

ART HUMANITIES: PRIMARY SOURCE READER

Section 6: Bernini

Art Humanities Primary Source Reading 25

Saint Teresa in Ecstasy

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

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

Art Humanities Primary Source Reading 26

Paul Fréart, Sieur de Chantelou

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

AUGUST 19TH.

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

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

At noon M. Villeroy² came to see the bust (our fig. 5) in the southern apartment and served as an advance courier for the King, who came subsequently with a great crowd. The Cavalier had begun to give form to the nose, which was as yet only blocked in. M. de Crequi came forward to whisper in the King's ear. The Cavalier said laughingly, "These gentlemen have the King with them at their pleasure all day and they do not wish to leave him to me even a half-hour; I am tempted to do a caricature portrait of one of them." No one understood the remark. I said to the King that those were portraits in which the resemblance was in the ugly and the ridiculous. Monsignor Butti took up the conversation and remarked that the Cavalier was excellent at that sort of portraiture and that one should be shown to His Majesty. As a portrait of a woman was mentioned, the Cavalier said, "One must make a caricature of women only at night." M. de Prince, who was there, affirmed that under the hand of the Cavalier the resemblance of the bust to the King increased from one time to the next. The Marshal de Villeroy agreed. After three quarters of an hour, His Majesty left, saying to the Cavalier that he would not come back the next day but that on the following Thursday he would sit for him two or three hours. As he left the room, Madame de la Baume approached the King, who stationed himself near a window and gave her an audience of a good quarter of an hour. Then M. Colbert gave her a long audience too, after which he came to see the bust and remained in the room for some time. I told him that I had taken the Cavalier to Vincennes and that he was pleased by it, that he had said that the King was nowhere so well lodged and that he had thought the woodcarving, the gilding and the pictures very beautiful.

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

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

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

SEPTEMBER 5TH.

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

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

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

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

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

OCTOBER 6TH

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

. . . The Nuncio and the Ambassador having left, we went to the Louvre. There the Cavalier requested me to learn if the King was in council so that he might see, if His Majesty had gone out, whether there would be an advantageous place for the bust in his apartment. The King was in council; so we went to the new apartment of the Queen Mother, where Bernini had planned to place the bust on the platform for the audiences and the little Christ in the cabinet behind. From there we went to see the Queen and then the Cavalier came back, as M. Perrault³ had sent word that he would come at five o'clock. Not finding him there, Bernini asked me to go with him to the Feuillants. When we returned we found M. Perrault. My brother, who desired to be present, was with us. The Cavalier said that he hoped the foundation [of the Louvre] would be ready on Saturday so that the first stone could be laid. M. Perrault replied that the coins [to be buried in the foundation] would not be ready for that day. The Cavalier replied that they would go under other stones, that he wished to leave the following Tuesday because of the cold. M. Perrault talked to him of the arches of the kitchen court façade and the difficulty there would be in closing them. The Cavalier took a pencil and showed in what manner it should be done. I said that these were little difficulties that were not pressing and there would be time to think of them in three or four years; that in the new apartment of the Queen Mother were similar arches for which frames had been made. Perrault replied that this had been done with the greatest difficulty. I repeated that these were all minor matters that were in no way pressing, that all was clear in the plan. M. Perrault told me that he had a notebook full of the difficulties which were to be faced. The Cavalier had the plan brought so that Perrault could show the things he wished explained. There was one matter that deserved explanation, Perrault said: not only he but a hundred others would like to know why this part of the new pavilion on the river side is smaller than the other, that being contrary to symmetry and having no relation to the dome in the middle of this façade. From Perrault's pointing to the plan, and from what he [Bernini] had understood of the conversation, although he does not know French, he had grasped that Perrault was talking of his work and asserting that there was a fault in the design. He looked at two Italians who were there and told them to go away. Then he took the pencil and said that if he had drawn this new part of the pavilion on the level of the angle of the façade it would have been a gross error; it sufficed that there should be a relation between this part of the pavilion and the other, although this part was not so large; he wished Perrault to know that it was not for him to make these difficulties; he was ready to listen to discussions on the convenience of the palace, but for the composition of the design, it must be someone cleverer than he (the Cavalier pointed with his finger to himself) who tried to correct it; in this matter Perrault was not worthy to clean the soles of his shoes; but this was not the question of the moment; his design had pleased the King; he would make his complaints to the King, and presently he was going to M. Colbert to tell him of

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

OCTOBER 10TH.

On the tenth when I went to the Cavalier's house, I found Signor Paul leaving to see M. Colbert. On his return, he said M. Colbert was going to the Louvre. The Cavalier, having heard from someone that the Prince was here, wished to go to his lodgings to see his Highness, but he was not in Paris, and the Duke had just left for Chantilly to see his father. From there we went to the Gobelins, where M. Le Brun received the Cavalier. First he gazed intently at a tapestry design of an *Endymion in the Arms of Sleep*. He said it was in good taste and praised it highly. Then he saw the two great pictures of the *Battle of the Granicus* and the *Triumph of Alexander*. After the Cavalier had studied them intently, M. Le Brun had the picture of the *Battle of the Granicus* taken in the courtyard, as he had done when the King was at the Gobelins. The Cavalier looked at it for a long time, withdrawing from it as far as he could. Afterwards he said several times, "It is beautiful, it is beautiful." Canvas had been placed above as a ceiling to focus the vision. He had it removed and looked at the picture again for a long time. He had previously seen the great picture by Paolo Veronese⁴ which the Venetians gave to the King and which was formerly at the Servites Convent in Venice. He returned to look at it and found some admirably painted heads, which he said were portraits of the Senators of that time and even of the Doge. He praised its grand execution, but he found in this work several bungled parts, and some poorly drawn hands. He said the Magdalen at the feet of our Lord was painted with marvelous plasticity but from the waist down the figure was not well drawn; the leg of Christ nearest the beholder was entirely wrong, and the arm and right hand were equally bungled. He admired above all a figure seated at the table near Christ, which one only sees from the rear. M. Le Brun pointed out to me that there were several points of view in the picture and that, even though the horizon is lower than the table, one nevertheless sees the top of the table; that the buildings were not correctly drawn in relation to this horizon and that they were not painted by Paolo Veronese. He said the King on seeing this picture praised the Magdalen and found the right part of the picture the most beautiful, which is correct. Afterwards, we saw another picture by Paolo Veronese, which had belonged to M. Fouquet, in which is portrayed an *Andromeda Rescued by Perseus*. It is well painted, as are most of the works by this painter. But the Cavalier thought that the Perseus is in a strange position, as though squatting. I pointed out that the left leg of the Andromeda seemed very badly drawn.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

NOTES

1. The excerpts are translated from *Journal du voyage du Cavalier Bernin en France*, Paris, 1930. The text was first published by L. Lalanne, "Journal du voyage du Cavalier Bernin en France," *Gazette des beaux-arts*, xv-xxxi, 1877-1885.

See also: Henri Chardon, *Les Frères Fréart de Chantelou*, Le Mans, 1867; L. Mirot, "Le Bernin en France," *Mémoire de la société de l'histoire de Paris et de l'Ile-de-France*, xxxi, 1904, pp. 161 ff.

2. Marshal of France: Nicolas de Villeroy (1598-1685)

3. Claude Perrault (1613-88) succeeded Bernini. His plan for the columned façade of the Louvre was adopted. See R. Blomfield, *A History of French Architecture, 1667-1774*, London, 1921, 1, pp. 68-83; A. Blunt, *French Art and Architecture, 1500-1700*, Penguin, Hammonds Worth, 1957, pp. 189-190.

4. *Feast in the House of Simon*.

5. *Death of Germanicus* painted for Cardinal Barberini, The Minneapolis Institute of Arts. Exact

dating disputed, c. 1627.

6. 1644-1647, second series painted for Chantelou, now in Bridgewater House, London.

7. These pictures are no longer extant.

Excerpts from *The Diary of Cavaliere Bernini's Visit to France* by Paul Freart, Sieur de Chantelou, edited by Anthony Blunt, Copyright ©1985 Princeton University Press.

Art Humanities Primary Source Reading 27

Ovid, Daphne and Apollo

EXCERPT FROM THE METAMORPHOSES, C. 1 AD

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"The Fall of Icarus & Daphne and Apollo" is reprinted from *Metamorphoses* by Ovid, Mary M. Innes, trans., Copyright ©1955 Penguin Books.

Art Humanities Primary Source Reading 28

Saint Teresa of Avila

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

about it, if I can.

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

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

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

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

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

and rapture, here they are suspended by their distress.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

NOTES

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

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