And Gladly Did He Learn and Gladly Teach

To Gerard E. Caspary for January 10, 1989

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An autobiographical sketch of some length may not be out of place in this souvenir volume of the meeting held from 8 June to 13 June under the auspices of the Canadian Centre in Rome to honor Fr. Leonard Boyle, O.P. and me. It will give me a chance to find out for myself how I grew to be what, for better or for worse, I am now at age ninety. It is not going to be an easy task, nor will it be, for me, an entirely pleasurable voyage into the past. It will mean drafting some kind of *Confessiones* and *Retractationes*; not as great as Augustine of Hippo's, nor as emotional and personal. After all, I am tracing here only my life as a scholar and teacher. To track down in public my growth as a person is not in my nature. But then, the two are so closely interwoven that the man will shine through anyhow.

When, around Christmas 1918, I was demobilised after two years or so in the trenches, I did not plan to study the history of art. I knew but vaguely that such a thing existed. To be sure, no youngster born and bred three miles from the centre of Nürnberg could not be somehow acquainted with its Gothic churches and with Dürer, Veit Stoss, and Peter Vischer. Also, at age fourteen, I had whiled away a rainy August at the Dutch coast in the Mauritshuis at The Hague; what impressed me more than the Rembrandt and Vermeer was, I fear, Paul Potter's colossal *Bull*. However, art, not to say art history, was for one's off hours and for girls at finishing school. Hence, I was easily persuaded by my elders to choose a "useful," serious field: law. Of that I have always been fond, Roman law in particular; it seems so clear, so unambiguous a subject, so unalterable in its logic; its inhuman hardness does not disturb a young mind. In fact, I might have made a fair jurist; a law professor or a judge, not a lawyer by any means. But it turned out otherwise, fortunately. Good luck helped me as it often did through my life. My roommate in Munich, where I started out at university, was studying history of art. He took me along to Wölfflin's classes, and I was fascinated, not so much by what he had to say—his presentation of art as pure form in the framework of a periodicity of "classical" and "baroque" phases

alternating through history—but, be it admitted to my shame, by the way he said it. From Wölfflin one could learn how to structure a lecture convincingly and impressively, building up towards a dramatic finish and involving a good deal of showmanship—whoever has stood on a dais knows the tempter *Mimos.* Thus I drifted into the humanities—history, contemporary and medieval; literature; also political science (the great Max Weber); archaeology; history of art—all this along with law classes for a while. The German university system in those days was incredibly generous and free. You were left to your own devices, there were no exams save the final one; you picked your own way, chose your own "curriculum," audited freely, delved into a broad spectrum of knowledge; and you sensed, if vaguely (for you were young), that any field represented but a tiny fraction of what made a true human being. No one hindered, no one advised you. There was no pampering, no spoon-feeding, you swam or you drowned. It was a cruel system, but it shaped you.

But one foot in the law and one in the humanities would not do. After a few months, I went full time into art history. The courses given by Paul Frankl, then a young *extraordinarius,* and his personality were decisive. So was the subject he taught: the history of architecture. The field attracted me. A firm terminology had been established for describing a building; one learned how to "read" its successive phases of construction. It had been planned for a given site, and for given functions. Hence it led you into spheres beyond mere construction—religious ritual, representation. It was a historical document and a work of art to boot—if the architect had succeeded. Also, from Frankl you learned things beyond the history of art: you read Jacob Burckhardt, and in seminars and in talks you realized that you were a younger colleague, if a bloody beginner; that you had to find your own way by trial and error; also, that the professor was no demigod but a very human being.

From Munich I went the next year to Berlin. As was customary then, you changed universities and found out about other aspects of your discipline, other professors and their ways and fields; again it was the wonderful and the perilous freedom of those days bygone. In Berlin I first came to know Adolf Goldschmidt; let me confess at the time he made no strong impression on me. His lectures were sober, without Wölfflin's showmanship or Frankl's personal touch; and I was too young and immature to recognize the cleanliness and depth of Goldschmidt's scholarship. His greatness came to me only

in many encounters over the following twenty years: the clarity of his thought and his work, his modesty, his humanity. I never forgot what he said when last I met him in New York in 1938 or 1939: "You know, when I was young, thirty or so, I thought I knew pretty well the art of the Middle Ages. Later, at fifty, I thought—no, that's too much, but German and French sculpture of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, that you *do* know. Now, in my seventies, it seems to me what I know is the sculpture between 1230 and 1250 in Lower Saxony." Yet from the outset he managed to free me of the "Wölfflinish" phraseology and sterile concepts of periodicity. There were others, obviously, to study with or audit at Berlin University—the great "social theologian" Troeltsch, the art historian Weisbach and his collection of Rembrandt etchings; or, at the Museum, you went to see Volbach, then a young volunteer, and he would push a Byzantine ivory across his desk: "Well, what do you think about that?" And there was the heady atmosphere of the twenties in Berlin, the theatre, friends, the collections, the art galleries. It was a wonderful four months. So was the next term, at Marburg, the typical, small university town of those days, the stimulating, if erratic teaching of Richard Hamann and his photographic campaigns.

For my Ph.D., I went to Halle, where Frankl meanwhile had accepted the Chair of Art History. As a topic for my thesis, I chose the mendicant friars' churches in Germany. Today I would not allow any student to take a subject that vast and ill-defined. Nor would I accept the thesis as I carried it through; without any archival research, based almost entirely on visual observation and description of spaces, walls, and membering, generalizing and centered on one theme only—a mendicant friar's style, opposed to High Gothic and anticipating Late Gothic architecture—an interpretation I still believe to be correct. Published in 1925, it was a gifted essay, but it was not a Ph.D. thesis, a "master piece" intended to show that you knew the tools and ways of your craft. To be sure, the standards of a Ph.D. thesis in those days were far less exacting than today; even so, I am not satisfied with it. Frankl let it pass, even with honors. He may have thought that in the end I would find my way. So I did; only it took a long time.

In the winter of 1923/24, working for the Prussian Service of Monuments, I was stationed at Erfurt. There I met Trude. In March, 1924, we married and went to Italy for a year and a half,

financed by our families. They were comfortably off and generous, and no one in that position in Europe would have dreamt in those days of withholding support for a budding scholar or, for that matter, refusing it. It was not fair, but within the framework of the German-Jewish bourgeois mentality of the twenties, you welcomed good fortune as it fell into your lap. So we travelled through all of Italy, from Sicily to Venice and Milan, ending up in Rome for a stay of eight months. It was my first encounter with antiquity, with Raphael, Michelangelo, and Bramante, with Bernini and Borromini, with the growth of the city as seen in the succession of structures atop of each other below the church of San Clemente. I did not know then how decisive these first encounters would be for a large part of my life's work.

In those months too, I first came to know the Bibliotheca Hertziana and its then Director, Ernst Steinmann. I owe this kind, withdrawn man a great deal. Over the following seven or eight years he invited me several times as a visiting docent, as it was called. At that time also, I was introduced to the world of archaeology and of excavations. However, I learned most from meeting and talking to my contemporaries: Rudi Wittkower, then a fledgling assistant at the Hertziana; Jean Seznec at the École française; Theodor Klauser from the German Archaeological Institute, student of early church history and liturgy; Géza de Francovich and Redig de Campos at the Vatican Museums. Every month the *Camerata degli Istituti* assembled an international group of young scholars, "adults" excluded. On visits to S. Andrea al Quirinale, S. Maria della Pace, S. Maria in Via Lata, one got acquainted, guided by Wittkower, with Bernini and Pietro da Cortona. I myself did some Early Christian churches and Klauser demonstrated early liturgy. Around 1927 too, the cornerstone was laid for the *Corpus of the Early Christian Basilicas of Rome.* A guest at the Hertziana, a professor at Heidelberg, conceived the idea of a handbook on the churches of Rome. Wittkower was to take over Renaissance and Baroque, and I the Early Christian and medieval monuments. A couple of years later, when the project faded away, Steinmann proposed that I should do the Early Christian churches as a separate volume for the Hertziana; Harald Keller, then a young assistant and now my oldest friend, would assist me—I still find occasionally notes of his in old files. Had we known the *Corpus* would grow to five folio volumes and take fifty years to

complete, neither Steinmann nor I would have embarked on the enterprise.

Other trips abroad too fell into these years of apprenticeship in the late twenties: to France several times and for several months; to Vienna and Prague, both too short—but we saw the Austrian Baroque, the museums and the unforgettable collections of old Albert Figdor, a true *Kunst-und-Wunder-Kammer*. I cannot fathom why we never went to England in those early years. (We did so several times between 1933 and 1935, but then we had things on our minds other than looking at cathedrals or collections.) Presumably we felt so firmly tied to Italy that nothing else could compete; Trude by the subject of her doctoral thesis—Romanesque sculpture in North Italy—and I by the Roman churches. But we did go on a wonderful long visit to Greece and Turkey in 1932 and for the first time saw the Parthenon, the Hagia Sophia, and the smaller Byzantine churches of Istanbul, still unrestored in the half-burnt city; saw Nicaea and Bursa and the Meander Valley, where nomads in black tents still tended their camel herds as Abraham once did.

At some time between 1925 and 1928, I also wrote two fat volumes entitled *European Sculpture 1370–1420*—no subject was too broad for me in those days. I went at it the wrong way, treating sculpture as "pure form" rather than in anthropomorphic terms. But the material was well prepared and, in retrospect, it seems to me the "verism" of the period was brought out well, as was the part played by the courts from Paris and Dijon to Prague, Vienna, and North Italy. Still, I am glad I didn't publish it; anyhow, the typescript was lost in the peregrinations of the following years.

Hamann, in Marburg, refused to read the thousand-odd pages of the *Sculpture*, which I had presented in 1928 for my *Habilitation* as a *Privatdozent*. He had me appointed on the basis of the *Mittelalterliche Synagogen* that I had published in 1927: not a good book and valuable only because of the catalogue of buildings, most of them demolished during the Third Reich. The best thing I wrote at the time was a paper entitled *The Beginnings of Art Historical Writing in Italy*. Schlosser's *Kunstliteratur* had appeared in 1927. There was all that material wonderfully compiled, but to me (quoting Wölfflin), "It appeared a demand of intellectual self-preservation to organize the plethora of data according to a few points of view." I didn't yet understand that Schlosser meant to avoid just that. Thus I tried, following the writings of Alberti and

Ghiberti, to contrast a history of art without names with one based on artists. Obviously I oversimplified and I was still rebelling against my elders, Schlosser, Dehio, and even Goldschmidt.

I was still fighting my way out of a jungle of youthful insecurity, still groping even as I taught at Marburg. Only gradually did I learn from the students and older colleagues to relax and find my own way. Looking back, I see myself as a difficult youngster, not very happy, insecure, and therefore overbearing and ambitious but easily slapped down, always contradicting and unappreciative of the achievement of others, awkward in handling people and situations. All told, not a very lovable young man this Dr. Krautheimer—I dislike meeting him nowadays.

Then came 1933, the catastrophe. I still lectured the summer term, but there was no room for a Jew in Hitler's Germany. In August we moved to Italy, and I went to work in earnest on the *Corpus.* Once Steinmann realized that the Hertziana—most unwillingly—could no longer sponsor the enterprise—"people like you are exempt from these laws"—he managed to place it under the auspices of the Pontifical Institute for Christian Archaeology, then headed by "Papa" Kirsch; Wilpert mediated. Over the following fifty-four years its five volumes appeared under that institute's imprint, in two editions, Italian and English. Working on the *Corpus* was the best thing that could have happened to me at that point. It was something to hold on to, and it forced me to stick to it day to day, to investigate church after church in every detail, to "read" the sequence of construction, to research the documentation, both written and visual, and to envisage the building as it originally looked. I also learned enormously from working with trained architects: Wolfgang Frankl, son of my teacher Paul Frankl, and later, Spencer Corbett and Alfred Frazer.

Altogether, the intellectual climate in Rome during the early years of Nazism in Germany was anything but dull. There was the small band of exiled scholars: Leonardo Olschki, Karl Lehmann, Stefan Kuttner, Hubert Jedin, Karl Löwith; some Italians, either anti-Fascists or non-political, who dared keep company with us—Enrico Josi and Redig de Campos, both in Vatican service, Pietro Toesca, Monneret de Villard, Zanotti-Bianchi, and Paola Zancani. There were a few foreigners, Ellis Waterhouse and Colin Hardy from the British School, Karla Lanckerenska from the Polish Institute, Axel Boëthius from Sweden, and a handful of German anti-

Nazis, the foremost of whom was Ludwig Curtius, the archaeologist. All the rest dropped us like a hot potato. The American Academy was no exception.

Late in 1935 we went to the United States. Saxl, of the Warburg Institute, had tried to keep me in Rome, supported by a grant from the Carnegie Foundation, but fortunately that did not work out. What looked like a blow at the time turned out to be good luck. I had to leave Europe, just in time. A small post had opened up at Louisville, Kentucky. The first week we spent in New York, followed by a twenty-two hour train ride.

It was all highly confusing: Louisville was a strange world. Very few there had ever been to Europe, history started in 1776; the rest was a very far away past. History of art was of course unknown; there were no books, no reproductions or slides to speak of. In the museum—there was one—the only halfway good picture, a late Mannerist *Flagellation,* if I correctly recall, was not on display; it was "too strikingly Catholic" in that anti-Papish southern milieu. Fortunately, my own books and photographs (and, incidentally, our nice furniture) arrived straight from Marburg; the German authorities had not tightened the noose yet. So I used those in my courses.

Nonetheless, I am glad to have started there rather than in the Eastern United States. As early as our second day in New York, Max Ascoli, Italian anti-Fascist and later a political figure of some importance, had told me, "These Americans, if only they had a green skin! In Africa, people are black and you know they are different. In China, they are yellow and you know they are different. Here, they look like you or me. But they *are* different!" In Louisville, you realized it. People were charming, many intelligent and interested: not in the historical discipline, however, but in politics, religion, moral and social questions, the racial problem; also in contemporary art and literature, American foremost. They showed an angel's patience with the strange animal I was and with my miserable English; I never had it at school and I remember feeling quite proud when, six weeks into the term, one of my students said to me after class: "Doctor K., today I understood a whole sentence." At an early point, too, I became acquainted with the startling generosity of the country and its willingness to meet unexpected requests. The Carnegie Foundation, I was informed, was distributing to new art history departments the basic stock of a library and slide collection, valued at $10,000. I had the president of

the university send me to New York, went naïvely straight to Dr. Keppel, the man in charge at Carnegie, and asked, instead of the library they had selected, for a credit of $10,000 at "Weyhe's,"then the leading bookstore in art history. Dr. Keppel looked at me, said "Nobody has ever thought of it—why not?" and did as I asked. Thus I bought for Louisville the first core of their now excellent library and slide collection.

I continued learning and maturing—far beyond the history of art. First of all, I learned English, to speak, write, think it; never to translate. At that I worked with an iron will, reading a lot: newspapers and periodicals, the *Louisville Courier Journal,* then one of the best in the U.S.; *The New Yorker,* a great experience; books galore. I went to the movies and talked to students, colleagues, acquaintances. I never lost my accent, but I think and write most easily in English. That way I also learned to know and to love the country. It was the time of Roosevelt's New Deal, of the tail-end of the Depression and of the first loosening of racial discrimination. It was also the time of the Spanish Civil War. Almost everyone felt involved among faculty and students, the latter children of the Depression and largely leftist. One, from conservative bourgeois Jewish stock, went and was killed the first day; another, a young Irish working-class intellectual, followed him and met the same end.

Altogether, the yardsticks of a German university education, of European scholarship and, indeed, of Europe, would not fit. The students were bright, curious, eager to learn, and fully unprepared: no languages, no concept of history, no roots in the tradition of Western culture. Children of Russian-Jewish, Polish, Irish, Italian immigrants; Southern Baptists and Methodists who had never seen a religious painting—"who is the lady with the straw hat?", meaning the halo of the Madonna; budding artists and lovers of art, attracted more to the "modern" artists of the Western hemisphere—Grant Wood, Thomas Benton, Diego Rivera, J. José Ségura—than to Cézanne or Van Gogh. One had to learn a new approach to teaching, to guiding them near and into the world of antiquity, the Middle Ages, the Renaissance. Sometimes it caught on; there was Kenneth Donahue from a lace-curtain Irish family, my first graduate student, who went on to study with Walter Friedlander and died, much too early, as the Director of the Los Angeles County Museum.

However, it was the students in Louisville who opened for me the way into the literature of the English-speaking world, who made

me read Shakespeare, Dryden, Thackeray and Melville and what were then the new revolutionary American writers—Tom Wolfe, Steinbeck, Scott Fitzgerald, Hemingway. I still treasure an anthology of English verse one of the girls in my courses gave me as a present and an introduction to that wondrous world. Like the students, the professors were a mixed lot: no geniuses but no demigods either, and some were fascinating. Dave Maurer had worked on fishing boats in the Arctic and as a golddigger in Alaska; his special field was the argots of the American underworld: differing according to professional categories, safe-crackers, burglars, gamblers; only prostitutes had none of their own because they lacked professional pride. Thus I acquired early what, at times seemed useless, which was in fact always useful knowledge. I also learned slowly how to handle people. My scholarly production, to be sure, was limited. Yet at Louisville, I wrote a short paper for *The Burlington Magazine* on Ghiberti's First Door; it was not bad at all. My respect for facts had grown with the *Corpus*, the eggshells dropped away.

In the fall of 1937, I moved from Louisville to Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, just upriver from New York City. It was sheer good luck. In June 1936, sailing to Europe for our summer's work, Trude and I had met Grace McCurdy, professor of Greek at Vassar, and we had taken a liking to each other. In February 1937, on a short lecture tour along the East Coast, I had lectured at Vassar; the invitation came by way of Miss McCurdy. In April, John McAndrew, who taught architecture at the College, left for the Museum of Modern Art. Vassar asked me to come and I leapt at the chance. It was a world utterly different from Louisville; also very much America, but of another kind. The College, only girls at the time, with the highest intellectual and human (and, incidentally, social) standards, and the faculty, in its overwhelming majority women, scholarly, if not always actively so. A few marvelous figures were among them: Grace McCurdy, embattled feminist but with a great sense of humour, a warm human being and still, in her old age, a real woman; J.B. Ross, a wonderful friend and great historian; Agnes Rindge Claflin, passionately enthused about modern art and the Baroque just discovered, a great lady, elliptical in speech but a splendid teacher—by sheer osmosis; Christabel Fisk who, whenever we crossed ways, shook both my hands: "... so glad you are here"; and a few marvelous old battle-axes who gave the President, "Prexy"

McCracken, one of but a dozen men on campus, a hard time. The students were well-prepared, coming from the best and most expensive schools of the country. They knew languages, many had been abroad, and they were interested, eager to learn, bright, amusing, and some very good-looking. A handful, now elderly ladies, have remained good friends. The College, to be sure, did not aim at training scholars. It wanted to educate intelligent, broad-minded, politically and socially active citizens—an élite, for every society needs one. Only a small number became professionals, and they were among the best. To list only those who turned to art history would take too much time and space.

Trude and I were happy at Vassar. We had a small house on the edge of the campus on the green. We had friends and stimulating talk; there was an excellent library, and we could work. The scenery was charming—few parts of the world I know are as beautiful as the Hudson Valley; and the train ride to New York took an hour and a half. Almost every Friday noon we went down. While darkness gathered over Europe, New York grew into a resplendent centre of intellectual and artistic activity with its collections, its libraries, and its people. There were Alfred and Daisy Barr, he the taciturn, engaged *spiritus movens* of the Museum of Modern Art, she half-Italian, half-Irish, talkative, witty, spirited, and a loyal friend to boot; John McAndrew, erratic and immensely bright—in later years he did a lot to save Venice; Kirk Askew, the art dealer and his wife Constance, at whose *jours fixes* Saturday, around midnight, you met everyone that counted—René d'Harnoncourt of the Museum of Modern Art, Salvador Dali, and Pavel Tchelitchev; actors like Charles Laughton and Elsa Lanchester; art historians like Chuck Austin of the Hartford Museum and Russel Hitchcock, who, not yet thirty, had written *the* book on contemporary architecture, *The International Style;* writers like Russel Lynes and his wife Mildred—they ran then the Shipley School at Bryn Mawr. Finally, there was the "local" colony of art historians, native and foreign-born, at the Institute of Fine Arts, then headed by Walter Cook with Richard Offner, Karl Lehmann, and Walter Friedlaender; and there were "visiting firemen" from Princeton and Yale—Erwin Panofsky, Marcel Aubert, *"le maître aux platitudes sonores"* (to be, for once, malicious), and Henri Foçillon; not to forget Rufus Morey and Fiske Kimball. For, it should be said that art history on the East Coast was

well established long before the influx of European *émigrés* reached the Western hemisphere. More of that anon.

Walter Cook asked me to teach history of architecture at the Institute for one term, every year; it was a field not yet represented there. Thus, every Sunday, I took the train down from Poughkeepsie, spent the night on a couch without springs at Walter Friedlaender's after long talks until past midnight, and gave my course and saw students on Monday. Working with graduates on narrower, more specific subjects became both a salutary and necessary supplement to the broader and more generalizing courses and proseminars taught at the college.

But there too, I learned greatly by teaching. The long-established syllabus of art history—Antiquity, Middle Ages, Renaissance—went overboard. The course titles remained unchanged but the content was new. Some of the faculty were quite upset, but Agnes Claflin, permanent chairman, was all in favor. Suddenly there was not only the baroque but also mannerism, Carolingian, late Gothic art and late antiquity. Moreover, one opened windows beyond art history, talked of the Counter-Reformation, of Charlemagne and Constantine without getting lost in the then fashionable fastnesses of nebulous "interdisciplinary studies." In 1939 or 1940 Adolf Katzenellenbogen joined us at Vassar; he was a great medievalist trained in the tradition of Aby Warburg and Erwin Panofsky, solidly grounded in medieval theology and philosophy. With the graduates in New York I was able to work on detailed problems. Their searching questions forced me to rethink and often to discard many an accepted opinion. Never in my life did I learn so much as around 1940. Of my first Ph.D. candidates encountered in those years—John Coolidge and Jim Ackerman—I am still proud.

At that time too, I passed what appears to me to have been my "master's examination"—entering, as it were, the fold. Work on the *Corpus* continued; until 1938, I was in Rome every summer, surveying in collaboration with Frankl, and during terms I always found an hour for "household chores." But indicative of my growth were two papers, both published in 1941: the "Carolingian Revival" and the "Introduction to an Iconography of Medieval Architecture." In these two I still feel I have managed to present a slice of the history of architecture within its broader context, whether political and cultural or theological and speculative, but very real; yet in both

cases based on a sound knowledge and interpretation of the material. In my Ph.D. thesis I had seen the forest but neglected the trees; in working on the *Corpus,* I had seen the trees but not the forest. Now I saw the forest because of the trees; I had firm ground under my feet. To this day I feel elation when I was warmly applauded after presenting a first draft of the "Iconography of Architecture" in 1940, and when Russel Hitchcock wrote to me after reading "The Carolingian Revival" to say that the history of medieval architecture had taken on new form. I had "conquered my kingdom," to quote Walter Friedlaender. About 1940 or thereabouts Russel Hitchcock and John Coolidge also asked me to join them in founding the Society of Architectural Historians. I had become part of American Art History.

How this breakthrough had come about is hard to tell. There was obviously the natural process of maturing. It had taken long enough; after all I was in my mid-forties. There was the awareness that I could fill a position and provide for myself and my wife—a new experience for me, I feel ashamed to say. But it gave me inner security. The most decisive factor though was the "experience America": the sheer distance from Europe—eight or nine days; the mistaken no doubt but understandable break with the old country; the confrontation with the mentality of the new country, which had developed along lines of its own; the daily contact with American students and colleagues.

Last but not least, there was the new language, English; not only is it richer than German in its vocabulary, but it is also more precise in expression and choice of words, and its syntax more logical and clear. That forces you to think more clearly so as to express yourself with precision. There is no room for the vagueness furthered by German syntax and terminology. Alternatives, rather than darkly implied, must be specified. Correspondingly, the way of thinking in the Anglo-Saxon world is more concise than in German, more centered on the concrete. That does not mean it is only pragmatic; there is room for philosophy and for theoretical questions. But these two in America were more flexible, it seems to me, less fastened to Kantian categories, yet also not veiled in Hegelian fogginess.

Hence, in the Anglo-Saxon world, the scholarly approach to the realm of the figurative arts and to architecture differed vastly from that pursued on the European continent. Moreover, in the

United States, the field was in a state of transition and self-renewal, splitting three- and fourfold. By far its foremost function in the eyes of both laymen and professionals was to teach art appreciation, to lead the public to understand and enjoy art; it was the path opened by Ruskin and followed by Walter Pater and Roger Fry. Art history had split off, in America, shortly after the turn of the century. By the early thirties, it counted a number of great figures: Berenson, leading among connoisseurs, Richard Offner, at work on his *Corpus of Florentine Painting;* Kingsley Porter, in my opinion one of the great architectural historians of all times; Morey, unforgettable as a teacher, scholar, and man who, as early as 1915, had founded *The Art Bulletin.* These three names already mirror the branching out of the field in different directions. Connoisseurship, which was closely linked to collecting, to museums, and to the art market, was rarely represented at universities. The other branch had grown from its older sibling, archaeology. It worked with the exact methods of its sister discipline, was based on its solid respect for facts, and saw its task in describing, cataloguing, and classifying. At Princeton, as early as the turn of the century, the new discipline had brought forth along these lines the admirable survey of late antique architecture in Syria, both pagan and Christian, as well as Allan Marquand's catalogues of the Della Robbia sculptures. Likewise at Princeton, Morey had built up his school and his life's work with the aim of classifying the origins of medieval art both in Byzantium and in the Early Christian West: sarcophagi, manuscript illumination, the mosaics of Antioch, the iconography gathered in the *Index of Christian Art.* Alongside them a small band of younger scholars had grown: at Columbia Meyer Schapiro, admirably gifted, lively, witty and versatile; Millard Meiss, who became one of my closest friends; and Rensselaer Lee, as thoroughly steeped in English and Latin poetry as he was sensitive to Baroque painting; the Morey school, all trained Early Christian specialists who turned to other fields, from Japanese to Mannerist and Modern; and the young Turks at Yale, taught by Aubert and Foçillon—Sumner Crosby, Charles Seymour, and George Kubler.

That was the situation to which the newcomers from Europe brought their often rather different ideas and a different concept of art history. The approach cultivated by Adolf Goldschmidt and his school was, to be sure, accepted without difficulty in the new country. Its results were new, as witness Koehler's *Carolingian*

Miniatures—he was already at Harvard by around 1931, but the methods were those customary for some time on both sides of the Atlantic. It was harder for the old establishment in the United States to be confronted with approaches, fields, or interpretations new to them but solidly ingrained in the minds of these European colleagues: aspects recently opened up, like Mannerism; artists rediscovered such as Bernini or Poussin—the latter Walter Friedlaender's favorite; the ever repeated "renascences" of antiquity in the Middle Ages proclaimed by Erwin Panofsky; the new "subdiscipline" of iconography originated by Aby Warburg and developed by "Pan"; or even viewing art history in a broader context as Jacob Burckhardt had already done. Moreover, the newcomers, in part anyhow, brought a lively, at times dramatic and witty form of presentation—Panofsky was unforgettable. The younger generation among the native art historians were attracted by the new questions raised and by the new approaches to the field; the more so since some, like Meyer Schapiro, had set out along similar lines. Among older colleagues, some went along whereas others came to terms with the foreign ideas more or less willingly. The students, graduates as well as undergraduates, were excited the way youngsters are. Stimulated and inspired, they took to the novelties like ducks to water without always distinguishing the good from the bad. So did the "carriage trade," the lay public.

We newcomers, for our part, had no less to learn in the new ambience of American scholarship and of teaching American students. Not all of us—I am speaking for myself—had grown up with the holy respect for establishing facts before proceeding to interpretation. Moreover, we expected among our audience the preparation we were used to in graduates of a German *Gymnasium*: a knowledge of the monuments gained *in loco*, of the geographical situation, of European history, and of languages. The latter problem was the most easily solved. Walter Cook, told by students they didn't know French—or for that matter Greek—pointed with his thick thumb over his shoulder: "There is always a dictionary!" Other things, however, had to be explained, and that in turn required on our part reconsidering and questioning much that we were traditionally wont to accept. We learned to dispense with national boundaries and to see other contexts—Gothic architecture, not in France, Germany, or Italy, but a Gothic of the heartland as against one of the "periphery," whether the northern coastlands

of the Mediterranean, or locally rather than geographically defined, the new friars' orders and their burgher patrons. Also, lecturing to undergraduates or to beginning graduates forced us to focus on essentials at times far apart in time and space. There one learned that a lot might happen over five hundred years but that nonetheless there might be and usually was a common denominator. One came to see the woods despite the many trees. To me at any rate the fifteen years I spent at Vassar College in a fully American milieu have done a lot of good. I learned, and learned on the job as it were; learned to think and teach along lines consonant, I feel, with American thinking habits, obviously without ever forgetting my European background or losing my accent.

The war and what happened in Europe before and after brought much worry and suffering to Trude and me, including the loss of her parents and a favorite sister of mine. Teaching and scholarship were set aside for a while; we both worked in Washington, I at the OSS, Trude at the Red Cross. It was interesting work, and we met quite a few fascinating people, one of them Herbert Marcuse. But the forties were a low point in our lives, also through illnesses and professional disappointments. I did not know yet that what looks like failure may turn out in the end to have been a stroke of good luck. Nowhere would I have been as happy as I was to be at the IFA in New York. Scholarly productivity too, was scarce in those years; except that in 1948 "The Tragic and Comic Scene of the Renaissance" in the *Gazette-des-Beaux-Arts* initiated a twenty-year love affair with the Renaissance. In that affair Alberti turned up time and again. I always wanted to write a book on him. Now it is too late. It is perhaps better so. "Not even I could write a book on Alberti"—I am modifying what Friedlaender told a colleague, in an open faculty meeting to boot.

In 1952 I left Vassar. Craig Smyth, just appointed director to succeed Walter Cook, called me to the Institute, full time. It was not easy. I was fifty-five, old in the eyes of the powers that ran New York University. Craig, backed by Millard Meiss, did not give way. I am eternally grateful to him, for that as for his friendship over so long a time. The eighteen years at the Institute were the happiest and most fruitful of my life. The faculty in those days was the strangest collection of exotic animals, great scholars and teachers for the most part, but highly idiosyncratic and only half-tamed. Poor Craig must have been driven crazy at times keeping us at bay and happy.

There was Karl Lehmann, brilliant archaeologist and historian of ancient art, excavating since the mid-fifties at Samothrace with his band of students led by his wife Phyllis; he was a truly great man, trained in the best traditions of the pre-1933 German university, a wonderful and exacting teacher, adored by his students, difficult in faculty meetings, unwilling to compromise, and at times forward beyond the limits of the Anglo-Saxon code of behavior. There was Richard Offner, from a Viennese family, though American-born and bred, the best connoisseur of Florentine Trecento painting in his day and the "compleat" Edwardian gentleman, courteous, fastidiously dressed, and withdrawn. There was nothing more enjoyable than climbing up to his study for tea at five and getting him to talk of art, art historians, collectors and dealers he had known. There was Robert Goldwater, from a New York doctor's family, who placed the study of primitive and modern art and its nineteenth century antecedents on firm ground. Evenhanded and quiet, he was a wonderfully balancing force at the Institute, a pillar of strength in the days of the student revolt in 1968. I immensely liked and admired that subdued man, who was a foe of any time of dramatics.

There was old Walter Friedlaender, brought up in Berlin in the 1870s and '80s, who had seen Bismarck and from a Sanskritist had turned into a great historian of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century painting in France and Italy. Irrepressible, cynical, frivolous, he carried his great learning lightly. He was wise and experienced, a marvelous *raconteur,* and an admirable teacher who was quite unhampered by his abominable English. But if the gods had withheld from him the gift of tongues, they had given him an ability to compress into a nutshell problems too complex for words. Once he was attempting in class to disprove the authenticity of a Poussin painting for a dozen reasons, none evidently satisfying to himself. Class ended, he turned at the door, looked back at the screen, "... and it cannot be by Poussin, because I don't like it." Also, he adhered strictly to the maxim, "never mix in your own affairs"—others took over. There was Alex Soper, quiet, very much that best human type America has produced, a student of Morey's who had transmuted from an Early Christian expert into a great specialist on East Asian, Japanese art in particular. "Pepe" Lopez-Rey, driven from his homeland by Franco's victory, taught Spanish painting consonant

with his origin. Martin Weinberger, born in Nürnberg, but Florentine by adoption, lectured on Dürer as well as Arnolfo di Cambio; his wife Edith, a soul of a woman, taught the students German and Italian, both with an unmistakable Leipzig intonation, and held their hands in a crisis. Guido Schönberger, from Frankfurt, was a true antiquarian, happiest with a cup or a box carved from walrus tooth, the unicorn of the Middle Ages, or a Jewish ritual object. I was able to place him at the Museum of Jewish Art in New York, a deed that still makes me happy. And there was, of course, our "young man," Harry Bober, who had just published in the *Warburg Journal* that splendid paper "Cosmic Man."

As need and opportunity grew, so did our numbers during the fifties and early sixties. Peha, Peter-Heinrich von Blanckenhagen, who came from the Baltic countries by way of Germany, Harvard and Chicago, witty and charming, if malicious, whether gossiping or lecturing on Roman art, and clever as the devil; Richard Ettinghausen, curator of Islamic Art at the Metropolitan Museum, lectured half-time. Born in Frankfurt, he was immensely learned, wonderfully kind and deeply melancholic—his entire family had perished in the Holocaust. In the mid-fifties Hugo Buchthal joined us from the Warburg Institute and London University, a great scholar and a demanding, yet kind teacher; half of today's leading Byzantinists in North America have sprung from his classes. A thoroughly humane man, nature had given him also a great sense of humor; nothing was funnier than Hugo looking over his glasses and pronouncing deadpan one of his sometimes biting aphorisms. Towards the end of the fifties, Wolfgang Lotz signed on, if only for five years; he was my closest friend at the Institute and later in Rome where he took over the Hertziana: a wonderful human being, if complicated; attractive, full of life and enjoying it in all its forms. He had a fertile, combinatory, playful mind, and he never acted the part of the scholar he was: the soundest and most imaginative student in his day of Italian Renaissance architecture and humanism. The most stimulating teacher I have come across in a long life, he taught his students with the lightness that was his, smiling at the overdone earnestness of academia. I miss him every day.

That was the old stock at the IFA I remember best. Obviously, as time passed fresh blood was injected into the faculty, a generation born or at least bred in the United States. I am not going to list them—I am keeping to Vasari's rule to speak only of those who have

passed across the Styx or into retirement and oblivion. However, looking at the faculty as Walter Cook and Craig built it up and as it has developed since, it seems to me that it was, and is, not half bad.

Nor were the students. My first official act upon joining in 1952 was presiding over the final Ph.D. examination—a mere formality at the IFA—of Jim Ackerman; not a bad omen. Many more Ph.D.'s of mine followed; I am not going to list any names. There are too many and too many of them have made good. One but needs to leaf through the faculty roster in art history of any major university or college in North America, from Princeton and Harvard to Berkeley, Seattle and Vancouver, and from Toronto and Chicago to New York and Philadelphia.

In the fifties too, the *Corpus* was resuscitated through the efforts of Craig and the generosity of Phyllis Lambert. She had been a student of mine at Vassar, had audited some of my courses in New York, and has remained a dear friend to Trude and me. The first volume could be finished and printed. The second was prepared in close and friendly cooperation with Wolfgang Frankl and Spencer Corbett, both architect-archaeologists. The volume appeared in 1959.

Every summer and every term off, Trude and I were in Rome, guests at the American Academy and of its successive directors. The first after the war was Laurance Roberts; he and his wife Isabel are good friends to this day. It was Laurance, incidentally, who established at the Academy the first and so far only fellowship in art history and who first invited art historians as residents. From 1955 to 1970 I also served, together with Rensselaer Lee, on the jury to select the art historical fellows; to tell the truth we *were* the committee until it was enlarged for the yearly selection of an additional "post-classical" fellow.

These Roman summers up on the Gianicolo brought loads of work—volumes 3 and 4 of the *Corpus* were in preparation. They also were stimulating and naturally created new ties of friendship: with the young fellows in art history—Hank Millon, Tom Mathews, Al Frazer, Milton and Carol Lewine, Donald Posner, Kathleen Weil-Garris, now Brandt. Looking back, the jury it seems to me had not done badly when it picked the leaders to come. But ties developed as well with artists, architects, archaeologists and writers: Dimitri Hadzi, the sculptor, and Ralph Ellison, author of *The Invisible Man*. Most stimulating were visits to the monuments that I made with the

fellows when resident or also without being resident art historian. I remember particularly a month given over to Borromini and long discussions with Bob Venturi and Charles Brickbauer, then young fellows in architecture.

The fifties too led to renewed contact with Germany and German art historians. It was not easy; too much had happened. An abyss was to be bridged, filled with bitter memories, distrust, hatred. After forty years one is ashamed of having succumbed to such overall judgment. In 1950, things looked different. To be sure, one never doubted those among old friends who one knew had always been foes of Nazism and had kept out of its ambit. But they could be counted on the fingers of one hand. Too many had given the devil at least a finger, under pressure or blandishments or from simple political ignorance; and on our side of the fence, one did not always remember that courage was something rare and difficult to demand; and that one should not expect it even from oneself. The trouble in fact was neither with those who had been formerly in the Nazi camp nor with the lukewarm fellow travellers. We knew pretty well who had stood where among those we were likely to encounter. The trouble lay with those one did not know about. Only gradually, I recall with mortification, did it dawn on me that no one born in 1930 or later could be held guilty; that in fact guilt should be imputed only to individuals; of these, to be sure, far too many among Germans and others bore the blame. Gradually though, the chasm yawning since 1933—and which I had kept open for a long time—was bridged: through conversations and correspondence with old friends who had lived through it; through new friends, such as Wolfgang Lotz, the most gifted of bridge builders; through the sheer action of time.

Work on the *Corpus* was continuous, but a good deal of it fell to my collaborators. It had to be carried through; one does not leave an *opus* of that kind unfinished—the recording angel would give you a bad mark. But it was not always interesting and much of what I could do was routine. Thus Trude and I turned to another subject, fascinating to both of us—Lorenzo Ghiberti. Since the days of my ill-fated two-volume *European Sculpture around 1400,* his work had attracted me. Schlosser had presented him as the intuitive artist, the genius untainted by gray speculation. To me his art was not that of an inspired and daring genius. Rather it was grounded first of all in the craft he had superbly mastered. With prudence and due

consideration he confronted the world of humanism and the Renaissance, neither deeply engaged nor fully prepared to cope with its ideas. An antihero, yet admirable. The Baptistery doors around 1950 were just being cleaned by Bruno Bearzi in his workshop. We went to Florence and saw them daily. When back at the Baptistery, old Mezzanotte of Brogi's did the beautiful photographs; he looked like Ghiberti and like him he knew his métier. Trude and I wrote the book within two or three years, having worked hard preparing it, in the archives of Florence, in front of Ghiberti's doors and his other works, over related issues. Every sentence was thoroughly thrashed out between us, not without passion at times. But it was sheer joy. I still see us in the hot summer of 1954 or 1955 at the final editing of the manuscript: on Long Island, in two rooms above a garage on an estate belonging to friends; and in the evening long walks on the beach and a dip in the sea. We did, I feel, a sound job. Above all, we stuck to the facts. The interpretation may here and there be questionable—the chapter on central perspective, for instance. But on the whole our view of Ghiberti and his place in quattrocento art remains tenable and the list of antiques known to him that Trude compiled has become a cornerstone of the *Census of antique works of art known to the Renaissance* carried on in collaboration between the Warburg Institute and the Bibliotheca Hertziana.

Princeton University Press did an excellent job in publishing *Lorenzo Ghiberti;* both letter press and illustrations are a pleasure to look at. Commercially too, the book was successful; it went through three editions, the last one a "pocket book," for a giant's pocket. In the successive editions the text remained unchanged, but in long prefaces I discussed recent publications and the new questions they had raised. Basically, in fact, little has changed. Were I to write the book today, I would only look more closely into the social and economic milieu of Ghiberti's Florence, using the research of Goldthwaite, Kent and others.

I fail to understand how I managed to cope in the fifties with all the work involved in preparing, writing and seeing through the press *Lorenzo Ghiberti.* Other scholarly production in those years was indeed scarce. The major task was to cope with the demands of teaching at the Institute—lecture courses, seminars, dissertations. Lecture courses during the first years were in fact rather generalizing—the idea being to present a "History of Architecture from Constantine to Gropius" in three years, and this still under the

influence of a pre-1914 German university tradition, where indeed the professor was expected to do just that. Hence I offered an "Introduction to Medieval Architecture from Constantine to Late Gothic," an "Architecture of the Early Renaissance," and a Brunelleschi seminar, all in one term. What I offered in lecture courses could have been at best only a summing up of my reading, often cursory at that; but from that Brunelleschi seminar sprang the superb M.A. thesis of Howard Saalman, standard to this day, "Brunelleschi's Capitals."

Indeed it was nonsense on the part of the university administration to force on us that heavy load of two lecture courses and one seminar per term. But teaching loads in those days were always heavy: at Vassar I taught nine hours a week in one term, and eleven in the other. Craig at the Institute persuaded the powers that be to reduce teaching obligations to a more reasonable load of one lecture course and one seminar per term or even less. Moreover, we were allowed one research term every three years in addition to the customary sabbatical. Thus, from the mid-fifties on, I found myself in the course announcement with realistically confined topics, particularly in seminars and colloquia: "Architecture in the Age of Justinian"; "Early Christian Milan"; "Old St. Peter's," this one jointly with Alfred Frazer; all stimulating for the participants, not least for myself. With particular pleasure I recall the last seminar I taught at the institute: "Rome in the Seventeenth Century"; Todd Marder came over from Rutgers for it, John Pinto and Joe Connors from Harvard; from the IFA I recall Charlotte Lacaze, Patricia Waddy and Eleanor Pearson. To work closely with students has always given me the greatest joy; in seminars, in long talks and debates after class, on their papers and theses; or, quite informally talking to auditors and students or to my assistants—a long series, mostly female, bright, patient, and helpful. Exchanging ideas and learning from the younger generation makes teaching worthwhile.

Lecture courses, in retrospect, I find less satisfactory. Those I taught at the Institute were often too broad in scope, and not always profitable enough for the students. Frequently I fear, it was the performance rather than the content that carried the audience along. No gifted speaker can help playing on that chord. But asceticism would be better for him and his students. I even ask myself whether lecture courses are still useful at all, at least in graduate school. More often than not they merely offer the status of

research, in the best case as of one or two years ago, more often as of ten or fifteen years ago. To be sure, the questions are presented from the lecturer's angle of vision, and provided that angle is not overly distorted and rests on solid ground, such courses on an introductory level may be thought-provoking and valuable. To me a system of colloquia would seem to be more useful: meeting weekly or fortnightly, based on a reading list, centered on precise questions, limited to small groups of students, and taught by the professor in person, rather than by teaching assistants. Today's overcrowded universities make such a proposal utopian. However, sooner or later we may have to think of a new tier of higher education in the humanities: a "super graduate school" without any formal classes the way physicists and mathematicians are taught; this notwithstanding the elitist "Brave New World" character of such a theme, Alphas and Betas only.

By and large I had a good rapport with my students. Or so it seems to me; for, in that respect one is easily mistaken. Some, indeed, maintain they were scared when I yelled "What, no Greek!" at a beginner requesting admission to a seminar. But they soon found out that my bark was worse than my bite; that I liked working with them—with those gifted with greater joy, with those less gifted with greater effort; that I tried to treat them as younger colleagues, on an equal footing; that I was exacting but knew how much or little you could expect of a beginner—with advanced students I did not relent: whoever wanted to work on a Byzantine subject had to study Greek. They also knew that for M.A. or Ph.D. theses I never gave them subjects to further my own research. I urged them to find their own topics—I never strove to produce oodles of little Krautheimers. They also realized, I suppose, that I did not behave professorially: that I willingly admitted boners I had pulled and withdrew statements rashly made. Perhaps they also liked it that I took an interest, also beyond the walls of the IFA, in the lives and heartaches of my "children," if needed and wanted. Inevitably, to be sure, one cannot be on the same good terms with all of one's students. To some, one takes more easily than to others. It is only sad, if one cannot respond to affection with the same warmth. Where that has happened I ask for forgiveness.

My scholarly work during the sixties veered more and more towards the field of Early Christian architecture. To be sure I did not rudely break off my affair with the early Renaissance. But aside

from old Lorenzo Ghiberti I have nothing to show for it, except for a few short papers on Alberti and Quercia, published at long intervals in the sixties and seventies. On the other hand the long years spent on the *Corpus* led me increasingly towards summing up, reconsidering, and widening my angles of vision. I began to look freshly at early church planning both in Rome and elsewhere; to see its beginnings as an experiment within the framework of public building in late antiquity, as choosing between many possibilities and slowly developing a few. I also looked beyond Rome, towards Trier and Milan, where excavations and new research during and shortly after the war had brought to light monumental church buildings of fourth century date and thus had established the existence of new centres and of variants of planning different from Rome and heretofore unknown. Coming from Switzerland, I often jumped a train in Milan to pay a short visit to S. Lorenzo or to Don Enrico Villa, parish priest of S. Nazaro—SS. Apostoli, architect, archeologist and a charming person. Old questions presented themselves in a new light now that I knew the material better than before: the origin of the Christian basilica, an innovative creation within a *genus* of architecture long known, an experiment with many variations determined locally; characteristics of the great Christian capitals and their relation to another—Rome and Constantinople, Trier, Milan, and Jerusalem. The diverse functions of different building types—centrally planned and longitudinal churches, basilicas differing from one another in plan and function, such as covered cemeteries built above the catacombs, and churches inside Rome; the transept and its variants in plan and liturgical use. In short, I became more and more intrigued by the interplay of function and church planning; Grabar's *Martyrium*, published in 1948, stimulated me greatly; indeed it is one of the few books I have ever reviewed, critically yet gratefully.

From questions like these raised by myself or by others, sprang the reports that in the fifties and sixties I presented at the successive Congresses for Christian Archaeology. Within that framework there originated papers like "Mensa—Coemeterium—Basilica." Occasionally also work done by one of my students fell into that area: Alfred Frazer's "Reconstruction of Old St. Peter's"—fifteen years later, we collaborated on the sections S. Paolo fuori le mura and St. Peter's in the *Corpus;* and Tom Mathew's "An Early Chancel Arrangement in Rome," an M.A. thesis, like Alfred Frazer's, and a

breakthrough in interpreting Early Christian and early Medieval chancel plans in the light of contemporary church ritual.

All too often my knowledge of the material was insufficient or my judgment rash—a shortcoming of mine to this day. At times punishment followed quickly. Hardly had I proposed envisaging Constantine's Lateran basilica with a tri-partite transept when an excavation carried out by Spencer Corbett and me brought dwarf transept wings to light instead. Digging always brings unexpected results; the findings are *totaliter aliter* from the preconceived postulate. Yet one cannot help digging. As early as 1947–9, Wolfgang Frankl and I had excavated at S. Lorenzo fuori le mura—the only church hit in 1943 by a stray bomb in the one Allied raid on Rome—the apse of the sixth-century church and part of the antecedent catacomb. That was possible, as was the later dig at the Lateran basilica, through the intervention of Enrico Josi, who was in the service of the Vatican. The new experience at the time, though, was to find the Italian authorities equally cooperative as they have remained ever since; much in contrast with the xenophobic attitude of the previous Fascist regime.

In 1950—I was not in Rome—Frankl recognized on the Verano cemetery the wall, still standing four metres high, of the huge Constantinian church. Excavations by the *Soprintendenza* and by a team of ours in successive excavations from 1950 to 1959 uncovered the plan of the whole building. However, I'm no born excavator; I have neither the patience needed nor the talent to raise the funds. I vastly prefer to leave digging to the experts, whom I greatly admire. But I am as excited as a little boy while a dig is underway, in particular if I have been able to provide a lead. In 1937 or 1938, Frankl and I saw below S. Lorenzo in Lucina, in a large mass grave filled with bones and lime, large parts of a Roman tenement, presumably the *titulus* known from the time of Pope Damasus, and of the fifth-century basilica. It was no fun working down in that slime. In the fifties, we completed the survey and over the last years the *Soprintendenza* has uncovered the entire complex, including the sundial of Augustus discovered by the German Archaeological Institute.

The dig on the Verano and the excavations at Tor Pignattara undertaken at the same time by Deichmann and von Tschora led me to look into the function of such "covered cemeteries"—that was the contemporary terminology—of Constantinian times. I probably

went too far in 1960 in altogether disputing their liturgical function. I later modified the rash statement; but I still set them off from regular urban churches. Similarly, at S. Maria Maggiore, the investigation of the foundation walls—again those helpful tomb chambers—and of the upper structure clarified the date of construction under Sixtus III and the features of a classical renascence that mark the building. As early as 1938 or earlier, on the scaffolding with Biagio Biagetti, who was in charge of restoring the mosaics, I laid bare one of the pilasters on the upper wall with my own hand so as to show them to be part of the fifty-century structure. That I first linked that renascence too closely to Sixtus III was a mistake; the movement is rooted in the aulic art already of the fourth century.

Such questions and many more came to the fore with greater force while I was preparing the *Pelican.* As early as 1953, Nicholas Pevsner had pledged me to take on the volume *Early Christian and Byzantine Architecture* for his series. But quite a bit had to happen before I could start work in earnest. In particular I had to travel. Hence in 1954 I went again to Greece and Turkey after twenty-two years; saw Hosios Loukas, Skripou, and other sites, guided by Alison Frantz; saw Thessaloniké and Istanbul; and went to Ankara and Cappadocia with George Forsyth in the heat of the summer. It was killing but worthwhile, although large numbers of buildings had disappeared in the half-century since Rott's travels in 1906. In the next years I saw what there was to be seen in Israel, advised by Avi-Yonah, and we went to Istanbul and Greece again. Trude came along and we joined up with Millard and Miggy Meiss. That Greek trip I recall with particular pleasure; for there was not only classical and Christian antiquity and Byzantium—Nea Anchialos, Corinth and the splendid ruin of its Lechaion basilica, Delphi and Olympia, Nauplion and Epidauros, also Mistra—a Greek Williamsburg, touristy and second-rate, and we nearly came to blows because I had insisted on the visit; and there was also the sheer beauty of a little girl we encountered by a village church; there was the scenery; and bird-watching, Millard's hobby.

On a later trip to Tunisia I was guided and driven to Sbeïtla, Kairouan, Haïdra, and other sites by my former student and good friend Margaret Alexander, who for many years had provided me with photographs and reprints, as Alison Frantz had done from Greece. There followed further visits to Greece, Israel, and Spain—only the south, but there were the Alhambra and the great mosque

in Cordova—and time and again to Istanbul. There, Lee Striker was at work on the Kalendarhane Cami, and Martin Harrison was digging up H. Polyeuktes, while the unforgettable Nezih Firatli gave all the support needed. Altogether I remember the colleagues both in Turkey and Greece as particularly helpful, from Nezih Bey to old Orlandos, Dimitri Pallas, the two Bourds—there are too many to name them all.

Still, what I saw was not enough. I did not go to Syria or Lebanon, nor to Egypt, Armenia, or even Yugoslavia. The reason I don't know: perhaps sheer laziness; perhaps the belief inherent in our field that a visit to the monument or the site could be replaced by reading and photographs—"Who has the most photos wins," as Panofsky used to say. Most likely I was impatient; past sixty, one is caught by "*Torschlusspanik*"—the fear of the city-gate's being shut in one's face at nightfall. Late in 1963, the manuscript went to Pevsner and the first edition came out in 1965 with more factual mistakes and real boners than necessary. Deservedly, I was rapped over the knuckles in a long review. I am grateful for it; I eliminated the errors in the second edition. Also in later editions and reprintings I tried to rectify what I deemed necessary and keep the book up with the latest research, my own and others'.

Thank goodness I have learned, at least since my forties, to learn from my mistakes; and from the outset I have been ready to exchange an opinion of my own, even though printed, against a better one. I fail to understand scholars who cling to their opinions only because they had once held them; in fact, I feel sorry for such petrifacts. I for one have never believed to have arrived at the final goal. Any position of mine I consider a staging post as I do, incidentally, the positions of others, whether or not they believe them to be final. Lastly, what seems to me valuable in the *Pelican* volume is the attempt to present the masses of material clearly in their historical sequence. My own perhaps idiosyncratic views on that sequence and its highs and lows cannot be eliminated, to be sure. Justinian's H. Sophia just tells me more than any Paleologue church. The *Pelican* is not my best book. To write it has been less enjoyable than to prepare it. However, it appears to be a useful book, and presumably it will remain so for another five or ten years. At any rate, no book of that type should have a life span beyond half a century.

All my life I have been lucky enough to find students, colleagues, and friends from whom I could learn about fields unknown to me or about major questions within and beyond the history of art: Hugo Buchthal; Lee Striker, Al Frazer, Tom Mathews, Howard Saalman, to name but a few among former students of mine; Milton and Carol Lewine, Wolfgang Lotz, Millard Meiss, Kathy Brandt, Christoph Luitpold Frommel; my wife Trude; and many others *quorum nomina deus scit* and to whom my thanks go.

In the winter of 1970–71, I resigned from the Institute in New York and we prepared to move to Rome. The initiative was mine, but Trude gladly agreed. The decision was made quickly but was well considered. The fields taught by me and by Buchthal were in the best hands, Tom Mathews' and Marv Trachtenberg's. I was seventy-three, far beyond official retirement age. At the Institute that mattered little: Friedlaender, age ninety-two, had still taught, bodily a wreck, mentally as fresh as ever. I had taught forty-odd years, thirty-four of them in the United States, and I was happy there. But I had seen how aging professors became outdated and at times a bit ridiculous. I know how unwise it is for those in retirement to stay where they used to be active; they are displeased with the "new management" and turn into grumbly old codgers. Moreover, New York is not a good place for aging people on many accounts: the great distances, the difficulty and expense of obtaining domestic help, the many obligations and diversions by which younger friends are kept away. Nowhere are old folks as lonely as in a big city. In Rome that would be easier, and we had felt at home there ever since 1924. Also, I had work waiting for me there: Volume Five of the *Corpus* was unfinished, and Spencer Corbett wanted to and did withdraw to England; topics linked to the city of Rome had intrigued me for years; and where, but right there, could I better write the book on Rome I had talked about in lecture courses and seminars? Last but not least, in Rome we would find Wolfgang and Hilde Lotz, old friends and he, since 1963, the director of the Bibliotheca Hertziana. In 1969, he had offered me an apartment in Palazzo Zuccari, seat of the library, opposite his own. Now I jumped at the chance; to live in the same house with friends and the books and in Rome—who could hesitate? In the late spring of 1971 we moved in. And that is where I still am.

Seen from the outside, my life as a scholar during these past seventeen Roman years would seem to have run smoothly. Certainly it has been productive. However, it is not quite easy to tell how the different strands of my work have intertwined and again resolved themselves and how they have shaped my thinking in my seventies and eighties. If indeed, they have shaped it; for, nothing is harder in old age than judging one's self. I do not think of myself as a fossil.

Certainly I do not cling stubbornly to opinions I once held, and I am as curious as ever. On every walk I want to know what's around the next corner; Trude used to tease me about it. And likewise I would love to know what will be around the next corner of the future.

In 1970 Volume Four of the *Corpus* had been published. Volume Five was to present the three proto-basilicas, that at the Lateran, S. Paolo fuori le mura, and Old St. Peter's. The chapter on the Lateran basilica was ready in manuscript and Spencer Corbett had prepared the drawings. It contained quite a bit of new information: the discovery by Josi of the *castra equitum singularium* and the foundation walls and pavement of Constantine's church; the discovery over the years of its aisle walls and its main colonnade by Corbett, two of my students, and me; and of its dwarf-transept wings; not to mention a re-interpretation of Borromini's survey drawings in Vienna. The question was how to finance, complete, and print the volume. The funds generously provided for Volumes 2 to 4 had come to an end. In 1973 though, the Accademia dei Lincei presented me with the Feltrinelli Prize—I suspect my dear Cesare, now long dead, was the moving spirit. Out of the prize money I could provide for the missing volume. Alfred Frazer took it upon himself to collaborate on both St. Peter's and S. Paolo. In 1976 the volume went to press. The *Corpus* was completed. I had paid off the debt to scholarship I had incurred when fifty years before I had embarked on the work.

The *Corpus* is far from perfect. Some sections are plain wrong, particulary in Volume 1. And while in the later volumes there are, to my knowledge, few glaring mistakes, corrections and additions are needed here and there. I have noted them in the margins of my copy, but I am not going to publish a supplement. The *Corpus* is a posting stage; let others drive the coach to the next stage.

I had my hands full anyway. The paperback edition of the Pelican went to press in 1973, completely revised. But more than anything else the Rome book was on my mind. I had sketched some of the underlying ideas and had prepared parts of the material in courses, seminars, and occasional lectures, and also in Rome at the Academy, for example, the growth, the decline and revival of the city since late antiquity; the shifting of accents in the cityscape; shoddy reality and nonetheless the Eternal City through the Middle Ages. Pretty soon I realized the need to limit myself to the period from Constantine to the High Middle Ages—for the time being, I naively thought, if indeed dealing with a span of a thousand years can be called limiting oneself.

In 1973 I was ready to start in earnest. Bob Brentano's wonderful *Rome before Avignon* was a great inspiration, bringing, as it did the city and its history to life; not through documents, as the social historian must, but through monuments, high and lowly. Also at that point Joan Lloyd appeared on the plane, heaven-sent, fresh from the Warburg and Courtauld Institutes; an intelligent, enthusiastic and eminently patient assistant to help me while the book was researched, written, rewritten, and printed. (She is now professor in Melbourne, but she comes to Rome almost every year to work on a corpus of medieval convent buildings.) Establishing the facts was the first task: the location of streets and markets, the water supply, houses, church foundations, convents; going through the hundreds of documents published, to get a picture of the city as once it was and as it changed from century to century; hunting down *vedute*, drawings, engravings, old photographs; finally, to present the story convincingly, clearly, vividly and lively. It was hard work and it took five or six long years. Yet, in retrospect the time seems short. It was such a joy, after so many years spent there to come to know the city as thoroughly as that is possible in Rome; to understand how and why she grew just that way; to "read" her as one "reads" a building. To gather heaps of information, useful and useless, and to find out about the political, economic, and ideological forces that may have influenced that growth; may have—for, inevitably, one is reduced to conjecturing.

Needless to say it pleases me that *Rome—Profile of a City* has been a success, and also commercially. But it also embarrasses me; should a book, written by a scholar for scholars and students and solidly researched, become a bestseller, albeit on a modest scale? But

why not once in a lifetime write something readable and pleasing to a wider public as well as useful to scholars? The layman, it is true, is not going to look much at the footnotes. That is annoying; for on these you have spent much time and effort and you are as proud of some of them as you are of the text, or prouder still. Well, remember *Ecclesiastes 1: 2.*

Rome—Profile of a City was planned naively in New York as the first of three volumes, the next two to cover respectively the period 1450–1600 and the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. In lecture courses and seminars, in fact, I had sketched the outline as I then saw it. But lectures are ephemeral. The students know and you tell them that you are breaking new ground, feeling your way, formulating thoughts but half-ripe, working with material, all to often known not too well to yourself or to others; and basing yourself on publications frequently outdated. It should not be so, but it is; or maybe the students should see the professor, too, groping in the dark. A book is permanent, it outlives you; so you had better stand on firm ground with views carefully thought out.

Once back in Rome, among historians of architecture and city planning right on the spot, I quickly saw I could not, nor should I write the two volumes to follow *Profile of a City.* In Early Christian and medieval Rome I had been at home these fifty years or so; I could fill in what I did not know, much though it was. Renaissance and Baroque Rome in comparison was *terra incognita* to me. Masses of material and insights new to me had been published, were in the works, or were being hotly discussed: Frommel's *Palastbau,* Bruschi's *Bramante;* a series of studies by a group of students of Paolo Portoghesi's on the urbanization of the Campo Marzio through the cinquecento, the region I look down on from my study; Raphael as an architect and Antonio da Sangallo; Joe Connors' work underway on Borromini, Insolera's *Roma*, and no end of papers on this or that. I couldn't dream of catching up. And a good deal of what I had told my students in class was or became hopelessly outdated within the next years: such as my interpretation of Sixtus V and his city planning; an interpretation that by a detour as early as 1950 found its way into Giedion's *Space Time and Architecture.* Anything embracing the growth and the nature of Rome over the centuries from 1450 to 1750 could only be superficial. It was too early or too late to try.

However, I did write a section of Volume 3, *The Rome of Alexander VII.* The initiative I suppose came from the exciting

seminar I gave in my last New York term. The topic, *Rome in the Seventeenth Century,* was too broad, but I whittled it down, stimulated by that group of students from NYU, Harvard, and Columbia. In my first years in Rome I then edited, jointly with Roger Jones, the notes on art and artists from the diary kept by Alexander: a laborious job—he wrote an impossible crabbed hand—but not tedious. The diary splendidly mirrored the erratic and brilliant Chigi pope, obsessed with building and city planning. Hundreds of unpublished documents in Roman archives told of his projects, whether or not carried out, and those of his architects—Bernini, Pietro da Cortona, Rainaldi, but not Borromini. From all this evidence resulted the picture and image of the Rome Alexander had in mind: a capital of the seicento, modern, but old because it was Rome; no longer a political leader, but a cultural magnet for a world, no longer unified by one faith. In that ultimate aim, to make Rome the cultural capital of Europe, Alexander failed: Paris, the rising political star became the cultural centre of the continent. To Rome, Alexander left only his great showpieces, Piazza s. Pietro, Piazza del Popolo, and his other grand *teatri.*

That jaunt was probably my last into the Renaissance and Baroque world. Since then I have prudently kept to the field I believe I know reasonably well, Early Christian architecture, looking at it both in detail and within a broader frame: the foundation of S. Paolo fuori le mura late in the fourth century as a signal to the last pagan intellectuals in Rome—the church of the apostle to the Gentiles and of the philosopher among the disciples. Or what is now on my desk, the question of links in Early Christian Rome between the spate of church building, the foundation of *tituli,* and the origins of urban station services; or, better, whether or not such links exist; or the Christianization of the cityscape in Rome, Constantinople, and Milan. With that I have dealt in *Three Christian Capitals,* but I am not quite happy with the book; the chapter on Constantinople does not go deep enough. Anyhow, work keeps me busy and fresh.

I have never been able to think on an abstract plane, have never had a philosophical head. I greatly admire those who have, but I do so without envy. All my life I have shunned art theory, basic principles, and methodologies. As I see it there is no *one* method for approaching the history of art. There are many and none is the only saving faith. Mine is linked to concrete data—monuments and documents; to facts and the milieu they have sprung from. Of

course, even I know that "pure facts" do not exist, that they are accessible only by interpretation, and that even plain description inevitably interprets the object. This first level of exegesis is enlarged and deepened once the inquiry extends to the function, say of a building; or to its siting on the city map. Or when the quest expands further into its iconography. In that realm, though, interpretation inevitably touches on speculation, and from there to free associations is but a step. In the "Iconography of Medieval Architecture" in 1942, I tried to stick to interpretations warranted by contemporary documentation, yet without sufficiently considering the likelihood of such documented interpretation being *post festum* theological speculation. I am worried even more by the tendencies among recent iconographers of architecture to associate with little regard to documented evidence.

Anyhow, I prefer to think on a different plane. My queries today are aimed at the *locus historicus,* the place in history, not confined to that of art or architecture, of a building or a category thereof. The inquiry, in any event, must start from the building, its growth, its original plan and function. Both are closely linked to the intentions of the patron, to the financing available, and to the demands and needs of the users. The architect's first task is to reconcile these several and at times conflicting claims. He in turn works within a situation, in part long established: the overall climate, cultural, political, religious; the tradition of the *genus,* in which the building is rooted, church, palace and so on; the local conditions—site, materials available, the working force and its training, funds available, and their timing; and compliance or not by neighbors. The final solution rests with the architect's gift of "concrete imagination"—or lack thereof—moving within a framework of economic, social, religious and technological forces; and of ideologies, equally real and potent. Hence the historian of architecture must look beyond the confines of his own field. To me at least, this is a necessity and eminently enjoyable. It is also perilous: one cannot, nor should one, strive to become a historian of liturgy or a social or economic historian. One must remain solidly a historian of architecture. As such, however, one can legitimately raise questions that the expert in his garden nearby has never asked and cannot ask from his angle of vision. At least one can open a window; and I feel one should.

So far I have not regretted having chosen to spend my old age in Rome. Trude's decline and death would not have been easier to bear elsewhere. And where but in Rome would I have found the never-ending stimulus that has enabled me to remain active far beyond the biblical three scores and ten? That stimulus springs from living among a community of scholars young and old and of all nations, and from living in just that city. It is not only the great sights that are so bracing: the Capitol, the Palatine on a spring day; Michelangelo, seen up close from the scaffoldings in the Sistine Chapel—and I am grateful every time I am taken there. It makes me almost as happy to climb the Spanish stairs, all the hundred and thirty two curving steps, or to come slowly up Via della Mercede, to admire and enjoy every day on the Propaganda Fide the plain rounded corner, Borromini's solution to an eternally irksome problem.

At times moreover, Rome has in store a special goody for an old admirer. In 1938, with work underway to reinforce the foundations of the Cancelleria, Wolfgang Frankl and I saw below the courtyard walls of a large fourth-century structure. Frankl surveyed them, and twenty years later they were published in Volume 2 of the *Corpus.* We suspected they might have belonged to the church founded by Pope Damasus, S. Lorenzo in Damaso. Under the circumstances prevailing in 1938—Fascist xenophobia, the racial laws, threatening war—no further action was possible. As I am writing this, a systematic excavation initiated by Luitpold Frommel and me and directed by Johannes Deckers from Munich is uncovering the entire church, a remarkable and exceptional building in many respects. I am on the dig every day. It is not unusual for an archaeological problem to find its solution only half a century later. But it is not often that one is still around at the tail end. I am grateful it is so.

Also I am surrounded and cheered up by friends: old and new ones, those settled in Rome and visitors. They come for three days or six months from New York and Berkeley, from Philadelphia and Montreal, from Munich, Frankfurt, Paris, and London; also from Melbourne. There are few contemporaries of mine among them, to be sure; the majority are thirty and forty years younger. But there are also those in their twenties and thirties, youngsters working at the Hertziana or the American Academy. I can tell them of old times and help them here and there with their work or their problems.

And from them I learn how they look at this brave new world nearing the year 2000; a world with computers, fax machines, and missiles that are rather bewildering to one born in the nineteenth century. And there are books to read I never get around to. So far, I am not lonely, thanks to Heaven.

To sum it up—life has not always been easy. There have been ups and downs. But on the whole, fate has treated me not too badly. The insecure young man, not very likeable, I find, has turned into an old gentleman, more balanced and secure, though not all too self-assured or petrified; one who still enjoys what life has to offer: a spring day, this city, the Campagna, human contact, friendship, and love. In my old age alone, fate has given me much. Did I not fear the envy of the gods, I would call myself happy. However, no one should call himself happy before his death, to quote an ancient Greek or Roman sage. The motto, though, to my life as a scholar and teacher related in these pages was written five hundred years ago by Chaucer. I have chosen it as the title of this paper.

Richard Krautheimer Bibliography (1925–1989)

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