil of the salmon and the slight hint of salt give just the proper touch of seasoning to the rice, and the salmon becomes as soft as if it were fresh – the flavor is indescribable, and far better than the sushi one gets in Tokyo. I have become so fond of it that I ate almost nothing else this summer. What impressed me, however, was that this superb method of preparing salted salmon was the invention of poor mountain people. Yet a sampling of the various regional cuisines suggests that in our day country people have far more discriminating palates than city people, and that in this respect they enjoy luxuries we cannot begin to imagine.

And so as time goes by, old people give up the cities and retire to the country; and yet there is not much cause for hope there either, for country towns are year by year going the way of Kyoto, their streets strung with bright lights. There are those who say that when civilization progresses a bit further transportation

facilities will move into the skies and under the ground, and that our streets will again be quiet, but I know perfectly well that when that day comes some new device for torturing the old will be invented. 'Out of our way, old people,' we say, and they have no recourse but to shrink back into their houses, to make whatever tidbits they can for themselves, and to enjoy their evening saké as best they can to the accompaniment of the radio.

But do not think that old people are the only ones to find fault. The author of the 'Vox Populi Vox Dei' column in the Osaka *Asahi* recently castigated city officials who quite needlessly cut a swath through a forest and leveled a hill in order to build a highway through Minō Park. I was somewhat encouraged; for to snatch away from us even the darkness beneath trees that stand deep in the forest is the most heartless of crimes. At this rate every place of any beauty in Nara or in the suburbs of Kyoto and Osaka, as the price of being turned over to the masses, will be denuded of trees. But again I am grumbling.

I am aware of and most grateful for the benefits of the age. No matter what complaints we may have, Japan has chosen to follow the West, and there is nothing for her to do but move bravely ahead and leave us old ones behind. But we must be resigned to the fact that as long as our skin is the color it is the loss we have suffered cannot be remedied. I have written all this because I have thought that there might still be

somewhere, possibly in literature or the arts, where something could be saved. I would call back at least for literature this world of shadows we are losing. In the mansion called literature I would have the eaves deep and the walls dark, I would push back into the shadows the things that come forward too clearly, I would strip away the useless decoration. I do not ask that this be done everywhere, but perhaps we may be allowed at least one mansion where we can turn off the electric lights and see what it is like without them.

AFTERWORD

In Praise of Shadows is an essay on aesthetics by an eminent Japanese novelist; but to sum it up as such is as likely to mislead as to enlighten, for in this case neither novelist nor essay nor aesthetic fits very neatly within the usual boundaries of these terms.

Tanizaki's literary career spanned more than half a century – he lived from 1886 to 1965 – and was as varied as it was long. Even the slender sampling of his novels available in English suggests something of the range of his imagination. *Some Prefer Nettles* (*Tade kuu mushi*, 1928–29) analyzes the conflicting emotions of a wealthy businessman as his unfaithful wife attempts to extricate herself from their marriage. *The Makioka Sisters* (*Sasameyuki*, 1943–48) is a minutely detailed

portrait of four daughters of an old Osaka mercantile family, centering upon their attempt to find an acceptable husband for the beautiful but painfully reticent second sister, Yukiko. *The Key* (*Kagi*, 1956) portrays the sexual fantasies of an aging university professor who ultimately dies of the exquisite thrill of seducing his wife into an affair with a young lover. *Diary of a Mad Old Man* (*Fūten rōjin nikki*, 1961–62) is just that, the man's madness being a geriatric's consuming urge to satisfy his renewed sexual appetites before death overtakes him.

But the facet of Tanizaki's talent to which *In Praise of Shadows* belongs – his deep, even scholarly, interest in the traditional culture of Japan – may not be so readily apparent to the reader of the English translations. The scenes set in the puppet theatre in *Some Prefer Nettles* and the overtones of courtly sensibility that pervade *The Makioka Sisters* hint at this fascination; but its most direct manifestation was a body of historical fiction, only a small part of which has been translated. We have in English but two chapters of *The Mother of Captain Shigemoto* (*Shōshō Shigemoto no haha*, 1949–50), an eerie novel set in the ninth century, and a meager assortment of novellas and short stories, three of which are conveniently accessible in Howard Hibbett's *Seven Japanese Tales* – a mere fraction of the whole. And in addition to the historical fiction, Tanizaki spent a vast amount of time translating *The Tale of Genji* (*Genji monogatari*, ca. 1010) into modern

Japanese; his rendition is as impressive for its historical and philological erudition as for the beauty of its language.

In Praise of Shadows, then, is the work of an extraordinarily learned novelist, and not simply a charming example of that flourishing genre, the literary man's essay on a nonliterary subject. The point is worth noting, for successful novelists in Japan are inundated with requests to hold forth on subjects that are often far removed from their knowledge; and their witty but airy ramblings on the latest political scandal, the housing problem, impressionist painting, or whatever, abound in the best newspapers and magazines. Tanizaki himself must have contributed several such pieces, as we surmise from his reference to being interviewed on the subject of unusual foods. But when he writes of traditional aesthetics, he speaks with authority of matters he cared about intensely. *In Praise of Shadows* is anything but the 'empty dreams of a novelist'.

'A well-stocked mind, perhaps,' a critical reader might answer, 'but a vagrant mind.' And there is no denying that Tanizaki does wander – from architecture to toilets to jade to women to food – often with only the most tenuous of transitions, and quite as often turning back to repeat himself. To the Western reader trained to expect symmetry and logical progression in an essay, the urge to edit Tanizaki is at times almost irresistible. He has a perverse habit of shifting without

warning from a tone of high seriousness to something near facetiousness; as when he recommends the toilet as a major source of poetic inspiration. His descriptions of lacquerware under candlelight and women in the darkness of the house of pleasure are perfect jewels; but would they not stand out to better advantage removed from the company of that murmuring bowl of soup and Einstein's trip to Kyoto? Yet to do so would drain the life of *In Praise of Shadows*, for Tanizaki's 'essay' works in ways different from the Western essay, and demands the freedom of his seemingly haphazard style.

One of the oldest and most deeply ingrained of Japanese attitudes to literary style holds that too obvious a structure is contrivance, that too orderly an exposition falsifies the ruminations of the heart, that the truest representation of the searching mind is just to 'follow the brush'. Indeed it would not be far wrong to say that the narrative technique we call 'stream of consciousness' has an ancient history in Japanese letters. It is not that Japanese writers have been ignorant of the powers of concision and articulation. Rather they have felt that certain subjects – the vicissitudes of the emotions, the fleeting perceptions of the mind – are best couched in a style that conveys something of the uncertainty of the mental process and not just its neatly packaged conclusions.

Thus it was that the compilers of the great classical anthologies, perhaps the most painstakingly structured

compilations in the history of any literature, deliberately muted the sense of seasonal progression by frequent backtracking, and insisted upon a background of quite ordinary poems to set off the truly stellar compositions. And thus it is that Tanizaki's subject requires the shadowy style in which he treats it. Questions of the sort he raises have no final answers, and the mind of the writer who takes them up must always be groping, his statements always tentative. Susan Sontag has put the matter well in explaining her choice of style in 'Notes on Camp': 'To snare a sensibility in words, especially one that is alive and powerful, one must be tentative and nimble. The form of jottings, rather than an essay (with its claim to a linear, consecutive argument), seemed more appropriate for getting down something of this particular fugitive sensibility.' Tanizaki would surely claim the same for the aesthetic he attempts to delineate.

Tanizaki's aesthetic speaks for itself and needs no explication, but it should be pointed out that his is not in every way an orthodox view of Japanese taste. For one thing, he conspicuously refrains from claims of some mysterious aesthetic sensibility in the Japanese genes. (We could forgive him if he did; the notion is centuries old and has the endorsement of the most eminent artists and scholars.) That the Japanese sensibility is in some ways unique is to be sure one of his main points, but he traces the uniqueness to more basic – and more believable – sources than 'national

character'. Architecture developed as it did because of climatic conditions and the nature of available building materials. Gold served as a reflector of light as well as an ornament. 'The quality that we call beauty . . . must always grow from the realities of life.' And to Tanizaki this meant the whole of life, the base as well as the noble, eating and defecating as well as playgoing and the contemplation of calligraphy. Here lies another reason for following uncritically the erratic course of this essay. His descents to the earthy plane of toilets and recipes are as vital to his aesthetic as his ascents to the ethereal realm of ancient temples and the Nō. Few will follow him quite so uncritically as to agree that the traditional conception of female beauty was the inevitable result of having yellow skin; but we must admit that his insistence upon basic and natural causes contributes much to the eloquence of his argument.

The consequence of such an argument is an essentially pessimistic aesthetic, the aesthetic not of a celebrant but of a mourner. Tanizaki holds no hope for the survival of a sensibility that grew from a way of life now passing out of existence. By 1933, when *In Praise of Shadows* was written, much of what he described had either perished or was preserved, fossil-like, in surroundings that betrayed its true beauty. Traditional building materials and appliances were being replaced by glittering Western inventions. Gold-flecked lacquerware had been rendered garish by electric light. Floodlamps had turned the Kabuki into a 'world of sham'.

Had he written later in his career he might well have added the Nō theatre and perhaps the Japanese house to his list of the moribund.

Here again Tanizaki runs counter to orthodoxy. His pessimism (and probably his earthiness too) would not be at all popular with the modern artistic establishment: the 'masters' of flower arrangement, tea ceremony, calligraphy, painting, dance. Many of these people make handsome livings by their art, and, as the government's chosen cultural emissaries, have been influential shapers of the image of Japanese culture that is packaged for export. The implication that their art is stillborn could not but be resented. Tanizaki, however, would dismiss it as cold and sterile, too far removed from the sources of its life to claim any vitality. That scattered vestiges of excellence still survive he would not deny; and anyone who has seen for instance a votive performance of Nō on the weathered outdoor stage of a temple or shrine must agree that they do survive. But for Tanizaki a museum piece is no cause for rejoicing. An art must live as a part of our daily lives or we had better give it up. We can admire it for what it once was, and try to understand what made it so – as Tanizaki does in *In Praise of Shadows* – but to pretend that we can still participate in it is mere posturing.

Mrs Tanizaki tells a story of when her late husband decided, as he frequently did, to build a new house. The architect arrived and announced with pride, 'I've

read your *In Praise of Shadows*, Mr Tanizaki, and know exactly what you want.' To which Tanizaki replied, 'But no, I could never *live* in a house like that.' There is perhaps as much resignation as humor in his answer.

In Praise of Shadows (*In'ei raisan*) was first published in the December 1933 and January 1934 issues of *Keizai ōrai*. In 1954 Edward G. Seidensticker published a selection of translated excerpts interspersed with commentary in Volume I, Number 1, of the *Japan Quarterly*. This article was later reprinted in the January 1955 issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The present volume is a complete translation of *In Praise of Shadows* which combines Professor Seidensticker's excerpts with my own rendition of the remainder of the essay.

Thomas J. Harper

Make an object, take it on a walk and document the journey.

Some aspects of color in general and red and black in particular

DONALD JUDD

Material, space, and color are the main aspects of visual art. Everyone knows that there is material that can be picked up and sold, but no one sees space and color. Two of the main aspects of art are invisible; the basic nature of art is invisible. The integrity of visual art is not seen. The unseen nature and integrity of art, the development of its aspects, the irreducibility of thought, can be replaced by falsifications, and by verbiage about the material, itself in reality unseen. The discussion of science is scientific; the discussion of art is superstitious. There is no history.

There has been some discussion of space, usually of proportion, by past architects, and some by historians of architecture. There is some by recent architects: practical by Alexander, practical and actual by Kahn, a little by van Doesburg, by Mies van der Rohe, by Le Corbusier, and by Wright. There is some in Japanese and Korean literature, mixed with an astrology of place, called *Pung-su* in Korean and *Feng-shui* in Chinese, both meaning 'wind and water', classed vaguely in English as 'geomancy'. But the subject of space in architecture, the nature of architecture, is not developed. Judging from the evidence of the buildings by recent well-known architects, space in architecture is no longer known. It's not unseen; it's not there. Within the clothes there is no Emperor.

There has been almost no discussion of space in art, nor in the present. The most important and developed aspect of present art is unknown. This concern, my main concern, has no history. There is no context; there are no terms; there are not any

theories. There is only the visible work invisible. Space is made by an artist or architect; it is not found and packaged. It is made by thought. Therefore most buildings have no space. Most people are not aware of this absence. They are not bothered by a confusion and a nothingness that is enclosed. Of course they don't miss real space and don't desire it. Sometimes when they are traveling they enter a cathedral, recognize space, and thank God instead of the architect. Some people recognize and want what they never knew existed. A few people have said to me, and one written, that my work together made space of a room, made architecture, and even that it made a 'spiritual' space. Space is so unknown that the only comparison is to the beliefs of the past.

After a few thousand years space is so unknown that a discussion of it would have to begin with a rock. How large is it? Is it on a level surface? Does it rest on the surface or does it perch? If it isn't on a level surface, the tilted surface approaches a second entity. Is the rock symmetrical? If not, does it face away or toward the tilted surface? Is the top of the rock pointed, rounded, flat but symmetrical with the sides, flat but broader than the sides, so that the rock is a thick plane parallel to the surface, level or tilted? That is, in general, in what way does the rock create space around itself? It is a definition of space, a center of space, in one way a core of space. I'm not interested in skinny figures, but they are Giacometti's early and unusual creation of space. A related creation made earlier and by many architects is the scheme of the old Russian churches. The base, the church itself, is a hollow block, which is a form so far in advance of this discussion that I will never get to it. The top of the church, a single onion dome if the church is small, or one large dome and four smaller ones if the church is large, is like the pointed rock, but of course is definite, a core of space in the sky, developing from the solidly enclosed space below, contracting above the roof, swelling into a light volume and contracting to a point. The Kimbell Museum is like the rock on a tilted surface. It is at the foot of a long slope and instead of facing ahead in continuation of the slope, as is expected, it faces the slope, which becomes a secondary, half-defined space. In exception to the meager discussion of space Michael Benedikt describes the slope toward the Kimbell and relates it to geomancy.

Then, what if a second rock is placed nearby? I'm not describing how a primitive discussion of space began thousands of years ago, but how a primitive discussion might begin tomorrow, if this civilization were advanced enough to bear it. How far apart are the two rocks? Is one larger than the other? Two rocks of equal size and the space between them is a situation which is very different from that of a small rock and a large rock with the same space between. Do the rocks have the same shape or is one pointed and the other round? If they are on a slope, which is higher, which joins the plane as an entity?

If two objects are close together they define the space in between. These definitions are infinite until the two objects are so far apart that the distance in between is no longer space. But then the

passerby remembers that one was there and another here. The space between can even be more definite than the two objects which establish it; it can be a single space more than the two objects are a pair. Of course I can't continue, I can't mention what would happen if a stick were put across the two stones. Over two hundred years ago Samuel Johnson kicked a rock to prove its existence; fifty years ago Wallace Stevens described the effect of a jar upon the wilderness; this year there are two rocks; obviously this leisurely pace is too fast.

In this century, since the decline before its beginning of the traditional art of the diverse civilizations, within the subsequent art meant to be international, the development of space is only thirty years old. Until then an interest in space was not one of the main characteristics of international contemporary art. This was of course because the great change at the turn of the century occurred conservatively in painting. The contradictions of simulated space were primary. All sculpture, except for Giacometti's, before and including David Smith's – that of Rodin and Maillol and Brancusi and Arp, both of whose work I like better than Giacometti's – is traditional sculpture, which is primarily one rock with complications, or is low relief, one plane with complications. However, a new aspect begins in the work of Brancusi and Arp, which is that of the work as a whole. Art does not change in one line, not from A to B to C, but from V to 5 to L. But it does change; it has to change, unless science becomes immobilized into religion. I was not completely alone in the early sixties in developing space as a main aspect of art, but few artists were interested and then usually within an earlier context, the imagery in Bontecou's work and the remnants of Smith's, the standing position and the compositional elements, in Chamberlain's work. Later the interest in three-dimensionality and in space developed quickly, all kinds, a little, a lot. The most developed were the canvas works by Oldenburg, enclosing a soft space, a flexible space, and the glass works by Larry Bell, which contained a visible space, modified by a phenomenological aspect that has become an important new aspect, which Dan Flavin began somewhat earlier and Bob Irwin somewhat later. This aspect was begun by Pollock in his specific use of color and material. I think that I developed space as a main aspect of art. This aspect is now widespread at a low level, which wouldn't matter much if anyone mentioned that, and is the primary aspect in the work of the few very good younger artists, who, since space is invisible, are insufficiently recognized. Space is now a main aspect of present art, comparable only to color as a force. The other artist who has thoroughly developed space is of course Richard Serra.

The development of space is within the last thirty years. For one hundred years the most powerful aspect has been color. The one hundred years of the primacy of color is still only a beginning. Basically the present international art developed from the traditional representational art of Europe. The necessities of representation inhibited the use of color. An object is pale in the light

and dark in the shade, allowing full color only in between, usually in smaller areas than the light and shade and usually well back from the frontal plane of the picture, to where the full color is subdued by aerial perspective. Chinese, Korean and Japanese painting is also representational, but without the simulation of unified space, and is usually subdued to depict space. Japanese prints are an important exception to the attrition of color, as well as paintings on screens and the illustration of novels, all flat and bright. Goya said: 'In art there is no need for color; I see only light and shade.' The simulation of appearance, the depiction of objects in their space, upon a flat surface, a simulation of reality that must be believed by the painter and is intended to be believed by the viewer, is not compatible with a developed interest in color. The painting by Zeuxis that the birds pecked at could not have been like the painting on Attic vases, flat areas of red and black. It had to be a better version of the kind of depiction in the frescoes of Pompeii. The red and black of the vase painting is color; the color in the frescoes is an accompaniment. Romanesque painting, which has clear and strong and well organized areas of color, has always been safe from birds. I can imagine a Romanesque painter being horrified by Cimabue's modulation into representation of the areas of color. Since the painter represented the universe, he must have thought it decadent (at the beginning of the Renaissance) to represent an individual. The areas of color in Giotto's paintings are due to the past and are more important than the newly modeled faces, feet and hands. Despite the high quality of the subsequent painting, color was a declining interest. But it is too particular and especially too important in organization to become minor, just secondary.

The discussion of space has been leisurely, like the exploration in Marvell's poem, or like the lawsuit over who owned the snow on Popocatepetl, which took two hundred years, while the knowledge of space which I've made grew swiftly. This is a great deal of knowledge, but not written, knowledge of a peculiar kind as visual art, made by a person, sometimes intelligible to other persons, not made by snakes or owls, probably not intelligible to intelligent beings elsewhere, perhaps not to our descendants in ten thousand years. The work is a great deal of knowledge about space, which is necessarily related to the space of architecture. This knowledge is, to me, particular and plentifully diverse; to almost everyone it doesn't exist; it's invisible.

I feel that I have the steam engine, but no tracks, or the gasoline engine, but no wheels. The Mexicans invented the wheel for toys but never thought to use the idea for transportation. Plenty of good ideas in so-called early civilizations were never developed. Civilizations, like art, do not change in a line; it's best to avoid the word 'progress'. Good ideas that were developed are now ignored in the industrial transition, such as the knowledge of space in traditional Korean and Japanese architecture or the knowledge of urban space in eighteenth century European cities and nineteenth century Paris. None of this quantity of knowledge, built, not written, is used in new con-

struction. Seoul and Osaka are wastelands in which there are monuments and Paris is a curiosity surrounded by a desert. The earlier knowledge isn't regarded as knowledge, but as appearance, as style, and so cannot continue, cannot accumulate, as scientific knowledge does. There are books with plans about earlier architecture and cities but these plans are regarded as only history and not as relevant. There is no discussion of space in art and architecture in the present.

In 1962 I made a right angle of wood placed directly on the floor. This was preceded by another freely placed work and that by a work which I considered then to be high relief, but which I consider now to be the first three-dimensional work to be on the wall. For a long time it was on the floor. The size of the right angle is determined by the right angle of a black pipe, whose two open ends are the centers of the outer planes of the right angle, which is painted cadmium red light; red and black, and black as space. The right angle doesn't stand or sit and although it is vertical, 122 centimeters high, there is no way to believe it to be an abstracted figure, or an abstracted object. All sides are equal. There is scarcely an inside and an outside, only the space within the angle and the space beyond the angle. The only enclosed space is inside the pipe. This slight linear space determines the dimensions of the broad planes. The shell of this narrow space passes through the breadth of the inner angle, a definite space through a general space.

Before the right angle and its predecessor, all 'sculpture' was placed on a pedestal or, finally, in David Smith's work, stood like a figure. Nothing had ever been placed directly on the floor. As I've written before, I think there was a small flat work on the floor by Lucas Samaras done at the same time or earlier. Since now it is common for work to be placed anywhere in a room, it is impossible for people to understand that placement on the floor and the absence of a pedestal were inventions. I invented them. But there is no history.

One of the many destructive assumptions now is that all ideas have no originators; they are mutations in the public domain. The use and meaning of the ideas are vague. But someone invents ideas. Someone wants something new. In its invention an idea is clear and in its diffusion it is vague. This is easy to see. It's easy to see that Chamberlain invented Stella's reliefs. A new idea is quickly debased, often before the originator has time and money to continue it. In general I think this has happened to all of my work, but especially to the use of the whole room, which is now called an installation, which basically I began. Oldenburg's *Store* was a store but it could be called an installation. Bob Whitman's performances occurred in installations. Several years later Yayoi Kusama made a free-standing room and Lucas Samaras also. In 1967 in Los Angeles a work of Carl Andre's, *8 Cuts*, covered the floor of the gallery. Of course in 1923 Lissitzky built the *Proun Raum* and in the late twenties Schwitters built the *Merzbau*. One work occupying a whole room is still alive and new in the work of a few artists – Roni Horn, Michael Schulz, Ilya Kabakov – but many artists degrade the idea, for example Barbara Kruger,

who is my favorite, because she also degrades red and black. Again there is no discussion and criticism of works which occupy rooms, which is a reason why it is possible to have bland and trite work, with one or two meager and obvious ideas spread over a whole room, usually in writing, without space, which is after all the origin of the form.

My work with the whole room began with part of it. In 1965 I made a work which extended from the floor to the ceiling. This extended the definite space between the units to those below and above. In 1966 I made six galvanized iron units which extended from wall to wall, so that the corners became definite and the whole end of the room articulated. In 1969 there was an anodized aluminum work, now destroyed, which was on the floor and against the wall, also wall to wall. And in the same year a work made of cold rolled steel, now destroyed, with eleven units which extended from corner to corner the length of the room. Also in that year I made a work of many galvanized iron units which occupied about a third of an otherwise empty room, a work in relation to the whole room. This is now in Texas. In 1970 I made what is usually described as a galvanized iron wall which went around three sides of a room. This is a whole room. It's in Texas. In Portland in 1974 we built a very large voluminous plywood work around three sides of the space.

In 1960 very little that was traditionally three-dimensional was placed on the wall, only the low reliefs by Arp, which are better than usually thought. None of the large reliefs by Schwitters were in New York City. Later, Oldenburg made low reliefs of plaster for his *Store* and later Bontecou made high reliefs and later again Chamberlain made high reliefs. No one is interested in this sequence of development, as no one is interested in the development of a whole room as one work. Art historians of the past are at least interested in chronology. Art historians of the present are not. It's too real and interferes with treating the present as the past, but with less substance, a subject of their speculation.

Low and high relief are basically painting, possessing the same problems, as well as some of their own. After I made the first works placed on the floor, knowing the new relationship to a surface, through at least 1963 I didn't think anything could be made which could be placed on the wall. Then I realized that the relationship to the wall could be the same as that to the floor. The work on the floor was not lying flat upon it, therefore it was not low relief on the floor, nor heaped upon it, therefore it was not high relief on the floor. This discussion seems long but it's brief. Most relationships and exceptions can't be mentioned, but one exception is that I don't consider Carl Andre's works on the floor to be low relief, regardless of being flat. My work on the floor was a new form, creating space amply and strongly. The relationship could be the same to the wall. It was necessary for the work to project sufficiently, at least as much as its height and width. I never made this minimum, which would be a cube. The first such work, in 1964, was horizontal, made of leftover plywood semi-circles, and it projected further than its height. The same year a small work that

projects was constructed by a nearby factory. In 1965, the factory made, then and now a condemnation to hell, a vertical work of ten units, each short in relation to its depth, all together long, and, as I said, with spaces equal to those between the units at the floor and at the ceiling, with luck. The necessary difference was that the work not be flattened, low or high, to the wall, whether it be small or large. This invention is still not understood, or rather it is completely lost. Derivations are everywhere, but are always low or high relief, new in appearance only. The small and medium sized works on the wall have been those in which it has been most possible to develop color.

The discussion of color is greater than the discussion of space, and unlike the missing particularities of space, it describes to redundancy the particularities of color. Primarily this has been because with the creation of science in the seventeenth century the study of color has been part of science. And like astronomy it has been cursed with its own astrology. The discussion of color has not been leisurely, like that of space. Instead of millennia, the speed has been in generations. There is a history of color, first in philosophy and then in science. Aristotle said that there was in the category of substance an entity which might have an aspect of the category of quality: material was primary, color was secondary. He also said, to quote Copleston, that 'matter is at once the principle of individuation and unknowable in itself.' There is a history of color in art. Every other generation has a new idea of color. However, this is a generation without ideas. At the present space and color have in common complete neglect. Despite the primary importance of color for more than a hundred years there are now no theories. The last philosophy of color, which is what it was, as well as being factual, and the mixture may be unavoidable, at least in art, was that of Josef Albers in *The Interaction of Color* of 1963. In Part I, Albers begins:

> If one says 'Red' (the name of a color)
> and there are 50 people listening,
> it can be expected that there will be 50 reds
> in their minds.
> And one can be sure that all these reds will
> be very different.

That is a philosophy and it does not agree with what Albers was taught in the Bauhaus.

I knew as a child that certain colors were supposed to produce certain feelings. I didn't understand why a bull should be mad at red. Johannes Itten and Kandinsky taught in their important color courses at the Bauhaus that colors always produce the same emotions, and also that colors always correspond to certain shapes, the two together agreeing on the emotion. The idea that I like best is Kandinsky's that a pentagon combines a square, which is red, with triangles, which are yellow, to make orange. The idea should be sent to Washington so that the newly painted Pentagon could be the first to use color in war. The square is death; the triangle is vehemence. The circle is blue and is infinite and peaceful. As with God and patriotism, I didn't take the attributions of color

seriously enough to contemplate. I don't remember such ideas being discussed in the fifties or after. In contrast, the terms 'warm' and 'cool' are still used as description, but also as thermometers of feeling. The more vague an idea, the longer it lasts; in decay it becomes even more vague and lasting.

A basic problem for an artist at the beginning is that while color is crucial in their work, its development being a force, the information about color is extensive and occurs in many forms, partly technical and partly philosophical. The technical information is irrelevant and uninteresting until it is needed. The philosophy seldom fits. There is a limit to how much an artist can learn in advance. An artist works only step by step into the unknown while the particular knowledge of color exists and is vast; the particulars of the world are infinite. This is overwhelming in an urgent situation. Color is very hard to learn, since it is hard to know what is useful. The particulars must be the artist's own. Nevertheless, color should be taught to the beginning artist, first, as knowledge which may be relevant, second, as knowledge of the history of art, which is the history of the activity and of the history of color in that activity, and third, as day to day new knowledge for the new artist, who should only be taught from the beginning as an artist. That help should be step by step as it is needed in a completely individual effort. This sounds obvious but few understand how much of a process it is to make art. It is very much building, as I said, step by step. These remarks about art education seem innocuous but they imply a revolution. For example, no one but a daily, actual, working artist of some worldly standing, as things are now, should teach art. Otherwise it's like a nonplumber teaching plumbing. No one but someone who is beginning as an artist should be taught. Why learn to plumb, if you're not going to?

Artists cannot teach the history of their activity. They seldom can teach the activity of their own activity. They have no connections with those interested in art and with the public. They cannot explain their activity. This is part of what is wrong. This is partly why the integrity of art is steadily less. There cannot be an education of artists that is distant, distorted and institutionalized with the expectation that in five or ten years a good artist will result. The result is another institutionalized new teacher.

The last real picture of real objects in a real world was painted by Courbet. After that no one was so sure about the real world, so that when it came to keeping a color or an undescriptive shape at the cost of accurate representation, the latter lost. From Manet onwards the concerns of painting itself developed quickly. This is the conventional history of recent painting. Nothing like this happened in sculpture, since being in space there was no conflict, and there was no color. It was conservative and was not bothered by the problem of how the world is known. The trouble and cost of its making had to have been a factor. The history of the increasing emphasis on the means of painting is very large and detailed. More than the so-called form, or the shapes, color is the most

powerful force. In retrospect, and only so, the expansion of color is logical until the 1960's, concluding with the painting of Pollock, Newman, Still and Rothko. The need for color, the meaning of that need, more than anything, destroyed the earlier representational painting, whether in Europe or Asia. In the work of all of the well-known painters, color is amplified beyond anything seen for centuries, even in the work of Munch, whose work is not considered abstract. In the work of most – Matisse, Mondrian, Malevich, Léger, the four just mentioned – color is the dominant aspect, as black and white photographs show. Color is an immediate sensation, a phenomenon, and in that leads to the work of Flavin, Bell and Irwin.

All experience is knowledge: subjective experience is knowledge; objective experience, which is science, is obviously knowledge. Color is knowledge. As Albers says, it is very subjective, even hard to remember. Color is also objective. In Part VIII Albers says to paste a red circle and a white circle on a black sheet of paper and then stare at the red circle. Then, look at the white circle: it is green or blue-green, the complementary of red. Allowing for everything human being subjective, this is absolutely objective. Color as knowledge is very durable. I find it difficult, maybe impossible, to forget. A considerable effort in the painted sheet aluminum work that I made was to forget the colors and their combinations that I had liked and used in my first paintings, those in turn sometimes derived from Mondrian, Léger or Matisse or earlier European painters. Newman of course faced this definition and durability when he painted the three paintings he called *Who's Afraid of Red, Yellow and Blue.* He didn't go so far as to challenge red, yellow, blue and white. Mondrian's colors are one of the facts and wonders of the world; there aren't seven anymore. Perhaps if the four colors were equal in extent they would no longer belong to Mondrian. The preponderance of white to the bright colors is of course the determining ratio.

It's a shame to provide arguments in support of museums, but in 1947 lived in Philadelphia where there is one. In it there is the left panel, the crucifixion, by Roger van der Weyden. The colors I remember are blue, not soft, and red, high and slightly rosy. In my present vocabulary they are similar to RAL-*Farben* 3027, *Himbeerrot,* and RAL-5013, *Kobaltblau.* In art school I used them in a little painting and they remained van der Weyden's. I painted over them. I don't know where I saw, perhaps only in books, Gerard David's light gray and cobalt blue, which is not 5013. Giorgione's and Titian's deep blue and orange-brown is vast and inescapable. El Greco is interesting of course because he was from Crete, from which Theophanes earlier went to Russia, and so because of the influence of the Romanesque use of color in large areas. El Greco's colors are of one type, often glazed, and match where nothing is suspected to exist: alizarin crimson, viridian, a clear yellow and ultramarine blue. Except for the yellow these are all dark, but they are all clear, like stained glass. The Philadelphia Museum of Art also has many paintings by Mondrian. The first

museum that I loved for art and hated for architecture was the Nelson Gallery and Atkins Museum in Kansas City, which has one of the best collections of Chinese art. The gray-green celadon from Korea is another durable color, of course a glaze, which is another important aspect. Also virtually glazed, but by oil, is the brown-black of the trees and the high green-blue of the sky in Ralph Blakelock's paintings.

Color in architecture began and ended with De Stijl. Earlier and later it is decoration or it is the usually quiet colors of materials. The colors of the bronze and the tinted glass of the building by Mies van der Rohe in New York City form as definite a scheme as any with bright colors. The question is whether architecture should always be quiet, with natural materials, usually gray or tan, or whether it should always be brightly colored or partly colored. In the present noisy and cluttered society, urban and rural, the obvious recommendation is to avoid color. As seen in bright signs everywhere, color becomes further junk. But without color, which is almost always on signs, most cities are junk anyway, the newest the worst.

Within De Stijl, van Doesburg was by far the most interested in color in architecture. He wanted a new activity, that of 'colorist', to apply to architecture, which was always more conservative, as in the 'collaboration', as van Doesburg conceived it between himself and J.J.P. Oud in De Vonk in 1917 and 18 and with Jan Wils in De Lange in 1917. But Oud said that van Doesburg was not being practical, which meant that the neighbors would be offended. Van Doesburg designed the interior of the Café Aubette in Strasbourg from 1926 to 28 within what he now considered a 'collective' with Jean Arp, Sophie Taeuber-Arp and Paul Horn as architect, but the owners modified it to the public's complaints within two years. Basically van Doesburg was applying planes of color, at an angle, which he thought harmonious and dynamic, to the orthogonal structure of the architecture, which he thought ordinary. Aside from the ever discouraging public, this division could not continue. Color has to be part of the usually right-angular architecture. So far this has not been done. The use of color by Rietveld is very nice but does not exceed decoration by much. The work of Luis Barağan is a possibility but I haven't seen it and the photographs are more pretty than informative. Van Doesburg thought of the painted window frames of De Lange as planes of color moving across the facade. He was wishful, but this and others are still good ideas.

Mondrian, Malevich, van Doesburg and others made or tried to make art and architecture as part of a new civilization, which obviously it was, and obviously still is. They are generally disparaged as being idealistic and utopian, Mondrian's philosophy aside. Why is it idealistic – even what does that mean – to want to do something new and beneficial, practical also, in a new civilization? Is it practical to let the civilization become as gross as it is becoming, to let it become stagnant, and then in a few hundred years try to aerate it? By then it will be completely inert, so that nothing can be done and nothing even imagined to be done. No one will realize that there isn't a civilization. As

usual the civilization will be convinced of not being one by its collapse. Why should everything be commercial? Just existing, even well, is not supposed to be civilized. And again, what does commercial mean? That has a wide range. As I mentioned, Oud argued to van Doesburg that he was being practical, that he was building what could be built in the circumstances, part of which were the neighbors. This is not practical, but conventional. The judgement of the neighbors is based upon meager knowledge and is determined by their narrow time and place and especially by their idea of status in the society, part of the narrowness, which is the greatest myth of this time. Anyway, the ignorance of the neighbors has a wide range, from that of the few rich to the not as rich to what is now called the middle-class in the United States, but is lower, to those who know only a thousand words and can't read, again in the United States. Should art and architecture be made for a class or for each class? The neighbors have formed a taste among themselves, strangely worldwide, which is exploited by business. A town nearby in West Texas, which has a well-restored fort, is visited by tourists, who sometimes remain. These are all of a class and they slowly remake the town into what their scanty and sentimental knowledge makes them think a town of the Old West should look like. Should they be encouraged? If the knowledge of artists and architects is discredited, and of science, and only the very slowly growing knowledge of the great mass, if it grows, narrow class by class, is to be acted upon, then it will be hundreds of years before a real civilization develops, if ever, because commerce, in accordance with the neighbors' taste, will have designed everything in the world and the people as well. Clinton said recently: 'You have to change the behavior of the whole country. People have to change their lives'.

Frank Lloyd Wright wrote that a house with a view should be built below the top of a hill, not on the top, out of the wind, primarily to be unobtrusive in the landscape. The same advice applies to color. In new and empty land, in well-cultivated land, as in Tuscany, and even in suburban land approaching visual misery, it is wrong to construct obtrusive buildings. Whether they are obtrusive or not depends on the presence or absence of trees and on whether the land is flat or high. A bright building in the desert seems a mistake. In the polders perhaps not. The best argument for brightly colored buildings are those of St. Petersburg and Pushkin or Tsarskoe Selo, pink or turquoise. The white of the old churches in Russia is conspicuous in summer, like the large white rabbits without snow which I once saw in January in the archipelago off Stockholm, and then the churches are evanescent in winter. The color is not disagreeable partly because it is on isolated buildings and partly because it occurs on flat land among trees or among yellow and tan buildings, where it cannot be seen from far away, except for the Winter Palace. The buildings of the city of St. Petersburg improve the land, which is seldom the case. In Tuscany, the cultivation improves the land, which is also rare. The yellow ochre and red ochre of the buildings fits very well

and the land even tolerates castles on the hilltops. In Korea an old village is beautiful, with thatched roofs, or with black tiles on the roofs, and with tiles on the adobe walls, lying quietly in the land, looking like the land. In both Korea and Japan the tiles on the roof are often red or blue plastic. In Japan the traditional high thatched roof is often replaced by the same shape in colored metal, including the old crosspieces at the ends of the peak.

In general bright color adds to the bedlam. But then, just as the continuous noise in some cities, especially New York, is thoughtless, so is the use of color and materials. Its usual for a building to have half a dozen materials on the facade or in the lobby, which is as excruciating as the garbage truck beeping backwards and grinding. What if someone thought about the color of a building or of the colors of a town or city as a whole? But the answer to this question will not arrive. There is no sign of real color in present architecture, most of it called 'post-modern', in which, if there is a little more color, it is small decoration become larger. Color is misused in this architecture, as is its more or less pre-fabricated construction, the source of the style.

Many cities are built within a few years, or areas of cities are built that are so huge as to be cities themselves, usually built brutally in regard to the land. In Hong Kong not just a hillside is bulldozed, as in Los Angeles, it's the whole hill that is remade. The scale of everything in East Asia is greater, it's what New York must have seemed like in the twenties. Of course the buildings are mindlessly repetitive, relieved by kitsch when there is money. Along the southern shore of the Han River in Seoul there must be a hundred huge slabs of apartment buildings, identical, numbered, probably because it seems exotic, in huge Arabic numbers. The dwellers must like this. I think it's hell. They can't desire diversity. But this is one of the most important and difficult problems in architecture and urban planning. Diversity was created in small projects in the twenties and thirties, for example, that by Bruder Frank in Hamburg, built from 1929 to 1931. The greatest diversity built deliberately and at once that I have seen is the *Zeche Zollverein* near Essen, built in the early thirties. But, like color, diversity disappeared in commercialism, even when the money was public.

Primarily diversity should be produced by the plan of the streets and buildings, which make the fundamental structure, which includes the questions of where to live, to work, go to school, and where to ignore art and music. But secondarily, not just as decoration, not even as large decoration, not even as a parallel activity, color should be part of the necessary diversity. In architecture color is part of architecture; it isn't part of art. The integrity of each is damaged by being mixed. In the *Gesamtkunstwerk* more is less.

Itten wrote in 1916: 'Form is also color. Without color there is no form. Form and color are one'. It never occurred to me to make three-dimensional work without color. I took Itten's premise, which I had not read, for granted. Sculpture itself was a distant idea to me, that it be only white or gray was a notion of the academy. This is

why so much of this essay is about space. Color and space occur together. I consider black, gray and white to be color, as Leonardo did, despite, as he says, philosophers, and despite Mondrian and van Doesburg. Aside from the scientific view of light as color and its absence as the absence of color, which is true of course, it is also true that the whole range from white through the colors to black can be seen in light. Color as the spectrum and color as material, so to speak, are not the same. Black can be seen in the light. And also, again, all materials, gray and tan, are colored.

I did not study sculpture; I studied painting and made paintings until 1961. I liked David Smith's sculpture but considered it a very different aspect of art. Sculpture in North America never reached the invention of painting. Even Smith's work was somewhat backward, backward even in relation to the sculpture by Arp, although he was older. Tony Smith's supposed influence is an instance of the ignorance of chronology. The first work that I saw of his was two 4 x 4 x 8 foot black boxes which were separate but could be placed together to form a cube. These were plywood mock-ups for welded metal. This was in March 1964 at the Wadsworth Athenaeum. The work was not interesting and the black contradicted, by making vague, the volume of the work. Before 1964 Smith was known only as a friend of Pollock and Newman and as an architect on Long Island. The three-dimensional work that I began in 1962 was new and the complete use of color was new.

While I was making the first two works and the right angle I realized that there had been no such work before. I was puzzled by them, especially the first, the relief that isn't a relief. I had made what I wanted. The paintings were difficult: each one had aspects that I wanted and aspects that I didn't, usually opposed. The three-dimensional work eliminated or solved the contradictions. For example, the paintings were large rectangles of color, usually cadmium red light, with lines, painted or sometimes incised. The lines, cut or not, were an element on top of the rectangle, an addition to it, a second lesser element within the rectangle. The breadth of the colored rectangle and the narrowness of the lines could never become only one element, one whole. The right angle and the subsequent rectangular volumes on the floor, all the same red, were large planes, more than one, whose edges were definite lines. Their edges were not the boundaries of one plane on a wall but were the quiet transition from one plane to another, quiet but more definite than the boundaries, since it was undeniable that they were at ninety degrees to each other. The new work seemed to be the beginning of my own freedom, with possibilities for a lifetime. The possibilities and the lifetime are now well along.

The narrow and lazy nature of art criticism makes it difficult to know the diversity of my work, or of anyone's, but if the list of exhibitions at the back of the catalogues is related to what the exhibitions contained, the diversity is obvious and the substantial prior invention proven.

In 1904 Julius Meier-Graefe wrote: "The incomprehensibility of painting and sculpture to the general public has been shrouded in a veil of

pretentious exposition'. All of the works in the many exhibitions were difficult and expensive to construct. Artists are not supposed to think about money, but I paid for the work, either directly or finally because an advance was a debt to the gallery. To construct work in three-dimensions is to be damned to ambivalence within the society. I had intended to be like Albert Pinkham Ryder, working quietly and cheaply alone. Almost all of the best work now is three-dimensional, as I said before. I don't see how the artists can pay for their work; which means, how can art continue? The situation seems hopeless.

To repeat in some detail, color and three-dimensional space were placed directly on the floor, as one. Neither existed before. A direct relationship to the supporting structure had not existed before. Despite some geometric painting in New York related to Mondrian, which was ignored, despite Albers and Reinhardt, who were disparaged, despite Noland, who was praised, the geometry, color, space and the relationship to the support were completely new. My attitude toward geometry was new. It was not at all related to Mondrian's attitude, which was so clear and developed, like red, yellow, blue and white, that I long thought that all geometry belonged to Mondrian. Geometry and mathematics are human inventions. I use a small, simple portion in my work for my purposes. Four units in a row are only that. They are not part of infinity, either endless, or above or within. They are a small, finite order that I am interested in. They are not the turtle that supports the world. There are a lot of rectangles in the world and one that I have made exists as one of them. The idea of a rectangle exists only as an idea, which is easy for rectangles and difficult for most ideas. The idea of an automobile becomes uncertain; the idea of the society can't be clarified as an idea; the idea of the universe is pretty much a collection of facts. This is why Plato proposed the Forms.

When I was making the paintings and the first three-dimensional works I knew how far I had to go and how new the work had to be to be my own. Pollock, Newman, Mondrian and all first-rate artists establish that distance. The negative force, like Locke's 'uneasiness', is that it is not possible to understand borrowed colors and forms sufficiently to make new first-rate work. Many artists in the sixties and at the present think that it is enough to go next door, even to the neighbors. Some in New York in the sixties looked at Pollock and the others and made passable work for a few years and then once secure did what they wanted to do in the first place, as did Warhol, or they didn't know what to do, as Stella doesn't. They were made by the high situation in New York and then they helped to destroy it, which in general is the story of art appreciation in New York. Earlier, for example, but better, the work of Guston and Kline was made by the situation. Most work was not unusual enough to be anyone's; most was not sufficient. It was not enough to vary the predictable; it was not enough to renovate old brushwork.

Pollock, Newman, Rothko and Still were the best artists and could not be matched in painting,

which therefore could not continue at that level. Noland and especially Louis are good artists but their work is not equal. I didn't think that when I said thirty years ago that painting was finished that it would be so thoroughly finished. The achievement of Pollock and the others meant that the century's development of color could continue no further on a flat surface. Its adventitious capacity to destroy naturalism also could not continue. Perhaps Pollock, Newman, Rothko and Still were the last painters. I like Agnes Martin's paintings. Someday, not soon, there will be another kind of painting, far from the easel, far from beyond the easel, since our environment indoors is four walls, usually flat. Color to continue had to occur in space.

The subject of color in regard to myself and to everyone else is obviously too large for this essay. I think now that I intended to write a particular book, instead this is a general essay. I wanted to begin with Aristotle and to continue with Newton and discuss all the color theories and circles. I wanted to discuss Goethe and M.E. Chevreul, whose book I've had for thirty years, inadvertently on loan from Ed Clark, and Adolf Hoelzel, who taught at the Stuttgart Academy when Itten was a student there, who taught that colors have feelings. Like the history of the nation taught in school, which never continues beyond the glorious beginning, I would never have reached the inglorious present, in which there is my own work, which is of more interest to me. I'm going to neglect all of my work until some of 1983 which is made of aluminum sheet painted in colors.

Color will always be interpreted in a new way, so that I hardly think my use is final, in fact I think it is a beginning. Infinite change may be its constant nature. Color is opposite to the projection of feeling described by Goethe, Hoelzel and Itten. The idealism of Mondrian is very different. The attitude of Albers is different again. No immediate feeling can be attributed to color. Nothing can be identified. If it seems otherwise, usually the association is cultural, for example, the light blue and white, supposedly the colors of peace, of the cops and the United Nations. If there were an identifiable feeling to red or to red and black together they would not be usable to me.

Color is like material. It is one way or another, but it obdurately exists. Its existence as it is is the main fact and not what it might mean, which may be nothing. Or rather, color does not connect alone to any of the several states of the mind. I mention the word 'epistemology' and stop. Color, like material, is what art is made from. It alone is not art. Itten confused the components with the whole. Other than the spectrum, there is no pure color. It always occurs on a surface which has no texture or which has a texture or which is beneath a transparent surface.

In the sheet aluminum works I wanted to use more and diverse bright colors than before. As I will describe later, there are many combinations, some old as I listed, and some my own from earlier work. I wanted to avoid both of these. I especially didn't want the combinations to be harmonious, an old and implicative idea, which is the easiest to avoid, or to be inharmonious in reaction, which is

harder to avoid. I wanted all of the colors to be present at once. I didn't want them to combine. I wanted a multiplicity all at once that I had not known before. This was very difficult. The construction of the work in panels limited the use of ratio, the extent of one color to another, but this is perhaps just as well.

After a few decades the discussion of color is so unknown that it would have to begin with a spot. How large is it? Is it on a flat surface? How large is that? What color is that? What color is the spot? Red. If a second spot is placed on the surface, what color is it? Black? What if both spots were red, or black? How far away is the black spot from the red spot? Enough for these to be two discrete spots, one red and one black? Or near enough for there to be a pair of spots, red and black? Or apart enough for this to be uncertain?

What if the red and black spots are next to each other? And of course, which red? cadmium red medium, and which black? ivory black. The red could also be cadmium red light, the medium, cadmium red dark or alizarin crimson. In a way, side by side, the red and the black become one color. They become a two color monochrome. Red and black together are so familiar that they almost form a new unity. Every easily known color paired with either black or white forms such a monochrome: orange, yellow, blue, green. Because of the black and white, also a pair, these pairs have a somewhat flat quality, are somewhat monochromatic.

The contrasting pairs are just as well known: red and blue, red and green, red and yellow, blue and green, blue and yellow. Some are not: red and orange, yellow and orange. This list is finite, since it is of primaries and secondaries. The other possible pairs are infinite, as is color, whether in the spectrum or materially mixed. All colors of the same value, such as light yellow and light green, make pairs. All values of the same color make pairs. Full colors pair, such as cadmium red medium, cadmium orange medium and cadmium yellow medium. A group of colors without an adjective like 'full', that I especially like is of course cadmium red light, cerulean blue, chartreuse and permanent green. In 1964 another work on the floor was painted chartreuse with half of an inset iron pipe sprayed cream yellow, a somewhat sharp and acid color opposed to one white and full. Words to describe colors are scarce. The really acid colors, clear, sharp and dark, are pthalocyanine blue and green. Also clear and sharp and not as dark are the seemingly stained colors like those used by El Greco: alizarin crimson, ultramarine blue and viridian. These also occur in the Hours of Jeanne d'Évreux opposed to *grisaille*. The somewhat soft colors correspond. These are full but seem to have white mixed in them, which they don't: cadmium red medium, cadmium yellow light, emerald green and especially cobalt blue. Dull or grayed colors, the ochres, the oxides, all form pairs, united by value. And, as in the chartreuse work, there are pairs opposed: cobalt blue and cerulean blue, cobalt blue and cadmium red light.

There are also monochromatic triads, red and black and white, and there are contrasting triads.

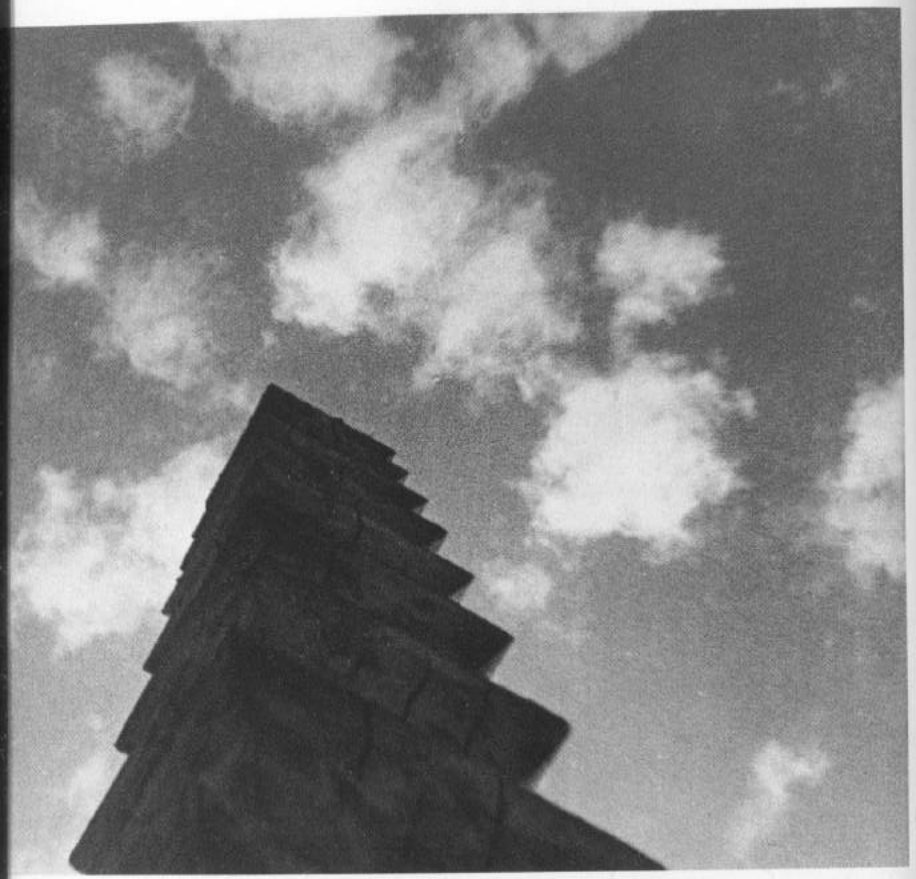
There are sequential triads of color and value: cadmium red light, medium and dark. And then color becomes complicated: red, black and cadmium yellow light, medium or dark. Then perhaps red and black and the pair (A+B) or (B+C) or (A+B) + (B+C) + (C+D) or (A+B) + (C+D) + (E+F). The schemes for the large works with colored panels are very complicated. Often they require all possible combinations of four colors or eight colors. The colors cannot touch side by side or end to end. In the work the relationships of the colors are differently intelligible. One above another they are easy to see as a pair; diagonally they are not. Basically I want the pairs and the sequences and the possibilities to be only color. The structure is part of the whole. Chaos would not achieve what I want. It requires a greater number, which if great enough becomes order. First, the parts would touch and second, the colors would not be distributed more or less evenly. But mainly the initial selection of colors prohibits randomness. In a note of 1965 I wrote that form, which I don't like so much as a word, and color should be 'intelligent without being ordered'.

Color of course can be an image or a symbol, as is the peaceful blue and white, often combined with olive drab, but these are no longer present in the best art. By definition, images and symbols are made by institutions. A pair of colors that I knew of as a child in Nebraska was red and black, which a book said was the 'favorite' of the Lakota. In the codices of the Maya red and black signifies wisdom and are the colors of scholars.

The painting of the generation in Europe after Mondrian and Matisse was obscured by World War II, as everything civilized is obscured by war, which is a consequence delightful to soldiers, so that the continuity and the innovation of the new art was not considered. The artists who especially developed color were Olle Baertling, who also developed space in his sculpture, and Richard Paul Lohse. In the United States, where art is always obscure, partly because of the permanent military, in addition to Albers, from Bottrop, and Reinhardt, there was especially Al Jensen, from Guatemala, from among the Maya.

Take a walk with a camera and smartphone. Find a space to place yourself in. Give a stranger your camera and ask for him/her to take a photograph of you in that space. Mark the location of the photo and space on your smartphone using an app. Share these photographs and locations.

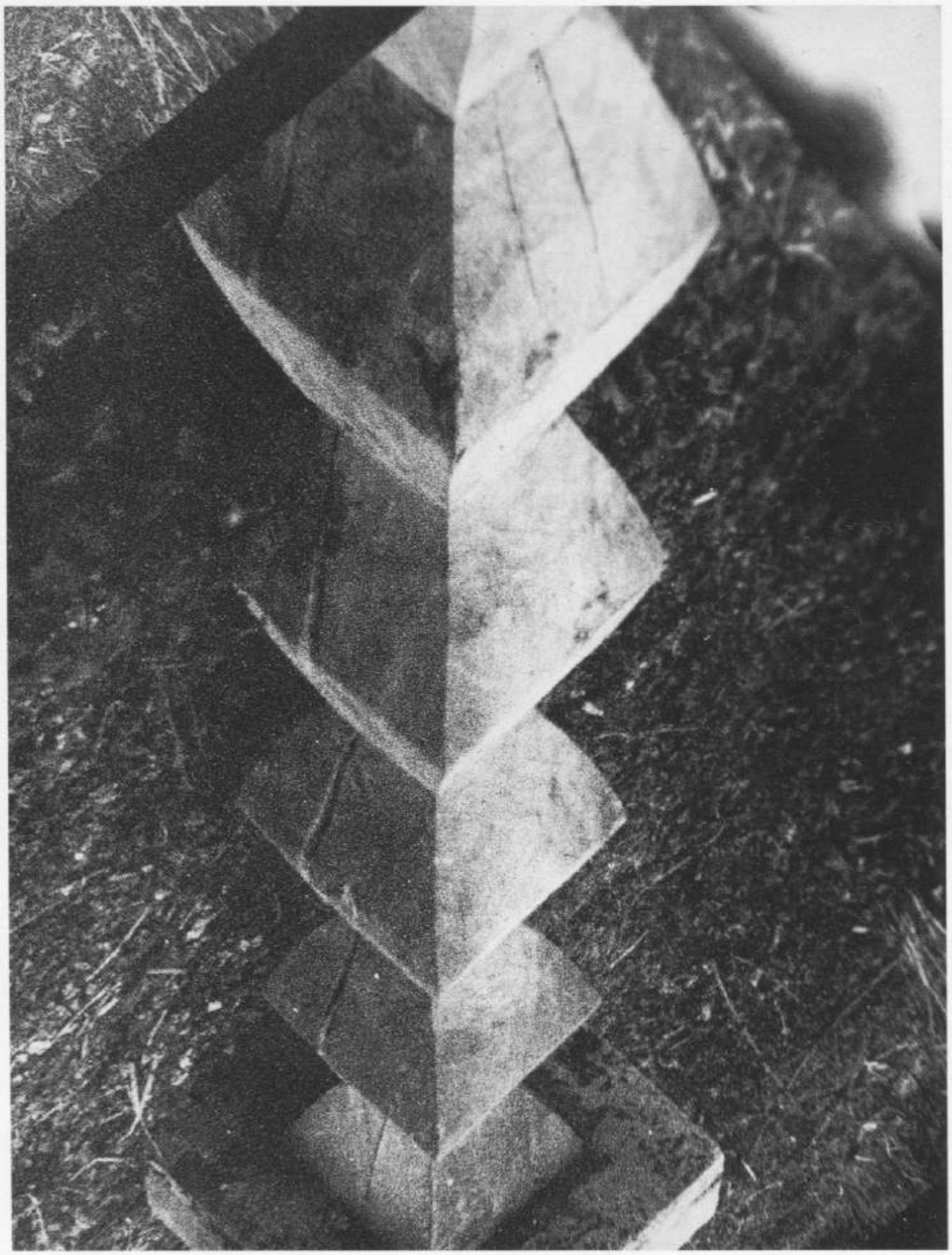
26–27, cat. no. 23



27. Ph 551f, *c.* 1926–27, cat. no. 24

28. Ph 524, October–November 1927, cat. no. 26

29. Ph 523, October–November 1927, cat. no. 25



(Yet listen well. Not to my words,
but to the tumult that rages in
your body when you listen to yourself.)

Here René Daumal has seized upon a point of departure for a phenomenology of the verb to listen.

The fact that I have made use of all the documents of fantasy and daydreams that like to play with words and the most ephemeral sort of impressions, is another admission on my part of my intention of remaining in the domain of the superficial. I have only explored the thin layer of nascent images. No doubt, the frailest, most inconsistent image can reveal profound vibrations. But to determine the metaphysics of all that transcends our perceptive life would require a different type of research. Particularly, if we were to describe how silence affects not only man's time and speech, but also his very being, it would fill a large volume. Fortunately, this volume exists. I recommend Max Picard's *The World of Silence*.[1]

[1] Max Picard, *Die Welt des Schweigens*, Rentsch Verlag, 1948, English translation, Harvill Press, London, 1952.

8
Intimate Immensity

Le monde est grand, mais en nous
il est profond comme la mer.

R. M. RILKE

(The world is large, but in us
it is deep as the sea.)

L'espace m'a toujours rendu silencieux

(JULES VALLÈS, *L'enfant*, p. 238)

(Space has always reduced me to silence.)

I

One might say that immensity is a philosophical category of daydream. Daydream undoubtedly feeds on all kinds of sights, but through a sort of natural inclination, it contemplates grandeur. And this contemplation produces an attitude that is so special, an inner state that is so unlike any other, that the daydream transports the dreamer outside the immediate world to a world that bears the mark of infinity.

Far from the immensities of sea and land, merely through memory, we can recapture, by means of meditation, the resonances of this contemplation of grandeur. But is this really memory? Isn't imagination alone able to enlarge indefinitely the images of immensity? In point of fact, daydreaming, from the very first second, is an entirely constituted state. We do not see it start, and yet it always starts

the same way, that is, it flees the object nearby and right away it is far off, elsewhere, in the space of *elsewhere*.[1]

When this *elsewhere* is in *natural* surroundings, that is, when it is not lodged in the houses of the past, it is immense. And one might say that daydream is *original contemplation*.

If we could analyze impressions and images of immensity, or what immensity contributes to an image, we should soon enter into a region of the purest sort of phenomenology—a phenomenology without phenomena; or, stated less paradoxically, one that, in order to know the productive flow of images, need not wait for the phenomena of the imagination to take form and become stabilized in completed images. In other words, since immense is not an object, a phenomenology of immense would refer us directly to our imagining consciousness. In analyzing images of immensity, we should realize within ourselves the pure being of pure imagination. It then becomes clear that works of art are the *by-products* of this existentialism of the imagining being. In this direction of daydreams of immensity, the real *product* is consciousness of enlargement. We feel that we have been promoted to the dignity of the admiring being.

This being the case, in this meditation, we are not "cast into the world," since we open the world, as it were, by transcending the world seen as it is, or as it was, before we started dreaming. And even if we are aware of our own paltry selves—through the effects of harsh dialectics—we become aware of grandeur. We then return to the natural activity of our magnifying being.

Immensity is within ourselves. It is attached to a sort of expansion of being that life curbs and caution arrests, but which starts again when we are alone. As soon as we become motionless, we are elsewhere; we are dreaming in a world that is immense. Indeed, immensity is the movement of motionless man. It is one of the dynamic characteristics of quiet daydreaming.

1 Cf. Supervielle, *L'escalier*, p. 124. "Distance bears me along in its mobile exile."

And since we are learning philosophy from poets, here is a lesson in three lines, by Pierre Albert-Bireau:[1]

Et je me crée d'un trait de plume
Maître du Monde
Homme illimité.

(And with a stroke of the pen I name myself
Master of the World
Unlimited man.)

II

However paradoxical this may seem, it is often this *inner immensity* that gives their real meaning to certain expressions concerning the visible world. To take a precise example, we might make a detailed examination of what is meant by the *immensity of the forest*. For this "immensity" originates in a body of impressions which, in reality, have little connection with geographical information. We do not have to be long in the woods to experience the always rather anxious impression of "going deeper and deeper" into a limitless world. Soon, if we do not know where we are going, we no longer know where we are. It would be easy to furnish literary documents that would be so many variations on the theme of this limitless world, which is a primary attribute of the forest. But the following passage, marked with rare psychological depth, from Marcault and Thérèse Brosse's excellent work,[2] will help us to determine the main theme: "Forests, especially, with the mystery of their space prolonged indefinitely beyond the veil of tree-trunks and leaves, space that is veiled for our eyes, but transparent to action, are veritable psychological transcendents."[3] I myself should have hesitated to use the term psychological transcendents. But at least it is a good indicator for directing phenomenological research towards

1 Pierre Albert-Bireau, Les amusements naturels, p. 192.
2 Marcault and Thérèse Brosse, *L'éducation de demain*, p. 255.
3 "A characteristic of forests is to be closed and, at the same time, open on every side." A. Pieyre de Mandiargues, *Le lis de mer*, 1956, p. 67.

the transcendencies of present-day psychology. It would be difficult to express better that here the functions of description—psychological as well as objective—are ineffective. One feels that there is *something else* to be expressed besides what is offered for objective expression. What should be expressed is hidden grandeur, depth. And so far from indulging in prolixity of expression, or losing oneself in the detail of light and shade, one feels that one is in the presence of an "essential" impression seeking expression; in short, in line with what our authors call a "psychological transcendent." If one wants to "experience the forest," this is an excellent way of saying that one is in the presence of *immediate immensity*, of the immediate immensity of its depth. Poets feel this immediate immensity of old forests:[1]

Forêt pieuse, forêt brisée où l'on n'enlève pas les morts
Infiniment fermée, serrée de vieilles tiges droites roses
Infiniment resserrée en plus vieux et gris fardés
Sur la couche de mousse énorme et profonde en cri de velours

(Pious forest, shattered forest, where the dead are left lying
Infinitely closed, dense with pinkish straight old stems
Infinitely serried, older and grayed
On the vast, deep, mossy bed, a velvet cry.)

Here the poet does not describe. He knows that his is a greater task. The pious forest is shattered, closed, serried. It accumulates its infinity within its own boundaries. Farther on in the poem he will speak of the symphony of an "eternal" wind that lives in the movement of the tree-tops.

Thus, Pierre-Jean Jouve's "forest" is *immediately sacred*, sacred by virtue of the tradition of its nature, far from all history of men. Before the gods existed, the woods were sacred, and the gods came to dwell in these sacred woods. All they did was to add human, all too human, characteristics to the great law of forest revery.

But even when a poet gives a geographical dimension, he knows instinctively that this dimension can be determined on the spot, for the reason that it is rooted in a particular oneiric value. Thus, when Pierre Guéguen speaks of "the deep forest" (the forest of Broceliande),[1] he adds a dimension; but it is not the dimension that gives the image its intensity. And when he says that the deep forest is also called "the quiet earth, because of its immense silence curdled in thirty leagues of green," Guéguen bids us participate in transcendent quiet and silence. Because the forest rustles, the "curdled" quiet trembles and shudders, it comes to life with countless lives. But these sounds and these movements do not disturb the silence and quietude of the forest. When we read this passage of Guéguen's book we sense that this poet has calmed all anxiety. Forest peace for him is inner peace. It is an inner state.

Poets know this, and some reveal it in one line as, for instance, Jules Supervielle, who knows that in our peaceful moments we are

Habitants délicats des forêts de nous-mêmes.

(Sensitive inhabitants of the forests of ourselves.)

Others, who are more logical, such as René Ménard, present us with a beautiful album devoted to trees, in which each tree is associated with a poet. Here is Ménard's own *intimate forest:* "Now I am traversed by bridle paths, under the seal of sun and shade . . . I live in great density . . . Shelter lures me. I slump down into the thick foliage . . . In the forest, I am my entire self. Everything is possible in my heart just as it is in the hiding places in ravines. Thickly wooded distance separates me from moral codes and cities."[2] But one should read this whole prose-poem which, as the poet says, is actuated by "reverent apprehension of the Imagination of Creation."

In the domains of poetic phenomenology under consideration, there is one adjective of which a metaphysician of the imagination must beware, and that is, the adjective

[1] Pierre-Jean Jouve, *Lyrique*, p. 15. Mercure de France, Paris.

[1] Pierre Guéguen, *La Bretagne*, p. 71.

[2] René Ménard, *Le livre des arbres*, pp. 6 and 7. Arts et Métiers Graphiques, Paris, 1956.

ancestral. For there is a corresponding valorization to this adjective which is too rapid, often entirely verbal, and never well supervised, with the result that the direct nature of depth imagination and of depth psychology, generally, is lacking. Here the "ancestral" forest becomes a "psychological transcendent" at small cost, it is an image suited to children's books. And if there exists a phenomenological problem with regard to this image, it is to find out for what *actual* reason, by virtue of what active value of the imagination, such an image charms and speaks to us. The hypothesis, according to which it is due to remote permeation from infinite ages, is a psychologically gratuitous one. Indeed, if it were to be taken into consideration by a phenomenologist, such an hypothesis would be an invitation to lazy thinking. And, for myself, I feel obliged to establish the actuality of archetypes. In any event, the word ancestral, as a value of the imagination, is one that needs explaining; it is not a word that explains.

But who knows the temporal dimensions of the forest? History is not enough. We should have to know how the forest experiences its great age; why, in the reign of the imagination, there are no young forests. I myself can only meditate upon things in my own country, having learned the dialectics of fields and woods from my unforgettable friend, Gaston Roupnel.[1] In the vast world of the non-I, the non-I of fields is not the same as the non-I of forests. The forest is a before-me, before-us, whereas for fields and meadows, my dreams and recollections accompany all the different phases of tilling and harvesting. When the dialectics of the I and the non-I grow more flexible, I feel that fields and meadows are with me, in the with-me, with-us. But forests reign in the past. I know, for instance, that my grandfather got lost in a certain wood. I was told this, and I have not forgotten it. It happened in a past before I was born. My oldest memories, therefore, are a hundred years old, or perhaps a bit more.

1 Gaston Roupnel, *La campagne française*, see the chapter entitled *La Forêt*, p. 75 and after. Club des Libraires de France, Paris.

This, then, is my ancestral forest. And all the rest is fiction.

III

When such daydreams as these take hold of meditating man, details grow dim and all picturesqueness fades. The very hours pass unnoticed and space stretches out interminably. Indeed, daydreams of this kind may well be called daydreams of infinity. With these images of the "deep" forest, I have just outlined the power of immensity that is revealed in a value. But one can follow the opposite course. In the presence of such obvious immensity as the immensity of night, a poet can point the way to intimate depth. A passage in Milosz's *L'amoureuse initiation* (p. 64) will serve as a center where we can sense the concordance of world immensity with intimate depth of being.

"As I stood in contemplation of the garden of the wonders of space," Milosz writes, "I had the feeling that I was looking into the ultimate depths, the most secret regions of my own being; and I smiled, because it had never occurred to me that I could be so pure, so great, so fair! My heart burst into singing with the song of grace of the universe. All these constellations are yours, they exist in you; outside your love they have no reality! How terrible the world seems to those who do not know themselves! When you felt so alone and abandoned in the presence of the sea, imagine what solitude the waters must have felt in the night, or the night's own solitude in a universe without end!" And the poet continues this love duet between dreamer and world, making man and the world into two wedded creatures that are paradoxically united in the dialogue of their solitude.

Elsewhere in this same work (p. 151), in a sort of meditation-exaltation which unites the two movements that concentrate and dilate, Milosz writes: "Oh, space, you who separate the waters; my joyful friend, with what love I sense you! Here I am like the flowering nettle in the gentle sunlight of ruins, like the pebble on the spring's edge, or the

serpent in the warm grass! Is this instant really eternity? Is eternity really this instant?" And the passage goes on, linking infinitesimal with immense, the white nettle with the blue sky. All these sharp contradictions, the thin edge of the pebble and the clear spring, are now assimilated and destroyed, the dreaming being having transcended the contradiction of small and large. This exaltation of space goes beyond all frontiers (p. 155). "Away with boundaries, those enemies of horizons! Let genuine distance appear!" And further (p. 168): "Everything was bathed in light, gentleness and wisdom; in the unreal air, distance beckoned to distance. My love enveloped the universe."

Of course, if it were my aim to study images of immensity objectively, I should have to start a voluminous file, for immensity is an inexhaustible poetic theme. I touched on this in an earlier work,[1] in which I insisted upon the desire for confrontation that exists in man meditating upon an infinite universe. I also spoke of a spectacle complex in which pride of seeing is the core of the consciousness of a being in contemplation. But the problem under consideration in this present work is that of a more relaxed participation in images of immensity, a more intimate relationship between small and large. I should like to liquidate, as it were, the spectacle complex, which could harden certain values of poetic contemplation.

IV

When a relaxed spirit meditates and dreams, immensity seems to expect images of immensity. The mind sees and continues to see objects, while the spirit finds the nest of immensity in an object. We shall have various proofs of this if we follow the daydreams that the single word *vast* inspired in Baudelaire. Indeed, vast is one of the most Baudelairian of words, the word that marks most naturally, for this poet, infinity of intimate space.

No doubt, pages could be found in his work in which the

[1] Cf. *La terre et les rêveries de la volonté*, chapter XII, § VII, "La terre immense."

word vast has merely its ordinary geometrically objective meaning: "Around a vast oval table . . ." is from a description in *Curiosités esthétiques* (p. 390). But when one has become hypersensitive to this word, one sees that it denotes attraction for felicitous amplitude. Moreover, if we were to count the different usages of the word vast in Baudelaire's writings, we should be struck by the fact that examples of its positive, objective use are rare compared with the instances when the word has more intimate resonances.[1]

Despite the fact that Baudelaire consciously avoided words used by force of habit, and took particular pains not to let his adjectives be dictated by his nouns, he did not keep a close eye on his use of the word *vast*. Whenever a thing, a thought or a daydream was touched by grandeur, this word became indispensable to him. I should like to give a few examples of the astonishing variety of uses to which he put it.

The opium-eater must have "a vast amount of leisure"[2] to derive benefit from his soothing daydreams. Daydreaming is encouraged by "the vast silence of the country."[3] The "moral world opens up vast perspectives filled with new clarities."[4] Certain dreams are laid "on the vast canvas of memory." And elsewhere, Baudelaire speaks of a man who was "the prey of great projects, oppressed by vast thoughts."

Describing a nation, he wrote, "Nations . . . (are) vast animals whose organization is adequate to their environment"; and returning later to the same subject,[5] "Nations (are) vast collective creatures." Here there is no doubt that the word *vast* increases the tonality of the metaphor; in fact, without this word, to which he attached importance, he would have perhaps hesitated because of the indigence of the image. But the word *vast* saves everything and Bau-

[1] The word *vast* is not included, however, in the excellent index to *Fusées et journaux intimes*, edited by Jacques Crépet (Mercure de France) Paris.

[2] Baudelaire, *Le mangeur d'opium*, p. 181.

[3] Baudelaire, *Les paradis artificiels*, p. 325.

[4] *Loc. cit.*, p.p. 169, 172, 183.

[5] Baudelaire, *Curiosités esthétiques*, p. 221.

delaire adds that readers will understand this comparison if they are at all familiar with "these vast subjects of contemplation."

It is no exaggeration to say that, for Baudelaire, the word vast is a metaphysical argument by means of which the vast world and vast thoughts are united. But actually this grandeur is most active in the realm of intimate space. For this grandeur does not come from the spectacle witnessed, but from the unfathomable depths of vast thoughts. In his *Journaux intimes* (*loc. cit.*, p. 29) Baudelaire writes: "In certain almost supernatural inner states, the depth of life is entirely revealed in the spectacle, however ordinary, that we have before our eyes, and which becomes the symbol of it." Here we have a passage that designates the phenomenological direction I myself pursue. The exterior spectacle helps intimate grandeur unfold.

The word vast, for Baudelaire, is also the word that expresses the highest degree of synthesis. In order to learn the difference between the discursive ventures of the mind and the powers of the spirit, we must meditate upon the following thought,[1] "the lyrical spirit takes strides that are as vast as synthesis while the novelist's mind delights in analysis."

Thus, under the banner of the word *vast*, the spirit finds its synthetic being. The word *vast* reconciles contraries.

"As vast as night and light." In a poem about hashish,[2] we find some elements of this famous line that haunts the memory of all Baudelaire's admirers: "The moral world opens up vast perspectives, filled with new clarities." And so it is the "moral" nature, the "moral" temple that conveys grandeur in its pristine state. Throughout this poet's work, one can follow the action of a "vast unity" that is always ready to unite dislocated riches. The philosophical mind goes in for endless discussion on the relation of the one to the many, while Baudelaire's meditations, which are very typically poetic, find a deep, somber unity in the very power of the synthesis through which the different impressions of the senses enter into correspondence. Often these "correspondences" have been examined too empirically as being the effects of sensibility. However, the range of sensibility from one dreamer to the other rarely coincides. Except for the delight that it affords every reader's ear, myrrh is not given to all of us. But from the very first chords of the sonnet *Correspondances*, the synthesizing action of the lyrical spirit is at work. Even though poetic sensibility enjoys countless variations on the theme of "correspondences," we must acknowledge that the theme itself is also eminently enjoyable. And Baudelaire says, in fact, that at such moments "the sense of existence is immensely increased."[1] Here we discover that immensity in the intimate domain is intensity, an intensity of being, the intensity of a being evolving in a vast perspective of intimate immensity. It is the principle of "correspondences" to receive the immensity of the world, which they transform into intensity of our intimate being. They institute transactions between two kinds of grandeur. We cannot forget that Baudelaire experienced these transactions.

Movement itself has, so to speak, a favorable volume, and because of its harmony, Baudelaire included it in the esthetic category of vastness. Writing about the movement of a ship, he said, "The poetic idea that emanates from this operation of movement inside the lines is the hypothesis of a vast, immense creature, complicated but eurhythmic, an animal endowed with genius, suffering and sighing every sigh and every human ambition." Thus, the ship, beautiful volume resting on the waters, contains the infinite of the word *vast*, which is a word that does not describe, but gives primal being to everything that must be described. For Baudelaire, the word *vast* contains a complex of images that deepen one another because they grow on a vast being.

At the risk of my demonstration becoming diffuse, I have tried to indicate the places in Baudelaire's work where this strange adjective appears; strange because it confers grandeur upon impressions that have nothing in common.

But in order to give my demonstration greater unity, I

[1] Baudelaire, *L'art romantique*, p. 369.
[2] Baudelaire, *Les paradis artificiels*, p. 169.

[1] Baudelaire, *Journaux intimes*, p. 28.

shall follow a line of images, or values, which will show that, for Baudelaire, immensity is an intimate dimension.

A rarely felicitous expression of the intimate nature of the notion of immensity may be found in the pages Baudelaire devoted to Richard Wagner,[1] and in which he lists, so to speak, three states of this impression of immensity. He begins by quoting the program of the concert at which the Prelude to *Lohengrin* was played (*loc. cit.* p. 212). "From the very first measures, the spirit of the pious recluse who awaits the sacred cup, is *plunged into infinite space*. Little by little, he sees a strange apparition assuming form. As this apparition becomes clearer, the *marvellous band of angels*, bearing in their midst the sacred goblet, passes. The holy procession approaches, little by little the heart of God's elect is uplifted; it swells and expands, stirred by ineffable aspirations; *it yields to increasing bliss*, and as it comes nearer the *luminous apparition*, when at last the Holy Grail itself appears in the midst of the procession, *it sinks into ecstatic adoration as though the whole world had suddenly disappeared.*" All the underlinings in this passage were made by Baudelaire himself. They make us sense clearly the progressive expansion of the daydream up to the ultimate point when immensity that is born intimately, in a feeling of ecstasy, dissolves and absorbs, as it were, the perceptible world.

The second state of what we might call an increase of being is furnished by a few lines by Liszt. These lines permit us to participate in mystic space (p. 215) born of musical meditation. "Vaporous ether . . . overspreads a broad dormant sheet of melody." In the rest of this text by Liszt, metaphors of light help us to grasp this extension of a transparent musical world.

But these texts only prepare Baudelaire's own note on the subject, in which the "correspondences" appear to be intensifications of the senses, each enlargement of an image enlarging the grandeur of another image, as immensity develops. Here Baudelaire, who is now entirely immersed in the oneirism of the music, has, as he says, "one of those

[1] Baudelaire, *L'art romantique* § X.

impressions of happiness that nearly all imaginative men have experienced in their sleeping dreams. I felt freed from *the powers of gravity*, and, through memory, succeeded in recapturing the extraordinary *voluptuousness* that pervades *high places*. Involuntarily I pictured to myself the delightful state of a man in the grip of a long daydream, in absolute solitude, but a solitude with an *immense horizon* and widely diffused light; in other words, immensity with no other setting than itself."

In the text that follows, any number of factors may be found that could be used for a phenomenology of extension, expansion and ecstasy. But after having been lengthily prepared by Baudelaire, we have now come upon the formula that must be put in the center of our phenomenological observations: "immensity with no other setting than itself." Concerning this immensity, Baudelaire has just told us in detail, that it is a conquest of intimacy. Grandeur progresses in the world in proportion to the deepening of intimacy. Baudelaire's daydream does not take shape in contemplation of a universe. He pursues it—as he tells us—with closed eyes. He does not live on memories, and his poetic ecstasy has become, little by little, an eventless life. The angels whose wings had once shown blue in the sky have blended into a universal blue. Slowly, immensity becomes a primal value, a primal, intimate value. When the dreamer really experiences the word immense, he sees himself liberated from his cares and thoughts, even from his dreams. He is no longer shut up in his weight, the prisoner of his own being.

If we were to study these fragments by Baudelaire according to the normal methods of psychology, we might conclude that when the poet left behind him the settings of the world, to experience the single "setting" of immensity, he could only have knowledge of an "abstraction come true." Intimate space elaborated in this way by a poet, would be merely the pendant of the outside space of geometricians, who seek infinite space with no other sign than infinity itself. But such a conclusion would fail to recognize the concrete ventures of long daydreaming. Here

every time daydream abandons a too picturesque feature, it gains further extension of intimate being. Without even having the privilege of hearing *Tannhäuser,* the reader who reflects on these pages by Baudelaire, while recalling the successive states of the poet's daydream, cannot fail to realize that in rejecting metaphors that are too facile, he is marked for an ontology of human depth.

For Baudelaire, man's poetic fate is to be the mirror of immensity; or even more exactly, immensity becomes conscious of itself, through man. Man for Baudelaire is a vast being.

Thus, I believe that I have proved in many ways that in Baudelaire's poetics, the word *vast* does not really belong to the objective world. I should like to add one more phenomenological nuance, however, which belongs to the phenomenology of the word.

In my opinion, for Baudelaire, the word *vast* is a vocal value. It is a word that is *pronounced,* never only read, never only seen in the objects to which it is attached. It is one of those words that a writer always speaks softly while he is writing it. Whether in verse or in prose, it has a poetic effect, which is also an effect of vocal poetry. This word immediately stands out from the words that surround it, from the images, and perhaps, even, from the thought. It is a "power of the word."[1] Indeed, whenever we read this word in the measure of one of Baudelaire's verses, or in the periods of his prose poems, we have the impression that he forces us to pronounce it. The word *vast,* then, is a vocable of breath. It is placed on our breathing, which must be slow and calm.[2] And the fact is that always, in Baudelaire's poetics, the word *vast* evokes calm, peace and serenity. It expresses a vital, intimate conviction. It transmits to our

[1] Cf. Edgar Allan Poe, La puissance de la parole, *apud. Nouvelles histoires extraordinaires,* translated into French by Ch. Baudelaire, p. 258.

[2] For Victor Hugo the wind is vast. The wind says: *I am the great passer-by, vast, invincible and vain.* (*Dieu,* p. 5). In the three last words we hardly move our lips to pronounce the *v* sounds.

ears the echo of the secret recesses of our being. For this word bears the mark of gravity, it is the enemy of turmoil, opposed to the vocal exaggerations of declamation. In diction enslaved to strict measure, it would be shattered. The word *vast* must reign over the peaceful silence of being.

If I were a psychiatrist, I should advise my patients who suffer from "anguish" to read this poem of Baudelaire's whenever an attack seems imminent. Very gently, they should pronounce Baudelaire's key word, *vast.* For it is a word that brings calm and unity; it opens up unlimited space. It also teaches us to breathe with the air that rests on the horizon, far from the walls of the chimerical prisons that are the cause of our anguish. It has a vocal excellence that is effective on the very threshold of our vocal powers. The French baritone, Charles Panzera, who is sensitive to poetry, once told me that, according to certain experimental psychologists, it is impossible to think the vowel sound *ah* without a tautening of the vocal chords. In other words, we read *ah* and the voice is ready to sing. The letter *a,* which is the main body of the word *vast,* stands aloof in its delicacy, an anacoluthon of spoken sensibility.

The numerous commentaries that have been made on Baudelaire's "correspondences" seem to have forgotten this sixth sense that seeks to model and modulate the voice. This delicate little Aeolian harp that nature has set at the entrance to our breathing is really a sixth sense, which followed and surpassed the others. It quivers at the merest movement of metaphor; it permits human thought to sing. And when I let my nonconformist philosopher's daydreams go unchecked, I begin to think that the vowel *a* is the vowel of immensity. It is a sound area that starts with a sigh and extends beyond all limits.

In the word *vast,* the vowel *a* retains all the virtues of an enlarging vocal agent. Considered vocally, therefore, this word is no longer merely dimensional. Like some soft substance, it receives the balsamic powers of infinite calm. With it, we take infinity into our lungs, and through it, we breathe cosmically, far from human anguish. Some may find these minor considerations. But no factor, however

slight, should be neglected in the estimation of poetic values. And indeed, everything that contributes to giving poetry its decisive psychic action should be included in a philosophy of the dynamic imagination. Sometimes, the most varied, most delicate perceptive values relay one another, in order to dynamize and expand a poem. Long research devoted to Baudelaire's correspondences should elucidate the correspondence of each sense with the spoken word.

At times the sound of a vocable, or the force of a letter, reveals and defines the real thought attached to a word. In this connection, it is interesting to recall what Max Picard wrote on the subject, in his excellent work, *Der Mensch und das Wort: "Das W in Welle bewegt die Welle im Wort mit, das H in Hauch lässt den Hauch aufsteigen, das t in fest und hart, macht fest und hart."*[1] With these remarks, the philosopher of the *Welt des Schweigens* brings us to the points of extreme sensibility at which, language having achieved complete nobility, phonetic phenomena and phenomena of the logos harmonize. But we should have to learn how to meditate very slowly, to experience the inner poetry of the word, the inner immensity of a word. All important words, all the words marked for grandeur by a poet, are keys to the universe, to the dual universe of the Cosmos and the depths of the human spirit.

V

Thus, it seems to me to have been proven that in the work of a great poet like Baudelaire an intimate call of immensity may be heard, even more than an echo from the outside world. In the language of philosophy, we could say, then, that immensity is a "category" of the poetic imagination, and not merely a generality formulated dur-

[1] Max Picard, *Der Mensch und das Wort*, Eugen Rentsch Verlag, Zürich, 1955, p. 15. It goes without saying that such a sentence as this should not be translated, since it obliges us to listen to the vocality of the German language. Every language has its words of great vocal value.

ing contemplation of grandiose spectacles. By way of contrast, and in order to give an example of "empirical" immensity, I should like to consider a passage from Taine's *Voyage aux Pyrénées* (p. 96).[1] Here we shall see bad literature and not poetry in action, the kind of bad literature that aims at pictorial expression at all cost, even at the expense of the fundamental images.

"The first time I saw the sea," writes Taine, "I was most disagreeably disillusioned . . . I seemed to see one of those long stretches of beet-fields that one sees in the country near Paris, intersected by patches of green cabbage, and strips of russet barley. The distant sails looked like homing pigeons and even the outlook seemed narrow to me; painters had represented the sea as being much larger. It was three days before I recaptured the feeling of immensity."

Beets, barley, cabbages and pigeons in a perfectly artificial association! To bring them together in one "image" could only be a slip in the conversation of someone who is trying to be "original." For it is hard to believe that in the presence of the sea, anyone could be so obsessed by beet fields.

A phenomenologist would be interested to know how, after three days of privation, this philosopher recaptured his "feeling of immensity," and how, on his return to the sea that had been looked at so naïvely, he finally saw its grandeur.

After this interlude, let us come back to our poets.

VI

Poets will help us to discover within ourselves such joy in looking that sometimes, in the presence of a perfectly familiar object, we experience an extension of our intimate space. Let us listen to Rilke for instance, give its existence of immensity to a tree he is looking at.[2]

[1] Hippolyte Taine, French philosopher, historian and critic (1828-1893).

[2] *Poème* dated June 1924, translated into French by Claude Vigée, published in the review *Les Lettres*, 4th year, Nos. 14, 15, 16, p. 13.

L'espace, hors de nous, gagne et traduit les choses:
Si tu veux réussir l'existence d'un arbre,
Investis-le d'espace interne, cet espace
Qui a son être en toi. Cerne-le de contraintes.
Il est sans borne, et ne devient vraiment un arbre
Que s'il s'ordonne au sein de ton renoncement.

(Space, outside ourselves, invades and ravishes things:
If you want to achieve the existence of a tree,
Invest it with inner space, this space
That has its being in you. Surround it with compulsions,
It knows no bounds, and only really becomes a tree
If it takes its place in the heart of your renunciation.)

In the two last lines, a Mallarmé-like obscurity forces the reader to stop and reflect. The poet has set him a nice problem for the imagination. The advice to "surround the tree with compulsions" would first be an obligation to draw it, to invest it with limitations in *outside* space. In this case, we should obey the simple rules of perception, we should be "objective," cease imagining. But the tree, like every genuine living thing, is taken in its being that "knows no bounds." Its limits are mere accidents. Against the accident of limits, the tree needs you to give it your superabundant images, nurtured in your intimate space, in "this space that has its being in you." Then, together, the tree and its dreamer, take their places, grow tall. Never, in the dream world, does a tree appear as a completed being. According to a poem by Jules Supervielle, it seeks its soul:[1]

Azur vivace d'un espace
Où chaque arbre se hausse au dénouement des palmes
A la recherche de son âme.

(Vivid blue of a space
In which each tree rises to foliation of palms
In search of its soul.)

1 Jules Supervielle, *L'escalier*, p. 106.

But when a poet knows that a living thing in the world is in search of its soul, this means that he is in search of his own. "A tall shuddering tree always moves the soul."[1]

Restored to the powers of the imagination, and invested with our inner space, trees accompany us in an emulation of grandeur. In another poem dated August 1914 (*loc. cit.*, p. 11) Rilke wrote:

. . . . A travers nous s'envolent
Les oiseaux en silence. O, moi qui veux grandir
Je regarde au dehors, et l'arbre en moi grandit.

(. . . . Silently the birds
Fly through us. O, I, who long to grow,
I look outside myself, and the tree inside me grows.)

Thus a tree is always destined for grandeur, and, in fact, it propagates this destiny by magnifying everything that surrounds it. In a letter reproduced in Claire Goll's very human little book, *Rilke et les femmes* (p. 63), Rilke wrote: "These trees are magnificent, but even more magnificent is the sublime and moving space between them, as though with their growth it too increased."

The two kinds of space, intimate space and exterior space, keep encouraging each other, as it were, in their growth. To designate space that has been experienced as affective space, which psychologists do very rightly, does not, however, go to the root of space dreams. The poet goes deeper when he uncovers a poetic space that does not enclose us in affectivity. Indeed, whatever the affectivity that colors a given space, whether sad or ponderous, once it is poetically expressed, the sadness is diminished, the ponderousness lightened. Poetic space, because it is expressed, assumes values of expansion. It belongs to the phenomenology of those words that begin with "ex." At least, this is the thesis that I shall insist upon, and to which I plan to return in a future volume. Just in passing, here is a proof: When

1 Henri Bosco, *Antonin*, p. 15.

a poet tells me that he "knows a type of sadness that smells of pineapple,"[1] I myself feel less sad, I feel gently sad.

In this activity of poetic spatiality that goes from deep intimacy to infinite extent, united in an identical expansion, one feels grandeur welling up. As Rilke said: "Through every human being, unique space, intimate space, opens up to the world . . ."

Here space seems to the poet to be the subject of the verbs "to open up," or "to grow." And whenever space is a value—there is no greater value than intimacy—it has magnifying properties. Valorized space is a verb, and never, either inside or outside us, is grandeur an "object."

To give an object poetic space is to give it more space than it has objectivity; or, better still, it is following the expansion of its intimate space. For the sake of homogeneity, I shall recall how Joë Bousquet expressed the intimate space of a tree:[2] "Space is nowhere. Space is inside it like honey in a hive." In the realm of images, honey in a hive does not conform to the elementary dialectics of contained and container. Metaphorical honey will not be shut up, and here, in the intimate space of a tree, honey is anything but a form of marrow. It is the "honey of the tree" that will give perfume to the flower. It is also the inner sun of the tree. And the dreamer who dreams of honey knows that it is a force that concentrates and radiates, by turns. If the interior space of a tree is a form of honey, it gives the tree "expansion of infinite things."

Of course, we can read this line of Joë Bousquet's without tarrying over the image. But if one likes to go to the ultimate depths of an image, what dreams it can set astir! Even a philosopher of space starts to dream. And if we like words of composed metaphysics, one might say that here Joë Bousquet has shown us a space-substance, honey-space or space-honey. May all matter be given its individual place, all sub-stances their ex-stance. And may all matter achieve conquest of its space, its power of expansion over

[1] Jules Supervielle, *L'escalier*, p. 123.
[2] Joë Bousquet, *La neige d'un autre âge*, p. 92.

and beyond the surfaces by means of which a geometrician would like to define it.

It would seem, then, that it is through their "immensity" that these two kinds of space—the space of intimacy and world space—blend. When human solitude deepens, then the two immensities touch and become identical. In one of Rilke's letters, we see him straining toward "the unlimited solitude that makes a lifetime of each day, toward communion with the universe, in a word, space, the invisible space that man can live in nevertheless, and which surrounds him with countless presences."

This coexistence of things in a space to which we add consciousness of our own existence, is a very concrete thing. Leibnitz's theme of space as a place inhabited by coexistants has found its poet in Rilke. In this coexistentialism every object invested with intimate space becomes the center of all space. For each object, distance is the present, the horizon exists as much as the center.

VII

In the realm of images, there can be no contradiction, and two spirits that are identically sensitive can sensitize the dialectics of center and horizon in different ways. In this connection a sort of *plains test* could be used that would bring out different types of reactions to infinity.

At one end of the test, we should set what Rilke said briefly and superbly: "The plain is the sentiment that exalts us." This theorem of esthetic anthropology is so clearly stated that it suggests a correlative theorem which could be expressed in the following terms: any sentiment that exalts us makes our situation in the world smoother.

Then, at the other end of the "plains" test, we could set this passage from Henri Bosco's *Hyacinthe*, (p. 18). "On the plains I am always elsewhere, in an elsewhere that is floating, fluid. Being for a long time absent from myself, and nowhere present, I am too inclined to attribute the inconsistency of my daydreams to the wide open spaces that induce them."

Many a nuance could be found between these two poles of domination and dispersion if the dreamer's mood, the seasons and the wind were taken into consideration. There would always be nuances, too, between dreamers who are calmed by plain country and those who are made uneasy by it, nuances that are all the more interesting to study since the plains are often thought of as representing a simplified world. One of the charms of the phenomenology of the poetic imagination is to be able to experience a fresh nuance in the presence of a spectacle that calls for uniformity, and can be summarized in a single idea. If the nuance is sincerely experienced by the poet, the phenomenologist is sure to obtain an image at its inception.

In a more elaborate inquiry than ours, one would have to show how all these nuances are integrated in the grandeur of the plain or the plateau, and tell, for instance, why a plateau daydream is never a daydream of the plains. This analysis is difficult because sometimes, a writer wants to describe, sometimes he knows already, in square miles, the extent of his solitude. In this case, we dream over a map, like a geographer. There is the example of Loti writing in the shade of a tree in Dakar, which was his home port: "Our eyes turned toward the interior of the country, we questioned the immense horizon of sand."[1] But this immense horizon of sand is a schoolboy's desert, the Sahara to be found in every school atlas.

The images of the desert in Philippe Diolé's excellent book, *Le plus beau désert du monde*[2] are much more valuable to a phenomenologist. For here the immensity of a desert that has been experienced is expressed through inner intensity. As Philippe Diolé says—and he is a dream-haunted traveler—the desert must be lived "the way it is reflected in the wanderer." And Diolé invites us to a type of meditation in which, through a synthesis of opposites, we can experience *concentration of wandering*. For this writer, "these mountains in shreds, these dunes and dead rivers, these stones and this merciless sun," all the universe

1 Pierre Loti, *Un jeune officier pauvre*, p. 85.

2 Philippe Diolé, *Le plus beau désert du monde*, Albin Michel, p. 178.

that bears the mark of the desert, is "annexed to inner space." And through this annexation, the diversity of the images is unified in the depths of "inner space."[1] This is a conclusive formula for the demonstration I want to make on the correspondence between the immensity of world space and the depth of "inner space."

In Diolé's work, however, this interiorization of the desert does not correspond to a sense of inner emptiness. On the contrary, Diolé makes us experience a drama of images, the fundamental drama of the material images of water and drought. In fact, his "inner space" is an adherence to an inner substance. As it happens, he has had long, delightful experience of deep-sea diving and, for him, the ocean has become a form of "space." At a little over 125 feet under the surface of the water, he discovered "absolute depth," depth that is beyond measuring, and would give no greater powers of dream and thought if it were doubled or even tripled. By means, then, of his diving experiences Diolé *really entered into the volume of the water*. And when we have read his earlier books and shared with him this conquest of the intimacy of water, we come to a point where we recognize in this space-substance, a one-dimensional space. One substance, one dimension. And we are so remote from the earth and life on earth, that this dimension of water bears the mark of limitlessness. To try and find high, low, right or left in a world that is so well unified by its substance, is thinking, not living—thinking as formerly we did in life on earth; but it is not living in the new world conquered by diving. As for myself, before

1 Henri Bosco has also written on this subject, (*L'antiquaire*, p. 228): "In the hidden desert that each one of us bears within himself, and to which the desert of sand and stone has penetrated, the expanse of the spirit is lost in the infinite, uninhabited expanse that is the desolation of earth's place of solitude." See also p. 227.

Elsewhere on a bare plateau, on the plain that touches the sky, this great dreamer gives profound expression to the analogies between the desert on earth and the desert of the spirit. "Once more emptiness stretched out inside me and I was a desert within a desert." The meditation ends on this note: "My spirit had left me." (Henri Bosco, *Hyacinthe*, pp. 33, 34).

I read Diolé's books, I did not imagine that limitlessness could be attained so easily. It suffices to dream of pure depth which needs no measuring, to exist.

But then, we ask, why did Diolé, who is a psychologist as well as an ontologist of under-seas human life, go into the desert? As a result of what cruel dialectics did he decide to leave limitless water for infinite sand? Diolé answers these questions as a poet would. He knows that each new contact with the cosmos renews our inner being, and that every new cosmos is open to us when we have freed ourselves from the ties of a former sensitivity. At the beginning of his book (*loc. cit.*, p. 12), Diolé tells us that he had wanted to "terminate in the desert the magical operation that, in deep water, allows the diver to loosen the ordinary ties of time and space and make life resemble an obscure, inner poem."

At the end of his book, Diolé concludes (p. 178) that "to go down into the water, or to wander in the desert, is to change space," and by changing space, by leaving the space of one's usual sensibilities, one enters into communication with a space that is psychically innovating. "Neither in the desert nor on the bottom of the sea does one's spirit remain sealed and indivisible." This change of *concrete* space can no longer be a mere mental operation that could be compared with consciousness of geometrical relativity. For we do not change place, we change our nature.

But since these problems of the fusion of being in highly qualitative, concrete space are interesting for a phenomenology of the imagination—for one has to imagine very actively to experience new space—let us examine the hold that fundamental images have on this author. While in the desert, Diolé does not detach himself from the ocean and, in fact, desert space, far from contradicting deep-sea space, is expressed in Diolé's dreams in terms of water. Here we have a veritable drama of the material imagination born of the conflict of two such hostile elements as arid desert sand and water assured of its mass, without any compromise with pastiness or mud. Indeed, this passage of Diolé's

shows such sincerity of imagination that I have left it uncut (*loc. cit.* p. 118).

"I once wrote that a man who was familiar with the deep sea could never be like other men again. Such moments as this (in the midst of the desert) prove my statement. Because I realize that, as I walked along, my mind filled the desert landscape with water! In my imagination I flooded the space around me while walking through it. I lived in a sort of invented immersion in which I moved about in the heart of a fluid, luminous, beneficent, dense matter, which was sea water, or rather the memory of sea water. This artifice sufficed to humanize for me a world that was dishearteningly dry, reconciling me with its rocks, its silence, its solitude, its sheet of sun gold hanging from the sky. Even my weariness was lessened by it. I dreamed that my bodily weight reposed on this imaginary water.

"I realize that this is not the first time that unconsciously, I have had recourse to this psychological defense. The silence and the slow progress I made in the Sahara awakened my memories of diving. My inner images were bathed then in a sort of gentleness, and in the passage thus reflected by dream, water appeared quite naturally. As I walked along, I bore within me gleaming reflections, and a translucent density, which were none other than memories of the deep sea."

Here Philippe Diolé gives us a psychological technique which permits us to be elsewhere, in an absolute elsewhere that bars the way to the forces that hold us imprisoned in the "here." This is not merely an escape into a space that is open to adventure on every side. With none of the machinery of screens and mirrors installed in the box that carried Cyrano to the Sun Empires, Diolé transports us to the elsewhere of another world. He does this, one might say, merely by means of a psychological machinery that brings into play the surest, the most powerful psychological laws. In fact, his only resources are the great, lasting realities that correspond to fundamental, material images; those that are at the basis of all imagination. Nothing, in other words, that is either chimerical or illusory.

Here both time and space are under the domination of the image. Elsewhere and formerly are stronger than the *hic et nunc*. The *being-here* is maintained by a being from elsewhere. Space, vast space, is the friend of being.

How much philosophers would learn, if they would consent to read the poets!

VIII

Since I have just taken two heroic images for discussion, the diving image and the image of the desert, both of which I can only experience in imagination, without ever being able to enrich them with any concrete experience, I shall close this chapter with an image that is nearer to me, one that I shall provide with all my memories of the plain. We shall see how a very special image can command and impose its law on space.

Faced with a quiet world, on a soothing plain, mankind can enjoy peace and repose. But in an imagined world, the sights of the plain often produce only the most commonplace effects. To restore their action to these sights, it is therefore necessary to supply a new image. An unexpected literary image can so move the spirit that it will follow the induction of tranquility. In fact, the literary image can make the spirit sufficiently sensitive to receive unbelievably fine impressions. Thus, in a remarkable passage, d'Annunzio[1] makes us see the look in the eyes of a trembling hare which, in one torment-free instant, projects peace over the entire autumnal world. He writes: "Did you ever see a hare in the morning, leave the freshly ploughed furrows, run a few seconds over the silvery frost, then stop in the silence, sit down on its hind legs, prick up its ears and look at the horizon? Its gaze seems to confer peace upon the entire universe. And it would be hard to think of a surer sign of deep peace than this motionless hare which, having declared a truce with its eternal disquiet, sits observing the steaming countryside. At this moment, it is a sacred animal, one that should be worshipped." The source of

[1] Gabriele d'Annunzio, *Le feu*, French translation, p. 261.

the calm that is going to cover the plain is clearly indicated: "Its gaze seems to confer peace upon the entire universe." The dreamer who lets his musings follow this line of vision will experience immensity of outspread fields in a higher key.

Such a passage in itself, is a good test of rhetorical sensitivity. It faces the critical slaughter of apoetic minds with lamb-like calm. It is also very typical of d'Annunzio, and can be used as an example of this writer's cumbersome metaphors. It would be so simple, positivist minds object, to describe pastoral peace *directly!* Why choose a contemplative hare as go-between? But a poet disregards this reasoning. He wants to give all the degrees of growing contemplation, all the instants of the image, and to begin with, the instant when animal peace becomes identified with world peace. Here we are made aware of the function of a seeing eye that, having nothing to do, has ceased to look at anything in particular, and is looking *at the world*. We should not have been so radically thrown back into primitiveness if the poet had told us something of his own contemplation. This, however, would be merely repetition of a philosophical theme. But d'Annunzio's animal is freed from its reflexes for an instant: its eye is no longer on the look-out, no longer a rivet of the animal machine; its eye does not command flight. Yes, this look, in an animal that is all fear, is the sacred instant of contemplation.

A few lines earlier, pursuing an inversion that expresses the dualism of observer—observed, this poet had seen in the hare's fine, large, tranquil eyes the aquatic nature of the gaze of a vegetarian animal: "These large, moist eyes . . ., are as beautiful as ponds on summer evenings, with their rushes bathing in water that mirrors and transfigures the entire sky." In my book entitled *L'eau et les rêves*, I collected many other literary images in which the pond is the very eye of the landscape, the reflection in water the first view that the universe has of itself, and the heightened beauty of a reflected landscape presented as the very root of cosmic narcissism. In *Walden*, Thoreau followed this

enlargement of images quite naturally. "A lake is the landscape's most beautiful and expressive feature. It is earth's eye; looking into which the beholder measures the depth of his own nature."[1]

And, once more, the dialectics of immensity and depth is revived. It is hard to say where the two hyperboles begin; the one of the too sharp eye, and the other of the landscape that sees itself confusedly under the heavy lids of its stagnant water. But any doctrine of the imaginary is necessarily a philosophy of excess, and all images are destined to be enlarged.

A contemporary poet uses more restraint, but he says quite as much as in this line by Jean Lescure:

J'habite la tranquillité des feuilles, l'été grandit

(I live in the tranquility of leaves, summer is growing)

Tranquil foliage that really is lived in, a tranquil gaze discovered in the humblest of eyes, are the artisans of immensity. These images make the world grow, and the summer too. At certain hours poetry gives out waves of calm. From being imagined, calm becomes an emergence of being. It is like a value that dominates, in spite of minor states of being, in spite of a disturbed world. Immensity has been magnified through contemplation. And the contemplative attitude is such a great human value that it confers immensity upon an impression that a psychologist would have every reason to declare ephemeral and special. But poems are human realities; it is not enough to resort to "impressions" in order to explain them. They must be lived in their poetic immensity.

[1] Thoreau, *Walden*.

9
the dialectics of outside and inside

Les geographies solennelles des limites humaines . . .

(PAUL ELUARD,
Les Yeux Fertiles, p. 42)

(The solemn geographies of human limits)

Car nous sommes où nous ne sommes pas.

(PIERRE-JEAN JOUVE,
Lyrique, p. 59)

(For we are where we are not.)

Une des maximes d'éducation pratique qui ont régi mon enfance: "Ne mange pas la bouche ouverte."

(COLETTE,
Prisons et Paradis, p. 79)

(One of the maxims of practical education that governed my childhood: "Don't eat with your mouth open.")

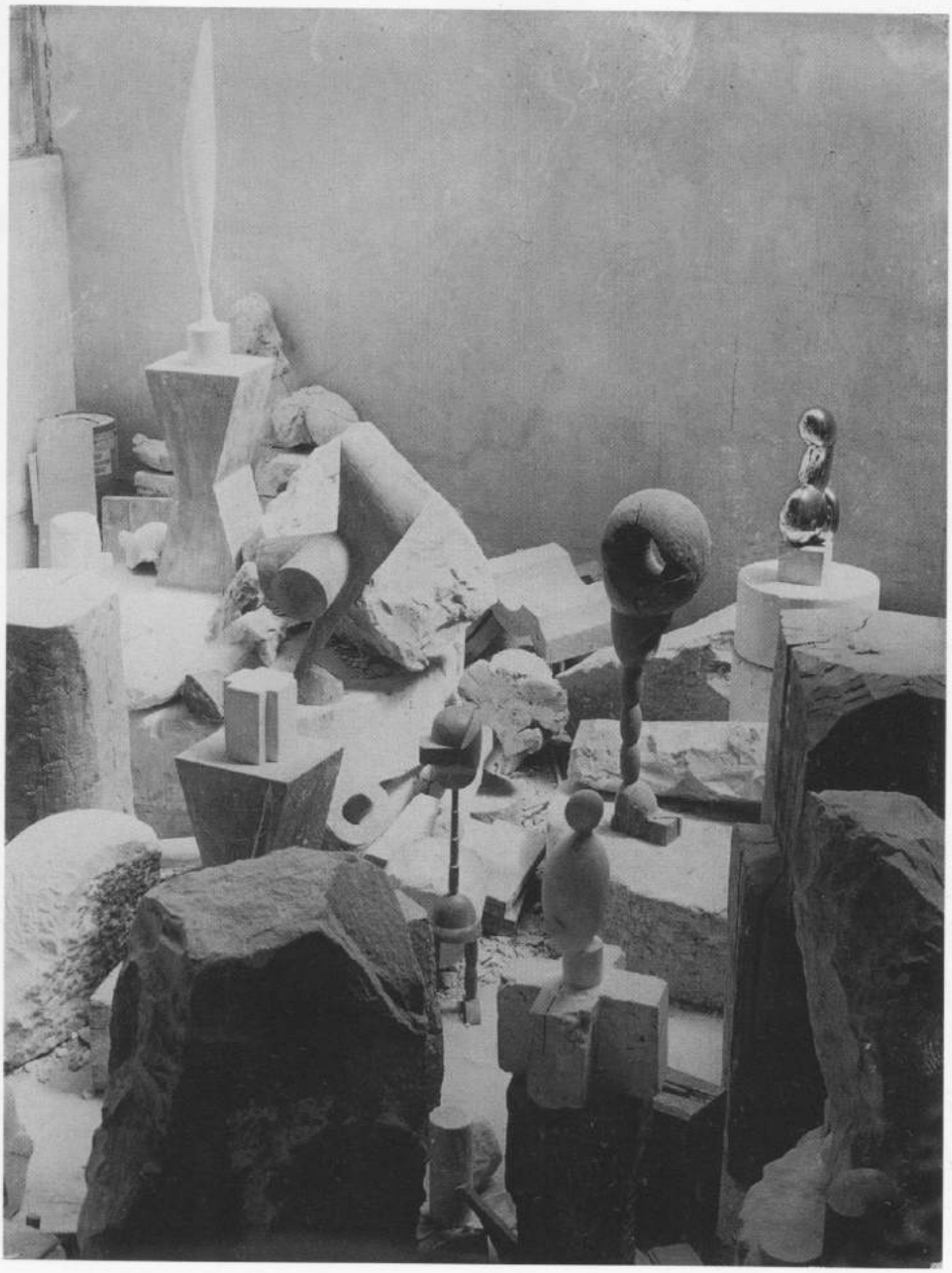
I

Outside and inside form a dialectic of division, the obvious geometry of which blinds us as soon as we bring it into play in metaphorical domains. It has the sharpness of the dialectics of *yes* and *no*, which decides everything. Unless one is careful, it is made into a basis of images that govern all thoughts of positive and negative. Logicians draw circles that overlap or exclude each other, and all their

30. Ph 267, *c.* 1925, cat. no. 38

Make an object that connects two opposite walls.

33. Ph 35b, *c.* 1923, cat. no. 34



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rules immediately become clear. Philosophers, when confronted with outside and inside, think in terms of being and non-being. Thus profound metaphysics is rooted in an implicit geometry which—whether we will or no—confers spatiality upon thought; if a metaphysician could not draw, what would he think? Open and closed, for him, are thoughts. They are metaphors that he attaches to everything, even to his systems. In a lecture given by Jean Hyppolite on the subtle structure of denegation (which is quite different from the simple structure of negation) Hyppolite spoke[1] of "a first myth of outside and inside." And he added: "you feel the full significance of this myth of outside and inside in alienation, which is founded on these two terms. Beyond what is expressed in their formal opposition lie alienation and hostility between the two." And so, simple geometrical opposition becomes tinged with agressivity. Formal opposition is incapable of remaining calm. It is obsessed by the myth. But this action of the myth throughout the immense domain of imagination and expression should not be studied by attributing to it the false light of geometrical intuitions.[2]

"This side" and "beyond" are faint repetitions of the dialectics of inside and outside: everything takes form, even infinity. We seek to determine being and, in so doing, transcend all situations, to give a situation of all situations. Man's being is confronted with the world's being, as though primitivity could be easily arrived at. The dialectics of *here* and *there* has been promoted to the rank of an absolutism according to which these unfortunate adverbs of place are endowed with unsupervised powers of ontological determination. Many metaphysical systems would need mapping. But in philosophy, all short-cuts are costly, and philosophical knowledge cannot advance from schematized experiments.

[1] Jean Hyppolite, Spoken commentary on the *Verneinung* (negation) of Freud. See *La Psychanalyse*, No. 1, 1956, p. 35.

[2] Hyppolite brings out the deep psychological inversion of negation in denegation. Later, I plan to give examples of this inversion, on the simple level of images.

II

I should like to examine a little more closely, this geometrical cancerization of the linguistic tissue of contemporary philosophy.

For it does indeed seem as though an artificial syntax welded adverbs and verbs together in such a way as to form excrescences. By multiplying hyphens, this syntax obtains words that are sentences in themselves, in which the outside features blend with the inside. Philosophical language is becoming a language of aglutination.

Sometimes, on the contrary, instead of becoming welded together, words loosen their intimate ties. Prefixes and suffixes—especially prefixes—become unwelded: they want to think for themselves. Because of this, words are occasionally thrown out of balance. Where is the main stress, for instance, in *being-there* (être-là): on *being*, or on *there*? In *there*—which it would be better to call *here*—shall I first look for my being? Or am I going to find, in my being, above all, certainty of my fixation in a *there*? In any case, one of these terms always weakens the other. Often the *there* is spoken so forcefully that the ontological aspects of the problems under consideration are sharply summarized in a geometrical fixation. The result is dogmatization of philosophemes as soon as they are expressed. In the tonal quality of the French language, the *là* (there) is so forceful, that to designate being *(l'être)* by *être-là* is to point an energetic forefinger that might easily relegate intimate being to an exteriorized place.

But why be in such a hurry to make these first designations? One has the impression that metaphysicians have stopped taking time to think. To make a study of being, in my opinion, it is preferable to follow all the ontological deviations of the various experiences of being. For, in reality, the experiences of being that might justify "geometrical" expression are among the most indigent . . . In French, one should think twice before speaking of *l'être-là*. Entrapped in being, we shall always have to come out of it. And when we are hardly outside of being, we always

have to go back into it. Thus, in being, everything is circuitous, roundabout, recurrent, so much talk; a chaplet of sojournings, a refrain with endless verses.

But what a spiral man's being represents![1] And what a number of invertible dynamisms there are in this spiral! One no longer knows *right away* whether one is running toward the center or escaping. Poets are well acquainted with the existence of this hesitation of being, as exemplified in this poem by Jean Tardieu:

Pour avancer je tourne sur moi-même
Cyclone par l'immobile habité.

(JEAN TARDIEU,
Les Témoins invisibles, p. 36)

(In order to advance, I walk the treadmill of myself
Cyclone inhabited by immobility.)

Mais au-dedans, plus de frontières!

(But within, no more boundaries!)

Thus, the spiraled being who, from outside, appears to be a well-invested center, will never reach his center. The being of man is an unsettled being which all expression unsettles. In the reign of the imagination, an expression is hardly *proposed*, before being needs another expression, before it must be the being of another expression.

In my opinion, verbal conglomerates should be avoided. There is no advantage to metaphysics for its thinking to be cast in the molds of linguistic fossils. On the contrary, it should benefit by the extreme mobility of modern languages and, at the same time, remain in the homogeneity of a mother tongue; which is what real poets have always done.

To benefit by all the lessons of modern psychology and all that has been learned about man's being through psychoanalysis, metaphysics should therefore be resolutely discursive. It should beware of the privileges of evidence

[1] Spiral? If we banish geometry from philosophical intuitions, it reappears almost immediately.

that are the property of geometrical intuition. Sight says too many things at one time. Being does not see itself. Perhaps it listens to itself. It does not stand out, it is not *bordered* by nothingness: one is never sure of finding it, or of finding it solid, when one approaches a center of being. And if we want to determine man's being, we are never sure of being closer to ourselves if we "withdraw" into ourselves, if we move toward the center of the spiral; for often it is in the heart of being that being is errancy. Sometimes, it is in being outside itself that being tests consistencies. Sometimes, too, it is closed in, as it were, on the outside. Later, I shall give a poetic text in which the prison is on the outside.

If we multiplied images, taking them in the domains of lights and sounds, of heat and cold, we should prepare a slower ontology, but doubtless one that is more certain than the ontology that reposes upon geometrical images.

I have wanted to make these general remarks because, from the point of view of geometrical expressions, the dialectics of outside and inside is supported by a reinforced geometrism, in which limits are barriers. We must be free as regards all *definitive* intuitions—and geometrism records definitive intuitions—if we are to follow the daring of poets (as we shall do later) who invite us to the finesses of experience of intimacy, to "escapades" of imagination.

First of all, it must be noted that the two terms "outside" and "inside" pose problems of metaphysical anthropology that are not symmetrical. To make inside concrete and outside vast is the first task, the first problem, it would seem, of an anthropology of the imagination. But between concrete and vast, the opposition is not a true one. At the slightest touch, asymmetry appears. And it is always like that: inside and outside do not receive in the same way the qualifying epithets that are the measure of our adherence. Nor can one *live* the qualifying epithets attached to inside and outside in the same way. Everything, even size, is a human value, and we have already shown, in a preceding chapter, that miniature can accumulate size. It is *vast* in its way.

In any case, inside and outside, as experienced by the imagination, can no longer be taken in their simple reciprocity; consequently, by omitting geometrical references when we speak of the first expressions of being, by choosing more concrete, more phenomenologically exact inceptions, we shall come to realize that the dialectics of inside and outside multiply with countless diversified nuances.

Pursuing my usual method, I should like to discuss my thesis on the basis of an example of concrete poetics, for which I shall ask a poet to provide an image that is sufficiently new in its *nuance of being* to furnish a lesson in ontological amplification. Through the newness of the image and through its amplification, we shall be sure to reverberate above, or on the margin of reasonable certainties.

III

In a prose-poem entitled: *L'espace aux ombres* Henri Michaux writes:[1]

L'espace, mais vous ne pouvez concevoir, cet horrible en dedans -en dehors qu'est le vrai espace.

Certaines (ombres) surtout se bandant une dernière fois, font un effort désespéré pour "être dans leur seule unité." Mal leur en prend. J'en rencontrai une.

Détruite par châtiment, elle n'était plus qu'un bruit, mais énorme.

Un monde immense l'entendait encore, mais elle n'était plus, devenue seulement et uniquement un bruit, qui allait rouler encore des siècles mais destiné à s'éteindre complètement, comme si elle n'avait jamais été.

SHADE-HAUNTED SPACE

(Space, but you cannot even conceive the horrible inside-outside that real space is.

Certain (shades) especially, girding their loins one last time,

[1] Henri Michaux, *Nouvelles de l'étranger*, Mercure de France, Paris, 1952.

make a desperate effort to "exist as a single unity." But they rue the day. I met one of them.

Destroyed by punishment, it was reduced to a noise, a thunderous noise.

An immense world still heard it, but it no longer existed, having become simply and solely a noise, which was to rumble on for centuries longer, but was fated to die out *completely*, as though it had never existed.)

If we examine closely the lesson in philosophy the poet gives us, we shall find in this passage a spirit that has lost its "being-there" (être-là), one that has so declined as to fall from *the being of its shade* and mingle with the rumors of being, in the form of meaningless noise, of a confused hum that *cannot be located*. It once was. But wasn't it merely the noise that it has become? Isn't its punishment the fact of having become the mere echo of the meaningless, useless noise it once was? Wasn't it formerly what it is now: a sonorous echo from the vaults of hell? It is condemned to repeat the word of its evil intention, a word which, being imprinted in being, has overthrown being.[1] And we are in hell, and a part of us is always in hell, walled-up, as we are, in the world of evil intentions. Through what naïve intuition do we locate evil, which is boundless, in a hell? This spirit, this shade, this noise of a shade which, the poet tells us, desires its unity, may be heard on the outside without it being possible to be sure that it is inside. In this "horrible inside-outside" of unuttered words and unfulfilled intentions, within itself, being is slowly digesting its nothingness. The process of its reduction to nothing will last "for centuries." The hum of the being of rumors continues both in time and in space. In vain the spirit gathers its remaining strength. It has become the backwash of expiring being. Being is alternately condensation that disperses with a burst, and dispersion that flows back to a center. Outside and inside are both intimate

[1] Another poet writes: "To think that a mere word, a name, suffices to make the dividing walls of your strength come tumbling down." Pierre Reverdy, *Risques et Périls*, p. 23.

—they are always ready to be reversed, to exchange their hostility. If there exists a border-line surface between such an inside and outside, this surface is painful on both sides. When we experience this passage by Henri Michaux, we absorb a mixture of being and nothingness. The center of "being-there" wavers and trembles. Intimate space loses its clarity, while exterior space loses its void, void being the raw material of possibility of being . We are banished from the realm of possibility.

In this drama of intimate geometry, where should one live? The philosopher's advice to withdraw into oneself in order to take one's place in existence, loses its value, and even its significance, when the supplest image of "being-there" has just been experienced through the ontological nightmare of this poet. Let us observe, however, that this nightmare is not visually frightening. The fear does not come from the outside. Nor is it composed of old memories. It has no past, no physiology. Nothing in common, either, with having one's breath taken away. Here fear is being itself. Where can one flee, where find refuge? In what shelter can one take refuge? Space is nothing but a "horrible outside-inside."

And the nightmare is simple, because it is radical. It would be intellectualizing the experience if we were to say that the nightmare is the result of a sudden doubt as to the certainty of inside and the distinctness of outside. What Michaux gives us as an *a priori* of being is the entire space-time of ambiguous being. In this ambiguous space, the mind has lost its geometrical homeland and the spirit is drifting.

Undoubtedly, we do not have to pass through the narrow gate of such a poem. The philosophies of anguish want principles that are less simplified. They do not turn their attention to the activity of an ephemeral imagination, for the reason that they inscribed anguish in the heart of being long before images had given it reality. Philosophers treat themselves to anguish, and all they see in the images are manifestations of its causality. They are not at all concerned with living the being of the image. Phenomenology

of the imagination must assume the task of seizing this ephemeral being. In fact, phenomenology can learn from the very brevity of the image. What strikes us here is that the metaphysical aspect originates on the very level of the image, on the level of an image which disturbs the notions of a spatiality commonly considered to be able to reduce these disturbances and restore the mind to a statute of indifference to space that does not have to localize dramatic events.

Personally, I welcome this poet's image as a little piece of experimental folly, like a virtual grain of hashish without which it is impossible to enter into the reign of the imagination. And how should one receive an exaggerated image, if not by exaggerating it a little more, by personalizing the exaggeration? The phenomenological gain appears right away: in prolonging *exaggeration*, we may have the good fortune to avoid the habits of *reduction*. With space images, we are in a region where reduction is easy, commonplace. There will always be someone who will do away with all complications and oblige us to leave as soon as there is mention of space—whether figurative or not—or of the opposition of outside and inside. But if reduction is easy, exaggeration is all the more interesting, from the standpoint of phenomenology. This problem is very favorable, it seems to me, for marking the opposition between reflexive reduction and pure imagination. However, the direction of psychoanalytical interpretation—which is more liberal than classical literary criticism—follows the diagram of reduction. Only phenomenology makes it a principle to examine and test the psychological being of an image, before any reduction is undertaken. The dialectics of the dynamisms of reduction and exaggeration can throw light on the dialectics of psychoanalysis and phenomenology. It is, of course, phenomenology which gives us the psychic positivity of the image. Let us therefore transform our amazement into admiration. We can even begin by admiring. Then, later, we shall see whether or not it will be necessary to organize our disappointment through criticism and reduction. To benefit from this active, immediate admiration, one has only

to follow the positive impulse of exaggeration. Here I read Michaux's poem over and over, and I accept it as a phobia of inner space, as though hostile remoteness had already become oppressive in the tiny cell represented by inner space. With this poem, Henri Michaux has juxtaposed in us claustrophobia and agoraphobia; he has aggravated the line of demarcation between outside and inside. But in doing so, from the psychological standpoint, he has demolished the lazy certainties of the geometrical intuitions by means of which psychologists sought to govern the space of intimacy. Even figuratively, nothing that concerns intimacy can be shut in, nor is it possible to fit into one another, for purposes of designating depth, impressions that continue to *surge up*. A fine example of phenomenological notation may be seen in the following simple line by a symbolist poet: "The pansy took on new life when it became a corolla . . . ."[1]

A philosopher of the imagination, therefore, should follow the poet to the ultimate extremity of his images, without ever reducing this extremism, which is the specific phenomenon of the poetic impulse. In a letter to Clara Rilke, Rilke wrote: "Works of art always spring from those who have faced the danger, gone to the very end of an experience, to the point beyond which no human being can go. The further one dares to go, the more decent, the more personal, the more unique a life becomes."[2] But is it necessary to go and look for "danger" other than the danger of writing, of expressing oneself? Doesn't the poet put language in danger? Doesn't he utter words that are dangerous? Hasn't the fact that, for so long, poetry has been the echo of heartache, given it a pure dramatic tonality? When we really live a poetic image, we learn to know, in one of its tiny fibres, a becoming of being that is an awareness of the *being's inner disturbance*. Here being is so sensitive that it is upset by a word. In the same letter,

1 André Fontainas, *L'ornement de la solitude*, Mercure de France, 1899, p. 22.
2 *Lettres*, Stock, Paris, p. 167.

Rilke adds: "This sort of derangement, which is peculiar to us, must go into our work."

Exaggeration of images is in fact so *natural* that however original a poet may be, one often finds the same impulse in another poet. Certain images used by Jules Supervielle, for instance, may be compared with the Michaux image we have just been studying. Supervielle also juxtaposes claustrophobia and agoraphobia when he writes: *"Trop d'espace nous etouffe beaucoup plus que s'il n'y en avait pas assez."*[1] (Too much space smothers us much more than if there were not enough).

Supervielle is also familiar with "exterior dizziness" (*loc. cit.*, p. 21). And elsewhere he speaks of "interior immensity." Thus the two spaces of inside and outside exchange their dizziness.

In another text by Supervielle, which Christian Sénéchal points out in his book on Supervielle, *the prison is outside*. After endless rides on the South American pampas, Supervielle wrote: "Precisely because of too much riding and too much freedom, and of the unchanging horizon, in spite of our desperate gallopings, the pampa assumed the aspect of a prison for me, a prison that was bigger than the others."

IV

If, through poetry, we restore to the activity of language its free field of expression, we are obliged to supervise the use of fossilized metaphors. For instance, when open and closed are to play a metaphorical rôle, shall we harden or soften the metaphor? Shall we repeat with the logicians that a door must be open or closed? And shall we find in this maxim an instrument that is really effective for analyzing human passions? In any case, such tools for analysis should be sharpened each time they are used. Each metaphor must be restored to its surface nature; it must be brought up out of habit of expression to actuality of ex-

1 Jules Supervielle, *Gravitations*, p. 19.

pression. For it is dangerous, in expressing oneself, to be "all roots."

The phenomenology of the poetic imagination allows us to explore the being of man considered as the being of a *surface*, of the surface that separates the region of the same from the region of the other. It should not be forgotten that in this zone of sensitized surface, before being, one must speak, if not to others, at least to oneself. And advance always. In this orientation, the universe of speech governs all the phenomena of being, that is, the new phenomena. By means of poetic language, waves of newness flow over the surface of being. And language bears within itself the dialectics of open and closed. Through *meaning* it encloses, while through poetic expression, it opens up.

It would be contrary to the nature of my inquiries to summarize them by means of radical formulas, by defining the being of man, for instance, as the being of an ambiguity. I only know how to work with a philosophy of detail. Then, on the surface of being, in that region where being *wants* to be both visible and hidden, the movements of opening and closing are so numerous, so frequently inverted, and so charged with hesitation, that we could conclude on the following formula: man is half-open being.

V

But how many daydreams we should have to analyze under the simple heading of Doors! For the door is an entire cosmos of the Half-open. In fact, it is one of its primal images, the very origin of a daydream that accumulates desires and temptations: the temptation to open up the ultimate depths of being, and the desire to conquer all reticent beings. The door schematizes two strong possibilities, which sharply classify two types of daydream. At times, it is closed, bolted, padlocked. At others, it is open, that is to say, wide open.

But then come the hours of greater imagining sensibility. On May nights, when so many doors are closed, there is one that is just barely ajar. We have only to give it a very

slight push! The hinges have been well oiled. And our fate becomes visible.

And how many doors were doors of hesitation! In *La Romance du Retour*, by Jean Pellerin, this tender, delicate poet wrote:[1]

La porte me flaire, elle hésite.

(The door scents me, it hesitates.)

In this verse, so much psychism is transferred to the object that a reader who attaches importance to objectivity will see in it mere brain-play. If such a document had its source in some remote mythology, we should find it more readily acceptable. But why not take the poet's verse as a small element of spontaneous mythology? Why not sense that, incarnated in the door, there is a little threshold god? And there is no need to return to a distant past, a past that is no longer our own, to find sacred properties attributed to the threshold. In the third century, Porphyrus wrote: "A threshold is a sacred thing."[2] But even if erudition did not permit us to refer to such a sacralization, why should we not react to sacralization through poetry, through a poem of our own time, tinged with fantasy, perhaps, but which is in harmony with primal values.

Another poet, with no thought of Zeus, discovered the majesty of the threshold within himself and wrote the following:

Je me surprends à définir le seuil
Comme étant le lieu géométrique
Des arrivées et des départs
Dans la Maison du Père.[3]

(I find myself defining threshold
As being the geometrical place
Of the comings and goings
In my Father's House.)

[1] Jean Pellerin, *La Romance du Retour*, N.R.F. 1921, p. 18.
[2] Porphyrus: *The Nymph's Cave* § 27.
[3] Michel Barrault, *Dominicale*, I, p. 11.

And what of all the doors of mere curiosity, that have tempted being for nothing, for emptiness, for an unknown that is not even imagined?

Is there one of us who hasn't in his memories a Bluebeard chamber that should not have been opened, even half-way? Or—which is the same thing for a philosophy that believes in the primacy of the imagination—that should not even have been imagined open, or capable of opening half-way?

How concrete everything becomes in the world of the spirit when an object, a mere door, can give images of hesitation, temptation, desire, security, welcome and respect. If one were to give an account of all the doors one has closed and opened, of all the doors one would like to re-open, one would have to tell the story of one's entire life.

But is he who opens a door and he who closes it the same being? The gestures that make us conscious of security or freedom are rooted in a profound depth of being. Indeed, it is because of this "depth" that they become so normally symbolical. Thus René Char takes as the theme of one of his poems this sentence by Albert the Great: "In Germany there once lived twins, one of whom opened doors by touching them with his right arm, and the other who closed them by touching them with his left arm." A legend like this, treated by a poet, is naturally not a mere reference. It helps the poet sensitize the world at hand, and refine the symbols of everyday life. The old legend becomes quite new when the poet makes it his own. He knows that there are two "beings" in a door, that a door awakens in us a two-way dream, that it is doubly symbolical.

And then, onto what, toward what, do doors open? Do they open for the world of men, or for the world of solitude? Ramon Gomez de la Serna wrote: "Doors that open on the countryside seem to confer freedom behind the world's back."[1]

[1] Ramon Gomez de la Serna, *Echantillons*, p. 167, Grasset, Paris.

VI

As soon as the word *in* appears in an expression, people are inclined not to take literally the *reality of the expression*, and they translate what they believe to be figurative language into reasonable language. It is not easy for me, indeed it seems futile, to follow, for instance, the poet—I shall furnish documentation on the subject—who says that the house of the past is alive in his own head. I immediately interpret: the poet simply wants to say that an old memory has been preserved *in* his mind. The exaggerated nature of the image that seeks to upset the relationship of contained to container makes us shrink in the presence of what can appear to be mental derangement of images. We should be more indulgent if we were reading a fever chart. By following the labyrinth of fever that runs through the body, by exploring the "seats of fever," or the pains that inhabit a hollow tooth, we should learn that the imagination localizes suffering and creates and recreates imaginary anatomies. But I shall not use in this work the numerous documents that psychiatry provides. I prefer to underline my break with causalism by rejecting all organic causality. For my problem is to discuss the images of a pure, free imagination, a liberating imagination that has no connection with organic incitements.

These documents of absolute poetics exist. The poet does not shrink before reversals of dovetailings. Without even thinking that he is scandalizing reasonable men, contrary to the most ordinary common sense, he actually experiences reversal of dimensions or inversion of the perspective of inside and outside.

The abnormal nature of the image does not mean that it is artificially produced, for the imagination is the most natural of faculties. No doubt the images I plan to examine could not figure in a psychology of projects, even of *imaginary projects*. For every project is a contexture of images and thoughts that supposes a grasp of reality. We need not consider it, consequently, in a doctrine of pure

imagination. It is even useless to *continue* an image, or to *maintain* it. All we want is for it to exist.

Let us study then, in all phenomenological simplicity, the documents furnished by poets.

In his book: *Où boivent les loups,* Tristan Tzara writes (p. 24):

Une lente humilité pénètre dans la chambre
Qui habite en moi dans la paume du repos

(A slow humility penetrates the room
That dwells in me in the palm of repose.)

In order to derive benefit from the oneirism of such an image, one must no doubt first place oneself "in the palm of repose," that is, withdraw into oneself, and condense oneself in the being of a repose, which is the asset one has most easily "at hand." Then the great stream of simple humility that is in the silent room flows into ourselves. The intimacy of the room becomes our intimacy. And correlatively, intimate space has become so quiet, so simple, that all the quietude of the room is localized and centralized in it. The room is very deeply our room, it is in us. We no longer *see* it. It no longer *limits* us, because we are in the very ultimate depth of its repose, in the repose that it has conferred upon us. And all our former rooms come and fit into this one. How simple everything is!

In another passage, which is even more enigmatic for the reasonable mind, but quite as clear for anyone who senses the topoanalytical inversions of images, Tzara writes:

Le marché du soleil est entré dans la chambre
Et la chambre dans la tête bourdonnante.

(The market of the sun has come into my room
And the room into my buzzing head.)

In order to accept and hear this image, one must experience the strange whir of the sun as it comes into a room in which one is alone, for it is a fact that the first ray *strikes*

the wall. These sounds will be heard also—over and beyond the fact—by those who know that every one of the sun's rays carries with it bees. Then everything starts buzzing and one's head is a hive, the hive of the sounds of the sun.

To begin with, Tzara's image was overcharged with surrealism. But if we overcharge it still more, if we increase the charge of image, if we go beyond the barriers set up by criticism, then we really enter into the surrealistic action of a pure image. And the exaggerated nature of the image is thus proved to be active and communicable, this means that it started well: the sunny room is buzzing *in* the head of the dreamer.

A psychologist will say that all my analysis does is to relate daring, too daring, "associations." And a psychoanalyst will agree perhaps to "analyze" this daring; he is accustomed to doing this. Both of them, if they take the image as symptomatic, will try to find reasons and causes for it. A phenomenologist has a different approach. He takes the image just as it is, just as the poet created it, and tries to make it his own, to feed on this rare fruit. He brings the image to the very limit of what he is able to imagine. However far from being a poet he himself may be, he tries to repeat its creation for himself and, if possible, continue its exaggeration. Here association ceases to be fortuitous, but is sought after, willed. It is a poetic, specifically poetic, constitution. It is sublimation that is entirely rid of the organic or psychic weights from which one wanted to be free. In other words, it corresponds to pure sublimation.

Of course, such an image is not received in the same way every day. Psychically speaking, it is never objective. Other commentaries could renew it. Also, to receive it properly, one should be in the felicitous mood of super-imagination.

Once we have been touched by the grace of super-imagination, we feel it in the presence of the simpler images through which the exterior world deposits virtual elements

of highly-colored space in the heart of our being. The image with which Pierre-Jean Jouve *constitutes* his secret being is one of these. He places it in his most intimate cell:

La cellule de moi-même emplit d'étonnement
La muraille peinte à la chaux de mon secret.

(*Les Noces*, p. 50)

(The cell of myself fills with wonder
The white-washed wall of my secret.)

The room in which the poet pursues such a dream as this is probably not "white-washed." But this room in which he is writing is so quiet, that it really deserves its name, which is, the "solitary" room! It is inhabited thanks to the image, just as one inhabits an image which is "in the imagination." Here the poet inhabits the cellular image. This image does not transpose a reality. It would be ridiculous, in fact, to ask the dreamer its dimensions. It does not lend itself to geometrical intuition, but is a solid framework for secret being. And secret being feels that it is guarded more by the whiteness of the lime-wash than by the strong walls. The cell of the secret is white. A single value suffices to coordinate any number of dreams. And it is always like that, the poetic image is under the domination of a heightened quality. The whiteness of the walls, alone, protects the dreamer's *cell*. It is stronger than all geometry. It is a part of the cell of intimacy.

Such images lack stability. As soon as we depart from expression as it is, as the author gives it, in all spontaneity, we risk relapsing into literal meaning. We also risk being bored by writing that is incapable of condensing the intimacy of the image. And we have to withdraw deep into ourselves, for instance, to read this fragment by Maurice Blanchot in the tonality of being in which it was written: "About this room, which was plunged in utter darkness, I knew everything. I had entered into it, I bore it within me, I made it live, with a life that is not life, but which is stronger than life, and which no force in the world can

vanquish."[1] One feels in these repetitions, or to be more exact, in this constant strengthening of an image into which one has entered (and not of a room into which one has entered, a room which the author bears within himself, and which he has made live with a life that does not exist in life) one feels, as I said, that it is not the writer's intention merely to describe his *familiar* abode. Memory would *encumber* this image by stocking it with *composite memories* from several periods of time. Here everything is simpler, more radically simple. Blanchot's room is an abode of intimate space, it is his inner room. We share the writer's image, thanks to what we are obliged to call a *general image*, that is, an image which participation keeps us from confusing with a *generality*. We individualize this general image right away. We live in it, we enter into it the way Blanchot enters into his. Neither word nor idea suffices, the writer must help us to reverse space, and shun description, in order to have a more valid experience of the hierarchy of repose.

Often it is from the very fact of concentration in the most restricted intimate space that the dialectics of inside and outside draws its strength. One feels this elasticity in the following passage by Rilke:[2] "And there is almost no space here; and you feel almost calm at the thought that it is impossible for anything very large to hold in this narrowness." There is consolation in knowing that one is in an atmosphere of calm, in a narrow space. Rilke achieved this narrowness intimately, in inner space where everything is commensurate with inner being. Then, in the next sentence, the text continues dialectically: "But outside, everything is immeasurable. And when the level rises outside, it also rises in you, not in the vessels that are partially controlled by you, or in the phlegm of your most unimpressionable organs: but it grows in the capillary veins, drawn upward into the furthermost branches of your infinitely ramified existence. This is where it rises, where it overflows from you, higher than your respiration, and,

[1] Maurice Blanchot, *L'arrêt de mort*, p. 124.
[2] Rilke, French translation, p. 106, of *Les Cahiers*.

as a final resort, you take refuge, as though on the tip of your breath. Ah! where, where next? Your heart banishes you from yourself, your heart pursues you, and you are already almost beside yourself, and you can't stand it any longer. Like a beetle that has been stepped on, you flow from yourself, and your lack of hardness or elasticity means nothing any more.

"Oh night without objects. Oh window muffled on the outside, oh, doors carefully closed; customs that have come down from times long past, transmitted, verified, never entirely understood. Oh silence in the stair-well, silence in the adjoining rooms, silence up there, on the ceiling. Oh mother, oh one and only you, who faced all this silence, when I was a child."

I have given this long passage without cuts for the reason that it has dynamic continuity. Inside and outside are not abandoned to their geometrical opposition. From what overflow of a ramified interior does the substance of being run, does the outside call? Isn't the exterior an old intimacy lost in the shadow of memory? In what silence does the stair-well resound? In this silence there are soft foot-steps: the mother comes back to watch over her child, as she once did. She restores to all these confused, unreal sounds their concrete, familiar meaning. Limitless night ceases to be empty space. This passage by Rilke, which is assailed by such frights, finds its peace. But by what a long, circuitous route! In order to experience it in the reality of the images, one would have to remain the contemporary of an osmosis between intimate and undetermined space.

I have presented texts that were as varied as possible, in order to show that there exists a play of values, which makes everything in the category of simple determinations fall into second place. The opposition of outside and inside ceases to have as coefficient its geometrical evidence.

To conclude this chapter, I shall consider a fragment in which Balzac defines determined opposition in the face of

affronted space. This text is all the more interesting in that Balzac felt obliged to correct it.

In an early version of *Louis Lambert*, we read: "When he used his entire strength, he grew unaware, as it were, of his physical life, and only existed through the all-powerful play of his interior organs, the range of which he constantly maintained and, according to his own admirable expression, he made *space withdraw before his advance.*"[1]

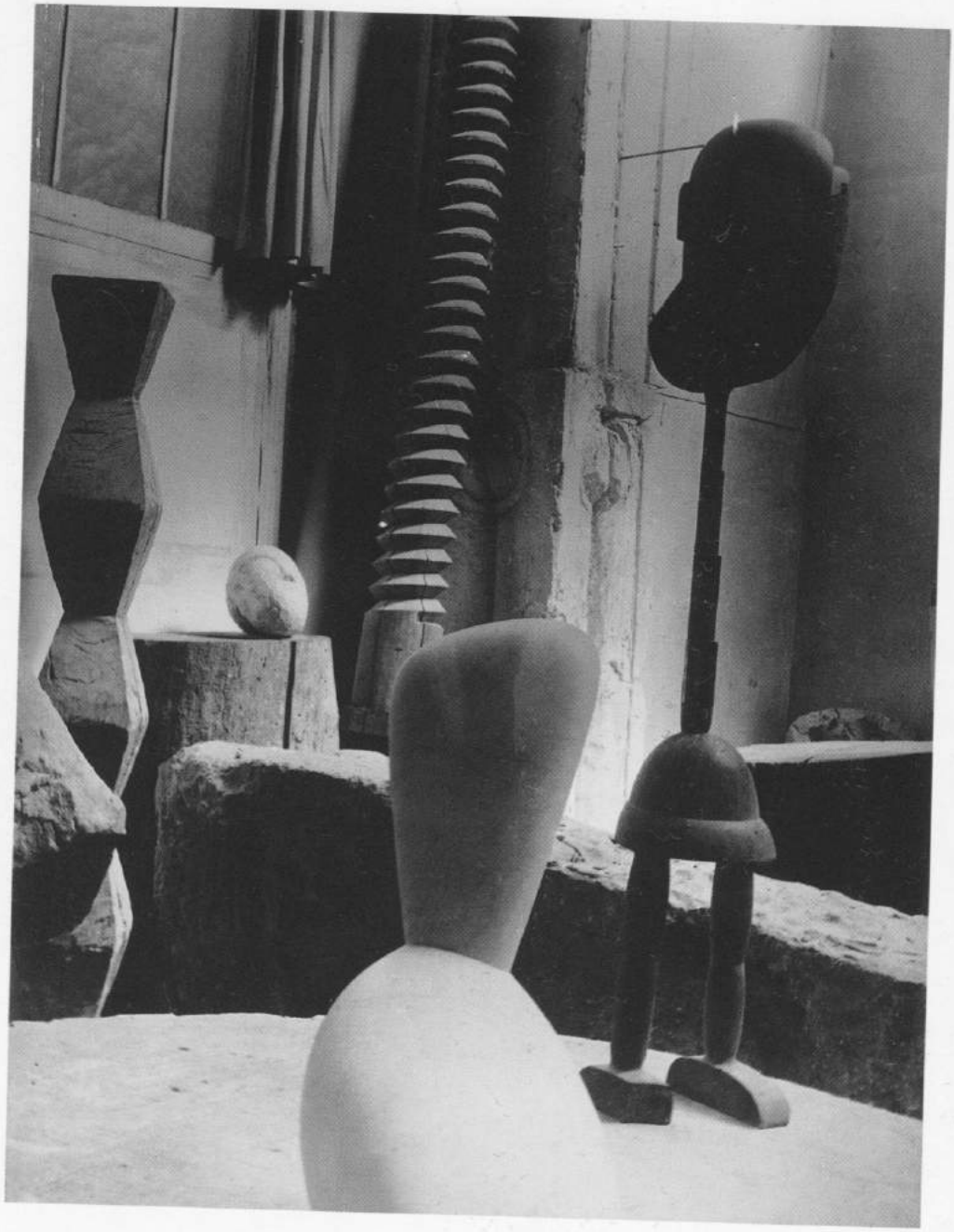
In the final version, we read simply: "He left space, as he said, behind him."

What a difference between these two movements of expression! What decline of power of being faced with space, between the first and second forms! In fact, one is puzzled that Balzac should have made such a correction. He returned, in other words, to "indifferent space." In a meditation on the subject of being, one usually puts space between parentheses, in other words, one leaves space "behind one." As a sign of the lost "tonalization" of being, it should be noted that "admiration" subsided. The second mode of expression is no longer, according to the author's own admission, *admirable*. Because it really was admirable, this power to make *space withdraw*, to put space, all space, outside, in order that meditating being might be free to think.

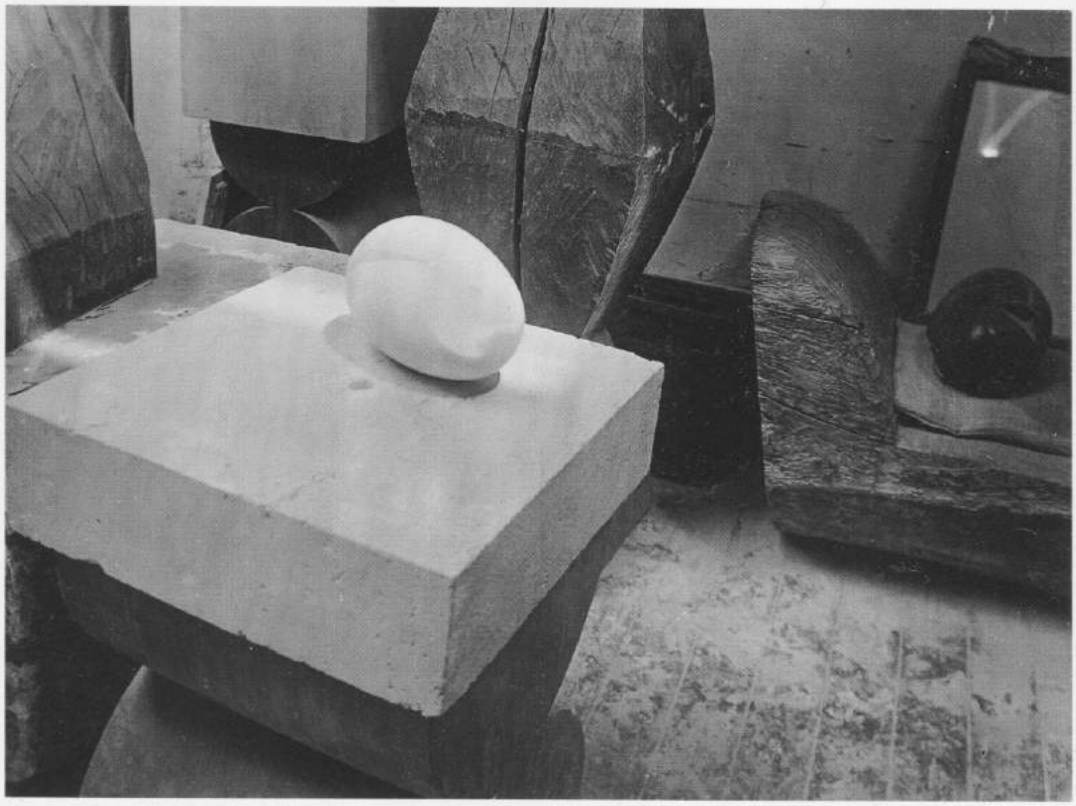
[1] Ed. Jean Pommier, *Corti*, p. 19.

6. Ph 25g, before 25 May 1922 (?), cat. no. 7

7. Ph 49a, 1924, cat. no. 11



20. Ph 84, *c.* 1929–30, cat. no. 27



ROBERT SMITHSON

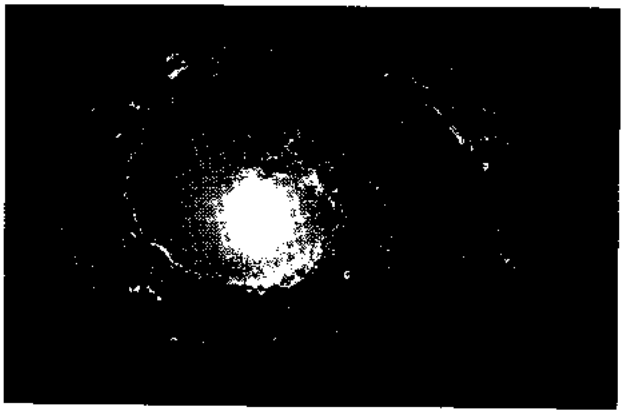
THE SPIRAL JETTY (1972)

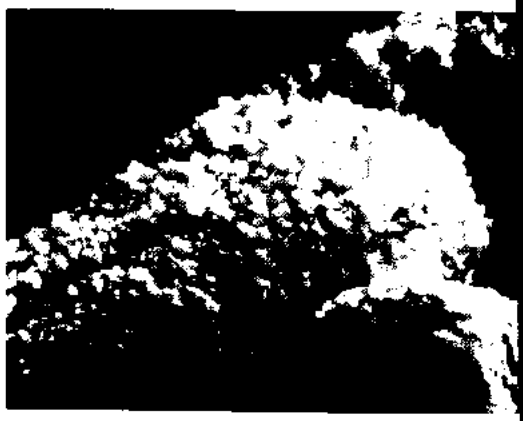
> Red is the most joyful and dreadful thing in the physical universe; it is the fiercest note, it is the highest light, it is the place where the walls of this world of ours wear the thinnest and something beyond burns through.
>
> G. K. Chesterton

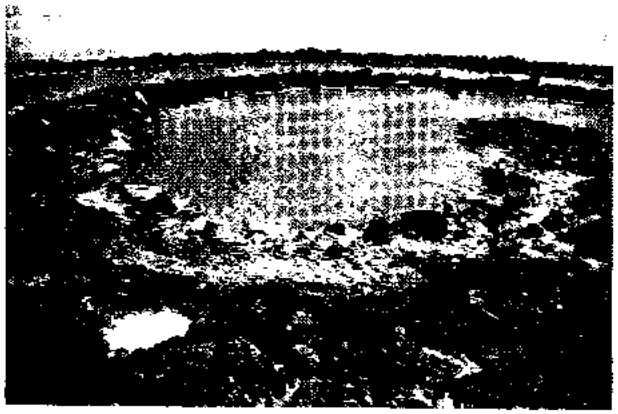
My concern with salt lakes began with my work in 1968 on the Mono Lake Site-Nonsite in California.[1] Later I read a book called *Vanishing Trails of Atacama* by William Rudolph which described salt lakes (salars) in Bolivia in all stages of desiccation, and filled with micro bacteria that give the water surface a red color. The pink flamingos that live around the salars match the color of the water. In *The Useless Land*, John Aarons and Claudio Vita-Finzi describe Laguna Colorada: "The basalt (at the shores) is black, the volcanos purple, and their exposed interiors yellow and red. The beach is grey and the lake pink, topped with the icing of iceberg-like masses of salts."[2] Because of the remoteness of Bolivia and because Mono Lake lacked a reddish color, I decided to investigate the Great Salt Lake in Utah.

Arts of the Environment, edited by Gyorgy Kepes, 1972

This and the following illustrations show the *Spiral Jetty*, Great Salt Lake, Utah, April 1970. Coil 1500' long and approximately 15' wide. Black rock, salt cryscals, earth, red water (algae). All photos are by Gianfranco Gorgoni.







From New York City I called the Utah Park Development and spoke to Ted Tuttle, who told me that water in the Great Salt Lake north of the Lucin Cutoff, which cuts the lake in two, was the color of tomato soup. That was enough of a reason to go out there and have a look. Tuttle told my wife, Nancy Holt, and myself of some people who knew the lake. First we visited Bill Holt who lived in Syracuse. He was instrumental in building a causeway that connected Syracuse with Antelope Island in the southern part of the Great Salt Lake. Although that site was interesting, the water lacked the red coloration I was looking for, so we continued our search. Next we went to see John Silver on Silver Sands Beach near Magna. His sons showed us the only boat that sailed the lake. Due to the high salt content of the water it was impractical for ordinary boats to use the lake, and no large boats at all could go beyond the Lucin Cutoff on which the transcontinental railroad crossed the lake. At that point I was still not sure what shape my work of art would take. I thought of making an island with the help of boats and barges, but in the end I would let the site determine what I would build. We visited Charles Stoddard, who supposedly had the only barge on the north side of the cutoff. Stoddard, a well-driller, was one of the last homesteaders in Utah. His attempt to develop Carrington Island in 1932 ended in failure because he couldn't find fresh water. "I've had the lake," he said. Yet, while he was living on the island with his family he made many valuable observations of the lake. He was kind enough to take us to Little Valley on the east side of the Lucin Cutoff to look for his barge—it had sunk. The abandoned man-made harbors of Little Valley gave me my first view of the wine-red water, but there were too many "Keep Out" signs around to make that a practical site for anything, and we were told to "stay away" by two angry ranchers. After fixing a gashed gas tank, we returned to Charles Stoddard's house north of Syracuse on the edge of some salt marshes. He showed us photographs he had taken of "icebergs,"[3] and Kit Carson's cross carved on a rock on Fremont Island. We then decided to leave and go to Rozel Point.

Driving west on Highway 83 late in the afternoon, we passed through Corinne, then went on to Promontory. Just beyond the Golden Spike Monument, which commemorates the meeting of the rails of the first transcontinental railroad, we went down a dirt road in a wide valley. As we traveled, the valley spread into an uncanny immensity unlike the other landscapes we had seen. The roads on the map became a net of dashes, while in the far distance the Salt Lake existed as an interrupted silver band. Hills took on the appearance of melting solids, and glowed under amber light. We followed roads that glided away into dead ends. Sandy slopes turned into viscous masses of perception. Slowly, we drew near to the lake, which resembled an impassive faint violet sheet held captive in a stoney matrix, upon which the sun poured down its crushing light. An expanse of salt flats bordered the lake, and caught in its sediments were countless bits of wreckage. Old piers were left high and dry. The mere sight of the trapped fragments of junk and waste transported one into a

world of modern prehistory. The products of a Devonian industry, the remains of a Silurian technology, all the machines of the Upper Carboniferous Period were lost in those expansive deposits of sand and mud.

Two dilapidated shacks looked over a tired group of oil rigs. A series of seeps of heavy black oil more like asphalt occur just south of Rozel Point. For forty or more years people have tried to get oil out of this natural tar pool. Pumps coated with black stickiness rusted in the corrosive salt air. A hut mounted on pilings could have been the habitation of "the missing link." A great pleasure arose from seeing all those incoherent structures. This site gave evidence of a succession of man-made systems mired in abandoned hopes.

About one mile north of the oil seeps I selected my site. Irregular beds of limestone dip gently eastward, massive deposits of black basalt are broken over the peninsula, giving the region a shattered appearance. It is one of few places on the lake where the water comes right up to the mainland. Under shallow pinkish water is a network of mud cracks supporting the jig-saw puzzle that composes the salt flats. As I looked at the site, it reverberated out to the horizons only to suggest an immobile cyclone while flickering light made the entire landscape appear to quake. A dormant earthquake spread into the fluttering stillness, into a spinning sensation without movement. This site was a rotary that enclosed itself in an immense roundness. From that gyrating space emerged the possibility of the Spiral Jetty. No ideas, no concepts, no systems, no structures, no abstractions could hold themselves together in the actuality of that evidence. My dialectics of site and nonsite whirled into an indeterminate state, where solid and liquid lost themselves in each other. It was as if the mainland oscillated with waves and pulsations, and the lake remained rock still. The shore of the lake became the edge of the sun, a boiling curve, an explosion rising into a fiery prominence. Matter collapsing into the lake mirrored in the shape of a spiral. No sense wondering about classifications and categories, there were none.

After securing a twenty year lease on the meandering zone,[4] and finding a contractor in Ogden, I began building the jetty in April, 1970. Bob Phillips, the foreman, sent two dump trucks, a tractor, and a large front loader out to the site. The tail of the spiral began as a diagonal line of stakes that extended into the meandering zone. A string was then extended from a central stake in order to get the coils of the spiral. From the end of the diagonal to the center of the spiral, three curves coiled to the left. Basalt and earth were scooped up from the beach at the beginning of the jetty by the front loader, then deposited in the trucks, whereupon the trucks backed up to the outline of stakes and dumped the material. On the edge of the water, at the beginning of the tail, the wheels of the trucks sank into a quagmire of sticky gumbo mud. A whole afternoon was spent filling in this spot. Once the trucks passed that problem, there was always the chance that the salt crust resting on the mud flats would break through. The Spiral Jetty was staked out in such a way as to avoid the soft

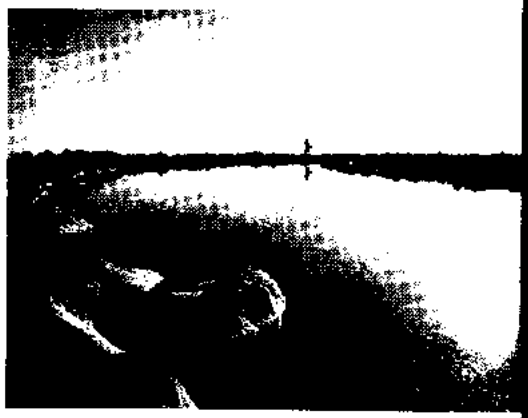
muds that broke up through the salt crust; nevertheless there were some mud fissures that could not be avoided. One could only hope that tension would hold the entire jetty together, and it did. A cameraman was sent by the Ace Gallery in Los Angeles to film the process.

The scale of the Spiral Jetty tends to fluctuate depending on where the viewer happens to be. Size determines an object, but scale determines art. A crack in the wall if viewed in terms of scale, not size, could be called the Grand Canyon. A room could be made to take on the immensity of the solar system. Scale depends on one's capacity to be conscious of the actualities of perception. When one refuses to release scale from size, one is left with an object or language that *appears* to be certain. For me scale operates by uncertainty. To be in the scale of the Spiral Jetty is to be out of it. On eye level, the tail leads one into an undifferentiated state of matter. One's downward gaze pitches from side to side, picking out random depositions of salt crystals on the inner and outer edges, while the entire mass echoes the irregular horizons. And each cubic salt crystal echoes the Spiral Jetty in terms of the crystal's molecular lattice. Growth in a crystal advances around a dislocation point, in the manner of a screw. The Spiral Jetty could be considered one layer within the spiraling crystal lattice, magnified trillions of times.

This description echoes and reflects Brancusi's sketch of James Joyce as a "spiral ear" because it suggests both a visual and an aural scale, in other words it indicates a sense of scale that resonates in the eye and the ear at the same time. Here is a reinforcement and prolongation of spirals that reverberates up and down space and time. So it is that one ceases to consider art in terms of an "object." The fluctuating resonances reject "objective criticism," because that would stifle the generative power of both visual and auditory scale. Not to say that one resorts to "subjective concepts," but rather that one apprehends what is around one's eyes and ears, no matter how unstable or fugitive. One seizes the spiral, and the spiral becomes a seizure.

After a point, measurable steps ("Scale skal n. it. or L; it. *Scala*; L *scala* usually *scalae* pl., 1. a. originally a ladder; a flight of stairs; hence, b. a means of ascent")[5] descend from logic to the "surd state." The rationality of a grid on a map sinks into what it is supposed to define. Logical purity suddenly finds itself in a bog, and welcomes the unexpected event. The "curved" reality of sense perception operates in and out of the "straight" abstractions of the mind. The flowing mass of rock and earth of the Spiral Jetty could be trapped by a grid of segments, but the segments would exist only in the mind or on paper. Of course, it is also possible to translate the mental spiral into a three-dimensional succession of measured lengths that would involve areas, volumes, masses, moments, pressures, forces, stresses, and strains; but in the Spiral Jetty the surd takes over and leads one into a world that cannot be expressed by number or rationality. Ambiguities are admitted rather than rejected, contradictions are increased rather than decreased—the *alogos* undermines the *logos*. Purity is put in jeopardy. I

Detail of tumbleweed coated with salt crystals.



The *Spiral Jetty*, detail.

took my chances on a perilous path, along which my steps zigzagged, resembling a spiral lightning bolt. "We have found a strange footprint on the shores of the unknown. We have devised profound theories, one after another, to account for its origin. At last, we have succeeded in constructing the creature that made the footprint. And lo! it is our own."[6] For my film (a film is a spiral made up of frames) I would have myself filmed from a helicopter (from the Greek *helix*, *helikos* meaning spiral) directly overhead in order to get the scale in terms of erratic steps.

Chemically speaking, our blood is analogous in composition to the primordial seas. Following the spiral steps we return to our origins, back to some pulpy protoplasm, a floating eye adrift in an antediluvian ocean. On the slopes of Rozel Point I closed my eyes, and the sun burned crimson through the lids. I opened them and the Great Salt Lake was bleeding scarlet streaks. My sight was saturated by the color of red algae circulating in the heart of the lake, pumping into ruby currents, no they were veins and arteries sucking up the obscure sediments. My eyes became combustion chambers churning orbs of blood blazing by the light of the sun. All was enveloped in a flaming chromosphere; I thought of Jackson Pollock's *Eyes in the Heat* (1946; Peggy Guggenheim Collection). Swirling within the incandescence of solar energy were sprays of blood. My movie would end in sunstroke. Perception was heaving, the stomach turning, I was on a geologic fault that groaned within me. Between heat lightning and heat exhaustion the spiral curled into vaporization. I had the red heaves, while the sun vomited its corpuscular radiations. Rays of glare hit my eyes with the frequency of a Geiger counter. Surely, the storm clouds massing would turn into a rain of blood. Once, when I was flying over the lake, its surface seemed to hold all the properties of an unbroken field of raw meat with gristle (foam); no doubt it was due to some freak wind action. Eyesight is often slaughtered by the other senses, and when that happens it becomes necessary to seek out dispassionate abstractions. The dizzying spiral yearns for the assurance of geometry. One wants to retreat into the cool rooms of reason.

But no, there was Van Gogh with his easel on some sun-baked lagoon painting ferns of the Carboniferous Period. Then the mirage faded into the burning atmosphere.

From the center of the Spiral Jetty

North — Mud, salt crystals, rocks, water
North by East — Mud, salt crystals, rocks, water
Northeast by North — Mud, salt crystals, rocks, water
Northeast by East — Mud, salt crystals, rocks, water
East by North — Mud, salt crystals, rocks, water
East — Mud, salt crystals, rocks, water
East by South — Mud, salt crystals, rocks, water
Southeast by East — Mud, salt crystals, rocks, water
Southeast by South — Mud, salt crystals, rocks, water
South by East — Mud, salt crystals, rocks, water
South — Mud, salt crystals, rocks, water
South by West — Mud, salt crystals, rocks, water
Southwest by South — Mud, salt crystals, rocks, water
Southwest by West — Mud, salt crystals, rocks, water
West by South — Mud, salt crystals, rocks, water
West — Mud, salt crystals, rocks, water
West by North — Mud, salt crystals, rocks, water
Northwest by West — Mud, salt crystals, rocks, water
Northwest by North — Mud, salt crystals, rocks, water
North by West — Mud, salt crystals, rocks, water

The helicopter maneuvered the sun's reflection through the Spiral Jetty until it reached the center. The water functioned as a vast thermal mirror. From that position the flaming reflection suggested the ion source of a cyclotron that extended into a spiral of collapsed matter. All sense of energy acceleration expired into a rippling stillness of reflected heat. A withering light swallowed the rocky particles of the spiral, as the helicopter gained altitude. All existence seemed tentative and stagnant. The sound of the helicopter motor became a primal groan echoing into tenuous aerial views. Was I but a shadow in a plastic bubble hovering in a place outside mind and body? *Et in Utah ego.* I was slipping out of myself again, dissolving into a unicellular beginning, trying to locate the nucleus at the end of the spiral. All that blood stirring makes one aware of protoplasmic solutions, the essential matter between the formed and the unformed, masses of cells consisting largely of water, proteins, lipoids, carbohydrates, and inorganic salts. Each drop that splashed onto the Spiral Jetty coagulated into a crystal. Undulating waters spread millions upon millions of crystals over the basalt.

The preceding paragraphs refer to a "scale of centers" that could be disentangled as follows:

(a) ion source in cyclotron
(b) a nucleus
(c) dislocation point
(d) a wooden stake in the mud
(e) axis of helicopter propeller
(f) James Joyce's ear channel
(g) the Sun
(h) a hole in the film reel.

Spinning off of this uncertain scale of centers would be an equally uncertain "scale of edges":

(a) particles
(b) protoplasmic solutions
(c) dizziness
(d) ripples
(e) flashes of light
(f) sections
(g) foot steps
(h) pink water.

The equation of my language remains unstable, a shifting set of coordinates, an arrangement of variables spilling into surds. My equation is as clear as mud —a muddy spiral.

Back in New York, the urban desert, I contacted Bob Fiore and Barbara Jarvis and asked them to help me put my movie together. The movie began as a set of disconnections, a bramble of stabilized fragments taken from things obscure and fluid, ingredients trapped in a succession of frames, a stream of viscosities both still and moving. And the movie editor, bending over such a chaos of "takes" resembles a paleontologist sorting out glimpses of a world not yet together, a land that has yet to come to completion, a span of time unfinished, a spaceless limbo on some spiral reels. Film strips hung from the cutter's rack, bits and pieces of Utah, out-takes overexposed and underexposed, masses of impenetrable material. The sun, the spiral, the salt buried in lengths of footage. Everything about movies and moviemaking is archaic and crude. One is transported by this Archeozoic medium into the earliest known geological eras. The movieola becomes a "time machine" that transforms trucks into dinosaurs. Fiore pulled lengths of film out of the movieola with the grace of a Neanderthal pulling intestines from a slaughtered mammoth. Outside his 13th Street loft window one expected to see Pleistocene faunas, glacial uplifts, living fossils, and other prehistoric wonders. Like two cavemen we plotted how to get to the Spiral Jetty from New York City. A geopolitics of primordial re-

turn ensued. How to get across the geography of Gondwanaland, the Austral Sea, and Atlantis became a problem. Consciousness of the distant past absorbed the time that went into the making of the movie. I needed a map that would show the prehistoric world as coextensive with the world I existed in.

I found an oval map of such a double world. The continents of the Jurassic Period merged with continents of today. A microlense fitted to the end of a camera mounted on a heavy tripod would trace the course of "absent images" in the blank spaces of the map. The camera panned from right to left. One is liable to see things in maps that are not there. One must be careful of the hypothetical monsters that lurk between the map's latitudes; they are designated on the map as black circles (marine reptiles) and squares (land reptiles). In the pan shot one doesn't see the flesh-eaters walking through what today is called Indochina. There is no indication of Pterodactyls flying over Bombay. And where are the corals and sponges covering southern Germany? In the emptiness one sees no Stegosaurus. In the middle of the pan we see Europe completely under water, but not a trace of the Brontosaurus. What line or color hides the Globigerina Ooze? I don't know. As the pan ends near Utah, on the edge of Atlantis, a cut takes place, and we find ourselves looking at a rectangular grid known as Location NK 12-7 on the border of a map drawn by the U.S. Geological Survey showing the northern part of the Great Salt Lake without any reference to the Jurassic Period.

> . . . the earth's history seems at times like a story recorded in a book each page of which is torn into small pieces. Many of the pages and some of the pieces of each page are missing. . . .[7]

I wanted Nancy to shoot "the earth's history" in one minute for the third section of the movie. I wanted to treat the above quote as a "fact." We drove out to the Great Notch Quarry in New Jersey, where I found a quarry facing about twenty feet high. I climbed to the top and threw handfuls of ripped-up pages from books and magazines over the edge, while Nancy filmed it. Some ripped pages from an Old Atlas blew across a dried out, cracked mud puddle.

> According to all we know from fossil anatomy that beast was comparatively harmless. Its only weapons were its teeth and claws. I don't know what those obscene looking paunches mean—they don't show in any fossil remains yet found. Nor do I know whether red is their natural color, or whether it is due to faster decay owing to all the oil having dripped down off them. So much for its supposed identity.[8]

The movie recapitulates the scale of the Spiral Jetty. Disparate elements assume a coherence. Unlikely places and things were stuck between sections of film that show a stretch of dirt road rushing to and from the actual site in Utah. A road that goes forward and backward between things and places that

are elsewhere. You might even say that the road is nowhere in particular. The disjunction operating between reality and film drives one into a sense of cosmic rupture. Nevertheless, all the improbabilities would accommodate themselves to my cinematic universe. Adrift amid scraps of film, one is unable to infuse into them any meaning, they seem worn-out, ossified views, degraded and pointless, yet they are powerful enough to hurl one into a lucid vertigo. The road takes one from a telescopic shot of the sun to a quarry in Great Notch New Jersey, to a map showing the "deformed shorelines of ancient Lake Bonneville," to *The Lost World*, and to the Hall of Late Dinosaurs in the American Museum of Natural History.

The hall was filmed through a red filter. The camera focuses on a Ornithominus Altus embedded in plaster behind a glass case. A pan across the room picked up a crimsom chiaroscuro tone. There are times when the great outdoors shrinks phenomenologically to the scale of a prison, and times when the indoors expands to the scale of the universe. So it is with the sequence from the Hall of Late Dinosaurs. An interior immensity spreads throughout the hall, transforming the lightbulbs into dying suns. The red filter dissolves the floor, ceiling, and walls into halations of infinite redness. Boundless desolation emerged from the cinematic emulsions, red clouds, burned from the intangible light beyond the windows, visibility deepened into ruby dispersions. The bones, the glass cases, the armatures brought forth a blood-drenched atmosphere. Blindly the camera stalked through the sullen light. Glassy reflections flashed into dissolutions like powdered blood. Under a burning window the skull of a Tyrannosaurus was mounted in a glass case with a mirror under the skull. In this limitless scale one's mind imagines things that are not there. The blood-soaked dropping of a sick Duck-Billed Dinosaur, for instance. Rotting monster flesh covered with millions of red spiders. Delusion follows delusion. The ghostly cameraman slides over the glassed-in compounds. These fragments of a timeless geology laugh without mirth at the time-filled hopes of ecology. From the soundtrack the echoing metronome vanishes into the wilderness of bones and glass. Tracking around a glass containing a "dinosaur mummy," the words of *The Unnameable* are heard. The camera shifts to a specimen squeezed flat by the weight of sediments, then the film cuts to the road in Utah.

NOTES

1. Dialectic of Site and Nonsite

Site	*Nonsite*
1. Open Limits	Closed Limits
2. A Series of Points	An Array of Matter
3. Outer Coordinates	Inner Coordinates
4. Subtraction	Addition
5. Indeterminate Certainty	Determinate Uncertainty
6. Scattered Information	Contained Information

7.	Reflection	Mirror
8.	Edge	Center
9.	Some Place (physical)	No Place (abstract)
10.	Many	One

Range of Convergence

The range of convergence between Site and Nonsite consists of a course of hazards, a double path made up of signs, photographs, and maps that belong to both sides of the dialectic at once. Both sides are present and absent at the same time. The land or ground from the Site is placed *in* the art (Nonsite) rather than the art placed *on* the ground. The Nonsite is a container within another container—the room. The plot or yard outside is yet another container. Two-dimensional and three-dimensional things trade places with each other in the range of convergence. Large scale becomes small. Small scale becomes large. A point on a map expands to the size of the land mass. A land mass contracts into a point. Is the Site a reflection of the Nonsite (mirror), or is it the other way around? The rules of this network of signs are discovered as you go along uncertain trails both mental and physical.

"No fish or reptile lives in it (Mono Lake), yet it swarms with millions of worms which develop into flies. These rest on the surface and cover everything on the immediate shore. The number and quantity of those worms and flies is absolutely incredible. They drift up in heaps along the shore." W. H. Brewer, *The Whitney Survey*, 1863.

2. London, 1960, p. 129.

3. "In spite of the concentrated saline quality of the water, ice is often formed on parts of the Lake. Of course, the lake brine does not freeze; it is far too salty for that. What actually happens is that during relatively calm weather, fresh water from the various streams flowing into the lake 'floats' on top of the salt water, the two failing to mix. Near mouths of rivers and creeks this 'floating' condition exists at all times during calm weather. During the winter this fresh water often freezes before it mixes with the brine. Hence, an ice sheet several inches thick has been known to extend from Weber River to Fremont Island, making it possible for coyotes to cross to the island and molest sheep pastured there. At times this ice breaks loose and floats about the lake in the form of 'icebergs.'" (David E. Miller, *Great Salt Lake Past and Present*, Pamphlet of the Utah History Atlas, Salt Lake City, 1949.)

4. *Township 8 North of Range 7 West of the Salt Lake Base and Meridian*: Unsurveyed land on the bed of the Great Salt Lake, if surveyed, would be described as follows:

   Beginning at a point South 3000 feet and West 800 feet from the Northeast Corner of Section 8, Township 8 North, Range 7 West; thence South 45° West 651 feet; thence North 60° West 651 feet; thence North 45° East 651 feet; thence Southeasterly along the meander line 675 feet to the point of beginning. Containing 10.00 acres, more or less. (*Special Use Lease Agreement No. 222*; witness: Mr. Mark Crystal.)

5. *Webster's New World Dictionary of the American Language* (College Edition), World Publishing Co., 1959, U.S.A.

6. A. S. Eddington, quoted on p. 232 in *Number, the Language of Science*, Tobias Dantzig. Doubleday Anchor Books, 1954.

7. Thomas H. Clark, Colin W. Stern, *Geological Evolution of North America*, New York, Ronald Press Co., n.d., p. 5.

8. John Taine, *The Greatest Adventure, Three Science Fiction Novels*, New York, Dover Publications, Inc., 1963, p. 239.

Zhuang Zi 莊子 (Master Zhuang)

Carefree Wandering 逍遙遊

In the darkness of the Northern Ocean, there is a fish named Kun. Kun is so big that no one knows how many thousands of tricents its body extends. After it metamorphoses into a bird, its name becomes Peng. The Peng is so huge that no one knows how many thousands of tricents its back stretches. Rousing itself to flight, its wings are like clouds suspended in the sky. When the seas stir, the Peng prepares for its journey to the Southern Ocean, the Lake of Heaven.

In the words of *The Drolleries of Qi*, a record of marvels, "On its journey to the Southern Ocean, the Peng beats the water with its wings for 3000 tricents, then it rises up on a whirlwind to a height of 90,000 tricents and travels on the jet streams of late summer."

There galloping gusts and motes of dust are blown about by the breath of living organisms. Is azure the true color of the sky? Or is the sky so distant that its farthest limits can never be reached? When the Peng looks down at the sky from above, it must appear just the same as when we look up. . . .

A cicada and dovelet laughed at the Peng, saying, "Wings aflutter, we fly up until we land in an elm or a dalbergia tree. Sometimes, when we don't make it, we just fall back to the ground and that's that. What's the use of flying up 90,000 tricents to go south?"

If you're going on an outing to the verdant suburbs you only need to take along three meals and you'll still come back with a full stomach. If you're traveling 100 tricents, you need to husk enough grain for an overnight stay. But if you're journeying 1000 tricents, you've got to set aside three months worth of grain. What do these two creatures know?

Small knowledge is no match for great knowledge, nor is a short lifespan a match for long one. How do we know this is so? The mushroom that sprouts in the morning and dies in the evening doesn't know the difference between night and day. The locust doesn't know the difference between spring and autumn. These are examples of short life spans. In the southern part of the state of Chu, there is a tortoise called Dark Spirit for whom spring and autumn each last 500 years. In high antiquity, there was a large central tree for which spring and autumn each lasted 8000 years. These are examples of long life spans. Nowadays progenitor Peng is famous for his more than 700 years of longevity. Isn't it pathetic that people try to emulate him?

A question put by Tang, the first emperor of the Shang dynasty, to his wise minister Ji is similar. Tang asked, "Do up, down, and the four directions have a limit?"

"Beyond their limitlessness there is another limitlessness," said Ji. "In the barren north there is a dark sea, the Lake of Heaven. In the sea there is a fish named Kun that is several thousand tricents in breadth, but no one knows its length. There is also a bird named Peng whose back is like Mount Tai and whose wings are like clouds suspended

in the sky. It rises upon the twisting whirlwind to a height of 90,000 tricents, pierces the clouds and then heads south on its journey to the distant Southern Ocean with the blue sky touching its back.

"A marsh sparrow laughs at Peng, saying, 'Where does he think he is going? I spring up into the air and come back down after not much more than a few yards. Flitting about amid the bushes and brambles, this is the ultimate in flying! So where does he think he is going?'

"This shows the difference between the great and the small."

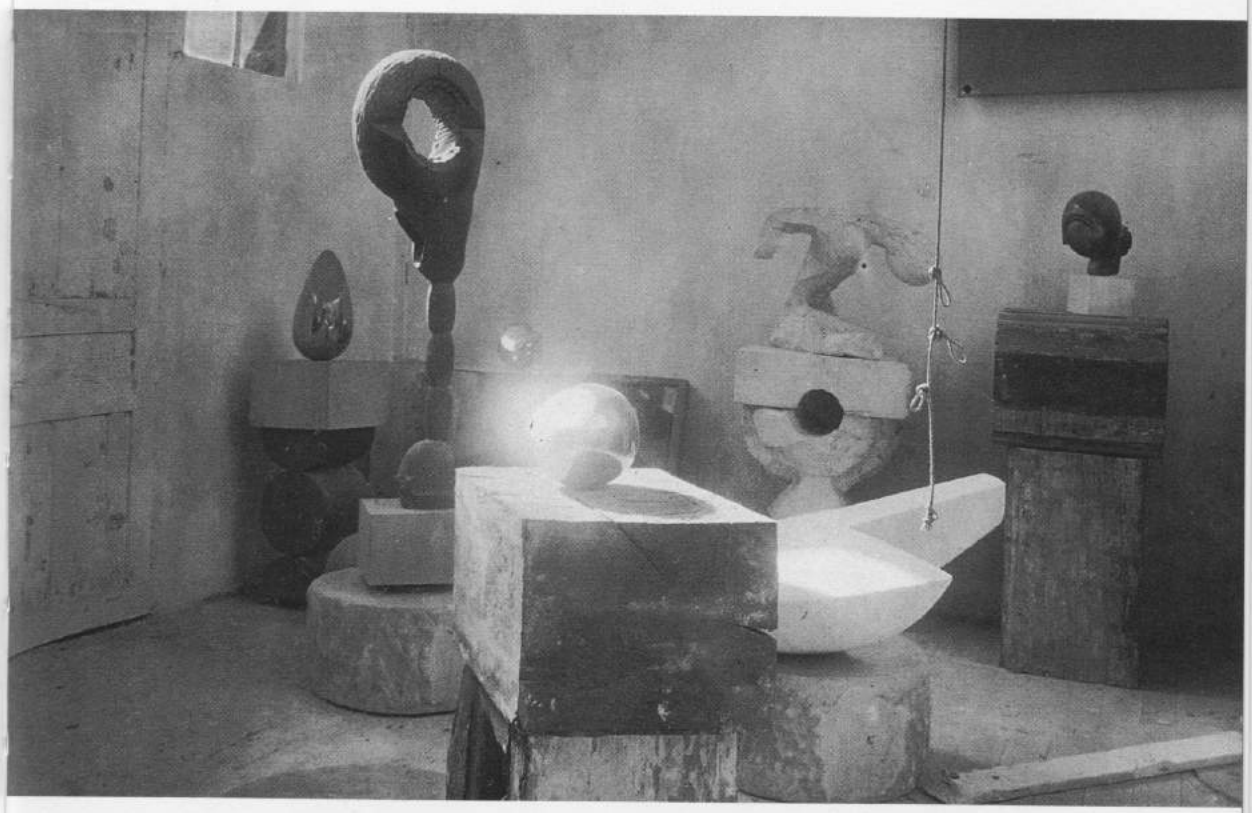
Master Hui said to Master Zhuang, "The King of Wei presented me with the seeds of a large gourd. I planted them and they grew to bear a fruit that could hold 5 bushels. I filled the gourd with liquid, but its walls were not strong enough for me to pick it up. I split the gourd into ladles, but the curvature was so slight they wouldn't hold anything. Although the gourd was admittedly of huge capacity, I smashed it into bits because it was useless."

"Sir," said Master Zhuang, "It's you who were obtuse about utilizing its bigness. There was a man of Song who was good at making an ointment for chapped hands. For generations, the family occupation had been to wash silk floss. The stranger who heard about the ointment offered him 100 pieces of gold for the formula. The man of Song gathered his clan together and said to them, 'We have been washing silk floss for generations and have earned no more than a few pieces of gold. Now we'll make 100 pieces of gold in one morning if we sell the technique. Please let me give it to the stranger.' After the stranger obtained the formula, he persuaded the king of Ngwa of its usefulness. Viet embarked on hostilities against Ngwa, so the king of Ngwa appointed the stranger to the command of his fleet. That winter, he fought a naval battle with the forces of Viet and totally defeated them (because his sailors hands didn't get chapped). The king set aside a portion of land and enfeoffed him there.

"The ability to prevent chapped hands was the same, but one person gained a fief with it while the other couldn't even free itself from washing floss. This is because the uses to which the ointment was put were different. Now you, sir, had a 5 bushel gourd. Why didn't you think of tying it on your waist as a big buoy so that you could go floating on the lakes and rivers instead of worrying that it couldn't hold anything because of its shallow curvature? This shows, sir, that you still have brambles for brains!"

translated by Victor Mair, *Hawai'i Reader in Traditional Chinese Culture*, pp. 88-89

75. Ph 146, *c.* 1945–46, cat. no. 78



First Stop:

I came waking from school and crossed many big streets. I walked about nine blocks and I felt extremely hot. The sun was directly hitting me and I am wearing a black sweater. Therefore, the sun was hitting my sweater and was making extremely hot. I also couldn't see when I was walking because the sun was very bright. I didn't have any sunglasses with me and it was hard for me to see the height of buildings and the structures.

Right now I hear birds chirping from tress. There is all types of different chirps that I don't recognize. I also hear cars beeping and a race of cars speeding on the road. I hear trucks as the driver accelerates on the gas. I hear cars beeping excessively. I can hear people dragging their feet as they're walking on the sidewalk.

I see tall buildings and short building. I see only three black buildings that stand out. There are people riding their bikes. I see dry trees and birds on the trees. I see the birds flying from tree to tree. I see mothers walking with their baby on strollers. I don't see many clouds in the sky, just a couple scattered. There is a green bush in front of me that is full comparing to the trees that are dry.

Second Stop:

I walked close to the expressway through a cracked sidewalk. The grass was dead and there were many rocks to step on. I crossed a path of dirt and passed through many dry trees. It felt like I walked for another nine minutes to get to a new location. There wasn't as much sun this time and there was less people walking the same route as me.

Now I hear seagulls. I still hear people dragging their feet. There is much more running going one in this location because the footsteps are faster. I hear a whole crowd of seagulls because I am close to the water. I hear people breathing hard as they walk and run past me. I can hear a plane in the sky and flags flapping each other with the strong wind.

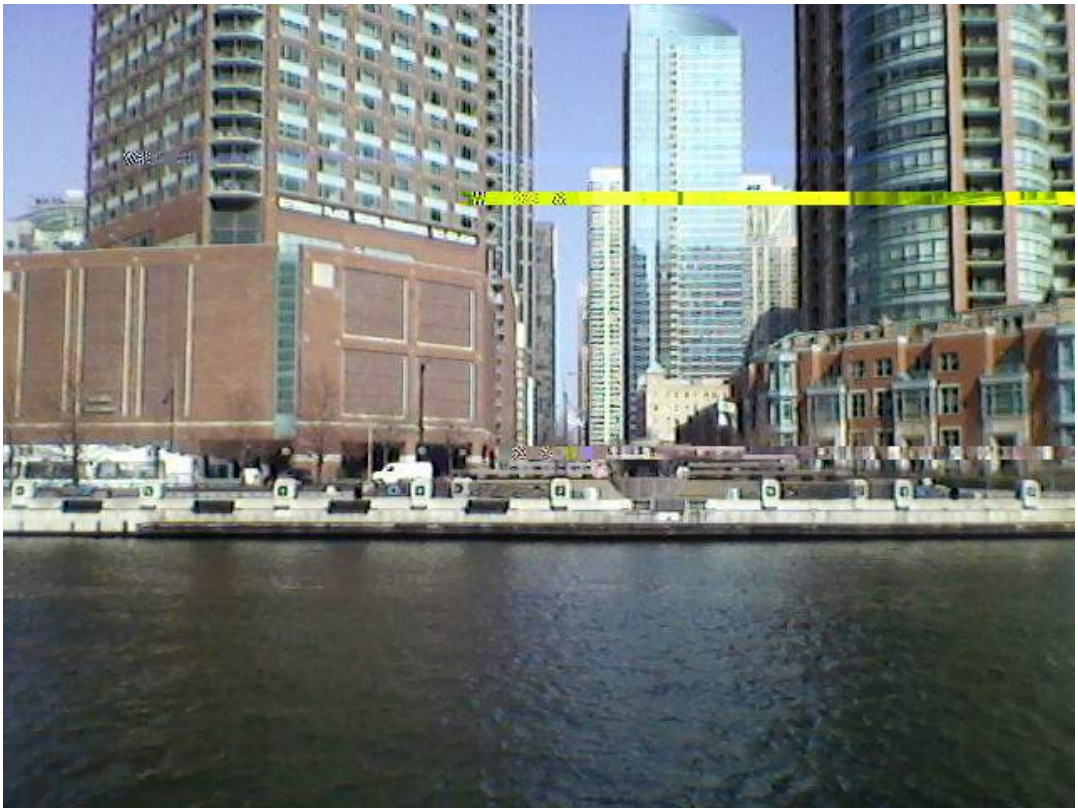
I see geese standing right in front of me. They are walking on the sidewalk and suddenly stopped to stand on the edge of the deck. The two are looking at the water and chirping. They dove into the water and I heard the splash of the water. I could see them swimming away right next to each other as if they are a couple. I see a lake and a far view of a ferris wheel. I see many decks that are split up as if they are parking spaces for boats. On the right of me I see the U.S. flag and the Illinois flag.

Third Stop:

I walked about nine more minutes and didn't feel hot at all. I mostly walked in the shade this time. I walked on a deck until I reached the end of it. The sun was hitting me for about five minutes but then I reached a path of shade. I walked under a bridge with paintings on the left side of it as well as the right. Once I finished walking through the bridge there was a path of dirt and not many trees.

I hear workers working on construction and people talking. I hear metal being thrown or dropped on the floor. I hear someone talking from a cruise boat in the water. I hear someone in back of me talking to another individual. I hear cars speeding through the bridge. I hear the wind blowing and I can hear it in my ears. I hear a pounding an metal being hit as they are working on the construction.

I see apartments and buildings in back of the apartments. I see a little body of water. I see a restaurant and two bridges, one is located on the left of me and the other on the right. I see seagulls flying in the sky right above the water. I see cars passing through the bridge one after another. I see the navy pier ferris wheel from a distance and a U.S. flag. I can see the reflection of the apartments in the water. I see a boat passing through the water full of people observing the same view as me.



I hear and sea a boat with passengers passing by in the river.
I hear waves being made by the boat passing by.
I hear the life of th e city in the background.
I feel relaxed and serene.

I hear seagulls.
I hear people jogging (feet hitting ground).
I hear a man walking past, talking on cell phone.
I hear geese.
I hear man walking dog (chains from dog chain).
I hear a camera being used (snapping pictures) by a lady.

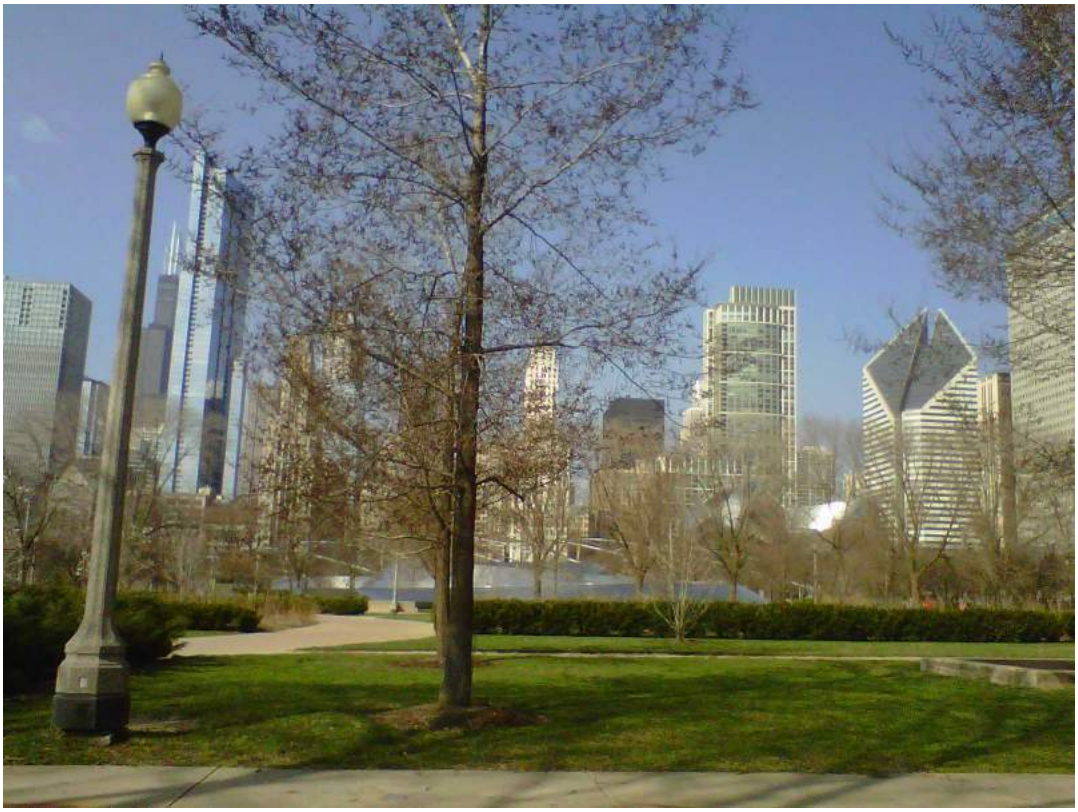
I felt a little warm walking here probably because I have a jacket on and because of weather.
I hear a child walking and trying to talk.
I hear birds chirping.
I hear a women talking on her cell phone.
I hear other classmates whispering to eachother.
I hear a park district work cart driving by.
I hear an airplane flying overhead.
I hear 2 ladies conversating in background.
I hear traffic in the distance.
I hear slight wind blowing pass my earlobe.
I hear a students paper fall to the ground.
I hear a police siren.

(Park) It’s a beautiful day, the sun is out and people are enjoying the weather. All I hear is birds don’t know what kind of birds but birds. Looking at the skyline makes me feel at peace, the sun is hitting the windows of the buildings. People are walking and talking in the park. The traffic

from Columbus drive is noisy. I feel relaxed and at peace, I feel like taking a nap on the grass. It is a good day to take a walk in the park.

(Lake) The sun is really hitting me and bothering me, I don't like it as much because I feel that its making me darker. The mood is pleasant and chilling, should of brought my swimming trunks. Birds and seagulls are flying freely, chirping, and chit chatting or just making noise. People are jogging, walking, exercising but just want to im enjoying this moment by the lake. The water looks soothing. Knowing that it was going to be a nice day like this I should have brought my sunglasses.

(River) This scene is just satisfactory on one side you see the buildings by Michigan Ave on to the east of us there is the lake. The water looks cold but chilling, makes me one take a boat and sail. Lucky people who are in those tour boats. Looking at the apartments and hotels around me, makes me want to live there one day. I just could imagine myself living in one of those buildings one day. I feel really comfortable being by the river.



We walked from the school. It was a long but short walk. We walked over long swaying bridge. I saw a few homeless people sleeping. Just found out we are in grant park. I heard lots of birds. I saw a few crows. The buildings are all lined up nicely. Behind me is the lake. It is very little shade but warm. A cool breeze is passing through.

Next stop is the Lakefront. Boats! It's only one big ship. OMG, seagulls. Loud and ignorant seagulls hanging out in the distance. Without the bird it's a pretty peaceful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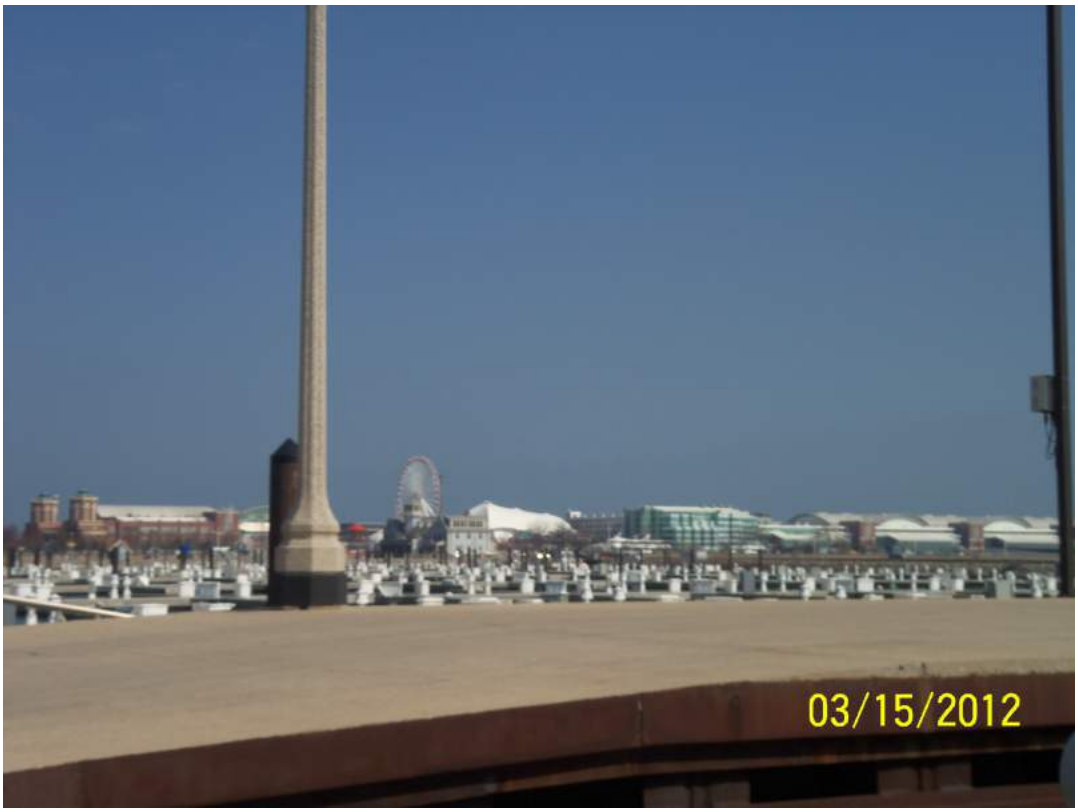
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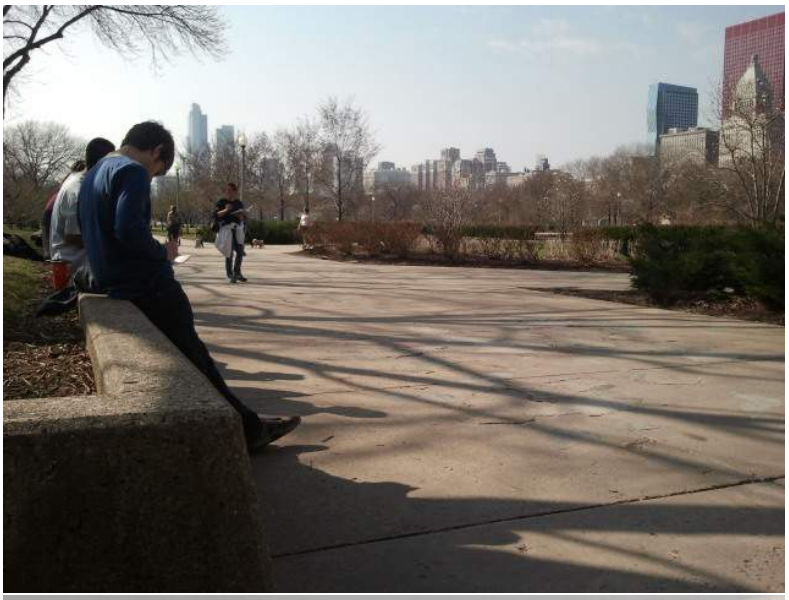
this way. I never been here before. Lots of folks with strollers. My pen is acting up. Not writing as smoothly. I see Navy pier. I feel like everyone should see this. Last Stop is the Chicago River. Not so spectacular. I wanna get on a boat.

I'm in a park enjoying the sounds of nature colliding with the sounds of the city. I'm walking around taking in all the views that nature has to offer. I see all of the tall buildings and the small bugs. My skin feels a relief as the trees provide shade from the sun's rays. As I walk along this trail through the park I am hidden from view of the city by the tall trees. The trail leads me to the lake where I hear the sounds of the waves crashing and can feel the sun's warmth. I see the birds flying around and people jogging alongside the lake. I also take notice to the fluffy white clouds floating in a sea of blue sky. I start to walk under a bridge and notice the change in the temperature. I feel the moisture in the air and from the ground. The moisture also starts to create bugs all around us. Behind me I can see there is a construction site and notice that the city is transitioning again. In front of me I see how the river divides the downtown area. As boats pass by I see the people aboard taking pictures and viewing the city life from the water. Across the river I notice how the apartment buildings and dining areas are separated by the river and highlighted by the sun.

Millennium Park



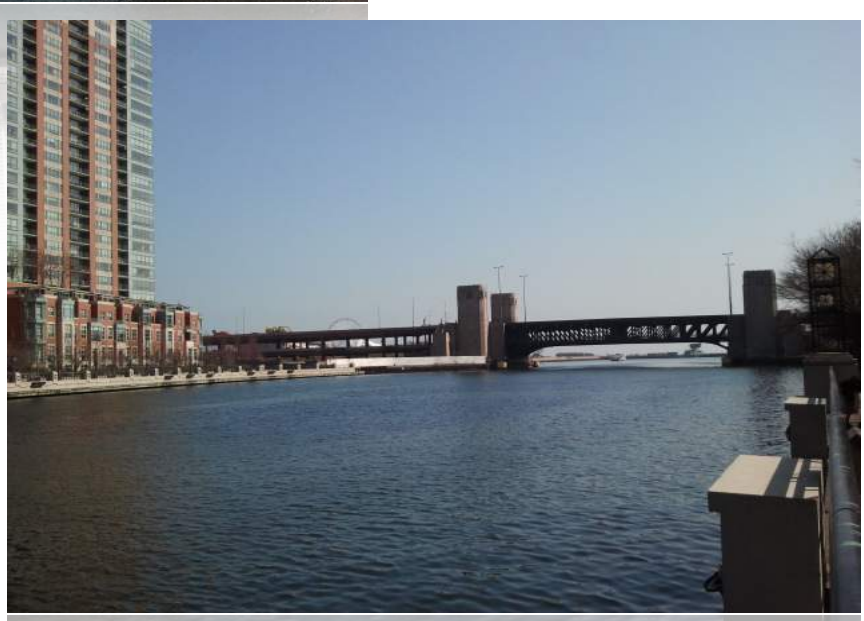
From a long walk thorough, State Street down Michigan Avenue, and into Millennium Park. Crossing the bridge settling down a park through this experience I heard the sound of people talking traffic in the streets. The sound of the trains along with the sound of nature, spring is days away and the birds are chirping. The weird blowing from each direction; the breeze cools you down from the hot sun. Today was a nice day the weather couldn't get any better and the walk was well needed to calm my anxiety. The walk gave me a good sweat I haven't walked that long in a while. This walk was amazing and the view of the blooming trees and flowers. As of now I see lots of green the grass is slowly growing. Everyone is out skateboarding, roller blading, running, and walking their dogs.

Lake Front

Now, from the millennium park, down this bridge heading, and toward the lake front; Tons of birds' chirping wind blowing sun so bright out. I'm sitting in the grass looking towards the lake. There's a big yacht names "Columbia Yacht Club" right in front of us. Sun is shining by the water. Near geese right now they are standing right beside me. That was the closes I've been to geese which is pretty sweat. I also enjoyed this view I think I like it the most. Sitting in the grass by the lake front looks amazing, and it feels great.

Chicago River

After a long walk from school to through the millennium park and the lake front we finally arrive to the Chicago River. On our way here we went under a bridge and walked our way to river. I see tourist boats, condominium buildings, and tons of business. There are also a lot of construction sites going on. The environment feeling is much more stressful, there's so much going on. The nature is there but not felt, I enjoyed the walk view is nice but the vibe is just too tourist for me. While on the other side you can still see the lake. There's a bridge that connects to the upper and lower lake shore drive. I think I enjoyed this view of the Chicago River better



The way I got here was by walking with my class. We walked from Harold Washington College to Grant Park. We crossed a couple of streets and encountered some people walking. We went over a bridge that got us over to the park. The noises I heard while writing this were birds,

cars, people talking, music playing from peoples cars. I also heard wind and at the moment I feel relaxed and calm.

The way I got here was by walking. I hear waves as well as birds chirping. I see water a big boat towards the right and water that keeps moving around. I see buildings, ducks, and the aquarium. There is a lot of sun beaming down and there are people along the side just looking at the water pass from side to side. I feel very peaceful, relaxed, hot and happy that I'm outside and not inside class...

The way I got here was by walking down the shore line. We passed a lot of buildings, grass, as well as people doing exercise. There was a lot of people talking, running, and riding bikes. I currently see water and a bridge that's leading cars to a street. The water is moving towards the right. There is also a big fountain in front of me. I feel hot, relaxed, and not so happy about going to my next class.

Art appreciation field trip around Millennium Park was tiring. The weather is hot and humid. The sun beaming against your skin but with a refreshing breeze that cools you off. We walked from Harold to the garden and across the bridge. I sit in silence with a view of a naked tree and the Chicago skyline and a background of chirping birds, moms with strollers, footsteps of people passing by, the whisper of the wind and on going traffic.

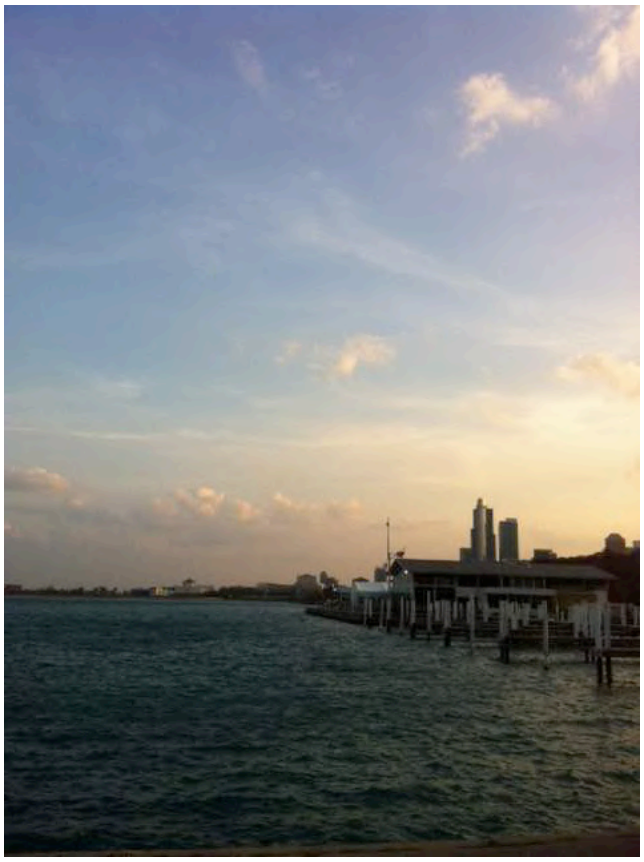
The walk to the boat was a lot shorter. It felt more refreshing as we got closer to the lake. We crossed the street to get here. I sit on the steps and I hear people conversing, seagulls and geese, people jogging, bicyclists, passing strollers.

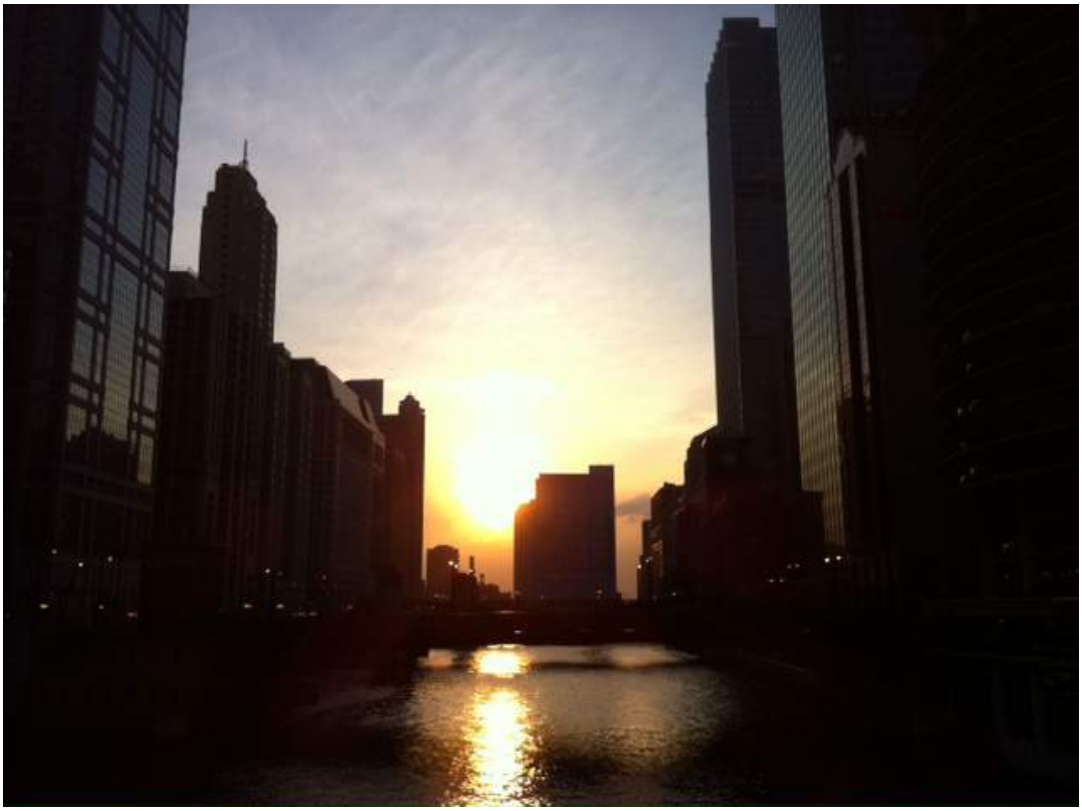
The last trip we walked along the lake. This walk I would say felt the most relaxed and refreshed. As I walk I hear construction working, the waves of the boat passing through, and the tour guides voice. A view of the bridge and buildings.

What I Saw From
Millennium Park To River Point

From the school we walked east to Michigan Ave. to the Millennium Park. Everyone was suppose to be silent through this journey, but that didn't happen. We walked east toward and the concert area and took a picture of some buildings on Michigan Ave.. Then we continue walking east on the bridge to Grant Park. We stopped to write down for 15 minutes to write down what

we see, hear, and take a picture of what's in front of us; I hear birds, cars, the wind, airplanes, people talking, and a cart cutting the grass; People walking, riding bicycles, walking dogs, kids playing, police riding pass, And some people just sitting on the bench; I took a picture of the Standard building, two building next to it, and some of my class mates. After the15 minutes, we started walking east toward the boat harbor. I was so excited I shouted to my professor " That's the building I use to live in!", shame on me for talking! Once we approached the harbor, our professor asked us to take another15 minutes and write down what we hear and see; I hear and see a Geese quaking and the wind; I see people jogging, bicycling,and walking their dog, a huge boat, called ABEGWEIT, The navy Pier, The harbor Dock, tall buildings, and lake Shore Drive. Then we started walking north and stopped near the North Point Tower building. The professor said "This building is the only building built on a land field, which is where garbage use to be dumped.", so I believe he said it's not considered Land? Finally, we walked west to the river, which is where the River Point is, also. We stopped there to writes down the usual; I saw the River Point homes and condos, The Chicago Tribune, Chicago Sun Times, the Michigan bridge, The Trump Tower, the Chicago River, The Marine Towers, and a tour boat riding through; I hear loud construction, busy traffic, and people talking. It was getting late so we started back toward school.





A walk to Millennium Park

Part 1

Before taking the walk i wasn't really up to it. Sometimes it a little while for me to warm up to something. The class left the school and began the walk first heading east on Lake street and then south on Michigan Street to the entrance of the park. The walk to the park went well. As i walked down the street i began to feel more motivated and interested in the assignment. We walked through the park and the temperature felt hot and unusually humid for this season. I discovered

a semi-shaded area on a walk way and sat on a bench to take notes and photos for the class project. One of the photos i took is of the Prudential Building (shown below).

Part 3

The last phase of this assignment ends at the northern end of Millennium Park across from the Navy pier. There was no place to sit and take notes in this location and my motivation and interest in the assignment had begun to diminish. The area was a very much shaded one and the temperature was much cooler and less humid. I took take a photo of the Navy pier (shown right).

The class and i wrapped up and then headed back to the school. Overall, the walk went well.

Part 2

The next phase of the walking assignment was to the Columbia Yacht Harbor. This walk was much quieter than the first one. I found a spot to take notes and photos in a sunny area; there were no shaded areas in this location. I sat in the grass across from the boat dock. I still felt motivated and interested in the assignment and at this point i began to enjoy the outing.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Stop 1 – Millennium Park
The walk here was hot and fast-paced. The scenery of the downtown area is incredible (the bugs, not so much). But when I finally got a chance to sit down, I looked up and this is what I saw.

It's a beautiful day, the wind blowing in my hair, the bugs landing on my paper (ewww) …I hate bugs. The trees right in front of me are nearly bare, but their tops are starting to bloom, introducing the spring to Chicago a bit early. I guess it missed us.

Sante Fe, Borg Warner, Sears Tower…I'm trying to see all the buildings I can name that are right in front of me…Prudential, CNA, Blue Shield, Trump Tower.

Stop 2 – The Lake
The breeze is even better here.

Stop 3 – Along the River
There are just Condos here. I bet those condos cost a couple hundred thousand or more just because of the view. The colors of the buildings are nearly the same.

When I took this picture the temperature was much cooler by the water. Seagulls are above my head swarming as if I have something for them to eat. I can see people running, rollerblading, walking and talking all around me. To my left there is a cloud shaped like a crocodile. As the wind blows I start to shiver because it's getting cooler outside.

I went to the Montrose beach to do the paper that was assigned in Art. There I heard dogs barking; high and low pitches. I heard women talking and yelling commands at their dogs. I heard Asian women talking in Chinese. The waves were coming to the beach very softly yet still made their presence known. I heard laughing from women, children, and men. You could hear the dog tags jingling; from shaking the water off and the dogs running. A harsh cough came to my left about 10 o'clock (direction).You could hear the seagulls above making their sounds. A lady said that she wanted the weather to be gloomier. A random helicopter flew overhead. You could hear the bells of the paletero man trying to make a sale with his ice cream push cart. A scream came from a child behind me. Then two men were speaking Arabic. A 767 flew overhead and through the clouds. People and dogs were running in the lake. Dogs were chasing a tennis ball. Two people were playing what seemed to be a mixture of badminton and ping pong. A son was playing with his father behind me. To my front a woman was getting dragged by her dog. A brown dog near her was running and barking. There was an older couple that was walking together down the beach. There were a group of adults playing Frisbee and did not have a dog. Saw several dogs getting acquainted with each other the way that they do. A group of Asian girls who were taking photos began waving at me as I sat there by myself just writing and looking at people. There was a very nice looking jogger and another girl who had a big butt and was wearing shorts; sorry I am a guy. Finally the sun was setting and just as the horizon that the sun first began its day there was a lonesome red ball drifting away forgotten and being taken by the soon to be night.

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