

1500  
AD

Albertus Durerus Natus  
1500 in Norimbergae Civitate  
gebore in coloribus aetatis  
anno MCCCCXXVII.

THE ALPINE FELLOWSHIP  
SELF EXPRESSION IN THE AGE  
OF INSTANT COMMUNICATION

Edited by Roger Scruton

The Alpine  
Fellowship

A charity project of the German Foundation  
"Argosophia Stiftung"



# The Alpine Fellowship

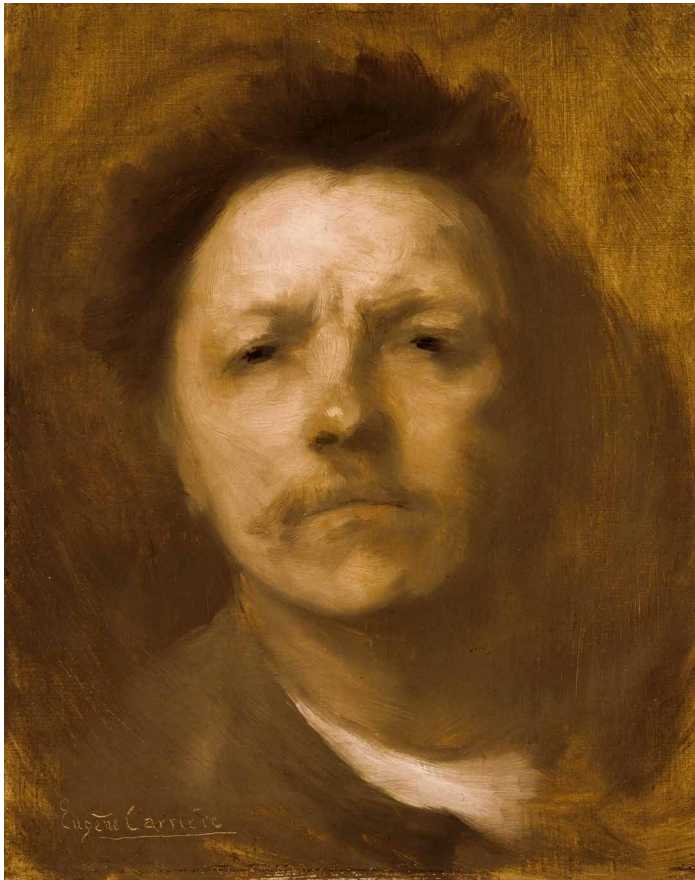
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*Eugene Carrière*  
*self-portrait, 1893*  
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*The Metropolitan Museum of Art, NY*

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Jacob Burda and Alan Lawson

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*Cover: Albrecht Dürer, self-portrait, © Bridgeman Berlin, Alte Pinakothek, München*





*Palladian Cloister, Fondazione Giorgio Cini  
Island of San Giorgio Maggiore, Venice*

## Introduction.

The poet Novalis once remarked that for him the purpose of existence was 'the continuation of religion through aesthetic means.' The Christian religion was a unifying and peace-giving force, Novalis thought, responsible for mankind's finest hours; yet at the time of his writings and generalizing from his great capacity for empathy, he began to feel that the religious project was retreating before the rapidly expanding forces of the Enlightenment. The inability to reverse this trend led him to conclude that aesthetics had become the only means to continue the way of life formerly offered by religion.

This religious way of life was something to be experienced, something to undergo and embody, rather than to believe as a doctrine. If we are to achieve 'the continuation of religion through aesthetic means' culture must therefore become something that is lived and breathed, a way of life to set beside the one that we have lost. And what better way to do this than by spending one's time with philosophy and poetry?

'Philosophy' means the love of wisdom, and 'poetry' the art of creation. Bringing the two together in an atmosphere of fellow-feeling, of 'symphilosophising' as the Jena Romantics (Novalis, Tieck and the Schlegel brothers) would later say, is surely the way to set out on the path that the poet recommended. Of the Jena Romantics and their time Hölderlin would later say that the gods are only ever present in the relationships between people. Meaning arises in the space in between.

The Alpine Fellowship is a continuation of their project. We believe that the aesthetic life, and the idea of culture, can only reveal what

they truly are when human beings gather to transcend their individuality and subjectivity, so as to form a community with a common understanding. One of the biggest challenges for us has been that of involving both philosophers and artists in the same symposium and presenting the conditions by which they can communicate. Philosophy has developed a lexicon that only philosophers tend to understand, while artists use media that are not always directly approachable, since they are creating something new in a resistant world. The dysfunction that occurs is that the disciplines begin to speak only to themselves; philosophers and artists become ever more separated as their respective languages become more specialized. In the spirit of the dialogue that brought love and light from the language of Ficino to the canvas of Botticelli, the Alpine Fellowship is attempting to sow the seeds for an interior vade mecum. Our goal is openness and receptivity and if, as a result, we find ourselves on the path marked by Novalis, how can that be lamented, in a world where meaning is in such short supply? What follows is a brief record of our last big meeting, and of the things that were said, performed and recited by way of creating the 'space in between'.

**Jacob L. Burda**

**Alan J. Lawson**



## The Light in Dürer's Eyes.

Edited from a talk given at the Alpine Fellowship, Venice, 2015

### Julian Spalding

Albrecht Dürer's Self Portrait (1500 AD) is one the earliest and greatest examples of the once isolated but now commonplace activity of making a picture of oneself. Today millions take selfies, but in ancient cultures no one ever depicted themselves. They had no reason to do so. Self-portraiture emerged only in Roman Christianity, at the time of Dürer, and for a very specific purpose.

To begin to understand the meaning of Dürer's Self Portrait, we have to dispense with our current preconceptions. Dürer was not depicting himself as a 'celebrity' in our modern sense. It's true he was eager to promote his art, but never his personality for its own sake. If he were alive today, Dürer would not be eligible for Celebrity Status anyway because he was outstandingly gifted, worked hard to develop his talents and had something profound to say.

Nor was his Self Portrait a selfie. Selfies are not works of art for the simple reason that no one wants to look at anyone else's. Moreover, when people take selfies in front of the Mona Lisa they have their backs to the picture. Selfies are a form of territorial marking, not a means of human communication. The act of taking one is as dismissive of the instant it attempts to possess as the tiger is of the tree he sprays.

Dürer's Self Portrait is a work of art because it addresses someone other than himself. Art history has proclaimed it to be an early demonstration of an artistic genius proclaiming to all and sundry his God-like gifts, a named individual emerging from the anonymity of craftsmen working under the um-

rella of the Church. But this is to misunderstand the moment that generated its existence and meaning.

Dürer painted this Self Portrait in 1500, the year many Christians believed Christ would come back. The painting is therefore, in part, addressed to Jesus, his ultimate judge. Dürer is saying: here I am, Master. I've not hid my light under a bushel, nor wasted the talents you have given me. This hand has not been idle. His painting is the humble declaration of a worthy servant, not a display of creative arrogance, still less an ego-trip.

Why, then, has Dürer shown himself as being Christ-like? This is an act of profound humility too, and explains the unique emergence of self-portraiture within the Roman Christian tradition. All Christians believed that God had made man in His own image, but only the Roman branch of Christianity believed that God's Son had been born in the flesh of sinful mankind. Christians could therefore see Christ in themselves, if they peered closely enough and with sufficient faith. Dürer has tried to depict the presence of God in him and everyone.

This is why self-portraiture emerged solely within Roman Christianity. It gained momentum as a form of contemplative study during the Enlightenment, which began as an attempt to see God at work in the whole of creation, including ourselves, but ended with us doubting the visibility of divinity at all. With the presage of genius, Dürer painted this looming spiritual shadow in the background of his Self Portrait and in the black pupils in the centre of his eyes.

The Enlightenment produced the darkest art the world has ever seen, profoundly expressed in the self-portraits of Rembrandt. This era witnessed the gradual and painful demotion of the sense of sight, which in the Roman Christian tradition had till then not only been God-given but God-revealing. Hearing took sight's place as the chief sensory revelation of God's presence, with the subsequent wonderful efflorescence of Western music. We could still hear the music of the spheres but no longer see their divinity.

Joseph Burckhardt proclaimed the Renaissance and the subsequent Enlightenment as the age in which humanity grew up. Dürer's Self Portrait and the many others that followed proved, he argued, that people were at last beginning to see themselves as fully responsible individuals and no longer merged their identity, as children tend to do, with their family, tribe or country, social role or religious faith.

We now know, however, that individuality was celebrated in many early cultures, not just in the Classical art which inspired the Renaissance. But the brilliant early portraits of the Moche and the Chinese, as well as the few that survive from Ancient Rome, are very different from the self-portraits of Christian Europe. These early studies show individuals looking out and being looked at, whereas self-portraits engage the viewer directly in their stare.

Of course it's a conceit that you think when you're looking at his portrait that Dürer is looking at you, because you know that he is in fact looking at himself. But that makes your eye contact with this great artist all the more intense. You are, for the duration of looking, included in Dürer's

gaze. What Dürer has, unbelievably, been able to capture in paint is the light of understanding in his eyes and in our eyes, the glow of consciousness that enables us to communicate.

In this painting Dürer addresses his God, himself and everyone, and stands waiting to be judged. No major faith today, apart from Hinduism, teaches that God is seeable, but art still needs to address the mysteries of existence, our relationship with ourselves and others and our persistent hunger, so beautifully written about by Raymond Tallis\*, to experience life more profoundly and completely. Art exists and flourishes in the intensely critical, invisible atmosphere of our collective consciousness.

In today's pluralistic, egalitarian culture, where the individual has become sacrosanct, much art has been reduced to self-reflection, an inflated form of selfie or the brand product of pointless celebrity. But no light shines out of me-dom. The light in Dürer's eyes is, indeed, extraordinary – mystery, understanding and communication melted together in a single moment – but it is also ordinary because it is the light of humanity. This light is the future of art.

\* *Summers of Discontent – The Purpose of the Arts Today*  
by Raymond Tallis, with Julian Spalding, Wilmington Square Books, 2014





*Thomas Struth*  
*Self-Portrait, 2000*  
© Thomas Struth Atelier

## The Unselfknowing Selfie.

Harry Eyres

The defining characteristic of our era may be the habit of taking pictures of oneself with a mobile phone. Does this also mean that we live in a great time for self-portraiture? I'm not so sure, but an excellent exhibition at Christies Mayfair, *Reflections on the Self*, will provide points of reference.

The veteran fashion collector Iris Apfel put it bluntly: "(the selfie) is taking narcissism to a ridiculous degree". But then, what's wrong with narcissism? Derrida has pointed out that we are all narcissists to some degree: we are unavoidably caught up with and fascinated by ourselves. But in this case narcissism seems to mean being caught up with ourselves, even staring at ourselves, without seeing ourselves at all.

I've suggested in my title that the selfie is unself-knowing, but what is the self anyway? What does it mean for an artist to be self-knowing? Is there even a self - let alone a fixed unchangeable self - to know? Not according to David Hume, who said that the deeper you look into yourself the more elusive the self is seen to be. "If any impression gives rise to the idea of self, that impression must continue invariably the same, through the whole course of our lives' since self is supposed to exist after that manner. But there is no impression constant and invariable... I may venture to affirm of the rest of mankind, that they are nothing but a bundle or collection of different perceptions, which succeed each other with an inconceivable rapidity, and are in a perpetual flux and movement. Our eyes cannot turn in their sockets without varying our perceptions." (*Treatise of Human Nature*, 310a)

I suppose among other things Hume was casting doubt on the value of introspection, and artists have a way out of that: they can describe what they see, the surface, the flesh.

This is certainly what Lucian Freud does, in four striking self-portraits in the second room of the Christies show. But the Freuds don't satisfy or move me as much as the self-portraits in the same room by Leon Kossoff and Frank Auerbach. The Freuds seem to say, this is all there is, my flesh, my handsome, then ageing face, my broken nose, my uncanny cold blue eyes. Freud is a Humean, discouraging introspection, or indeed any idea that there is a deeper self to be introspected.

His friend Auerbach approaches things in a very different way. Auerbach's self-portrait is a drawing made up of minimal marks. There is not much there – no colour, little detail – but how much there is, or how great

is the effect. This effect to me is something for which you have to use the word spiritual. Auerbach seems to be pointing in quite a different way from Freud: he is saying what matters about me is my spirit.



*Frank Auerbach*  
*Self-Portrait, 1958*  
© Bridgeman Berlin  
private Collection/Christie's/Marlborough Fine Art

I think one of the big differences between a selfie and a self-portrait is that the self-portrait takes a step back, doesn't immediately assume the self is familiar. In this sense, every self-portraitist is following that strange and rather terrifying dictum of Rimbaud's, "je est un autre".

For an artist this could first of all mean asking for a degree of self-observation. Apply to yourself the same principles you would apply to any other subject. Selfies don't really require any observation, just the modicum of framing.

Observing anything is not that easy; it is something artists are trained or used to be trained to do. But when the "thing" you are observing is yourself the difficulties multiply. Heidegger said "for human beings the path towards what is near is always the longest and therefore the most difficult". Or you could also say that we have more illusions about ourselves than about anything else in the universe. We construct self-images that are unavoidably flattering.

So is self-portraiture about facing up to the self? Some of us never can face up to ourselves; that is the theme of Joseph Conrad's novel *Lord Jim*, about the man whose life is defined by one inexplicable moment of cowardice which he can never face up to.

I would say one of the high points of this courageous facing up to oneself comes with the self-portraits of Vincent Van Gogh. What he's facing up to and compelling us to face up to as well, is the sheer intensity of

this man, his capacity for joy and suffering and compassion. His ancestor is Albrecht Dürer, in that amazing self-portrait of himself looking like Christ in the Alte Pinakothek in Munich.

But maybe this intensity is all a bit much. That seems to be the implication of the fascinating photograph *Alte Pinakothek, Self-Portrait Munich (2000)* by Thomas Struth, in which the artist appears as an anonymous figure in a blue jacket, with his back turned to us and his hands in his pockets, looking at the Dürer, though with what expression we can only imagine. He could be anybody, a tourist, a curator, a gallery assistant. The artist makes no attempt to face us; he turns his back on us. Maybe a back, or other body parts, can be as expressive as a face. Does the face have to be the locus of self-portraiture?



*Francesca Woodman*  
*Eel Series, 1977*  
 © Courtesy of George and  
 Betty Woodman



*Van Gogh*  
*self-portrait*  
© Bridgeman Berlin  
*Van Gogh Museum, Amsterdam*





Some of the women artists in the show reject the relatively controlled and authoritative face in favour of the unclothed, sometimes abandoned-looking body. For me one of the most beautiful and haunting images is Francesca Woodman's portrait of herself naked, in a semi-foetal position, half-encircling an eel in a bucket, as elusive, enigmatic and economical as a hexagram from the I Ching (though much more erotic).

Jenny Savile's huge self-portrait is disturbing in its sheer overwhelming fleshiness, but also suggests an oceanic intra-uterine state, as far removed as you could possibly get from the wry, humorous, utterly assured self-image by the 18th century Swiss-French artist Jean Etienne Liotard. Now he really does seem to know who he is.

And then – going back to the Struth Self-Portrait - there's that anonymity. It's not just that *je est un autre* but that *je* could be all sorts of *autres*. But – and this question is also raised by Struth: how seriously should we take ourselves? He doesn't seem to take himself that seriously – certainly not half or a quarter as seriously as the ultra-intense Albrecht Dürer. I wonder how much of a critique there is here of a whole strand of German culture – the strand which led to Romanticism (remember that Goethe considered Romanticism to be a disease) and beyond to Nazism.

So can we make a big statement and say that we don't live in the era of the heroic self any more? The postmodern self is ironic and multiple. That's where we are now. And maybe that place is not so far from the place of the selfie, though with irony added.

Maybe, but you may have noticed that there is one artist quite well known for self-portraits that I haven't yet mentioned. Rembrandt seems to me to encompass almost all of these tendencies and then go beyond them.

The multiple self. Rembrandt loves dressing up. How many Rembrandt's are there? Quite a lot really. The shaman-artist in his smock with his palette in the great Kenwood self-portrait is one of them. The renaissance courtier with a wide flat hat, as in one of the London National Gallery self-portraits. The good Protestant Dutch burger, with his white lace collar. But he also likes furs, jewellery. In the recent late Rembrandt show in Amsterdam there was an amazing self-portrait as Zeuxis, the ancient Greek artist said to have laughed himself to death when he painted an old hag in the guise of Aphrodite.

The self-mocking self. Rembrandt doesn't always talk himself ultra-seriously. In the Christie's show there are two small prints showing the artist pulling faces.

But Rembrandt does not turn his back on us. He faces us. He doesn't just present himself – the tendency of the selfie, self-presentation – but he invites us into himself, and it seems at least to me, pace Hume, deeper and deeper into himself, through layers of defeat and resilience, into some human core. I think he does so with compassion and greatness of spirit. The face, as Emmanuel Levinas has said, both makes us vulnerable and issues a command: *thou shalt not kill*. Rembrandt's self-portraits are an invitation to compassion; to compassion towards ourselves, however defeated we may feel, which connects with compassion towards others. *Je est un autre*.

## The Individual Self.

### Extracts from the talk by Ian McEwan.

I make no distinction in what follows between the self-portrait and the portrait of a self. That is, between a self-portrayal by an existing or historically real individual, and an invented, fictional self dreamed up by a story-teller of some sort. Both the documentary and invented portrait share two common roots. One is the notion, necessarily shared through the culture, of a continuous, subjective, wholly private and privately experienced entity; a unique ghostly person; a centre of awareness and identity, the 'me' that experiences pain, feels emotion, has memories, discernment, agency; the 'me' of today that connects in an unbroken line, even through intervening sleep and dreams, with the me of yesterday; that connects the adult I am now with the child I once was.

Authorities in different disciplines disagree on whether this self is purely a cultural product, bound by time and historical circumstance. One of the most eloquent expressions of this view is Jacob Burkhardt's *The Civilisation of the Renaissance in Italy* and this justly celebrated passage. He refers first to the medieval mind -

"...both sides of human consciousness – the side turned to the world and that turned inward – lay, as it were, beneath a common veil, dreaming or half awake. The veil was woven of faith, childlike prejudices, and illusion; man recognised himself only as a member of a race, a nation, a party, a corporation, a family or in some other general category. It was in Italy that this veil first melted into thin air, and awakened an objective per-

ception and treatment of the state and all things of this world in general; but by its side, and with full power, there also arose the subjective; man becomes a self-aware individual and recognises himself as such... At the close of the C13, Italy began to swarm with individuality; the ban laid upon human personality was dissolved."

The less dramatic view is that the self must always have been there in some degree, the inevitable product, like consciousness itself, of a certain volume of pre-frontal neural capacity. Even a dog is the recipient of its own pain, its own joy. It is more probable that human self awareness has always lain along a spectrum; cultures, and especially their arts, play the crucial role in cumulatively, incrementally, moving us along that spectrum. History shows us that there are also circumstances that can move us back the other way. War and famine come to mind.

The second common root to real and invented portrayals of the self is the assumption, or discovery, that this private entity is worthy of report, that it is in itself a subject. It is one thing to have a self, another to believe it is a proper subject for literature.

The self-portrait, or the portrait of a self in literature presents us with not an idealised self, or a type or a moral example to which we must aspire, or in imitation of which we might hope to enter heaven, but an individual representing nothing other than him or herself. And therefore, as all humans must be, as flawed as he or she is virtuous. Necessarily, the writer who delves must also be capable of a feat of detachment. The language of

such a portrayal must perform the difficult task of plausibly conveying an inner state and, at best, show change through time and circumstance, through shifting emotions. We effortlessly inhabit the so-called qualia of our quotidian lives but cannot easily project them onto the page. For that to happen, the appropriate literary forms must be invented; reciprocally, self-expression has driven the development of the forms. The heroic saga will not do. What will? The intimate letter, the journal, the memoir, the confession, even the ship's log, and ultimately the novel and one of its most important tricks, free indirect style...

Private experience was not a pressing concern of the earliest writers. The deciphering of our most ancient texts – Sumerian, Babylonian, ancient Egyptian – reveals civil laws, praise of gods or kings or heroes, religious observances, mercantile reckonings, astronomical observations, floods, droughts, harvests and wars. Cuneiform does not afford us even a glimpse of a rendering of subjectivity. In a sense, we know next to nothing about the inner life of ancient Egyptians

Coming forward in time into classical antiquity, we see a mental landscape in which the representation of the private self might be described as points of widely spaced light, like a runway seen at night from a plane, or better, the modern countryside seen from a mountaintop, separated, disconnected points of light representing moments of subjective portrayal, of intimate human truth. They stand out against a background of warrior heroes and their deeds, their villainous opponents, moral exemplars, of men battling against their fates, of dreams, curses, oracles, the wrath of gods and

grand themes such as we may find in the *Oresteia*, of revenge pitted against lawful justice. All of us here will have our own examples of such human moments in antiquity – an observation, an exchange, an emotional truth that leaps across the years and gives us proof of an innate and enduring human nature transcending historical, technological circumstances. The watchman in the opening of the *Oresteia* (458 BC) who has been waiting impatiently, so he complains, “like a dog”. Or in Sophocles, the unhealing wounds of Philoctetes (409BC) that prompted Edmund Wilson's famous essay, *The Wound and the Bow*.

Here is my own favourite: Penelope has been waiting on Ithaca twenty years for the return of her beloved Odysseus. On the night of his return, she descends to the great hall and sees a figure sitting by the fire. But is it really him? (This is Fagel's translation).

One moment he seemed... Odysseus to the man, to the life –  
the next, no, he was not the man she knew,  
a huddled mass of rags was all she saw.

Then, the celebrated bed trick. She orders the wedding bed to be moved from the bedroom. Only Odysseus, who constructed the bed himself, incorporating an ancient, deep-rooted olive tree, knows the bed is immovable. And so he proves to Penelope's satisfaction that he's the man he says he is. But now he's upset at not being recognised. Contrite, she flings her arms around his neck.

“Odysseus – don’t flare up at me now,  
not you, always the most understanding man alive!  
...[don’t be] angry with me now because I failed,  
at the first glimpse, to greet you, hold you, so...  
In my heart of hearts I always cringed with fear  
some fraud might come, beguile me with his talk.”

They make their peace, the marital spat is resolved. This is hardly a portrait of a self, and yet across a chasm of 2700 years this passage conveys the life of the emotions, a subjective reality, that we can intuitively understand. Such points of light, moments of subjective revelation are scattered across the pre-modern centuries. In Vergil, in the 7th-Century *Pillow Book* of Sei Shonagon (“There are also those times when you send someone a poem you’re rather pleased with and fail to receive one in reply.”) In Chaucer, Cervantes and countless poets. But we must wait until the early modern era to find a sustained investigation of the self. Just as in May one might look across a meadow of unopened ox-eyed daisies pushing up, and notice that one has flowered fully before the rest, so in cultural history certain individuals explosively break through long before the others.

Pepys and Boswell apart, my bouquet comprises two such flowers. The first is Montaigne, the second Shakespeare...

If one was writing a full length history of interiority, then one extended section at least would have to be dedicated to the awesome mystery of Hamlet who, among all the fictive selves ever devised, leaps out of the dark-

ness, the most fully conceived, cleverest, contrary, impenetrable, wholly real character ever devised. There are shades of Montaigne, even direct echoes, when Hamlet famously says – in prose – in Act 2 scene 2, “I have of late (but wherefore I know not) lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercise...” A man describes himself as depressed and he doesn’t know why. Even accounting for the contextual dissembling before Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, in that ‘but wherefore I know not’ one senses the old dispensation of Aristotle and Galen and their unfounded certainties, their frail lines of certainty melting away (like Burkhardt’s veil) before a new kind of doubt.

There is no imaginary self before 1600 that can compare with this luminescent, transcendent mind, and no one to keep Hamlet company afterwards, except, I would argue, for Dedalus and Bloom and Molly in Joyce’s *Ulysses*. Others will make the case for the creations of Goethe or Proust. In some significant part, Hamlet must represent a self-portrait, for there can be no other way to construct so complex a consciousness without gazing hard into the mirror of selfhood.



## Portraits in Poetry.

### John Burnside

I have been much concerned with ekphrasis in my writing practice recently, with the focus mostly on the self-portrait and still life. What interests me here is the challenge of creating a literary work that does not simply describe, or respond to an existing (or, on occasion, imagined) painting, but works around, through or even against that painting, or its genre, to come to a new place. This practice naturally prompts further exploration of the seen and the unseen, of blindness and light, and of evidence of things not seen. Blindness, in particular, seems to me a very interesting trope for our times, when seen in terms of metaphor.

I use the term self-portrait here rather loosely. One interesting poetic act is to portray the self at it might have been at a different time, either past or future, or in different conditions, (as an animal, or a mythical figure) an act that differs somewhat from the painted self-portrait in that the subject of such a poem is both self – a remembered, anticipated or imagined version of the writer – and not self, i.e. not a depiction of the portrait writer at the moment of composition. Obviously, this circumstance occurs frequently in prose writing, e.g. memoir, but in poetry it can yield rather different results, especially in the kind of work I am currently pursuing, work that might loosely be termed ‘metaphysical’, following on from long years of engagement with the use of the conceit, as practised by the English Metaphysical poets. The following poems illustrate what I am trying to do.

1. Jean Siméon Chardin: Perdrix rouge morte, poire et collet sur une table de pierre, 1748

Dead, it has become a different species,  
exempt from a plot in which tenderness plays no part,  
exempt from wind and ice, but not this light  
that lingers in the plumage like the hand  
that teased it from the noose and laid it out  
to show the colours that are now too clear.  
Autumn is in the woods, a gradual chill  
that creeps across the orchard day by day:  
dewfall on the grass, then morning frost,  
the body that snags in the tines, when I rake the leaves,  
a mystery, part-flesh, part-interregnum.  
I will not call it vole. It's something else,  
just as the bird is, dead, in the oil and pigment,  
and what it is that lingers, past the point  
where anything is absent, what it is  
that slips away, I do not think to name.  
Ansatz. Geist. The shadow in the woods  
that isn't what I know it ought to be,  
the shadow in the tide, trailing the boat  
for hours, until we notice that it's gone –  
this is all we have  
to work with, something far-fetched in the heart's  
geography, a thin path running out

to empty shoreline, miles of reed and sky.  
Full moon, out on the coast road.  
An unsolved grief returns to scatter  
windrows in the skin, like lines of ink  
in running water, always not quite there,  
but never gone.  
If only our priests and teachers  
had told us, back in Sunday Bible Class,  
that all the afterlife this life could promise  
was stitched into some moister  
incurve of the body, white  
and precious, like a silkworm in the dark;  
if only they had told us, years ago,  
how everything seems less material  
as time runs on,  
the partridge on its back, the empty snare,  
the stitched black of the eye, the way the feathers  
thin, or how a body, when it dies,  
relaxes by degrees into the cold  
and is not born again, but hurries on  
to other bodies, flecked with paradise.

## 2. Memories of a Non-existent Childhood

I could never believe in the dead,  
only the blue of their houses, the fabled blue  
of those who travel far into the rain  
and wish for nothing,  
least of all for home.

For years I was lost in the details,  
heart like a flower,  
tending towards the light,  
the fog of the cursive,  
the beauties of mistranslation.

It snowed all night between the rooms  
we lived in  
and the rooms we could not find.  
Sometimes I laid my finger  
to the chill of it, that hollow in the wall

that would not mend; sometimes I sat  
for days in an upper room,  
waiting for the nuthatch to appear,  
the blue in the wing of it blue as the Virgin's shawl  
in a painting by Tintoretto;

and, sometimes, on those winter afternoons  
when everything fell still,  
I sat in the chair by the door and watched  
for the men in 50s raincoats, hats pulled down  
and no need to show their credentials when they walked me

out to the famous road bridge, first chill of dawn,  
a flight of gulls and terns crossing the bay,  
and someone on the far side, just like me,  
but different, his name a crude  
translation of my own, his body

darker. Sooner or later, I knew,  
we would be exchanged.  
Code names and shadows, gestures, a foreign tongue.  
Then I would cross the line and disappear,  
the way I had disappeared at First Communion,

sweat on my hands and that starched white on my mouth  
an incompleteness I would not refuse  
for pity's sake, my mother in her shawl,  
blue as the blue in a painting by Tintoretto,  
mouthing the password, happy to turn me in.

### 3. The Beauties of Nature And the Wonders of the World We Live In

And Ananias went his way, and entered into the house;  
and putting his hands on him said, Brother Saul, the Lord  
that appeared unto thee in the way as thou camest, hath  
sent me, that thou mightest receive thy sight, and be filled  
with the Holy Ghost.

Acts of the Apostles

I'm haunted by the story of a man  
who, blind since birth,  
was gifted with new sight, his surgeon  
pointing out the things he'd only known  
by name till then: the roses in a vase,  
a window filled with light,  
his daughter's eyes.

One story says  
it wasn't what he'd hoped for,  
and later, in the house he'd thought so clean  
and spacious – dirty now, and cramped –  
the birds he used to feed seemed dull  
and vulnerable to cats, the photograph  
they told him was a portrait of his wife  
so ugly, and unlike the voice he'd heard  
for years, it seemed

the cruellest of deceits.  
Sometimes, they would find him in a makeshift  
blindfold, just to have the darkness back,  
the world in scent and touch  
and measured steps, a theatre of black  
to match the black he loved  
inside his head.  
On moonless nights, he climbed up to the loft  
and gazed into the sky above his house,  
well-deep and still  
and innocent of stars.

When Saul fell from his horse,  
it would have seemed  
a mishap, nothing more,  
to those he rode with.  
Some of his companions would have laughed,  
then waited  
till he got back on his feet  
to crack a joke,  
but when at last  
he rose up from the earth,  
he saw no man,  
and, troubled now, they led him by the hand  
into Damascus.  
He lay down in the darkness of himself

three days and nights, then Ananias came  
to make him whole  
and fill him with the spirit;  
but reading of his fall  
in Bible class, I liked the man he was  
when he was blind,  
no longer sure that mastery is all,  
still unconvinced  
that God would take his side.

I had my doubts  
on other matters, too,  
mostly the presence of God  
in all our lives,  
like the five crates of free school milk  
in the playground at break,  
or the man who came round every week  
to collect the insurance.  
My mother would offer him tea  
and a caramel wafer,  
and he would decline, every time,  
with a well-tried phrase,  
like thanks all the same, or  
I'll have to be getting along.  
God was like that, I thought,  
though not so polite,

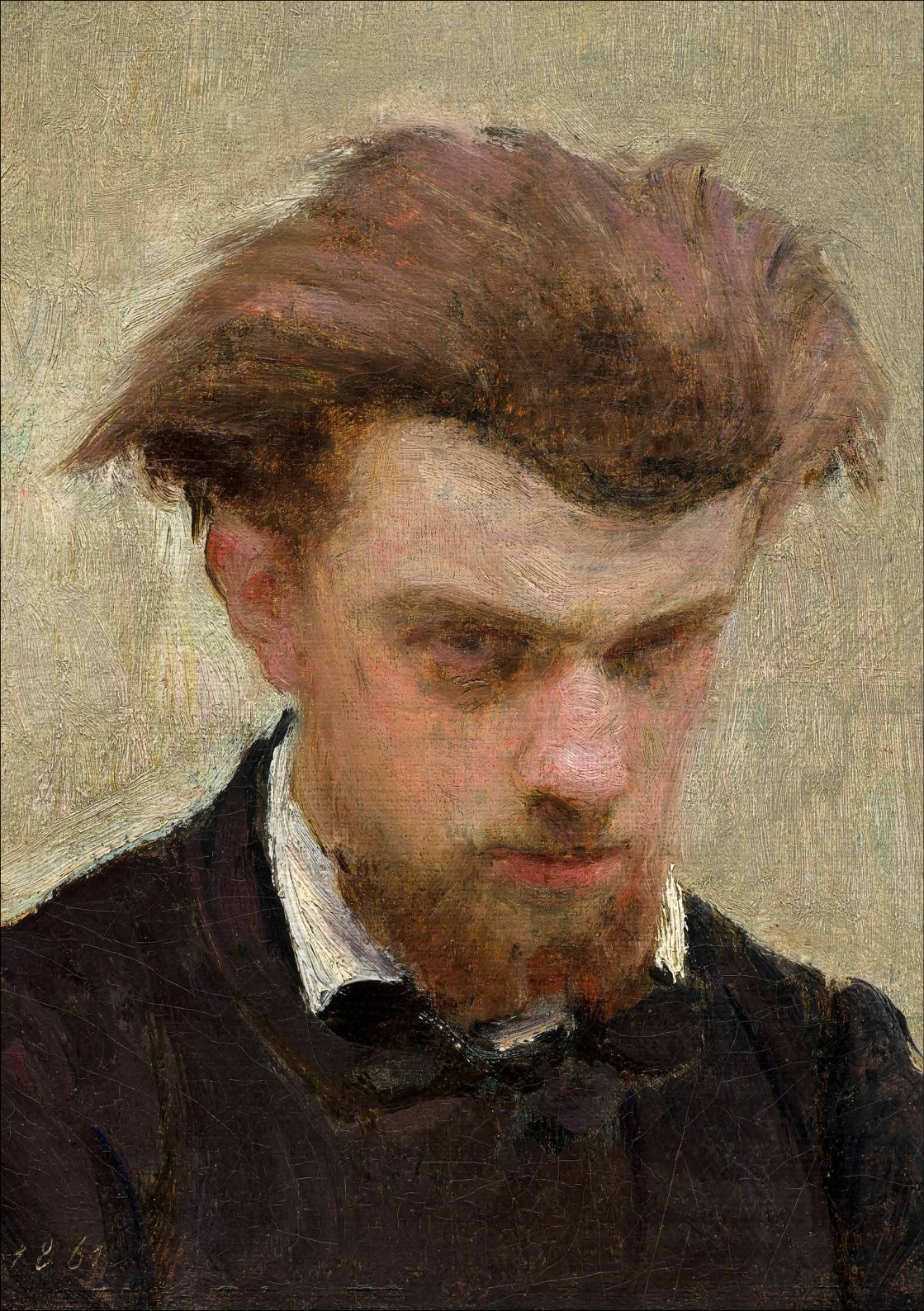


and it did me no good at all  
when Sister Veronica  
itemised all of the wonders that He had provided  
everywhere, designed by His Own Hand.  
No poem lovely  
as a tree, she said,  
(though I'd never once thought to compare)  
and how, in a world without God, could a boy like me  
explain the complex beauty  
of the eye?

When Saul was taken out  
for execution,  
he borrowed a shawl  
from someone in the crowd  
and covered his face, to have  
one moment by himself  
before the sword.  
Did he whisper goodbye  
to the earth, to its scents and winds,  
or did he think forward to heaven  
and wonder how much difference there is  
between the play of sunlight in a stand  
of fig-trees  
and the light of the hereafter?  
When death came

it cut through the flesh,  
but left a perfect likeness of his face  
indelibly imprinted in the shawl,  
so when they held it up  
the light shone through,  
darkly, at first, like something seen through glass,  
but later, when they leaned in,  
clear as day.

Eventually, that blind man learned to see  
a different world, the finer shades of rain  
on stone or asphalt, market traders calling  
back and forth, their lamps dimmed  
one by one,  
the last bus idling softly in its usual  
circuit of gold and oil  
on Union Road,  
streamers of blue  
and citrus blown through the scrawl  
of blackened thorn around the drying green  
where, now, the lines  
are empty, office shirts  
and blouses taken in  
for days that pass like notes played on a scale  
in music practice, fields of warmth and shade  
ascending, as they must,



to aery nothing.  
Somewhere along his street  
an owl calls from some Ancien Régime  
of drift and weather, texture,  
masonry;  
and, since it's all he has  
to keep his place  
in this life, which is not the gift he sought,  
he loves it, all the wonder in this world  
that he can bear, not  
well, but well enough.

*Henri Fantin-Lartour*  
*self-portrait, 1861*  
© Bridgeman Berlin  
*National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.*



## Selfies as a Universal Language.

Wolfgang Ullrich

In 2012 when people began speaking about selfies, you could suppose that they were a mere fashion; but the Selfie stream on the social networks continues to grow by several millions a day. Cultural pessimists see an immoderate 'hyper-individualism' in this; they fear that in today's society people are becoming ever more self-obsessed. Studies already claim to prove 'that those, who spread self-portraits on social networks are more narcissistic than those who do not'.

However, other theorists see selfies as a legitimate part of a tradition of pop culture or recognize them even as a contemporary art-form. For example the well known US-American art critic Jerry Saltz stated, in spring 2015, that reality TV star Kim Kardashian was the successor to Andy Warhol with her book *Selfish* – a collection of selfies over a period of ten years. He argues that like Warhol she has succeeded in connecting 'grandiosity, sincerity, kitsch, irony, theatre, and ideas of spectacle, privacy, fact, and fiction' in a new manner, so as to create a unified totality: 'all that (has been) compressed into some new essence'.

One aspect of this phenomenon remains strangely not reflected upon, which is that selfies have been popular only for a few years, even though they would have been possible from the beginning of the history of photography. The speed of this development casts doubt on the suggestion that there has been a widespread change in human mentality, since such changes take place only slowly and over generations. Rather, the relevant

difference between the earlier kinds of photography and the smartphone lies in the fact that it has now become possible not only to make pictures in an instant, but also to dispatch them in the same moment – to a friend or to the big community of the WWW.

These pictures and photographs have become means of communication – of live or instant communication! With a smartphone-photograph or selfie you can inform others where you are, how you are, what you are doing – and often you can do so quicker, wittier, with more subtlety, with more emotion than if you were to use words. Pictures might already have possessed the character of signals or messages in former times, and they could express or intensify a mood, but no one could communicate instantly with them. Moreover a picture that was produced with a lot of effort should permanently fix the motive for creating it – otherwise it would have been senseless, too much work! A picture was a document, a souvenir, an occasion for reflection – torso\_logo\_AF\_invert, a possession forever. By contrast, the new function of pictures consists in unfolding their meaning at just the moment when they are dispatched.

It is often noted, for the most part critically, that many people present themselves with distorted, grimace-like faces on selfies. Many intellectuals, especially, assume that this is a sign of superficiality, stupidity or lack of social competence. However, they are completely overlooking the fact that selfies almost always rise in a certain communicative situation, in which they have to be unequivocal, succinct and perhaps so impulsive that they inspire a direct reaction.

In this they can be compared with emoticons and emojis. Emoticons codify standard situations of communication, so that one can transmit a personal status faster than with words. In the same way the strong expressions of selfies are signs – like pictograms, they are a more and more codified way to express specific states of mind. The meanings of wide-open eyes, stuck out tongues or broadly smiling mouths are recognized immediately and act by contagion.

The fact that selfies possess a similar function to emoticons led in 2014 already to the development of the app ‘Imoji’, which enables the user to convert selfies in such a way that they look like personalized emoticons. Furthermore on Instagram you can find tableaux with selfies, on which the actors are to be seen not only in different – four, six or nine – poses, but on which also the corresponding emoticon is installed in the picture.

Emoticons apparently are the given reference; one tries to adapt oneself to them, there is an unspoken competition for the most concisely sharpened poses, most striking in their expression. The more similar selfies are to emoticons, the further apart they are from self-portraits in the history of art.

In the historical self-portrait it was a central motivation that the picture should be long-lasting and become a manifestation which could far outlast the time at which it originated. Today those who make a selfie have no thought of future generations or the overcoming of transitoriness. On the contrary, they want to appear spontaneous and well linked up. The success of

instant apps like Snapchat or Periscope, which do not store what is posted, shows how fascinating it is for people to use pictures just to emphasize the moment, as it were to press the moment into its time slot so that it stays there.

Pictures in the social media disappear immediately – like spoken words. They may live on in the memory of some people, but physically they are no longer existent. A large part of the material that remains visible on social media platforms like Facebook or Tumblr is never looked at again, but loses itself in the depths of the infinite scroll function. A selfie that has originated from a current mood has therefore, after the shortest time, as little importance as an old shopping list.

Nonetheless, selfies are, for those who are involved actively or passively with them, full of consequences. Their functional resemblance to emoticons means that they can change the body language and the facial expression. The more often you take a typical selfie pose to show others what’s going on, and the more often you are confronted with countless selfies of your friends or other people, the more clearly certain gestures and grimaces fix themselves in your repertoire. As highly mimetic beings with always active mirror neurons we adopt the strongest and most suggestive forms of expression. Moreover, when we take selfies, we are more conscious and more concentrated with respect to our mimic expression than in most other situations of our social life

This becomes clear if you look at a publicity video with the title ‘Things everybody does but doesn’t talk about’, which US-president Barack

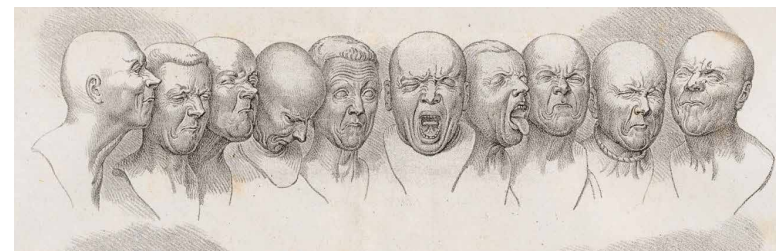
Obama published in February 2015. One sees here the putatively unobserved president while he prepares a speech before the mirror, but also horses around and smirks. Over and over again he presents facial features reminiscent of typical selfie poses, and which have at the same time an unequivocal prototype in emoticons. Thus Obama looks himself in the mirror in the codified pose ‘face with stuck-out tongue and winking eye.’ Finally, he grabs a selfie stick and makes selfies of himself. However, whether he is shown while taking a selfie or while preparing his speech, makes, in the end, no difference: the striking facial features of selfies – and emoticons – have already stamped his whole body language. Maybe that is why he was elected.

The US-American artist Jenna E. Garrett has begun in 2014 to collect some of the gestures and expressions that are particularly put in scene on selfies and can hence be estimated as codes valid for communication. She collects already established gestures like the victory sign, but also others which have their origin in selfies. The fact that such poses could prevail within a few years testifies to the formative power of selfies. And this power is even more impressive, if you consider that selfies are a global phenomenon. What is successful in one country or society, influences at the same time behaviour patterns across the world.

After many vain attempts at a universally valid form of communication a universal language is now being developed for the first time in the history of humanity – without anybody intending it! This language may still be rudimentary – but it creates bit by bit the base for more complicated manners of transcultural understanding.

If, on the one hand, selfies help to revive old utopias of a communication without any borders, they lead, on the other hand, to more standardized stamping of facial features and gesture. If one continued the work of Garrett strictly and tried to grasp all expressions propagated by means of selfies, there would arise – again on analogy to emoticons – a kind of alphabet of facial parts. This commemorates an interesting project of an artist from the 18th century: Franz Xaver Messerschmidt and his so called ‘Charakterköpfe’.

In the years after 1770 he developed about fifty sculptures and busts (by the way, derived from his own physiognomy) – to explore which different, and in the extreme cases caricature-like, facial features are possible. You see the similarities to facial patterns of selfies! Furthermore, Messerschmidt found combinations for which there is not yet a selfie counterpart. Selfies give Messerschmidt’s often misunderstood work a new impact – they make clear what may have been his interest: to constitute a kind of language with physiognomy alone .



*Matthias Rudolph Toma*  
*Messerschmidts Charakterköpfe*  
*Österreichische Nationalbibliothek, Wien*

**Two Poems.**

**Written and Performed by Molly Case**

*The Park Next to the Hospital*

The park holds our memories  
like beads of rain  
on scaffolding,  
each one hanging there  
grappling  
for space.

Stars hole-punched  
the sky  
above the common;  
we watched  
traces of meteors  
and Boeing 747s  
headed to Heathrow.

The moon is  
a cut-out chip of bone  
alone against the night  
as we were,  
breath  
suspended,  
chip-shop chips

ketchup and Coke cans  
upended.

Where we smoked  
and drank  
whiskey from flasks,  
basked in the glow  
of cigarettes sparked  
here, after dark.

Where braille-like bark  
lost the curlings and  
intricacies that made  
daytime landmarks,  
now  
unrecognisable,  
so we linked arms,  
felt safe,  
felt stable.

The itch  
of school-shirt  
shop labels,  
eight pm in raggedy  
school clothes,  
trainers  
with fat laces  
tied and twisted



like Croydon's  
tram cables.

I have been here  
before,  
in lives  
that whirred past  
like revolving doors.  
The park next to the hospital:  
the one place for sure  
to stay the same,  
it's crusted with fossil fuels  
and mineral jewels  
set alight,  
burning  
like an eternal flame –  
reminding us  
of the one place  
we know  
will always  
stay the same.

This is where  
we learnt to kiss;  
there was Gemma  
and Scott,

and I kissed Chris.  
Washing-machine tongues  
told by Hannah to  
do it like this.  
Baggies of weed  
that was  
once just oregano;  
we smoked  
it up anyway,  
leapt the riverbanks  
like archipelagos,  
pretending to  
be lean though  
we knew we weren't,  
but none of it mattered  
because this is where  
we learnt  
about life,  
in lunch breaks  
and after school  
shrugged off  
homework,  
school dinners  
and rules.  
Where we witnessed that  
one fight we thought

would end it all –  
that rapid punch  
that left Lee sprawled  
on the grass,  
clutching his skull.  
We dispersed  
like squawking gulls  
who actually  
never left;  
the common was their  
canteen and  
their hobby was theft.  
Brown bread crusts,  
Wagon Wheel husks,  
chip sticks,  
carrot sticks,  
Turkey Twizzlers slick  
with grease,  
chicken wings,  
50p a piece,  
running from  
police  
who weren't  
even chasing us  
but it made us  
look cool to the kids

on the bus.  
Enough, I think,  
stop... right... there,  
these memories  
could leave me  
gasping for air,  
and I know that when  
I look back  
the park will still be there:  
The Park Next to the Hospital  
that I now work in.  
I'm ready for the next bit,  
for more memories to begin.

*The Black Hole*

Aqualand,  
south of France, 1999 –  
I've just braved Niagara  
and I'm feeling fine.

Jump to now and it's a different time –  
nursing: the first time I see somebody die  
and all I can think about  
is the summer of '99  
and the rush and the pull of the water slides.

I can almost hear them  
through the syringe beeps  
and on-call doctor bleeps:  
a hundred bare feet slapping across the parc,  
a splash and a shout intercepted by a laugh.  
Anaconda is to the left  
and King Cobra twists above our heads  
but I'm looking over at the dark slide  
with the mountains behind,  
looks like one of a kind,  
black-out paint and shining  
wet like killer-whale skin.  
I think about changing my mind,

turning round,  
back to the technicolour gleam  
and sun-warmed plastic  
of Twister and the Splash 'n' Scream.

Jump to now:  
I'm looking at the tiny rash  
that has developed underneath the needle,  
the needle that's giving enough medicine  
to keep him drifting just below the surface.  
He's with us, but he's not,  
like words drawn in the sand  
and now that the waves have come,  
they're almost long forgot.  
I wonder what it's like standing at the edge,  
hovering between life and death,  
one final breath catching on  
the ribcage hinges welding  
the now with what's ahead.

Hovering at the top of the slide,  
the black-out one  
with nuts and bolts on the outside,  
I'm scared –  
staring into a canyon of black nights,  
deep and fast, and swallowing the light.

The Black Hole, it's called –  
and I can't tell what's beyond it.

Back at the hospital bedside  
there are now so few breaths  
I wonder if he's living on something else instead.

Holding breath, The Black Hole gapes at me,  
it's clear to see  
it's time to pass through  
and though I'm still scared  
and my feet are being pulled away from me  
I think maybe I'll travel so fast I'll start to feel... free?

I look back over my shoulder;  
ah, I don't want to leave this behind.  
If I go now,  
I'll never find my way back.  
There's sun loungers and fake sand,  
chips with so much salt  
they leave whole crystals in your hands.  
The sun is warm on my skin  
and I can't imagine  
not feeling that again.

Somebody places a kiss on his head,  
holds his hand, rests a flower  
and a photograph on top of the bed.  
They tell him about his life  
and the things he's been through  
and I can see that all you've ever needed  
is now right here with you.

And then I realise everybody I have ever loved  
is going to live on inside me.  
Maybe not in any way I can touch or see,  
but I know they're there  
and, buoyant and lifted,  
I feel cradled in mid-air.  
I let go and The Black Hole takes me;  
for a moment I feel goosebumps  
as I lose the warmth of the sun  
but then I think about the people  
waiting at the bottom:  
my sister, my dad, my mum.

I am travelling back and forth,  
a wave shucking across sea-worn stones  
waiting to be thrown,  
a child skims me  
across the surface and now –

I am a wind-blown leaf,  
watching the world unravel beneath me,  
where bulrushes and brambles  
catch feathers in their tangles,  
now trampled down into muddy mounds,  
worms waiting to be found by brittle beaks,  
and though I can't speak,  
I know that I am the sound of the earth,  
I am the dew, the grass, the first  
light that flinks through curtain cracks  
when morning comes.

And look, there I am:  
grinning, whooshing down Niagara,  
my photo stuck to the fridge,  
Blu-Tacked in time:  
the year of Aqualand,  
summer '99.

*Lorenzo Lippi*  
*Woman with Mask and Pomegranate*  
© Bridgeman Berlin  
Musée des Beaux Arts, Angers







*Self-portrait No1*  
*C. F. Hughes*  
2015, Etching on Aluminium plate  
9" x 7"



*Self-portrait – The Artist*  
*Catherine Goodman*  
2013-14, Oil on canvas  
153 x 122 cm

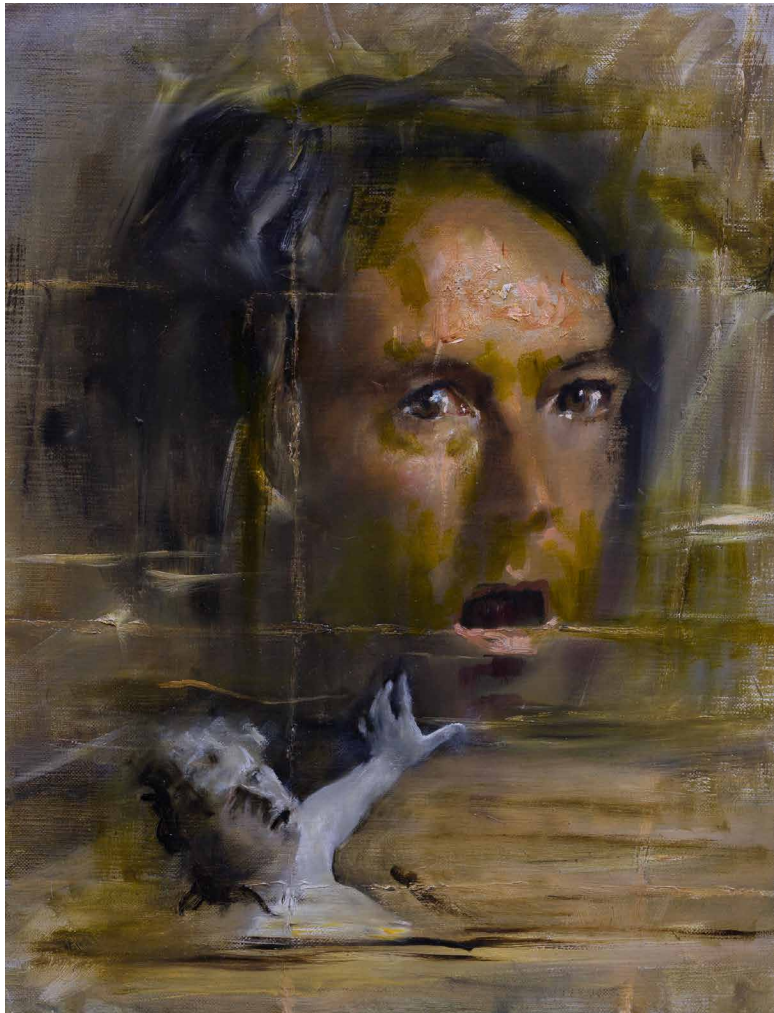




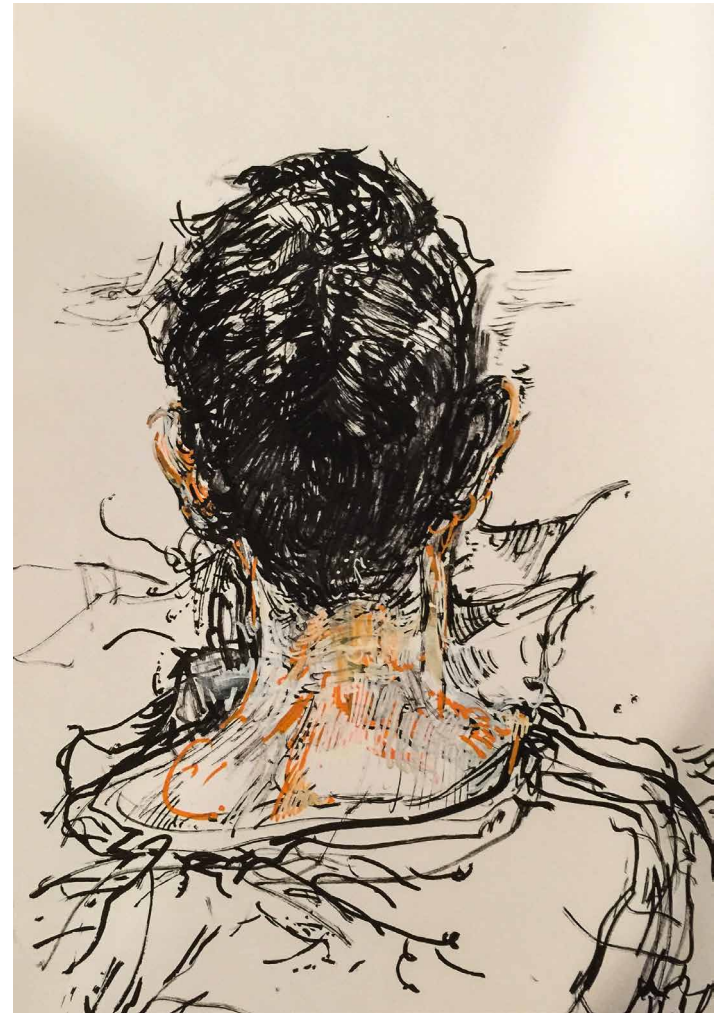
*The Head of Ecstasy,  
Marc Vinciguerra  
2014, Clay*



*'Hetenarchy – a self-portrait'  
AJ Lawson  
2014, Oil on Canvas  
35 x 45 cm*



*Self-portrait*  
*AJ Lawson*  
*2015, Oil on wood*  
*25cm x 35cm*



*'Mike'*  
*Catherine Goodman*  
*Ink on Paper*  
*2015*





*'Self-portrait sketch'*  
*Poppy Field*  
2015, Clay  
25 height x 20 width x 27 depth cm



*'Self-portrait'*  
*Hugo Hamper Potts*  
2012, Oil on Canvas

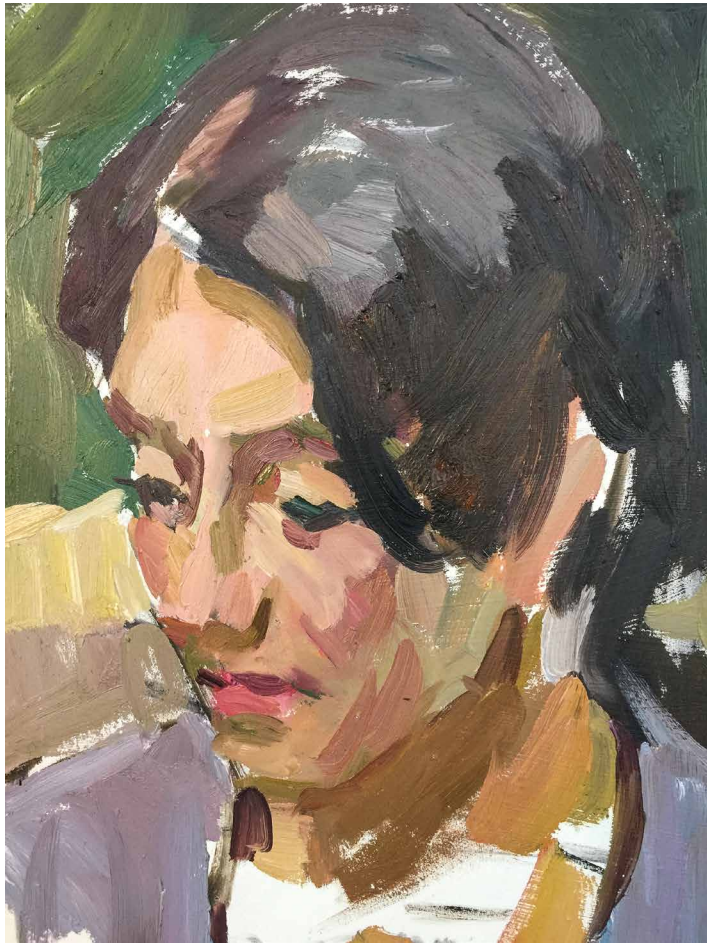


*'I am a strange loop – self-portrait'*  
*AJ Lawson*  
*2011, Oil on linen*  
*35cm x 45cm*



*'The Fiend being Fiendish'*  
*Hugo Hamper-Potts*  
*2015, Oil on canvas*  
*50cm x 100cm*





*Self-portrait sketch – "Pensive"*  
*Vanessa Rothe*  
2015, Oil on canvas,  
12" x 16"



*'Wanderer'*  
*Odd Nerdrum*  
Oil on linen

## Smiles from Reason Flow.

Roger Scruton

'Smiles from Reason flow, /To brute denied, and are of love the food...' So wrote Milton, describing the love between Adam and Eve, and its expression in their faces. The smile, for Milton, was proof that we are made in the image of God. Although animals can grin and grimace, they lack the essential feature that enables us to read a face as smiling, namely the consciousness of self. Only a reasoning being, Milton thought, could respond to another with a smile, and in doing so he or she is communicating not just eye to eye but I to I. The self revealed in the face is called forth by the other. It is in this tacit dialogue that the flesh is raised as it were from matter to spirit.

What is true of smiles is also true of blushes. Blushes from reason flow, to brute denied, and are of love the food. Even if, by some trick, you are able to make the blood flow into the surface of your cheeks, this would not be blushing but a kind of deception. And it is the involuntary character of the blush that conveys its meaning. Mary's blush upon meeting John, being involuntary, impresses him with the sense that he has summoned it – that it is in some sense his doing, just as her smile is his doing. Her blush is a fragment of her self-consciousness, called up onto the surface of her being and made visible in her face.

The presence of the subject in the face is yet more evident in the eyes. Animals can look at things: they also look at each other. But they do not look into things. Perhaps the most concentrated of all acts of non-verbal communication between people is that of lovers, when they look into each

other's eyes. They are not looking at the retina, or exploring the eye for its anatomical peculiarities as an optician might. Each is looking for, and hoping also to be looking at, the other, as a free subjectivity who is striving to meet him I to I. The joining of perspective that is begun when a glance is answered with a blush or a smile finds final realization in wholly reciprocated glances: the 'me seeing you seeing me' of rapt attention, where neither of us can be said to be either doing or suffering what is done. As Donne puts it, in 'The Extasie': 'Our eye-beams twisted, and did thred/ Our eyes, upon one double string.'

Looks are voluntary. But the full revelation of the subject in the face is not, as a rule, voluntary. Milton's observation, that 'smiles from reason flow', is fully compatible with the fact that smiles are usually involuntary, and 'gift smiles' – the smiles in which one person makes a gift to the other – always so. In the past people were often reserved about smiling for this very reason – they kept their smiles for their intimates, and did not wish to spend them promiscuously on those who did not matter to them or who ought to perceive them in their withdrawn and public aspect. Hence, in those times, people did not smile into the camera when photographed, but maintained postures of dignified resistance to those strangers who might be peering at them through the lens. The contrast with the modern selfie is very striking. Even politicians and priests now smile into the camera, in an undignified retreat to a posture of non-aggression. The fact that you cannot be friends with everyone and that niceness offered promiscuously is really a form of nastiness – an affectionless withdrawal from the true personal encounter – this fact is no longer widely understood.

The voluntary and deliberately amplified smile is not in fact a smile at all. It is a mask. One of the greatest smiles in all painting is that bestowed on Rembrandt by his aged mother, and by Rembrandt on her (see p. 100). Here the mouth is barely inflected, and the eyes, dull with age, are nevertheless bright with maternal affection. Very few paintings present so vivid an instance, of the subject revealed in the face. We, the viewers, know what it is like for this woman, to look in this way on her son. We know this because the smile is so evidently involuntary.

A sincere smile is involuntary, but a sincere kiss is willed. That is true, at least, of the kiss of affection. In the kiss of erotic passion, however, the will is also in part overcome and in this context the purely willed kiss has an air of insincerity. The sincere erotic kiss is both an expression of will and a mutual surrender. Describing the temptation and fall of Francesca da Rimini, Dante writes of Francesca recalling the moment when she and Paolo read together the story of Lancelot and Guinevere, and reached the passage where Lancelot falls victim to Guinevere's smile. She remembers reading how the fond smile was 'kissed by such a lover'. She then recalls Paolo kissing, not her smile, for she was no longer smiling, but her mouth: *la bocca mi baciò tutto tremante* (*Inferno* V, 136 – and see Amos Cassioli's painting of this scene, below p. 92). Francesca has been aware, through Guinevere, of her own smile; but when Paolo kisses her, her smile becomes a mouth, full of trembling. She experiences her desire as a force from outside, an overcoming, which she is powerless to resist, since it has been transferred to the I.

Reflecting on the ways in which we are revealed to each other in the face, we come to see what is at stake in the self-portrait. The face, as Levinas puts it, is 'visitation and transcendence'. The face comes into our shared world from a place beyond it, while in some way remaining beyond it, always just out of reach. I lie behind my face, and yet I am present in it, speaking and looking through it at a world of others who are in turn both revealed and concealed like me. My face is therefore bound up with the pathos of my condition. In a sense you are always more clearly aware than I can be of what I am in the world; and when I confront my own face there may be a moment of fear, as I try to fit the person whom I know so well to this thing that others know better. How can the person, whom I know as a continuous unity from my earliest days until now, be identical with this decaying flesh that others have addressed through all its changes? That is the question that Rembrandt explored in his lifelong series of self-portraits. For Rembrandt the face is

the place where self and flesh melt together, and where the individual is revealed not only in the life that shines on the surface but also in the death that is growing in the folds. The Rembrandt self-portrait is the rare thing that the selfie can never be – a portrait of the self.



*Rembrandt*  
self-portrait  
© bpk  
*The National Galleries of Scotland*

## The Self and its Masks.

James H. Johnson

The questions of this gathering—what are the implications of new technologies for identity, creativity, and self-expression?—are also fundamental questions for anyone interested in masks. Our own associations for the mask are clear: it is worn to disguise, we say, to bring reliable anonymity, to liberate us from constraints or prohibitions, and to grant us permission to act on who we truly are.

It hasn't always been so, and we make the mistake of anachronism to assume that maskers in the past shared our view of the mask. In Venice, for instance, from the late 1600s until the Republic's fall in 1797, many wore masks six months of the year. They went to formal receptions and public theaters masked, spouses met masked for meals at inns and hostels, Venetian nobles masked themselves when they met foreign ambassadors, and they went to market masked. Masks were the norm in the city outside of carnival and were worn for occasions that were not always festive. Most Venetians did not don masks to be mysterious or provocative.

What were their reasons? Venice had one of the most hierarchical and unchanging social structures in all of Europe. Its ranks were fixed in 1297, when the patrician class was closed; in the coming centuries, only a relative handful of families were allowed to buy their way into it. Patrician status was closely policed through marriage and inheritance laws. On an everyday level, there was a strict segregation of the orders, with very little mingling. Encounters in the street between nobles and non-nobles brought bows of deference. Masks appeared as an adaptation at the time when theatres, cafes, and public gambling

halls forced Venetians to gather in new enclosed spaces. By preserving a psychological distance where physical distance was lacking, masks allowed contact without the accustomed show of hierarchy and submission. Theirs was a token anonymity, protecting without denying it and permitting communication otherwise inconceivable. The Venetian mask carried none of our own connotations of giving access to some "truer" self. In these ways, they were conservative.

In France around 1900, masks had largely disappeared from public use. Earlier in the century, they had flourished at the wildly popular commercial masked balls that small and large theatres sponsored throughout the fall and winter. Now, novelists, painters, playwrights, and intellectuals regarded the mask as a figure for existential uncertainty. Such views were especially prominent among those who despised the cold Naturalism of writers like Émile Zola, rejected the soul-destroying rationality of science, and held the coming of modern democracy and the simplifying tastes of the populace in contempt. For these figures, masks pointed to the psyche—an unknown, unconscious, and possibly primal zone. Behind the false face of propriety, they believed, was aimlessness, ennui, a thirst for violence, sexual deviance, and madness. The poet Paul Verlaine wrote of an interior landscape peopled by masked figures from *Commedia dell'Arte*, "Playing lutes and dancing, slightly / Sad in their strange costumes." The mask-like faces in the paintings of James Ensor are an image of a haunted, corrupted, degenerate civilization, with modern life a perpetual carnival of the mad and the depraved. The decadent novelist Jean Lorrain, who incorporated masks in his fin-de-siècle fictions, wrote that they stood for "lust laced with fear, the delicious and tormenting risk embraced on a dare from one's curious senses."



For these and others, the significance of masks touched encounters at once with others and oneself. Regarding society, masks were an effect of the city with its alienating sea of strangers. They stood for its obdurate barriers to harmony, concord, and mutual understanding. Regarding the psyche, masks were a figure for the fathomless self, which revealed its true nature in the partial glimpses of dreams, hypnosis, and states of intoxication or hallucination, a self that could be roused to racial hatred, class warfare, and violence. This mask was a condition rather than a choice. It worked against narcissism even as it urged a quest for the deepest self. It was an object of doom and fascination.

The online world is filled with masks, a place of limitless self-invention and imposture. Online posts to social media boast the most flattering photos, taken in the most thrilling locations, accompanied by the most glamorous friends. At the same time, new technologies bring unprecedented visibility, with lives lived wholly online, often in real time, with continuous photographic posts of family, friends, loved-ones, and lovers, as well as the constant automatic archiving of what one buys, reads, watches, and listens to. Much, though not all, of this radical exhibitionism is by choice, an embrace of how *Time* magazine described the future as imagined by its 2010 Person of the Year, Mark Zuckerberg: “The Internet, and the whole world, will feel more like a family, or a college dorm, or an office where your co-workers are also your best friends.” Apps now proliferate that collate data on all one’s activities – one’s pastimes, conversations, time spent working, eating, exercising, sleeping, and having sex—and then summarize and post the results in real time.

Full visibility erodes what Justice Louis Brandeis termed “the immunity of the person” when he argued for a right to privacy. His worry was that inflammatory or scandal-seeking journalism would make “what is whispered in the closet... proclaimed from the house-tops.” Full visibility transfers one’s personality from the private self to online platforms. It destroys the “solitude and privacy” that Brandeis asserted were essential to true individuality. Full visibility presents a self that is in various degrees, ranging from slightly to irretrievably, curated, fragmented, quantified, falsified, diminished, and unmoored. The risk is that the mask comes to be the self. Cosmetic surgeons now report that patients show them selfies taken with phones that have automatically smoothed wrinkles and slimmed waists. The patients ask to be operated on to look more like themselves.

None of the masks I’ve reviewed here—the mask of Venice, of fin de siècle France, of our own time—empties the self in the way technological avatars have done. Instead, they protect an essential social or psychological identity. In this sense, they are like Lorenzo Lippi’s *Woman Holding a Mask and a Pomegranate*. She has removed a mask, or is about to don it. A finger covers her mouth, and we realize that her face reveals no more than the mask. The pomegranate contains ripe luscious seeds that are ordinarily hidden, a hint that there is much still unrevealed. She retains her secrets even without the mask.

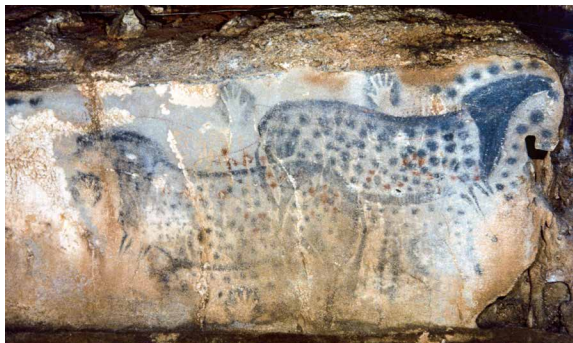
Technology in the age of instant communication risks leaving us with no secrets. Worse, it may someday make it impossible to imagine what it is to possess them.

## Images of Self.

(Poems from *The Mara Crossing*; *Darwin*, and *A Life in Poems*)

### Ruth Padel

From the beginnings of art, in prehistoric cave -painting, for instance in Pech Merle, we find mixed in with a portrait of nature is the human self-portrait – the hand of the making self.



*Pech Merle Horses*  
*Pech Merle cave,*  
*France*

80

In love, the self-images of self and other are intertwined. Baudelaire portrays lovers like two flames mirrored in glass.

Nos deux coeurs seront deux vastes flambeaux,  
Qui réfléchiront leurs doubles lumières  
Dans nos deux esprits, ces miroirs jumeaux.

This poem, sparking off Baudelaire's image, is dedicated to two Greek friends, children of the diaspora, whose parents wafted them back to their ancestral islands (Kefalonia and Mykonos) as young teenagers when war

broke out in Europe and they learned Greece through German occupation and Greek islandness:

### *The Two Flames*

(i.m. Kay Cicellis and Nikos Palaiologos)

Let's say you found each other like repeating flames  
in an antique mirror, trailing the memory  
of two Greek ports in foreign lands  
where you were born, and two islands  
you fled back to when the devil began to dance  
in mad Evropi and you learned the island song  
of eternal ritornelle: one hotgold summer  
when you find yourself, then rage to get away,  
darkwinter alcohol, high winds to cut you off,  
a closed-in grey horizon and a harbour  
where all your debts and fantasies are known;  
while beyond the mountain, one small bay  
waits on: never not dreamed of life-long  
loved – and left. The soul's a wanderer and fugitive,  
driven by decrees and laws of gods.

81

Another couple seeing self in other's eyes are Charles Darwin and his first cousin Emma Wedgwood, whom he asked to marry him in 1838. He said when she agreed, "I believe you will humanize me." These poem fragments come from their letters written between the proposal and the wedding.

*He pitches a dead dog out of the garden*

“Like a child  
that has something it loves beyond measure,  
I long to dwell on the words –  
my own dear Emma.  
My chief fear is, that you will find  
after living all your life with parties  
as only Maer can boast, our quiet evenings dull.  
You must bear in mind  
all men are brutes. And that I take the line  
of being a solitary brute. You must listen  
  
with suspicion  
to my arguments for a retired place as our home.  
I am so deeply selfish that I feel  
to have you to myself, alone,  
is having you the so much more completely.”

\*

“You will consider me a specimen  
of the genus I don't know what –  
Simia, I believe.  
When we move in,  
you will be forming theories  
about me all the time.”

\*

“I was thinking how on earth it came that I,  
that am fond of talking  
and hardly ever out of spirits,

should so entirely rest  
my notions of happiness  
on quiet. The explanation, I believe,

is very simple. During the voyage  
my whole pleasure was derived  
from what passed in my own mind

admiring by myself the extraordinary views  
while travelling wild desert  
and glorious forest. Excuse

this much egotism! I give it to you  
because you will soon teach me  
there's greater happiness

than building theories  
and accumulating facts  
in silence and solitude.”

\*

“If I am cross or out of temper  
you will only say,  
‘What does that prove?’

Which will be a very grand  
and philosophical way  
of considering the matter.”

\*

“...until I am a part  
of you  
my own dear Emma...”

\*

This, though, is for me the supreme mystery of someone painting a self portrait: Vermeer’s *Artist in his Studio*, or *The Art of Painting* represents the artist painting History as a maenad, a madwoman.



*Vermeer*

*Portrait of the artist in his studio*, © Bridgeman Berlin, Kunsthistorisches Museum, Wien

Vermeer’s painting is now in Vienna’s Kunsthistorisches Museum. It points teasingly to problems in the relationship of art to history, and by some quirk of fate has a particularly problematic history of its own. Vermeer never sold it, even when he needed to, to pay increasing debts. He left it to his wife who, in 1676, hoping to avoid selling it to pay creditors, bequeathed it to her mother. Vermeer’s executor happened to be the first microbiologist, Anton van Leeuwenhoek, the first person ever to see microbes under a lens. Everything about this painting seems to be about seeing closer, seeing differently, disguising what you see.



Leeuwenhoek decided it was illegal to transfer it to Vermeer's mother-in-law, so the painting was sold and found its way to an eighteenth-century Dutch doctor, Gerard van Swieten, and was eventually inherited by his son Gottfried. Gottfried was an enthusiastic amateur musician, patron of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven; he was also a civil servant for the Austrian empire and in 1813 it was sold to an Austrian Count, Count Czernin.

When the Nazis invaded Austria their top officials, including Göring, tried to buy it from Czernin's heirs. They finally sold it in 1940, for 1.65 million Reichsmark, to Hitler, who owned it for the rest of the war. By 1945 it was in a salt mine – whence the Allies rescued it. Since the Czernin family had sold it voluntarily they gave it to the Austrian Government. In 1960 and again in 2009 heirs of the Czernin family tried to get it back but Austria's Culture Ministry refused, on the grounds that the sale was voluntary and the price was fair for the time, so the painting has ended up in Austria.

The map on the back wall is torn, which stresses the division of the Netherlands between the Dutch Republic, to the north, and the Habsburg-controlled Flemish province in the south. Putting the West on top was conventional then; today the changing assumptions behind that convention – who's on top? where does global power lie? – compound the ambiguities Vermeer painted into his picture of art's conventional relation to history. Vermeer has put centre stage the conventional idea that art springs from the relation between a painter and his subject: his painter faces a beautiful young model dressed up as a Greek muse.

But this painter has dressed this muse as Clio, Muse of History. She is laden with a large book, the Histories by Thucydides. And though this artist expects to be inspired by the past, all he has managed of his "Clio" so far is her laurel crown. Clio's name came from the Greek word for "glory": her task was to tell the "glorious" things human beings had done. But Vermeer's Clio is further dressed up as a Greek maenad, one of the "madwomen" who celebrated Dionysus the god of madness, violence, wine and tragedy.

A "maenad" is mad, a Muse dressed as one is a problem, and a Dutch model dressed as History disguised as a Greek madwoman is a really unstable marker of who we think we are, in history, and what we think we have done.

Is Vermeer mocking art's attempt to depict great deeds of the past or saying something about our History's madness, violence, tragedies and out-of-controlness? History is what human beings have done. A laurel crown? In the rapidly changing world of 1600, or 1940 or 2015, how does an artist even begin to represent that?

Self portraiture, in all its mirroring mystery, the complexities of seeing self as other, is bound up, Vermeer seems to be saying, with what history and identity may be – and maybe their hidden violence. So this poem is dedicated to a historian friend.

*The Wild One*  
(for Roy Foster)

She stands beside a death mask under a chandelier,  
head turning from an unseen source of light.  
She's holding a leather Thucydides  
and a seventeenth-century trumpet  
without piston, slide or valve  
as if she doesn't know what to do with it  
and might prefer a lute. On the map behind  
South is torn from North, the West on top,  
East nowhere. On the canvas, all that shows  
are glaucous leaves of laurel for her hair.  
The real picture, the one Vermeer never sold  
even at his poorest, is himself – painting History  
in disguise as a maenad. We might take her hand,  
step her down from the frame,  
dress her in jeans and a T-shirt, open those eyes.  
She's not a scholar collating an archive  
though she'll help if they're fair, nor a journalist  
after a story, twisting what's said to make scandal,  
sell. Though she's on their side too, if they mean well.  
She's blood from the heart's right ventricle,  
witness and balance, sift, record and judge.

Her name Clio comes from glory, telling  
glorious things we did. But she's a wild one!  
Look at her – making us feel out of depth  
or guilty for not listening. Oh, she's foul play.  
She's dust on a galactic nebula, nothing to do  
with today. She'll spend centuries name-checked  
and dismissed. History's bunk. But she's all there is.

## Self-Fashioning.

### Panel Discussion moderated by Mike Lesslie.

This discussion, which can be viewed on <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EjYQGBKzO6w>, brought together four philosophers – Andrew Hudleston, Sam Hughes, Jacob Burda and Roger Scruton – in order to consider the philosophical implications of the talks at our meeting. The issue was put in a philosophical perspective by Mike Lesslie and Roger Scruton, Roger suggesting that self-knowledge and free will are naturally conjoined, and that we should take seriously the old German idealist thought, that I become a free self-consciousness because others recognize me as such. Both continental and analytical philosophy have assumed the centrality of this idea – that I am a self because I am also an Other.

Sam Hughes suggested that the old idealist thesis enters new ground with the invention of the selfie. The idea that I must bring myself into the consciousness of the Other in order to be fully myself is fine enough: but is not there also the possibility of an excessive reliance on the gaze of the Other? Mike Lesslie referred to the idea – already mentioned by John Burnside and Jim Johnson – that we are living through a period of commodification, and that the self too has been commodified. Where, in all this, is there room for self-fashioning? Andrew, as a Nietzschean, pointed to the fine line between creating and curating a pre-existing self, and fashioning a self out of fragments. Thanks to Nietzsche, this fine line has been rubbed away almost to the point of imperceptibility.

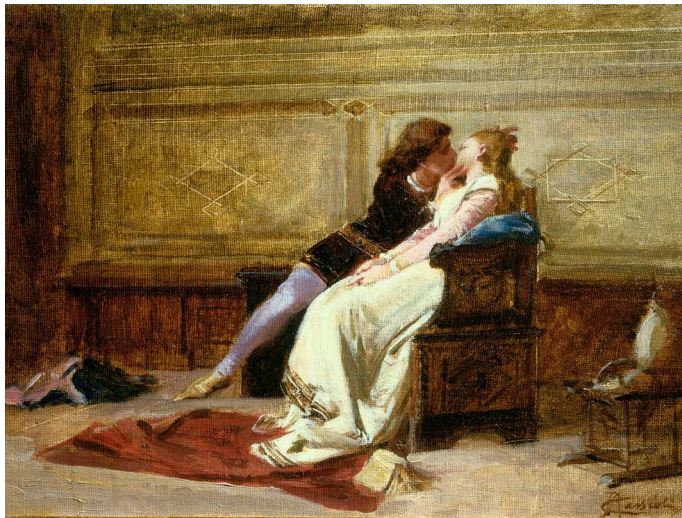
Our ancestors, according to Roger (who is acutely aware of having no ancestors, or at least none identifiable in any legal sense) made sense of all

this through recognizing two aspects of the person, and dividing the person in consequence in two – the soul and the body. Jim Johnson's apps, which record all the movements, places, dietary intake etc. of the individual, would be understood by our ancestors as recording the movements of a body, not the experience of a soul. The moral life grows through interactions and their internalisation – the question is, does the new technology enhance or detract from this process?

Jacob raised questions, deriving from Ian McEwan's use of Montaigne, as to whether introspection or action are the clue to self-knowledge. Is life about making choices, or rather lying on a couch to explain why one cannot make choices? Roger added a thought about narcissism, as a way of avoiding yourself, or maybe voiding your Self. To Sam's protest that there is nothing in this to establish why the selfie is a negative phenomenon Roger suggested that it is nevertheless important that the person to whom Jim Johnson referred, standing in St Mark's Square to take a selfie, must surely have no conscience about seeing the greatest city in the world as no more important than a background to her smiling teeth, and her presence in a place as being the most important fact about it. Maybe, Mike suggested, this ability to put the world into the background is the most important innovation that we are now living through. Jacob added that with the discovery of the subject began the modern loneliness – I am what I am and what I am is unknowable to you. Existentialism, growing out of Heidegger's search for a meaning that would be mine, tried to make sense of this, and we see the marks of existentialism, Jacob suggested, in the social media tags that tell us: 'just do it', 'you are you', 'be yourself', and so on.

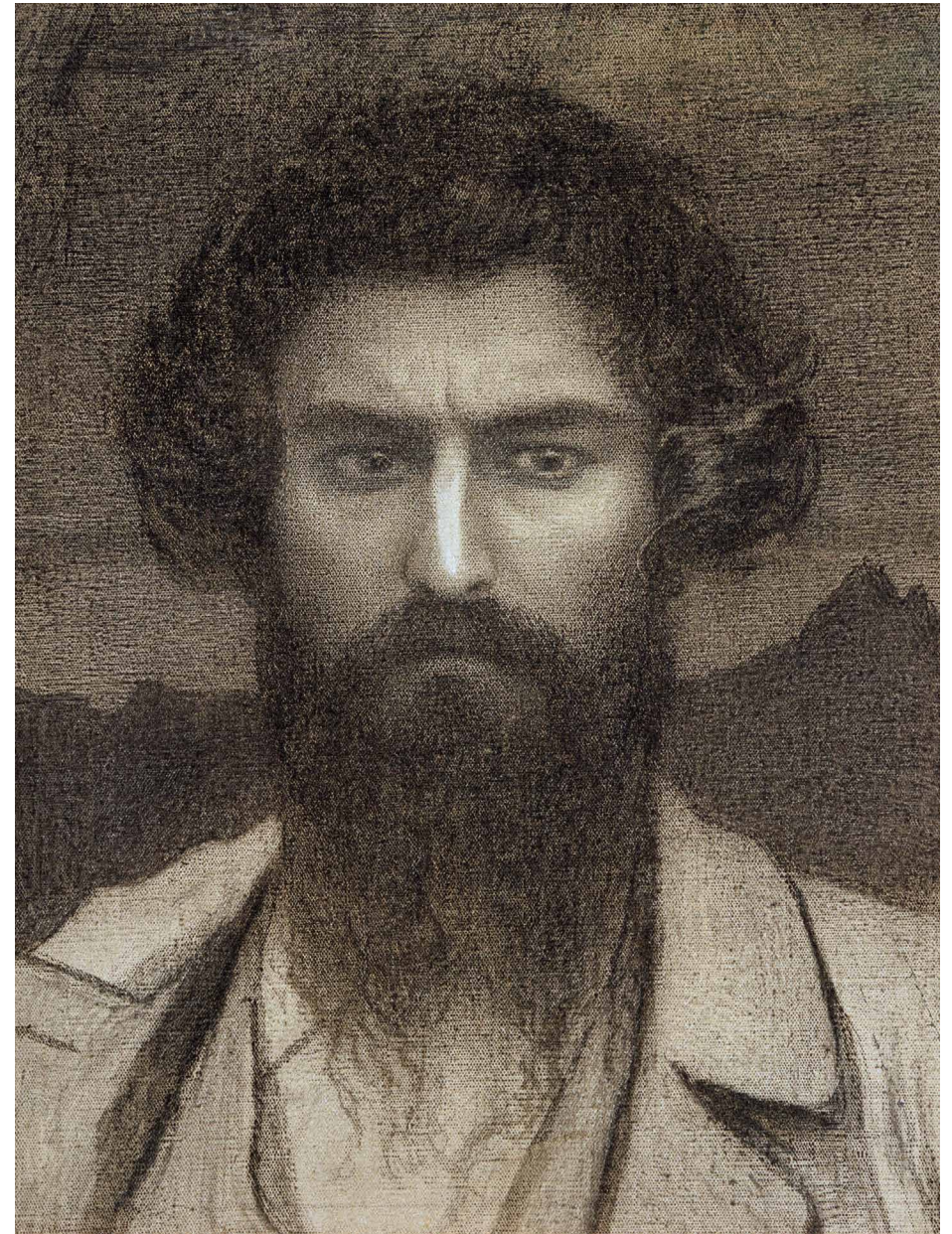


The conversation continued in this vein, Sam drawing attention to the remarkable example of Japan, where people deny the god-like status of the individual, and recognize the community as all important, but still take selfies. There was no conclusion, of course, but – as viewers will surely see – the speakers agreed that there is no easy judgment, positive or negative, to be made of the selfie as a social institution.



*Amos Cassioli*  
*The Kiss, © Scala Archives Firenze, Museo Medioevale e Moderno, Arezzo*

*Segantini*  
*self-portrait*  
© dpa  
*Segantini Museum, St. Moritz*





## Musical Interludes.

The Cini Foundation is host to the Georg Solti Accademia, and we were fortunate enough to be given a concert by one of their fine soprano academicians, Tereza Gevorgyan, with the director of the Academy, Jonathan Papp, at the piano. Tereza's powerful coloratura voice added a luminous edge to Handel, as well as to songs from her native Armenia, and provided a fitting welcome to our stay on the Isola San Giorgio. Our final evening opened with a concert of Schubert Lieder from the French soprano Pauline Pelosi-Bailleul, with Jeffrey Grice at the piano.

Pauline sang some of Schubert's best loved songs, including 'Gretchen am Spinnrade' and the profound setting of Rückert's 'Du bist die Ruh' – an unforgettable meditation on the word 'du', which brought our two days of reflection on the word 'ich' to a fitting climax. She also startled the company by including another Rückert setting – 'Dass sie hier gewesen' – in which Rückert's laconic and understated verse is set to music of astonishing originality, with Wagnerian harmonies that plumb the depths of sorrow. It is, of course, quite normal to be stilled into silence by a Schubert recital; but this song, so sensitively sung and played, left us in a state of shock.

In his great three-volume compendium to the songs of Schubert Graham Johnson writes: 'Not even in *Winterreise* do we encounter such deep expression conjured by such slender and economical means, and yet the song remains neglected.' The song is in C major but begins, like *Tristan und Isolde*, with a half diminished chord – moreover, a chord built around C sharp, which is the first note sung by the voice – and hits the tonic only after fifteen bars of wandering. It is a kind of self-portrait, as 'ich' reaches for 'du', and finds only 'sie'.

Here are the words:

Dass der Ostwind Düfte	That the east wind's fragrance
Hauchet in die Lüfte,	Breathes in the air,
Dadurch tut er kund,	Gives a sign
Dass du hier gewesen.	That you were here.

Dass hier Tränen rinnen,	That here tears flow
Dadurch wirst du innen,	So will you know,
Wär's dir sonst nicht kund,	Though you had no sign,
Dass ich hier gewesen.	That I was here.

Schönheit oder Liebe,	Beauty or love,
Ob versteckt sie bliebe?	Do they stay hidden?
Düfte tun es und	Fragrance reveals,
Tränen kund,	And tears too,
Dass sie hier gewesen.	That she was here.

## Afterword.

### Roger Scruton

The Alpine Fellowship grew out of conversations among friends who enjoy the life of the mind. Our desire has been to explore the boundary where scientific explanation stops and the true humanities begin. We want to bring together those who share our concern for the future of the intellectual life, and who wish to restore the links between philosophy and culture. We reach out to creative people of every age, who want something better than the education that has in so many ways put a barrier between them and the real knowledge that they are seeking – especially in the arts of painting, architecture, literature and music. Most of all we want to explore and learn from imaginative worlds, to turn away from the things that reduce and demean us, and to restore confidence in our human capacity to transcend ephemera.

In this, our second full scale meeting, we were able to invite adults from all generations, and to enjoy some truly inspiring and open conversations. We met to discuss a topic of the greatest interest in our changing world – the self-portrait. We chose this topic because it engages immediately with the tradition of representational art, which has been so important in shaping Western civilization, and also because it leads directly to a consideration of the technical and cultural changes released by the Internet, the smart-phone and the rise of social media. It also touches on some interesting questions in philosophy and psychology.

From the self-portrait it is a small step to a consideration of the self – the concept that took on a new significance with the writings of the post-

Kantian idealists. Several speakers at the conference acknowledged the paradoxes surrounding this concept. The self is not an object but a subject, so how can it be represented? All the things we know and speak about are objects, on which others too have a view, and about which we can learn and disagree. But the subject cannot be the object of its own awareness, any more than the eye can see itself without the use of a mirror. Nor is the self the object of any other person's awareness. Is it then a nothing, as Sartre thought?

You might dismiss this kind of paradox as a sophism. But again and again it appears, not only in the history of philosophy, but in art and music too. It is there in the deep questions explored by Julian Spalding, with help from Dürer. This thing that looks from the eyes of Dürer's self-portrait is Dürer, and it is me, and it is God – but it is not an object: it is the transcendental knower of the merely known. This 'Du' who haunts the first stanza of Rückert's 'Dass sie hier gewesen' has vanished, just as soon as the poet describes her as 'sie'. And as this happens, the tense chromatic harmonies of Schubert's song flow out into an empty C major. The thing that Rembrandt was struggling to unite with the decaying flesh that he observed in the mirror, and which seemed, to him at least, to be imbued with the consciousness of self – this thing had to be painted again and again and could never quite be captured.

Some of the young artists who attended our meeting had been influenced by Catherine Goodman, who has tried to revive a style of painting respectful of the 'self' idea. Goodman's people are real for us because they are not just objects – not organisms caught in the order of nature, but self-conscious individuals making a space for their will, their love and their knowledge. That

is what self-portraiture strives to display, the emergence of the subject in the world of objects, as a 'real presence', which can also be a very special kind of absence, as in Thomas Struth's self-portrait, described by Harry Eyres.

But then there is the selfie, the face with its grin amid the random debris. Harry Eyres takes interesting recent examples of artists who have tried to capture the spiritual reality of self-consciousness, instead of dwelling on its outer apparel. Against the examples that they set, Harry suggests, the selfie announces a kind of flight from self-knowledge. Wolfgang Ullrich takes an opposing line. The selfie, he argues, is not in the business of self-portraiture at all, but in that of communication. It is there to share instantaneous experience, and to make contact across the globe. Out of this, Wolfgang suggests, there is emerging a new language. Our own gestures and postures are being shaped by this language. Maybe the metaphysical 'subject', the transcendental horizon of Fichte, Hegel and Levinas, was an illusion that will vanish, now that we have the tools with which to capture me being simply me, with all the rest of the world shoved into the background. This vanishing of the subject is what the Buddhists call *annata*, a concept that inspired Victor Chan to introduce the continuing relevance of Tibetan Buddhism.

In an inspiring talk of which we have been able to give only a few extracts, Ian McEwan explored self-portraiture in literature, where the 'I' looms large, and with it the sense of responsibility for past and future. Ian gave us Boswell, Pepys, Montaigne, Shakespeare, and the influential thesis of Burckhardt, concerning the rise of the individual at the Italian Renaissance. Ian is a scientific realist, who does not think that something as huge as the separation

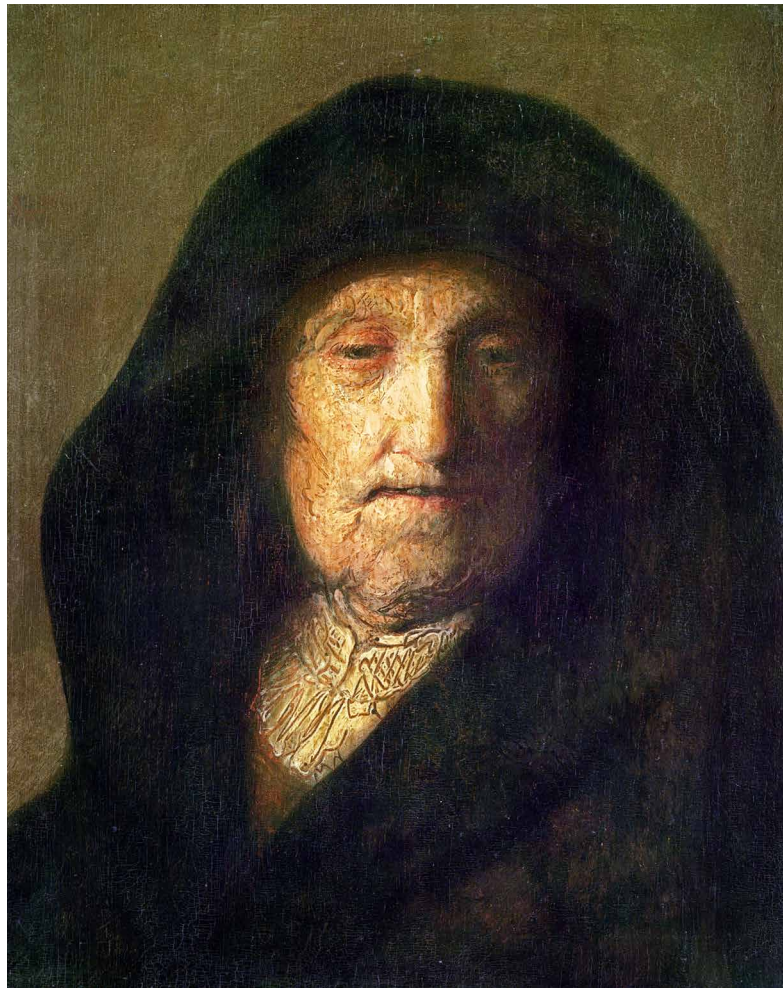
of the individual from the group can be a merely cultural phenomenon. We are talking here of biology, which so often shows us that what we most cherish in our apartness is actually what unites us with our genes.

Our meeting was framed in verse, John Burnside showing in poignant imagery the emergence from a Catholic childhood of his own sceptical consciousness, Ruth Padel rehearsing the self-portrait left to us by Darwin, her ancestor, in verse that leaves the great man to speak frankly for himself, Molly Case enthralling us with words that show 'the sharp compassion of the healer's art'.

All of this occurred in a place where the nuances of self-presentation had been at the root of one of the greatest experiments in social rivalry that Western civilisation has known. But, as Jim Johnson pointed out in his learned and witty talk, the mask that covered the Venetian face did not hide the self: the mask freed the self for new and multiform enjoyments. It was not so far from the selfie in this – part of a great experiment in ephemerisation. Browning asked a rhetorical question (*A Toccata of Galuppi's*):

As for Venice and her people, merely born to bloom and drop,  
Here on earth they bore their fruitage, mirth and folly were the crop:  
What of soul was left, I wonder, when the kissing had to stop?

Residing on the Isola San Giorgio, next to Palladio's greatest church and the last supper of Tintoretto, we could hardly fail to be aware that something of soul remains in this extraordinary city, background to five million selfies a year.



*Rembrandt*  
*Portrait of his Mother*  
© Bridgeman Berlin  
*private Collection*

‘What of soul was left, I wonder, when the kissing had to stop?’

*Robert Browning*



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“The Alpine Fellowship follows the great tradition of learned, generous discussion of perennially important subjects but is also absolutely fresh. It brings together all kinds of mind and experience in a delightful setting with enormous talent, verve and enjoyment of all the arts, history, philosophy and science. Wonderful.”

*Ruth Padel*

“The Alpine Fellowship is a real rarity – the chance to discuss issues that are fast founding the architecture of today’s world with true experts from different disciplines, both new and established... provocative, inspirational and indulgent – but only in the way that taking the time to think in our culture of instantaneous media action is ever indulgent. A privilege.”

*Mike Lesslie*

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