

ZOOTOMIE

The term **ZOOTOMIE** refers to a neoclassical building, part of the old École Vétérinaire in Berlin. Constructed in 1787-1790 by Carl Gottard Langhans its amphitheatre is of particular interest. An exhibition, “Zeit der Tiere - a space without art” took place in June/July 1992 at the “Veterinärmedizinische Fakultät der Humboldt-Universität. The catalogue was published by the BrechtZentrumBerlin and the curator was Klara Wallner.



Book review of Felipe Fernández-Armesto's **So You Think You Are Human? A brief History of Humankind**, Oxford University Press, 2004, by Ian Tattersall, found in the spring issue of the **LONDON TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT**.



“The Antiquarian Monkey”, 1740, by Jean-Baptiste Chardin; from *So You Think You’re Human?*

Esteemed Gentlemen of the Academy!

You show me the honour of calling upon me to submit a report to the Academy concerning my previous life as an ape.

In this sense, unfortunately, I cannot comply with your request. Almost five years separate me from my existence as an ape, a short time perhaps when measured by the calendar, but endlessly long to gallop through, as I have done, at times accompanied by splendid men, advice, applause, and orchestral music, but basically alone, since all those accompanying me held themselves back a long way from the barrier, in order to preserve the image. This achievement would have been impossible if I had stubbornly wished to hold onto my origin, onto the memories of my youth.

Giving up that obstinacy was, in fact, the highest command that I gave myself. I, a free ape, submitted myself to this yoke. In so doing, however, my memories for their part constantly closed themselves off against me. If people had wanted it, my journey back at first would have been possible through the entire gateway which heaven builds over the earth, but as my development was whipped onwards, the gate simultaneously grew lower and narrower all the time. I felt myself more comfortable

and more enclosed in the world of human beings. The storm which blew me out of my past eased off. Today it is only a gentle breeze which cools my heels. And the distant hole through which it comes and through which I once came has become so small that, even if I had sufficient power and will to run back there, I would have to scrape the fur off my body in order to get through. Speaking frankly, as much as I like choosing metaphors for these things—speaking frankly: your experience as apes, gentlemen—to the extent that you have something of that sort behind you—cannot be more distant from you than mine is from me. But it tickles at the heels of everyone who walks here on earth, the small chimpanzee as well as the great Achilles.

In the narrowest sense, however, I can perhaps answer your question, nonetheless, and indeed I do so with great pleasure.

The first thing I learned was to give a handshake. The handshake displays candour. Today, when I stand at the highpoint of my career, may I add to that first handshake also my candid words. For the Academy it will not provide anything essentially new and will fall far short of what people have asked of me and what with the best will I cannot speak about—but nonetheless it should demonstrate the line by which someone who was an ape was forced into the world of men and which he has continued there. Yet I would certainly not permit myself to say even the trivial things which follow if I were not completely sure of myself and if my position on all the great music hall stages of the civilized world had not established itself unassailably.

I come from the Gold Coast.

For an account of how I was captured I rely on the reports of strangers. A hunting expedition from the firm of Hagenback—incidentally, since then I have already emptied a number of bottles of good red wine with the leader of that expedition—lay hidden in the bushes by the shore when I ran down in the evening in the middle of a band of apes for a drink. Someone fired a shot. I was the only one struck. I received two hits.

One was in the cheek—that was superficial. But it left behind a large hairless red scar which earned me the name Red Peter—a revolting name, completely inappropriate, presumably something invented by an ape, as if the only difference between me and the recently deceased trained ape Peter, who was well known here and there, was the red patch on my cheek.

But this is only by the way.

The second shot hit me below the hip. It was serious. It's the reason that today I still limp a little. Recently I read in an article by one of the ten thousand gossipers who vent their opinions about me in the newspapers that my ape nature is not yet entirely repressed. The proof is that when visitors come I take pleasure in pulling off my trousers to show the entry wound caused by this shot. That fellow should have each finger of his writing hand shot off one by one. So far as I am concerned, I may pull my trousers down in front of anyone I like. People will not find there anything other than well cared for fur and the scar from—let us select here a precise word for a precise purpose, something that will not be misunderstood—the scar from a wicked shot. Everything is perfectly open; there is nothing to hide. When it comes to a question of the truth, every great mind discards the most subtle refinements of manners. However, if that writer were to pull down his trousers when he gets a visitor, that would certainly produce a different sight, and I'll take it as a sign of reason that he does not do that. But then he should not bother me with his delicate sensibilities.

After those shots I woke up—and here my own memory gradually begins—in a cage between decks on the Hagenbeck steamship. It was no four-sided cage with bars, but only three walls fixed to a crate, so that the crate constituted the fourth wall. The whole thing was too low to stand upright and too narrow for sitting down. So I crouched with bent knees, which shook all the time, and since at first I probably did not wish to see anyone and to remain constantly in the darkness, I turned towards the crate, while the bars of the cage cut into the flesh on my back. People consider such confinement of wild animals beneficial in the very first period of time, and today I cannot deny, on the basis of my own experience, that in a human sense that is, in fact, the case.

But at that time I didn't think about it. For the first time in my life I was without a way out—at least there was no direct way out. Right in front of me was the crate, its boards fitted closely together. Well, there was a hole running right through the boards. When I first discovered it, I welcomed it with a blissfully happy howl of ignorance. But this hole was not nearly big enough to stick my tail through, and all the power of an ape could not make it any bigger.

According to what I was told later, I am supposed to have made remarkably little noise. From that people concluded that either I must soon die or, if I succeeded in surviving the first critical period, I would be very capable

Muffled sobbing, painfully searching out fleas, wearily licking a coconut, banging my skull against the wall of the crate, sticking out my tongue when anyone came near—these were the first occupations in my new life. In all of them, however, there was only one feeling: no way out. Nowadays, of course, I can portray those ape-like feelings only with human words and, as a result, I misrepresent them. But even if I can no longer attain the old truth of the ape, at least it lies in the direction I have described—of that there is no doubt.

Up until then I had had so many ways out, and now I no longer had one. I was tied down. If they had nailed me down, my freedom to move would not have been any less. And why? If you scratch raw the flesh between your toes, you won't find the reason. If you press your back against the bars of the cage until it almost slices you in two, you won't find the answer. I had no way out, but I had to come up with one for myself. For without that I could not live. Always in front of that crate wall—I would inevitably have died a miserable death. But according to Hagenbeck, apes belong at the crate wall—well, that meant I had to cease being an ape. A clear and beautiful train of thought, which I must have planned somehow with my belly, since apes think with their bellies.

I'm worried that people do not understand precisely what I mean by a way out. I use the word in its most common and fullest sense. I am deliberately not saying freedom. I do not mean this great feeling of freedom on all sides. As an ape, I perhaps recognized it, and I have met human beings who yearn for it. But as far as I am concerned, I did not demand freedom either then or today. Incidentally, among human beings people all too often are deceived by freedom. And since freedom is reckoned among the most sublime feelings, the corresponding disappointment is also among the most sublime. In the variety shows, before my entrance, I have often watched a pair of artists busy on trapezes high up in the roof. They swung themselves, they rocked back and forth, they jumped, they hung in each other's arms, one held the other by clenching the hair with his teeth. "That, too, is human freedom," I thought, "self-controlled movement." What a mockery of sacred nature! At such a sight, no structure would stand up to the laughter of the apes.

No, I didn't want freedom. Only a way out—to the right or left or anywhere at all. I made no other demands, even if the way out should be only an illusion. The demand was small; the disappointment would not be any greater—to move on further, to move on further! Only not to stand still with arms raised, pressed again a crate wall.

Today I see clearly that without the greatest inner calm I would never have been able to get out. And in fact I probably owe everything that I have

become to the calmness which came
over me after the first days there on the ship.

And, in turn, I owe that calmness to the people on the ship. They are good people, in spite of everything. Today I still enjoy remembering the clang of their heavy steps, which used to echo then in my half sleep. They had the habit of tackling everything extremely slowly. If one of them wanted to rub his eyes, he raised his hand as if it were a hanging weight. Their jokes were gross but hearty. Their laughter was always mixed with a rasp which sounded dangerous but meant nothing. They always had something in their mouths to spit out, and they didn't care where they spat. They always complained that my fleas sprung over onto them, but they were never seriously angry at me because of it. They even knew that fleas liked being in my fur and that fleas are jumpers. They learned to live with that. When they had no duties, sometimes a few of them sat down in a semi-circle around me. They didn't speak much, but only made noises to each other and smoked their pipes, stretched out on the crates. They slapped their knees as soon as I made the slightest movement, and from time to time one of them would pick up a stick and tickle me where I liked it. If I were invited today to make a journey on that ship, I'd certainly decline the invitation, but it's equally certain that the memories I could dwell on of the time there between the decks would not be totally

hateful. The calmness which I acquired in
this circle of people prevented me
above all from any attempt to escape.

Looking at it nowadays, it seems to me as if I had at least sensed that I had to find a way out if I wanted to live, but that this way out could not be reached by escaping. I no longer know if escape was possible, but I think it was: for an ape it should always be possible to flee. With my present teeth I have to be careful even with the ordinary task of cracking a nut, but then I must have been able, over time, to succeed in chewing through the lock on the door. I didn't do that. What would I have achieved by doing that? No sooner would I have stuck my head out, than they would have captured me again and locked me up in an even worse cage. Or I could have taken refuge unnoticed among the other animals—say, the boa constrictors opposite me—and breathed my last in their embraces. Or I could have managed to steal way up to the deck and jumped overboard. Then I'd have tossed back and forth for a while on the ocean and drowned. Acts of despair. I did not think things through in such a human way, but under the influence of my surroundings conducted myself as if I had worked things out.

I did not work things out, but I
observed well in complete tranquility.
I saw these men going back and forth,
always the same faces, the same

movements. Often it seemed to me as if there was only one man. So the man or these men went undisturbed. A lofty purpose dawned on me. No one promised me that if I could become like them the cage would be removed.

Such promises, apparently impossible to fulfill, were not made. But if one makes the fulfillment good, then later the promises appear precisely there where one had looked for them earlier without success. Now, these men in themselves were nothing which attracted me very much. If I had been a follower of that freedom I just mentioned, I would certainly have preferred the ocean to the way out displayed in the dull gaze of these men. But in any case, I observed them for a long time before I even thought about such things—in fact, the accumulated observations first pushed me in the proper direction.

It was so easy to imitate these people. I could already spit on the first day. We used to spit in each other’s faces. The only difference was that I licked my face clean afterwards. They did

not. Soon I was smoking a pipe, like an old man, and if I then pressed my thumb down into the bowl of the pipe, the entire area between decks cheered. Still, for a long time I did not understand the difference between an empty and a full pipe.

I had the greatest difficulty with the bottle of alcohol. The smell was torture to me. I forced myself with all my power, but weeks went by before I could overcome my reaction. Curiously enough, the people took this inner struggle more seriously than anything else about me. In my memories I don’t distinguish the people, but there was one who always came back, alone or with comrades, day and night, at different times. He’d stand with a bottle in front of me and give me instructions. He did not understand me. He wanted to solve the riddle of my being. He used to uncork the bottle slowly and then look at me, in order to test if I had understood. I confess that I always looked at him with wildly over-eager attentiveness. No human teacher has ever found in the entire world such a student of human beings.

After he’d uncorked the bottle, he’d raise it to his mouth. I’d gaze at him, right at his throat. He would nod, pleased with me, and set the bottle to his lips. Delighted with my gradual understanding, I’d squeal and scratch myself all over, wherever it was convenient. He was happy. He’d set the bottle to his mouth and take a swallow. Impatient and desperate to emulate him, I would defecate over myself in my cage—and that again gave him great satisfaction. Then, holding the bottle at arm’s length and bringing it up again with a swing, he’d drink it down with one gulp, exaggerating his backward bending as a way of instructing me. Exhausted with so much great effort, I could no longer follow and hung weakly onto the bars, while he ended the theoretical lesson by rubbing his belly and grinning.

Now the practical exercises first began. Was I not already too tired out by the theoretical part? Yes, indeed, far too weary. That’s part of my fate. Nonetheless, I’d grab the proffered bottle as well as I could and uncork it trembling.

Once I'd managed to do that, new forces gradually take over. I lift the bottle—with hardly any difference between me and the original—put it to my lips—and throw it away in disgust, in disgust, although it is empty and filled only with the smell, throw it with disgust onto the floor. To the sorrow of my teacher, to my own greater sorrow. And I still do not console him or myself when, after throwing away the bottle, I do not forget to give my belly a splendid rub and to grin as I do so.

All too often, the lesson went that way. And to my teacher's credit, he was not angry with me. Well, sometimes he held his burning pipe against my fur in some place or other which I could reach only with difficulty, until it began to burn. But then he would put it out himself with his huge good hand. He wasn't angry with me. He realized that we were fighting on the same side against ape nature and that I had the more difficult part.

What a victory it was for him and for me, however, when one evening in front of a large circle of onlookers—perhaps it was acelebration, a gramophone was playing, and officer was wandering around among the people—when on this evening, at a moment when no one was watching, I grabbed a bottle of alcohol which had been inadvertently left standing in front of my cage, uncorked it just as I had been taught, amid the rising attention of the group, set it against my mouth and, without hesitating, with my mouth making no grimace, like an expert drinker, with my eyes rolling around, splashing the liquid in my throat, I really and truly drank the bottle empty, and then threw it away, no longer in despair, but like an artist. Well, I did forget to scratch my belly. But instead of that, because I couldn't do anything else, because I had to, because my senses were roaring, I cried out a short and good "Hello!" breaking out into human sounds. And with this cry I sprang into the community of human beings, and I felt its echo—"Just listen. He's talking!"—like a kiss on my entire sweat-soaked body.

I'll say it again: imitating human beings was not something which pleased me. I imitated them because I was looking for a way out, for no other reason. And even in that victory little was achieved. My voice immediately failed me again. It first came back months later. My distaste for the bottle of alcohol became even stronger. But at least my direction was given to me once and for all.

When I was handed over in Hamburg to my first trainer, I soon realized the two possibilities open to me: the Zoological Garden or the Music Hall. I did not hesitate. I said to myself: use all your energy to get into the Music Hall. That is the way out. The Zoological Garden is only a new barred cage. If you go there, you're lost.

And I learned, gentlemen. Alas, one learns when one has to. Once learns when one wants a way out. One learns ruthlessly.

One supervises oneself with a whip and tears oneself apart at the slightest resistance. My ape nature ran off, head over heels, out of me, so that in the process my first teacher himself almost became an ape and soon had to give up training and be carried off to a mental hospital. Fortunately he was soon



Buddhist rites for ape

BANGKOK – They flocked to his extravagant wedding, avidly followed his spicy love life and yesterday came to bid farewell to Mike – Thailand's celebrity ape.

Thai fans by the hundreds arrived to take part in Buddhist rites for the gentle orangutan who died Thursday at the age of 17 of complications from water in the lungs.

He is to be buried today beneath his own statue in the Sa Kaew Zoo at Lopburi, 115 kilometres north of Bangkok, where he and his family proved the star attractions for years.

The orangutan first gained fame in 1995, when a matchmaker found him a bride from Taiwan after he lost his first mate. Mike's lavish 1996 wedding with Susu drew hundreds of guests to the zoo. The ceremony followed Thai tradition, with the couple wearing golden clothing and jasmine garlands. Four human couples were wed alongside them.

AP

THE ELEPHANT MAN

‘Tis true my form is something odd,
But blaming me is blaming God;
Could I create myself anew
I would not fail in pleasing you.
If I could reach from pole to pole
Or grasp the ocean with a span,
I would be measured by the soul;
The mind’s the standard of the man. ’

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JOSEPH CAREY MERRICK

I first saw the light on the 5th of August, 1860, I was born in Lee Street, Wharf Street, Leicester. The deformity which I am now exhibiting was caused by my mother being frightened by an Elephant; my mother was going along the street when a procession of Animals were passing by, there was a terrible crush of people to see them, and unfortunately she was pushed under the Elephant’s feet, which frightened her very much; this occurring during a time of pregnancy was the cause of my deformity.

The measurement around my head is 36 inches, there is a large substance of flesh at the back as large as a breakfast cup, the other part in a manner of speaking is like hills and valleys, all lumped together, while the face is such a sight that no one could describe it. The right hand is almost the size and shape of an Elephant’s foreleg, measuring 12 inches round the wrist and 5 inches round one of the fingers; the other hand and arm is no larger than that of a girl ten years of age, although it is well proportioned. My feet and legs are covered with thick lumpy skin, also my body, like that of an Elephant, and almost the same colour, in fact, no one would believe until they saw it, that such a thing could exist.

It was not perceived much at birth, but began to develop itself when at the age of 5 years. I went to school like other children until I was about 11 or 12 years of age, when the greatest misfortune of my life occurred, namely — the death of my mother, peace to her, she was a good mother to me; after she died my father broke up his home and went to lodgings; unfortunately for me he married his landlady; henceforth I never had one moment’s comfort, she having children of her own, and I not being so handsome as they, together with my deformity, she was the means of making my life a perfect misery; lame and deformed as I was, I ran, or rather walked away from home two or three times, but suppose father had some spark of parental feeling left, so he induced me to return home again.

The best friend I had in those days was my father’s brother, Mr. Merrick, hair Dresser, Church Gate, Leicester. When about 13 years old, nothing would satisfy my step-mother until she got me out to work; I obtained employment at Messrs. Freeman’s Cigar Manufacturers, and worked there about two years, but my right hand got too heavy for making cigars, so I had to leave them. I was sent about the town to see if I could procure work, but being lame and deformed no one would employ me; when I went home for my

meals, my step-mother used to say I had not been to seek for work. I was taunted and sneered at so that I would not go home for my meals, and used to stay in the streets with an hungry belly rather than return for anything to eat, what few half-meals I did have, I was taunted with the remark — “That’s more than you have earned.”

Being unable to get employment my father got me a pedlar’s license to hawk the town, but being deformed, people would not come to the door to buy my wares. In consequence of my ill luck my life was again made a misery to me, so that I again ran away and went hawking on my own account, but my deformity had grown to such an extent, so that I could not move about the town without having a crowd of people gather around me.

I then went into the infirmary at Leicester, where I remained for two or three years, when I had to undergo an operation on my face, having three or four ounces of flesh cut away; so thought I, I’ll get my living by being exhibited about the country. Knowing Mr. Sam Torr, Gladstone Vaults, Wharf Street, Leicester, went in for Novelties, I wrote to him, he came to see me, and soon arranged matters, recommending me to Mr. Ellis, Bee-hive Inn, Nottingham, from whom I received the greatest kindness and attention. In making my first appearance before the public, who have treated me well — in fact I may say I am as comfortable now as I was uncomfortable before.

I must now bid my kind readers adieu.

Joseph Merrick

The autobiography ends with this poem

Was I so tall,

could reach the pole,



Photograph by Liza May Post, *Trying*, 1998



Thorax of a man with tattoo of two palm trees framing a hunter riding an elephant, and aiming his gun, Pathologisch-anatomisches Bundesmuseum, Vienna, 1929.



“One thing that always struck me as sad about Merrick was the fact that he could not smile. Whatever his delight may be his face remained expressionless. He could weep, but he could not smile.”

Frederick Treves

The bodies of a family of 10 elephants lie where poachers downed them in Tsavo East National Park in Kenya. The ivory from the herd was found buried in the ground nearby.

White jumbo found

Associated Press

RANGOON, Burma - A rare white elephant has been caught in a jungle in western Burma, the official press reported yesterday, hailing the find as an auspicious event that bodes well for the military state.

The 8-year-old pachyderm, standing 6 feet (1.8 metres) tall, was among eight elephants caught by forestry officials last month at Chutpyin village in Rakhine State, 550 kilometres northwest of Rangoon, the New Light of Myanmar reported.

The white elephant is more calm and steady than the other seven elephants

and has distinctive characteristics, including pearl-coloured eyes and white hairs on the body. Its skin is light pink in the rain and soft reddish brown in sunny weather, the report said.

The white elephant is not actually white, and most of them look much the same as others except for certain features such as fair eyelashes and toenails, light-coloured hair or reddish hue of the skin.

White elephants have been revered for centuries in southeast Asia and were the symbol of kingship in Burma, Thailand and Laos. In Thailand, all white elephants traditionally belong to the king.



LOVES OF THE TORTOISES

There are two tortoises on the patio: a male and a female. Zlak! Zlak! Their shells strike each other. It is their mating season.

The male pushes the female sideways, all around the edge of the paving. The female seems to resist his attack, or at least she opposes it with inert immobility. The male is smaller and more active; he seems younger. He tries repeatedly to mount her, from behind, but the back of her shell is steep and he slides off.

Now he must have succeeded in achieving the right position: he thrusts with rhythmic, cadenced strokes; at every thrust he emits a kind of gasp, almost a cry. The female has her foreclaws flattened against the ground, enabling her to raise her hind part. The male scratches with his foreclaws on her shell, his neck stuck out, his mouth gaping. The problem with these shells is that there's no way to get a hold; in fact, the claws can find no purchase.

Now she escapes him; he pursues her. Not that she is faster or particularly determined to run away: to restrain her he gives her some little nips on a leg, always the same one. She does not rebel. Every time she stops, the male tries to mount her; but she takes a little step forward and he topples off, slamming his member on the ground. This member is fairly long, hooked in a way that apparently makes it possible for him to reach her even though the thickness of the shells and their awkward positioning separates them. So there is no telling how many of these attacks achieve their purpose or how many fail, or how many are theater, playacting.

It is summer; the patio is bare, except for one green jasmine in a corner. The courtship consists of making so many turns around the little patch of grass, with pursuits and flights and skirmishing not of the claws but of the shells, which strike in a dull clicking. The female tries to find refuge among the stalks of the jasmine; she believes—or wants to make others believe that she does this to hide; but actually this is the surest way to remain blocked by the male, held immobile with no avenue of escape.



Now he has most likely managed to introduce his member properly; but this time they are both completely still, silent.

The sensations of the pair of mating tortoises are something Mr. Palomar cannot imagine. He observes them with a cold attention, as if they were two machines: two electronic tortoises programmed to mate. What does eros become if there are plates of bone or horny scales in the place of skin? But what we call eros—is it perhaps only a program of our corporeal bodies, more complicated because the memory receives messages from every cell of the skin, from every molecule of our tissues, and multiplies them and combines them with the impulses transmitted by our eyesight and with those aroused by the imagination? The difference lies only in the number of circuits involved: from our receptors billions of wires extend, linked with the computer of feelings, conditionings, the ties between one person and another. . . . Eros is a program that unfolds in the electronic clusters of the mind, but the mind is also skin: skin touched, seen, remembered. And what about the tortoises, enclosed in their insensitive casing? The poverty of their sensorial stimuli perhaps drives them to a concentrated, intense mental life, leads them to a crystalline inner awareness. . . . Perhaps the eros of tortoises obeys absolute spiritual laws, whereas we are prisoners of a machinery whose functioning remains unknown to us, prone to clogging up, stalling, exploding in uncontrolled automatisms. . . .

Do the tortoises understand themselves any better? After about ten minutes of mating, the two shells separate. She ahead, he behind, they resume their circling of the grass. Now the male remains more distanced; every now and then he scratches his claw against her shell, he climbs on her for a little, but without much conviction. They go back under the jasmine. He gives her a nip or two on a leg, always in the same place.

Looking for love in Galapagos

Unless he comes out of his shell and finds a mate, giant tortoise will be last of his kind

BY SIMON GARDNER,
PUERTO AYORA, ECUADOR

For years the inhabitants of the Galapagos Islands have been rooting for Lonesome George to come out of his shell and finally meet the right girl.

But it seems he has been unable to escape the legendary "curse of the tortoise" that has befallen so many in Charles Darwin's island paradise. And if elderly George cannot shake it off, the world will have lost one of a kind, literally.

The lumbering giant Galapagos tortoise is the last known of his subspecies. If he dies without an heir, *Geochelone elephantopus abingdoni*, one of just 11 types of the rare tortoise pivotal to

19th-century naturalist Charles Darwin's theory of evolution, will be extinct.

Just why George, nearly a metre long, about 90 kilograms in weight and somewhere between 50 and 80 years old, has been unable to mate with the two female tortoises closest to his subspecies remains a mystery.

But it is not for lack of trying. "We don't really know what the problem is," said Solanda Rea of the Charles Darwin Scientific Research Station on Santa Cruz island, who has been breeding giant tortoises for 20 years to boost dwindling numbers.

"He just runs out of steam when trying to copulate. In theory, he should be able to mate with the two



HEIDI SNELL/REUTERS

The lumbering giant Galapagos tortoise called George, the last known of his sub-species, lifts his head during a walk in his protected home in the island chain. Scientists don't know why he has been unable to mate.

females we have put with him, but I think that after living alone, he just needs a female of his own subspecies."

George was found on Pinta Island in the Ecuadorean volcanic cluster 30 years ago, the last of his line to escape the scourges of pirates, whale hunters and later goats, which were introduced by farmers in the late 1950s and decimated the habitat of the remaining tortoise population.

Now, having ruled out cloning and desperate to find an alternative to the costly process of artificial insemination, Ms. Rea and the station's other tortoise experts have posted a \$10,000 reward in the hope of finding a suitable mate.

The immense tortoises live on the sides and in the craters of the largely extinct volcano peaks that form the islands.

Like other rare species of the Galapagos archipelago, they evolved in isolation, developing into distinguishable subspecies on different islands.

Hundreds of thousands of the rare giant tortoises are believed to have once inhabited the archipelago almost 1,000 kilometres off the Ecuadorean mainland, once known as the Isles of the Tortoises.

But they were slaughtered for their meat by 16th century pirates, the first visitors to the islands, and later by hunters who used them to make oil for lamps. Just 10,000 remain today.

The Darwin Foundation aims to double that number over the next decade.

Since the mid-1960s it has been harvesting tortoise eggs from across the island cluster and hatching them in basic incubators to ensure they are not killed prematurely by predatory hawks.

In a painstaking process, the baby tortoises' black shells are each numbered and they are kept in special enclosures for three years until they are strong enough to be released back into the wilds on their native island.

Some 2,500 tortoises have so far

been reared and repatriated, 1,000 of them to the small island of Espanola alone, bred from just two males and 11 females.

They are believed to owe their size to their hormones, the endemic island plants they feed on and the fact because they live almost exactly on the equator, they do not need to hibernate.

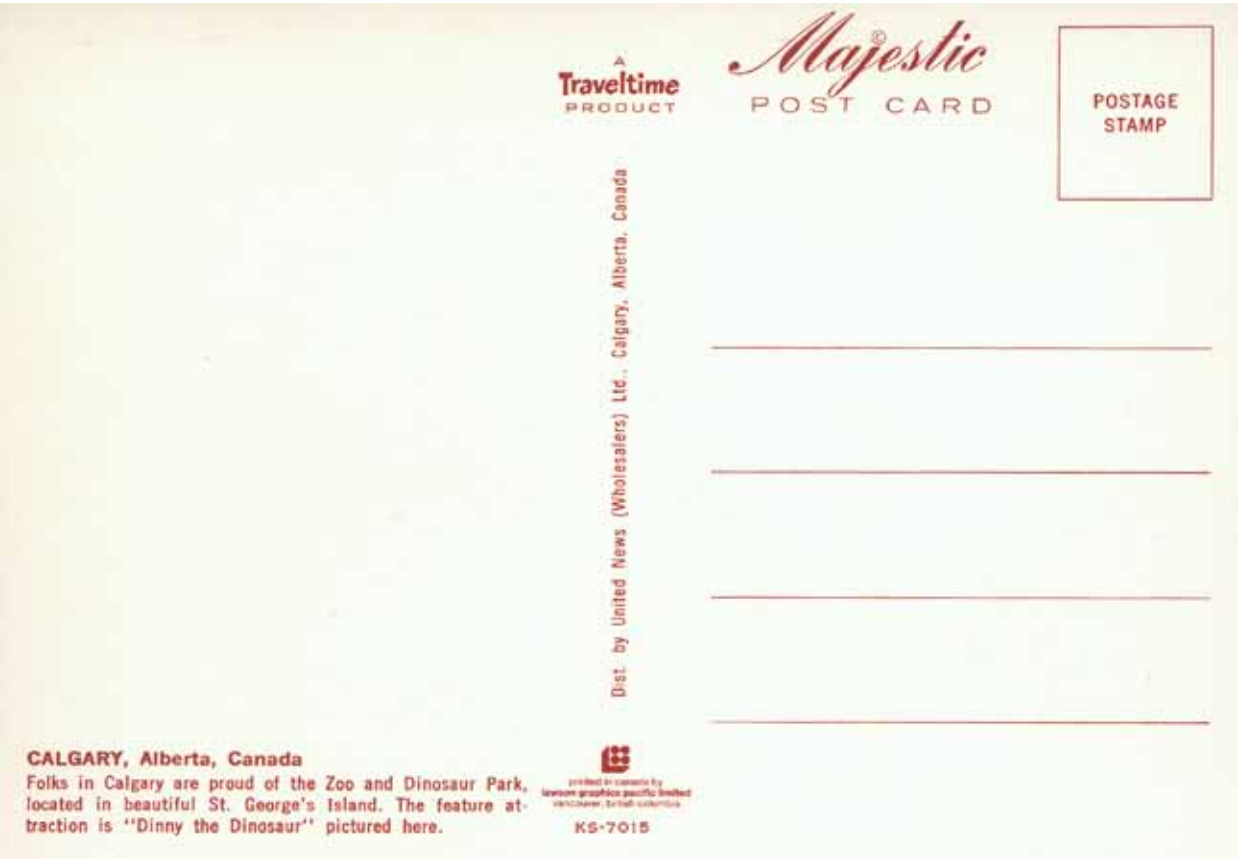
With their huge serpentine necks and colossal, elephantine scaly legs and feet, they look like something from prehistoric times.

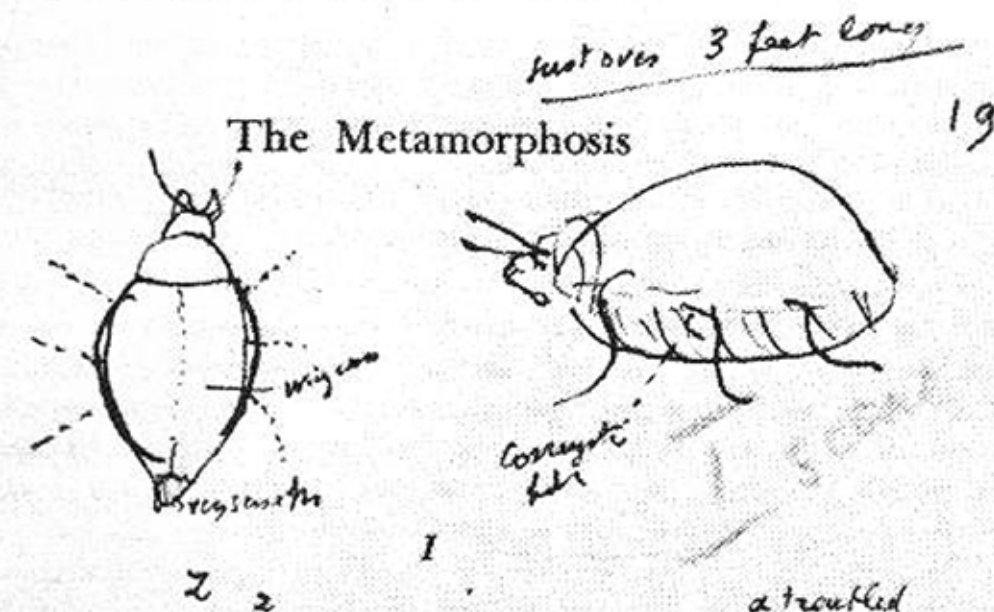
Legend has it that anyone who comes to the Galapagos hoping to turn a profit at the expense of the islands' unique ecosystem and other rare species like the blue-footed boobies and marine iguanas, faces the "curse of the tortoise."

Islanders point to a long string of disasters that have befallen those who have not heeded the warnings, saying the near-disastrous oil spill in the archipelago in mid-January was just one more example.

Reuters News Agency







AS GREGOR SAMSA awoke one morning from a troubled dream, he found himself transformed in his bed into a monstrous gigantic insect. He was lying on his hard, as it were armor-plated, back and when he lifted his head a little he could see his dome-like brown belly divided into stiff ~~corrugated~~ ^{arched} segments on top of which the bed quilt could hardly keep in position and was about to slide off completely. His numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk, ~~waved~~ ^{flimmered} helplessly before his eyes. ^{the way that it, he tried} ^{flimmered} ^{to go to}

What has happened to me? he thought. It was no dream. His room, a regular human bedroom, ^{though} ~~only~~ rather too small, lay quiet ^{within it} ~~between~~ the four familiar walls. Above the table on which a collection of cloth samples was unpacked and spread out—Samsa was a commercial traveler—hung the picture which he had recently cut out of an illustrated magazine and put into a pretty gilt frame. It showed a lady, with a fur cap on and a fur ~~coat~~ ^{very straight} ~~sitting~~ ^{upright} and holding out to the spectator a huge fur muff into which the whole of her forearm had vanished! ~~collected~~

he had ~~cut out~~ ^{made} the frame himself, of wood, ^{coat of arms} ^{gold paint}

THE METAMORPHOSIS

One morning, as Gregor Samsa was waking up from anxious dreams, he discovered that in bed he had been changed into a monstrous verminous bug. He lay on his armour-hard back and saw, as he lifted his head up a little, his brown, arched abdomen divided up into rigid bow-like sections. From this height the blanket, just about ready to slide off completely, could hardly stay in place. His numerous legs, pitifully thin in comparison to the rest of his circumference, flickered helplessly before his eyes.

“What’s happened to me,” he thought. It was no dream. His room, a proper room for a human being, only somewhat too small, lay quietly between the four well-known walls. Above the table, on which an unpacked collection of sample cloth goods was spread out—Samsa was a travelling salesman—hung the picture which he had cut out of an illustrated magazine a little while ago and set in a pretty gilt frame. It was a picture of a woman with a fur hat and a fur boa. She sat erect there, lifting up in the direction of the viewer a solid fur muff into which her entire forearm had disappeared.

Gregor’s glance then turned to the window. The dreary weather—the rain drops were falling audibly down on the metal window ledge—made him quite melancholy. “Why don’t I keep sleeping for a little while longer and forget all this foolishness,” he thought. But this was entirely impractical, for he was used to sleeping on his right side, and in his present state he couldn’t get himself into this position. No matter how hard he threw himself onto his right side, he always rolled again onto his back. He must have tried it a hundred times, closing his eyes so that he would not have to see the wriggling legs, and gave up only when he began to feel a light, dull pain in his side which he had never felt before.

“O God,” he thought, “what a demanding job I’ve chosen! Day in, day out, on the road. The stresses of selling are much greater than the work going on at head office, and, in addition to that, I have to cope with the problems of travelling, the worries about train connections, irregular bad food, temporary and constantly changing human relationships, which never come from the heart. To hell with it all!” He felt a slight itching on the top of his abdomen. He slowly pushed himself on his back closer to the bed post so that he could lift his head more easily, found the itchy part, which was entirely covered with small white

spots—he did not know what to make of them and wanted to feel the place with a leg. But he retracted it immediately, for the contact felt like a cold shower all over him.

He slid back again into his earlier position. “This getting up early,” he thought, “makes a man quite idiotic. A man must have his sleep. Other travelling salesmen live like harem women. For instance, when I come back to the inn during the course of the morning to write up the necessary orders, these gentlemen are just sitting down to breakfast. If I were to try that with my boss, I’d be thrown out on the spot. Still, who knows whether that mightn’t be really good for me? If I didn’t hold back for my parents’ sake, I’d have quit ages ago. I would’ve gone to the boss and told him just what I think from the bottom of my heart. He would’ve fallen right off his desk! How weird it is to sit up at that desk and talk down to the employee from way up there. The boss has trouble hearing, so the employee has to step up quite close to him. Anyway, I haven’t completely given up that hope yet. Once I’ve got together the money to pay off my parents’ debt to him—that should take another five or six years—I’ll do it for sure. Then I’ll make the big break. In any case, right now I have to get up. My train leaves at five o’clock.”

He looked over at the alarm clock ticking away by the chest of drawers. “Good God!” he thought. It was half past six, and the hands were going quietly on. It was past the half hour, already nearly quarter to. Could the alarm have failed to ring? One saw from the bed that it was properly set for four o’clock. Certainly it had rung. Yes, but was it possible to sleep through that noise which made the furniture shake? Now, it’s true he’d not slept quietly, but evidently he’d slept all the more deeply. Still, what should he do now? The next train left at seven o’clock. To catch that one, he would have to go in a mad rush. The sample collection wasn’t packed up yet, and he really didn’t feel particularly fresh and active. And even if he caught the train, there was no avoiding a blow-up with the boss, because the firm’s errand boy would’ve waited for the five o’clock train and reported the news of his absence long ago. He was the boss’s minion, without backbone or intelligence. Well then, what if he reported in sick? But that would be extremely embarrassing and suspicious, because during his five years’ service Gregor hadn’t been sick even once. The boss would certainly come with the doctor from the health insurance company and would reproach his parents for their lazy son and cut short all objections with the insurance doctor’s comments; for him everyone was completely healthy but really lazy about work. And besides, would the doctor in this case be totally

wrong? Apart from a really excessive drowsiness after the long sleep, Gregor in fact felt quite well and even had a really strong appetite.

As he was thinking all this over in the greatest haste, without being able to make the decision to get out of bed—the alarm clock was indicating exactly quarter to seven—there was a cautious knock on the door by the head of the bed.

“Gregor,” a voice called—it was his mother!—“it’s quarter to seven. Don’t you want to be on your way?” The soft voice! Gregor was startled when he heard his voice answering. It was clearly and unmistakably his earlier voice, but in it was intermingled, as if from below, an irrepressibly painful squeaking, which left the words positively distinct only in the first moment and distorted them in the reverberation, so that one didn’t know if one had heard correctly. Gregor wanted to answer in detail and explain everything, but in these circumstances he confined himself to saying, “Yes, yes, thank you mother. I’m getting up right away.” Because of the wooden door the change in Gregor’s voice was not really noticeable outside, so his mother calmed down with this explanation and shuffled off. However, as a result of the short conversation, the other family members became aware that Gregor was unexpectedly still at home, and already his father was knocking on one side door, weakly but with his fist. “Gregor, Gregor,” he called out, “what’s going on?” And, after a short while, he urged him on again in a deeper voice: “Gregor!” Gregor!” At the other side door, however, his sister knocked lightly. “Gregor? Are you all right? Do you need anything?” Gregor directed answers in both directions, “I’ll be ready right away.” He made an effort with the most careful articulation and by inserting long pauses between the individual words to remove everything remarkable from his voice. His father turned back to his breakfast. However, the sister whispered, “Gregor, open the door—I beg you.” Gregor had no intention of opening the door, but congratulated himself on his precaution, acquired from travelling, of locking all doors during the night, even at home.

First he wanted to stand up quietly and undisturbed, get dressed, above all have breakfast, and only then consider further action, for—he noticed this clearly—by thinking things over in bed he would not reach a reasonable conclusion. He remembered that he had already often felt a light pain or other in bed, perhaps the result of an awkward lying position, which later turned out to be purely imaginary when he stood up, and he was eager to see how his present fantasies would gradually dissipate. That the change in his voice was noth-

ing other than the onset of a real chill, an occupational illness of commercial travellers, of that he had not the slightest doubt.

It was very easy to throw aside the blanket. He needed only to push himself up a little, and it fell by itself. But to continue was difficult, particularly because he was so unusually wide. He needed arms and hands to push himself upright. Instead of these, however, he had only many small limbs which were incessantly moving with very different motions and which, in addition, he was unable to control. If he wanted to bend one of them, then it was the first to extend itself, and if he finally succeeded doing what he wanted with this limb, in the meantime all the others, as if left free, moved around in an excessively painful agitation. “But I must not stay in bed uselessly,” said Gregor to himself.

At first he wanted to get out of bed with the lower part of his body, but this lower part—which, by the way, he had not yet looked at and which he also couldn’t picture clearly—proved itself too difficult to move. The attempt went so slowly. When, having become almost frantic, he finally hurled himself forward with all his force and without thinking, he chose his direction incorrectly, and he hit the lower bedpost hard. The violent pain he felt revealed to him that the lower part of his body was at the moment probably the most sensitive. Thus, he tried to get his upper body out of the bed first and turned his head carefully toward the edge of the bed. He managed to do this easily, and in spite of its width and weight his body mass at last slowly followed the turning of his head. But as he finally raised his head outside the bed in the open air, he became anxious about moving forward any further in this manner, for if he allowed himself eventually to fall by this process, it would take a miracle to prevent his head from getting injured. And at all costs he must not lose consciousness right now. He preferred to remain in bed.

However, after a similar effort, while he lay there again, sighing as before, and once again saw his small limbs fighting one another, if anything worse than earlier, and didn’t see any chance of imposing quiet and order on this arbitrary movement, he told himself again that he couldn’t possibly remain in bed and that it might be the most reasonable thing to sacrifice everything if there was even the slightest hope of getting himself out of bed in the process. At the same moment, however, he didn’t forget to remind himself from time to time of the fact that calm—indeed the calmest—reflection might be better than the most confused decisions. At such moments, he directed his gaze as precisely as he could toward the window, but unfortunately there was little confident

cheer to be had from a glance at the morning mist, which concealed even the other side of the narrow street. “It’s already seven o’clock,” he told himself at the latest striking of the alarm clock, “already seven o’clock and still such a fog.” And for a little while longer he lay quietly with weak breathing, as if perhaps waiting for normal and natural conditions to re-emerge out of the complete stillness.

But then he said to himself, “Before it strikes a quarter past seven, whatever happens I must be completely out of bed. Besides, by then someone from the office will arrive to inquire about me, because the office will open before seven o’clock.” And he made an effort then to rock his entire body length out of the bed with a uniform motion. If he let himself fall out of the bed in this way, his head, which in the course of the fall he intended to lift up sharply, would probably remain uninjured. His back seemed to be hard; nothing would really happen to that as a result of the fall. His greatest reservation was a worry about the loud noise which the fall must create and which presumably would arouse, if not fright, then at least concern on the other side of all the doors. However, it had to be tried.

Photograph: Dali Horst



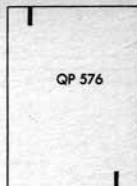
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A rare, nearly extinct breed, the Hickens Fur-Bearing Trout is from the Artikdannder genus of fish and is found in the arctic lakes north of the 72nd parallel. Its diet consists primarily of ice-worms and fod. Sometimes confused with the more common Alpino-Pelted Trout.
Source: Petrie Encyclopedia of Zoology, Vol. 7, (1938).



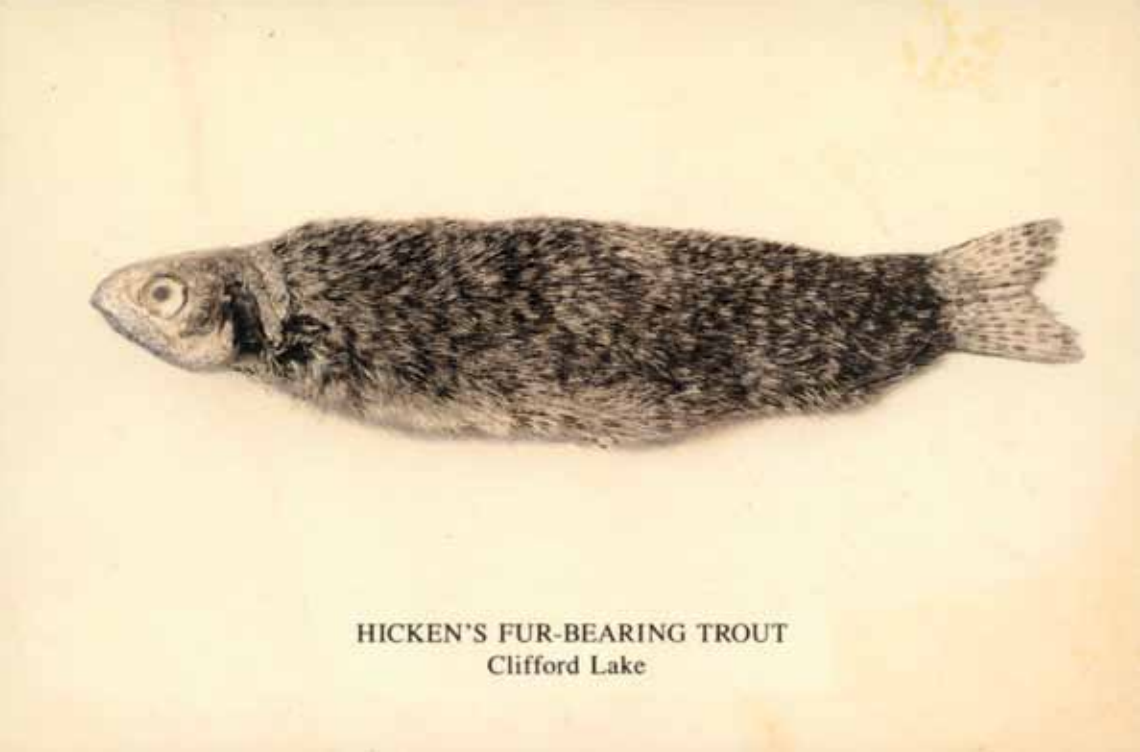
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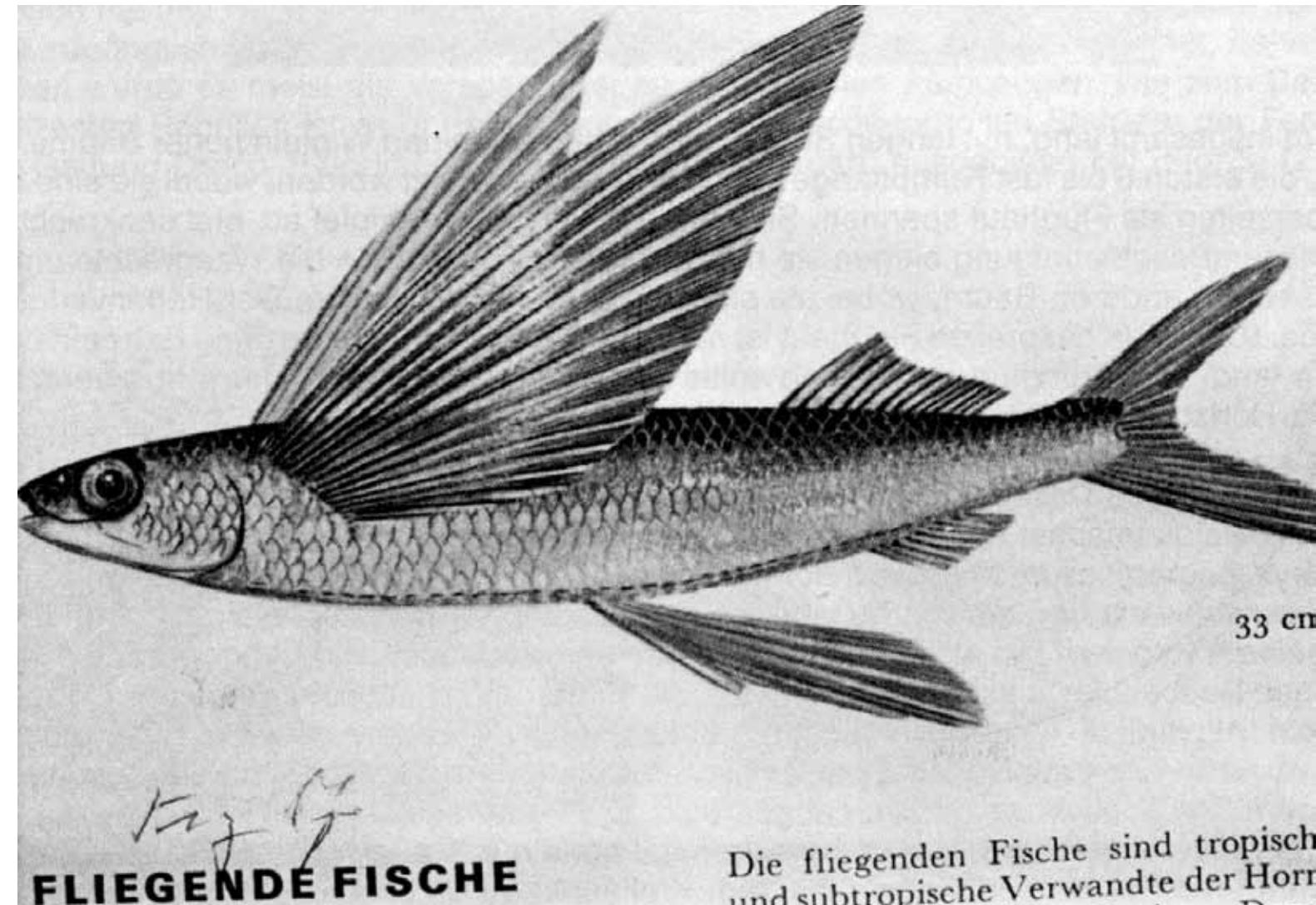
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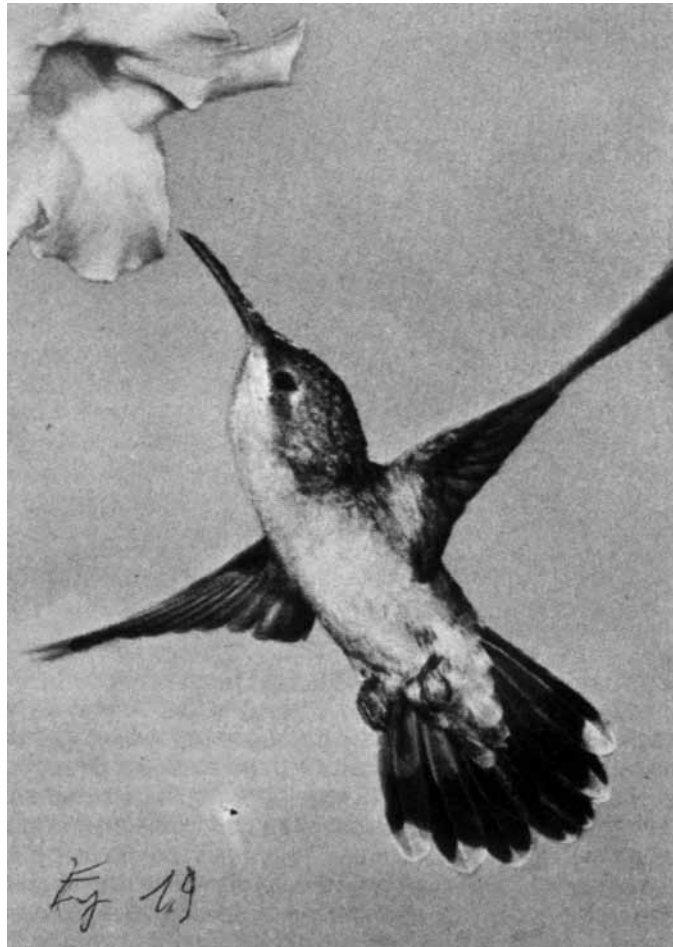




In the old Irish sagas exists a board game akin to (but distinct from) chess called *fidchell*, meaning wooden wisdom or wood sense and invented by the Irish god Lug, meaning light or brightness. The stakes are often very high. In one story two rival lovers, one the mortal king of Tara, and the other an immortal king of the fairies, play against each other. The ultimate stake is the King of Tara's wife Etain who has had a number of past lives. More than a thousand years before this game takes place, she was the fairy king's wife and now he wants her back. He wins the game of wooden wisdom and the two of them are transformed into swans as they fly away to the other world.

The End

Received in an e-mail from Jan Curtis on Wednesday, November 26, 2003.



THE VULTURE

A vulture was hacking at my feet. It had already torn my boots and stockings to shreds, now it was hacking at the feet themselves. Again and again it struck at them, then circled several times restlessly around me, then returned to continue its work. A gentleman passed by, looked on for a while, then asked me why I suffered the vulture. “I’m helpless,” I said. “When it came and began to attack me, I of course tried to drive it away, even to strangle it, but these animals are very strong, it was about to spring at my face, but I preferred to sacrifice my feet. Now they are almost torn to bits.” “Fancy letting yourself be tortured like this!” said the gentleman. “One shot and that’s the end of the vulture.” “Really?” I said. “And would you do that?” “With pleasure,” said the gentleman, “I’ve only got to go home and get my gun. Could you wait another half-hour?” “I’m not sure about that,” said I, and stood for a moment rigid with pain. Then I said: “Do try it in any case, please.” “Very well,” said the gentleman, “I’ll be as quick as I can.” During this conversation the vulture had been calmly listening, letting its eye rove between me and the gentleman. Now I realized that it had understood everything; it took wing, leaned far back to gain impetus, and then, like a javelin thrower, thrust its beak through my mouth, deep into me. Falling back, I was relieved to feel him drowning irretrievably in my blood, which was filling every depth, flooding every shore.

Indigo Bunting (*Passerina cyanea*)



I close my eyes and see a flock of birds. The vision lasts a second, or perhaps less; I am not sure how many birds I saw. Was the number of birds definite or indefinite? The problem involves the existence of God. If God exists, the number is definite, because God knows how many birds I saw. If God does not exist, the number is indefinite, because no one can have counted. In this case I saw fewer than ten birds (let us say) and more than one, but did not see nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, or two birds. I saw a number between ten and one, which was not nine, eight, seven, six, five, etc. That integer— not-nine, not-eight, not-seven, not-six, not-five, etc.— is inconceivable. Ergo, God exists.

Jorge Louis Borges





TREATISE ON THE STEPPENWOLF

There was once a man, Harry, called the Steppenwolf. He went on two legs, wore clothes and was a human being, but nevertheless he was in reality a wolf of the Steppes. He had learned a good deal of all that people of a good intelligence can, and was a fairly clever fellow. What he had not learned, however, was this: to find contentment in himself and his own life.

The cause of this apparently was that at the bottom of his heart he knew all the time (or thought he knew) that he was in reality not a man, but a wolf of the Steppes. Clever men might argue the point whether he truly was a wolf, whether, that is, he had been changed, before birth perhaps, from a wolf into a human being, or had been given the soul of a wolf, though born as a human being; or whether, on the other hand, this belief that he was a wolf was no more than a fancy or a disease of his. It might, for example, be possible that in his childhood he was a little wild and disobedient and disorderly, and that those who brought him up had declared a war of extinction against the beast in him; and precisely this had given him the idea and the belief that he was in fact actually a beast with only a thin covering of the human. On this point one could speak at length and entertainingly, and indeed write a book about it. The Steppenwolf, however, would be none the better for it, since for him it was all one whether the wolf had been bewitched or beaten into him, or whether it was merely an idea of his own. What others chose to think about it or what he chose to think himself was no good to him at all. It left the wolf inside him just the same.

And so the Steppenwolf had two natures, a human and a wolfish one. This was his fate, and it may well be that it was not a very exceptional one. There must have been many men who have had a good deal of the dog or the fox, of the fish or the serpent in them without experiencing any extraordinary difficulties on that account. In such cases, the man and the fish lived on together and neither did the other any harm. The one even helped the other. Many a man indeed has carried this condition to such enviable lengths that he has owed his happiness more to the fox or the ape in him than to the man. So much for common knowledge. In the case of Harry, however, it was just the opposite. In him the man and the wolf did not go the same way together, but were in continual and deadly enmity. One existed simply and solely to harm the other, and when there are two in one blood and in one soul who are at deadly enmity, then life fares ill. Well, to each his lot, and none is light.

Now with our Steppenwolf it was so that in his conscious life he lived now as a wolf, now as a man, as indeed the case is with all mixed beings. But, when he was a wolf, the man in him lay in ambush, ever on the watch to interfere and condemn, while at those times that he was man the wolf did just the same. For example, if Harry, as man, had a beautiful thought, felt a fine and noble emotion, or performed a so called good act, then the wolf bared his teeth at him and laughed and showed him with bitter scorn how laughable this whole pantomime was in the eyes of a beast, of a wolf who knew well enough in his heart what suited him, namely, to trot



alone over the Steppes and now and then to gorge himself with blood or to pursue a female wolf. Then, wolfishly seen, all human activities became horribly absurd and misplaced, stupid and vain. But it was exactly the same when Harry felt and behaved as a wolf and showed others his teeth and felt hatred and enmity against all human beings and their lying and degenerate manners and customs. For then the human part of him lay in ambush and watched the wolf, called him brute and beast, and spoiled and embittered for him all pleasure in his simple and healthy and wild wolf's being.

Thus it was then with the Steppenwolf, and one may well imagine that Harry did not have an exactly pleasant and happy life of it. This does not mean, however, that he was unhappy in any extraordinary degree (although it may have seemed so to himself all the same, inasmuch as every man takes the sufferings that fall to his share as the greatest). That cannot be said of any man. Even he who has no wolf in him, may be none the happier for that. And even the unhappiest life has its sunny moments and its little flowers of happiness between sand and stone. So it was, then, with the Steppenwolf too. It cannot be denied that he was generally very unhappy; and he could make others unhappy also, that is, when he loved them or they him. For all who got to love him, saw always only the one side in him. Many loved him as a refined and clever and interesting man, and were horrified and disappointed when they had come upon the wolf in him. And they had to because Harry wished, as every sentient being does, to be loved as a whole and therefore it was just with those whose love he most valued that he could least of all conceal and belie the wolf. There were those, however, who loved precisely the wolf in him, the free, the savage, the untamable, the dangerous and strong, and these found it peculiarly disappointing and deplorable when suddenly the wild and wicked wolf was also a man, and had hankerings after goodness and refinement, and wanted to hear Mozart, to read poetry and to cherish human ideals. Usually these were the most disappointed and angry of all; and so it was that the Steppenwolf brought his own dual and divided nature into the destinies of others besides himself whenever he came into contact with them.

Now, whoever thinks that he knows the Steppenwolf and that he can imagine to himself his lamentably divided life is nevertheless in error. He does not know all by a long way. He does not know that, as there is no rule without an exception and as one sinner may under certain circumstances be dearer to God than ninety and nine righteous persons, with Harry too there were now and then exceptions and strokes of good luck, and that he could breathe and think and feel sometimes as the wolf, sometimes as the man, clearly and without confusion of the two; and even on very rare occasions, they made peace and lived for one another in such fashion that not merely did one keep watch whilst the other slept but each strengthened and confirmed the other. In the life of this man, too, as well as in all things else in the world, daily use and the accepted and common knowledge seemed sometimes to have no other aim than to be arrested now and again for an instant, and broken through, in order to yield the place of honor to the exceptional and miraculous. Now whether these short and occasional hours of happiness balanced and alleviated the lot of the Steppenwolf

in such a fashion that in the upshot happiness and suffering held the scales even, or whether perhaps the short but intense happiness of those few hours outweighed all suffering and left a balance over is again a question over which idle persons may meditate to their hearts' content. Even the wolf brooded often over this, and those were his idle and unprofitable days.

In this connection one thing more must be said. There are a good many people of the same kind as Harry. Many artists are of his kind. These persons all have two souls, two beings within them. There is God and the devil in them; the mother's blood and the father's; the capacity for happiness and the capacity for suffering; and in just such a state of enmity and entanglement towards and within each other as were the wolf and man in Harry. And these men, for whom life has no repose, live at times in their rare moments of happiness with such strength and indescribable beauty, the spray of their moment's happiness is flung so high and dazzlingly over the wide sea of suffering, that the light of it, spreading its radiance, touches others too with its enchantment. Thus, like a precious, fleeting foam over the sea of suffering arise all those works of art, in which a single individual lifts himself for an hour so high above his personal destiny that his happiness shines like a star and appears to all who see it as something eternal and as a happiness of their own. All these men, whatever their deeds and works may be, have really no life; that is to say, their lives are not their own and have no form.

They are not heroes, artists or thinkers in the same way that other men are judges, doctors, shoemakers, or schoolmasters. Their life consists of a perpetual tide, unhappy and torn with pain, terrible and meaningless, unless one is ready to see its meaning in just those rare experiences, acts, thoughts and works that shine out above the chaos of such a life. To such men the desperate and horrible thought has come that perhaps the whole of human life is but a bad joke, a violent and ill-fated abortion of the primal mother, a savage and dismal catastrophe of nature. To them, too, however, the other thought has come that man is perhaps not merely a half-rational animal but a child of the gods and destined to immortality.

Men of every kind have their characteristics, their features, their virtues and vices and their deadly sins. Prowling about at night was one of the Steppenwolf's favorite tendencies. The morning was a wretched time of day for him. He feared it and it never brought him any good. On no morning of his life had he ever been in good spirits nor done any: good before midday, nor ever had a happy idea, nor devised any pleasure for himself or others. By degrees during the afternoon he warmed and became alive, and only towards evening, on his good days, was he productive, active and, sometimes, aglow with joy. With this was bound up his need for loneliness and independence. There was never a man with a deeper and more passionate craving for independence than he. In his youth when he was poor and had difficulty in earning his bread, he preferred to go hungry and in torn clothes rather than endanger his narrow limit of independence. He never sold himself for money or an easy life or to women or to those in power; and had thrown away a hundred times what in the world's eyes was his advantage and happiness in order to safeguard his liberty. No prospect was more

hateful and distasteful to him than that he should have to go to an office and conform to daily and yearly routine and obey others. He hated all kinds of offices, governmental or commercial, as he hated death, and his worst nightmare was confinement in barracks. He contrived, often at great sacrifice, to avoid all such predicaments. It was here that his strength and his virtue rested. On this point he could neither be bent nor bribed. Here his character was firm and inflexible. Only, through this virtue, he was bound the closer to his destiny of suffering. It happened to him as it does to all; what he strove for with the deepest and most stubborn instinct of his being fell to his lot, but more than is good for men. In the beginning his dream and his happiness, in the end it was his bitter fate. The man of power is ruined by power, the man of money by money, the submissive man by subservience, the pleasure seeker by pleasure. He achieved his aim. He was ever more independent. He took orders from no man and ordered his ways to suit no man. Independently and alone, he decided what to do and to leave undone. For every strong man attains to that which a genuine impulse bids him seek. But in the midst of the freedom he had attained Harry suddenly became aware that his freedom was a death and that he stood alone. The world in an uncanny fashion left him in peace. Other men concerned him no longer. He was not even concerned about himself. He began to suffocate slowly in the more and more rarefied atmosphere of remoteness and solitude. For now it was his wish no longer, nor his aim, to be alone and independent, but rather his lot and his sentence. The magic wish had been fulfilled and could not be cancelled, and it was no good now to open his arms with longing and goodwill to welcome the bonds of society. People left him alone now. It was not, however, that he was an object of hatred and repugnance. On the contrary, he had many friends. A great many people liked him. But it was no more than sympathy and friendliness. He received invitations, presents, pleasant letters; but no more. No one came near to him. There was no link left, and no one could have had any part in his life even had anyone wished it. For the air of lonely men surrounded him now, a still atmosphere in which the world around him slipped away, leaving him incapable of relationship, an atmosphere against which neither will nor longing availed. This was one of the significant earmarks of his life.

Another was that he was numbered among the suicides. And here it must be said that to call suicides only those who actually destroy themselves is false. Among these, indeed, there are many who in a sense are suicides only by accident and in whose being suicide has no necessary place. Among the common run of men there are many of little personality and stamped with no deep impress of fate, who find their end in suicide without belonging on that account to the type of the suicide by inclination; while on the other hand, of those who are to be counted as suicides by the very nature of their beings are many, perhaps a majority, who never in fact lay hands on themselves. The “suicide,” and Harry was one, need not necessarily live in a peculiarly close relationship to death. One may do this without being a suicide. What is peculiar to the suicide is that his ego, rightly or wrongly, is felt to be an extremely dangerous, dubious, and doomed germ of nature; that he is always in his own eyes exposed to an extraordinary risk, as though he stood with the slightest foothold on

the peak of a crag whence a slight push from without or an instant’s weakness from within suffices to precipitate him into the void. The line of fate in the case of these men is marked by the belief they have that suicide is their most probable manner of death. It might be presumed that such temperaments, which usually manifest themselves in early youth and persist through life, show a singular defect of vital force. On the contrary, among the “suicides” are to be found unusually tenacious and eager and also hardy natures. But just as there are those who at the least indisposition develop a fever, so do those whom we call suicides, and who are always very emotional and sensitive, develop at the least shock the notion of suicide. Had we a science with the courage and authority to concern itself with mankind, instead of with the mechanism merely of vital phenomena, had we something of the nature of an anthropology, or a psychology, these matters of fact would be familiar to every one.

What was said above on the subject of suicides touches obviously nothing but the surface. It is psychology, and, therefore, partly physics. Metaphysically considered, the matter has a different and a much clearer aspect. In this aspect suicides present themselves as those who are overtaken by the sense of guilt inherent in individuals, those souls that find the aim of life not in the perfecting and molding of the self, but in liberating themselves by going back to the mother, back to God, back to the all. Many of these natures are wholly incapable of ever having recourse to real suicide, because they have a profound consciousness of the sin of doing so. For us they are suicides nonetheless; for they see death and not life as the releaser. They are ready to cast themselves away in surrender, to be extinguished and to go back to the beginning.

As every strength may become a weakness (and under some circumstances must) so, on the contrary, may the typical suicide find a strength and a support in his apparent weakness. Indeed, he does so more often than not. The case of Harry, the Steppenwolf, is one of these. As thousands of his like do, he found consolation and support, and not merely the melancholy play of youthful fancy, in the idea that the way to death was open to him at any moment. It is true that with him, as with all men of his kind, every shock, every pain, every untoward predicament at once called forth the wish to find an escape in death. By degrees, however, he fashioned for himself out of this tendency a philosophy that was actually serviceable to life. He gained strength through familiarity with the thought that the emergency exit stood always open, and became curious, too, to taste his suffering to the dregs. If it went too badly with him he could feed sometimes with a grim malicious pleasure: “I am curious to see all the same just how much a man can endure. If the limit of what is bearable is reached, I have only to open the door to escape.” There are a great many suicides to whom this thought imparts an uncommon strength.

On the other hand, all suicides have the responsibility of fighting against the temptation of suicide. Every one of them knows very well in some corner of his soul that suicide, though a way out, is rather a mean and shabby one, and that it is nobler and finer to be conquered by life than to fall by one’s own hand. Knowing this, with a morbid conscience whose source is much the same as that of the militant conscience of so-called self-contented persons, the majority of suicides are left to a protracted

struggle against their temptation. They struggle as the kleptomaniac against his own vice. The Steppenwolf was not unfamiliar with this struggle. He had engaged in it with many a change of weapons. Finally, at the age of forty-seven or thereabouts, a happy and not unhumorous idea came to him from which he often derived some amusement. He appointed his fiftieth birthday as the day on which he might allow himself to take his own life. On this day, according to his mood, so he agreed with himself, it should be open to him to employ the emergency exit or not. Let happen to him what might, illness, poverty, suffering and bitterness, there was a time limit. It could not extend beyond these few years, months, days whose number daily diminished. And in fact he bore much adversity, which previously would have cost him severer and longer tortures and shaken him perhaps to the roots of his being, very much more easily. When for any reason it went particularly badly with him, when peculiar pains and penalties were added to the desolateness and loneliness and savagery of his life, he could say to his tormentors: "Only wait, two years and I am your master." And with this he cherished the thought of the morning of his fiftieth birthday. Letters of congratulation would arrive, while he, relying on his razor, took leave of all his pains and closed the door behind him. Then gout in the joints, depression of spirits, and all pains of head and body could look for another victim.

It still remains to elucidate the Steppenwolf as an isolated phenomenon, in his relation, for example, to the bourgeois world, so that his symptoms may be traced to their source. Let us take as a starting point, since it offers itself, his relation to the bourgeoisie.

To take his own view of the matter, the Steppenwolf stood entirely outside the world of convention, since he had neither family life nor social ambitions. He felt himself to be single and alone, whether as a queer fellow and a hermit in poor health, or as a person removed from the common run of men by the prerogative of talents that had something of genius in them. Deliberately, he looked down upon the ordinary man and was proud that he was not one. Nevertheless his life in many aspects was thoroughly ordinary. He had money in the bank and supported poor relations. He was dressed respectably and inconspicuously, even though without particular care. He was glad to live on good terms with the police and the tax collectors and other such powers. Besides this, he was secretly and persistently attracted to the little bourgeois world, to those quiet and respectable homes with tidy gardens, irreproachable staircases and their whole modest air of order and comfort. It pleased him to set himself outside it, with his little vices and extravagances, as a queer fellow or a genius, but he never had his domicile in those provinces of life where the bourgeoisie had ceased to exist. He was not at ease with violent and exceptional persons or with criminals and outlaws, and he took up his abode always among the middle classes, with whose habits and standards and atmosphere he stood in a constant relation, even though it might be one of contrast and revolt. Moreover, he had been brought up in a provincial and conventional home and many of the notions and much of the examples of those days had never left him. In theory he had nothing whatever against the servant class, yet in practice it would have been beyond him to take a servant quite seriously as his equal. He was capable of loving the political criminal, the revolutionary or intellectual

seducer, the outlaw of state and society, as his brother, but as for theft and robbery, murder and rape, he would not have known how to deplore them otherwise than in a thoroughly bourgeois manner.

In this way he was always recognizing and affirming with one half of himself, in thought and act, what with the other half he fought against and denied. Brought up, as he was, in a cultivated home in the approved manner he never tore part of his soul loose from its conventionalities even after he had long since individualized himself to a degree beyond its scope and freed himself from the substance of its ideals and beliefs.

Now what we call "bourgeois," when regarded as an element always to be found in human life, is nothing else than the search for a balance. It is the striving after a mean between the countless extremes and opposites that arise in human conduct. If we take any one of these coupled opposites, such as piety and profligacy, the analogy is immediately comprehensible. It is open to a man to give himself up wholly to spiritual views, to seeking after God, to the ideal of saintliness. On the other hand, he can equally give himself up entirely to the life of instinct, to the lusts of the flesh, and so direct all his efforts to the attainment of momentary pleasures. The one path leads to the saint, to the martyrdom of the spirit and surrender to God. The other path leads to the profligate, to the martyrdom of the flesh, the surrender to corruption. Now it is between the two, in the middle of the road, that the bourgeois seeks to walk. He will never surrender himself either to lust or to asceticism. He will never be a martyr or agree to his own destruction. On the contrary, his ideal is not to give up but to maintain his own identity. He strives neither for the saintly nor its opposite. The absolute is his abhorrence. He may be ready to serve God, but not by giving up the fleshpots. He is ready to be virtuous, but likes to be easy and comfortable in this world as well. In short, his aim is to make a home for himself between two extremes in a temperate zone without violent storms and tempests; and in this he succeeds though it be at the cost of that intensity of life and feeling which an extreme life affords. A man cannot live intensely except at the cost of the self. Now the bourgeois treasures nothing more highly than the self (rudimentary as his may be). And so at the cost of intensity he achieves his own preservation and security. His harvest is a quiet mind which he prefers to being possessed by God, as he does comfort to pleasure, convenience to liberty, and a pleasant temperature to that deathly inner consuming fire. The bourgeois is consequently by nature a creature of weak impulses, anxious, fearful of giving himself away and easy to rule. Therefore, he has substituted majority for power, law for force, and the polling booth for responsibility.

It is clear that this weak and anxious being, in whatever numbers he exists, cannot maintain himself, and that qualities such as his can play no other role in the world than that of a herd of sheep among free roving wolves. Yet we see that, though in times when commanding natures are uppermost, the bourgeois goes at once to the wall, he never goes under; indeed at times he even appears to rule the world. How is this possible? Neither the great numbers of the herd, nor virtue, nor common sense, nor organization could avail to save it from destruction. No medicine in the world can keep a pulse beating that from the outset was so weak. Nevertheless the bourgeoisie

prosper. Why?

The answer runs: Because of the Steppenwolves. In fact, the vital force of the bourgeoisie resides by no means in the qualities of its normal members, but in those of its extremely numerous “outsiders” who by virtue of the extensiveness and elasticity of its ideals it can embrace. There is always a large number of strong and wild natures who share the life of the fold. Our Steppenwolf, Harry, is a characteristic example. He who is developed far beyond the level possible to the bourgeois, he who knows the bliss of meditation no less than the gloomy joys of hatred and self-hatred, he who despises law, virtue and common sense, is nevertheless captive to the bourgeoisie and cannot escape it. And so all through the mass of the real bourgeoisie are interposed numerous layers of humanity, many thousands of lives and minds, every one of whom, it is true, would have outgrown it and have obeyed the call to unconditioned life, were they not fastened to it by sentiments of their childhood and infected for the most part with its less intense life; and so they are kept lingering, obedient and bound by obligation and service. For with the bourgeoisie the opposite of the formula for the great is true: He who is not against me is with me.

If we now pause to test the soul of the Steppenwolf, we find him distinct from the bourgeois in the higher development of his individuality—for all extreme individuation turns against itself, intent upon its own destruction. We see that he had in him strong impulses both to be a saint and a profligate; and yet he could not, owing to some weakness or inertia, make the plunge into the untrammelled realms of space. The parent constellation of the bourgeoisie binds him with its spell. This is his place in the universe and this his bondage. Most intellectuals and most artists belong to the same type. Only the strongest of them force their way through the atmosphere of the bourgeois earth and attain to the cosmic. The others all resign themselves or make compromises. Despising the bourgeoisie, and yet belonging to it, they add to its strength and glory; for in the last resort they have to share their beliefs in order to live. The lives of these infinitely numerous persons make no claim to the tragic; but they live under an evil star in a quite considerable affliction; and in this hell their talents ripen and bear fruit. The few who break free seek their reward in the unconditioned and go down in splendor. They wear the thorn crown and their number is small. The others, however, who remain in the fold and from whose talents the bourgeoisie reaps much gain, have a third kingdom left open to them, an imaginary and yet a sovereign world, humor. The lone wolves who know no peace, these victims of unceasing pain to whom the urge for tragedy has been denied and who can never break through the starry space, who feel themselves summoned thither and yet cannot survive in its atmosphere—for them is reserved, provided suffering has made their spirits tough and elastic enough, a way of reconciliation and an escape into humor. Humor has always something bourgeois in it, although the true bourgeois is incapable of understanding it. In its imaginary realm the intricate and many-faceted ideal of all Steppenwolves finds its realisation. Here it is possible not only to extol the saint and the profligate in one breath and to make the poles meet, but to include the bourgeois, too, in the same affirmation. Now it is possible to be possessed by

God and to affirm the sinner, and vice versa, but it is not possible for either saint or sinner (or for any other of the unconditioned) to affirm as well that lukewarm mean, the bourgeois. Humor alone, that magnificent discovery of those who are cut short in their calling to highest endeavor, those who falling short of tragedy are yet as rich in gifts as in affliction, humor alone (perhaps the most inborn and brilliant achievement of the spirit) attains to the impossible and brings every aspect of human existence within the rays of its prism. To live in the world as though it were not the world, to respect the law and yet to stand above it, to have possessions as though “one possessed nothing,” to renounce as though it were no renunciation, all these favorite and often formulated propositions of an exalted worldly wisdom, it is in the power of humor alone to make efficacious.

And supposing the Steppenwolf were to succeed, and he has gifts and resources in plenty, in decocting this magic draught in the sultry mazes of his hell, his rescue would be assured. Yet there is much lacking. The possibility, the hope only are there. Whoever loves him and takes his part may wish him this rescue. It would, it is true, keep him forever tied to the bourgeois world, but his suffering would be bearable and productive. His relation to the bourgeois world would lose its sentimentality both in its love and in its hatred, and his bondage to it would cease to cause him the continual torture of shame.

To attain to this, or, perhaps it may be, to be able at last to dare the leap into the unknown, a Steppenwolf must once have a good look at himself. He must look deeply into the chaos of his own soul and plumb its depths. The riddle of his existence would then be revealed to him at once in all its changelessness, and it would be impossible for him ever after to escape first from the hell of the flesh to the comforts of a sentimental philosophy and then back to the blind orgy of his wolfishness. Man and wolf would then be compelled to recognize one another without the masks of false feeling and to look one another straight in the eye. Then they would either explode and separate forever, and there would be no more Steppenwolf, or else they would come to terms in the dawning light of humor.

It is possible that Harry will one day be led to this latter alternative. It is possible that he will learn one day to know himself. He may get hold of one of our little mirrors. He may encounter the Immortals. He may find in one of our magic theaters the very thing that is needed to free his neglected soul. A thousand such possibilities await him. His fate brings them on, leaving him no choice; for those outside of the bourgeoisie live in the atmosphere of these magic possibilities. A mere nothing suffices—and the lightning strikes.

And all this is very well known to the Steppenwolf, even though his eye may never fall on this fragment of his inner biography. He has a suspicion of his allotted place in the world, a suspicion of the Immortals, a suspicion that he may meet himself face to face; and he is aware of the existence of that mirror in which he has such bitter need to look and from which he shrinks in such deathly fear.

* * *

For the close of our study there is left one last fiction, a fundamental delusion to make clear. All interpretation, all psychology, all attempts to make things comprehensible, require the medium of theories, mythologies and lies; and a self-respecting author should not omit, at the close of an exposition, to dissipate these lies so far as may be in his power. If I say “above” or “below,” that is already a statement that requires explanation, since an above and a below exist only in thought, only as abstractions. The world itself knows nothing of above or below.

So too, to come to the point, is the Steppenwolf a fiction. When Harry feels himself to be a were-wolf, and chooses to consist of two hostile and opposed beings, he is merely availing himself of a mythological simplification. He is no were-wolf at all, and if we appeared to accept without scrutiny this lie which he invented for himself and believes in, and tried to regard him literally as a two-fold being and a Steppenwolf, and so designated him, it was merely in the hope of being more easily understood with the assistance of a delusion, which we must now endeavor to put in its true light.

The division into wolf and man, flesh and spirit, by means of which Harry tries to make his destiny more comprehensible to himself is a very great simplification. It is a forcing of the truth to suit a plausible, but erroneous, explanation of that contradiction which this man discovers in himself and which appears to himself to be the source of his by no means negligible sufferings. Harry finds in himself a human being, that is to say, a world of thoughts and feelings, of culture and tamed or sublimated nature, and besides this he finds within himself also a wolf, that is to say, a dark world of instinct, of savagery and cruelty, of unsublimated or raw nature. In spite of this apparently clear division of his being between two spheres, hostile to one another, he has known happy moments now and then when the man and the wolf for a short while were reconciled with one another. Suppose that Harry tried to ascertain in any single moment of his life, any single act, what part the man had in it and what part the wolf, he would find himself at once in a dilemma, and his whole beautiful wolf theory would go to pieces. For there is not a single human being, not even the primitive Negro, not even the idiot, who is so conveniently simple that his being can be explained as the sum of two or three principal elements; and to explain so complex a man as Harry by the artless division into wolf and man is a hopelessly childish attempt. Harry consists of a hundred or a thousand selves, not of two. His life oscillates, as everyone’s does, not merely between two poles, such as the body and the spirit, the saint and the sinner, but between thousand and thousands.

We need not be surprised that even so intelligent and educated a man as Harry should take himself for a Steppenwolf and reduce the rich and complex organism of his life to a formula so simple, so rudimentary and primitive. Man is not capable of thought in any high degree, and even the most spiritual and highly cultivated of men habitually sees the world and himself through the lenses of delusive formulas and artless simplifications—and most of all himself. For it appears to be an inborn and imperative need of all men to regard the self as a unit. However often and however

grievously this illusion is shattered, it always mends again. The judge who sits over the murderer and looks into his face, and at one moment recognizes all the emotions and potentialities and possibilities of the murderer in his own soul and hears the murderer’s voice as his own, is at the next moment one and indivisible as the judge, and scuttles back into the shell of his cultivated self and does his duty and condemns the murderer to death. And if ever the suspicion of their manifold being dawns upon men of unusual powers and of unusually delicate perceptions, so that, as all genius must, they break through the illusion of the unity of the personality and perceive that the self is made up of a bundle of selves, they have only to say so and at once the majority puts them under lock and key, calls science to aid, establishes schizomania and protects humanity from the necessity of hearing the cry of truth from the lips of these unfortunate persons. Why then waste words, why utter a thing that every thinking man accepts as self-evident, when the mere utterance of it is a breach of taste? A man, therefore, who gets so far as making the supposed unity of the self two-fold is already almost a genius, in any case a most exceptional and interesting person. In reality, however, every ego, so far from being a unity is in the highest degree a manifold world, a constellated heaven, a chaos of forms, of states and stages, of inheritances and potentialities. It appears to be a necessity as imperative as eating and breathing for everyone to be forced to regard this chaos as a unity and to speak of his ego as though it were a one-fold and clearly detached and fixed phenomenon. Even the best of us shares the delusion.

The delusion rests simply upon a false analogy. As a body everyone is single, as a soul never. In literature, too, even in its ultimate achievement, we find this customary concern with apparently whole and single personalities. Of all literature up to our days the drama has been the most highly prized by writers and critics, and rightly, since it offers (or might offer) the greatest possibilities of representing the ego as a manifold entity, but for the optical illusion which makes us believe that the characters of the play are one-fold entities by lodging each one in an undeniable body, singly, separately and once and for all. An artless esthetic criticism, then, keeps its highest praise for this so-called character-drama in which each character makes his appearance unmistakably as a separate and single entity. Only from afar and by degrees the suspicion dawns here and there that all this is perhaps a cheap and superficial esthetic philosophy, and that we make a mistake in attributing to our great dramatists those magnificent conceptions of beauty that come to us from antiquity. These conceptions are not native to us, but are merely picked up at second hand, and it is in them, with their common source in the visible body, that the origin of the fiction of an ego, an individual, is really to be found. There is no trace of such a notion in the poems of ancient India. The heroes of the epics of India are not individuals, but whole reels of individualities in a series of incarnations. And in modern times there are poems, in which, behind the veil of a concern with individuality and character that is scarcely, indeed, in the author’s mind, the motive is to present a manifold activity of soul. Whoever wishes to recognize this must resolve once and for all not to regard the characters of such a poem as separate beings, but as the various facets and aspects

of a higher unity, in my opinion, of the poet's soul. If "Faust" is treated in this way, Faust, Mephistopheles, Wagner and the rest form a unity and a supreme individuality; and it is in this higher unity alone, not the several characters, that something of the true nature of the soul is revealed. When Faust, in a line immortalized among schoolmasters and greeted with a shudder of astonishment by the Philistine, says: "Two souls, alas, do dwell within my breast" he has forgotten Mephisto and a whole crowd of other souls that he has in his breast likewise. The Steppenwolf, too, believes that he bears two souls (wolf and man) in his breast and even so finds his breast disagreeably cramped because of them. The breast and the body are indeed one, but the souls that dwell in it are not two, nor five, but countless in number. Man is an onion made up of a hundred integuments, a texture made up of many threads. The ancient Asiatics knew this well enough, and in the Buddhist Yoga an exact technique was devised for unmasking the illusion of the personality. The human merry-go-round sees many changes: the illusion that cost India the efforts of thousands of years to unmask is the same illusion that the West has labored just as hard to maintain and strengthen.

If we consider the Steppenwolf from this standpoint it will be clear to us why he suffered so much under his ludicrous dual personality. He believes, like Faust, that two souls are far too many for a single breast and must tear the breast asunder. They are on the contrary far too few, and Harry does shocking violence to his poor soul when he endeavors to apprehend it by means of so primitive an image. Although he is a most cultivated person, he proceeds like a savage that cannot count further than two. He calls himself part wolf, part man, and with that he thinks he has come to an end and exhausted the matter. With the "man" he packs in everything spiritual and sublimated or even cultivated to be found in himself, and with the wolf all that is instinctive, savage and chaotic. But things are not so simple in life as in our thoughts, nor so rough and ready as in our poor idiotic language; and Harry lies about himself twice over when he employs this niggardly wolf theory. He assigns, we fear, whole provinces of his soul to the "man" which are a long way from being human, and parts of his being to the wolf that long ago have left the wolf behind.

Like all men Harry believes that he knows very well what man is and yet does not know at all, although in dreams and other states not subject to control he often has his suspicions. If only he might not forget them, but keep them, as far as possible at least, for his own. Man is not by any means of fixed and enduring form (this, in spite of suspicions to the contrary on the part of their wise men, was the ideal of the ancients). He is much more an experiment and a transition. He is nothing else than the narrow and perilous bridge between nature and spirit. His innermost destiny drives him on to the spirit and to God. His innermost longing draws him back to nature, the mother. Between the two forces his life hangs tremulous and irresolute. "Man," whatever people think of him, is never anything more than a temporary bourgeois compromise. Convention rejects and bans certain of the more naked instincts, a little consciousness, morality and debestialization is called for, and a modicum of spirit is not only permitted but even thought necessary. The "man" of this concordat,

like every other bourgeois ideal, is a compromise, a timid and artlessly sly experiment, with the aim of cheating both the angry primal mother Nature and the troublesome primal father Spirit of their pressing claims, and of living in a temperate zone between the two of them. For this reason the bourgeois today burns as heretics and hangs as criminals those to whom he erects monuments tomorrow.

That man is not yet a finished creation but rather a challenge of the spirit; a distant possibility dreaded as much as it is desired; that the way towards it has only been covered for a very short distance and with terrible agonies and ecstasies even by those few for whom it is the scaffold today and the monument tomorrow—all this the Steppenwolf, too, suspected. What, however, he calls the "man" in himself, as opposed to the wolf, is to a great extent nothing else than this very same average man of the bourgeois convention.

As for the way to true manhood, the way to the immortals, he has, it is true, an inkling of it and starts upon it now and then for a few hesitating steps and pays for them with much suffering and many pangs of loneliness. But as for striving with assurance, in response to that supreme demand, towards the genuine manhood of the spirit, and going the one narrow way to immortality, he is deeply afraid of it. He knows too well that it leads to still greater sufferings, to proscription, to the last renunciation, perhaps to the scaffold, and even though the enticement of immortality lies at the journey's end, he is still unwilling to suffer all these sufferings and to die all these deaths. Though the goal of manhood is better known to him than to the bourgeois, still he shuts his eyes. He is resolved to forget that the desperate clinging to the self and the desperate clinging to life are the surest way to eternal death, while the power to die, to strip one's self naked, and the eternal surrender of the self bring immortality with them. When he worships his favorites among the immortals, Mozart, perchance, he always looks at him in the long run through bourgeois eyes. His tendency is to explain Mozart's perfected being, just as a schoolmaster would, as a supreme and special gift rather than as the outcome of his immense powers of surrender and suffering, of his indifference to the ideals of the bourgeois, and of his patience under that last extremity of loneliness which rarefies the atmosphere of the bourgeois world to an ice-cold ether, around those who suffer to become men, that loneliness of the Garden of Gethsemane.

This Steppenwolf of ours has always been aware of at least the Faustian two-fold nature within him. He has discovered that the one-fold of the body is not inhabited by a onefold of the soul, and that at best he is only at the beginning of a long pilgrimage towards this ideal harmony. He would like either to overcome the wolf and become wholly man or to renounce mankind and at last to live wholly a wolf's life. It may be presumed that he has never carefully watched a real wolf. Had he done so he would have seen, perhaps, that even animals are not undivided in spirit. With them, too, the wellknit beauty of the body hides a being of manifold states and strivings. The wolf, too, has his abysses. The wolf, too, suffers. No, back to nature is a false track that leads nowhere but to suffering and despair. Harry can never turn back again and become wholly wolf, and could he do so he would find that even the wolf is not of

primeval simplicity, but already a creature of manifold complexity. Even the wolf has two, and more than two, souls in his wolf's breast, and he who desires to be a wolf falls into the same forgetfulness as the man who sings: "If I could be a child once more!" He who sentimentally sings of blessed childhood is thinking of the return to nature and innocence and the origin of things, and has quite forgotten that these blessed children are beset with conflict and complexities and capable of all suffering.

There is, in fact, no way back either to the wolf or to the child. From the very start there is no innocence and no singleness. Every created thing, even the simplest, is already guilty, already multiple, has been thrown into the muddy stream of being and may never more swim back again to its source. The way to innocence, to the uncreated and to God leads on, not back, not back to the wolf or to the child, but ever further into sin, ever deeper into human life. Nor will suicide really solve your problem, unhappy Steppenwolf. You will, instead, embark on the longer and wearier and harder road of life. You will have to multiply many times your two-fold being and complicate your complexities still further. Instead of narrowing your world and simplifying your soul, you will have to absorb more and more of the world and at last take all of it up in your painfully expanded soul, if you are ever to find peace. This is the road that Buddha and every great man has gone, whether consciously or not, insofar as fortune favored his quest. All births mean separation from the All, the confinement within limitation, the separation from God, the pangs of being born ever anew. The return into the All, the dissolution of painful individuation, the reunion with God means the expansion of the soul until it is able once more to embrace the All.

We are not dealing here with man as he is known to economics and statistics, as he is seen thronging the streets by the million, and of whom no more account can be made than of the sand of the sea or the spray of its waves. We are not concerned with the few millions less or more. They are a stock-in-trade, nothing else. No we are speaking of man in the highest sense, of the end of the long road to true manhood, of kingly men, of the immortals. Genius is not so rare as we sometimes think; nor, certainly, so frequent as may appear from history books or, indeed, from the newspapers. Harry has, we should say, genius enough to attempt the quest of true manhood instead of discoursing pitifully about his stupid Steppenwolf at every difficulty encountered.

It is as much a matter for surprise and sorrow that men of such possibilities should fall back on Steppenwolves and "Two souls, alas" as that they reveal so often that pitiful love for the bourgeoisie. A man who can understand Buddha and has an intuition of the heaven and hell of humanity ought not to live in a world ruled by "common sense" and democracy and bourgeois standards. It is only from cowardice that he lives in it; and when its dimensions are too cramping for him and the bourgeois parlor too confining, he lays it at the wolf's door, and refuses to see that the wolf is as often as not the best part of him. All that is wild in himself he calls wolf and considers it wicked and dangerous and the bugbear of all decent life. He cannot see, even though he thinks himself an artist and possessed of delicate perceptions, that a great deal else exists in him besides and behind the wolf. He cannot see that not all

that bites is wolf and that fox, dragon, tiger, ape and bird of paradise are there also. And he cannot see that this whole world, this Eden and its manifestations of beauty and terror, of greatness and meanness, of strength and tenderness is crushed and imprisoned by the wolf legend just as the real man in him is crushed and imprisoned by that sham existence, the bourgeois.

Man designs for himself a garden with a hundred kinds of trees, a thousand kinds of flowers, a hundred kinds of fruit and vegetables. Suppose, then, that the gardener of this garden knew no other distinction than between edible and inedible, nine-tenths of this garden would be useless to him. He would pull up the most enchanting flowers and hew down the noblest trees and even regard them with a loathing and envious eye. This is what the Steppenwolf does with the thousand flowers of his soul. What does not stand classified as either man or wolf he does not see at all. And consider all that he imputes to "man"! All that is cowardly and apish, stupid and mean—while to the wolf, only because he has not succeeded in making himself its master, is set down all that is strong and noble.

Now we bid Harry goodbye and leave him to go on his way alone. Were he already among the immortals, were he already there at the goal to which his difficult path seems to be taking him, with what amazement he would look back to all this coming and going, all this indecision and wild zig-zag trail. With what a mixture of encouragement and blame, pity and joy, he would smile at this Steppenwolf.

Discarded dogs get taste of luxury

LONDON

Abandoned dogs are being pampered with plush, furnished kennels complete with television sets and a *feng shui* garden to play in, courtesy of a large donation to a London shelter.

They will be able to watch the hit program *Animal Hospital* on in-kennel TV screens and enjoy other luxury features of the custom-built doghouses, including showers, piped music and aromatherapy units to pump in sweet smells, the Mayhew Animal Home in north

London said.

"The reason for the new kennels is to make the environment as comfortable and as stress-free as possible for both the dogs and the people viewing them," Nicki Austin, development officer for the home, said.

"This makes the dogs easier to re-home, which is our ultimate aim."

The charity said the revamp, with 10 designer kennels that can house up to 14 dogs, was made possible largely by an unidentified person's bequest. *Reuters*





“Art is continually haunted by the animal.”

Deleuze + Guattari

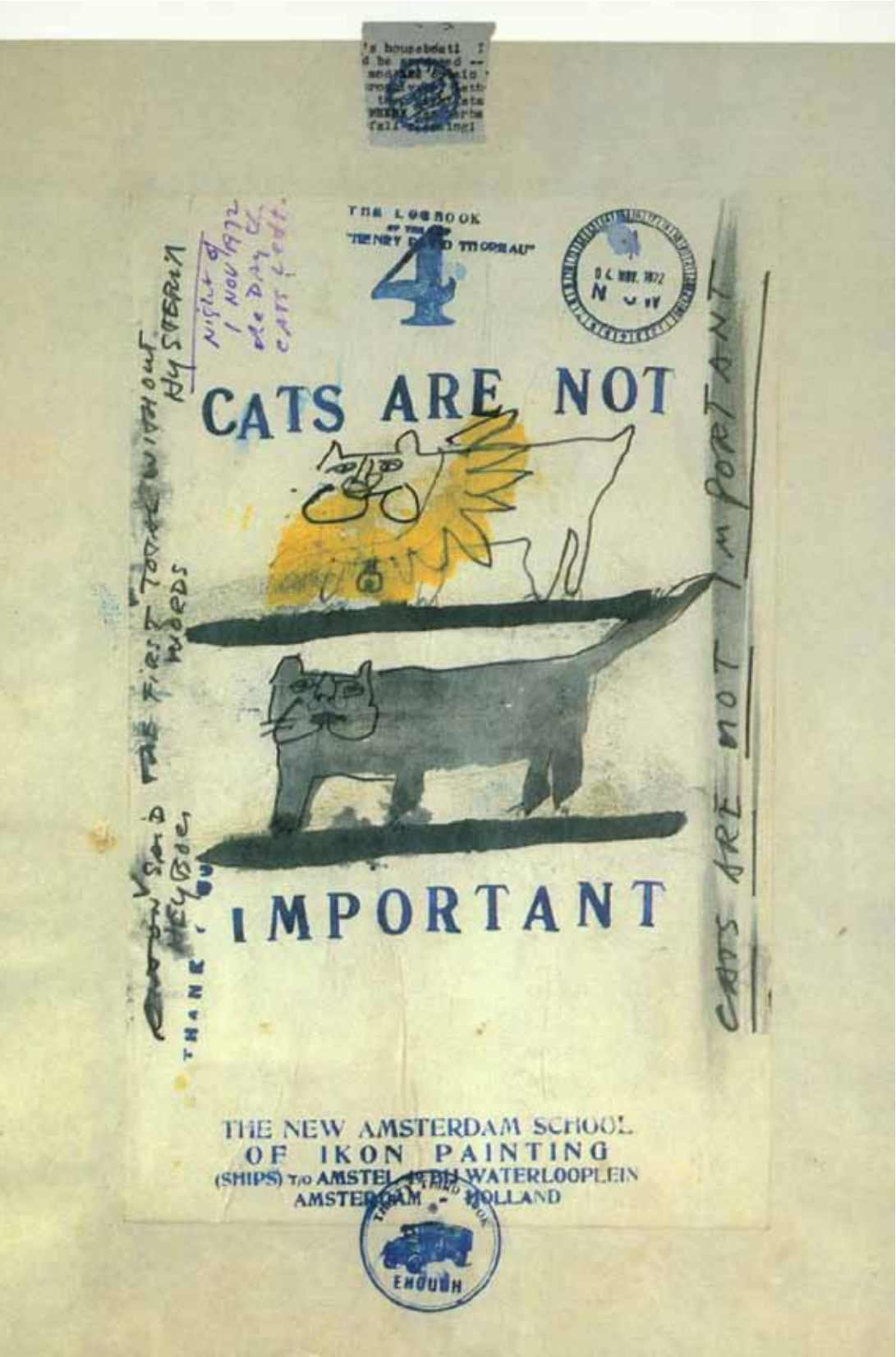
Kitsch is vicarious experience and faked sensations. Kitsch changes according to style, but remains always the same. Kitsch pretends to demand nothing of its customers except their money—not even their time.

Clement Greenberg, *Avant-Garde and Kitsch* (1939)



What, then, is kitsch? Can we be content with saying vaguely that it is bad art—artistic or literary rubbish, as its immediate etymology would suggest? Or should we favor the notion that kitsch is primarily false art and, therefore, to be judged in relation to such intriguing categories of falsehood as the counterfeit, forgery, or lie? And, if the relationship between kitsch and falsehood is admitted, how can this relationship account for the widespread view that kitsch is just a synonym for “bad taste”? And then what is bad taste? Is kitsch as bad taste to be discussed mostly in aesthetic terms or should it rather be conceived sociologically as a kind of ideological diversion? And, viewed as falsehood and diversion, does not kitsch also demand to be considered ethically? And, if the ethical approach is justified, can one not go further and conceive of kitsch theologically, as a manifestation of sin to be blamed, ultimately, on the influence of the devil?

CATS ARE NOT IMPORTANT



Photograph: Terry Gillian

Quand la pierre, opprimant ta poitrine peureuse
Et tes flancs qu'assouplit un charmant nonchaloir,
Empêchera ton cœur de battre et de vouloir,
Et tes pieds de courir leur course aventureuse,

Le tombeau, confident de mon rêve infini
(Car le tombeau toujours comprendra le poète),
Durant ces grandes nuits d'où le somme est banni,

Te dira : « Que vous sert, courtisane imparfaite,
De n'avoir pas connu ce que pleurent les morts? »
— Et le ver rongera ta peau comme un remords.

XXXIV

LE CHAT

Viens, mon beau chat, sur mon cœur amoureux;
Retiens les griffes de ta patte,
Et laisse-moi plonger dans tes beaux yeux,
Mêlés de métal et d'agate.

Lorsque mes doigts caressent à loisir
Ta tête et ton dos élastique,
Et que ma main s'enivre du plaisir
De palper ton corps électrique,

Je vois ma femme en esprit. Son regard,
Comme le tien, aimable bête,
Profond et froid, coupe et fend comme un dard,

Et, des pieds jusques à la tête,
Un air subtil, un dangereux parfum,
Nagent autour de son corps brun.

XXXV

DUELLUM

Deux guerriers ont couru l'un sur l'autre; leurs armes
Ont éclaboussé l'air de lueurs et de sang.
Ces jeux, ces cliquetis du fer sont les vacarmes
D'une jeunesse en proie à l'amour vagissant.

Les glaives sont brisés! comme notre jeunesse,
Ma chère! Mais les dents, les ongles acérés,
Vengent bientôt l'épée et la dague traîtresse.
— O fureur des cœurs mûrs par l'amour ulcérés!

Dans le ravin hanté des chats-pards et des onces
Nos héros, s'étreignant méchamment, ont roulé,
Et leur peau fleurira l'aridité des ronces.

— Ce gouffre, c'est l'enfer, de nos amis peuplé!
Roulons-y sans remords, amazone inhumaine,
Afin d'éterniser l'ardeur de notre haine!

XXXVI

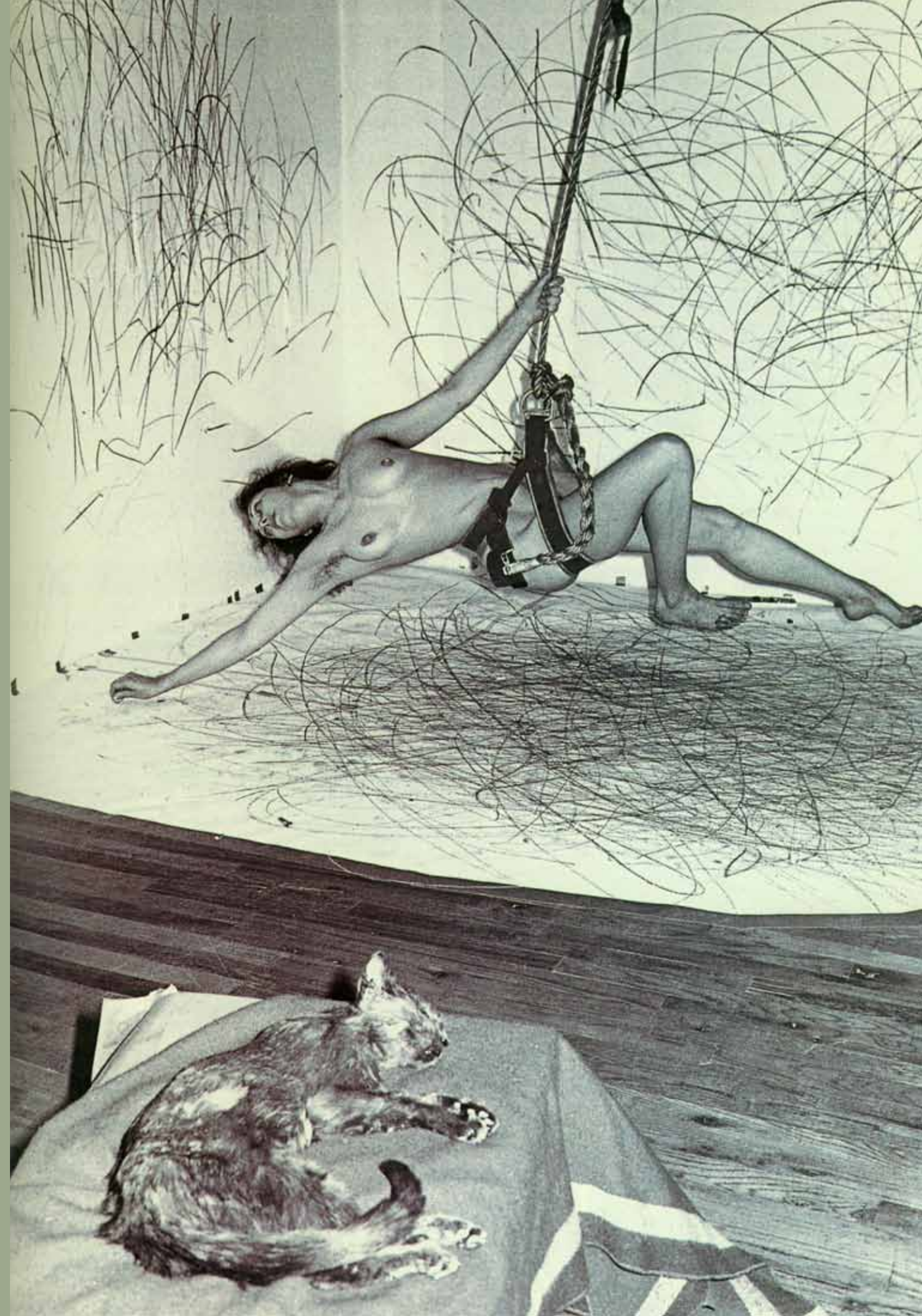
LE BALCON

Mère des souvenirs, maîtresse des maîtresses,
O toi, tous mes plaisirs! ô toi, tous mes devoirs!
Tu te rappelleras la beauté des caresses,
La douceur du foyer et le charme des soirs,
Mère des souvenirs, maîtresse des maîtresses!

In 1976, Carolee Schneemann staged a revised version of her performance “Up to and Including Her Limits” at The Kitchen in New York. At one end of the space the artist swung from a harness creating drawings on the paper-covered floor and walls around her, while a live video relay at the opposite end of the room left viewers to shift at will between the performance and its representation.

Projected on another wall was a loop of her film “Kitch’s Last Meal.” But her cat Kitch had died the day before this particular event, and the dead body was carefully laid out a short distance from the artist. One of the extraordinary strengths of a previously unpublished photograph is the counterpoint it establishes between artist and animal, turning the performance into an improvised memorial, the acting-out of the artist’s mourning for the cat who had featured in some of her filmmaking and of whom she would later movingly write that her “steady focus enabled me to consider her *regard* as an aperture in motion.” Here Schneemann renders acutely visible the cat who had, in turn, taught her a particular way of seeing the world. The point may be an obvious one, but

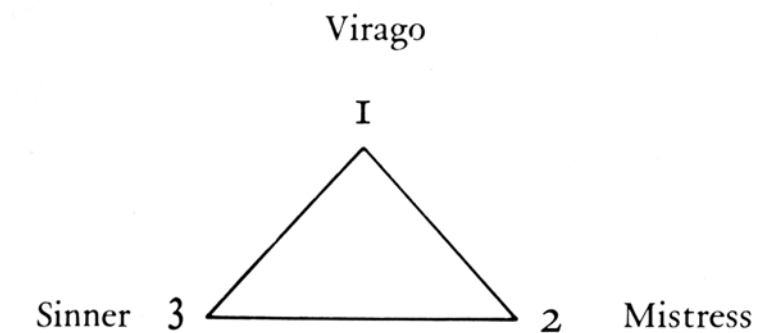
Kitch’s presence is in no way diminished by her lack of life.



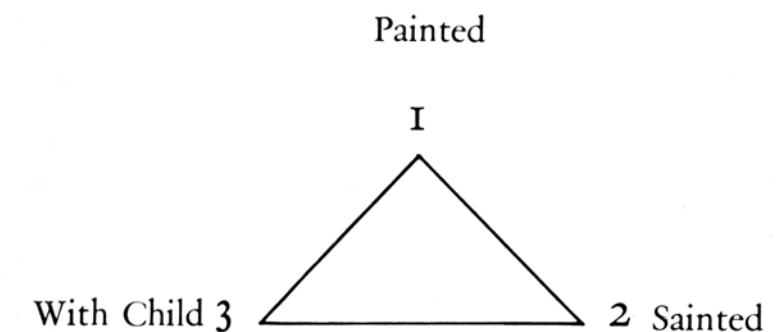
During his convalescence at Dr. Jacobson's clinic in Munich in 1908, Edvard Munch wrote a prose-poem, a symbolic fable in French, entitled *Alpha and Omega*, and illustrated it with eighteen (other sources say twenty-two) lithographs and vignettes. *Alpha and Omega* is consistent with the pessimistic assessment of the male-female relationship of both Munch and the Swedish writer/poet August Strindberg. Munch first explored its motifs as early as 1896. He wrote about this cycle of prints that it "seriously and jokingly tells the eternally recurring story, that we ludicrously have to experience anew constantly." It represents a kind of testimony to woman's infidelity, her need to copulate with whoever or whatever is available, so Munch believed, in order that the race be preserved. In *Alpha and Omega*, the woman wakes an innocent Alpha, who loves Omega, as they sit silently observing the moon reflecting in the water or as they walk into the depths of a forest on the island they inhabit. Omega's sensual drive for procreation, however, causes her to seek additional company from the animals of the island: a snake, a bear, a hyena, a tiger, a deer and a pig. Omega rides off on the back of the deer, leaving Alpha alone and melancholy on the beach, where one day Omega's bastard children appear with human faces and animal bodies, and Alpha reacts in despair as sky and sea turn the colour of blood. When the deer brings Omega back, Alpha kills her; on her dead face is the expression of the loving woman, then Alpha is killed by her children and the animals. (Full story to follow)

Strindberg wrote in his diary in 1897: "What is Woman? The enemy of friendship, the inevitable scourge, the necessary evil, the natural temptation, the longed for misfortune, a never-ending source of tears, the poor masterpiece of creation in an aspect of dazzling white. Since the first woman contracted with the devil, shall not her daughters do the same? Just as she was created from a crooked rib, so is her entire nature crooked and warped and inclined to evil."

Three Stages of Woman.



Another example.



JOSEPHINE BAKER



EGYPTIAN MUMMY CAT



ALPHA + OMEGA

Alpha and Omega were the first human inhabitants of the island. Alpha lay on the grass and slept and dreamed; Omega broke off a fernstalk and tickled him so that he awoke.

Alpha loved Omega. They sat clasped together in the evening and watched the golden pillar of the moon in the shimmering sea.

They walked in the forest, and in the forest there were many strange animals and plants; it was dark in the forest, but many small flowers grew there. Once Omega took fright, and threw herself into Alpha's arms. For many days there was only sunshine on the island. One day Omega was lying in the sunshine at the edge of the forest. Alpha was sitting in the shade somewhat deeper within the forest. Then an enormous cloud formed and floated overhead casting its shadow over the island.

Alpha called to Omega, but Omega did not answer; then Alpha saw that she was holding the head of a serpent and gazing into its eyes, a huge serpent which had emerged from the ferns and reared up its body; suddenly the rain poured down and Alpha and Omega were filled with terror.



Alpha and Omega, a series of 18 lithographs, created by Munch in 1909.
It is the pessimistic story of the life and death of the first and the last human being.

When Alpha encountered the serpent in the field one day he fought and killed it, while Omega looked on from the distance.

One day she met the bear. Omega quivered when she felt the soft fur against her body, and when she placed her arm round the animal's neck it sank into the bear's soft coat.

Omega encountered a poet hyena with a shabby coat. Her usual words of love left him unmoved, whereupon she fashioned a laurel wreath with her small soft hands and crowned him, leaning her face against his discontented head.

The tiger came and brought his savage head close to Omega's small, enchanting face. She was not afraid; she let her small hand rest in the tiger's jaws and stroked his teeth.

When the tiger met the bear, he caught the scent of Omega which emanated from the pale apple blossom which Omega loved most and which she kissed every morning when the sun rose high in the heavens. The tiger and the bear fought and tore each other to pieces.

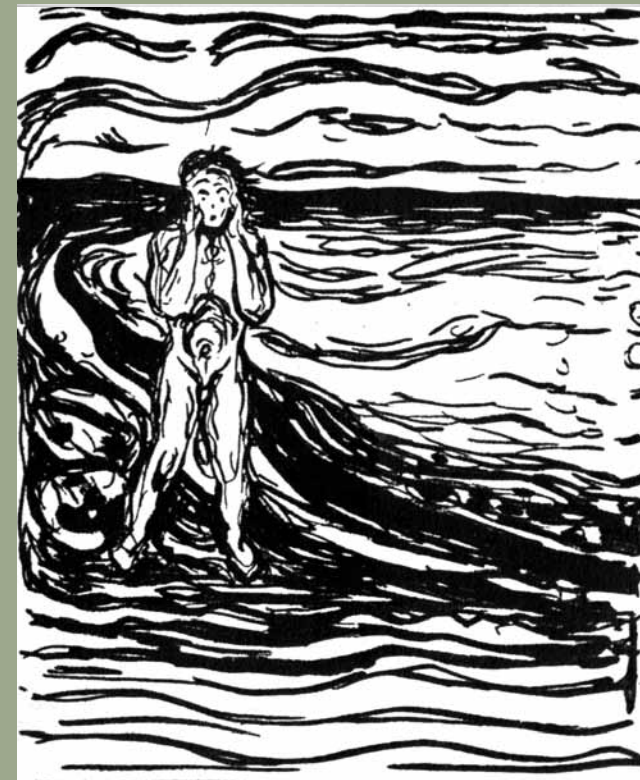
As on a chessboard, the position of the figures suddenly changes and Omega clings fast to Alpha; curiously and without understanding, the animals crane their necks and look on.



Omega's eyes used to change their colour. On ordinary days they were bright blue, but when she looked at her lover they turned black flecked with scarlet and then it could happen that she would conceal her mouth behind a flower. Omega's humour changed; one day Alpha noticed her sitting on the beach kissing a donkey which lay on her lap. Alpha then brought an ostrich and bent his head over the bird's neck, but Omega did not look up from her favourite pursuit of kissing. Omega felt sad because she could not possess all the animals of the island; she sat down on the grass and wept violently. Then she rose, wandered round the island in her distress, and met the pig. She knelt down and concealed her body in her long black hair and she and the pig gazed at one another.

Omega was sorrowful and one night when the gold pillar of the moon was again reflected in the water, she fled on the back of a deer across the sea to the bright green country beyond the moon, while Alpha remained alone on the island. One day her children came to him; a new generation had grown up on the island; they called him "father". They were small pigs, small snakes, small monkeys and small wild beasts of prey and other halfhuman monsters. He was in despair.

He ran beside the sea. Heaven and earth were the colour of blood. He heard screams in the air and covered his ears. Earth, heaven and ocean trembled and a terrible fear possessed him.



One day the deer brought Omega back.

Alpha was sitting on the shore and she came towards him. Alpha felt the blood singing in his ears. The muscles of his body swelled and he struck Omega and killed her. When he bent over her body, he was shocked to see the expression on her face. It was the same expression that she had worn at that moment in the forest when he had loved her most.

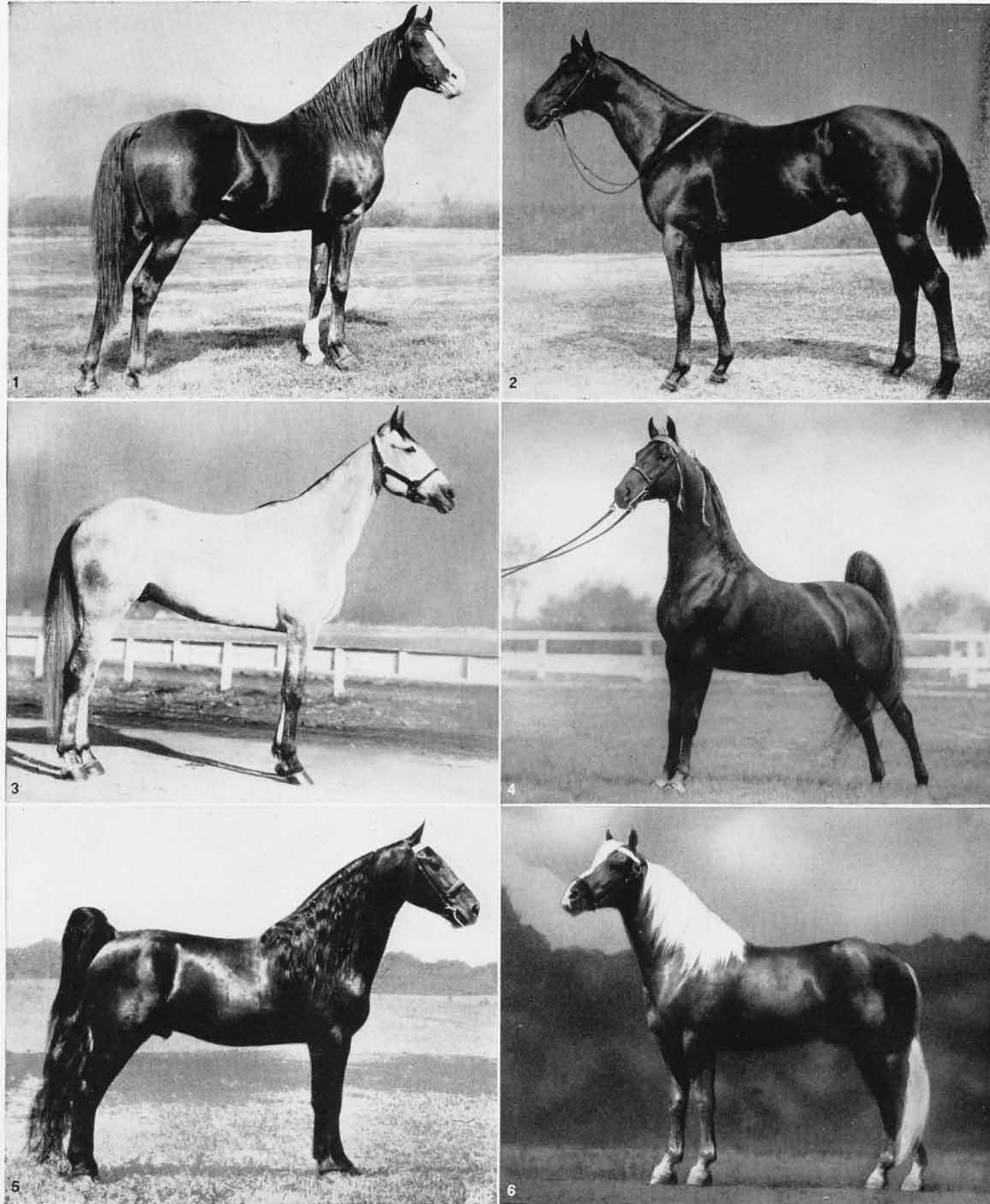
While he was engaged in contemplating her, he was attacked from behind by all her progeny and they and the animals of the island tore him to pieces.

The new generation peopled the island.





Photograph of an unidentified painting



BY COURTESY OF (1) H. H. REESE, (2, 3) JOHN HERVEY, (4) J. L. YOUNGHUSBAND, PHOTO BY J. A. MC CLASKY, (5) THE HARLINSDALE FARM, OWNERS, FRANKLIN, TENN., PHOTO BY SHUMATE COMMERCIAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SERVICE, (6) SMITH AND MOWINCLE

SADDLE AND HARNESS HORSES

1. Arabian stallion, Abu Farwa
2. Thoroughbred stallion, Equipoise
3. Standard-bred trotting gelding, Greyhound

4. American saddle horse, Genius Bourbon King
5. Tennessee walking horse, Midnight Sun
6. Palomino stallion, Oro Intrigo

VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY

CONCERN FOR HORSES

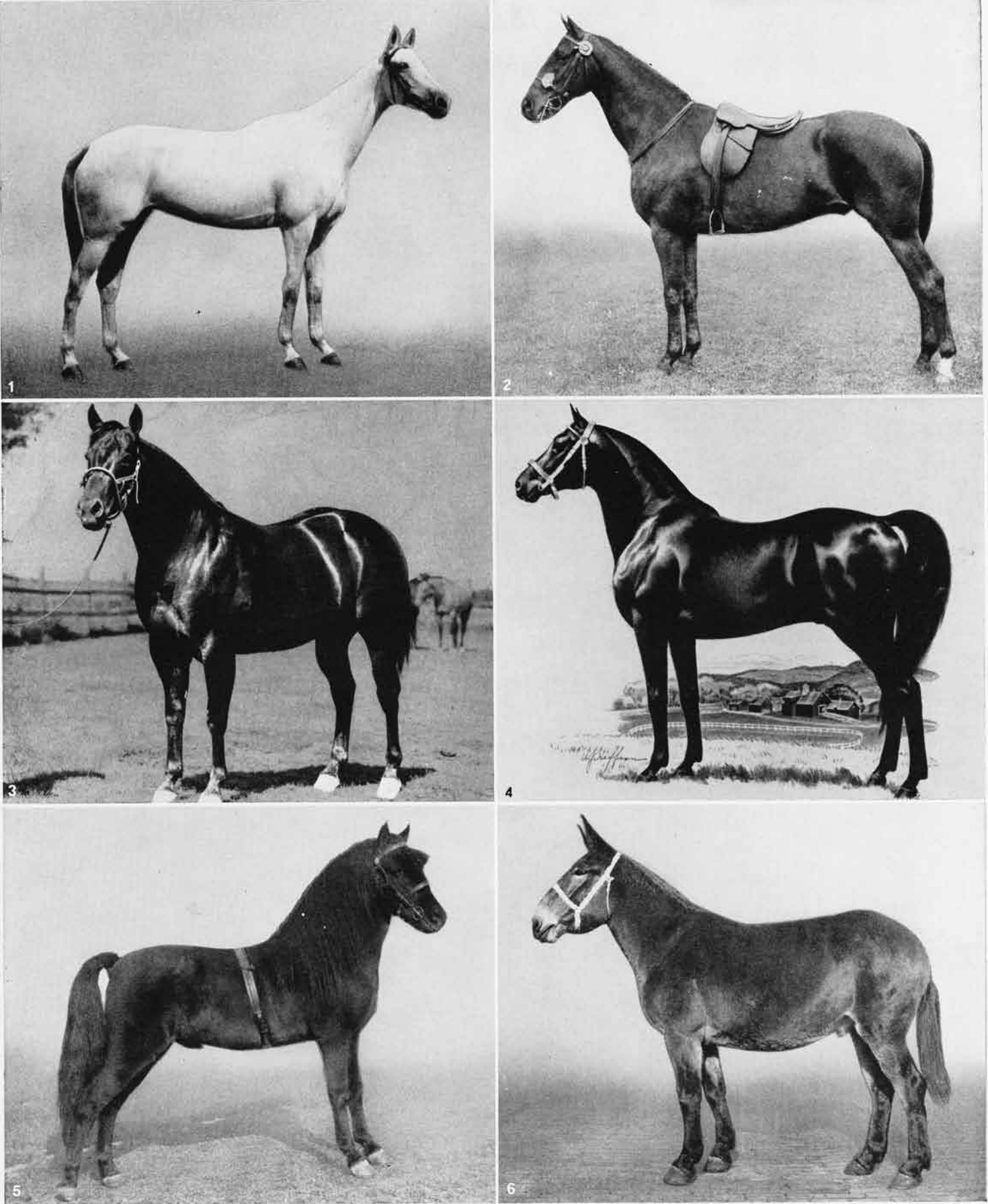
Hoofs sang,
stamping the ground:
"Grot,
Grand,
Grit,
Groomed,"
Ice-shoed,
wind-hounded,
the street
skidded underfoot.
Suddenly,
a horse slumped on its croup.
At once,
all those drifters flared-trousered
gathered in force.
Laughter spilled and spouted:
"A horse tumbled!
Look at the horse!"
The Kuznétsky* rumbled.
Only I
didn't join my voice in the sneering.
I came nearer
and saw
the eye of the horse...
The street, tipped over,
continued on its course...
I came nearer
and saw
a large tear
roll down the muzzle,
glisten
and disappear...
And some sort of fellow animal pain
splashed out of me
and flowed in whispering:
"Horse, please...
Horse, listen,
why should you think you are any worse?"

*Moscow street

CONCERN FOR HORSES

Darling,
we are all
 essentially horses,
each and every one of us is something of a horse.”
Maybe
 the old one
 didn’t need my comfort,
maybe
 my thought
 was too effete,
only the horse tried hard,
 neighed loud,
rose to its feet,
 and made a start.
Its tail playing
 in glittering coat,
it trotted indomitably toward its stall.
It suddenly felt
 it was still a colt
and life was definitely worth living again.

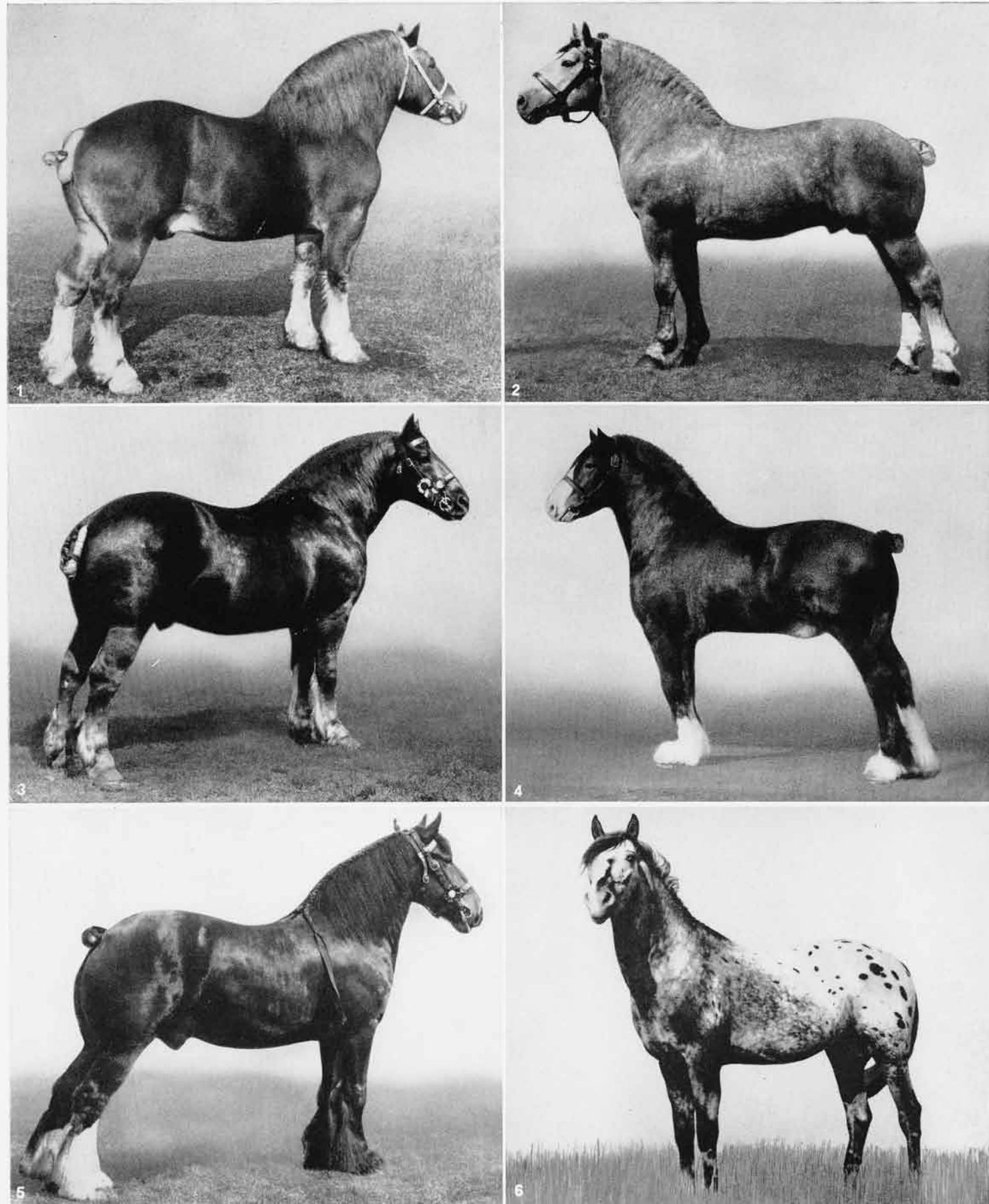
Vladimir Mayakovsky, *Listen! Early Poems 1913–1918*, Translated by Maria Enzensberger/Foreword by Elaine Feinstein, City Lights Books (Pocket Poets series no. 47, San Francisco, 1991.



BY COURTESY OF (3) W. T. WAGGONER ESTATE, FT. WORTH, TEX., (4) F. O. DAVIS, WINDSOR, VERMONT, (6) WAYNE DINSMORE; PHOTOGRAPHS (2) SPORT & GENERAL PRESS AGENCY, LTD., (1, 2, 5) H. A. STROHMEYER, JR.

VARIOUS MEMBERS OF THE HORSE FAMILY

1. Polo pony, White Mark
2. Hunter, Always There
3. Quarter horse stallion, Poco Bueno
4. Morgan stallion, Upwey Ben Don
5. Shetland stallion, King Larigo
6. Large mule used by cotton growers



BY COURTESY OF (1) THE BELGIAN DRAFT HORSE CORP. OF AMERICA, (6) APPALOOSA HORSE CLUB, INC., PHOTO BY HENRY H. SHELDON; PHOTOGRAPHS (2, 3, 5) SPORT & GENERAL PRESS AGENCY, LTD., (4) H. A. STROHMEYER, JR.

WORKING HORSES

1. Belgian stallion, Siehl's Kenny Farceur
2. Percheron stallion, Carburateur
3. Suffolk Punch stallion, Hintlesham Agility
4. Clydesdale stallion, Mainring

5. Shire gelding, Albion Duncan
6. Appaloosa stallion, Toby II. The breed was developed by U.S. Indians of the northwest to perform a variety of tasks

ject of organized promotion and publicity. It is commonly used by cowboys for cutting cattle from herds. Its ancestral elements are chiefly Thoroughbred with an admixture of the Spanish horse and other breeds of the range states. In type, the Quarter horse is a thick, short-muscle horse, varying in height from 14.1 to 15.2 hands and in weight from 900 to 1,250 lb. In addition to the usual colours, buckskin, Palomino and grullo (smoky) colours exist, reflecting the Spanish ancestry. Holders of most short-distance records are Thoroughbreds or Quarter horses with considerable Thoroughbred breeding. However, the fastest horses are not always the best for use under range conditions.

Colour Breeds.—Following the organization of the Palomino Horse association in 1935, other groups began registering horses by colour, additional associations being formed to record the following breeds: Albino, Pinto and Appaloosa.

Palomino.—The Palomino is some shade of yellow or gold with a white or silver mane and tail. The colour does not breed true. Horses of proper colour, saddle-horse type and from at least one registered parent of several light breeds can be registered. Two associations register Palominos; their requirements are slightly different. This colour is popular for pleasure and parade classes. Their type and use depends upon their breeding and training. They may conform to the breed types of several light breeds.

Albino.—Foals are born pure white with a pink skin and remain white throughout life. They conform to riding-horse type.

Pinto.—This is Spanish for painted. Horses are registered on the basis of their colour pattern and light-horse conformation.

Appaloosa.—The most popular of the colour breeds, with several colour patterns. The name derives from the Palouse river of Idaho and Washington state. Some have a solid colour except for a white patch over the hips, interspersed with small, round spots of the same colour as the body. Others may have a basic solid colour with white dots over the entire body, or may be white with coloured dots. They sprang from Spanish stock. The Nez Percé Indians of Idaho selected them for colour and using ability. After the breed association was formed, the quality was improved by crossing with other breeds, especially the Arabian. They are of stock-horse conformation and useful for many purposes. The breeders take great pride in the useful and enduring qualities of these horses.

Ponies.—**Shetland.**—The smallest, most numerous, and most popular of the pony breeds, Shetlands originated in the Shetland islands, 100 miles north of Scotland, where the feed is scanty and the climate severe. They are adapted to this environment. In the Shetland islands, they average about 10 hands and resemble miniature draft horses; in America lighter, more refined types are desired. They are of many colours, solid colours being preferred for show ponies, but spotted ponies being often preferred by children. Shetlands are lively, courageous, hardy and long-lived. They can be quite stubborn, but this may be avoided by proper training.

Welsh.—The Welsh descended from the native ponies of Wales, being improved by a dash of Arabian and Thoroughbred breeding. About 12 hands tall, they may be used by man or child. They possess considerable spirit and ability for their size. Gray and dark colours are preferred in Wales; cream and buckskin colours are popular in the United States.

Others.—Other ponies of England are the New Forest, Dartmoor and Exmoor. These breeds were improved by use of a few Arabian and Thoroughbred sires. They lack the quality of the Welsh but are larger and taller. The United States has no true breed of ponies, but small nondescript range horses are of pony size.

Coach Breeds.—These three breeds originated in England.

The Cleveland Bay is a breed which is always bay in colour. Only minute white markings are permitted for registration.

The Yorkshire Coach is related to the Cleveland Bay with more Thoroughbred breeding which is reflected in more quality and style. They are usually bay or brown in colour. Both the Cleveland Bay and Yorkshire Coach stand over 16 hands tall. They are of limited importance outside of their native regions.

The Hackney is the most popular coach horse because of its style and high action. Their height is from 14½ to 15½ hands tall. Their appearance is one of compactness and strength. The back is strong, the croup level with a high carriage of tail. The colours are

usually dark, but roan may be found. They are shown in most of the larger shows of the United States.

Lipizzan Horse (Lipizzaner).—This breed derived its name from the Austrian imperial stud at Lipizza, near Trieste, formerly a part of the Austro-Hungarian empire. The foundation dates to 1580; detailed breeding records are available since 1700. The ancestry was Spanish, Arabian and Berber. The six strains (Pluto, Conversano, Neapolitano, Favory, Maestoso and Siglavy) are named from their foundation sires. They are of comparatively small stature with a long back, a short, thick neck and powerful conformation. The head with a Roman nose, in contrast to the concave profile of the Arabian, and an attractive, expressive eye lacks the refinement of most light breeds. The colour is largely gray, bay and brown being but rarely found. The powerful, flexible and high action qualifies them for the intricate and difficult movements of *haute école* (high school) horses, the purpose for which they have been bred. They are found to a limited extent in countries that were originally a part of the Austro-Hungarian empire. A few have been exported to the United States.

Heavy Breeds.—**Belgian.**—As the name suggests, this type was produced in Belgium and is the modern direct descendant of the "great horse" of the middle ages developed in the Low Countries. Average height is 16 to 17 hands; weight 1,800 to 2,200 lb. Several colours exist, but in the U.S. light chestnuts or sorrels (with flaxen manes and tails) and roans are preferred to other colours. It is a breed of remarkable uniformity of build, style and other traits. Extremely docile, patient and willing, the Belgian excels in straight draft and farm work.

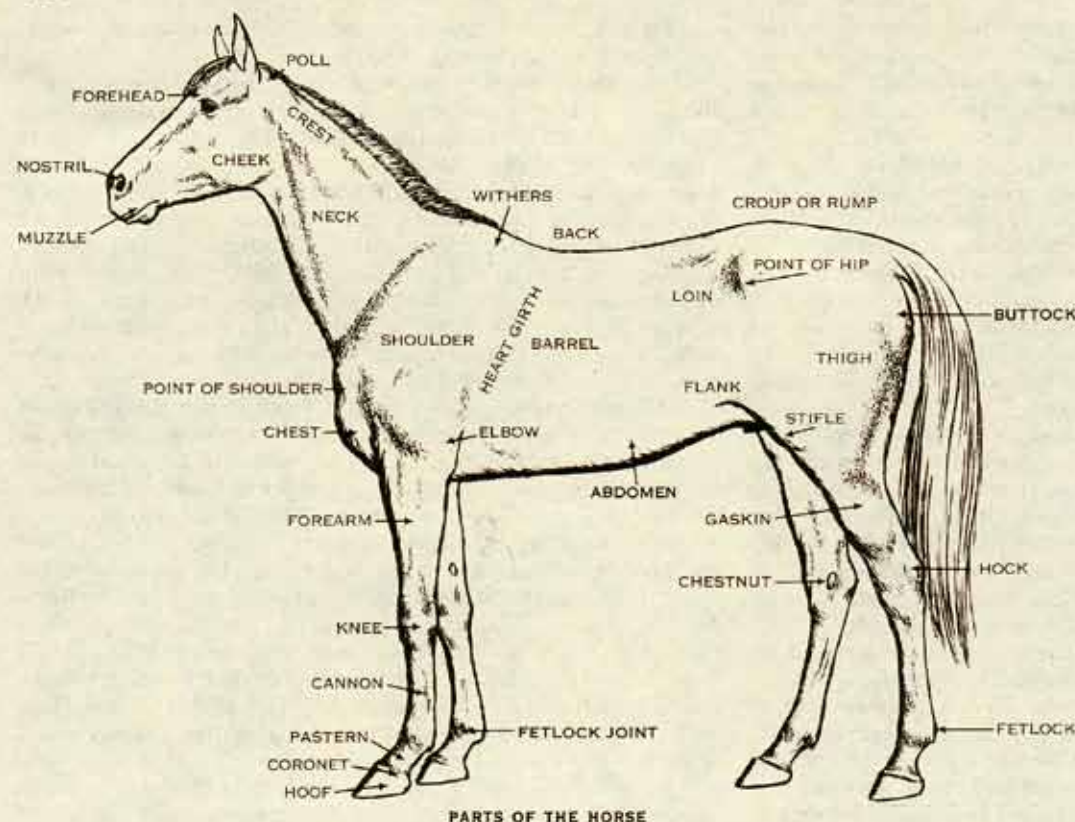
Clydesdale.—A breed native to Lanarkshire, Scotland, a county watered by the river Clyde. The founder was a Dutch stallion brought in from England about 1715. It is slightly smaller than the Belgian or Percheron, though there are occasional immense specimens. Average size is 16 to 16½ hands; weight 1,700 lb. The usual colour is very dark brown or bay, frequently black, which was that of the founder. There are prominent white markings. The Clydesdale is noted for its long and heavy fetlocks and its high action, both walking and trotting. It is esteemed for farm work.

Percheron.—Most famous of all modern draft breeds, also is known as Percheron-Norman or Norman Percheron, from having originated in the district of La Perche, Normandy. In blood it is a composite of the medieval "great horse," the latter French diligence or coach horse, and other strains with a leaven of oriental ancestry which is indicated by the head, often of small size, and Arabian contours. Average size is 16 to 17 hands; weight 1,900 to 2,100 lb. Despite its bulk, it is very active and nimble. The Percheron excels for draft and agricultural purposes.

Shire.—This breed is native to the middle section of England. It is equal to the Belgian in weight but taller. In colour they resemble the Clydesdale but are less extensively marked with white. They are characterized by a greater abundance of hair, called feather, around the pastern than the Clydesdale. They are heavier, coarser, steeper of pastern and lack the quality of the Clydesdale. They are farm and dray horses in England. This breed is not as popular in the United States as those breeds with less feather.

Suffolk or Suffolk Punch.—The typically English heavy breed, originating in Suffolk and existing as far back as 1586. Another descendant of the medieval "great horse," its vast bulk combined with singularly compact form led to the surname. Average height is 16 to 16½ hands, but there is a range of from 15½ upward; weight from 1,600 to 2,000 lb. Colour is uniformly a dusty chestnut with flaxen mane and tail; few white markings. Like the Percheron, it often has a small, handsome head, testifying to oriental ancestry. It is a farm and not a dray type. The Suffolk, Clydesdale and Shire are used almost exclusively in Great Britain in preference to the Percheron and Belgian.

Wild Horses.—The European tarpan was the true wild species of horses found over much of Europe. In the middle ages they existed in the wilder and more inaccessible regions of Europe. A few survived until after 1900; they became extinct but a similar type has been produced by selective breeding. The "wild" horses of North and South America are feral horses or descendants of



domestic horses that reverted to the wild state.

The only true wild horse is the *Equus przewalskii*, found in central Asia (see *Origin and History*, above). They are yellowish or light red in colour with a whitish muzzle. They usually have a dorsal stripe. The short, erect mane is without a foretop. The mane and tail are dark or black in colour. They are from 12 to 14 hands tall and resemble a large-headed, coarse, domestic pony. The low withers blend into a narrow back almost level with the withers. The croup is short and steep.

Breed Associations.—Breed associations register horses that meet all the qualifications for registration and promote the respective breeds. A new association may admit horses that meet certain qualifications without the parents being registered. These qualifications may be type, colour, or speed. Standardbred horses, for example, were admitted to the registry if they could trot a mile in 2:30 or pace a mile in 2:25. The new associations may be known as open associations. The older associations require that each horse have a registered sire and dam to qualify for registration. These are known as closed associations.

Perhaps the oldest association for registering horses is the *General Stud Book* of England. An *Introduction to a General Stud Book* was published in 1791, and volume 1 in 1793. The publishers used various records that had been accumulated in connection with horse racing in England in establishing the registry. The *General Stud Book* is recognized as the official registry for the English Thoroughbred. Other leading nations have their own stud books for registering Thoroughbred horses. Registration certificates of Thoroughbred horses in one nation are usually recognized by all the other Thoroughbred registering organizations.

Other associations have been organized as new breeds developed. The names and addresses of some important ones are:

General Stud Book (Thoroughbred), London; Shire Horse Society, Middlesex; Clydesdale Horse Society of Great Britain and Ireland, Glasgow.
Australian Jockey Club, Sydney, Australia.
Société Hippique Percheronne, Nogent-le-Rotrou, France. Chevaux de Pur Sang, Paris.
L'Association des Eleveurs Italiens, Rome.
Gesellschaft für Züchtungskunde, Bonn, Germany.
Sociedad Rural Argentina, Buenos Aires.
Canadian Thoroughbred Horse Society, Canadian Pony Society, Toronto, Ont., Clydesdale Horse Association of Canada, Winnipeg.
The Jockey Club (Thoroughbreds), New York; American Quarter

Horse Association, Amarillo, Texas; The United States Trotting Association, Columbus, Ohio; American Shetland Pony Club, Lafayette, Indiana; Arabian Horse Club Registry of America, Chicago, Illinois; Palomino Horse Breeders of America, Mineral Wells, Texas; Appaloosa Horse Club, Moscow, Idaho.

HORSE POPULATION

The number of horses of the world has been decreasing as a result of the competition of mechanized equipment. In much of Europe and Asia, the horse has given way to food-producing animals. In the eastern half of the world, it is difficult to obtain accurate estimates of the horse population, but it is believed that the numbers remain about the same. The United States showed a pronounced decline from over 25,000,000 horses and mules in 1920 to fewer than 4,000,000 by 1950. Other American countries have shown less decline.

Some of the leading horse-producing countries are Bulgaria with about 500,000; France, 2,000,000; Japan, 1,000,000; and Argentina and Brazil 7,000,000 each.

New Zealand reached a peak of 400,000 horses in 1911 and declined to fewer than 150,000 in the 1950s. Great Britain had about 200,000 horses and ponies, with the numbers still falling and horse numbers in Australia and Canada have likewise declined.

Horse numbers appear to be increasing in Turkey, Yugoslavia and Brazil. The U.S.S.R., with an estimated 13,000,000 horses, and Poland, with 2,500,000, have had a great interest in horse breeding and since 1917, the Soviet Union has developed a few new breeds.

Draft horses have declined more than light horses which are used for pleasure and sports.

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(J. L. HE.; J. A. GN.)

HORSE CHESTNUT. The name of a tree, *Aesculus hippocastanum* (family Sapindaceae or listed by some authors as Hippocastanaceae), thought to be indigenous in Greece, but now scattered throughout the temperate regions of the world. There are 20 or more named species and varieties of the genus *Aesculus*. *A. hippocastanum* in particular is called the common horse chestnut, but all are popularly known as buckeye or horse chestnut. Several species are shrubby, as *A. parviflora*, *A. discolor*, *A. neglecta* and *A. splendens*, but the majority are rapid-growing, pyramidal trees attaining a height of 60 ft. or more. They thrive well in moist sandy loam. The buds, conspicuous for their size, are, in some species, protected by a coat of viscous substance impervious to water. The buckeyes are deciduous with large palmately compound leaves, and white, red or yellow flowers in terminal panicles. They blossom in May or June and the fruit, superficially resembling the sweet chestnut, ripens about the middle of October. There is some disagreement as to uses to which the



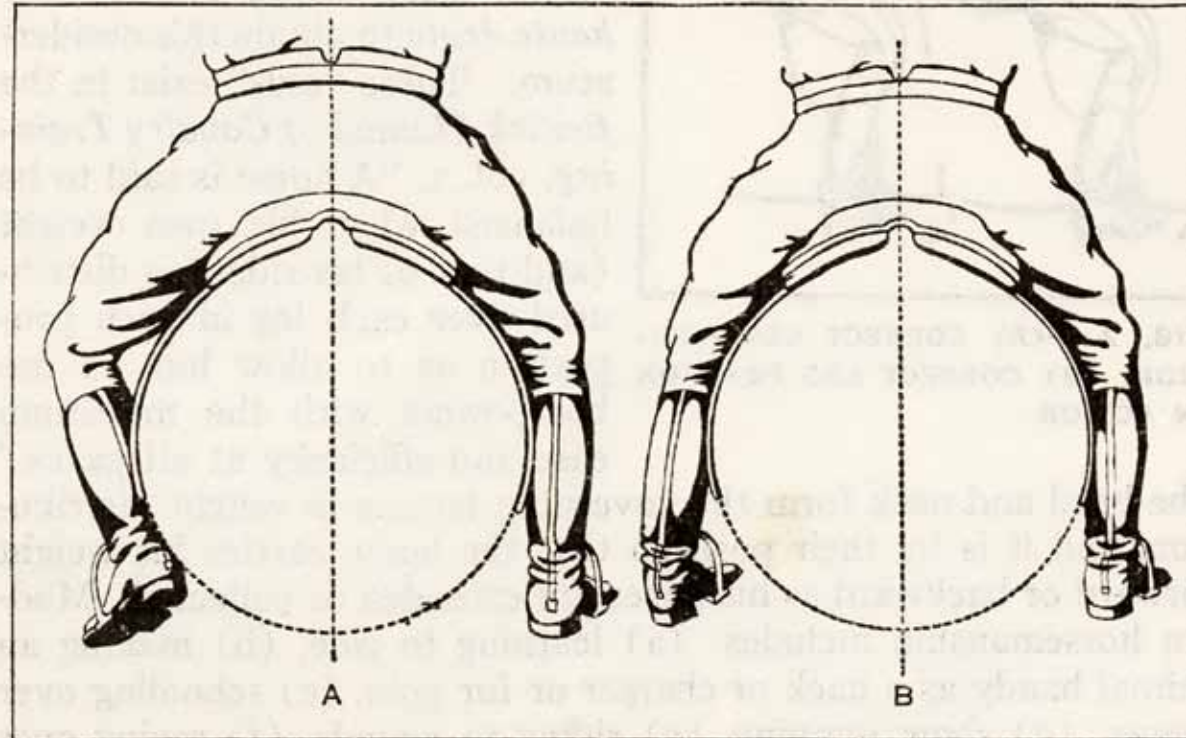


FIG. 3.—USE OF LEGS. A.—GRIPPING WHILE RIDING: LEFT LEG, INCORRECT; RIGHT LEG, CORRECT. B.—AT REST: LEFT LEG, INCORRECT; RIGHT LEG, CORRECT

DIVERSIONS OR PROOF THAT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO LIVE

And now—with a flourish, as though it were not the first time—I leapt onto the shoulders of my acquaintance, and by digging my fists into his back I urged him into a trot. But since he stumped forward rather reluctantly and sometimes even stopped, I kicked him in the belly several times with my boots, to make him more lively. It worked and we came fast enough into the interior of a vast but as yet unfinished landscape.

The road on which I was riding was stony and rose considerably, but just this I liked and I let it become still stonier and steeper. As soon as my acquaintance stumbled I pulled him up by the collar and the moment he sighed I boxed his head. In doing so I felt how healthy this ride in the good air was for me, and in order to make him wilder I let a strong wind blow against us in long gusts.

Now I even began to exaggerate my jumping movements on my acquaintance's broad shoulders, and gripping his neck tight with both hands I bent my head far back and contemplated the many and various clouds which, weaker than I, sailed clumsily with the wind. I laughed and trembled with courage. My coat spread out and gave me strength. I pressed my hands hard together and in doing so happened to make my acquaintance choke. Only when the sky became gradually hidden by the branches of the trees, which I let grow along the road, did I come to myself.

"I don't know," I cried without a sound, "I really don't know. If nobody comes, then nobody comes. I have done nobody any harm, nobody has done me any harm, but nobody will help me. A pack of nobodies. But it isn't quite like that. It's just that nobody helps me, otherwise a pack of nobodies would be nice, I would rather like (what do you think?) to go on an excursion with a pack of nobodies. Into the mountains, of course, where else? Just look at these nobodies pushing each other, all these arms stretched across or hooked into one another, these feet separated by tiny steps! Everyone in frock coats, needless to say. We walk along so happily, a fine wind is whistling through the gaps made by us and our limbs. In the mountains our throats become free. It's a wonder we don't break into song."

Then my acquaintance collapsed, and when I examined him I discovered that he was badly wounded in the knee. Since he could no longer be of any use to me, I left him there on the stones without much regret and whistled down a few vultures which, obediently and with serious beaks, settled down on him in order to guard him.



The Washington Post

New technique catches allied forces unawares as rockets hit well-fortified buildings

Donkey-cart raids launched in Baghdad

Rajiv Chandrasekaran in Baghdad
and Anthony Shadid

Insurgents fired rockets from donkey carts at Iraq's Oil Ministry and two large hotels here last week in a symbolic strike on two well-fortified targets just after a top U.S. commander had proclaimed progress in the military's aggressive new counter-insurgency operation.

At least a dozen rockets were fired in the donkey-cart offensive, eight at the Oil Ministry and four at the Palestine and Sheraton hotels along the Tigris river in central Baghdad. Two people were reported injured in the hotels, one of them critically.

After the attacks, which occurred around 7:15 a.m. last Friday, U.S. military commanders ordered American soldiers and Iraqi police to stop and search all donkey carts, which often ply the streets in the early morning. Soldiers and police found two more rocket-equipped carts, one in front of Baghdad University's Law School and the other near the offices of the Patriotic Union of Kurdistan, the party led by Jalal Talabani, the current president of the U.S.-appointed Governing Council of Iraq.

Although the damage from the rockets was limited — three floors of the Palestine were pocked with large holes, and several rooms of the Oil Ministry were damaged by a fire from the blast — the attacks were a reminder of resistance fighters' ability to hit even the most protected buildings. The Palestine and the Sheraton, which house scores of foreign journalists and private American contractors working for the U.S.-led occupation authority, is ringed with tall concrete barriers to protect them from car bombs. Security is similarly tight at the Oil Ministry, where officials displaced from a number of government departments work. The imposing building is guarded by U.S. soldiers and members of Iraq's civil defense corps.

In an operation reminiscent of last month's attack on the al-Rashid Ho-



U.S. troops guard a donkey and cart after missiles were fired at Baghdad hotels Photograph: Joe Raedle/Getty Images

and the ministry from carts parked between 200 and 300 yards away, beyond the security perimeter. The insurgents tied the donkeys to trees, positioned the launcher and triggered the rockets before fleeing.

The carts were fitted with homemade rocket launchers whose steel tubes contained Soviet-made 107mm Katyusha rockets, which have a range of up to 10 miles. Iraq's army had thousands of such rockets, many of which are believed to have ended up in the hands of resistance fighters.

Brig. Gen. Mark Kimmitt, the military's top spokesman here, called the

the hotels and around the ministry. Last week the commander of U.S. troops in Baghdad, Brig. Gen. Martin Dempsey, said that since the launch of a crackdown in the capital last week there had been a 70 percent drop in attacks on U.S. forces, but U.S. officers acknowledged they were taken unawares by the donkey carts.

Daniel Williams in Baqubah adds: A pair of suicide car bombers attacked police stations in Baqubah and Khan Bani Saad, two towns northeast of Baghdad, last Saturday, killing 11 policemen and five civilians in an escalating campaign against

Land Rover blasted a crater 20 feet wide and 12 feet deep in front of the police station. A dozen cars parked in front were blown into twisted hulks.

In Khan Bani Saad, an explosives-laden Chevrolet Caprice sedan blasted through two trucks and some small stores and sprayed the street with blood, metal shards and glass.

Insurgents also hit a DHL cargo plane with a surface-to-air missile as it took off from Baghdad's international airport. It returned to the runway safely. There were no injuries.

On Thursday last week in Kirkuk, a suicide bomber in a truck attacked

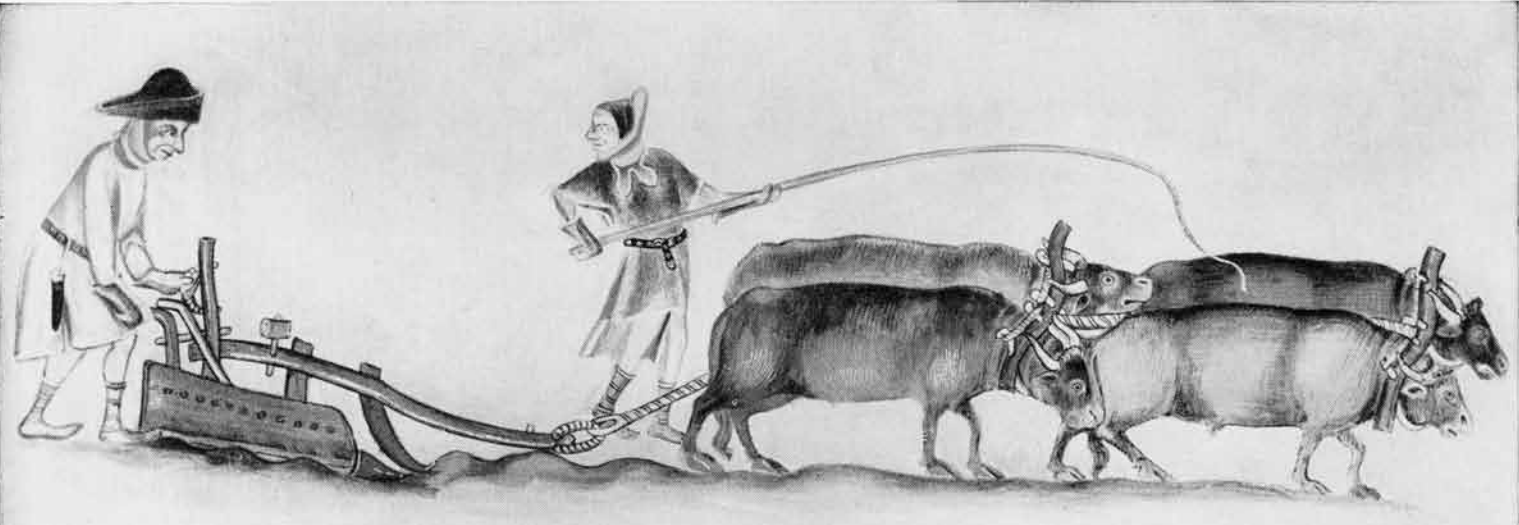
MR. JONES, of the Manor Farm, had locked the hen-houses for the night, but was too drunk to remember to shut the popholes. With the ring of light from his lantern dancing from side to side, he lurched across the yard, kicked off his boots at the back door, drew himself a last glass of beer from the barrel in the scullery, and made his way up to bed, where Mrs. Jones was already snoring.

As soon as the light in the bedroom went out there was a stirring and a fluttering all through the farm buildings. Word had gone round during the day that old Major, the prize Middle White boar, had had a strange dream on the previous night and wished to communicate it to the other animals. It had been agreed that they should all meet in the big barn as soon as Mr. Jones was safely out of the way. Old Major (so he was always called, though the name under which he had been exhibited was Willingdon Beauty) was so highly regarded on the farm that everyone was quite ready to lose an hour's sleep in order to hear what he had to say.

George Orwell, *Animal Farm*, Chapter 1

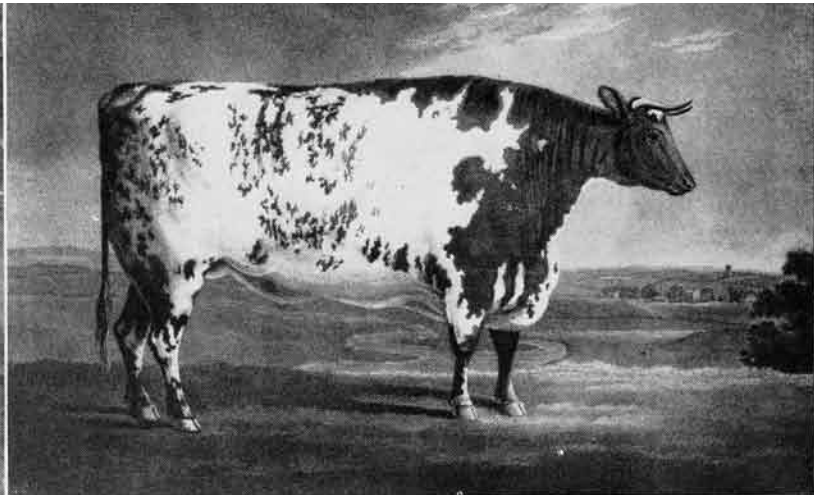


ANIMAL FARM



At one end of the big barn, on a sort of raised platform, Major was already ensconced on his bed of straw, under a lantern which hung from a beam. He was twelve years old and had lately grown rather stout, but he was still a majestic-looking pig, with a wise and benevolent appearance in spite of the fact that his tusks had never been cut. Before long the other animals began to arrive and make themselves comfortable after their different fashions. First came the three dogs, Bluebell, Jessie, and Pincher, and then the pigs, who settled down in the straw immediately in front of the platform. The hens perched themselves on the window-sills, the pigeons fluttered up to the rafters, the sheep and cows lay down behind the pigs and began to chew the cud. The two cart-horses, Boxer and Clover, came in together, walking very slowly and setting down their vast hairy hoofs with great care lest there should be some small animal concealed in the straw. Clover was a stout motherly mare approaching middle life, who had never quite got her figure back after her fourth foal. Boxer was an enormous beast, nearly eighteen hands high, and as strong as any two ordinary horses put together. A white stripe down his nose gave him a somewhat stupid appearance, and in fact he was not of first-rate intelligence, but he was universally respected for his steadiness of character and tremendous powers of work. After the horses came Muriel, the white goat, and Benjamin, the donkey. Benjamin was the oldest animal on the farm, and the worst tempered. He seldom talked, and when he did, it was usually to make some cynical remark—for instance, he would say that God had given him a tail to keep the flies off, but that he would sooner have had no tail and no flies. Alone among the animals on the farm he never laughed. If asked why, he would say that he saw nothing to laugh at. Nevertheless, without openly admitting it, he was devoted to Boxer; the two of them usually spent their Sundays together in the small paddock beyond the orchard, grazing side by side and never speaking.

The two horses had just lain down when a brood of ducklings, which had lost their mother, filed into the barn, cheeping feebly and wandering from side to side to find some place where they would not be trodden on. Clover made a sort of wall round them with her great foreleg, and the ducklings nestled down inside it and promptly fell asleep. At the last moment Mollie, the foolish, pretty white mare who drew Mr. Jones's trap, came mincing daintily in, chewing at a lump of sugar. She took a place near the front and began flirting her white mane, hoping to draw attention to the red ribbons it was plaited with. Last of all came the cat, who looked round, as usual, for the warmest place, and finally squeezed herself in between Boxer and Clover; there she purred contentedly throughout Major's speech without listening to a word of what he was saying.



BY COURTESY OF (TOP, CENTRE LEFT, BOTTOM RIGHT) ROTHAMSTED EXPERIMENTAL STATION, ENG., (CENTRE RIGHT) BODLEIAN LIBRARY, OXFORD, (BOTTOM LEFT) ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM, OXFORD

EARLY AGRICULTURE IN ENGLAND

Top: A mediaeval plow. From a 14th-century manuscript
Centre left: Portrait of Thomas William Coke (later earl of Leicester) of Holkham inspecting some of his Southdown sheep, 1808
Centre right: Section of map showing division of land in the manor of Laxton, Nottingham, 1635

Bottom left: Aerial view of Fyfield Down, Wiltshire, showing divisions of Celtic fields as ridges beneath the topsoil
Bottom right: Durham or Shorthorn bull developed by Charles and Robert Colling in the 18th century

George Orwell, *Animal Farm* (Chapter 1)

All the animals were now present except Moses, the tame raven, who slept on a perch behind the back door. When Major saw that they had all made themselves comfortable and were waiting attentively, he cleared his throat and began:

“Comrades, you have heard already about the strange dream that I had last night. But I will come to the dream later. I have something else to say first. I do not think, comrades, that I shall be with you for many months longer, and before I die, I feel it my duty to pass on to you such wisdom as I have acquired. I have had a long life, I have had much time for thought as I lay alone in my stall, and I think I may say that I understand the nature of life on this earth as well as any animal now living. It is about this that I wish to speak to you.

“Now, comrades, what is the nature of this life of ours? Let us face it: our lives are miserable, laborious, and short. We are born, we are given just so much food as will keep the breath in our bodies, and those of us who are capable of it are forced to work to the last atom of our strength; and the very instant that our usefulness has come to an end we are slaughtered with hideous cruelty. No animal in England knows the meaning of happiness or leisure after he is a year old. No animal in England is free. The life of an animal is misery and slavery: that is the plain truth.

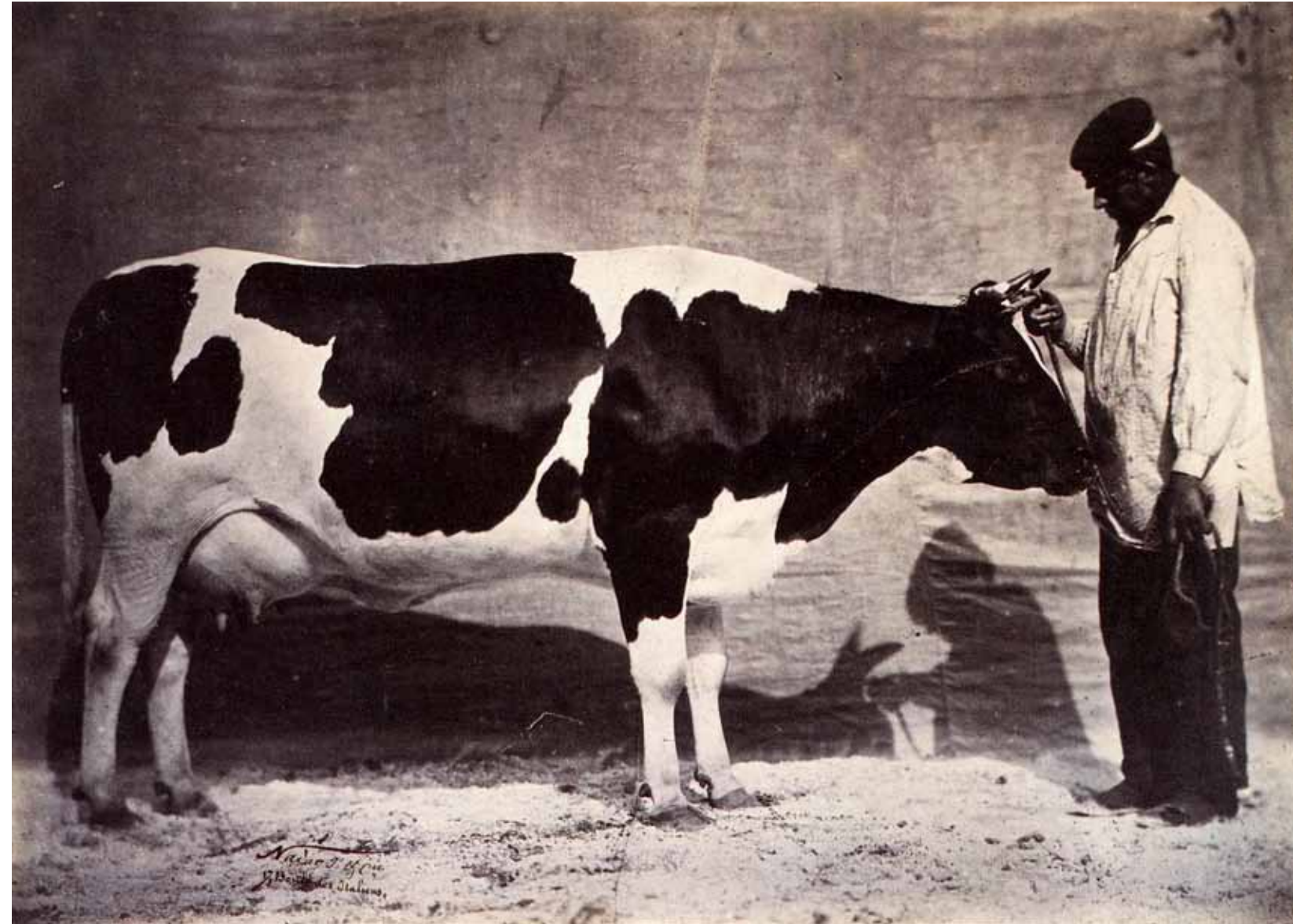
“But is this simply part of the order of nature? Is it because this land of ours is so poor that it cannot afford a decent life to those who dwell upon it? No, comrades, a thousand times no! The soil of England is fertile, its climate is good, it is capable of affording food in abundance to an enormously greater number of animals than now inhabit it. This single farm of ours would support a dozen horses, twenty cows, hundreds of sheep—and all of them living in a comfort and a dignity that are now almost beyond our imagining. Why then do we continue in this miserable condition? Because nearly the whole of the produce of our labour is stolen from us by human beings. There, comrades, is the answer to all our problems. It is summed up in a single word—Man. Man is the only real enemy we have. Remove Man from the scene, and the root cause of hunger and overwork is abolished for ever.

“Man is the only creature that consumes without producing. He does not give milk, he does not lay eggs, he is too weak to pull the plough, he cannot run fast enough to catch rabbits.

Yet he is lord of all the animals. He sets them to work, he gives back to them the bare minimum that will prevent them from starving, and the rest he keeps for himself. Our labour tills the soil, our dung fertilises it, and yet there is not one of us that owns more than his bare skin. You cows that I see before me, how many thousands of gallons of milk have you given during this last year? And what has happened to that milk which should have been breeding up sturdy calves? Every drop of it has gone down the throats of our enemies. And you hens, how many eggs have you laid in this last year, and how many of those eggs ever hatched into chickens? The rest have all gone to market to bring in money for Jones and his men. And you, Clover, where are those four foals you bore, who should have been the support and pleasure of your old age? Each was sold at a year old—you will never see one of them again. In return for your four confinements and all your labour in the fields, what have you ever had except your bare rations and a stall?

“And even the miserable lives we lead are not allowed to reach their natural span. For myself I do not grumble, for I am one of the lucky ones. I am twelve years old and have had over four hundred children. Such is the natural life of a pig. But no animal escapes the cruel knife in the end. You young porkers who are sitting in front of me, every one of you will scream your lives out at the block within a year. To that horror we all must come—cows, pigs, hens, sheep, everyone. Even the horses and the dogs have no better fate. You, Boxer, the very day that those great muscles of yours lose their power, Jones will sell you to the knacker, who will cut your throat and boil you down for the foxhounds. As for the dogs, when they grow old and toothless, Jones ties a brick round their necks and drowns them in the nearest pond.

“Is it not crystal clear, then, comrades, that all the evils of this life of ours spring from the tyranny of human beings? **Only get rid of Man, and the produce of our labour would be our own. Almost overnight we could become rich and free. What then must we do?**



Adrien Tournachon (Nadar's brother), Dutch Cow at the Concours Agricole du Champs de Mars 1855.



“Why, work night and day, body and soul, for the overthrow of the human race! That is my message to you, comrades: Rebellion! I do not know when that Rebellion will come, it might be in a week or in a hundred years, but I know, as surely as I see this straw beneath my feet, that sooner or later justice will be done. Fix your eyes on that, comrades, throughout the short remainder of your lives! And above all, pass on this message of mine to those who come after you, so that future generations shall carry on the struggle until it is victorious.

“And remember, comrades, your resolution must never falter. No argument must lead you astray. Never listen when they tell you that Man and the animals have a common interest, that the prosperity of the one is the prosperity of the others. It is all lies. Man serves the interests of no creature except himself. And among us animals let there be perfect unity, perfect comradeship in the struggle. All men are enemies. All animals are comrades.” At this moment there was a tremendous uproar. While Major was speaking four large rats had crept out of their holes and were sitting on their hindquarters, listening to him. The dogs had suddenly caught sight of them, and it was only by a swift dash for their holes that the rats saved their lives. Major raised his trotter for silence.

“Comrades,” he said, “here is a point that must be settled. The wild creatures, such as rats and rabbits—are they our friends or our enemies? Let us put it to the vote. I propose this question to the meeting: Are rats comrades?”

The vote was taken at once, and it was agreed by an overwhelming majority that rats were comrades. There were only four dissentients, the three dogs and the cat, who was afterwards discovered to have voted on both sides. Major continued:

“I have little more to say. I merely repeat, remember always your duty of enmity towards Man and all his ways. Whatever goes upon two legs is an enemy. Whatever goes upon four legs, or has wings, is a friend. **And remember also that in fighting against Man, we must not come to resemble him.**



“Even when you have conquered him, do not adopt his vices. No animal must ever live in a house, or sleep in a bed, or wear clothes, or drink alcohol, or smoke tobacco, or touch money, or engage in trade. All the habits of Man are evil. And, above all, no animal must ever tyrannise over his own kind. Weak or strong, clever or simple, we are all brothers. No animal must ever kill any other animal. All animals are equal.

“And now, comrades, I will tell you about my dream of last night. I cannot describe that dream to you. It was a dream of the earth as it will be when Man has vanished. But it reminded me of something that I had long forgotten. Many years ago, when I was a little pig, my mother and the other sows used to sing an old song of which they knew only the tune and the first three words. I had known that tune in my infancy, but it had long since passed out of my mind. Last night, however, it came back to me in my dream. And what is more, the words of the song also came back—words, I am certain, which were sung by the animals of long ago and have been lost to memory for generations. I will sing you that song now, comrades. I am old and my voice is hoarse, but when I have taught you the tune, you can sing it better for yourselves. It is called Beasts of England.”

Old Major cleared his throat and began to sing. As he had said, his voice was hoarse, but he sang well enough, and it was a stirring tune, something between Clementine and La Cucaracha. The words ran:

Beasts of England, beasts of Ireland,
Beasts of every land and clime,
Hearken to my joyful tidings
Of the golden future time.

Soon or late the day is coming,
Tyrant Man shall be o’erthrown,
And the fruitful fields of England
Shall be trod by beasts alone.

Rings shall vanish from our noses,
And the harness from our back,
Bit and spur shall rust forever,
Cruel whips no more shall crack.

Riches more than mind can picture,
Wheat and barley, oats and hay,
Clover, beans, and mangel-wurzels
Shall be ours upon that day.

Bright will shine the fields of England,
Purer shall its waters be,
Sweeter yet shall blow its breezes
On the day that sets us free.

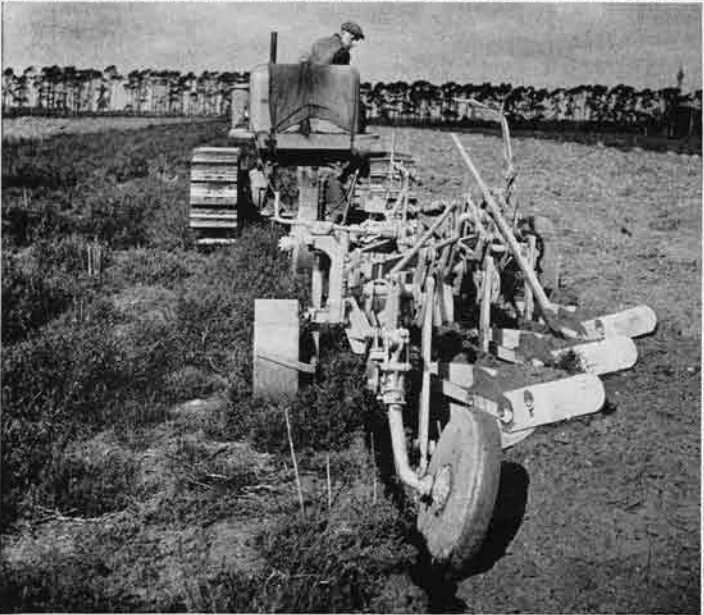
For that day we all must labour,
Though we die before it break;
Cows and horses, geese and turkeys,
All must toil for freedom's sake.

Beasts of England, beasts of Ireland,
Beasts of every land and clime,
Hearken well and spread my tidings
Of the golden future time.

The singing of this song threw the animals into the wildest excitement. Almost before Major had reached the end, they had begun singing it for themselves. Even the stupidest of them had already picked up the tune and a few of the words, and as for the clever ones, such as the pigs and dogs, they had the entire song by heart within a few minutes. And then, after a few preliminary tries, the whole farm burst out into Beasts of England in tremendous unison.

The cows lowed it, the dogs whined it, the sheep bleated it, the horses whinnied it, the ducks quacked it. They were so delighted with the song that they sang it right through five times in succession, and might have continued singing it all night if they had not been interrupted.

Unfortunately, the uproar awoke Mr. Jones, who sprang out of bed, making sure that there was a fox in the yard. He seized the gun which always stood in a corner of his bedroom, and let fly a charge of number 6 shot into the darkness. The pellets buried themselves in the wall of the barn and the meeting broke up hurriedly. Everyone fled to his own sleeping-place. The birds jumped on to their perches, the animals settled down in the straw, and the whole farm was asleep in a moment.



BY COURTESY OF (TOP LEFT, CENTRE RIGHT) INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER CO., (TOP RIGHT) "FARMER AND STOCK-BREEDER," LONDON FARM EQUIPMENT, (BOTTOM LEFT) LORD IVEAGH

AGRICULTURAL MACHINERY

Top left: Harvesting corn with two-row tractor-mounted corn picker-husker

Top right: Harvesting wheat with the binder

Centre right: Mechanical picker

Bottom left: Plowing heather in


Bottom right: Breaking soil



San Jose Journal

Rooting for Rain And for Relief From Feral Pigs

By DEAN E. MURPHY

 SAN JOSE, Calif., Nov. 9 — It has been raining cats and dogs here for two days, and people here are glad. Maybe this means it will finally stop raining pigs.

"The hope is that the pigs will head back to the hills," said Lindsey Wolf, who lives in California Maison, a condominium development at the south end of town. "Now that we have rain, people are waiting it out and hoping for the best."

For the last few months, the condominiums and nearby neighborhoods have been under siege by marauding wild pigs. Hungry and thirsty pigs that walk miles for a meal. Huge pigs that outweigh many of the people who live here. Abundant bands of pigs that enjoy nothing more than gouging the succulent lawns and, when stuffed, making more pigs.

"The grass is torn up 100 feet from my front door," Ms. Wolf said. "There is a big gravel area to the side, but they are not interested in that at all. They go right for the lawn."

San Jose is not your average pig town. The capital of Silicon Valley, it has an international airport, a convention center and a new downtown development, Santana Row, which opened the other day with a Gucci store and apartments that are reported to rent for as much as \$15,000 a month.

Almost everyone who cares about the city's reputation is fed up with pig talk. "It is not something we will answer questions about," said a spokeswoman for Compass Management Group, the property managers for California Maison.

But San Jose is also one of those cities that look and act something like amoebas, taking new shapes and consuming almost everything in their way. The city and its suburbs in Santa Clara County have crept toward the ranches and scruffy slopes to the east, territory that state wildlife officials say was staked out long ago by the pigs.

"The wild pigs are worse this year than in the past, but the problem is common," said Lt. Dave Fox, a warden with the State Department of Fish and Game. "There are subdivisions and homes where there used to be farms and ranches. Santa Clara County happens to be the hot spot. Next year it will be somewhere else."

As these things go in California, the pigs have a long history here. Some of their ancestors were the barnyard variety, arriving with prospectors in the 1840's and 50's. (Though most ended up on a spit, some made a run for it.) Another bloodline can be traced to Russian wild boars, which were introduced for hunting on some big ranches, including those owned by William Randolph



Hearst, in the 1920's and 30's.

"There was interbreeding, and now we have these pigs in almost every county in California," Lieutenant Fox said.

A short drive from San Jose, at Joseph D. Grant County Park, the pigs are fixtures in the grasslands and along hiking trails. Ms.

Wolf, the condominium resident, says she happened upon two sows with 23 piglets in a hike at the park in the spring.

"The babies, oh my God, they are cute," she said. "They look like little striped watermelons. The bigger ones, well, you have to like pigs to think they are cute. The first



San Jose, Calif., has been invaded by wild pigs like those above on Santa Cruz Island, off Southern California, where 4,000 are being trapped. At California Maison, residents pointed out damage by pigs.

time I saw the male boars, I thought they were heifers. They are so big I thought they were some breed of small cow."

No one can say for sure, but it is believed the incursion of the pigs into San Jose is a result in part of the unusually dry summer and fall. Before this week's storms, the last recorded rainfall in San Jose was on May 21. The dryness apparently bothered oak trees, which dropped fewer acorns, normally an autumn staple for the pigs.

Tom Pederson, an assistant chief of law enforcement for the State Department of Fish and Game, said the pigs were hardy and, when necessary, traveled long distances for a decent meal. Supper usually amounts to grubs and earthworms, but, pigs being pigs, it can extend to include just about anything they find in the dirt.

The pigs generally show up after dark at California Maison. Though usually content to eat and run, they have been known to chase the occasional unsuspecting resident.

Lieutenant Fox says there has been a pig population explosion in the last 10 years as development has crowded out agriculture. In the old days, farmers and ranchers would keep the pigs in check by shooting them. The meat was even donated to soup kitchens.

Now there is little hunting in Santa Clara County, and the health authorities prohibit serving meat that is not federally inspected.

"Generally, there isn't enough hunting pressure on these pigs in urban areas," Lieutenant Fox said. "Where there is a lot of hunting pressure, we don't have these problems. They have such a reproduction potential that they, more than deer, can get out of hand real quickly."

A miniature pig-trapping industry developed, but with thousands of the animals roaming the hills, no one believes that is a lasting solution. In the past, when trappers attracted public attention, animal welfare advocates rallied to the pigs' defense. (Te captured pigs were ending up in dog food.) The trapping of 4,000 pigs on Santa Cruz Island off Southern California recently began, but only after four years of planning.

So almost everyone in San Jose is counting on the heavens for some pig relief. By late today, the skies had responded nicely with more than an inch of rain, with an equally dismal forecast until Sunday.

"Once there is something to eat somewhere else, hopefully they will go," Ms. Wolf said. "I guess we will find out in a few weeks."

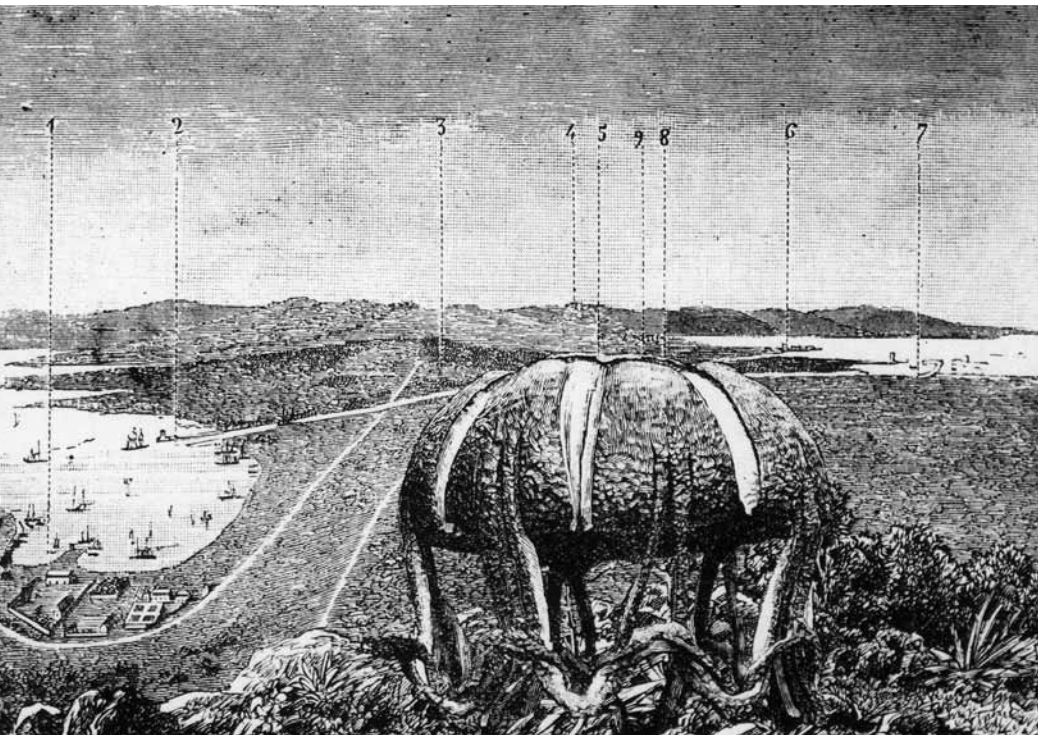
À la fin des années quatre-vingt, Rob Kovitz a mis au point, avec son « œuvre-citation » intitulée Pig City Farm, un « non-projet » conçu comme une machine de guerre contre le projet architectural en tant que tel. Il y critiquait la tradition du « projet unitaire de construction » qu'il considère comme « une sorte d'utopie ». * Son livre, un vademecum technique et pratique de l'élevage intensif des porcs, est un « anti-projet » tournant en dérision et mettant en accusation le projet comme utopie, qui a fourni à l'architecture moderne des temps héroïques son véhicule favori. Il en dénonce l'obsolescence et soutient que sa (ou ses) convention(s) devraient faire l'objet d'une rénovation radicale, voire d'une révolution. Au lieu de reprendre la tradition formelle du projet et de la vider de tout contenu, Pig City Farm renonce à l'unité de conception au profit d'une présentation sous forme de lexique. L'information s'y trouve simplement accumulée, et l'exposition du sujet y est conduite de manière obsessionnelle.

*Rob Kovitz, *Pig City Farm*, Princeton Architectural Press, 1992, et recension de CedreicPrice, *A A Files* 26, 1993, pp. 99-101.

Marie-Paule MacDonald, *Matérialisations: production de masse, espace public et convention architecturale dans l'œuvre de Dan Graham*, in Dan Graham, Éditions Dis Voir, Paris, 1995.



MAX ERNST COLLAGE

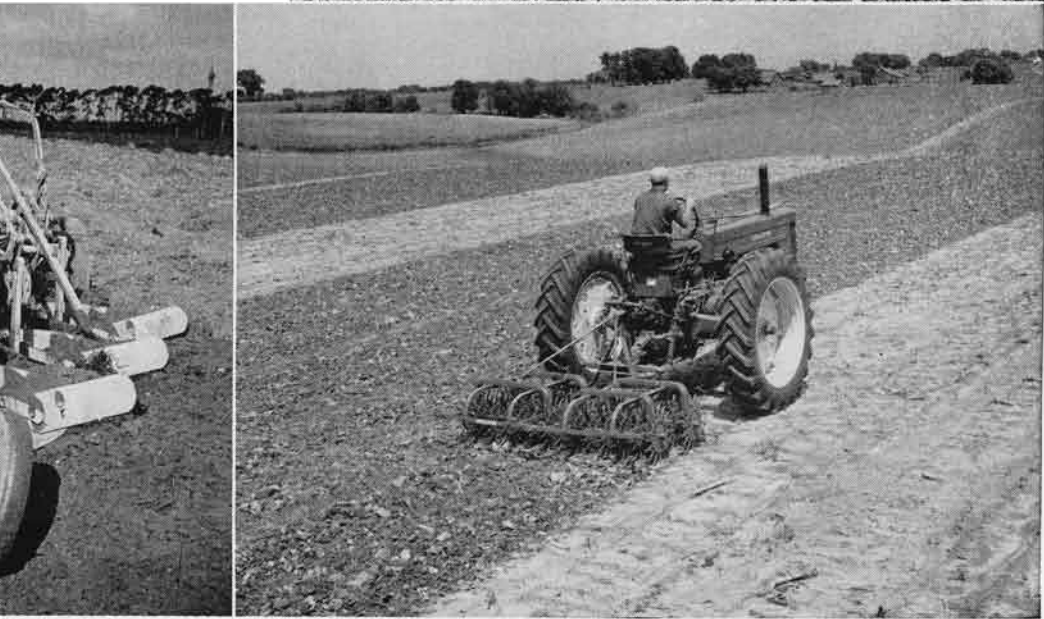


LA VILLETTE ABATTOIR



Photograph: Eli Lothar

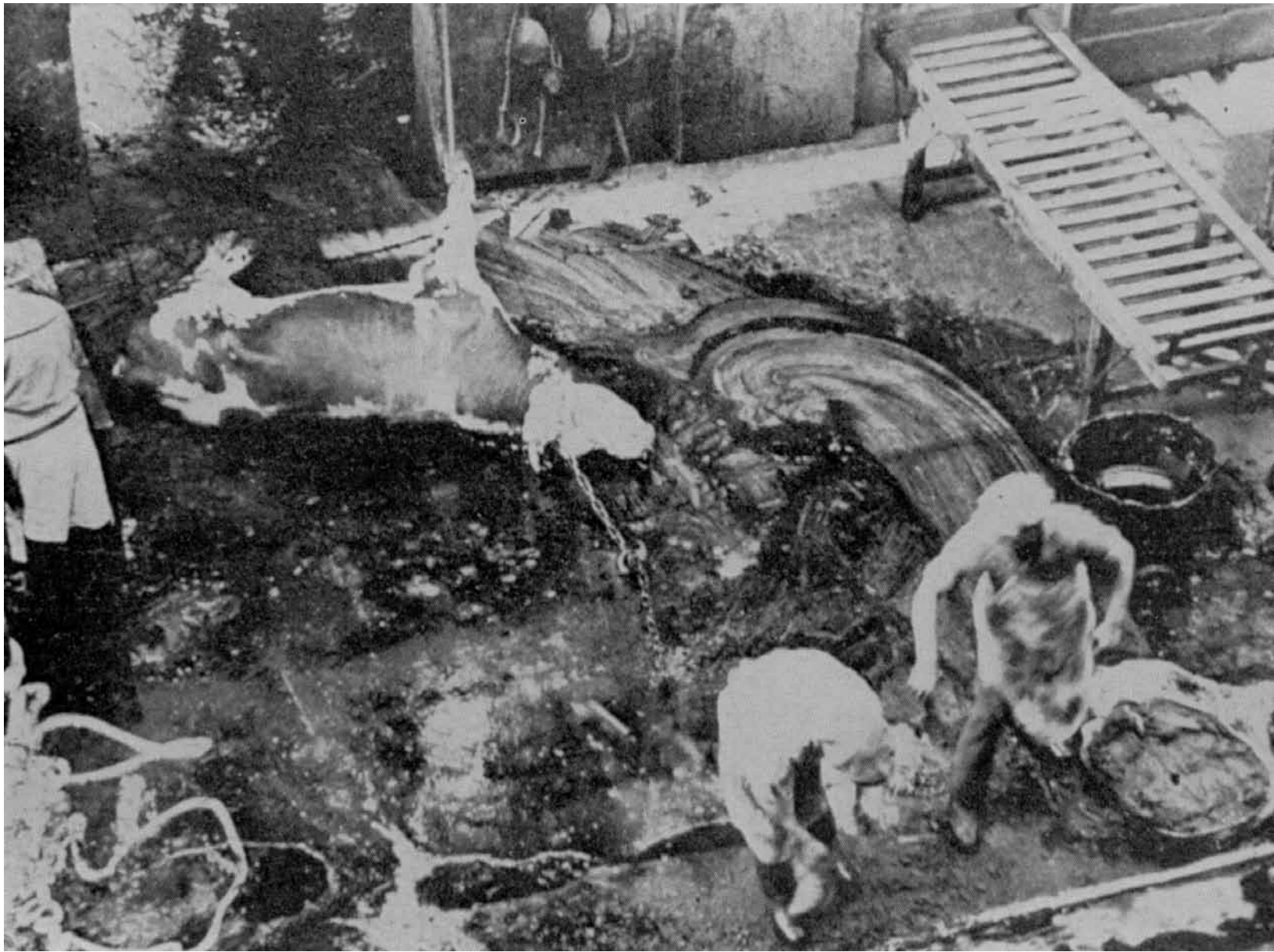
AGRICULTURE



ATIONAL HARVESTER CO., (TOP RIGHT) "FARMER AND STOCK-BREEDER," LONDON, (CENTRE LEFT, BOTTOM RIGHT) JOHN DEERE

AGRICULTURAL MACHINERY

tractor-mounted corn picker-
Centre right: Mechanical picker harvesting cotton
Bottom left: Plowing heather in England
Bottom right: Breaking soil crust over young seedlings with rotary hoe



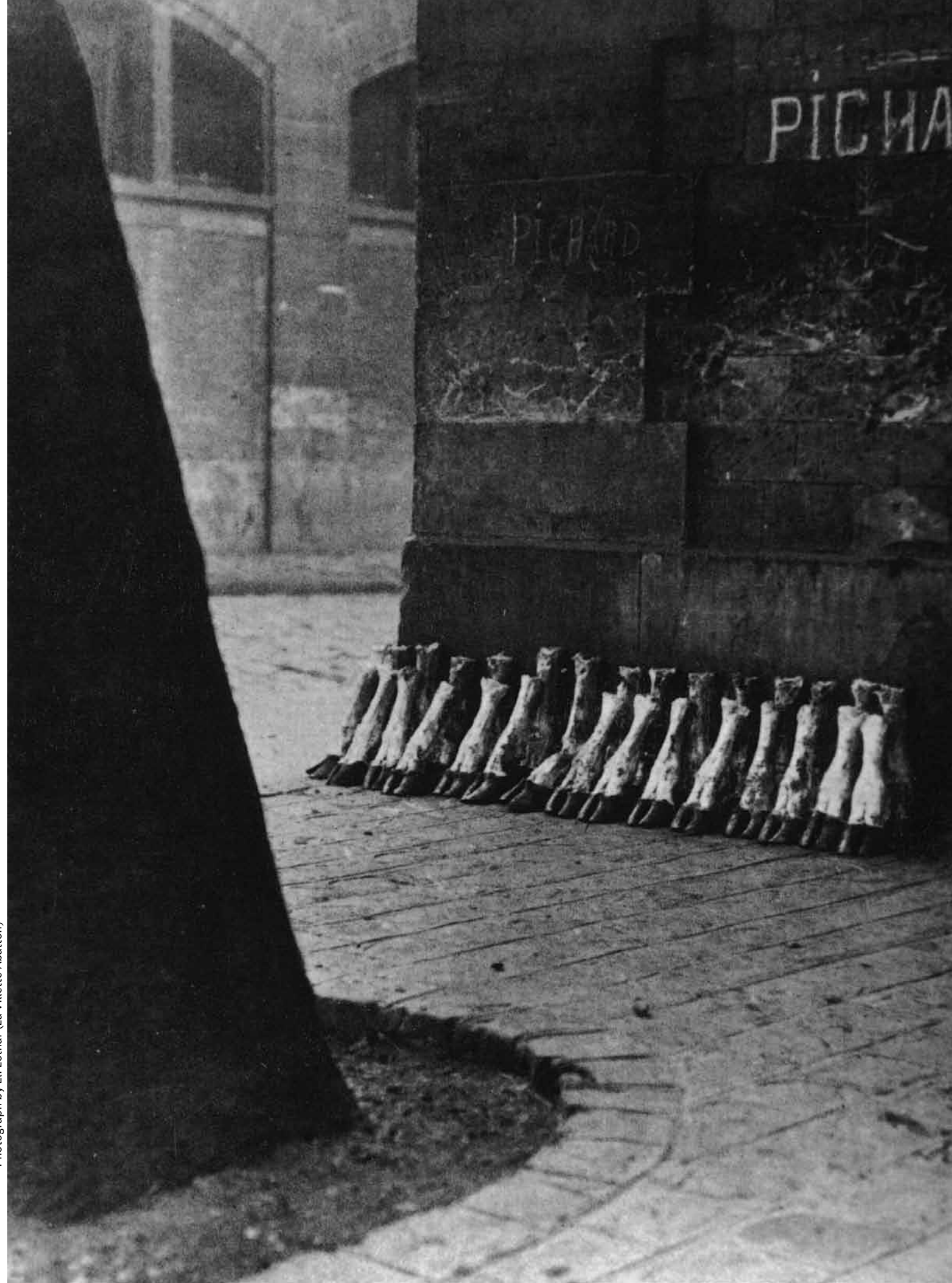
Photograph by Eli Lothar (La Villette Abattoir)

GEORGES BATAILLE

SLAUGHTERHOUSE

The slaughterhouse is linked to religion insofar as the temples of by-gone eras (not to mention those of the Hindus in our own day) served two purposes: they were used both for prayer and for killing. The result (and this judgment is confirmed by the chaotic aspect of present-day slaughterhouses) was certainly a disturbing convergence of the mysteries of myth and the ominous grandeur typical of those places in which blood flows. In America, curiously enough, W. B. Seabrook has expressed an intense regret; observing that the orgiastic life has survived, but that the sacrificial blood is not part of the cocktail mix, he finds present custom insipid. In our time, nevertheless, the slaughterhouse is cursed and quarantined like a plague-ridden ship. Now, the victims of this curse are neither butchers nor beasts, but those same good folk who countenance, by now, only their own unseemliness, an unseemliness commensurate with an unhealthy need of cleanliness, with irascible meanness, and boredom. The curse (terrifying only to those who utter it) leads them to vegetate as far as possible from the slaughterhouse, to exile themselves, out of propriety, to a flabby world in which nothing fearful remains and in which, subject to the ineradicable obsession of shame, they are reduced to eating cheese.

1929





Hooded sheep/Agricultural Fair



Elioth Gruner (Australian/1882-1939), **Spring Frost**, 1919 (postcard Art Gallery of New South Wales)

Agricultural Fair





Burning carcasses in Scotland during Foot-and-Mouth Crisis, Associated Press Photo



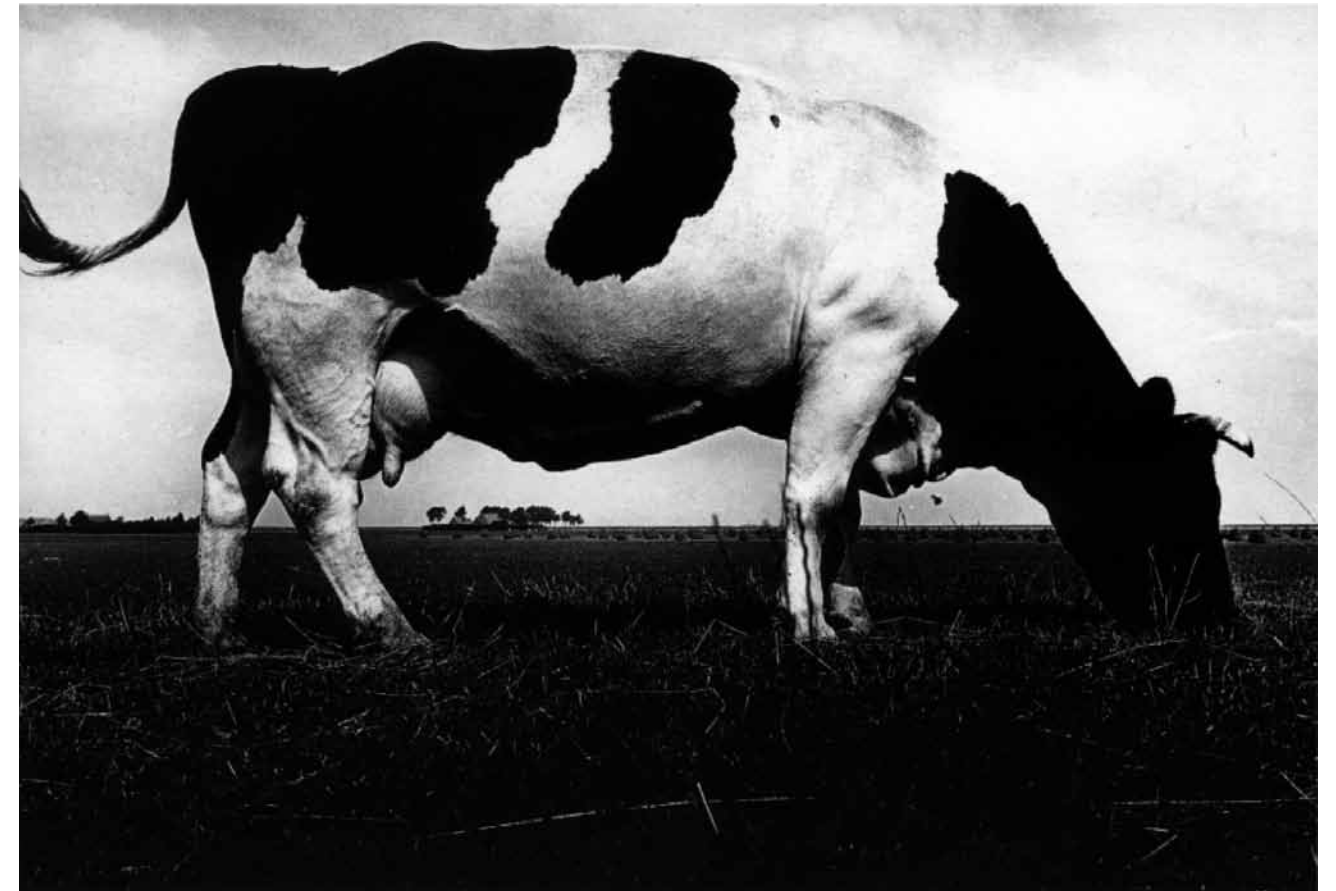
GERHARD RICHTER
KUH, 1964
Foto: Rolf Hansen

GERHARD RICHTER: KUH. BEITRITT: 03.05.2007. KUH. PRINTED IN GERMANY. 4

Serie 205 Kunstmuseum Bonn
Karte 4 von 10 Bestell-Nr. 205-4

“In the lives of animals, things, good or bad, just happen.”

—J.M. Coetzee, *The Lives of Animals*, 1999.



“There is an American philosopher named Thomas Nagel,”. . . . Some years ago he wrote an essay called ‘What Is It Like to Be a Bat?’ which a friend suggested I read. . . . Let me read to you some of what he says in answer to his question:

It will not help to try to imagine that one has webbing on one’s arms, which enables one to fly around. . . catching insects in one’s mouth; that one has very poor vision, and perceives the surrounding world by a system of reflected high-frequency sound signals; and that one spends the day hanging upside down by one’s feet in an attic. Insofar as I can imagine this (which is not very far), it tells me only what it would be like for me to behave as a bat behaves. But that is not the question. I want to know what it is like for a bat to be a bat. Yet if I try to imagine this, I am restricted by the resources of my own mind, and those resources are inadequate to the task.*

To Nagel a bat is ‘a fundamentally alien form of life’ (168), not a alien as a Martian (170) but less alien than another human being (particularly, one would guess, were that human being a fellow academic philosopher).

“So we have set up a continuum that stretches from the Martian at one end to the bat to the dog to the ape (...) to the human being (not, however, Franz Kafka) at the other; and at each step as we move along the continuum from bat to man, Nagel says, the answer to the question ‘What is it like for X to be X?’ becomes easier to give.

(...) When Kafka writes about an ape, I take him to be talking in the first place about an ape; when Nagel writes about a bat, I take him to be writing, in the first place, about a bat.” (...)

“For instants at a time, (...) I know what it is like to be a corpse. The knowledge repels me. It fills me with terror; I shy away from it, refuse to entertain it.

“All of us have such moments, particularly as we grow older. The knowledge we have is not abstract—‘All human beings are mortal, I am a human being, therefore I am mortal’—but embodied. For a moment we are that knowledge. We live the impossible: we live beyond our death, look back on it, yet look back as only a dead self can.

“When I know, with this knowledge, that I am going to die, what is it, in Nagel’s terms, that I know? Do I know what it is like for me to be a corpse or do I know what it is like for a corpse to be a corpse? The distinction seems to me trivial. What I know is what a corpse cannot know: that it is extinct, that it knows nothing and will never know anything anymore. For an instant, before my whole structure of knowledge collapses in panic, I am alive inside that contradiction, dead and alive at the same time.”(...)

“That is the kind of thought we are capable of, we human beings, that and even more, if we press ourselves or are pressed. But we resist being pressed, and rarely press ourselves; we think our way into death only when we are rammed into the face of it. Now I ask: if we are capable of thinking our own death, why on earth should we not be capable of thinking our way into the life of a bat?

“What is it like to be a bat? Before we can answer such a question, Nagel suggests, we need to be able to experience bat-life through the sense-modalities of a bat. But he is wrong; or at least he is sending us down a false trail. To be a living bat is to be full of being; being fully a bat is like being fully human, which is also to be full of being. Bat-being in the first case, human-being in the second, maybe; but those are secondary considerations. To be full of being is to live as a body-soul. One name for the experience of full being is *joy*.

“To be alive is to be a living soul. An animal—and we are all animals—is an embodied soul. This is precisely what Descartes saw and, for his own reasons, chose to deny. An animal lives, said Descartes, as a machine lives. An animal is no more than the mechanism that constitutes it; if it has a soul, it has one in the same way that a machine has a battery, to give it the spark that gets it going; but the animal is not an embodied soul, and the quality of its being is not joy.

“‘Cogito ergo sum,’ he also famously said. It is a formula I have always been uncomfortable with. It implies that a living being that does not do what we call thinking is somehow second-class. To thinking, cogitation, I oppose fullness, embodiedness, the sensation of being—not a consciousness of yourself as a kind of ghostly reasoning machine thinking thoughts, but on the contrary the sensation—a heavily affective sensation—of being a body with limbs that have extension in space, of being alive to the world. This fullness contrasts starkly with Descartes’s key state, which has an empty feel to it: the feel of a pea rattling around in a shell.

“Fullness of being is a state hard to sustain in confinement. Confinement to prison is the form of punishment that the West favors and does its best to impose on the rest of the world through the means of condemning other forms of punishment (beating, torture, mutilation, execution) as cruel and unnatural. What does this suggest to us about ourselves? To me it suggests that the freedom of the body to move in space is targeted as the point at which reason can most painfully and effectively harm the being of the other. And indeed it is on creatures least able to bear confinement—creatures who conform least to Descartes’s picture of the soul as a pea imprisoned in a shell, to which further imprisonment is irrelevant—that we see the most devastating effects: in zoos, in laboratories, institutions where the flow of joy that comes from living not in or as a body but simply from being an embodied being has no place.¹¹

“The question to ask should not be: Do we have something in common—reason, self-consciousness, a soul—with other animals? (With the corollary that, if we do not, then we are entitled to treat them as we like, imprisoning them, killing them, dishonoring their corpses.) I return to the death camps. The particular horror of the camps, the horror that convinces us that what went on there was a crime against humanity, is not that despite a humanity shared with their victims, the killers treated them like lice. That is too abstract. The horror is that the killers refused to think themselves into the place of their victims, as did everyone else. They said, ‘It is they in those cattle-

* Thomas Nagel, **What Is It Like to Be a Bat?** in **Mortal Questions**, Cambridge Cambridge University Press, 1979, p. 169.

¹¹ John Berger: “Nowhere in a zoo can a stranger encounter the look of an animal. At the most, the animal’s gaze flickers and passes on. They look sideways. They look blindly beyond. They scan mechanically That look between animal and man, which may have played a crucial role in the development of human society, and with which, in any case, all men had always lived until less than a century ago, has been extinguished.” **About Looking**, Pantheon, New York: 1980, 26.

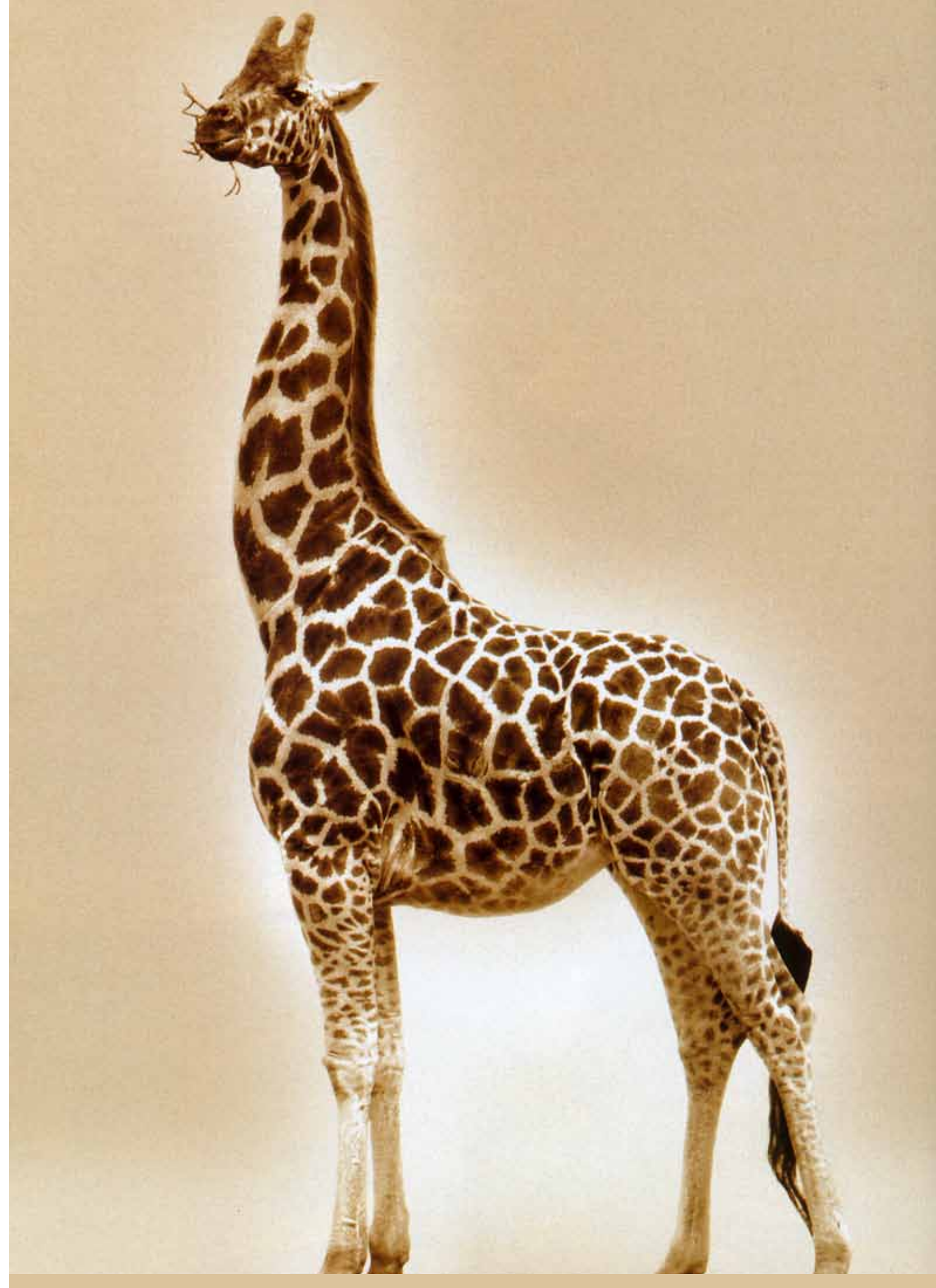
cars rattling past.’ They did not say, ‘How would it be if it were I in that cattle-car?’ They did not say, ‘It is I who am in that cattle-car.’ They said, ‘It must be the dead who are being burnt today, making the air stink and falling in ash on my cabbages.’ They did not say, ‘How would it be if I were burning?’ They did not say, ‘I am burning, I am falling in ash.’

“In other words, they closed their hearts. The heart is the seat of a faculty, *sympathy*, that allows us to share at times the being of another. Sympathy has everything to do with the subject and little to do with the object, the ‘another,’ as we see at once when we think of the object not as a bat (‘Can I share the being of a bat?’ but as another human being. There are people who have the capacity to imagine themselves as someone else, there are people who have no such capacity (when the lack is extreme, we call them psychopaths), and there are people who have the capacity but choose not to exercise it.

“Despite Thomas Nagel, who is probably a good man, despite Thomas Aquinas and René Descartes, with whom I have more difficulty in sympathizing, there is no limit to the extent to which we can think ourselves into the being of another. There are no bounds to the sympathetic imagination. If you want proof, consider the following. Some years ago I wrote a book called *The House on Eccles Street*. To write that book

I had to think my way, into the existence of Marion Bloom. Either I succeeded or I did not. . . . In any event, the point is, *Marion Bloom never existed*. Marion Bloom was a figment of James Joyce’s imagination. If I can think my way into the existence of a being who has never existed, then I can think my way into the existence of a bat or a chimpanzee or an oyster, any being with whom I share the substrate of life.

“I return one last time to the places of death all around us, the places of slaughter to which, in a huge communal effort, we close our hearts. Each day a fresh holocaust, yet, as far as I can see, our moral being is untouched. We do not feel tainted. We can do anything, it seems, and come away clean.”





Petting Zoo, Hamburg, Germany



Taronga Zoo, Sydney, Australia

METAMORPHOSIS

Man's equivocal attitude toward the wild animal is more than usually absurd. Human dignity does exist (it is, apparently, above all suspicion), but not on one's visits to the zoo—as when, for instance, the animals watch the approaching crowds of children tailed by papa-men and mama-women. Man, despite appearances, must know that when he talks of human dignity in the presence of animals, he lies like a dog. For in the presence of illegal and essentially free beings (the only real outlaws*) the stupid feeling of practical superiority gives way to a most uneasy envy; in savages, it takes the form of the totem, and it lurks in comic disguise within our grandmothers' feathered hats. There are so many animals in this world, and so much that we have lost! The innocent cruelty; the opaque monstrosity of eyes scarcely distinguishable from the little bubbles that form on the surface of mud; the horror as integral to life as light is to a tree. There remain the office, the identity card, an existence of bitter servitude, and yet, that shrill madness which, in certain deviant states, borders on metamorphosis.

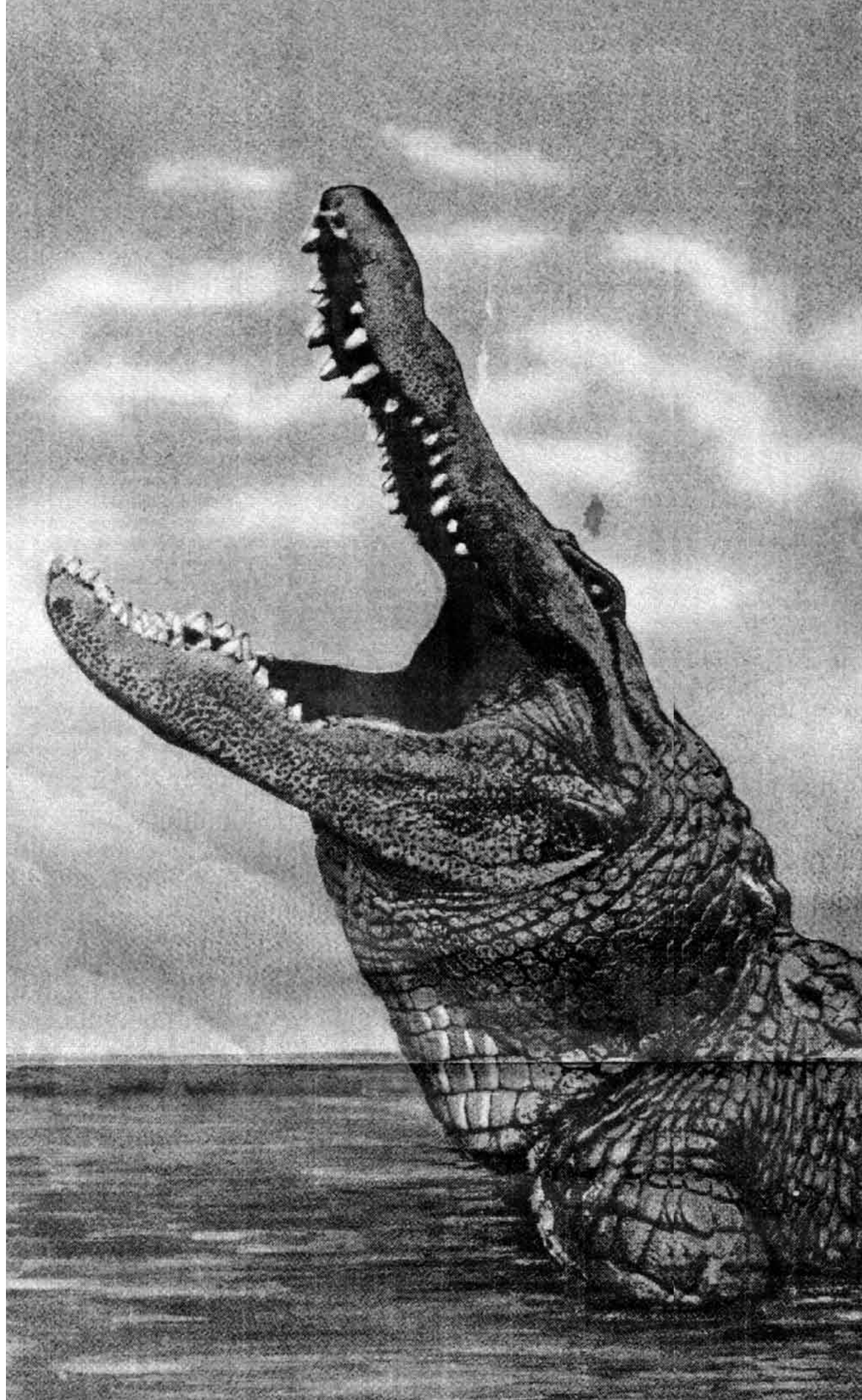
The obsession with metamorphosis can be defined as a violent need—identical, furthermore, with all our animal needs—that suddenly impels us to cast off the gestures and attitudes requisite to human nature. A man in an apartment, for example, will set to groveling before those around him and eat dogs' food. There is, in every man, an animal thus imprisoned, like a galley slave, and there is a gate, and if we open the gate, the animal will rush out, like the slave finding his way to escape. The man falls dead, and the beast acts as a beast, with no care for the poetic wonder of the dead man. Thus man is seen as a prison of bureaucratic aspect.

1929

Koala Walkabout, Taronga Zoo, Sydney, Australia

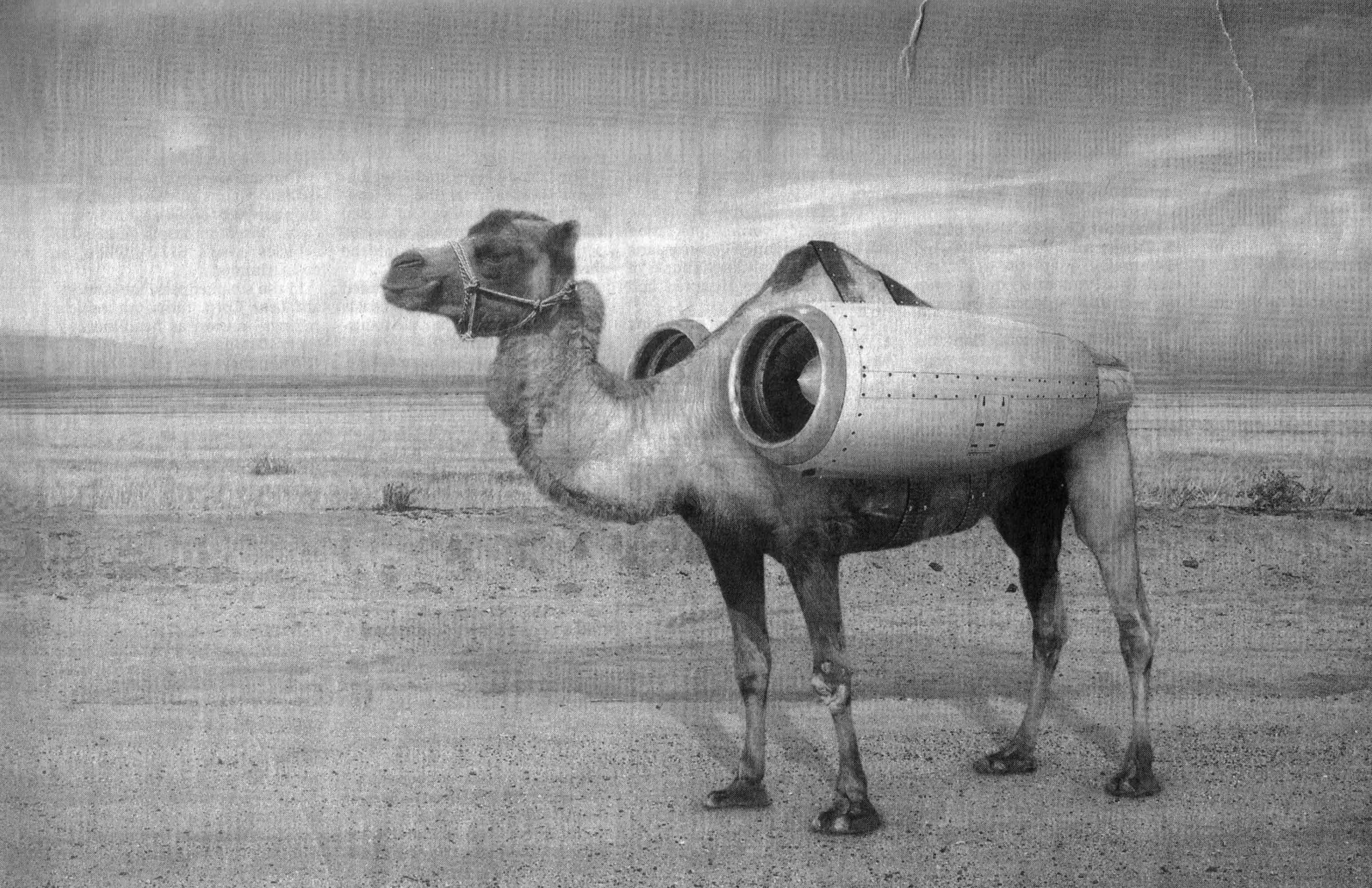


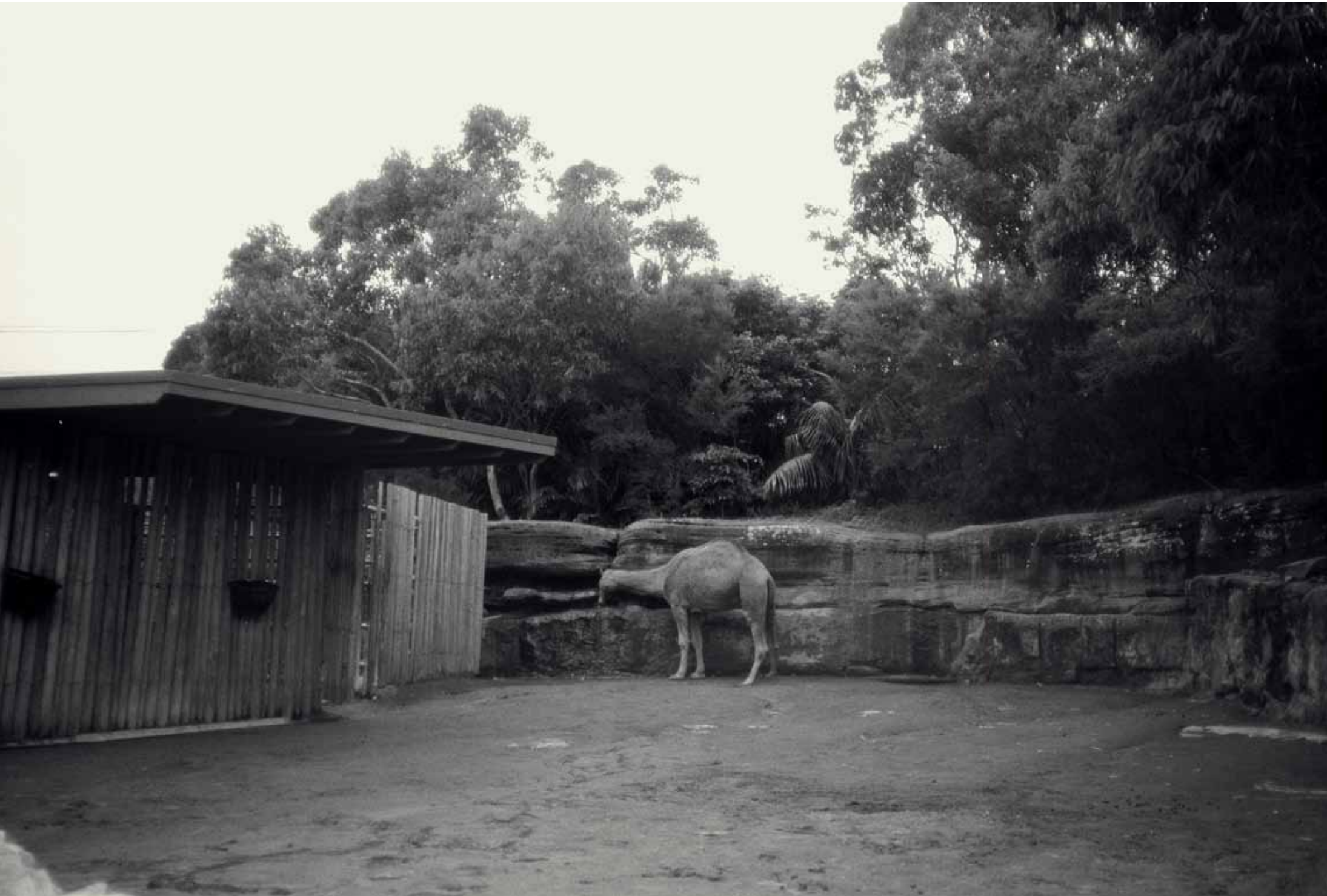
Crocodile (Newspaper clipping)



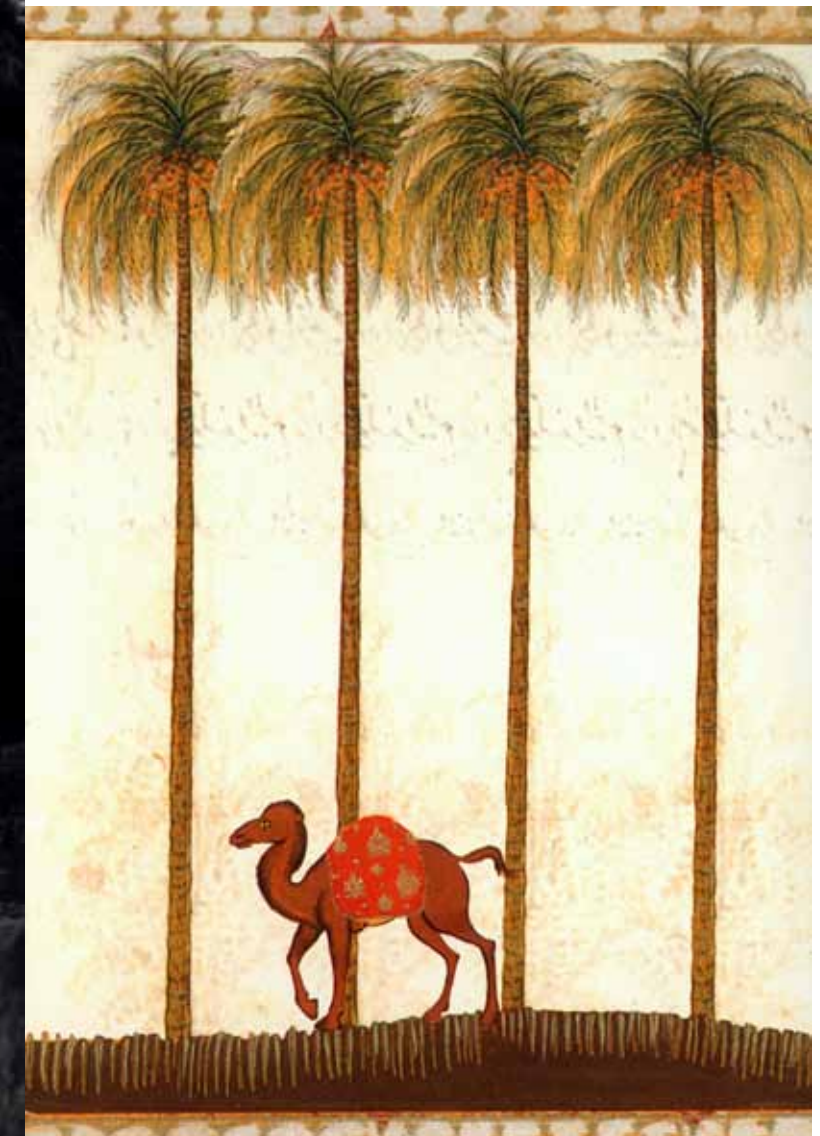
Jeff Koons, Split Rocker, 2000.







Taronga Zoo, Sydney, Australia



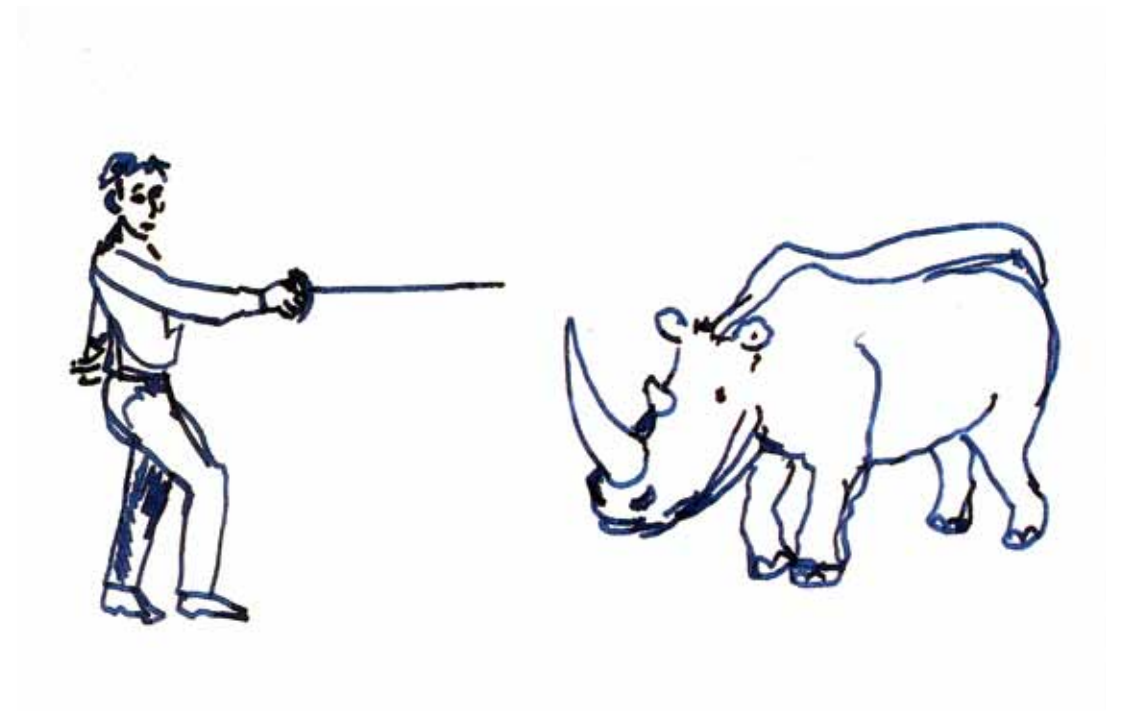
Palm Walk, 17th Century Oriental M.S. (postcard)

Sans un appareillage muséographique, un projet réduisant le document d'archives à sa seule exposition en vitrine est comme l'exposition d'un animal dans le formol de son musée zoologique : un animal mort. Et un projet mort doit connaître le sort de ce qui est mort : être enterré. Et ceci pour la paix des vivants, c'est-à-dire les visiteurs potentiels, à qui trop de mauvaises expositions ont été imposées.





Water buffalo, Burma



Stephan Balkenhol Drawing (Invitation card)

Post-Scriptum 1953

[“Post-Scriptum 1953” appeared in the 1954 reedition of *Inner Experience* following “Method of Meditation.” It was silently omitted from the English translation of *Inner Experience*, trans. Leslie Anne Boldt (Albany: State University of New York Press, 1988). Our text appears in *Œuvres complètes*, 5:231-34.—Trans.]

Without any doubt, the difference between animal and man is grounded on the opposition of man to nature. But man barely surmounts the advantage that he has achieved. Man says of himself: “I am divine, immortal, free. . .” (or he solemnly says “the person”). But that is not all. Each of us naively concedes, without control, principles taken as unassailable: we consider killing inhuman, cannibalism still more inhuman. . . . We ordinarily add that it is no less odious to exploit other humans. I oppose nothing to these principles; and I even hate those who observe them poorly (besides, as a rule, such people revere these principles in the degree to which they violate them). But this is mysticism, and it is hypocrisy. Exploitation of man by man, as hateful as it is, is given in humanity. Even anthropophagy, when this is the convention, coexists with the prohibition of which it is the ritual violation.

Once again, I approve of neither exploitation nor murder (and for cannibals, it goes without saying. . .); and I admit without having to think about it that we exploited, slaughtered, and ate animals.** But I am unable to doubt that these reactions are arbitrary. They are convenient; without them humanity would be still more base than it is. It is nevertheless despicable to see more than an effective and traditional attitude. Thought that does not limit this arbitrariness to what it is is mystical thought.

What makes mystical humanism a platitude is the misunderstanding of the human specificity that it implies. It is proper to man to oppose himself to the beast in a movement of nausea. But the nausea that grounds us in this way does not cease: it is even the principle of a game animating our lives from one end to the other. Never are we more human than when impugning one another in horror. The propensity for nausea is stronger if entire peoples are in question: from that moment on, it plays itself out blindly! But it is a question of individuals or classes; it has precise objects. The opposition of one man to another in whom he perceives a foul attitude is still the opposition that initially opposes human to beast. It does not have the same clarity: henceforth it is attackable, and often founded on error. When it is contested, a new mode of opposition, and of disparagement, begins: now opposition has the principle of opposition between these different types of human for its object! If I make a final effort, going to the end of human possibility, I reject in the night those who, with a cowardice that doesn’t acknowledge itself, stopped themselves en route.

** Must the zoophilic be cited on this occasion? More important, naive men at-tribute to animals ways of being and reacting analogous to those of men. The be-liefs of Hindus and Buddhists grant animals souls. . . . It is a question of, if I am not mistaken, the inconsequence of the illogisms of childish thought and dreams. Ways of seeing such as these initially suppose the affirmation according to which it is evil and atrocious to treat that which we are as a thing. In this or that measure, then, an animal fictively receives the prerogatives of the human being, it is assimilated from the outside to that which the human being has determined



Not far into the new millennium, many of us may be taking so-called ‘smart drugs’ to improve our memory. There’s a long history to the idea of artificially enhancing our capacity to remember. The scientist and architect Robert Hooke, who was the experimenter for the early Royal Society of London, took silver filings and mercury to improve the conduction of ideas along the coils of memory in his brain. But a range of less painful methods, which you can still find in pop psychology books, derive from the ancient and medieval arts of memory.

Shakespeare has the Ghost tell Hamlet a horrid, dire story about the wickedness of Hamlet’s mother Gertrude and his uncle Claudius. On departing, the Ghost bids Hamlet ‘remember me!’ Hamlet’s response evokes these old memory traditions:

Hamlet: Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghost, whiles memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I’ll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past
That youth and observation copied there,
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix’d with baser matter. ...

From Roman times, orators, monks, and scholars trained themselves in bizarre and fantastic techniques known as ‘local memory’ or ‘place memory’. For instance, you would construct in your imagination a large palace. This palace has long corridors with rooms off each side. This construction gives you a permanent set of memory rooms, and memory locations, once you’ve internalized this building in your mind. Then, when you need to commit something to memory - a speech, say, or a list - you can mentally place in each room, on either side of the corridor, a fixed number of items to recall. In order to remember everything, when you’re giving your speech, you then walk in imagination down the corridors, entering each room in order, and simply reading off whatever you have previously stored there. For your next speech, you’d then just store new points or new thoughts in each existing room.

The art of memory sounds crazy at first: what’s the point of learning this memory palace or whatever as well as having to learn your speech? But the system is infinitely flexible. Once you’ve successfully built these locations in to your own memory architecture, you can use them for any purpose whatever. The art of memory in effect allows you to construct, or to turn your mind into, a truly random access memory system.

In other variants of the memory techniques, medieval monks used grids, plans, or theatres instead of memory palaces: but the principle was the same. Items in memory are rigidly ordered, inscribed in a kind of inner writing (in ‘the book and volume of your brain’) to be inspected only at will. As you walk down the corridors of your own memory palace, you are in control of your own memories, in control of your personal past. You are an executive, a self, quite separate from the contents of your mind.

What was the need for these strange arts of memory? Natural, unaided memory, thought the Renaissance scholars, is prone to confusion. The 17th-century English pirate and philosopher Kenelm Digby described the terrible and frustrating difficulty we often find in extracting a memory from the brain without such artificial training. As Digby put it, when the mind seeks an idea, it shaketh again the liquid medium they all floate in, and rouseth every idea lurking in remotest corners of the brain; and continueth this inquisition and motion, till it be grown weary with tossing about the multitude of little inhabitants in its numerous empire, and so giveth over the search, unwillingly and displeasedly.

This is why natural memory had to be supplemented or replaced. In the memory palaces, every idea can be kept pure and isolated. With each in its own special place, or at its own specific address, no memories could ever get mixed up or interfere with each other. This became a matter of ethics, not just a practical tool. The true memory artist would never be haunted by reminiscences, or troubled by the intrusion of unwanted thoughts into the calm of deliberate, tranquil recollection. The ideal was as optimistic, and perhaps as doomed, as Hamlet’s claim that the Ghost’s command would remain ‘all alone’ in his brain.

The arts of memory thus required the adepts to impose a strange kind of cognitive discipline. The palace of memory was an internal prosthesis, an artificial aid imported into the mind. By freezing the contents of memory, and locking them into their separate rooms, the medieval scholars laboriously tried to civilize and tame their own minds, turning the chaotic dynamics of natural memory into more rigid, static systems, where, they hoped, thoughts about the good and the true could be branded, ‘unmix’d with baser matter’.

Descartes
John Sutton, December 1999

According to Rene Descartes, the great French natural philosopher, memories are not fixed items permanently written into our brains. Instead, memories are motions, the flow of nervous fluids and animal spirits through the folds of the brain, or in a musician's hands.

Descartes died in 1650, at the age of 53. A lifetime habit of staying in bed till noon had been disrupted by a move to Stockholm. His new patron Queen Christina was celebrating the end of the Thirty Years' War. She wanted her philosophy lessons at five o'clock in the morning, and in the long Swedish winter Descartes contracted pneumonia. This amused his theological opponents, because Descartes had hoped that advances in medical theory would allow him to live more than a hundred years.

At the end of the millennium we usually remember Descartes as the 'father of modern philosophy'. Isn't he the dualist who separated mind from body? We are meant to trust Descartes when he tells us to throw our books away, to be suspicious of authority, to educate ourselves afresh. By tearing down the house of traditional belief, Descartes recommends, we can construct new and certain foundations on which to build up our knowledge.

But Descartes also knew that no-one can choose to forget, that we can't just blissfully escape our origins, or the limitations of our time. We are all marked by memory, by history. And Descartes advised his correspondents, like Princess Elizabeth of Bohemia, not to spend too much time in deep metaphysical speculations. Observation and imagination, in the midst of life, are more important than thinking.

In Amsterdam Descartes dissected the heads of various animals in order to explain memory and imagination. Beasts are machines, living statues driven only by the complex organization of their organs. It sounds like the death of nature, the technological urge to master and possess. Geometry and violence.

But in Descartes' fables, these automata are *self*-moving machines which dream, eat, remember, feel. Our bodies too are full of fluids, full of animal spirits which never stop in any place. As in the swirling vortices which compose the cosmos, the fluids inside us circulate endlessly. What seems to be solid is really fluid. What seems to be empty is really full.

So how does memory work? For Descartes, there are no little images, pictures of the past somehow stored inside our skulls. Life's marks are not indelible, to be recollected later at will. Our experiences only bend, rearrange, and refold the fibres of the brain through which nervous fluids trace their paths. The pineal gland in the centre of the brain sways and dances on its network of arteries. It drives the rushing animal spirits down the particular pores which happen to hold our flickering memory traces.

Descartes' daughter, Francine, was conceived in Amsterdam on a Sunday, in October 1634. Her mother Helene was a maid in the household. He was studying the formation of the foetus. Was Francine just an experiment, nothing more? He called her his niece.

Hair turns white. Even machines decay. Once set in motion, Descartes knew, bodies move themselves. Some things won't stay still to be measured. Memories churn away, beyond conscious control. So it's not easy to live well. Morality is a change of habit: we must learn our own bodies and their games, applying intelligence to the reflexes.

Why love one person, not another? As a boy, Descartes loved a little girl who had a slight squint. As he later wrote, in the folds of memory, his traces mixed cross-eyes and love. The streams of animal spirits fused in his brain. This, he explained, was why he had always desired cross-eyed women without knowing why. But on realising that this was a trick of memory, a mere habit of the brain, the desire disappeared. So, maybe, you can control your own brain?

Death, according to Descartes, is not due to the soul leaving the body. Death is only the decay of the organs.

He planned to bring his daughter to France in late 1640, to give her a good education. But Francine died of scarlet fever, in September, on the third day of her illness, her five-year-old body completely covered with sores. Descartes said it was the greatest sorrow of his *life*. You can't just decide to forget.

What carries messages around the body? How is information transmitted through the nervous system? What is the physical mechanism of memory? For most of this millennium, and indeed since the time of the ancient Greeks, most Westerners believed in ‘animal spirits’ running through their brains and bodies. We sometimes say that today we feel ‘in good spirits’: this is the barest metaphor, just the residue of a wonderfully rich old literal descriptive language of embodied experience.

These ‘animal spirits’ were, however, neither animals nor spirits. Instead, the animal spirits were fluids circulating rapidly around the nervous system between the brain and the muscles. The notion of animal spirits developed, like the Chinese qi, from ancient ideas of a psychic, animating breath: the animal spirits in our bodies were as changeable, as unpredictable as the wind. Rather like angels mediating between natural and supernatural realms, the animal spirits scoot around the body between its centre and its periphery, transmitting the commands of the will, and often distorting them too.

An 18th-century physician named Bernard Mandeville describes what happens when we try to remember something. The animal spirits, these ‘volatile messengers’, seek images from ‘the dark caverns of oblivion’ in the brain. They roam ‘flying through all the mazes and meanders’, they ‘rummage the whole substance’ of the brain, and ‘ferret through its secret places with so much eagerness that it makes us uneasy’.

Belief in animal spirits, then, explained the subjective confusions of our ordinary embodied mental life. And they connected the insides to the outside world: because of their spirituous nature, **these nervous fluids were vulnerable to the effects of alcoholic spirits, to music, and, dangerously, to the intrusion of evil spirits.** As Philip Melanchthon warned, ‘when devils occupy the heart, by their blowing they trouble the spirits in the heart and brain’: and in Milton’s *Paradise Lost*, when Satan sits ‘squat like a toad, close by the ear of Eve’ in the Garden, his quest to reach ‘the Organs of her Fancie’ works by trying to ‘taint/ Th’ animal spirits that from pure blood arise’.

These fleeting nervous fluids, wriggling out of the ventricles of the brain, through its neural networks, and into the body’s obscure channels, thus seemed to make sense of the openness of our minds to interference and influence. Mixed up with other body fluids like blood, lymph, and semen in this oddly dynamic premodern neurophysiology, the animal spirits were a fickle medium for memory: how could we keep the past in order, or control our own histories, if memory relied on these neural fluids, so prone to spillage and confusion?

Although the animal spirits survived in mainstream scientific physiology right through the so-called Scientific Revolution of the 17th century, eventually they had to disappear. As ideals of moral self-control and mental discipline began to harden towards the end of the Enlightenment, the body’s innards had to be tamed: talk of animal spirits too easily unified emotion and intelligence, too indiscriminately linked pores and passions.

Lawrence Sterne’s great novel *Tristram Shandy*, was written in the mid-18th century, just before the animal spirits finally retreated from medicine to metaphor. At the beginning of his tale, our hero Tristram assures us that all our successes and miscarriages in this world depend on the animal spirits’ motions and activity, and the different tracks and trains you put them into. Sadly, Tristram’s own sensibility is always in question, for his animal spirits have been ‘ruffled beyond description’ by certain unfortunate circumstances of his conception. This is not just a baroque fictional conceit, because high medical theory also linked reproduction and reasoning. Perhaps our psychology is tied to our erotic energies. As the French physician Louis de la Forge put it, ‘the spirits of the brain are directly connected to the testicles. This is why men who weary their imagination in books are less suitable for procreative functions, while those who dissipate their spirits in debauching women cannot apply themselves to serious study.’

Many of us have given a passing and grateful thought to those distant ancestors who, to their cost but our benefit, first sampled 4cath-cap toadstools, deadly nightshade and other lethal impostors. And all of us give more than a passing thought to those of our contemporaries, unfortunate enough to have eaten poultry or beef infected with E.coli o157:H7, salmonella or BSE. Their fates oblige the rest of us to weigh considerations of health against the convenience, price and pleasures of the foods we must decide among, Nor, of course, are issues of health confined to the risks of infection. On the World Health Organization's definition, obesity - with its well-documented contributions to illness - is now the condition of over 60 per cent of Americans. with the British rapidly catching up. Disease, obesity, tooth decay and countless other food related threats to our health, however, are only one aspect of the wider problem announced in the title of Michael Pollan's *The Omnivore's Dilemma* just one of the matters at stake when we ask ourselves, "Fats or carbs? Three square meals or continuous grazing? Raw or cooked? Organic or industrial? Vegetarian or vegan? Meat or mock meat?" The dilemmas of what, when and how we should eat, urges Pollan, constitute a "big existential problem", for the way we eat represents nothing less than "our most profound engagement with the natural world".

The phrase "omnivore's dilemma" was coined thirty years ago by the psychologist Paul Rozin. It names the problem faced by creatures - above all, human beings - who, at the opposite extreme from, say, pandas with their monotypic diet of bamboo, are willing and able to ingest, and obtain nutrition from, a very wide range of substances: from fungi to fish, chicory to chickens, and, these days, processed butane gas to what Pollan calls "the Linnaeus-defying Twinkie", a synthetic, plastic-wrapped variation on a doughnut. Human omnivorousness, to be sure, has its blessings: utilitarian (when one source of food is threatened, people turn to another), aesthetic (the pleasures of the palate are almost unlimited) and social (pandas cannot come together to feast, or even dine). But there is a dark side to this ability of human beings - inveterate questioners as they are - to eat just about anything: it is "the anxiety of eating", as Pollan puts it.

This anxiety may have lain dormant for many centuries, our distant ancestors having done a good job in sorting the edible and the inedible: but we are now witnessing "the return, with an almost atavistic revenge. of the omnivore's dilemma". Health scares, crowing sensitivities to the treatment of animals and the natural environment, but above all else the sheer cornucopia of foods now readily available to people in developed countries, confront them. on a daily basis, with decisions to make and therefore to fret over. As such, the omnivore's dilemma is only one dimension - albeit a peculiarly important one - of what the economic historian Avner Offer refers to in the title of *The Challenge of Affluence* (reviewed in the TLS on June 2). The sheer "abundance, through cheapness, variety, [and] novelty", Offer writes. has produced a "shock of easy food availability" with which established "prudential strategies"* have been unable to cope - one whose effect has been to make a "mockery of the rational consumer". (The most salient failure of prudence is, simply, the overeating of all this new "easy food" - something that then generates a further level of angst.) According to Pollan. this renewed anxiety of eating comes at a bad time. It is not just that "prudential strategies" have failed to keep pace with the changing world of food. In addition, we have witnessed the atrophy of those "stable culinary traditions". "that set of rules ... we call a cuisine", which in the past served "to mediate the omnivore's dilemma". As Aristotle would have observed, we are losing the shared virtues that are as crucial in the case of food as in that of sex, if people are rationally to govern their appetites. Sociological factors, including changes in lifestyles, working practices and family structures, help to explain this "gastro-anomy", as one prescient social scientist dubbed it in 1980: but so too do innovations in the food industry itself, with its vested interest in weaning consumers off any conservative attachment to the ways of their elders. The resulting anxiety has familiar symptoms - anorexia, bulimia, fad-dish diets, serendipitous menus and a parasitic profession of "experts", gurus and quacks who promise solutions so bewildering in their variety that our anxiety is only deepened. A more edifying symptom is the welcome appearance in recent years of books, with such titles or subtitles as *Agri-Culture*, *Food in Society*, and *Eating and the Perfection of Our Nature*, that are alert, not only to the central role of eating in a culture, but to the cultural, indeed spiritual, implications of the current revolution in the context of eating. *The Omnivore's Dilemma* is an eloquent addition to this new genre.

Michael Pollan is not a writer easy to categorize. A Professor of Science and Environmental Journalism at Berkeley, he is the prizewinning author of three earlier books, including *Second Nature*, a wise and witty work on the significance of gardening, and *The Botany of Desire*, an essay on the symbiotic relationship between people and plants. He writes clearly and engagingly, shifting styles as topic or rhetorical purpose demands - now genial and "folksy", now hard-hitting and ironic. now poetic. Like its predecessors, his new book combines science (natural and social), personal anecdote, interviews with colourful informants, and philosophical reflection. In these respects, British readers might be reminded of Richard Mabey, whose concerns especially in his *Fencing Paradise* - over monocultural farming, for example, or disingenuous organic" hype, are shared by Pollan.

A good succinct characterization of the author is the one given on the dust cover by the owner of a San Francisco restaurant - “a journalist/philosopher”. The “/” in preference to an “and” is appropriate, for the journalist and the philosopher are hard to separate. Pollan is nothing if not an empiricist, committed to examining “the dinner question” through the “lens of personal experience” as much as through that of an ecologist or anthropologist, and unwilling to pass judgment on any food-related practice, such as the slaughter of animals, that he has not observed at first hand or even joined in. To this end, with his investigative journalist’s hat on, he traces, and sometimes participates in, the histories, from field, factory, or forest to the table, of the “four meals” referred to in his sub-title. The four meals are a McDonald’s take-away, two organic-chicken dinners (“organic industrial” and local, “grass-fed”, respectively), and a banquet of wild pig, mushrooms and other ingredients hunted or gathered by the author himself. Researching the histories of these meals takes Pollan from the cornbelt of Iowa to the Shenandoah Valley to the Californian Sierra. and acquaints him with a cast of characters who might variously have sprung from the pages of John Steinbeck, Thomas Jefferson, or Ken Kesey.

Gastronomically, and by any other measure that Pollan allows, there is a rank order among the four meals. If the wild-pig feast is his “perfect meal”, a Thanksgiving, then the cheeseburger gobbled down in his car is “a sort of Thanksgiving in reverse”, a perverse homage to “industrial” food. Preferable to this is mass-produced organic food - “organic industrial” even though. its degree of freedom from chemicals and fertilizers apart, such food betrays both the agricultural ideals of the pioneers of the organic movement, and the received public image of organic produce. The best, and more practicable, alternative to hunted-and-gathered food is produce bought from small-scale, local farmers who endeavour to keep alive those ideals and “the old pastoral idea”.

Pollan’s rank order of meals corresponds to several others - to that, for a start, of the lives (and deaths) of the animals which have provided the meals. Here we ascend from the nightmare world of “industrial” CAFOs (Confined Animal Feeding Operations) and broiler factories - places that surely warrant J. M. Coetzee’s reference to “a crime of stupendous proportions” against animals - to the forest in which the pigs led full and free lives until being dispatched by shooters. (Although Pollan is himself “embarrassed” by his occasional lapses into the machismo “hunter porn” of Hemingway and other rhapsodists, his admittedly ambivalent enthusiasm for this practice could have been more constrained. One would never guess from his account, for example, that the pig he shoots might be a mother of suckling piglets.) As for the chickens Pollan eats, the life of “Rosie”, the “organic industrial” one, is judged to have been little better in quality than that of its anonymous “industrial” cousins destined to become “McNuggets”, and distinctly less healthy and happy than that of the grass-fed ones he takes away from the small Virginian farm on which he worked for several weeks.

As Pollan’s four menus demonstrate, he is not a vegetarian. In his usual empiricist spirit, and in response to the challenge of Peter Singer’s *Animal Liberation*, Pollan did abstain from meat for a period in order to judge whether “in good conscience” he could continue to eat it. He found that he could, indeed that he should. In the terminology of the moral philosopher R. M. Hare, Pollan is a “demivegetarian” - a moderate and selective meateater who, by insisting on free-range, organic, local, etc, products, has more of an impact on animal welfare, it is argued, than out-and-out vegetarians, whom producers and suppliers have already discounted for. The argument is a serious one, even if it cuts little ice with people whose objections to eating meat go beyond utilitarian ones - those, for example, whose sense of community with animals precludes so blatant a use of them as turning them into lunch. Pollan, whose genuine regard for animals is not in question, protests too much, I feel, when he unfairly labels such abstainers “parochial” and “sentimental”.

Animal welfare is not the only reason advanced for demi-vegetarianism. “It is doubtful”, Pollan writes, “that you can build a genuinely sustainable agriculture without animals to cycle nutrients and support local food production”. Hence, “if our concern is for the health of nature”, eating animals that would otherwise disappear from the fields “may sometimes be the most ethical thing to do”. The health of the environment is a main theme in Pollan’s book, and his rank order of meals corresponds to an order of environmental impact, from the devastating to the benign. Worst, naturally, is the impact of “industrial” food production, whose gas-guzzling, in such processes as nitrogen fertilizer “fixing”, accounts for 20 per cent of American petroleum consumption, and which, to boot, has been responsible for transforming biologically diverse landscapes into barely sustainable “monoscapes”. In these respects, “organic industrial” is only marginally better, with both its raw materials and finished products often being transported thousands of costly miles. By contrast, local, pastoral organic production of the kind witnessed by Pollan uses little fossil fuel and encourages a “synergistic ballet” of animals, soils, plants and forest.

Repair to environmental damage, like that to our damaged health, is among the many “hidden costs” of the prevailing American, and indeed British, way of eating which confound the boast that industrial processes have at least delivered cheap food. Pollan is anyway, and rightly, puzzled that something as “important to . . . our well-being as food is so often sold strictly on the basis of price”. Here, I suspect, we have an example of Offer’s “prudential strategies” that have failed to respond to “the challenge of affluence”. In less affluent times. when by necessity a high percentage of people’s expenditure went on food, pennies had to be counted at the local store or in the marketplace: these arc still being counted in a manner that those spent on DVDs or holidays abroad are not - despite the fact that in the United States at least only 10 per cent of disposable income is now spent on food.

“Hidden costs”, in turn, are only one aspect of the lack of transparency or visibility that is Pollan’s most general complaint against our contemporary culture of food. Reflecting on why the wild-pig dinner was “the perfect meal”, he realizes that what he prized most was “the almost perfect transparency of this meal”, due mainly to “the brevity and simplicity of the food chain that linked it to the wider world”. The McNugget eater, by contrast, cannot trace the aetiology of that substance, since “industrial eating ... obscures all ... relationships and connections” to land, animals and raw materials. The inside of the McNugget cannot, for example, be linked to a particular chicken: for it is stuff that exemplifies what food scientists call “appropriationism” or “substitutionism” - “the reduction”, as the authors of *Food in Society*, Peter Atkins and Ian Bowler, put it, “of agricultural products to simple industrial inputs” such as fats and carbohydrates, which are reconstituted, with the help of chemicals, into “fabricated” items sold in the supermarket or fast food outlet. Things are not much more transparent for the consumers of “organic industrial”, victims of the disingenuous literature (“Supermarket Pastoral”), fake evocation of a Jeffersonian idyll, which typically adorns the packets or boxes they put in their trolleys.

It is Pollan’s faith that greater visibility whether literal (glass-walled abattoirs) or figurative (coming clean on “hidden costs”) - would lead to significant reform of the American way of eating. In particular, exposés of CAFOs and other industrial processes, would induce “disgust, and disgust’s boon companion, shame”. Pollan is perhaps over-optimistic: as he himself is aware, much of the consumer’s ignorance is surely a willed ignorance, resistant to education. Only look! - at what you’re eating, and how it was produced - is Pollan’s repeated refrain. But making visible is no guarantee that people will look at, rather than look away.

At certain points, moreover, the author recognizes that just looking is insufficient. In addition, we “require a different set of ethics to guide our dealings with the natu-

ral world”. Crucially, this “different” ethics is not the kind called for by pioneers of Environmental Ethics, such as Aldo Leopold, for theirs was a concern, essentially, with nature as wilderness, as “The Other” to human culture. What Pollan envisages, by contrast, is an ethics to guide our relationships with a humanized natural world, with the environments and creatures that our cultural practices - eating included - regularly engage with. As he provocatively asked in *Second Nature*, “What if now, instead of to the wilderness, we were to look to the garden for the making of a new ethic?”. Human beings, wrote E. o. Wilson in *Biophilia*, are “suspended between the two antipodal ideas of nature and machine, forest and city, the natural and the artificial”. Whether or not this is “the result of natural selection”, the suspension is surely real and dangerous. For, absorbed in how to treat our fellows in the city, and how to protect distant rainforests and their creatures, little space remains, between the antipodes, for moral attention to our relationships to farmland, domesticated animals, and much else that straddles the natural/artefactual divide. It is Michael Pollan’s achievement, in his several writings, that - like Wilson and Mabey - he widens this space. And I doubt that there is a book which succeeds more than *The Omnivore’s Dilemma* - with its richness of information and eloquence of address, and integrity of moral purpose in rendering visible, and presenting for a “different” style of ethical reflection, that “profound engagement” with our world which eating represents.

In: TLS (Times Literary Supplement) June 30 2006 – no 5387

Zoshchenko created his own method of psychoanalysis. He called it self-healing. He treated himself for hysteria and melancholia.

Zoshchenko didn't trust doctors.

He thought that you could free yourself of melancholy and depression. You only had to understand what it was you feared. When a man realizes the reason for his fears, depression will flee. You have to untangle your fears.

Zoshchenko was right about a lot. He was wrong, I suppose, only in that he sought the causes of fears in early childhood. After all, he himself said that catastrophes are more likely to occur at a mature age, because neuroses come to a head when you're at a mature age. True fear comes at a mature age.

Of course, fear is always with us. It's with us from earliest childhood. But you don't fear in childhood as you do as an adult.

As a child, Zoshchenko was afraid of beggars. More precisely he was afraid of outstretched hands. He was afraid of water. He was also afraid of women.

I, apparently, was also afraid of outstretched hands. A hand can grab you. That's the fear of being grabbed. And besides, a stranger's hand might take away your food. And thus the fear of being hungry.

I was also afraid of fire. A story I read as a boy left a deep impression on me. The clown Durov told it. It happened in Odessa before the Revolution. There was an outbreak of plague. They decided that it was being spread by rats, and the mayor of Odessa gave the order to destroy rats.

The rat hunt began. Durov was walking down an Odessa side street and saw that some boys had set fire to several rats they had caught. The rats were running around in a frenzy, the boys were cheering. Durov yelled at the boys and managed to save one of the rats. It was covered with burns, but somehow survived. Durov named the rat Finka. Finka hated people. Durov moved Finka in with him, and fussed over it a long time, treating it. It was very hard for him to win the rat's trust, but finally Durov succeeded.

Durov felt that rats were smart and talented animals. He cited examples. He said that a dislike of rats was one of man's many superstitions. Tukhachevsky* had a mouse living in his office. He was very used to the animal and fed it.

Setting fire to animals is horrible. But unfortunately, these things happen even in our day. A talented director, a young man, was making a film and he decided that what

he needed in this film was a cow engulfed by flames. But no one was willing to set fire to a cow—not the assistant director, not the cameraman, no one. So the director himself poured kerosene over the cow and set fire to her. The cow ran off bawling, a living torch, and they filmed it. They were shooting in a village and when the peasants found out about it they almost killed the director.

When I hear about someone else's pain, I feel pain too. I feel pain for everything—for people and animals. For all living things.

I'm afraid of pain too, and I'm not too thrilled about death. But I'll live a long time, I know that, because I've learned to be calmer about death. When I was a child I was terrified of death, maybe because of the war, I don't know.

I was afraid of corpses when I was a child. I thought that they would jump out of their graves and grab me. Now I know that unfortunately corpses don't jump out of graves. You can't jump out of there.

Of course, there was an incident in the late thirties that made me ready to believe that the dead fled their coffins. For some reason or other, they dug up Gogol's grave, and Gogol wasn't in his coffin. The lid was thrown back and the coffin was empty. A great corpse had run off.

“WHAT DOES THAT MEAN—’TAME’?”

“What does that mean—’tame’?” [asked the little prince].
“It is an act too often neglected,” said the fox. “It means to establish ties....
“What must I do, to tame you ?” asked the little prince.
“You must be very patient,” replied the fox. “First you will sit; down at a
little distance from me.... I shall look at you out of the corner of my eye and
you will say nothing. But you will sit a little closer to me every day.... You
become responsible, forever, for what you have tamed.” (The Little Prince, Saint Exupery,
1971)

Endangered Species (MAMMALS)

Endangered rhino back from brink

BY ALANNA MITCHELL
EARTH SCIENCES REPORTER, AMMAN

Among the barrage of grim stories about the imperilled state of the Earth at the World Conservation Congress here, one scientist has offered up an unlikely ray of hope. It is that the critically endangered rhinoceros, once ruthlessly killed for its horn, is making a surprising comeback.

"I want success stories," Esmond Bradley Martin, a Kenyan geographer who has become the world's foremost expert on rhino-horn trade, said last week. "That means the policies are correct."

Dr. Martin, one of about 2,000 world experts gathered in the Jordanian capital to figure out how to stanch the extinction crisis, believes his findings about the illegal rhino-horn trade may have important lessons for the trade in ele-

phant ivory that continues to thrive illegally in Africa.

Despite the turnaround, the number of rhinos in the wild is appallingly small — just 16,000, Dr. Martin said. That's a steep decline from the roughly 70,000 Dr. Martin estimates were alive in 1970. But it's still a remarkable improvement from the 10,500 or so wild rhinos alive at the species' lowest point about a decade ago, he said.

But despite the resurgence, two of the five species of rhino are on the brink of dying out altogether.

The Javan rhino — the biggest of the lot — has a population of perhaps 65, spread out between a cluster just seven strong in Vietnam and the rest in Indonesia. And the Sumatran rhino — the small, hairy one — has been declining steadily for decades, to just 300, in Indonesia and Malaysia.

The reason for the dead rhinos

lies in legend, pride and economics. And in the qualities of the horn itself. Put a worked piece of rhino horn up to the light and perceive a transluence, shot through with golden amber.

That intrinsic beauty, and the ancient beliefs that endowed rhino horn with magical healing properties, have led to a strong appetite for the horn over the centuries. Some of the most powerful leaders in Europe and Asia had rhino-horn cups made, secure in the belief that any liquid poured in them would foam up if it contained poison.

Belief in those qualities persists today. The horn was widely used in eastern Asia for lowering fever in children. (Contrary to rumour, it is not used as an aphrodisiac.)

The people of Yemen took pride in carving the horn into prized dagger handles. At one time, only the wealthy could afford these daggers.

But once Yemeni men found high-paying jobs in Saudi Arabia's oil patch in the 1970s and 1980s, working men too began to clamour for daggers. In the late 1970s, Yemen imported about 3.5 tonnes of rhino horn a year.

It added up to great demand. In 1990, rhino horn hit the retail market at \$55,000 (U.S.) a kilogram. Poaching rhinos became a highly lucrative enterprise.

For years, conservationists tried to reverse the crash toward extinction, only to see their plans fail. Dr. Martin decided to approach the problem from a non-traditional angle: Rather than pleading with eastern Asians and Yemenis to stop using rhino horn on ethical grounds alone, he pointed out that other substances would work just as well for the purposes they used the horn.

People in China, Hong Kong,

Japan and Korea were convinced that other herbs and the horns of water buffalo and antelope were as effective for reducing fevers in their children.

Yemeni craftsmen began to use agate and gold for the high-end dagger handles, and camel nail plastic, wood and water buffalo horn for the cheaper models.

Many of the remaining rhinos in Africa now live on private land and are protected. Governments in the handful of countries where rhinos exist have spent handsomely to protect them. They also invest in local intelligence services designed to ferret out any plans afoot for rhino kills.

Dr. Martin, who has written the most comprehensive study ever done on elephant-ivory trade, said some of these strategies might work to help prevent more killing of endangered elephants. The popula-

tion of African elephants is down to just 500,000 from roughly 1.3 million at the start of the 1960s, he said.

Some of the southern African countries are pressing the international community to restart the ivory trade.

In general, today's buyers of contraband ivory were members of the French military, staff of the United Nations and diplomats and government officials from Asia, Dr. Martin's study found.

But his rhino story is not wholly bright. He feels compelled to point out these rhino facts, as well: Yes, the numbers are going up. But in just three decades, the animal has disappeared from most of the countries it once roamed. It's gone in Uganda and Chad, Somalia and Ethiopia.

A generation ago, it lived in 20 countries, now it lives in five.

BIOLOGY

Eels choose mates from home region after they migrate

QUEBEC RESEARCHERS

Sargasso Sea couplings are 'non-random'

BY PATCHEN BARRS

European eels have traditionally been considered practitioners of free love.

Every year eels from all over Europe and North Africa travel to the Sargasso Sea, a warm and weedy region of the North Atlantic, for a major spawnfest. Until recently, an eel was basically thought to throw her car keys into the Sargasso and then pair up with whoever retrieved them.

But two biologists from the University of Laval in Quebec City have discovered that eels don't mate with just anybody.

By analyzing genetic samples from geographically diverse locations, Thierry Wirth, a doctoral student, and Louis Bernatchez, a professor, found that eel populations tend to keep to their own: More geographically distant eel populations had correspondingly greater genetic differences.

Eels from the Severn area of England, for instance, are more closely related to those from nearby Grand-Lieu in France than those from distant Motala in Sweden. If the Sargasso Sea were an eel free-for-all, then all populations should be genetically homogeneous.

"This result is therefore consistent with the hypothesis that the European eel exhibits isolation by distance, which implies non-random mating and restricted gene flow among eels from different sampled locations," the scientists write in today's issue of *Nature*.

"Consequently, the reproductive biology of European eels must be reconsidered."

They put forth several theories about how and why eels manage to hook up with someone from back home, but find it most likely that different populations mate at different times.

In this reproductive model, they say "there is a temporal delay between the arrival of adult eels from different latitudes at the common breeding site, which induces higher similarities of synchronic samples breeding together and subsequently larger genetic distances when compared with diachronic samples."

This scenario seems more probable to the biologists than the possibility that different populations have different

breeding areas.

Although the Sargasso Sea, which is bounded by major ocean currents rather than by land masses, covers more than three million square kilometres, it has been thoroughly observed and it is unlikely scientists missed other reproductive regions.

A third possibility is that all European eels mate in the same place and at the same time, but an "unknown mechanism" sorts them into areas of origin.

But given that some eel populations, Icelandic and American for instance, have been known to hybridize, such an isolating mechanism appears unlikely.

National Post

Cats and dogs can be canaries in coal mine

Pets seen as predictors of human ills

VERONIQUE MANDAL
Windsor Star

WINDSOR, Ont. — Cats and dogs, which face rising rates of cancers and other diseases that may be environmentally linked, could become predictors of human disease, say researchers.

A study released this week by Lawrence Glickman, a public health researcher at Purdue University, suggests that when beloved pets become ill with diseases such as cancer, their condition "might implicate the environment" as a cause.

He said animals often take part in the bad habits of their owners, including sedentary lifestyles, fatty foods and second-hand smoke.

He cited another study that showed that dogs with nasal cancer probably were exposed to their owners' passive cigarette smoke.

Cancer, formerly the No. 3 killer of cats and dogs, is now No. 1, according to Windsor-Essex county veterinarian Janice Huntingford.

"In the past 10 years we have seen an increase. The incidence now is 37 per cent of cats die from cancer and 48 per cent of dogs," Huntingford said. "I'm not sure of the percentage increase, but I know it's substantial."

Huntingford is convinced that pollutants in the air and water, and in many of the foods they eat, are culprits in causing animal disease.

"We know a high proportion is genetic but that does not explain everything. Many of the lower-quality commercial foods contain high levels of organ meats and meat meal which are concentrators of pesticides and growth hormones, all of which can cause cancer," Huntingford said.

In the 1960s, the Chicago health department reported that if a dog was diagnosed with lead poisoning, there was a 500-per-cent greater chance that a child in the same household would be poisoned.

Glickman believes animals can be used as a barometer for environmental safety.

According to his study, 97 per cent of the ingredients in anti-flea and tick baths are carcinogenic to humans, leading him to be concerned about the long-term health of owners and dog groomers.

Glickman found that dogs who received more than two flea baths per year had almost four times the risk of bladder cancer.

Yesterday, Huntingford was giving chemotherapy for lymphoma cancer to Tom, a 14-year-old cat who had already endured bowel and liver surgery. His owner, David Willock, said Tom had

Animals often take part in the bad habits of their owners, including sedentary lifestyles, fatty foods and second-hand smoke.

been his late mother's cat.

"It's strange because she died of the same cancer as Tom," Willock said.

Veterinarian Jim Sweetman, in downtown Windsor, said he is seeing an increase in hyperthyroidism in cats and hypothyroidism in dogs. One owner also had thyroid disease.

Sweetman said he would like to see a database set up to monitor pet and human diseases.

In the past, coal miners carried cages of canaries into mines. If the birds fell over from concentrations of toxic gases, the miners fled.

"They can definitely be the canaries in the coal mine, especially since they spend 10 to 12 years in a household," Sweetman said of pets.

"I'm sure the medical doctors and vets would be supportive because it would be so valuable in finally getting scientific evidence."

Damage to species concerns cat lovers

GENES

Continued from Page A1

"We tinker with animals and then we learn what we mucked up and can't fix," said Ingrid Newkirk, president of People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals, based in Norfolk, Va.

"There are many things you can do if you are allergic to cats. You can have good ventilation, use a wet vacuum cleaner, have someone else brush them and feed them a good diet."

Mary Beth Sweetland, director of research and investigations for PETA, added that genetically manipulated animals can be born with "gross malformations" of organs, including the heart and liver.

"What worse excuse, then, to have a dander-free cat? You either get allergy shots or not have a companion cat; it's that simple," Sweetland said.

FIRM'S FOUNDER ALLERGIC

Carol Barbee, president of the American Cat Fanciers' Association, told the New York Times that the idea would be fine as long as genetic engineering did not do damage to the species.

"If they end up with something that is not a cat, that's not fine," she said.

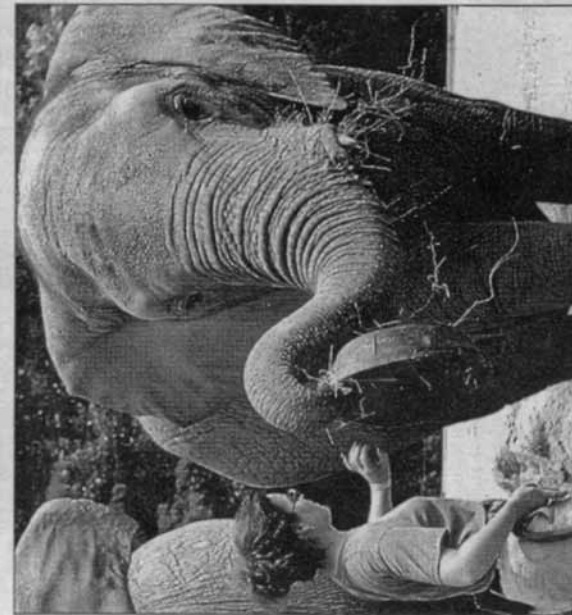
Transgenic Pets was founded by David Avner, 31, who works in a hospital emergency unit.

Avner, who has a patent pending, comes from a family of cat lovers who are all severely allergic.

His fledgling biotechnology firm is in the process of raising \$2 million U.S. to finance the development of the first kittens.

Avner's company will make sure that its animals are spayed or neutered so that a rival firm cannot breed the genetically modified animals.

Other U.S. biotechnology entrepreneurs are working on ways to clone domestic animals entirely so that owners



zoos over the past dozen years. John Stoner, animal-care manager at the Metro Toronto Zoo, said the facility makes constant efforts to improve the living conditions of its seven female African elephants, most of whom have been there since it opened in 1974. "We're always struggling with the way we're doing things." The zoo does not try to train the animals. It practices the more modern "hands-off" care, which doesn't include the old circus-style training. The animals do not have the opportunity to graze, but they are provided with copious amounts of hay as well as cuttings from other

behaviour such as "weaving," where the animal constantly moves its body in figure-eight patterns. The study looked at statistics and other literature relating to 500 elephants held in European zoos, about half the world's captive elephants. But Dr. Atkinson said the situation is no better in North America. Currently, there are 241 Asian elephants in North American zoos, he noted. "If they were to breed at

Dr. Atkinson said that because of a combination of poor diet and living conditions, inappropriate social groupings and rough treatment by their handlers, elephants in captivity live to an average of just 20 years. "You can knock off five years if they're born in a zoo," he added. In contrast, elephants in the wild often reach 60 to 65 years of age and even in Asian timber camps, where they are sometimes mistreated, their average age

ZOOLOGY

They're as fat as ... elephants

Pachyderms in zoos are in such bad shape that they don't live nearly as long as those in the wild. **ALAN FREEMAN** reports

LONDON

They're overweight, they don't exercise enough, they're bored and they're stressed out. Elephants living in zoos are in such bad shape that their average life spans are sometimes only 25 per cent of those living in the wild. Those are some of the startling conclusions of a two-year study of elephants in European zoos conducted on behalf of Britain's Royal Society for the Prevention of

Circus comes to town, elephant stays behind

CANADIAN PRESS

WATERLOO — Mary, a 64-year-old circus elephant, collapsed and died Saturday, shortly after walking off a truck for a scheduled performance in this Eastern Townships community.

"It's been very hard for all of us," said Bobby Gibbs, her trainer for 35 years. "We're all cried out."

He and his circus are based in Seagoville, Tex.

Gibbs said he knew something was amiss when Mary just nibbled her carrots instead of gobbling them as she usually did.

"When she came out of the truck in Waterloo, it was cold and rainy and she just lay down on the pavement," he said. "By the time the vet arrived 10 minutes later, her body temperature had dropped and she was starting to convulse."

"She died shortly afterward."

N.B. village baffled as 100 cats disappear

BY DEBORAH NOBES, FREDERICTON

The dogs of Perth Andover, N.B., are rejoicing.

Since August, at least 104 house cats have disappeared from this tiny community on the border of New Brunswick and Maine, leaving behind no blood or bone, no bits of fur or any other clues to reveal their fate. With fewer than 2,000 people living in the village, nearly every household has lost a pet.

Some believe there is a nefarious force at work, but the more pragmatic say the pets are victims of hungry coyotes and foxes. Some even blame eagles.

"I don't think it is a cult," said Wendy Sullivan, director of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. "I know there are people here who believe there is something very strange like that going on. And maybe things like that happen in other places, but there are so many cats missing from such a wide range of locations, there just can't be somebody from a cult sitting on everybody's doorstep waiting to take their cats. That's impossible."

School teacher Sandra Briggs and her husband David lost three of their five cats in August. One of the cats, a 10-year-old long-haired male named Scamp, belonged to a relative and had stayed with the family just a week before he vanished.

The couple placed an ad in the community newspaper a few weeks later and discovered the problem had spread to the entire village.

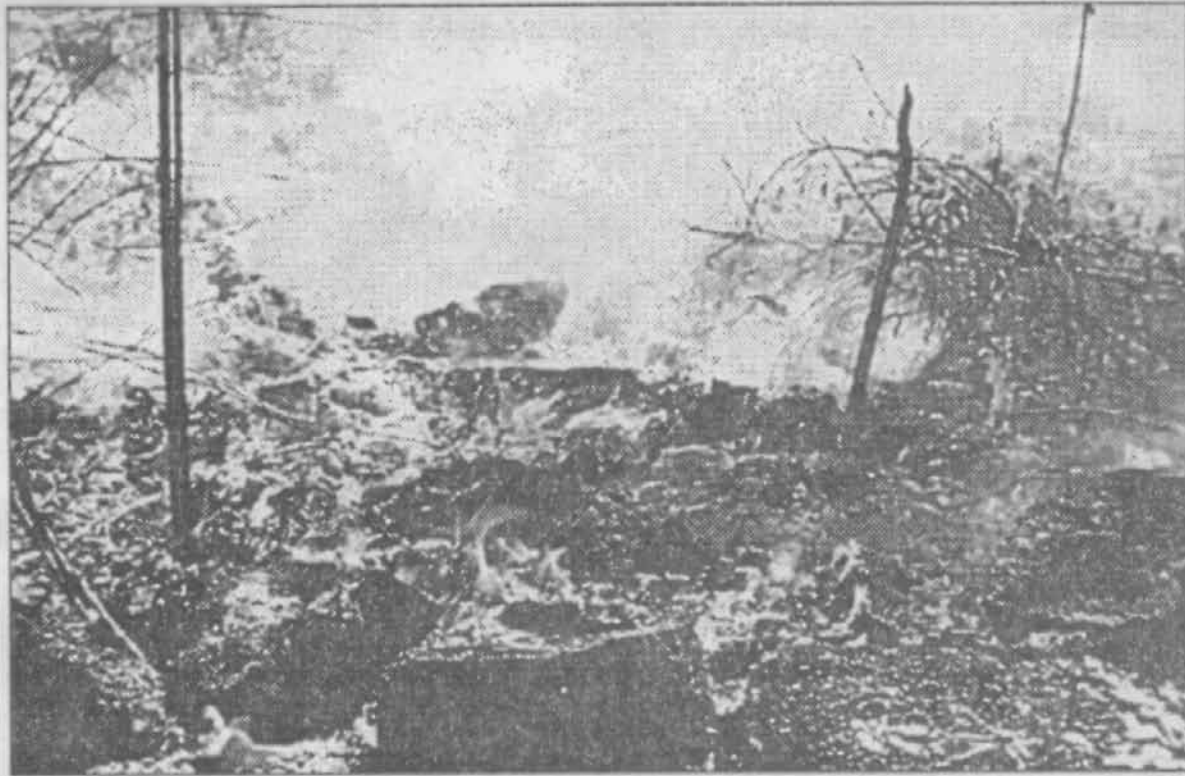
The Briggses are still receiving calls from stricken former cat owners, some of whom have lost more than one pet and compiled a list for the village council to consider. The missing-cat count has reached 104 and is still climbing.

Mrs. Briggs is mystified. "We've had cats for 30 years in this same town and none of our cats have just disappeared off the face of the Earth like this."

Perth Andover forest ranger Ray Brewer agrees the story is strange, but believes nature must have a valid explanation.

"We figure that it's foxes or coyotes, more likely coyotes," he said. "Just because they are totally disappearing and there is no other explanation."

Special to The Globe and Mail



AFP

Fires race across the drought-stricken island of Isabela at about 900 metres an hour.

Fires threaten Galapagos tortoises

THE GUARDIAN

LONDON – Fire raging on the drought-stricken Galapagos island of Isabela threatens the giant tortoises that first prompted Charles Darwin in 1835 toward the theory of evolution.

The fire started on April 11 on Isabela, the largest island of the group, 1,000 kilometres off the Pacific coast of Ecuador, near the nesting ground of an already-endangered species.

The island's civil-defence chief, Laercio Almeida, said the fire was 10 km south of the Sierra Negra volcano, where the tortoises nest. The blaze was moving north at a rate of about 900 metres an hour, and south by the same distance per day.

He said authorities were considering moving the creatures, which can weigh up

to 200 kilograms. Two U.S. Forestry Department experts are helping 150 military troops, civil-defence workers and ecologists to fight the blaze. Two Canadian fire-fighting planes are on the way.

The news has alarmed conservationists. "These islands are incredibly dry . . . with very little rainfall and the bush is like tinder," said filmmaker David Attenborough yesterday. "The tortoises can't move very fast, so there is a risk they will be cooked inside their shells."

A quarter of the shore fish, half of the plants and almost all the reptiles on the Galapagos islands exist nowhere else. Twenty years ago, the United Nations declared the archipelago a natural asset of the world, and much of the area is protected. The vegetation is adapted to seasonal drought, and perhaps to cycles of fire.



ASSOCIATED PRESS

Methuselah is not granddad of lungfish

ASSOCIATED PRESS

SAN FRANCISCO – Rome may be the Eternal City, but San Francisco could be home to an eternal fish.

On Tuesday, aquarium officials at the Steinhart Aquarium honoured an Australian lungfish, Methuselah, who arrived at the aquarium in 1938 as a fully grown adult. That makes it at least 65 years old.

Aquarium officials had said Methuselah was the oldest fish in captivity but learned Wednesday the Shedd Aquarium in Chicago has a lungfish, Granddad, that arrived as an adult in 1933.

"Well, I'll be darned. No kidding!" said John McCosker, Steinhart's emeritus director, who said he planned to send a note of apology to Shedd.

An eel-like fish with large scales, lungfish are thought by scientists to be the "missing link" between fish and amphibians because they also breathe air.



PATRICK VALKENBURG/ASSOCIATED PRESS

Caribou from the Fortymile herd graze in eastern Alaska this past summer. A program to manage the rhythms of nature and sterilize dominant alpha wolves in packs that hunt the animals has led to a sudden surge in the caribou's population in the past few years, biologists say.

Fortymile caribou cross Yukon River for first time in 50 years as herd recovers

BY ROBERT MATAS, VANCOUVER

The Fortymile caribou herd has migrated across the Yukon River for the first time in 50 years, marking one of the most remarkable recoveries in North America of a species on the verge of extinction.

An unconventional program to manage the rhythms of nature and sterilize dominant alpha wolves in packs that hunt caribou has led to a sudden surge in the caribou population in the past few years, biologists said yesterday.

With more mouths to feed, the herd this year is foraging over a larger territory, and in late October replicated an historic migration route that had not been used in more than five decades.

"When I heard that [the caribou crossed the Yukon River], I almost fell over," Rick Farnell, a biologist in Yukon's Environment Department, said yesterday in an interview from Whitehorse.

A startled Alaskan biologist, who was tracking their migration, reported that a female caribou stepped into the Yukon River on Oct. 29 with her young calf at her side. Thousands of caribou fol-

'These animals are a lot more sophisticated than people give them credit for. These are things we do not have any answers for.'

lowed her lead, migrating east to the abandoned mining town of Clinton Creek.

"It's, like, a really big wow," said Dennis Senger, the ministry's communications manager. "Maybe we can turn the clock back," he added.

The Fortymile caribou were so plentiful at the time of the Klondike gold rush 100 years ago that steamboat captains hesitated to travel up the Yukon River at certain times of the year, fearing the animals would be caught in the paddle wheels.

A biologist in the 1920s estimated that the herd numbered about 500,000 and took 20 days to cross a highway on its migration route from Alaska to Yukon.

But, by 1975, frontier attitudes and natural fluctuations reduced the herd to 5,000.

Tight restrictions on hunting and a limited wolf-kill program pulled the species back from the brink of extinction.

However, biologists credit an innovative approach, closely watched by wildlife specialists across the continent, for increasing the herd to about 50,000 aribou this year.

Rod Boertje, a predator-prey research biologist with the Alaskan Department of Fish and Game, said the threat to the caribou was reduced by surgically sterilizing dominant male and female wolves in several packs and relocating others in the pack to wilderness areas more than 150 kilometres away.

The measure enabled the Fortymile herd to double in the past seven years, he said.

The herd was outside Fairbanks, Alaska, in early October and was expected to remain in the region for the winter, he also said.

Three weeks later, 30,000 caribou had travelled 250 kilometres to the Yukon River and the re-

maining 20,000 were heading in the same direction.

Mr. Boertje said the scientists do not know why the caribou began to migrate east. "They certainly did not have to swim across the Yukon River to find enough food," he said.

Mr. Farnell, the Yukon biologist, said the crossing of the Yukon was a significant milestone in the revival of the herd.

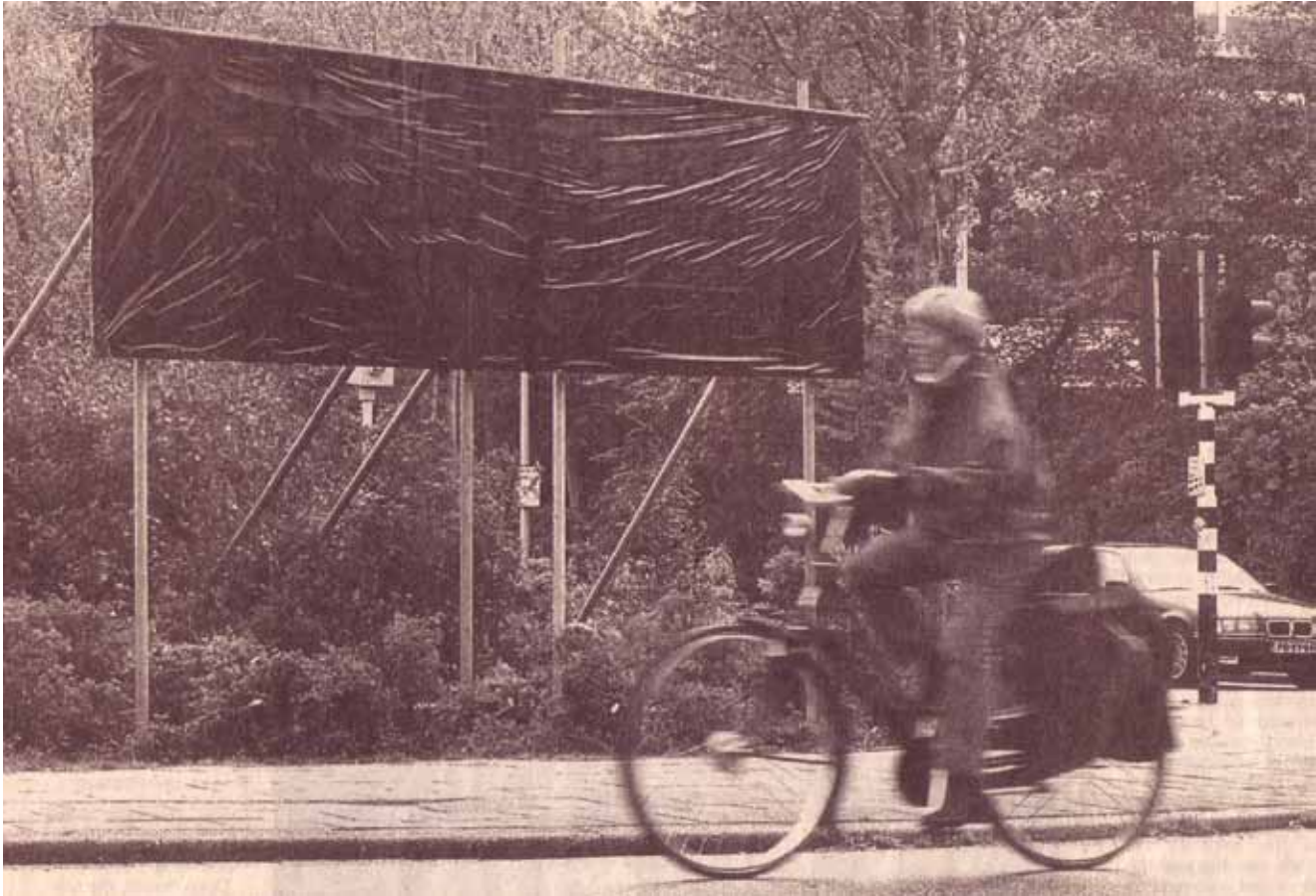
The movement of 30,000 caribou through Yukon is like a 50-kilometre-wide wave across the land, he said.

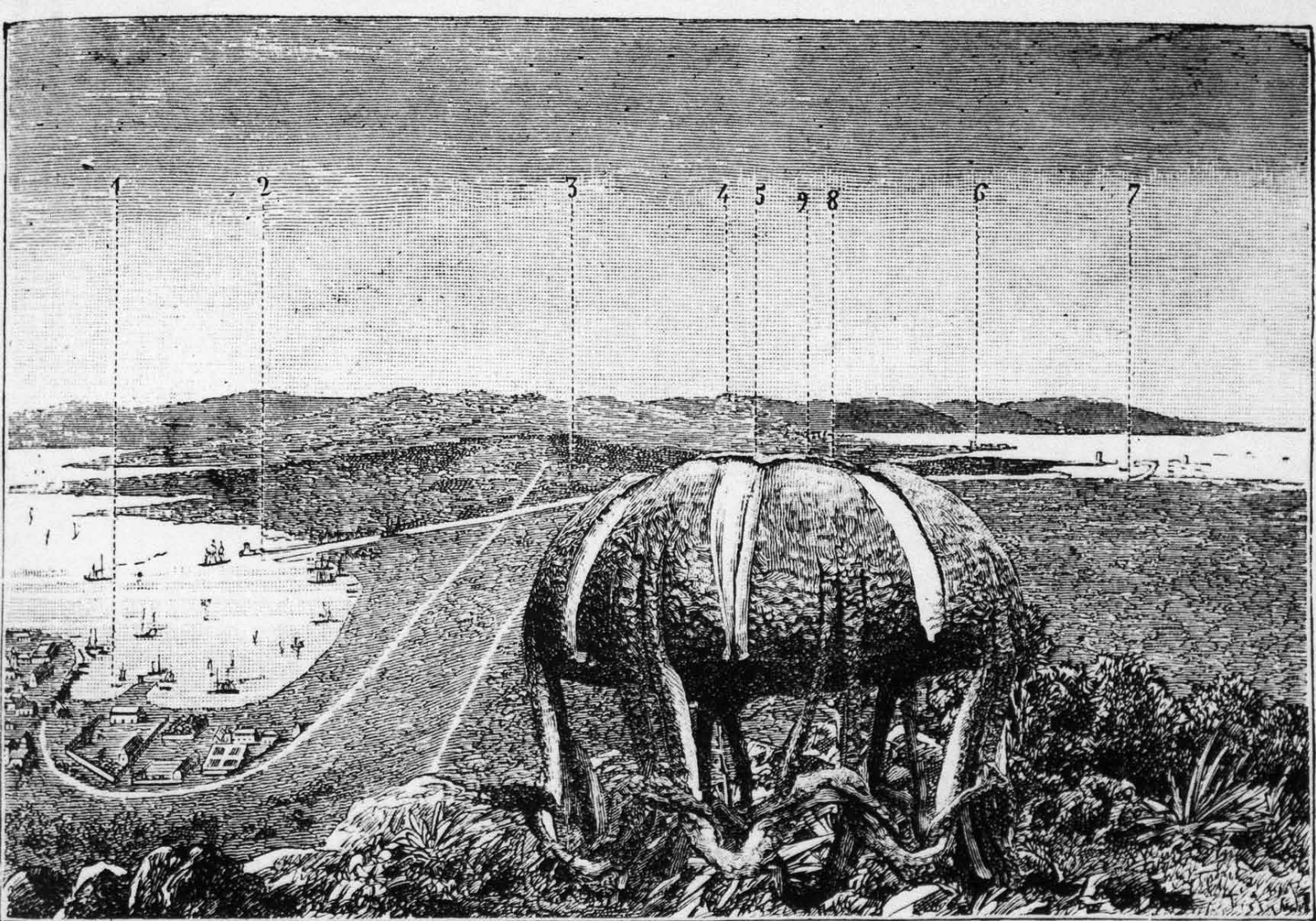
He had no explanation how the animals could retrace a route that they have not followed for five generations of caribou.

"These animals are a lot more sophisticated than people give them credit for," Mr. Farnell said. "These are things we do not have any answers for."

Despite the success of the program, Bob Jickling, who teaches environmental ethics at Yukon College, questioned whether the wolves should be sterilized.

The wolves are paying for the excesses of those who killed the caribou, he said.







TOM SWEENEY/MINNEAPOLIS STAR TRIBUNE

A tribute to Spam, on the lawn of the company's Minneapolis offices.

Spam: canned meat that keeps on giving

BY GWEN SHOEN

People really enjoy their Spam," says Julie Craven, director of public relations for Hormel, the company that makes the infamous luncheon meat. So much, in fact, that Hormel expects to put the lid on the six billionth can of Spam in April.

Worldwide, 3.1 cans of Spam are consumed every second, according to Craven. In the United States, more Spam is eaten in Hawaii than in any other state, about 4.3 cans per year per resident. Other states with big Spam consumption are Alaska, Arkansas, Texas and Alabama.

"We sponsor recipe contests at 77 state and regional fairs every year," Craven said from Hormel's corporate headquarters in Austin, Minn.

"We know there are a lot of closet eaters out there — people who eat it, but won't admit to it," she says. "As much of it as we sell, we know somebody is eating it, even though they never brag about it. We hear a lot of jokes and we take them with good humour."

Spam, which has been around since 1937, is a classic American food. When Americans entered the Second World War, Spam became a

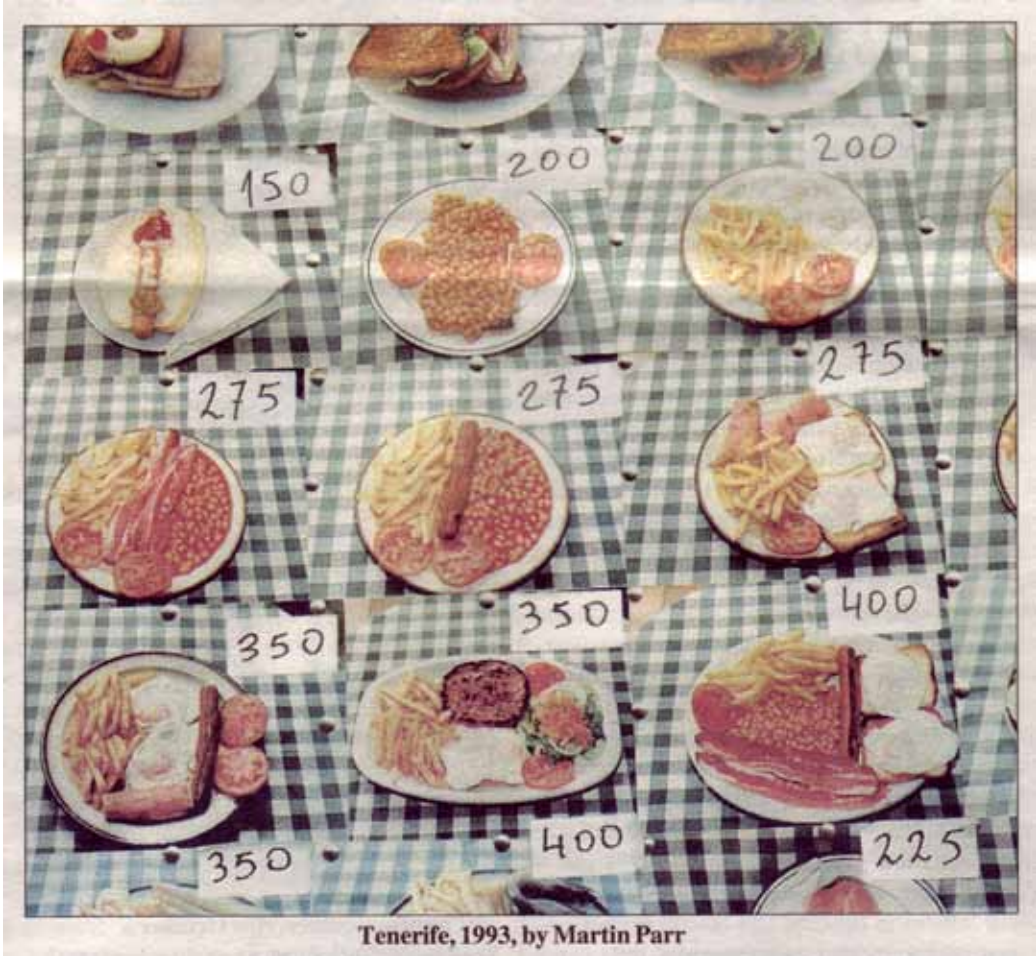
staple for troops. Now, Spam's popularity has spawned a national fan club, a spot in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington and a museum. Yes, there is a Spam museum. It opened quietly in Austin just after Sept. 11, but in June, Hormel will have a grand-opening party. Guests will include TV moms Barbara Billingsley from *Leave It to Beaver* and Marion Ross from *Happy Days*.

According to Craven, Spam is making a comeback among college students. Ah, remember the days of fried Spam, American cheese and white bread sandwiches? Yum.

"College students like it because it doesn't need any refrigeration, and you don't need to plan ahead to cook it," Craven says. Over the years, the original recipe for Spam has never changed. "It's actually a very short list of ingredients. It's made of pork shoulder, ham, salt, water and sodium nitrate, which is the same stuff that's in bacon."

If you're a health nut, you probably don't want to read the nutrition label. A two-ounce serving has 170 calories, 140 of which are from fat. That's 16 grams of fat per serving, 40 milligrams of cholesterol and 750 milligrams of sodium.

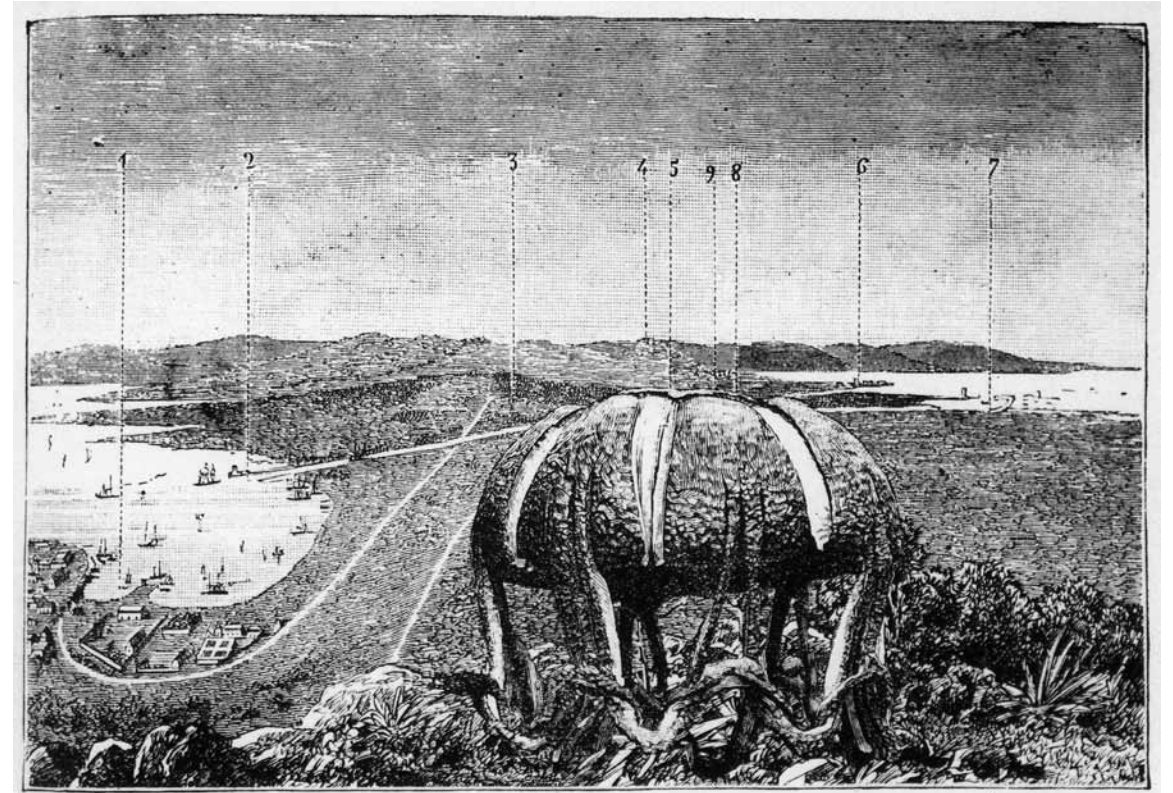
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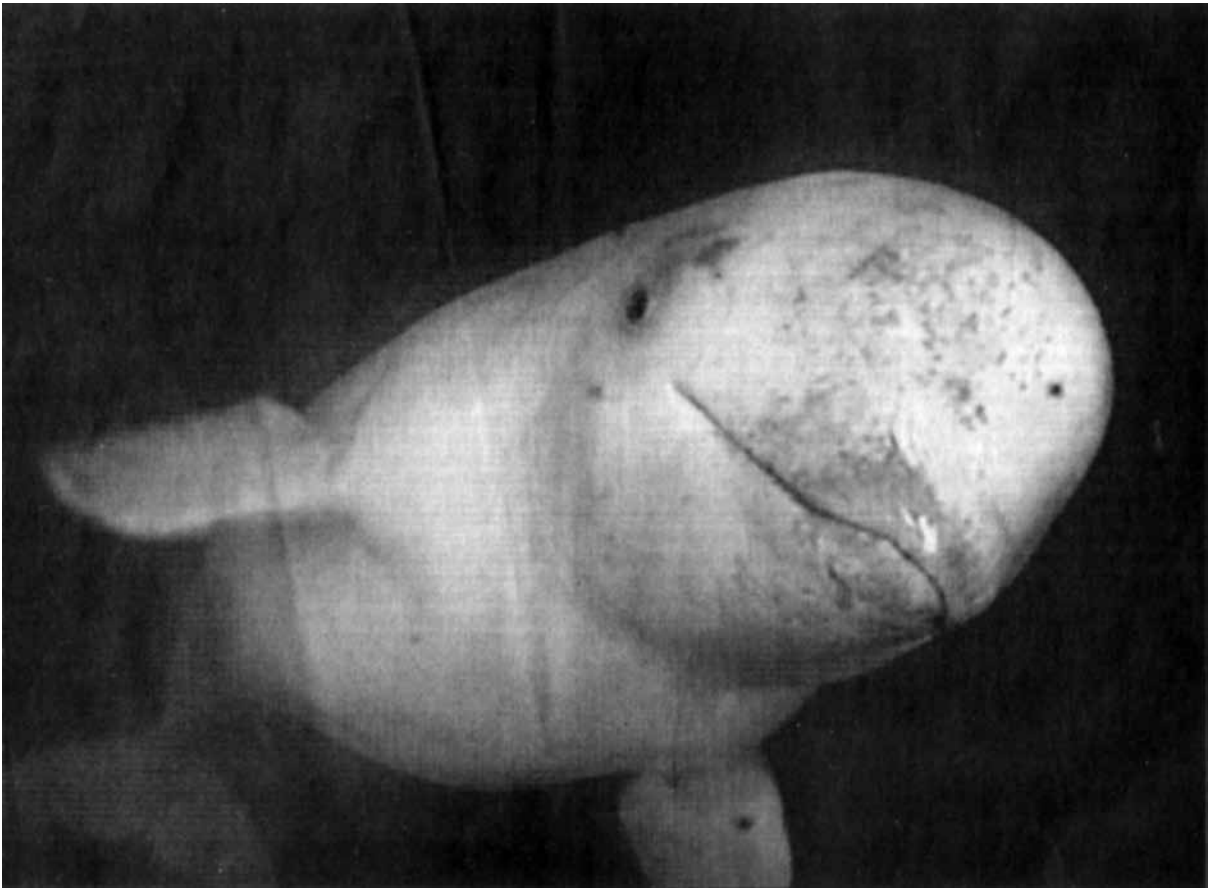
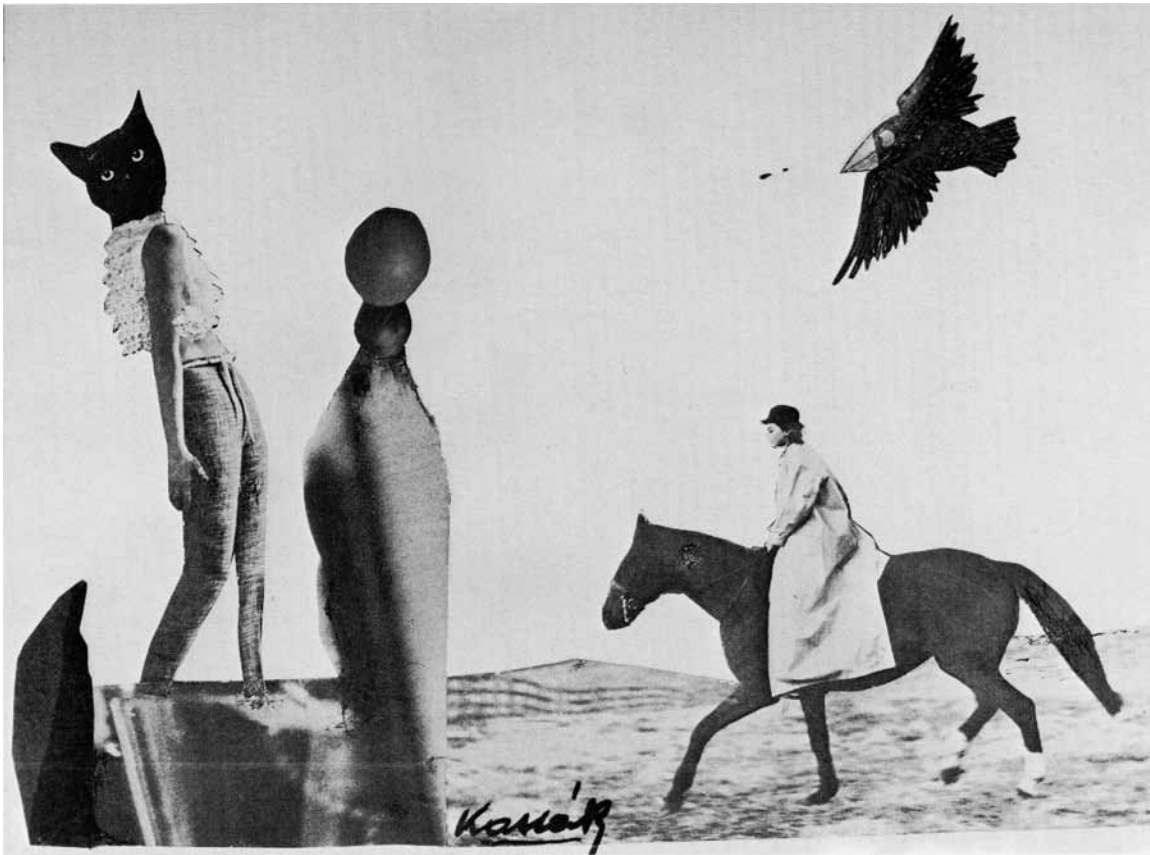




SPANISH SAILORS

MAX ERNST OCTOPUS







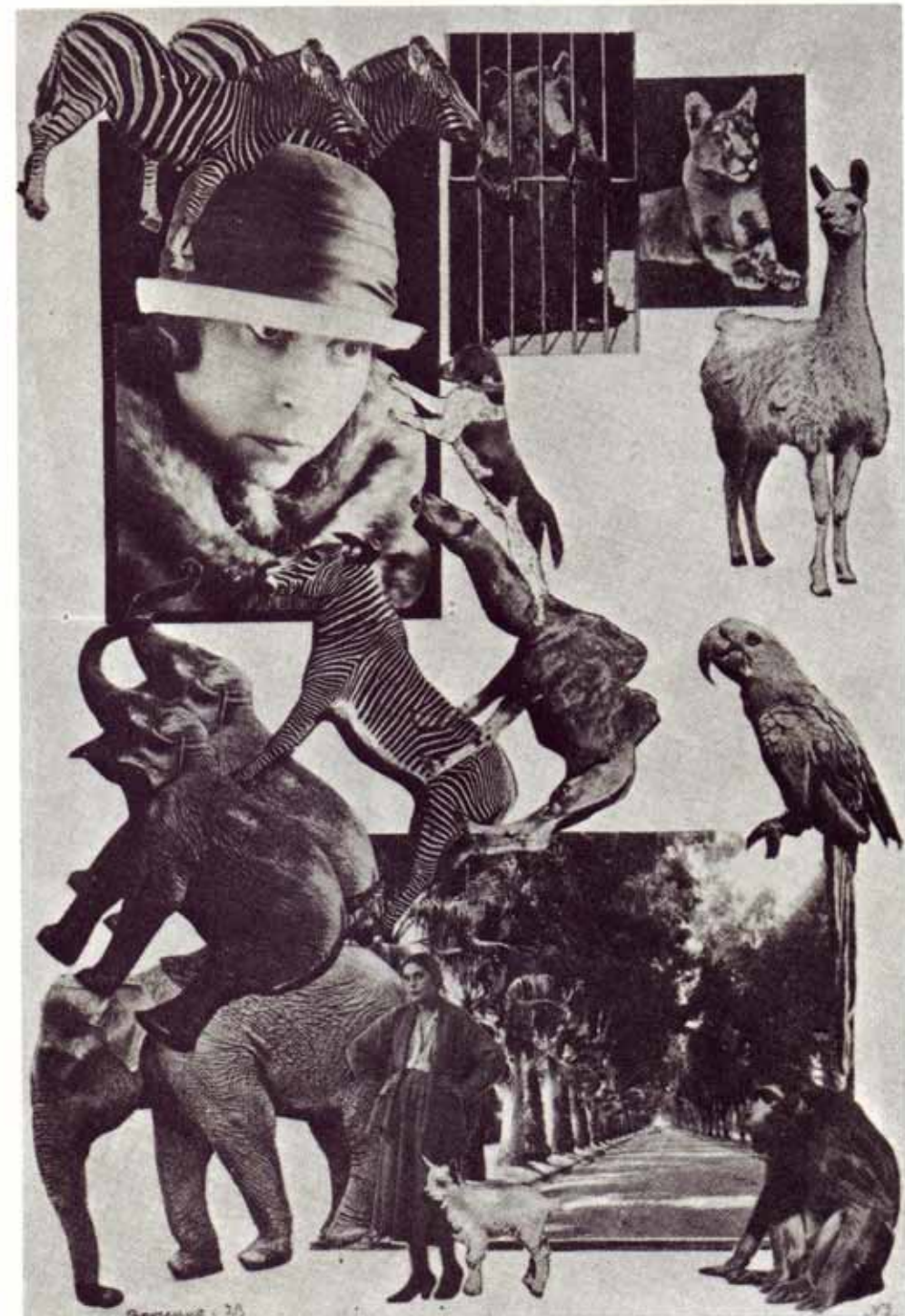
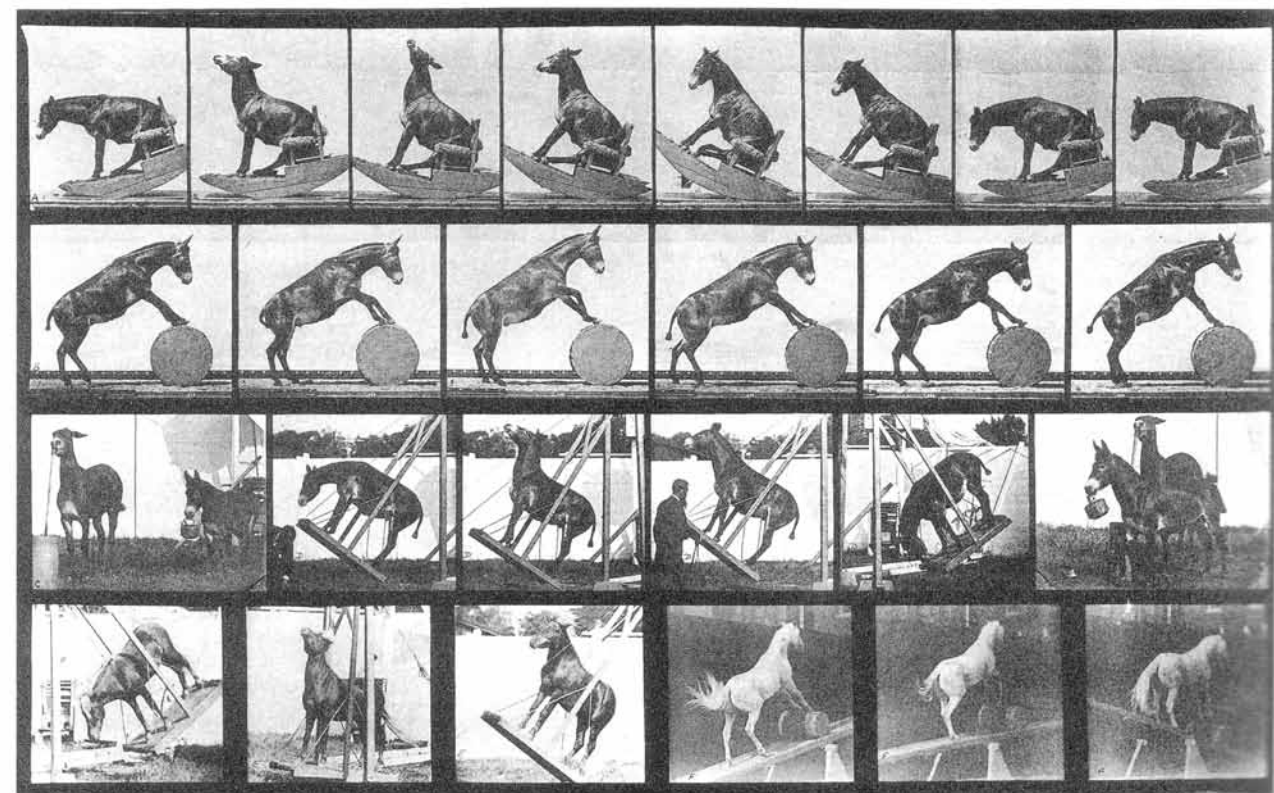
Frans Francken II. (Antwerpen 1581 – 1642 Antwerpen)
Affen beim Brettspiel
Kupfer, 18,0 x 22,7 cm
Foto: Elke Walford

Staatliches
Museum Schwerin
Kunstsammlungen
Schlöser und Gärten
Alter Garten 3 · 19055 Schwerin

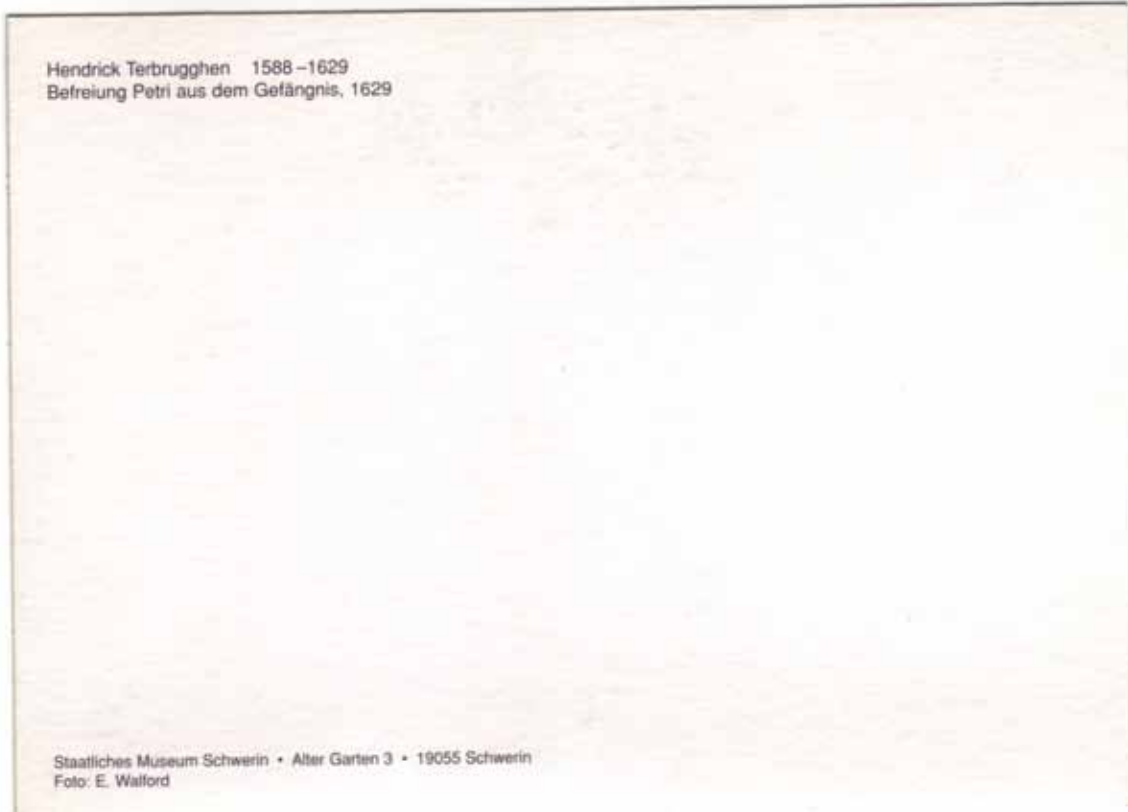
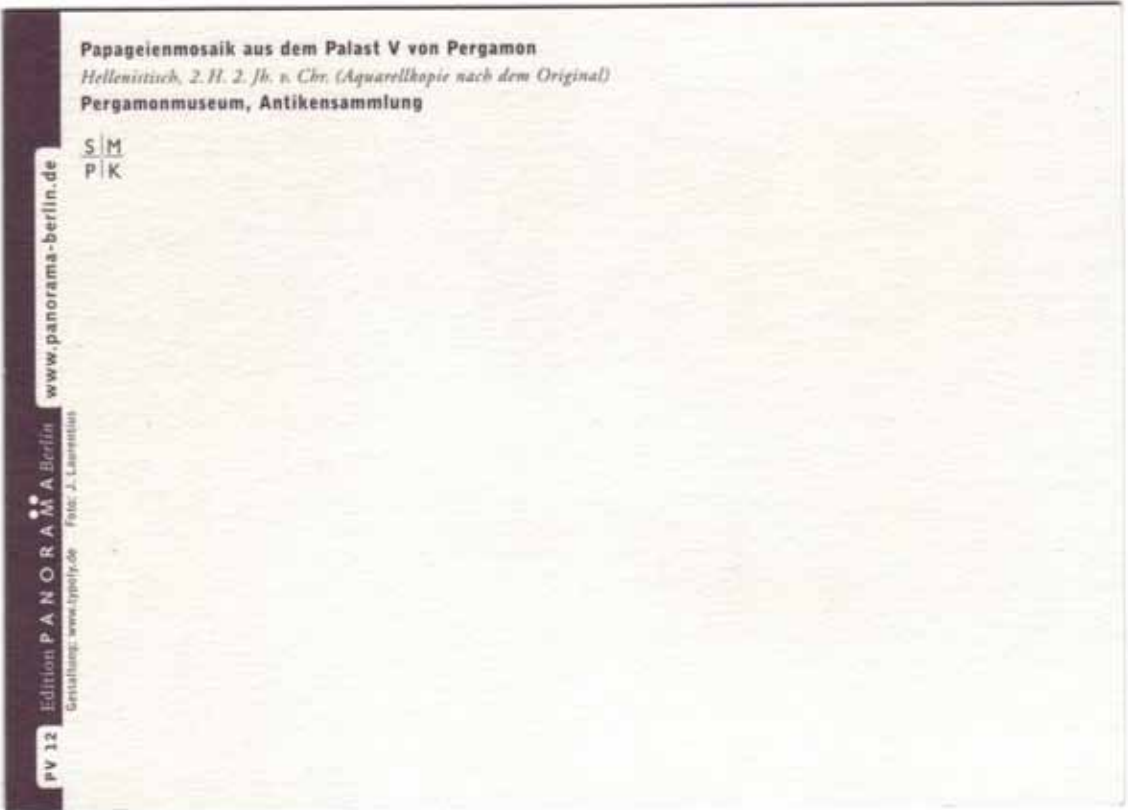
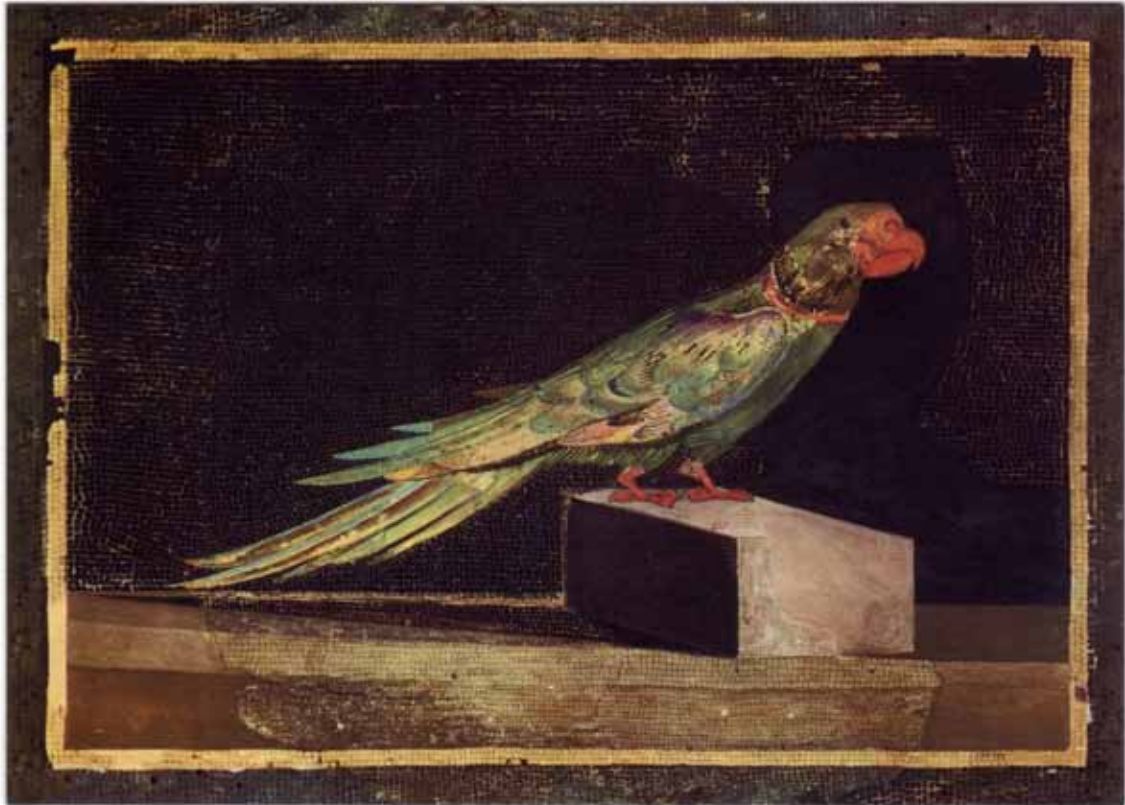


Hieronymus Francken II. (Antwerpen 1578 – 1623 Antwerpen)
Baderstube mit Affen und Katzen
Kupfer, 16,5 x 22,5 cm
Foto: Elke Walford

Staatliches
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Unveröffentlichte Collage zu Pro Eto, 1923



LAVINIA FONTANA, PORTRAIT DE TOGNINA.



CHAUVE-SOURIS





DOG + RED CAR



BUG MAN

