

many. Consequently, Sir Maurice had strong personal reasons, in addition to his political sympathies, to exert himself in behalf of peace.

Equally illuminating are the author's comments upon the Austrian character. Since the days of Montaigne, Austria's national traits have been the butt of international wit. Neither defeat nor revolution has modified the careless indifference and resignedness to fate, which make the people of Vienna helpless to help themselves. Incapable of profound passion, they are blind to both the grandeur and the pathos of their own destiny. Comfortable mediocrity reigned under the old régime, and if here and there a man stood out by reason of his intelligence and energy, a conservative system kept him carefully in the background. Men of foresight, understanding, and freedom

of opinion, were unpopular with their easy-going countrymen, and were sedulously put away where they could do no harm. Madame de Staël wrote, as long ago as 1808: 'There are many excellent things in Austria, but few really superior men. For it is no advantage in this country to excel others. One is not envied for that; he is simply forgotten.'

The character of a society is a product of generations of education and habit. Austria's old rulers so consistently and thoroughly destroyed all independence of will and thought in those they governed, so successfully shaped them in moulds agreeable to an imperial bureaucracy, that their former subjects are to-day the most helpless people politically in the world. 'That is why,' observes Dumaine, 'the young Republic pursues so painfully its thorny path of liberty.'

ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES

[The discoveries of prehistoric art in the Cave of Altamira, which were described in The Living Age not long ago, are here discussed at length by the Madrid Correspondent of the London Times. The article on the still more recent discoveries at Pompeii, the first that we have seen, is by the Rome Correspondent of the same newspaper.]

From *The Times*, July 23, August 1
(NORTHCLIFFE PRESS)

I

THE 'Friends of Art,' a private society that has done much in recent years to propagate at home the knowledge of Spanish art (which in many of its manifestations is often better known and appreciated abroad than in Spain), and whose publications on furniture, miniatures, lace, fans, ironwork, etc., remain after each annual exhibition as

permanent guides to the student, has this year surpassed itself.

The prehistoric art of Spain is a subject which, a few decades ago, would have made a poor showing, but which recent discoveries and investigations have enriched surprisingly. In a very few years the Institut de Paléontologie Humaine, founded by the Prince of

Monaco in Paris, and the Commission appointed by the Spanish Junta para Ampliacion de Estudios have gathered a treasure of knowledge of an art that is nearly exclusively a glory of Spain, and finds adequate expression in the exhibition held in the premises of the Amigo del Artes, in the basement of the Modern Museum building at Madrid.

The four large halls, hung with some 300 copies made on the spot, reproductions of photographs and paintings, together with the cases containing many exhibits of weapons and objects found during excavations form the most complete and best ordered collection of its kind that has ever been presented in public.

It is some time since the day when a fox, followed by a dog, took refuge in a deep cavern in Asturias. The hunters, to save their dog, enlarged the aperture and thus rediscovered the Cave of Altamira — the Sistine Chapel, as Déchelette calls it, of prehistoric art. That was in 1868. For another eleven years, however, the giant figures of wonderful animals painted on the roof lay hidden from the sight of man. Then a little girl, the daughter of Don Marcelino de Santuola, a Spanish gentleman who was excavating the floor-layers, discovered them by chance.

Señor Santuola did not hesitate to maintain that they were the work of the primitive races that inhabited the earth. A polemic ensued, in which most of the great authorities in Europe were opposed to the views of the Spanish man of science. The discovery of similar paintings in the South of France changed the outlook, and Cartailhac, in 1902, published his famous *Mea Culpa d'un Sceptique*.

Altamira is, nevertheless, still the goal of the enthusiast of prehistoric art, where can be seen the lifelike paintings so indelibly made on the rock that hundreds of centuries of damp — the

rock is constantly dripping water — has not effaced them. And there is still the mystery to be fathomed that would explain why many of the drawings are in the darkest and most remote caves, where the light of day never enters, and where the primitive artists must have worked under the greatest difficulties. Many of the figures are superposed; and if it were not that it must be considered an impossible feat, one might explain these wonderful drawings as the outcome of strange rites by which primitive man, standing in the utter darkness of the bowels of the earth, called so strongly on his emotions that his hands were moved to perform the stupendous task of faithfully representing the animals recorded so vividly in his mind's eye.

Few people have been able to view these drawings *in situ*. One who has seen some of them tells me that it is a somewhat thankless yet wonderful experience; one stoops, crawls, scrambles, gets dirt-stained and wet, to be brought up against a rocky wall, there to examine whatever part of the primitive drawing is visible under the light of a torch. One is disappointed until one remembers the conditions under which the drawing was done, and by whom. Then the mystery, the greatness, the dramatic force of the whole thing, overwhelm one.

The great merit of the exhibition in Madrid is that it brings to the glorious daylight of Castile these drawings, faithfully reproduced, where they can cast their spell on the general public. Nobody, whether trained artist or layman, can escape the call those simple lines make. The power of vision and freshness of visual memory they reveal is compelling. The obsession of attention and liberty of treatment these great hunters give proof of, when depicting the wild beasts they fought with primitive weapons, make an appeal that is irresistible.

Two 'schools,' as one might say, exist in Spanish primitive art. The troglodyte paintings are proper to Cantabria, in Spain, and Aquitaine in France; but in the newly discovered and investigated drawings of the Levante region of Spain (principally Valencia, Murcia, and Catalonia), a form of art has come to light that is so far unique in the world. There is no painting in the dark here — the drawings are done in the light of day, in hollows, clefts, and caves. Moreover, whereas the northern troglodytes ventured only to make single drawings, the men of Levante represent groups and scenes — an enormous progress. Yet, while the isolated drawings made in the dark caves of the North are portrait-like in exactitude and trueness of line, the drawings made in the sunlight of the South show no such surprising qualities. The figures are nearly always small, and their quality is derived from a source that is most modern — movement. There is not the precise line of the Cantabrian artist, but there is a vigor and rhythm of movement that a Greek would not disdain. Don Elias Tormo, the well-known critic, who is responsible for the excellent catalogue of the exhibition, says with regard to these Levante drawings: —

In the presence of scenes of the chase, of fighting and running, briefly annotated in these rough drawings, the whole art of the ancient Egyptians (so many thousands of years posterior) and the art of Mesopotamia appear very old things. . . . When one observes how truth of line is sacrificed to the expression of dynamic truth, or movement, one sees the triumph of a surprising and unexpected modernism.

It is generally accepted as proved that the primitive man who did the drawings and paintings of Cantabria lived in the Quaternary period, before the art of polishing stone had been devised. The period when the Levante

artists worked is still under dispute. Fathers Breuil and Obermaier (the Frenchman and the German who have worked at this common scientific task on neutral ground, through the world war) are of the opinion that both 'schools' are of the Quaternary period. An eminent Spanish authority, Señor Hernandez Pacheco, dissents, and would attribute them to a transitional period between palæolithic and neolithic.

However absorbing and transcendental these questions may appear to men of science, they are still above the grasp of the average visitor, who cannot reckon composedly in matters of thousands of years. What the man in the street can admire, however, are the great red bison, the stags, the ibex, and the horses of Altamira, the ritual dance of Cogul, the mad race of the boar-hunters of Agua Amarga, the honey-searchers of Bicorp (what thick skins they must have had), the mother and child of Minateia, and the great fight of the bowmen of Morella la Vella. If, moreover, he be studiously inclined, he can gain instruction on the spot; for the Friends of Art have thoughtfully provided lecturers chosen among the men who have made some of the recent discoveries and written the thirty-two text-books and pamphlets (twenty-four of which have appeared since 1913), which constitute the library of the exhibition.

Over and above its scientific value this exhibition has another great interest. It is a combination of generous and efficacious private initiative, intelligent State coöperation, and courteous welcome of foreign coöperation, together with a proper pride and faith in national scientific achievements. Morning and afternoon a constant stream of visitors has been passing in and out. Students make notes, and bands of schoolchildren of both sexes

listen with evident interest to explanations that are brief and to the point. Workmen in the blue tunic of the mechanic also come in, for the press has given excellent publicity to the importance and interest of the exhibits. What a contrast these proletarian visitors make, treading the bright-hued, antique carpets with which the floors are covered and gazing at the photographs

of the rugged Iberian sites where their ancestors lived. Instinctively one compares these enlightened citizens with the illiterate peasants toiling in the distant villages near those same sites, bereft of roads and of modern implements; and the conclusion is once more forced upon one that communications and education are the two most pressing wants of Spain.

II

While the inheritors of Roman civilization have been engaged in their four-year struggle, the excavations at Pompeii, the most perfect Roman relic in the world, have continued almost unnoticed.

Night by night guardians have patrolled the ghostly streets of the city to protect its treasures from burglars with an eye to antiques; day by day they have dug and scraped, — sometimes in water nearly waist-deep when they have been working down on the plain between Pompeii and Castellamare, where used to be the sea until volcanic eruptions gave land the victory over water, — to uncover street after street and house after house of what was once a flourishing Roman city of 20,000 inhabitants. Generally, in contrast to Herculaneum, which was literally buried beneath a flood of lava, the actual digging at Pompeii is easy, since most of the covering consists of loose, small pumice stones, but so far little more than half the city has been opened to the public. Of the northeastern half the tourist sees nothing but one street and the Amphitheatre, and he seldom realizes that, when he walks across the fields toward the Amphitheatre, he has beneath him what may one day prove to be the most interesting part of the whole place. At all events, the new excavations, begun in 1911 but still jealously closed to the

visitor, are said to be of even greater interest than those which have been made hitherto. Of these newer discoveries I am able to give some details.

If you proceed down the well-known Strada dell' Abondanza northward, beyond the present barrier, you reach a *compitum*, or crossing of two streets, where is a large sacred picture. The *compita* were considered sacred, and were generally marked with sacred pictures and an altar for propitiatory sacrifices to the Lares who had the house and street-crossings under their special protection. In the present case there is a fresco divided into three sections.

The first section consists of a large painting of the twelve Penates, or custodians of the city. From left to right are, first, Jupiter, with sceptre and thunderbolt (no longer very terrifying, as the finger of Time has left him), and Juno, who is next to him, far too faint to please the sightseer. After Juno, in veil and crown, comes Mars, with winged helmet and short red tunic; then Minerva, in long *peplum* and mantle, with the head of the Medusa in relief on her breast; then Hercules, with the skin of the Nemean lion hanging from his arm and his club in his left hand. The sixth picture is a Madonna-like Venus in *peplum* and white veil, carrying a small Cupid; the seventh, Mercury, holding the *caduceus*, or staff, with two serpents twined round it; the

eighth, Proserpine, with the *modius*, or the measure balanced on her head, as you see the Italian peasants of to-day; the ninth, Vulcan, carrying his hammer; the tenth, Ceres, crowned with ears of corn, carrying a long torch; the eleventh, Apollo, with lyre and *plectrum*; and the twelfth, Diana, in short green tunic, with bow, arrows and lance, and *patera*, or small sacrificial dish.

To the right of this painting, which is probably more interesting than any other found at Pompeii, except that of the Villa of Dionysius, as yet almost unknown to the public, is a sacrificial scene. On each side, the two special Lares of the *compitum* are dancing, and in the centre is the painting of a small group of ministers performing a sacrifice at a marble altar. Below, a large winged demon serpent, the emblem of the Lares, is seen approaching the altar with an offering of two eggs and a pine tree, as a bribe to it to avert the evil eye! Beneath this, again, is a real altar of masonry, built into the wall, on which are still preserved the ashes of the last sacrifice that was held before the fatal August 24, A.D. 79.

Near this *compitum* is a house with the remains of a balcony on the first floor, much larger than the well-known 'House with the Balcony' in the part of the city that has already been opened to the public. One end of the horizontal beam on which the balcony formerly rested is preserved under glass. At another *compitum*, a few houses away, is an important picture of Fortune holding the Cornucopia, with the two Lares of the *compitum* on either side of her, holding between them a sacrificial bowl. Here, too, are a small picture of

two gladiators fighting, and the remains of other frescoes.

Other important paintings in this district portray a sacrifice to Cybele; a fine quadriga drawn by four elephants, and, erect in the quadriga, Venus of Pompeii, the patron goddess of the city; and Mercury, with winged helmet and sandals, coming from the cella of a small temple.

One may prophesy that nothing about the new excavations will interest visitors so much as the bar, with many terra-cotta amphoræ still fixed in the ground, and, at the end of the counter, a small furnace. Above this furnace is a cauldron with a lid, in which the excavators still found some liquid that had been placed there on the day of the great catastrophe. This *thermopolium* was probably much frequented, as its walls are covered with election appeals and manifestoes, one of them being for a gentleman named Lollius. Between each two letters of his name are small letters announcing that he was a Duumvir who 'looked after the streets and the sacred buildings,' and therefore felt entitled to appeal for votes.

Another important discovery consists of two porticoes, almost intact, of a pergola above four shops. At present these newer excavations are very carefully guarded, and the largest group of visitors that has seen them was probably a party of a hundred cadets, including Prince Charles of Belgium, from H.M.S. Téméraire, who were able to visit them as guests of the Italian Navy. However, it is to be hoped that this privilege will shortly be extended to the ordinary traveler who finds his way to Pompeii.

A HARDEN INTERVIEW

BY JULES COUZY

From *La Dépêche de Toulouse*, June 19
(RADICAL DEMOCRATIC DAILY)

GERMANY has many remarkable men, among whom the one most distinguished for his frankness is Maximilian Harden. This man, who has made such a noise in the world, lives the life of a hermit. I found him in his little cottage at Grünewald, some distance from Berlin, where I had a Sunday appointment with him. He seated me under a portrait of Bismarck, who had been his patron.

'Don't be afraid,' he said, with a mischievous air; 'he will not bite you.' Then he added, laughing: 'So you've come to have me tell you the truth about my dear country? You'll not find me unprepared. Unhappily, I'm too well supplied with facts.

'Germany is blind. My people refuse to see the light. They cannot realize yet that they have been defeated. If they lost the war, they attribute the fact, not to your having won it, but to their having been betrayed by a bizarre conspiracy of Bolsheviki, Jews, and Socialists. That's what they think now.

'Then they have another obsession: that France has become to-day what Germany was yesterday — a nation seeking to devour all the rest! My people regard France as a proud, triumphant country, relentless toward its vanquished enemy. It believes that you do not need the money you demand of us, but that you want it only to gratify your vanity. Our Reichstag and our newspapers daily drive these ideas into people's heads. They unceasingly incite us Germans to hate France. Not a

single cabinet before that of Wirth was frank and honest. Each of them committed every blunder in its power. If you had not delivered your ultimatum, backed up by the threat of immediate force, you would have got nothing.

'Germany is face to face with one solid fact: the Treaty of Versailles. Either it should not have signed that Treaty, or having signed it, should fulfill it. A nation, like an individual, is obligated by its honor in such cases. Now up to May 10, 1921, we never had a Chancellor who said: "Let us accommodate ourselves to facts. No one knows whether we can pay you in full. But that is not the principal point for me; the principal thing is the confidence that the debtor should inspire in his creditor." We ought to have given you proof from the first that we were sincere. If we could not fulfill our obligations we should have said to you: "Come and look over the situation for yourselves. We are in a tight place. Give us your advice. Help us get out."

'Instead of doing this, our rulers have devoted themselves to making our people believe your demands are unjust. While you were the true sufferers, you have been painted in Germany as ogres. Our people were told that the Treaty of Versailles, which I personally by no means approve, was the greatest infamy of the century, and that it was not the fault of the Germans that the Empire had been fooled by Wilson's Fourteen Points.

'I am almost the only man who has preached for two years that we must