

TOT DE HOOGE SCHOOLE DER SCHILDERKONST:

Anders de

ZICHTBAERE WERELT.

Verdeelt in negen Leerwinkels, yder bestiert door eene der

ZANGGODINNEN

Ten hoogsten noodzakelijk, tot onderwijs, voor alle die deeze edele, vrye, en hooge Konst oessen, of met yver zoeken te leeren, of anders eenigzins beminnen.

Beschreven door

SAMUEL VAN HOOGSTRAETEN.



Tot ROTTERDAM.

By Fransois van Hoogstraeten, Boekverkooper,
M. DG. LXXVIII.

INTRODUCTION

TO THE ACADEMY {HOOGE SCHOOLE}, OF

THE ART OF PAINTING:

Otherwise the

VISIBLE WORLD.

Divided into nine Classrooms, each directed

by one of the

MUSES.

Of the highest educational necessity to all who practise these noble, liberal and high Arts, or those who earnestly seek to learn, or who otherwise love them.

Written by

SAMUEL VAN HOOGSTRAETEN.

in ROTTERDAM.

By Fransois van Hoogstraeten, Bookseller

M. DC. LXXVIII

[unnumbered page]
ON THE TITLE PRINT.

The student Painter is represented here in the Title Print,
Surrounded by all nine of the ingenious Muses:
Euterpe binds his heels and gives him wakefulness from sleep:
Polymnia commands him to begin outstandingly:
And Clio points out to him the beauties of the Visible World:
Meanwhile Erato has clad him with arms:
Thalia encourages him to proceed in proper fashion,
Melpomene illuminates him to glorious paths:
He takes the Crowned Brush from Terpsichore,
Wherewith to seek out the Palm frond of Calliope:
Urania prepares Laurels for him, so that with them he may
Be crowned in Fame's court, to live eternally.

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DEDICATION

To the Noble, Rigorous, and Most Honourable Gentlemen, MESSRS,

Mr KORNELIS POMPE van MEERDERVOORT, Knight: Lord of Hendrik-iden-en-Schildmans-Kinderen-

Ambachten, etc: Sheriff of the City of Dordrecht:

Mr MATHEUS van den BROECK, President Burgomaster:

Mr ADRIAEN van BLYENBURG: Knight: Lord of Naeldwijk:

Mr POMPEIUS BERK, Baron of Godschalk-oord:

Mr Pieter BRANDWYK van BLOCKLAND

Presently Ruling Burgomasters: Members

of the City Council,

and the good Members of the Eight. [de goede Luiden van den Achten].

Both the fruits and the abundant produce of

A well-planted garden belong to the Landlord,

However, owing to their nature, in being of different from each other,

They do not appeal in the same way to the tongue and the eye:

For each one is sharp or sour; and serves to sweeten, or make sour,

The tart Quince needs to be cooked,

So do all Winter fruits: furthermore, one has to be patient,

One does not bite into the Medlar unless it has first been left to sweeten:

But on the other hand there is the sweet and succulent Cherry,

The Peach, and the Apricot, sought both young and old:

The nutritious Apple, and Sweet Pear, still fresh

And golden yellow, tart Ambrosia and Nectar of the Gods:

I speak not of Fig and Plum, of Mulberry, Melon,

Pomegranate and all the delicacies of transmontane gardens,

Of Oranges from China, of the juicy Lemon,

And of the ripe Grape, which surpasses all the rest.

So, I say, as all this is granted the Landlord,

So too all the produce of the Pen, in well-governed towns, belongs

To the Government itself: and one knows well

That Pens differ from one another according to their matter.

For the Fruit of one Pen serves the passions:

Another is meant to awaken the spirit in the arts:

Another the comfort of the body: none is good

Unless it provides benefit, and can make improvement.

I considered therefore, as I devoted myself to

Devising my Academy, in order to open up the Art as best I could,

To dedicate this work of the Pen to our Dordrecht capitol

That is, to your Worthinesses:

Since it is plucked within the ramparts of your domain:

And furthermore because, one by one, you patronise

Art best of all. So, if it is not found flavoursome,

Just give this harvest of the Pen some space with the least:

Protected from vermin, and from

Frosts and winter weather; I say nothing for the spiteful comments

Of Slanderous tongues: for I consider it no disgrace

To be censured, but endeavour although rotten to ripen.

Thus I rest, my sorry act of duty being done, and remain, my Noble, Powerful and Worthy Lords,

Your Obedient Servant,

S. v. Hoogstraeten

In Dordrecht, this 1st of March, 1678.

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On

THE ARTS OF RHYME AND PAINTING

Of

Mr. S. v. Hoostraten.

The Greek Lyre was attached to the ancient brush

And is transplanted in our Era onto Dordrecht's merry Stage:

Now their Roles are here joined in a duet;

What is there that can daunt his hand or brain?

J. v. Someren

Camerae bipartitae a secretis. {Secretary to the Bipartite Chamber} $MAKAPITH\Sigma$

To Mr SAMUEL van HOOGSTRATEN on his Introduction to the Academy of the Art of Painting.

When formerly one wished to seek

The Nine Sisters, the nine Books,

From the womb of an ingenious brain

One turned to Herodotus.

But things are now otherwise

Nine are here brought forth,

From the Spirit of your intelligence

And by your celebrated hand.

Thus shall I let the Greek with his writings

Remain in his Antiquity

And declare here, on this occasion,

That he was the Honour of the Greeks.

But I shall claim you as mine

You, who oblige your City

With your Panels and your poems,

And you shall be Apelles.

And should you wish to elevate yourself,

And leave to be with the Muses,

The daughters of Helicon,

You shall there be the Sun.

C. van SOMEREN.

On the Portrait of Mr Samuel van Hoogstraten, in his Academy of the Art of Painting.

Nature desiring to portray herself,

Chose for that purpose the Brush of Him, who Ferdinand

Amidst the business of State never found tiresome:

And celebrates thus the power of highly gifted intelligence:

Apelles I most honour, beloved for his talent,

And Orpheus wrung my heart with his perfect poetry,

But look upon Him in whom they are gathered both together:

Why praise any more? The Sun needs no torchlight.

Jacob van Someren, J. Ctus. {Jurisconsulte.i.e., lawyer}

On the Portrait of S. v. H.

This shadow portrays Hoogstraeten's face; He makes poetry in his painting, and paints his poems. B.T.V

On the Introduction to the Academy of the Art of Painting by S. v. Hoogstraaten.

The seduced eye grazes through the meadows of the Art of Painting,
Ariadne's thread leads us safely;
Otherwise we would wander, led astray (that is certain!)
By so many wandering paths, and miss the right road.
The courageous hero Theseus, entering the Labyrinth,
Feared no Bull's child; he was held back from going further
By the confusion of so many doorways regularly along the path:
He defeated the surly bull-monster bare-handed,
But first he had to tie the thread tightly to the entrance,
Eventually he was able safely to loosen that knot.
That Labyrinth, that Monster, that impossibility of finding a way,

When the path leads us here, and there, and round about,

Is like the Art of Painting, with her ingenuity and discoveries;

A looseness, by its nature all bound together;

A tightness, released from its slack unravelling;

A farcical multiplicity, a struggling mixture of one:

Will you come across no greater monster in that Forest,

Of dreadfully assembled or horrid body parts,

Than a Bull's child, or Half-human Ox-monster?

What then if in his dream the Lyre player were to reveal

That which he sought to teach his Pupil in the Ars Poetica:

Certainly he conjured one up; but could not praise his invention:

For however much he seems to allow licence and freedom

To Painters, and to the ranks of his Poets,

It must be under the restraint of these stipulations:

That they do not take this freedom to such absurd lengths,

So that the bitter and the sweet become the same, to where

The Snake couples with Birds, and the Lamb with the Tiger.

Heed now the advice, example and teaching

Of the Nine Muses; who you could call Magicians,

That lead not just the Pupil, but the Beholder, further and further,

(As if into the enchanted palace of Amadis)

Through a Court, where they [observe], on all sides,

The many Levels, Arches, Galleries,

Clad with magnificence, a kingdom of invention,

Before which even the most ingenious Daedalus of Art will swoon:

How could I conceal the artistry of the charming, exquisite decoration

Revealed in those rooms from top to bottom?

From which corrupted form, and the monstrosity of horror,

Is driven off, lest it displease the eye:

Therefore one does not need to run wild from the path of art,

Should one, following Virgil, deploy one's painting skills

As required by his brown-shadowed and darkened entrance

Where Prince Aeneas descended with the Sybil and moved

Among Briaruses, Chimeras and Centaurs;

For finally one can illuminate the ground with myrtles and laurels,

Allowing the sweetness of daylight

Be picked out beautifully by reflections in the shadows:

So it is that through art, we can endure the bitter and the harsh,

Given that art holds it all in its power;

Restraining it with the bridle of judicious propriety:

And if we thus see the Garden, and thus the path,

And thus the House, with all its different parts,

All its multiplicity, astonishing and excessive;

Thus the Art of Painting appears like a dream,

Sweet, pleasing, fanciful, rich in discovery,

Where things are not bound or shackled to each other;

Where each part is a discrete element, but where each to the other,

As in a sweet dream, reins us in, restrains us,

Insisting that one pays attention to each part:

But dreams are indeed fleeting thoughts

And paintings of the mind, brought forth in the darkness of the night,

Bourne in a vapour, so it is believed,

As in the folds of a shadowy cloak;

From which daylight banishes all those effects and devices:

And here is the difference, for this sweet dream begins,

When the curtains of the night are parted,

Daylight engenders it, light makes one love its beauty:

It is not my intention to turn from the Labyrinth,

But it is necessary that I grasp Ariadne's thread,

So that we, from your learned and well handled pen,

HOOGSTRAATEN, first provide for ourselves, and thereby know the path;

So as not to wander and stray towards the monster;

So as not to tumble endlessly in the maelstrom:

Then he that is satisfied, and who retraces his steps, shall declare

It is sweet to have deviated, confused, conjured and dreaming.

J. Oudaan.

On the Introduction to the Art of Painting, etc. By the widely famous Painter, and ingenious Poet.

SAMUEL van HOOGSTRAATEN.

The Brave ART OF PAINTING, has never yet been described according to its deserts,

Now, however, the Benefit that it contains is set upon the great stage:

It has been advanced with lustre, glory and splendour

To the Seat of State, by HOOGSTRATEN'S diligent pen.

MATTHIJS BALEN.

To Sr. S. van Hoogstraeten; art-full Painter, and celebrated Poet, regarding his Introduction to the Art of Painting. &c.

The visible ball of earth, in its entirety,

Appears to me to be fixed floating vainly:

Which with your hand, by means of the brush of art,

You depict true to life.

Your great spirit climbs steeply,

Gloriously to contemplate,

Up to the very highest point,

And flies through all the Rings of Heaven.

Resting not you enjoy rest,

And jestingly you elucidate earnestly,

That which cooks and boils the brains of others,

Before they can articulate their ideas.

We shall listen to your Muses

As each speaks of her speciality

So that their reasonings shall be

A medicine for our deficiencies:

Wherefore your name is by all

Remembered in everlasting praise.

P. van Bracht.

A FOUR-LINE POEM [Tetrastichon], To the Author.

Nature made you a painter, SAMUEL,

And orders you to the sacred Castalian spring:

Your metres embellish your fatherland; Caesar's court, and
England is decorated by your painting.

On S. v. Hoogstraeten's VISIBLE WORLD, or Introduction to the Academy of the Art of Painting. Nature, you who have for thousands of years Never tired or wearied bringing forth The most ingenious children; One could never have had any idea, Even had you been expressly bidden, Of hoping for anything more wonderful Than that you would have implanted Such spirit and life into people's brains, That they should seek out the things of The Visible World, which they then paint, With dead colour and brushes, On blank canvases and panels. Painters have painted wittily and cleverly Since when Alexander, Apelles' favourite, tore all through The world winning numerous victories. Who can dim their splendour and lustre? They have clothed the Courts of Kings,

Vaults, Monasteries and Churches,

With immortal works.

One has seen them rise from the lowest ranks

Crowned with costly rewards,

Reached out for and won by them.

Italy has far excelled

Great Britain, Germany, France and Spain

In choice of Painters.

One has seen our Netherlands produce

Costly jewels of art most successfully;

Yes, even if art was elsewhere to go into decline,

Still one would see it arise again as a wonder

In Holland and embellish galleries

With inimitable grace.

In order to stimulate the will to learn, therefore,

This Painter's hand shall describe it,

And set forth with well-grounded reasons

How it is to be treated and analysed.

Was ever before the Painter's pupil more

Satisfactorily shown the path,

As the Nine have borne it forth,

Of how to paint in life's colours,

And never to slip or to get bogged down

In the mud of artistic error?

Even less should the brush now whither,

Since the senses of mankind,

When they stand distracted and amazed

At such an art - the pick among a hundred -

Which in painting visible things

Sings forth the praise of Invisible Divinity,

And humbly honours their Creator,

And which teaches wonders to mankind;

Or which gives him such rich gifts,

That he with his spirit sails

Into the harbour of art, and wishes to bring together

Everything visible on flat, smooth canvases.

F.v.H.

ON THE SAME

What passion of Poetic desire can grant me The capacity of perfect reason, And aspiring eloquence, So that with sacred Poetry I can sing on this long wished for Day? O MUSES! drive me on, You who are accustomed to dance with him Who, accomplished in speculation, Spreads your unsullied praise wide, As far as Fame with speedy pens Can report, who never tires of running, Their unchecked tongues spread. One does not disparage Protogenes, Who appeared aforetimes in Antiquity, Nor Apelles, so honoured, And beloved long ago. Here the clever BATAVIAN will teach, From among the pick of valuable Jewels, How to represent the Ideal Man, And gain the Laurels, Full of triumph, the prize of the brave. Here the Student burns in a blaze. Here he swims across a flood Of sweet things, so as to refresh himself. Here a Helicon is established, Frequented by the wise Songstresses, Drinking in wise instruction, By the flickering of this torchlight He is guided along their worthy path; And follows with apprehensive countenance, Dressed in the habit of the virgins' Choir, To celebrate these honours. I Rejoice, joyful at such a thing. And who shall silence my tongue, When reinforced by Virgil's Trumpets, From praising your understanding? Now we shall be silent, Uncle, before the Sunlight, Too powerful for tender poetry.

D. v. HOOGSTRATEN.

S.v.H. To the Readers and Lovers of the ART OF PAINTING.

Since for a long time there has been no one, who has been pleased to describe the whole of the Art of Painting and all that pertains to it, for the great masters, who were best able to do this work, were on account of the opportunities of the great sums, which the making of their works usually provided, so parsimonious, or rather so greedy, that they did not wish to waste the time, which was so profitable to them, to take up the impoverishing pen, and so it is that this deficiency has trailed an even greater one behind it, namely, that the Art of Painting is, by most people, esteemed another common art or manual craft: and it follows from this, that thousands have turned to or set out in the art, without ever overcoming its inherent difficulties, more or less as if they were picking up the Cobbler's trade by hand: without once comprehending that this art comprises the whole of the Visible World; and that there is hardly any art or science, of which a Painter can afford to be ignorant. One has then a haphazard chance of producing real Painters, and why is that? One attaches youngsters to one or another Painter, or someone so called, ostensibly so that they can learn drawing, which is to make a puppet after a puppet, and whatever good could come from that, this is how one arrived at the brush, and thus over time ignorant people granted them the title of masters of the art, before they themselves had the least understanding of the Art of Painting. The consequence of which is that the lucky ones have got hold of one part of the art simply by accident, a coincidence of individual talent and the fashion of the day, by means of which, like blind men, they arrive at good Fortune: meanwhile the rest are even blinder, and as they feel their way along the path they fall by the way: furthermore arrogance, the companion of youth, infatuates the greater part of them with their own work: and then they, now grown up, and dignified with the name of Painter, are ashamed to apply themselves to further learning. And indeed it would be of no benefit to many, were they naturally burdened with a capable spirit, since on account of their ignorance it would be wasted upon them, in that, had they been properly educated in this art at the Academy {Hooge Schoole}, they would certainly have found something outstanding in which to excel. And those who have no talent for art, would have become aware sooner of their shortcoming, and it would have been preferable at that early point for them to retire, and take up something else, than to waste their lives as cripples in art.

I observed these shortcomings in the teaching of art early on, and was moved, and considered it sincerely, to see if there was not a way to be found, for myself, as well as for others, by means of which a suitable spirit might enter the Academy of the

Art of Painting. In which one might learn, everything pertaining to the art, so as to make oneself a master through hard work. But the weightiness of the matter, and the unprofitable time required, necessary for the writing of it, not to mention the jealousy, that the golden Art of Painting imposes, that her practitioners belong to her alone, made me substantially reduce my plans, so that I dared go no further than an Introduction to this Academy. An Introduction I say, that is, that we lead the students as if by the hand into the Academy, which we have divided into nine Classrooms, and then we show them, what is to be learned in each one, and in which parts of art they each piece by piece serve to define, then we insert such instruction, as seems to us most suitable and appropriate in that place. And even though this work is merely an Introduction, we insist strongly, that it is not only the student who shall hereby be helped, to climb to the top of art on surer feet: but that also masters in the art shall be enlightened by it, so as to teach their Apprentices better; by means of the classification, of the parts of art that we have set out. For even if by chance they understand art better in its entirety, than we do, it will at least prevent them feeling they need, to analyse it in this way into parts, which they can with more ease relearn from another. And as well as that, they shall be enabled to evaluate their own works, however artistic they may be, against our rules. For subject to correction I firmly maintain, that Paintings, however highly they may be valued, which cannot stand the test against Polymnia, as regards all that pertains to the proper composition of a human figure: which fall short, in the expression of the passions, and the positioning of the limbs, as Clio teaches; or that lack charming embellishments with subsidiary elements, of which Erato speaks: those without agreeable composition, as discussed by Thalia: that are not coloured and painted following the lessons of Terpsichore: which lack Melpomene's precision in shadow and highlight: and from whence the Graces of Calliope have been banished; such are entirely rubbish, to be valued only as jokes; all upright Painters, I believe, will agree with me. Our Introduction will also be useful to all Lovers of the Art of Painting, especially if they are inexperienced, so as not to be deceived when buying Works of Art, for they shall evaluate them according to the virtues, which are to be observed in them, and not be name-buyers, as are many, seduced by some braggart or other, to buy hackneyed rubbish held as of higher worth, because they have been convinced, that it was painted by one or another great Master. Certainly it is a laughable love of art, if one esteems as artistic and lofty, something in which one sees nothing either artistic or lofty. I will not claim, that my Introduction will open the eyes of all Lovers of Art, so that they will straight away be able to make judgements on art: that is too much to claim; but they will readily understand from reading our work, how it is that one may make judgements, and they will then, with the help of an experienced Painter trace, the virtues and failings in any particular work,

clearly and distinctly. As regards the organisation of the book, we intend in the work itself to provide sufficient explanation: having left no part of art out of our account: but if someone else finds, and can identify any element, which we have omitted, or comes across any obscurities, he should feel the greatest obligation to bring them to our attention, and we would be pleased to enrich these nine books, dedicated to the Muses, with a tenth to Apollo. But what do I mean by that? I remember, not long ago, asking, in the spirit of friendship, the same thing of one of our famous Painters, who replied: That he was eager to read this work, but that he in no way wished to communicate his feelings about it in writing: for, he meant, in doing that he would communicate to me the secrets of his art, and teachings, which he had never been guilty of doing to anyone, except his Pupils and Followers. Surely, I thought, I must not only be brave, but foolish too, as I am sharing my teaching here not only with hundreds of my friends, but also with my enemies, if I have any, without any another pleasure in view, than the building up of art, which I heartily wish will continue daily to rise higher; And I shall never weaken in my commitment to that. As regards our manner or style, we know that sometimes we digress, and elsewhere we say too little, the former comes from a liberality borrowed from the Poets, the latter, because one frequently feels, to have said just about enough on a subject, which is itself familiar to all. But why should I give so many explanations of my project? I am certain, that I shall give some satisfaction to the unassuming, but that I shall never please the jealous: certainly, I would make myself miserable, were I to remain unmolested, where others, who have produced many more worthy works, are so vigorously heckled. Truly I stand in the least danger, because I deal neither with readily-offended Religion, nor sensitive politics, nor short-tempered Philosophy, but the dumb Art of Painting: and I present my Readers, untainted by partisanship, with more pleasure, than obscure disputation.



HOOGSTRAETEN, WHO EXCHANGES THE BRUSH FOR THE PEN,
DESIRED THAT HIS FATHERLAND KNEW HIM FROM LIFE,
LESS BY HIS IMAGE, THAN ART ON PURE, RATIONAL FOUNDATIONS,
FAMED IN CAESAR'S PALACE AT ROME, AND IN LONDON.

J. Oudaan



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[Pag. 1, A]
EUTERPE,
The Persuader. {Redewikster}
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The first Book.

Content.

Kind-hearted Euterpe, who summons us to Art,

Here attracts Youth with a seductive pipe,

But warning them also not to seize at it lightly,

Not unless they feel a force of Divine grace.

She sets forth examples of properly suitable spirits,

And of how Nature and Training work together:

Beginning with the Art of Drawing {Teykenkonst}, her essence and being,

Of the right and wrong way, from the least to the greatest:

Whatever greater benefit one receives from this exercise,

Painting well depends most on being able to draw well.

On the Print.

This Print shows Art, whose attractive power

Draws Young People to her: a cajoling Siren,

Who treads the jacks and Children's Games underfoot:

Dedicated properly to holy Mercury, who sang to sleep

The hundred eyes of Argus. Love is kindled by seeing a Picture

Or Fine Image: but the particular situation can vary:

For Rafel {Raffaellino da Reggio} on account of the goose, and Maerten {Maarten van Heemskerck} through the spilling

Of Milk, and Quentijn the Smith {Quentin Metsys} all took up the Brush:

Also Mason Polidoro {Poliodoro Caravaggio}, a Fisherman and a Shepherd;

But he who is lifted up onto his master's shoulders, sees further.

INTRODUCTION.

O Euterpe, who blessed Ovid the Love Poet, you who by means of your Divine grace plays a sweet melody, and who loves gentle youth best! Come and reveal to us, which is suited or unsuited for the Art of Painting; and show us which road we must take, in order to reach our destination, many stumble by the halfway point, and wander aimlessly. First allow that, with the help of your Sisters, I may sing of Art, in which I have spent the greater part of my life, and complete this small Work, which is dedicated to their eternal greatness. And if I do not complete a Book worthy of renown, then at least grant that with it I may provide recreation, and perhaps be of use to others. The Pen has for a long time been affiliated with the Brush, as speaking Painting; just as the Art of Painting was also accounted silent Poetry. Sisters with a similar liberty, as Horace sings:

Painters have always had the same authority as Poets
To exercise their licence, in everything they convey.

But nevertheless few Painters in our time have troubled themselves to write about Art: it is reported that in olden days they did [marg: Some who have written about the Art of Painting.], that it was done by such as Antigones, Protogenes, Theophanus, Euphranor, Xenocrates, Apelles (which was appropriated by his pupil Perseus), similarly by a certain Duris, Hippias, Melanthius and Juba King of the Moors {Mauren}; but their books have long been destroyed by all-devouring time. Among the Italians Leon Battista Alberti of Florence wrote three books on the Art of Painting, in Latin, and ten on Architecture, along with others, and, so it is said, yet better ones than these he published; he lived until the year 1455. Leonardo da Vinci wrote astutely and intelligently about the Arts of Painting, Drawing and Colouring: but his Writings are mostly lost, even though some remnants are still circulated under his name. Those of the Knight Giorgio Vasari have been better preserved, these used the notes of Lorenzo Ghiberti, Domenico Ghirlandaio, and the great Raphael of Urbino. Karel Van Mander, as well as his lives of the Painters, sang of Art in Flemish verse; but he did not succeed, and was more effective in elevating the spirit than in instruction. Some other Writers too (I exclude here our Junius, who brought together the Art of Painting of the ancients with great assiduity), who did not wield

the brushes, have produced many works: But they are, saving their grace, not up to the task, and even though they hit the target many times with fine Phrases, they frequently, as did Alexander, make Apelles' pupils laugh: and fared no better than the Scholar Phormion, who in the presence of Hannibal, tried with his oratory to give an account of the qualities requisite in a commanding General.

Nevertheless it is still required that the Young Painter is set straight according to the rules and principals of Art, and instructed by one, who has grown old handling the brushes: albeit it is they who most lament never having had a complete education. And certainly, I wish that I was young again so that I might set myself to work with renewed vigour with the rules of art, as they are here presented by our Muses: even though the common methods, in which art has up to this time been taught, did not ruin me. Imperfections in education leave many honest young fellows blindly seeking the right way, and not all of them have in their youth the luck to suck in Art like nourishing Milk from a good master, in the company of honest companions. It does not happen for all of those eager to be taught art to be counted among those forty who study with masters employed at the expense of King Louis of France, for whom, it is reported, a school has recently been established in Rome. This is certainly Kingly, I hope that by means of this deed Louis leaves behind as eternal a name as he does with all his wars. The memory of Lorenzo de Medici lives on, who established a school for young Painters and sculptors in his palace, which he himself decorated with marble figures and relics of Artistic Antiquity. They all live on, I say, who reach out their hands thus to the young, and who provide the means for such a worthy object; many Princes and Cardinals in Italy nowadays are pleased so to do. This prompts me to remark how few I set down and list here in commemoration; these examples, however few they are, will at least serve as a spur to those eager to learn, when they realise that all of them required a lively spirit. I fear not to receive a reprimand, as did Aristotle from Alexander, from the Masters of this Art, for I reply as did the Philosopher: However well this work can serve Art Lovers as a light and torch to illuminate many obscurities, as well as pleasing the spirit, it is certain that no one shall obtain the fullest understanding from these writings, unless they labour until they sweat in learning our Art. For indeed the Art of Painting is no handicraft to be got by privilege or letter of recommendation, nor is it a branch of knowledge

that one can readily pick up piecemeal; but it requires a suitable spirit, assiduous application, and enduring labour. How fortunate is a lively spirit, who is set upon the right path, from the very beginning! Meanwhile the others, who do not have the opportunity, stray easily, or remain standing still. The Ancients were very miserly in communicating their training cheaply. Pamphilus, in order to defend the dignity of Art, charged not less than one talent for ten years, or, according to others, ten talents a year, and Apelles and Melanthius paid him that much, although I have read elsewhere that Apelles paid one talent a year [marg: Educational fees of the Ancients. One talent is 600 crowns.]. But this Pamphilus also taught the arts of geometry and number; without which, he said, the Art of Painting was incomplete. [marg: Who was allowed to learn art.] Furthermore he taught none, other than Nobility and the Children of great men; for it was forbidden to teach Art to the unfree and to slaves; who nonetheless customarily practised medicine and other professions, and thus it was, that all through Antiquity nowhere is mention made of a single Painting, that had been made by the hand of a Slave, when servitude was no obstruction for some who became great Philosophers, Physicians and Poets. He began by introducing them to the Art of Drawing, as the most indispensable of all, on Tablets of Boxwood; and set the Art of Painting at the top, above all the liberal Arts.

But many might think it strange that I publish this Work under the name of the nine Muses [marg: Why it is that this book is produced under the name of the Muses.]: First, while this Title, long ago given to the Histories of ancient Herodotus, the credibility of whom has been strongly disputed by some: so that they have thought that he, through the licence of the Muses, had developed certain things a little too broadly and lavishly in order to please the spirit; but this could not discourage me, since I am concerned not with History but a liberal art, where passionate encouragement often holds greater sway, than simple and straightforward rules. Others will claim that although the Muses might certainly be the Mistresses of Poetry, they will not pass for Painters. Here I reply: That since olden days one has always inferred all manner of wisdom, learnedness and cleverness by the name of the Muses, and that as well as the sisterhood between the Art of Painting and Poetry (derived from Horace), the professions of each of these Goddesses are identical to the particular parts of the Art of Painting, as if they had been consecrated for no other end. As shall be discovered in what follows by all who can understand. That I also call it The Visible World is because the Art of Painting represents everything that is visible. But I have chosen to do this since I have named a certain other work, which may give pleasure to many, with the title The Invisible World.

Marsilio Ficino said that anyone who dedicated themselves to the liberal arts received three times three guides [marg: In the three Books of life. Three times three guides for the liberal arts.]. Firstly three from heaven, that is, the favours of the three planets: Mercury, the Sun and Venus. Secondly three qualities of character: desire for learning, a tenacious understanding and a good memory. The three last he suggested as supports: good parents, a trustworthy and intelligent teacher and a competent and experienced Physician. We give to our pupil in the Art of Painting instead of three times three guides, nine mistresses who themselves since long ago have been set above all the planets and stars in heaven and their orbits. For our Euterpe rules over Mercury, who spurs youth on to discovering hidden things. Melpomene governs the Sunlight, causer of the day, and Erato Venus even though (a) others [marg: (a) Cesare Malfatti {i.e., Cesare Ripa}] place her under Thalia. Concerning the second trio: Urania reigns over the inclination of the will, Thalia competence, and Polyhymnia memory. Moreover, Terpsichore, Clio and Calliope are no lesser supports for the Young Painter; for they shall provide parents, teachers and supervisors. One single spirit rules over all the liberal arts, the same spirit which inspires the poet to poetry drives painters to the depiction of visible things; things which by poets are represented only with words [marg: An identical spirit drives both painters and poets.].

But why do I mention another spirit as the spirit of Euterpe? Euterpe is Divine grace and goodwill, without which our Noble Art is not to be learned. [marg: Euterpe represents the Grace of God, he will need her favour whosever desires perfect understanding. See Vincenzo Cartari in his Gods of the Ancients.] This is the same spirit, of which the Lord speaks through Moses in Exodus: See, I have called by name Bezaleel, the son of Uri and have filled him with the spirit of God, in Wisdom and understanding and in knowledge, and in all manner of Workmanship, to devise cunning works, to work in Gold, Silver, and in Brass and in cutting of stones, to set them: and in carving of timber, to work in all manner of workmanship. And further: And he hath filled him with the spirit of God, in wisdom and understanding and suited to all manner of workmanship. And it is put into his heart that he may teach, both he and Ahaliab, God filled their hearts with wisdom, to make all manner of work, of the engraver, and of the cunning workman, and of the embroiderer, in blue, and in purple, in scarlet, and in fine linen: and of the weaver, even of them that do any work, and of those that devise cunning work. But so as not only to discover, whether this spirit is inborn in the young, so that one does not purchase regret with bitter labour, and also to know, to which end this inborn ability is suited; a prescient father or guardian, must apply all effort, to sound out this natural inclination. [marg: One must direct spirits towards their natural inclination. or they will choose wrongly.] For, as Van Mander says:

Nature grants the hammer, the plough, books and the brush, The young sometimes take up the wrong role. So that bumpkins sometimes apply themselves to Art, While Noble spirits are forced to plough the land.

What the rudiments of the Art of Drawing can provide, truly no one should remain ignorant of it, since there is neither Art nor craft, indeed no trade whatsoever, for which it does not seem necessary, as a second manner of Writing [marg: Drawing extremely useful.]: as when a certain Statesman, being in the field with Prince {Frederik} Hendrik of Orange, was made well aware [marg: An example from our own times.]: for when he was advising on some fortification or military matter, and was unable either to express himself in writing, or to make himself understood in speech, he turned to the Prince, who did it with a drawing: for which he sought to apologise, saying, that he had not learned to Draw: but that great General stepped back, and looked even more astonished, saying: What! can a man who has defeated so many, as you have, be unable to Draw? At which the gentleman was so ashamed, and so regretted the mistake of his parents, who had neglected to have him taught such an important Art, that he had not only his sons, but also his daughters, instructed in the Art of Drawing. Whoever thinks this new or strange, is in dispute with Varro, who said it is impossible that a woman, who has not learned the Art of Painting, could judge embroiderers' work, or Weavers' decorations in a cushion. But Aristotle put it more bluntly [marg: Another from antiquity.], The majority of Greeks, he said, submit their children to be instructed in the Art of Painting: to the end that they should not be deceived in the buying and selling of all manner of utensils and household goods; or preferably, that they should learn to distinguish the perfect beauty of the body with a more apt and precise understanding. Aemilius Paulus, conqueror of the Greeks, undoubtedly followed in his footsteps; for he not only had his children taught by masters of natural science and rhetoric. But he added to them also Painters and Sculptors. So as now to illustrate that there are almost no sciences, in which the Art of Drawing is not honoured, thus we say, that it is necessary for high Statesmen, both in war and in peace. [marg: In the Art of War.] By means of it a General envisages the organisation, that he chooses for the assault, first on paper, while still lying far away, and he himself lays out the outlines for his army, before taking to the field. He organises his Regiments with extended wings, or narrowly according to the width of the Road, with the pen, before sending them into battle with their swords in their hands. And knowing the enemy's strength and disposition by means of good Intelligence, he anticipates the attack, and wins the battle. And how would a general properly understand Military Architects

if he were ignorant of the Art of Drawing? By means of the Art of Drawing the Heroes of old, who were returned from the Trojan wars, drew the siege of the City on Tablets with a little Wine, and Ulysses drew in the sand with a stick, for the beloved Calypso.

[marg: Architects.] I leave aside Architects, Surveyors and others, whom one certainly knows should not remain ignorant of the Art of Drawing. [marg: Writers.] I shall also not argue over whether letters themselves are part of the Art of Drawing, even though I certainly believe it, as I think that their oldest forms were derived from pictures of recognisable things: both the Egyptians and the Moors long continued in this manner of writing. But how necessary does art seem to be for writers of natural History? [marg: Writers of Natural History.] For even when they have used many words in the description of the appearance of numerous fishes, birds, crawling and four-footed animals, finally they show a picture; sometimes one may trust one's own eyes, if one is sure that the writer has drawn the beast himself with understanding and care: otherwise it is often inaccurate, and the whole description is not worth a bean.

[marg. Geographers.] As regards Geographers, Navigators would be deceived and lost, if they represented the forms of their Headlands, Capes and Bays inaccurately. It is as if Pilots were entering a known waterway, when they discover, that the Islands lying round and about are arranged just as in the print that they have of them. Certainly no one can correctly set down on Paper the forms of strange lands, that he visits, until he understands Drawing: and the excellence of a good a map, in which one sees the world as from another world, is thanks to the Art of Drawing.

[marg: Astronomers.] Also Astronomy cannot do without the illumination of the Art of Drawing, I shall not say it, so as therefore the better to establish the imagined figures and monsters of the mind; but principally so as properly to represent orbits, conjunctions and oppositions. A certain Archimedes could not have completed his hollow Copper globe, in which the Stars were painted, without the Art of Drawing.

[marg: Medicine.] But could Medicine, or the physicians, do without this art? these most of all not: because in the anatomy of the human body they see fit to draw what they discover, also it will give them no small pleasure, to know herbs, and they will have a desire to rectify from nature with an Artistic hand the mistakes perpetrated in numerous herbals.

[marg: Historians.] Historians cannot immortalise celebrated men with the Pen, unless they insert portraits in their work:

for was this not what they say Alexander did, when he found his appearance described so confusedly? If on the other hand we read the lives of Emperor Charles V, of Henri IV, and those of other famous men, and we are shown in print their true portraits besides, the pleasure of seeing them seems to double our respect, and we take note of their deeds, as if they had occurred in our own times. T. Pomponius Atticus produced portraits of the most famous Romans, and their most noteworthy deeds, and the noble service they provided, set out underneath, explained in four or five verses. Varro likewise immortalised the names of seven hundred illustrious men with their portraits, and bequeathed their appearance to posterity; but how much more easily and more readily circulated, can we do this now, now that we have the engraving of plates, a new art; as J. Oudaan has done, in resurrecting as if from the grave the ancient and long dead Power of Rome. Well then, you could, whatever your purposes, as readily educate young people in the School of our Artistic Euterpe as in that of letters. But we shall admit none but those worthy of and suitable for what follows.

FIRST CHAPTER.

How some have come to Art in unusual ways; and what spirits are suited to it.

Fortunate circumstances and upbringing do much, for the awakening of a complete Painter, therefore the Egyptian masters did not fail to instruct their children in Art one step at a time, so from the start they were taught elements upon which, when they had mastered them, they could subsequently build higher, as upon a firmly established framework: [marg: Opportunity.] and, as the saying goes, parents lift their children onto their shoulders, so that being lifted up, they can thereby see even further. However opportunity does not always go with suitability: for great intellects sometimes produce uneducable children; and good opportunities are often wasted through unwillingness. On the other hand it also happens, that the inner suitability of the spirit, however strongly it is hindered by birth, upbringing and fate, happily bursts out

as is told of Protagoras, [marg: An example.] who, being a working boy or woodcutter, going once to the City of Abdera, with a bundle of wood on his shoulder, bound together very artfully with a strap, met the philosopher Democritus: who, being droll by nature, and observing all things with humour, just then cast his eye, both on the burdened boy, who seemed to have something about him, and also on the cunning binding: noting this he called Protagoras to stand still, told him to put down the wood, untie it, and tie the strap again: which so pleased him, that he adopted him, provided for him, and trained him in Philosophy, and made him such a famous man, that the Godlike Plato gave one of his own dialogues the title Protagoras. So sweetly does charming Euterpe appeal to her Schoolchildren, and sometimes she draws some of them to her in astonishing ways. [marg: Examples of some who came to art by strange means.] As appears with Giotto, who was assigned by his father to guard Sheep: for even though only ten years of age, he drew everywhere he found a flat surface, on walls, stones, paths, even in the sand, until Cimabue, having business in their Village, found him occupied drawing a picture of one of the Sheep, without ever having seen anyone else do such a thing: Cimabue, at that time the best Painter in Italy, stood amazed at it, and directly enquired of his Father whether he might take the boy with him straight away, and it happened there and then, for it was immediately evident how strong a natural talent he had; for in a short time he excelled not only all of the Painters, who had preceded him during the period of several hundred years, but also his own Master; as the Poet Dante sings:

They praise Cimabue as the best Painter: but The Fame of Giotto dims his reputation.

Likewise did Andrea Mantegna, also a Painter, go on to become a knight from being a herdsman. Raffaelino da Reggio was a farmer's boy herding Geese, when he had the misfortune to break the legs of one of them with a stick, he fled his demented Father and falling in with some Painters, he was eventually taken up by Federico Zuccarro, with whom he advanced so far in a short time, that many of his pictures looked as if they lived, just like those of his Master. By a similar circumstance of animals our Maarten Van Heemskerk, returning from the cows with a pail of Milk on his head, struck it against a branch and spilled all the Milk; thus he, to escape the fury of his Father, took the path to art. Also Rijk met de Stelt {Rijckaert Aertsz}, having burnt his leg and being disabled from making a living in the Fishing boats like his Father, became a Painter during the idleness of his convalescence.

But a wonderful story is told of Quentin Matsys, who through love of his Mistress, became an exceptional Painter having been a Smith. So too of the apprentice Bricklayer Polidoro {da Carravaggio} who was transformed into a Painter through seeing paintings, and became a great master. I ought to have included among the Herdsmen above Domenico Beccafumi: his Lord, who discovered him drawing with a stick in the sand while guarding the Sheep, took him from the field and set him to art. There are more examples like this, which for the sake of brevity we shall pass over.

[marg: The Athenian's test of the inner inclinations of the young.] The Athenians set their children to numerous crafts in their play, in order to see, which they first, or most adroitly would try and do, and by that means worked out to which art or occupation they were most inclined by nature. [marg: Example of Achilles.] Ulysses certainly did not err when he sought Achilles, disguised in women's clothes, hidden among Deidamia's Maidens on Scyros; for he peddled all manner of baubles and women's trinkets to them, among which he placed some weapons and armour: the Maidens all grasped at the bows and bangles, but Achilles tried on the armour, and thus revealed his true identity, whatever his outward masquerade; and his natural inclination, despite his attempt to conceal it. [marg: Also Thucidides. See in Fotius' Library, Diadoor, Marcellinus, also Kamerarius] It is written also of Thucidydes: when as a child, at a session of the Olympic Games, he wept, as if overcome by a Divine passion, upon hearing a recital of the magnificent histories of Herodotus: seeing this Herodotus spoke to Thucidydes' Father, saying: Oh Olorus! What greater indication and love do I see in your Son toward Learning, worth more than the best of educations. But Herodotus could no doubt see this from other characteristics which revealed Thucidytes' suitable nature and noble spirit. For they are not all Thucidydes, who in listening to histories become tearful, although that is certainly a sign worth noting: likewise, they are not all Herodotuses, who observe the passions of youth. Therefore I insist that it is extremely difficult to be certain at a young age of a natural inclination for art [marg: Natural inclination.]: If some children occupy themselves with drawing little figures and animals in School instead of writing it gives some indication of a natural enthusiasm, but it is much too uncertain a foundation upon which to build, and therefore to believe that they are properly suited and born to it: for if it seems to be the case that they appear to have a leaning to art, a better test is required to know exactly their spirit: namely, whether they will persevere right to the end; and overcome all obstacles. For I believe that it is certain, that anyone whom one can prevent, from following their

inclinations with heart and soul, is not suited to that inclination. In accordance with this saying:

Anyone that can be turned away from Art, Should not be trusted,

And I recall very well how, in my childhood, following the death of my Father, my Guardian certainly tried with sweet arguments and plausible words, to turn me away from the Art of Painting and press me toward another profession, one which seemed to him more secure. But I believed, even when I was only fourteen years old, that he was trying to draw me away from delight and condemn me to slavery, for I had already occupied half my life in the service of our Euterpe. [marg: Must evidently persevere.] The surest way, then, is to give free rein to those in whom one detects a natural inclination, and set them to learning the first elements of the Art of Drawing. And there is much less harm in the expense of money and time, since the Art of Drawing, as has been proved, serves all the professions. Well then, the new pupil having displayed his first enthusiasm, and having persisted for some time, you think therefore, following the general misapprehension, that he will prove capable, and will bring about who knows what wonders: and then it is time to play another role, you must do your best, though in full modesty, to draw him away from this attractive Siren. Should he follow you readily, and tire of this game, then you can rest easy and direct him toward something else. But if, however, he holds fast, and will not be diverted, if he loathes whatever else one recommends to him, then one may believe that he has begun to love the art. Strike on, and just teach me, said Diogenes to the Teacher of wisdom when he sought to be instructed, according to Comenius. [marg: In the Hontschen Diogenes (Diogenes the Cynic) translated into Dutch by my brother F.v.H.] And as soon as he has passed this test, you must enquire further; show him the most incomparable masterpieces of art, test whether his devotion endures, and see if he pursues honour, or whether through a lazy idleness he is led by his fellow pupils, or, loving art properly, he pursues it with an eager appetite for learning. If this is also the case, and if he remains smitten, well then, now, before it is too late, find him a suitable master, and observe how he fares, among likeminded fellows; for these are not all predestined to become Masters.

Our Fabritius, my fellow pupil, once asked me when we were young:

What are the sure signs and spiritual qualities of a young pupil, that might allow him to hope to be a good Painter? [marg: Signs.]

I replied; as best I recollect now in my later years:

That he seems not only to love art, but that he is actually

infatuated with portraying the many beauties of seductive nature. That he studies not only dead body of art, that is following fashion and doing as others do, but that he becomes possessed by the soul of art: that is, that he seeks out nature in every characteristic. He is envious that another knows something he does not, he is ashamed to learn anything more effectively from someone else, and seeks always to discover things for himself. This was my response at that time, when sometimes, upset by the master's correction, I fed on tears, neither eating nor drinking, and did not leave off my work, before I had corrected the error he had pointed out. And as to what else stands as a Sign of a suitable nature, the gifts are numerous and various, and as numerous as the particularities of our art. But I would allow no one, unless I observed in him a busy and reflective intelligence.

What is more, the physical condition of the body has some bearing upon art, as with the aforementioned Rijk met de Stelt.

Messala the orator claimed, and it was agreed by Augustus, that Q. Pedius, who had been born dumb, should be taught the Art of Painting [marg: Dumb people set to Painting.]: and since then nearly every dumb person from the respectable classes has been set to the Art of Painting, just as the blind have generally been held to be suited to music or playing instruments. Certainly, I can well understand, that there is nothing more suitable for dumb people, than the Art of Painting: but that all dumb people are properly suited to the Art of Painting, does not follow. It is true, that the sense of sight, in those whose hearing is badly afflicted, works more powerfully for them, since they are nearly all deaf; but it is much more difficult for them to be trained. However I believe they are suited well enough to excel in some specific parts of art. But as to being universal, they will frequently fall short.

Some spirits are, as Plutarch records of Cato the Younger, difficult of understanding, [marg: Slow wits commonly remember best, lively spirits are often short on memory.] for when he sought to learn, he was found to have an obdurate intelligence, and to be slow to grasp things: but whatever he once managed to learn, he remembered very well, and he had as powerful a memory, as might ordinarily be found in any other: for those, who have a nimble and lively spirit, are commonly deficient in memory, and those who learn slowly and laboriously, retain much better that which they have once learned; since learning is like a warming and a kindling for the soul. Nor was Cato easily persuaded either, for although he was very obedient to his master, and did what was required of him, he nearly always asked why, and he wanted to know the causes and reasons for everything. And this was why he seemed slow,

in understanding a thing. For it is clear, that learning is so often, like receiving an impression; in which it happens, that those, who resist least, are the most readily convinced; that is why young people are easier to advise than the old, the sick than the well, and how it is in general, that where those that fight and dispute are weaker, then they are more easily overcome; and consequently it is easier to impose upon their understanding with some lessons. But as for the universal Art of Painting, I would truly choose for it the most able intellects, who have good recall: for a ready accomplishment is required rather than timid attention to detail. [marg: Quick spirits are certainly more suited to the universal Art of Painting. But the slow to particular elements.] When I pestered my master Rembrandt, with too many questions about the causes of things, he answered me very well: Think through what you already know, put those good lessons into the work, then you will soon enough uncover the mysteries you are asking after. Straightaway trusting and following, the rules you are taught, if they are correct, will save you time; but an uncertain pupil stands still, and remains powerless to judge the truth. But for some specific part of art I would rather have a more deliberate spirit. For these will carry out more patiently and to completion, the element that they must learn, and not jump from one thing to another so inconstantly and capriciously. Certainly quick spirits are rich, engaging and sharp, and can rightly be compared to a razor, which is of fine thin metal, but is easily diverted: And likewise the heavy and slow intelligence is like a axe, relentless and heavy, cutting through whatever comes before it. For this reason the Italians are better in the larger part of the art: but our Netherlanders, who are not so quick in spirit and thought, but more earthy and colder, will seldom admit defeat to the Italians in any part of art, to which their nature leads them.

SECOND CHAPTER.

Of beginning early, to find good training, and putting that into the work.

Furthermore, The branch which shall be formed into a hook, must early be bent into shape (someone has said), [marg: Begin art early.] therefore one must direct whoever is to be a Painter to the art early on. The Romans had a law which limited the time of childish play, expressed thus:

A son being ten years old, must set aside all childish things, and may no more idle in the Streets: [marg: No idle youngsters among the Romans.] but parents or guardians are obliged to place him outside the liberty of the City, so as to be educated and instructed, or to secure him in such a way, that he shall never be able to commit any impropriety; under the guarantee of their own liberty. This was generally the case for freeborn youth, how much the more necessary is it for the young Painter to start early? For no one, as Cicero said, can become fully qualified unless he starts his education early. Here the proverb comes appropriately to mind, when one says, He has been focussed on art since childhood. For the things, that one learns in youth, are, as Ireneus said, printed so firmly in the memory, that one cannot easily forget them.

Also, this is not the least among the signs, that the tendency to art reveals itself early. [marg: Particular signs in children.] Goltzius, when he was seven years old, was drawing pictures on walls and surfaces, indeed wherever he could: and one other, no stranger to art, painted with his own urine, identifiable pictures, while he was still in his baby clothes. Not less is the appearance of unflagging diligence; [marg: The significance of diligence.] Taddeo Zuccaro was so besotted, when a boy, with copying things after Raphael, that, oblivious to himself, he fell asleep, in the Chigi Loggia, or wherever he found himself. And Giuseppe d'Arpino, on account of his great diligence, forgot to eat his farthing rolls, when he was out drawing. [marg: The significance of Judgement.] But Michelangelo gave even more certain signs, when he was young; for seeing one of his fellow pupils, copying pen drawings of draped female figures by their master Ghirlandaio, he took a coarser pen, and gave one of these female figures of his master another and better outline; this drawing has therefore, since been preserved, as a valuable memorial. [marg: What diligence can do.] But for that matter he was not without great diligence, during those three years, that he trained with that master. Diligence makes the heavy light, and by means of applying an assiduous hand to one's work one achieves one's goals. In one night, Giuseppe {d'Arpino} learned to write well enough, to write his quittance and free himself from need. Titian was so far advanced in his twelfth year, that he could portray most accurately: hair, clothing and silks very naturally, and the skin coloured in the most flesh-like way: indeed, so well that his works were regarded as highly as those of Giorgione. And it was wonderful that our Lucas van Leiden, at nine years old, published prints of his own works and inventions. When he was twelve years old he painted the story of St Hubert in watercolours, and received as many gold guilders for it, as he was years old. At fourteen he engraved the Mohammed, who {was deceived into thinking he had!} murdered a monk in his drunkenness; a most attractive piece. At fifteen

the round passion, which is so hard to obtain: the temptation of St Anthony; as also the wonderful conversion of Paul. And in that year too, the most attractive Ecce Homo. Works that made him worthy of the name of a great master, before he had a hair upon his cheek. These perfections certainly, came to him by no other means, than through great effort and diligence: having played with no other child's playthings, than charcoal and chalk, pen, brush and burin, and suchlike. His companions were Painters, Glass painters, and Engravers. He span the nights into the days: he never tired of drawing: indeed to the detriment of his health. No one should take the examples of slovenly Mabuse, gluttonous Frans Floris, or depraved Brouwer, as models to follow; although even these, employed great diligence in their youth. Yes, not less than Perino de Vaga, who being poor, laboured half the week for the Painters, expending the other half, holy days included, in drawing, that which he considered would be of use to him: patiently enduring hunger and discomfort, so as to finally reach the high point of art.

[marg: That the natural gift requires good training.] The Natural gift of a suitable spirit, might well be compared to a fertile field: but education is the seed, it is from that that the real fruit is expected. Which then will become ripe through constant exercise, and patient labour. Yes it happens sometimes, that some, most unspectacular in spirit, through following good training well, make art theirs by force: while suitable spirits, through faults in themselves, also seen every day, remain losers. More or less as was told of Lycurguses' dogs. [marg: What good training can do.] For when this great Lawgiver, wished to illustrate, to his people in Sparta, what education and custom could achieve towards developing any virtue, or as it may be training and instruction to any art: He placed two dogs in front of the people, the first was a pedigree greyhound, descended from very good and illustrious stock, but accustomed only to lay about lazily and idly by the fire: the other was a mean and despised sort of dog: but from young it had been trained and accustomed to hunting. Then he released a lively hare from a kennel, and at the same time set down a bowl nearby with some food in it: then they observed that the born Greyhound, following his custom rather than his nature, went over to the bowl: but that the other, trained in the hunt, wanted to chase, and off he flew. This is how much can be done by education, discipline and training; and how many more examples shall they give us, of how the pathways of nature are made to flow like fertile veins. Here the verses of Horace fit very well, in his Ars Poetica: for what applies to Poets, also concerns Painters.

[marg: That nature and training should accompany each other.]
 Whether it is by the Law of Art, or through Nature one learns poetry
 Is to be discovered: But that Art can produce something good,
 That I cannot see; since it lacks a fertile vein:
 Nature too, without Art it sleeps, it goes wrong.
 Each needs the other's help, they accompany each other.
 But whoever would hit the bulls eye, must drive himself on
 From a young age so as to do much, minding neither heat nor cold,
 And forbearing wine and games of love.

But as regards replying to this question, whether art has greater need of nature, or of education, it should be understood: that nature without education can do much: and that on the other hand, education without any help from nature is idle and in vain. [marg: Nature and training compared with each other,] But when mediocre natural gifts are helped by education, nature appears to improve, and becomes more productive, as it acquires understanding: on the other hand, outstanding spirits, who seek to ascend to perfection more through lessons than by means of their inborn proclivities, deserve to be blamed. The barren and infertile earth mocks the labour of the best husbandman: likewise, training is nothing but Roses before swine, if wasted upon those, who have neither enthusiasm nor ears for it. I eventually send any such pupil home to his parents, although I receive no thanks for this good deed, they believe in him through blind affection, and do so until it is too late. Rich soil sometimes also produces luxurious fruit, even though no one turns a hand to tend it. But it bears not nearly half as much, as it could, were it assisted by the husbandman's care. So it is that the art, that of the worthiest talents, practiced without master, and without training, is usually full of errors. And these Artists, who foolishly boast and brag, that they have learnt without anyone to teach them, are just like a Ship, lost in the wild Sea, without rudder or pilot, with no idea, of which direction to set their course. Surely, one leaves notes to the Sexton to pray for persons, who go on a dangerous journey, or who have gone astray. And what is more, such persons are meanwhile frequently endowed with such generous gifts by nature, that they are strong enough to climb to the highest level of art, had they but been directed and led by good guides. [marg: Also, Theory and practice.] This same difference is also discussed under the names of Theory and practice {Theory en practijk}. Whenever one asks, whether art is assisted more by education, or by experience? Then we reply, that education without experience is in vain. And although experience without education sometimes promises something, that art can rise to no kind of perfection unless one practises steadily, guided by the unfailing rules of learning.

While I was in Vienna at the Imperial court, one of my Pupils from Holland wrote, that he knew the basic rules of Art well, but that he felt he lacked having seen the work of others, masters of earlier times. [marg: Knowledge must be earned by setting oneself to work.] I wrote in reply: that it was much too soon for him, that everything that was rumoured of them, would spur him on better from a distance, than from nearby, and that it was only by application and setting themselves to work under good direction, that they had become great masters. I asked him further: whether he daily and assiduously set about his work? And whether he always composed a drawing attentively? And represented passions, movements, shadows and lights, as beautifully as possible, and achieved it to the best of his ability? And whether he had ever completely exhausted his abilities? I suspected not: and urged him first to exhaust his abilities completely and totally, and advised him then freely to look about him, and seek out the masters, who were so famous in other countries. However this did not satisfy him, and he let me know of his desire to climb across the Alps, and visit Italy: therefore I wrote him the following letter.

It sounds strange to my ears, my brother {i.e., Jan van Hoogstraten} (for he it was, whose Tomb is still to be seen in the Holy Cross in Vienna) that you are already resolved to see the celebrated Italians and proud Romans: however I do not understand, on what basis you think that this is necessary. Surely it is foolish to change things, when one is not certain of how to improve them. You should take this saying to heart and believe it:

One gets no benefit from old art
Before one is established in Pallas' favour.
And likewise this advice:
If you wish to benefit from Rome
Go there laden with art.

For those things, that require an elevated reflective understanding, are useless before untrained and unseeing eyes, and would be passed by unnoticed. [marg: Too soon prevents many from knowing.] I have also observed, that those who are too soon given, to split hairs in the keenest disputes of high art with a sharp judgment, become entangled as deeply as in the study of literature itself, so that they have been found incapable of putting the least part of what they know into the work. [marg: Thus one must strive for that which one knows how to do.] The practical sciences require exercise, and to be done as well as to be understood: For anyone who fails in his handling, and does not strive to master it, will remain a bungler, for all his knowledge, of what there to be known about art. On the other hand someone who makes an effort

to do well, will easily increase their knowledge, or he will at least make himself ready to receive it. It is an everyday disease of the Art of Painting, that pupils seek to go beyond the ordinary, so that they become masters in their own estimation, or merely following custom and without thinking they follow the common way. One must learn how to put everything one knows into one's work, and try to understand everything that comes to hand. And you can best attend to this in your homeland, train there, as in the first school, in the basic rules, so as afterwards to be fitted for higher studies in higher schools. Learn from the beginning to follow rich nature, and to copy what it contains. Heaven, earth, the sea, the beasts, and people good and bad, serve our practice. The flat fields, hills, streams and woods, provide work enough. Towns, marketplaces, Churches, and a thousand riches in Nature, call us, and say: come you who are eager to learn, look upon us, and copy after us. [marg: One finds material everywhere.] You will find so much that is delightful, so much sweetness, and so much of worth in our homeland, that, once you have tasted it, you would think your life too short, to be able to depict it all properly. And in working from these the least of things one learns all the basic rules, which are suitable for the most exalted things. Therefore do not be so eager for novelty, and readily believe, that nature sets objects before your eyes every day, which you should wholeheartedly seek to track down, even if you have only seen them once. It is true, Italy is embellished with thousands of statues, art is there at its most exalted, and achieves splendour. But how does that affect you, who are scarcely able to copy after ordinary life? these examples are as much use to you, as the high thoughts of Aristotle and Plato are to young scholars and students of languages: following the Ancients has even brought some into heresy. I fear that you, in your place, at the level you have achieved, in our study, the imitation of nature, will wander from the right path, and follow others. Therefore I advise you, that you should decide to do the right thing, So that in the future you might say, as Hercules says, according to Ovid [marg: Metam: Lib. 9.]:

Chatter will not serve, to reduce our differences;
Hands must do the work it is not for tongues to put right.

Any other is free [to speak] many words before the flag,

I show by deeds that I cannot be conquered.

But the benefits that follow from steady attention to doing things properly in general, shall follow in the last of this book, and elsewhere more widely.

[19, C2]

THIRD CHAPTER.

How one must learn in an orderly fashion.

The first beginnings of art, must be learned in a certain order, so that the one does not wander lost. [marg: That the Art of Painting stands upon certain rules.] But meanwhile one comes across people, who cast doubt, as to whether there are indeed rules and laws with respect to the Art of Painting? or if they are not trained merely by seeing it done, copying, and gaining understanding through practice? I have no desire to reply to all queries, but hope in this work to show, that the Art of Painting, no less than any other liberal art, stands on secure and certain rules. And that, despite it seeming much more difficult than any other to practice, when thoroughly analysed, proceeding from part to part, through a programme of education, eventually it can be taught. But if anyone were to think, that he was able simply to decant the understanding into himself as if through a funnel, or that he was able as readily to encompass within himself all its parts, he would find himself disappointed. Sertorius, when he wanted to show the ancient Lusitaneans, that the might of the Romans, however great they were, could be overcome by a lesser power, had two Horses brought forth: the first was stout and strong, the other skinny and frail; he put a strong young man with the skinny horse, and with the other a unpleasant-looking older man; each was ordered to pull out the tail of the horse, with which they had been presented. At this the strong youngster grasped the tail of the feeble horse, and pulled it, until he exhausted himself; he achieved nothing more, than that he, having expended his strength in vain, was laughed at by all the bystanders. But the old man calmly removed the whole of the tail from the powerful horse, taking a few hairs at a time, and taking as much time as he required. [marg: To learn by steps or individual parts.] Thus you should learn the art of painting, and all liberal arts, by individual parts or steps, indeed as if plucking hairs. Thus one's powers increase, and one becomes stronger and stronger, and one eventually becomes able, to do what had seemed impossible, albeit that it is accomplished by means of easy methods and rules, which are infallible for those who hold fast to them. Who would not be astonished. if he saw an old man (sat there, as did Archimedes in yesteryear, calmly operating by hand a machine with many wheels and cogs, and saw a great Royal Ship, more heavily laden than usual, lifted out of the water, and carried across dry land

and pass by him as if it was floating on water? and this was merely a game for Archimedes, for he knew every aspect of his art, and knew everything else, what moved what, and was necessary to be done. And how much less of a wonder is it, when an accomplished painter sits himself down, and produces wonders by means of art, things that he had previously grasped in his mind, and which with assurance, and calm, he executes, through his knowledgeable understanding of what to do?

In order to be properly instructed, one must choose a good master, one who understands art, so as to be set on the right road from the beginning. [marg: To this end chose a good Master.] For I have often found, that boys, who started out with a bungler, found it harder to shake off their bad habits, if they they picked them up when first beginning. To comfort the inexperienced, I say as Descartes did, that, as when travelling, if one turns one's back on the place, to which one wants to go, one goes even further astray, albeit one takes more time and advances more swiftly, and indeed, that even when one is back again on the right path, one does not arrive so quickly at the aforementioned destination, as if one had not previously gone astray: it is the case, I say, that if one has the wrong foundations, however hard one works, and presses on to that end, then so much further does one stray from true art. From that I then conclude that a completely green and untrained Pupil, who has never set his hand to work, is the most suitable, to make rapid progress under good training. Yes I have myself discovered that boys, who had begun drawing alone and by themselves, in the bad manner, which they had already adopted, were almost impossible to be corrected:

An earthenware pot, or other vessel,
Readily absorbs the scent of its first damping:
And if that is a powerful, or foul-smelling pong,
So stinks the pot its whole life long

[marg: (a) Paraphrase D. Erasmus, on Mark chap. 2. It is twice the trouble, to unlearn once again bad teaching. Painters like Poets must be outstanding.] We observe with Painters, said Erasmus (a) that they teach someone for less money, who is completely untaught, than someone who has been badly taught by another Master: since with the untutored one only has a single task: but with the badly taught one has twice the labour, for one has first to unlearn him of what he has learnt, and the difficulty of unlearning is much more troublesome, than starting from the beginning. In this regard the celebrated Flautist Timotheus would ask, if anyone brought him pupils, whether they had had any previous instruction? for he demanded twice as much from those, who had already begun with someone else, as from those, who could do nothing at all. For that reason I say again, whoever begins under a bungler, is in danger of becoming a

bungler, and what is there more ignominious for a Noble spirit, than to fall so far behind, in that which one takes up, and most of all in the Art of Painting? Indeed it no less abhorrent than being bad at Poetry, which Horace scolds thus:

A mediocre Lawyer or advocate,

Can be borne: But for what reason

Would one tolerate the antics of merely mediocre Poets,

Who can please neither God, nor Men, nor the Stage?

They disgust like bad Music, and the greasy produce

Of Perfumiers, absolutely to be avoided.

[marg: Bunglers should not paint superior things.] It is a great pity, that Princes and Rulers have been so dreadfully depicted by bad Painters. Alexander would on that account not suffer, that his portrait be made by a bungler. But he allowed only to Apelles the right to paint him; Lysippos and Polikleitos to sculpt him, in bronze or marble; and to Pyrgoteles to engrave his likeness.

The Thebans allowed no bad Painters be tolerated in their City, and their Laws imposed a fine on artists, should their works not be produced as well as it was possible for them to have been.

May you now, O Young Painters, happen upon a good Master, who will lead you on the right way, then there is hope for speedy advancement. Perhaps he will try to make a fool you, not only to increase the tuition costs, but also to make the art look more difficult. But quickly therefore set about your training and put yourself industriously to work, for the Master will not be so Barbaric, that, seeing your zeal, he will not lead you further.

Your Masters must also in the process of instruction discuss the nature of your Discipline. [marg: Concerning Masters.] Theopompus was managed by his Master Socrates with the bridle, but Ephorus with spurs. Plato also had two young students Aristotle and Xenocrates, of whom one was very slow and heavy of understanding, and the other very teachable: in relation to whom he was wont to say: that he had to govern one of them, like a willing horse with the bridle, but the other like a reluctant Donkey with the spur. Thus you have to wake these ones by force, since they are very hard of understanding, although very able to retain what they have understood. And those, whose spirit is too quick, you can contain, so that that what they has learned, may be remembered. Also impatience does not suit a Master, but he should imitate Sarpedon, of whom Plutarch said: that he was more ready with reasons, to instruct his Pupils, than to teach with the fist, by striking them. On the other hand they should

not have all the patience of Diogenes, saying, Strike away Master, and teach me badly, that is giving in too readily: for how could a pupil learn patience from a Master, who is himself without restraint? Linus, a Son of Mercury, and, of whom it is said, that he was raised by our Urania, taught Hercules to play the Zither: but since he was clumsy and hard of understanding, he annoyed the Master, causing him in the end to strike him, at which Hercules responded impatiently, striking Linus dead. A sad end to such a fine man, who wrote various books on the origin of the world, the Sun and the Moon, and of the bringing forth of things.

[marg: That pupils must be obedient and trusting, Gnost. cap, 5.5. {Nollius, H., Tres scholastica disciplinarum generalium: gnosticae, didacticae et metaphysicae, Frankfurt, 1625}] You Pupils, on the other hand, must not only obey your Masters, but also trust their training. Who ever wishes to learn from the mouth of his Master (said H. Nollius) must follow him, without any questioning, until that which is to be learnt, is well and correctly understood. Many, he adds, are in the habit of, as soon as they hear something from their masters, immediately, before they properly understand it, evaluating it and wanting to establish the truth for themselves; before their understanding and judgement is yet developed. It is certain that the Art of Painting lies in doing it well, and not speaking of it well. Therefore, as with the Pupils of Pythagoras, it is better to impose a five-year silence on pupils, and to recommend strict obedience, not because they are ignorant in art, but so that they should first learn to employ that which they are recommended to do. Pupils, said Verulamius {Francis Bacon}, are obliged to trust their Master for a long time, and must defer their judgement, until they have grasped everything in art, and the time is arrived, that they are entirely free.

[marg: Do not become a Master, or try to earn, too soon.] That no one should imagine himself a master too soon. Primaticcio was six years with Giulio Romano, and Taddeo Gaddi twenty-four years under Giotto: and the celebrated Pamphilus insisted that his Pupils served ten years. Furthermore, also, that no one should try to earn too soon, as often happens, to those who are waylaid on their course by sweetened profits; and in seizing the hen's egg, miss the goose's egg. But in order that our preparation is not overlong, we must proceed briskly to instruction in the Art of Drawing; as much as time and enthusiasm will allow. And since it was the example of the praiseworthy and still honoured memory of our Van Mander that inspired us to this work, we shall therefore begin with this following verse in our Hollandish tongue; in which the above truths are not unattractively affirmed.

Exhortation to the would-be Young Painter.

O Hebe's Offspring, and Genius' Scholars, Who frequently, instead of writing, have filled Your papers with little Figures, Ships and various Animals It seems as if Nature directs you To paint, so that your Parents Spare no cost, and bear you on their shoulders. It is readily assumed that someone is a Painter, The word is quickly said, but the meaning Is obscure, for one Painter is separated from Another, as if by a large Mountain, So that many succumb to despair on their journey Scarce one in ten achieves anything. One should not recommend Art to young people lightly, They are lured to it, to the hurt of many It is like a torch, into which the mosquito flies And burnts itself. The sheen of art frequently Decieves, too: if you can control your desire Do so in time, and avoid regret. Art is a seductive Siren For many: but Nature can give uncommon Genius, Spirit and Favour to someone, So that they speedily outstrip others: It appears early: the wood that will become a hook Must bend early, he who would defeat the Hydra Of Lerna and many other monsters, Must begin in the cradle with a Snake. Is nature so gracious to you? then your condition Is commendable, and in all reason not to be dissuaded, You will perhaps achieve the prize through effort, Which hundreds and more aim for in vain. Push on then, to the Summit along the Noble path, Heed neither Cupid nor Bacchus, And avoid sleep and vile indolence: The Muses will not suffer a Lover, Who does not direct his attention solely to them. Work hard early and late, I do not credit the Proverb

That says painters are wild, rather The greater the painting spirit, the quieter. I know of some, whose work is celebrated, Who ended up drowned in wine, But understand that when they dishonoured that Which they had first learned soberly, That was when they declined; put aside idleness. Virtue embellishes art: a Noble succession Of Painters has excelled in virtues; Those who were by fame drunk on glory. There is an old Greybeard, quick on his feet, [marg: From Ariosto.] Who gathers together thousands of names Of the dead, written on slips, In the fold of his skirt, he tries To scatter them into the waters of the river Lethe, so that hardly a name Remains known, however crowing and shrieking Ravens and other birds swoop down, To seize a few from the waves Continuing with screams and cries; but they drop them, and they sink, Nevertheless a small number escape the soaking Through the aid of two swans, and fame Receives each name from them for eternity The names of those who are praiseworthy, Those whose memory will never be forgotten.

FOURTH CHAPTER.

Concerning the objective of the Art of Painting; what it is and what it produces.

The Art of Painting is a science, of all the ideas, or imagined forms, that the visible world can produce [marg: The Art of Painting is the depiction of nature.]. It is perfect when it achieves the end reached by the celebrated Parrhasius, who spoke thus:

Now, I say, the end of our art is achieved, But the unachievable end binds me fast so

That I can go no further; every person has something That he laments, or that does not go as wished.

But this end he certainly imagined to have found when he tricked the excellent Zeuxis. For a well made painting is like a mirror of nature, in which things which do not exist, seem to exist and which tricks one in a acceptable, pleasing and praiseworthy way [marg: A mirror of nature,]. Art-scorning Agrippa knew, that the Art of Painting was a most pure follower of nature, which formerly held first place among the liberal arts. And certainly in antiquity it was, as it still is, the flower of all arts: This is why our poets thought it descended from Narcissus, who was transformed into a flower [marg: Flower of the arts,]. For what may rhyme better with the beautiful forms of these youths, playing in the crystal clear fountains, than a similarly formed artful and well painted picture of nature. For this reason others name her the daughter of shadow [marg: Daughter of shadow,]. For shadow faultlessly traces the external outline of things, from which it is said, that the Art of Drawing took its first beginning, thus the Art of Painting depicts the whole of nature. It is an epitaph of former things: a wonderful representation of what is far away: a Prophetic picture of what is to come; and the most powerful of all the arts. For which reason it is also rightly called the book of Likeness [marg: Book of Likeness.]; working with a penetrating power upon the sight of all kinds of people.

Its most important and principal foundational rules are in the Art of Drawing, which is itself painting without colour, and depicting the most important things in nature [marg: Power of the Art of Drawing.]. A drawing, completely without colour, only in outline, highlights and shadows, says Philostratus, pretty much deserves the name of a painting, as long as we show in it not only the likeness of the depicted person, but also their characteristic movements, fear and shame, boldness and industry: and even if it is occasionally done but with simple lines, which youth, who can draw neither hair nor beard can nevertheless give enough to the form to show whether it is a black or a white person. So that a Moor, even if drawn in white, appears black, on account of his flat nose, short hair, pot belly and a certain stupidity in his eyes, all of which very readily suggest to an intelligent spectator, that it is a black.

FIFTH CHAPTER.

Of the Art of Drawing.

Van Mander justly begins the Art of Drawing in this way:

The Art of Drawing is the Father of many beautiful arts whoever is skilful and sure can represent Whatever is apprehended by his senses,

In a script understood in every part of the World.

We have stated above, how the Art of Drawing [marg: Art of Drawing,] is not only needed by Sculptors, Modellers, Gold and Silver workers, but also by Architects, Woodworkers, yes and Generals, Princes, or, to put it in one word, all ingenious practical men; since eyesight and judgement are immeasurably illuminated by the Art of Drawing. [marg: How necessary for Painters.] But most of all it serves the Art of Painting, from which it is so inseparable, that the Art of Painting, without it, is not only faulty, but quite dead and entirely nothing. For the Art of Drawing, without help of colours, solely by means of light and shade, is powerful enough to do the greatest part of the work of depicting something. From which it is easy to believe, that whoever would ascend to the Art of Painting, must climb up by means of the Art of Drawing, and to do so circumspectly, since established and general opinion has it, that there are more Painters who fail to draw well, than to colour well.

One usually sets youngsters to copy eyes, noses, mouths, ears, and various faces, and also prints of various kinds. What is more, whatever you are copying, be it a print or a Drawing, hang it upright like a painting: so that you learn to produce an artistic effect. [marg: Hang the Original up. How to sit.] Sit straight upright, and hold your paper or sketchbook upright in your left hand too, so that you do not have to turn your eye and head too much. [marg: The need to take things from prints,] If you come across a good print, it is not always necessary that you have to copy it in every detail, seek early to learn how to discriminate between the excellencies of art. In some of them you will find real and charming faces, well-formed nudes or natural gestures, and poses of figures, attractive draperies and unusual objects: in others, noble architecture, perspectives, and landscapes, or fine horses, dogs and other uncommon animals. Imitate them not only as they appear before you, but also seek to find out how to depict their characteristic features.

Learn also from time to time to enrich your spirit with beautiful things, so that you in your turn will be able to produce your own inventions. But most of all discover the virtues of good composition. It is an immense benefit, from early on, to copy after very good drawings, so as to acquire a good manner; for you learn in a short time what is granted to others only after seeking long. [marg: A Drawing,] Otherwise one falls easily into a bad manner, which one can only with difficulty overcome. When your manner is sound, and your eye is trained, then it will not trouble you to produce monochrome drawings after polychrome Paintings.

[marg: A Painting.] Set out the whole of what is in front of you, first its general outline, on your paper: [marg: Copy or Sketch the general forms.] and divide it up into its larger elements, in a figure that is the head, arms, trunk, and legs, or divide the various figures into groups, and pay close attention to how much the mass of one part varies in size from another, and see that the contraposto {sprong en zwier} is in balance.

And you will discover parts there that are round, rectangular, triangular, oblong or sloping in form. [marg: Half-closed eye.] Note these forms, therefore, with a half-closed eye, without paying attention to small details. [marg: Sketch Roughly.] Observe the specific elements of a face only in general terms, indicating with loose strokes the somewhat hollow shadows of eyes, nose, or mouth, those that present themselves most strongly; so that they do not appear too soon and out of their proper place. This manner of loose, generalised sketching is used by most in an unregulated way, but some have set about, with precise strokes, although not completely rendered, to indicate the principal forms with square, oblong and angular marks. [marg: Need here for] I leave this to the preference of pupils: but further with regard to rough sketching, it is the first foundation of good drawing, and of such great importance, that, whenever the general elements of a picture are produced well and knowledgeably, one has frequently thereby achieved more, than could formerly be done by enormous labour. [marg: And the same effect.] And just as when one sees a friend from far off, or meets them in twilight, one straight away recognises their figure, so a rough sketch can frequently make as great an impression the connoisseur, so that they see more in it than has been put there.

Everything now is laid out in general terms, so begins the indication of more and more detail, [marg: Sketching.] placing the larger lights and shadows, distinguishing faces, arms and hands, but most importantly, sketching characteristically truthful gestures and poses; until your whole work takes on a generalised form. Now hold your hand, and drive on your spirit with renewed vigour. Place your copy next to the masterpiece for comparison; observe, and look to see whether you have

made any errors. There is still time for improvement. Correct your mistakes straight away and without delay, so that you do not fall into error through always tolerating your faults. You will never err, if you are accustomed to never erring: and having done one thing well, will grant you more benefit in your development, than if you had merely dashed off a hundred things. [marg: The First Lesson.]

For the first lesson in this desirable Art,

See that he learns to sketch nicely

That is, to demonstrate how things have contraposto,

And despise over-neatness and finickiness:

For if one fails to achieve a good arrangement of the whole,

One expends one's labour in the work in vain.

In sketching one can frequently grasp the very nature of things most aptly, and in a way that laboriously produced things cannot achieve. [marg: Astonishment at rough Sketches.] An overwhelming fear creeps upon me, said Petronius, when the rough sketches of Protogenes appear before my eyes, for they seem to engage in battle, with the truth of nature. The Sketches of great Masters are so wonderfully rich, and for that reason it is necessary, to try to sketch well. Do not fail in taking care, so that you put everything in its right place; for this will set all your projects on the right path, and if you go wrong with this way of beginning, then everything will go wrong, and you will not only wander lost, but you will also have to go back, and begin it anew. [marg: Slowly and prudently.] But if you, O eager-to-learn youth, are seeking to prosper in art, then be prudent and take your time; for doing it well is the way to do it quickly. But if you do everything hastily, and happen to damage it, you will happen upon misfortune, squander your labour and time, learn nothing, and forfeit your pleasure. Thus, be prudent and not too hasty. [marg: Preparation.] For in order to learn the Art of Drawing, you must begin with small steps, and leave off nothing, until you have understood it well. As you now prepare your Drawing, which has already been given shape by means of more finished sketching, see to it, that you do not again drift off your track, give the outlines of the forms their own movement, not with a bold outline, which would run around them like a black thread, but just so, bit by bit, with a light hand. [marg: Outline.] The parts in the front will appear completely, others will be partly hidden behind those in the front. But take care, that you do not add too many little details and particulars; so that the larger things maintain their beauty. And it is not always necessary to indicate the outside of something with an outline; for sometimes a few strokes, separated from each other, will give a grander appearance. Parhassius, according to the evidence of all antiquity,

was the very best at outline, and they claimed that this was the highest achievement, an Artist could reach. And even though it is no small thing, to understand properly the internal workings of the body, and they believed, that many had in this way climbed to the highest step: they claimed that confidently to realize the exterior appearance in a drawing, was something out of the ordinary, and declared that it could only be the work of a most fortunate hand. [marg: Importance of good outlines.] For the exterior outline must so carefully embrace, and so deftly and nicely carry them off, that they not only seem to reveal what is concealed behind, but also show what lies hidden inside. Even though Parhassius was criticised for the internals of his figures, he gained immortal honour for his good outlines. Petronius is also witness to this, looking at Apelles' Painting, called the Monochmenos, he was so moved that he esteemed it above all human works, because the contours of the figures were traced so entirely after the true forms of bodies, that it was nearly impossible, not to believe, that one was looking at the living Painting of spirits and souls themselves. So great is the importance of attractive and accomplished outlines that they have been honoured in all times.

[marg: Second Lesson. Shadows.] But one must not neglect, from the very beginning, paying attention to the shadows, and in sketching them to give them their lively movement: for by that means your work quickly achieves a elevated shape; and the bulk is thereby better distinguished.

The second Lesson is, that one must learn to Distinguish the shadows and lights.

A brown stroke will not go wrong in shadow,
One that would never endure the light of day.

Some begin their Drawings with outlines, others on prepared paper, having drawn a few lines, copy in the greatest highlights, others the highlights and shadows all together at the same time. [marg: To lay it flat:] But whether you begin it or finish it with the shadows, you must divide them according to your own judgement into larger and smaller areas, and each, according to its appropriate shade of brown, done in a flat manner: for by over working, and melting it together all your work becomes copper; and you would thereby be unable to make any judgements. Do not annoy yourself making small variations in a soft shadow, nor in ensuring that a darker shade in the middle of it is apparent from close to; for the force will be all the greater, if you set it at arm's length, and you will become accustomed to comparing one part against another; and eventually you will find this way of working of more use, than you would ever dared to have imagined: whereas otherwise, through fussing over a sweet modulation, there is the danger of becoming wholly

lost: as has happened with many a noble soul, through a desire to sweeten and emphasise their work throughout with shadows and highlights. [marg: Concerning the balancing of highlights.] One must be mindful of this when setting out the highlights and shadows on prepared paper. Also be sparing with too strong a brightness, and allow the ground of the paper to play as much of a role as it can: for generally one is cautious with extreme highlights, as a last resort, in the most extreme cases, as with things that glisten. For one must sometimes adjust one's handling to the characters of things. [marg: Third Lesson, handle each thing characteristically.]

The third Lesson is, follow the characteristics of life,

Grant everything its own individual appearance,

In handling: do not adopt any manner,

But that which gives to all things their appropriate movement.

These observations shall bear fruit through constant practice.

SIXTH CHAPTER.

Of the various ways of drawing, and the materials necessary for it.

Drawing can be done in several ways, according to the pleasure and the desire of the Draughtsman {Teykenaer}. [marg: On what the ancients drew.] The materials, with which one draws, are also various, and the ancients used quite different ones, from those we have now. The pupils of Pamphilus, it is said, drew on small tablets of Palm or Boxwood, Beech and Limewood were also used, which were coated in Wax, on which one drew with a point made of Iron, Ivory or Boxwood. And these waxed Drawing-tablets could be used many times: for if the Drawing was unworthy of the panel, then you had only to warm the Wax, and the mistake was erased, and the Tablet was as good as new. And on account of this there were not so many unnecessary drawings, as nowadays litter the place on paper; they also used little panels of Lead. Afterwards they took bark from trees, such as Beech, Maple, Ash and Elm: that is the thin membrane, between the wood and the bark, called liber by the Latins. [marg: See further about this Pliny lib. 13. cap. 11. 12.] But the Egyptians discovered a sort of Rush, that could be split into thin sheets, which was called paper, from which ours, made from old Linen (and that of the Chinese from silk), still derives

its name. Others used palm leaves, as recalled by Virgil, when Aeneas said to the Cumaean Sybill [marg: Aeneid 6th Book.]

I only beseech you, do not entrust your verse to Palm leaves, So that the rapid wind does not scatter it and take it.

Heroditus tells us that that the Egyptians in even earlier times used Sheep and Goat skins, in the place of Biblen {sic} or paper, and that in their time also many Barbarians followed them in this. [marg: Heroditus in Terpsichore.] We use white parchment also, and white and blue paper too, or rather prepared paper, be it blue, ash-grey, yellow, pink, green or even flesh-coloured: with a sponge, dipped in water with the required ink and soot, or whatever mixture of colour, that is wanted. [marg: Pen, Brush and Ink,] The materials, with which one draws, are also numerous, for example the Writing pen from Swan or Goose quills, or even cut from a dry reed, with ink mixed with a little abraded or scraped red chalk, or soot from the chimney, are most suited to commit your first ideas to paper, and then smear in the shadows with a brush wetted in water; [marg: Do it in a sketchy fashion] thus the bulk of the forms of the whole of your design, can be seen roughed out. And this method of drawing with pen and brush, is certainly the most appropriate in order to make a masterful work achieve its greatest effect. [marg: Also suitable for producing a complete composition] And one can also, if the opportunity arises, continue with red chalk and crayons, almost as if one painted in colours. But one must avoid dry regular lines, what they call hatching: for as well as contributing nothing, its tediousness puts one's concentration to sleep. Keep your pen strokes loose and free, describing only the movement of things and shadows. This method is also the most suitable for drawing Landscapes from life [marg: Also Landscapes.], the Pen is best for leaves and blades of grass, broken ground and stonework; the Brush for the gathering together of a unified shadow. But for the drawing of faces, hands, or entire nudes from the life, you should use damped red chalk on white paper. You should learn to use a slightly thick or not too thin Pen, which will be sufficient for excellent detail in the shadow, for it is necessary to apply a more precise touch there. [marg:. Red chalk for drawing certain things from the life. Black chalk, White chalk.] Black chalk is used for the same thing too, but more usually on blue or prepared papers, and here one also needs White chalk or dried Pipe clay, in order to brighten the highlights, which are lighter than the ground of your paper. Take care, so that the ground can play its role properly in between these two crayons, you must apply all your effort to achieve that; but if you do it wrong, it can be to the detriment of your work; I want you to soften overly harsh shadows yourself as necessary with white chalk, and to erase too bright a highlight with a dirty finger. You must

bring truth into your work [marg: Crayons,], even if you have to go over everything again and again, and to this end Crayons of various sorts of colours are very useful; [marg: How to make them.] these are made of Pipe clay, and a little Gum and water, and just so much individual and mixed colours as are required, they are kneaded, pressed flat, and when still soft, cut into long rectangular pens, and dried. Or one takes as many colours as one needs, and mixes them with softened Glue, or Gum. [marg: Graphite.] I leave amateurs the freedom of following their own preferences, those who incline to pure and neat details, let them happily produce exquisite things on the whitest parchment, or with Graphite pencil, or with other meticulous little pens. But you, O Young Painters! With courage in your hearts, freely prepare grey-white vellum paper, or ordinary paper, and lay a ground on it, [marg: Oiled Charcoal, its use.] then put some well-tried long pens of charcoal for an hour or two in Linseed oil, and dry them quickly, and then draw your nudes or sculptures life-sized from the life; then judgement in your eye and boldness in your hand will develop, but these drawings will not pour forth easily. And if you fear that your drawings, black and white, or made with other Crayons, might be damaged by wear, [marg: To protect drawings from rubbing.] get hold of a rectangular tank of water, put in Gum Arabic and Tragacanth half and half, just enough so that fatty particles float on the surface of the water, and into this you must plunge your drawings, so that the Crayon is not washed away by the immersion. [marg: Drawing after the life. 1

Thus your hand and eye become accustomed By means of Charcoal and Chalk, Brush or Pen, So step boldly forth, draw after living Nature: for although you find this labour bitter And annoying, you must not be dismayed, After the sour you will enjoy the sweet. Nature is the target, at which one shoots and takes aim, It is the Lodestar, there one rightly directs one's course. The painter's proper book is life In which the Text of truth is to be sought. Nature plays, full of grace and pleasures, Whether it produces a chubby infant on the paper, Or Man or Woman, animal, or Wood, or Mountains, Or whatever the spirit of the Painter demands, Foreshortening, and graceful movement, flat and ground, No one ever understood them without work.

SEVENTH CHAPTER.

How visible Nature requires itself to be shown.

But so that we do not pull vainly on Sertorius' horse's tail, as the saying is, we must analyse this our everywhere present masterpiece of nature, and proceeding step by step, without binding ourselves too much with pedantic rules, dealing only with distinguishable particulars. In this investigation into nature, we have only her visible parts to take note of, for everything that in nature is visible, provides the objects of Painting and the Art of Drawing.

The appearance of things straightaway enters our eyes by means of their colours, which we first shall call forms, or shapes, or with our usual art-term, Design {Teykeninge}. [marg: The visible part of nature has Design.] We shall speak of colour {koloreeren} in Terpsichore under our art-term colouring, in Melpomene light and shadow {licht en schaduwe}, and in Calliope we shall discuss bearing {houdinge}: so, whereas any one of them cannot be separated from any of the others, and form, without colour is not visible, nor is there any colour without a form to be found in nature, together they come to one and the same thing, the particular characteristics of which thing we are to enquire into, in order to learn to imitate them by means of the Art of Painting.

The particular characteristics of all things reveal themselves to us first by their forms and appearances: not in the way they are described by natural historians, but only as they are divided from other things by means of an exterior, as the shell around an egg, limits the exterior shape, and the fleshy parts, that they contain: as wine, enclosed in a bottle, takes on the shape of it container, so it is the form of the bottle which is what a Painter sees, and in this way he comprehends all natural things, each of them individually. The determinations of things include length, and breadth, height and depth, hollows and protrusions, straightness and crookedness, inclination and lopsidedness, and as many kinds as can be drawn by lines and points; and that any hand can trace. Through lines one can learn to set things down on paper, just as they appear to us. This is where Perspective {Zichtkunst} enters into its power: for the eye does not grasp things at once in their entirety, but only the sides, [marg: That is external limit.] that face towards us, and their boundaries are described by outlines, made by the edge-of-the-visible {zichteind} of the rays

projected from our eyes. As for example, a round sphere or ball displays a round circle, and a Horizon or edge-of-the-visible, [marg: From the visible side.] even though we comprehend an infinite continuity with our hand and mind: we can only grasp the round outline of the half facing our eye; most of all, when it is large, or near to us. [marg: Here to a] And everyone understands very well, that when at sea, we see the Horizon, not the half of the world as we see of the Sun or the Moon, but we would see the same Horizon-circle spread out, were we able to rise up into the sky above. [marg: Contrive an appropriate distance.] This is why one ought to contrive an appropriate distance, as required by the situation. First of all we must take note, that we see around and about us with our eyes, and this is why there are no straight lines produced, when everywhere is the same distance from our eyes; lines are curved rather, like the edge of a circle, of which the centre is in our eye: as you can see if you stand in front of a Church, not only both ends of the walls, but also the Towers slope away from us, foreshortened and diminished. [marg: How far off to stand.] How foolish it would be to portray it like this, unless, in order to be seen from very close, your work necessarily required it. But if you are going to draw your Church or Tower, you must not stand still but take a step backwards, so that you can encompass the whole building with one sweep of your eyes: and you must not begin, before you can first of all cover, that which you will draw, with your panel or paper, held in your hand. And you can hold on to this as a rule always, before you can set about a nude, a sculpture or what ever else it might be; otherwise you will readily decline into monstrosity, without knowing how it happened. You should also hold your drawing at least an elbow's distance from your eye, so as also to hold all of it in the eye at once. However if you are drawing just one part, that is a hand or a face, maintaining the distance so precisely is not important, if you cannot properly take in detail, which not easily observed from afar. This rule, more a matter of choice than a law, only applies with respect to specific things, such as Drawings and Paintings, which might be moved around, hung and removed in all sorts of places, and is so as to avoid making mistakes: for mistakes are often made, figures have their heads foreshortened from above, and their feet from below: the paved floor broader than deep, pillars as round as an egg, and rectangles with crooked corners; yes the Pyramids and other monuments appear to lean over. But this serves only as a warning, for the correct distance will be taught with all the other aspects of working in the Perspective {Deurzichtkunde}; it will be enough here, that one does not bear the distance in mind any less, than the height and breadth of the work.

[35, E2]

EIGHTH CHAPTER.

The usefulness of drawing frequently with observation.

Having set oneself up in this way, one must strive to get the habit of always drawing attentively, and go about this in such a way, that one thinks that ever to slacken would be a mortal sin: [marg: The habit of attention.] for having once slackened, one can do so again: but whosoever avoids this slackening like a ferocious wild beast, shall steadily increase the alertness of his attention. Plutarch once said, in reply to the question, Why are Horses, who have been pursued by the Wolf since they were still foals, much faster than others? that they, on account of fear in their youth had strengthened their joints, and toughened their nerves, and that all the parts, which are used for running, have been made adept, by which means they excel the others in swiftness all their lives. We say here too, that the slackening of attention is a ferocious wolf, and that those, who in their youth escape it by means of their alertness, will overtake all the others. The habit of attention makes the judgement certain, and grants to the eye a reliable yardstick. And without doubt the eye requires a scrupulous certainty, before one can trust its judgement, P. Hooft sings of this in his Paris:

Where flat or round goes, where dark or pale or blushing ought to be laid Is determined by the skill of sight; the eye must say What is long or short, narrow or broad, what hard or soft.

And wherever the eye fails, the yardstick is there for you to use.

And so in time the eye will provide you with a compass. For I find that the rules and foundations of art, are necessary for a clever amateur, they make him well informed, so that he can talk about it; but if he does something he is not prepared for, he causes great mistakes, and he will be outperformed, by an ignoramus, who through a great deal of practice has got the compasses in his eyes. [marg: Get the Compass in the eye.] The habit of attention will always be of the greatest benefit to the eye and the hand of young pupils. Those who assiduously apply themselves paying good attention drawing lots from nature, will frequently shame a great master, and they will approach the natural characteristics of things more closely, than their comprehension, will yet be able to grasp, until a long time afterwards. It is extremely profitable, and of the greatest necessity, to draw from life from the very beginning. And even if it is the case that there are no schools with life classes available to you, that does not mean that you will lack for material. For nearly every part of Nature is suitable to supply your attention,

and to hone the sharpness of your eyes. They are surely bravely struggling on crutches, who constantly require the Yardstick and Compass, when the eye, strengthened by practice, itself supplies a Compass. But loathsome indolence frightens many away from chasing after this, which is not to be had, except by continuous practice, reinforced by a fiery aspiration, eventually to enjoy the fruit of their commendable labour, [marg: Necessary but difficult.] and to obtain an honour, which even great Masters themselves have sometimes had to do without. For when the celebrated Titian went to the Belvedere in Rome, he showed Michelangelo a nude Danae he had painted, Michelangelo said to Vasari, who saw it at the same time, [marg: Michelangelo's judgement on Titian.] that from the point of view of colour and painting it was very praiseworthy; but he said, that it was a pity, that Venetian Painters, when they started, did not learn to draw properly: for, he continued, if this man was assisted as much by the Art of Drawing, as he is by following Nature with colours, it would not be possible to improve upon his work. We do not wish to raise ourselves up as judge of the difference between these two luminaries: for their methods and ways of seeing were very different. This one judged that the Art of Drawing was solely concerned with beauty, but the other, that it was concerned with everything brought forth by nature. And this will be the most useful course for youth, that one must accustom oneself to imitating things, just as they are, so that over time, once the knowledge of things is achieved, the most beautiful will be selected with judgement. But, O young painters, do not claim too much too soon, still without a figure to your credit, claiming that you have a firm grasp on the Art of Drawing, as soon as you can draw a charming little face or little boat on paper. Clio will let us know, of the endless fields in the Art of Drawing to be passed through, Erato will bid us follow her, and Thalia will speak about composition {ordineeren}. The Art of Drawing is the true mistress of the discipline of our art, and whoever is not saturated in her teaching, easily wanders into the wilderness.

He quits the discipline of art, is lost, and must run wild, Whoever abandons the Art of Drawing early, and sets about painting.

[marg: The Art of Drawing is the Mistress of the Discipline] Whoever abandons Drawing, readily loses also what he has earned in the Art of Drawing. Almost all the famous masters have continuously drawn all through their lives. But that some were so driven, that they devoted themselves to drawing for sixteen, eighteen, indeed twenty years, without coming to the brush and colours, is an unusual folly. For painting offers no hindrance to drawing, but rather it enlivens the spirit of draughtsmen. We have reached nearly a tone too high, therefore let us attend first to guiding the attention, which we have now attended to; for this belongs to Polyhymnia, and goes a step too far for Euterpe, who now guides diligent youth with prizes {gedenkprijzen} towards the second school.



[37, E3]

POLYHYMNIA.

The Rhetorician. {Rederijkster}

The second Book.

Content.

Observation develops, youth's memory awakens
Sharpened on Reason, thus begins Polyhymnia,
First she teaches Physiology {Menschkunde}, so as to teach anatomy {kroostzweem}
From top to toe, and all that concerns it, in faces and nudes,
And their significance: to advise on the muscles,
And their movements, as far as concerns art.
She shows them proportion, which she raises up to the Sky,
And also errors, which one learns to condemn.
The human figure is the most important thing, on which our art is built;
Thus the young painter should learn her lessons well.

On the Print.

Here the Goddess is more attentive in her demeanour,
Grave Saturn rules her tongue in persuasion:
Her pupils are determinedly busy in learning,
In measuring, checking, and delineating the parts:
So as fundamentally to understand, what is appropriate for a man.
They strive too to recognise internal passions
By means of external appearance: and to separate,
What is to be censured, from what allures the eye.
They crease the forehead, as if they would give birth to a Pallas:
That is why this Goddess has a jewelled Crown.

INTRODUCTION.

Now Polyhymnia will teach us physiology {menschkunde}, and beginning with Physiognomy {Kroostkunde} she measures out the whole of the body with her yardstick, and reveals which muscles move the parts. She will recommend shapeliness {welschapenheit} and a good figure to us; and explain how much labour one must expend, in order to arrive at a knowledge of true perfection. This Goddess, who rules over memory, and whom one always represents in the act of teaching, will best instruct youth in the things, that it is imperative to know, and never to forget. And observe whether she, who is the mistress of eloquence, has improved my style, and made this book worthy of her name.

FIRST CHAPTER.

Concerning likeness and unlikeness of traits.

Peoples' faces are rightly held to be their Noblest and most Beautiful parts, the most accomplished work of art, of all that is to be seen here below. Now it is a wonderful mystery of nature, that so many thousands of people all with different features: and that it is so rare that there are two faces, alike in all respects. [marg: People's faces are different from each other.] Nevertheless, being of one nature and form, they share a common structure. However in experience it is esteemed a greater wonder, that, among such great diversity, two be found, alike in every way. I wish nevertheless to tell of some examples, as recounted by various writers. [marg: Examples of some like each other.] There was, when the Queen of Syria murdered her husband Antiochos, an Artemos, who looked so much like the dead King, that he, at the request of the Queen, lay in the King's bed, pretending to be sick, all the Princes of the Empire, who came to see him, were deceived: and he made his Will, as if he were the King, and established such and such successors in the Empire, as he had agreed with the Queen; who succeeded, without anyone suspecting the deception.

They tell too of the Assyrian Queen *Semiramis*, that she was extraordinarily similar in face and manner to her son *Ninus*; and that she, after her husband's death, put on masculine dress, and performed the

role of her son so well, that she maintained the Kingdom, and achieved great deeds under the name of Ninus, and reigned for forty years. I remain silent about the Servilius twins, of whom Cicero tells, and of the Plautine Menaechmi, whom neither mother nor wetnurse could tell apart. And of the sick twins told of by Quintilian: But what is more notable, in the time of Pompeius, it is said, there were two men in Rome, Vibius and Publicius, who both looked so much like him, that, if they wore similar clothing, one would have been in doubt, who was Pompeius. There was likewise a resemblance between his father {Pompeius} Strabo: and a cook in Rome called Menogenes: so that people called the cook Strabo and Strabo Menogenes. Also two slaves were sold in Rome, the one German, and the other an Asian, the one older than the other, yet they were so alike, that everybody was astonished to see them, all the more since they came from such distant homelands. It also happened, in the time of Augustus, that a youth lived in Rome, so very like the Emperor, that no one could tell them apart. But hereon hangs a comical tale: for having heard of this Octavian summoned him, and observing that in appearance and features {zweemende} they resembled each more than seemed possible, he jestingly asked the young man: Tell me, brother, when she was young, did your mother not at some time visit Rome? No, replied the youth, seeing what the Emperor was implying, but my Father was here often. It was certainly a good thing, that he had the good-humoured Augustus before him, who took this dig as a joke.

I saw also in London a certain Nobleman riding his horse through the City, who as he passed was ceremoniously greeted by many, and eventually followed by numerous common people, so that out of embarrassment he almost wished to hide himself; for they told him, that he was as like King Charles the second as could be. But we must not linger on this topic too long, [marg: Whoever wants more on this, see Pedro Mexia, in his various lessons. And Goulart in his wonderful Histories of our times. And Counsellor Heemskerk in his Batavische Arcadia. Twins.] I will finish with a last example, from K. Van Mander, and some others, which I cannot leave out. Frans and Gilles, sons of the Mostaerts of Hulst, twins, were so much alike each other, that even their parents could tell them apart. He adds as a distinguishing or telling evidence, this amusing anecdote: that once Gilles coming across his Father's work, as though he was a Painter, and seemingly good at it, whether through zeal or something else, sat on the stool, on which lay his Father's palette with paints, and it so happened, that his Father, returning and seeing his colours smeared and squashed, called up his son Frans, who was clean, and had not done it, then he called Gilles, who being frightened, had a good idea; they

each put on each others caps, by means of which they were usually distinguished, *Gillis* gave *Frans* his cap, who went thus, as if he were *Gillis*, and presented himself to his father, and also appeared unmarked, so they both escaped punishment. Counsellor *Heemskerk* tells in his Batavische Arkadie, of two similarly identical sisters. And *Goulart*, in his wonderful Histories of our times, writes of like similarities of appearance between brothers, sisters, and among strangers too. But these things occur very seldom, and if it happens, one will find differences enough, whenever one sees such similar people as these next to each other.

In olden times the bronze portraits of Amphinomus and Anaptus were to be seen, two young brothers, who protected their parents on their shoulders from the erupting flames of Etna, the one carried the Father, the other the Mother in his back, in which not only their brotherly consanguinity was observable, but also the Traits {Kroost} of their parents; [marg: Two Sons, who resembled their parents, and each other.] for he, who bore the Father, seemed entirely to take after him, and the other was wonderfully like the Mother. Peoples' faces, said Pliny, have no more than ten, or thereabouts, particular elements, in which likeness and difference are to be found: such as the forehead, the eyes, and even though both eyes are supposed to be alike, I have seen ones that differ, this eye blue, and that one brown, the pupils, the eyebrows, the nose, the mouth, upper and lower lip, chin and the cheeks. [marg: Parts of the human face.]

SECOND CHAPTER.

Concerning Physiognomy {Kroostkunde}.

Physiognomy is the identification by means of individual particularities, observed in the faces or features of people, of their country of birth, descent, spirit and the inclination of their emotions; yes it goes further, and it is believed by many, the good and bad fortune, which hangs above a person's head, can be foretold. [marg: They differentiate country of origin,] One can usually very readily distinguish an Italian from a German, an Englishman from a Hollander, and a French from a Spaniard, yes with closer attention one can almost tell citizens from nearby towns from each other. [marg: Descent.] Owing to descent one sees that all children receive some trait from their parents: so it is that in this the paternal characteristics, and in the other the maternal are most

detectable. One usually recognises the Jew from a particular trait; and the Illustrious line of Austria by the projecting underlip. The ancient painter *Philochares*, painted two persons in one piece, and everyone was able to judge, that they were Father and Son: for even though one was old, and the other looked young, he had observed the characteristics and traits, so well in these very different faces, that everyone noticed them.

As regards the loftiness of the spirit, [marg: Spirit.] I find in this an endless field for subjective consideration, and obscure estimation; for who would we expect to find in a crippled Aesop, or hunch-backed Quevedo? Nevertheless one calls the face the mirror of the soul, and its greatness must be knowable from outward appearance. And thus an ingenious Painter, whenever he has some History before him, must with Poetic invention, make manifest the spirits of the persons, whom he will portray, and give the figure something, by which it is to be recognised; As grandeur to Agamemnon, cunning to Ulysses, steadfastness to Ajax, boldness to Diomedes, and wrathfulness to Achilles. The limping rascal Thersites, one must paint with all his stupidity and cowardice in his face. But to represent these signs of emotion, and to distinguish their individual characteristics, I direct practitioners of art to those, who have written about Physiognomy; and even more to their own observations. For who will, when he sees a person, whose face is broad and long, as if stuck on a board, and nose and cheeks as pronounced as each other, will not call them an Ox-head? or their eyes sleepy, and not call them a Donkey-head? unless one detected some aggression; for then one should rather identify them as a buffalo-head. In a calf-like face I see a dunce: in an Apelike one a trickster, and in a sheepish one, a Sheeps-head. Nature has given to each Animal a trait corresponding to the nature of its tendencies. Thus a dog displays kindness and trust in its eye, as long as it is not debased by any wolfishness. The horse radiates pride from its eyes, pawing the ground when it has had its oats. The pig is base in eye and nose. And from the gaze of lions you know their uncontrollable fury. Concealed malevolence is at play in the bear: and the Noble features of the human face are more or less inclined towards all these many bestial characteristics. So that Paracelsus would seem to have been right, when he said, that one finds Dog-people, Cat-people, Wolf-people, Lion-people, and every kind of beast-people. But one finds these differences are most perceptible when the emotions are stirred: for then their faces are very much more like those animals, with which

they share a nature, whether or not the cause of the stirring specifically relates to any particular animal. But more about this in the second consideration, regarding History in our Clio.

That one can foretell something of a person's future good and bad fortune from their appearance, is an old belief: [marg: And foresee future good and bad fortune.] and the writer Apion tells us, that Apelles' portraits, done from the life, were so like, that certain Physiognomists could work out from them the previous and future histories of the people portrayed, their lives and deaths, and that this was subsequently found to be true. And indeed I have been told, that when King Charles the first, of England, sent his portrait, made by Van Dyke, to the Knight Bernini, for him to copy it in marble, the Physiognomists in Italy prophesied the King's violent death precisely, and did so solely on account of the truthful likeness of the Painting.

We shall, before we go any further, add here some observations by the ancients, concerning Physiognomy. Not because we believe that they were always reliable, but simply to awaken the spirit of Painting, so that by following these or similar discoveries, it can demonstrate its prudence. [marg: Signs from the forehead, the temples,] The lines and furrows in the forehead indicate delirium in a sick person, said Hippocrates. Fleshy and bulging muscles on the temples are, according to Scaliger, sure signs of stupidity, ignorance and aversion to the arts; but Aristotle said, that they indicated uncontrollable anger. [marg: Eyes,] He also said that blinking eyes were timid and fearful. The darkening {Verblauwing} of the eyes of the sick was a sure sign of death. But this feature, as also above regarding delirium, is part of suffering. Continual movement of the eyes, Aristotle attributes to cruelty, anger, and rapaciousness. [marg: Noses,] Those, who have flat thick and fleshy nostrils, like oxen, are spiritless, slow, timid, lazy, and deceitful. Whoever has a round fat nose, with small nostrils, like a pig's, is coarse. Whoever has a large well-shaped nose, round and bluntended, with nostrils of medium size, is generous. [marg: Lips,] Thin lips, soft and slack, where the upper hangs over the lower, according to Aristotle, also indicates generosity. But thin hard lips, raised a little at the side by the canines, or drawn in, indicates baseness, and one not disinclined to wicked and despicable deeds. But fat lips, where the upper hangs over the lower and gapes, evidences madness and coarseness of understanding. [marg: Tongue,] A long and pointed tongue shows cruelty and bad temper.

[marg: Neck,] A fat fleshy neck, said Scaliger, indicates no great intelligence.

A veiny neck playfulness; a broad one; reliability, a round twisted one, uprightness; a long one, distrust; an immobile one, stubbornness, cunning and is feared by all. treachery: a slim one, thinking of deceit; one leaning forwards, meanness, negligence, or stupidity.

[marg: Legs.] Whoever has legs that are uncommonly fat and fleshy, on the ouside, with some bulging, is, according to Aristotle, hated and feared on account of his impudence.

I would like also, before leaving this matter, to insert here the complete description of Emperor Julian, the Apostate, as written by Gregory of Nazianzus. [marg: Emperor Julius. Hist: Eccles. Tripartita. book. 7.] I could see nothing good in the whole man, he said: For the neck scarcely moved. The shoulders appeared all hunched. His eyes would stand, and flit here and there, with a cruel glance. His feet were never still. His nose looked as if it would insult you. His mouth was scoffing and mocking. He had a very ill-mannered laugh, which burst out loudly. Indeed, he was such that, even when he was still young, Nazianzus, having carefully studied him, cried out: O quale malum Romanorum Respub. nutrit! O what a viper the Roman Republic nurses at her breast!

But in leaving these thoughtful observations (given that one man has a hawk's or a pug's nose, the other a dog's muzzle or a hare-lip, and the other cat's eyes, and even the Goddess Juno having been described by Homer as having white arms and ox's eyes) now someone must ask, what is the true form of a human? [marg: Which is the correct form of a human.] I reply first, that it is the form shared by all people, if they are not themselves evidently malformed. In whom the combination of the parts far exceeds our wonder, as (a) Vossius truly said. [marg: G V. in the knowledge of himself.] Correctness brought to perfection is perfect beauty: in which no can failing be observed, neither in the whole, nor in any part: and one can one more readily wonder, and praise and adore the perfections, than discover, as the correct rule, wherein that perfection lies. I believe, that our first parents Adam and Eve, were so: they who were shaped in God's uncorrupted image, and with no other Trait, inherited feature or characteristic but according to the wisdom of the highest of all artists. Something too will be added later concerning the various forms of humankind in the discussion of personal knowledge. And since we have made much mention of traits and physiognomy {zweeming- en kroostkunde}, it will not be inappropriate to follow this, by saying something about portraiture or the painting of likenesses.

THIRD CHAPTER.

Of Portraiture {Konterfeyten}; or portraying peoples' likenesses.

Many have set about painting peoples' portraits from the life, and they have also often become so beguiled by it, that they have left the rest of art completely neglected: indeed they have fallen so shamefully, that they have not only been unable fix an arm or leg, but not even a sound shoulder onto the neck of their portraits {Konterfeytsels}. [marg: A good Portraitist ought at least to de able to draw a figure well.] It is certainly true, that the face is the most important part of a person; but this is not enough to excuse, being incapable in the rest; and they ought to have this verse from Horace read out to them:

An incompetent sculptor by Aemelius' place, will easily

Do soft hair or nails from life in Bronze

Perhaps; but as to the rest, which is worthy to be seen,

He cannot with any success give it the correct balance and bearing {welstant}

To be able to make a good face is very commendable, but to make a balanced {welstandig} figure with a merely competent face, is better. So now as regards practicing the art of portraiture, I would be very pleased, if we followed the Greek way, as Plutarch describes in the life of Cimon. We commission beautiful faces to be painted, and copied after life, he said, which have good grace, and should there be a single imperfection, or any ugliness found in it, then we are neither willing, that it is entirely left out, nor that too much attention to detail is employed, with regard to this same fault, so that it is included; on the one hand the Painting would be enhanced, and on the other, it would be spoiled. [to capture the perfections rather than the imperfections in Portraiture. 151. Letter.]

A good likeness in a good Portrait is admired by all the world, but the varnishing over of faults, according to the opinion of the Knight P. C. Hooft, is done most of all by the French. Y{our} E{xcellency}, he wrote to C. Barlaeus, portrays to me how things go with Painting in France; one always deprecates the beauty of a painted face, which comes from outside, through the enhancement, that is usually to the advantage, of charming women, in that country, by means of the flattery of Artists. For which reason Master Michiel Mierevelt, he added, never painted a face

[45, F3]

sent to him from there, other than with the excess of generosity, to which they are there accustomed. But other peoples do not notice these enhancements, if they are added to the work discreetly.

A little poem on this topic comes to mind, sent to me by a certain Lady, after seeing a certain Painting, of a not too beautiful Young Lady, enhanced a little by me:

If you depict a Young Lady, in her likeness,

More attractive than she is, making her too beautiful on the panel,

And she therefore refuses to accept the Painting,

Then bring it to my house, and receive the agreed fee.

To let it be known, that a little embellishment will not easily upset anyone; especially not young women.

And it is certain that a beautiful face, imitated in the most beautiful way, is indeed a masterpiece. Regarding this Pliny was right to say, that it seldom happened, that Painters painted perfect beauty without falling short. Apelles, they say, coloured Alexander too brown. Lysippus caught the sweetness that was in his face well, by positioning his neck a little to the left. Neither Apelles nor anyone else could imitate the beauty of Demetrius: [marg: One cannot always flatter.] those who imagine that it is they who themselves enable the most beautiful faces (or flatter them) are completely off the track, for a beautiful skin far exceeds paints; as we shall learn from Terpsichore. And as far as it concerns drawing, anyone properly practised in that, finds in a beautiful face such charming qualities, that they will acknowledge Pliny the younger's lesson most worthy: that is, that anyone who would do better, should be shy of deviating from the likeness to be represented. Thus too speaks Eunapius of those, who in portraying youthful beauty, seek to beautify it through artifice {kunstgreep}, so that they ruin the likeness, and even lose sight of the beauty of their models. [marg: Encouragement to observation.] Therefore, O Young Painters! let it not be enough for you, to represent the general form of your model, or of that person, whom you will portray; but to study, with a selective and meticulous eye, which beauties or particular charms, or what actual features you discover to be there, and then to copy those with all your might, by that means your face will live, and achieve a pleasing spirit. Think about what we have discussed in the Physiognomie, and about what you have in front of you, you will possibly discover charms, which others have missed. Do you not think, that Apelles must have looked most closely at the individual features, of those he portrayed, in order that the face-studiers {tronybekijkers}, called Metopocopi or Physiognomi, were able to have foretold, so well from his Paintings, as if from life itself, when the depicted person

was going to die? yes indeed. It is not enough that one identifies the Philosopher Socrates by his bald head, flat squashed-in nose and bulging eyes. [marg: The particular characteristics.] Plutarch said that in general, Painters, who portrayed after life, paid diligent attention to the likeness of the face, the raising of the eyes, or lines of the forehead, by which one identifies peoples' moral nature. Attend therefore to those parts, as if you are tracing their moral nature, but with a painterly eye, more skilful in showing, than telling; so that, the hand as well as the mind, becomes fluent and skilled.

Whoever dedicates themselves to portraits, must direct all their effort, to awakening the power of their imagination. Like *Domenico Ghirlandaio*, who, when still young, not only copied what he saw in front of him, but also endeavoured to portray passers-by and acquaintances from memory by means of an assured imagination, so that one could recognise them. *Francisco Mazzoli* of *Parma* portrayed *Emperor Charles* life-sized from memory, to everyone's astonishment; and the Prince of the ancient Painters *Apelles* drew with a coal from the fire, on the wall, from memory, *Planus* the courtier, who from mockery had bidden him attend as a guest of King *Ptolemæus*, so that he was immediately recognised. *Bartholomeus Spranger* also painted young women in their absence; to the delight of their lovers.

But it is not only portraitists who need this power of imagination, [marg: A good Portraitist must have a powerful imagination.] for the whole of the Art of Painting is born from the internal imagination of Artists, like another Pallas from the brains of Jupiter. [marg: Examples of this.] Therefore one should not be astonished by the deeds of Freminet, who, in the presence of the French King, painted without drawing, here a hand, there a foot, elsewhere a face, and in the end unified it all into a well-composed figure: for a clever master has not only the sketch, but also a complete grasp of what he intends to do in his mind before painting it.

But to finish with portraiture, it yet remains, that one is sometimes obliged to paint persons, whom one has never seen. And even though this is our task in all Histories where, as if from personal acquaintance, with regard to which Clio has promised to give us some advice, we have to give the most important figures an unambiguously recognisable appearance, whereby they, by means of their actions, are identifiable on account of this or that, so it is that we cannot readily be criticised in this, since no one can remember their true likeness, their having being dead for many centuries; and here precise and Physiognomical information is required, that few people can give us concerning the absent or the dead, it is true that I have on occasion seen cases where recently dead persons

were painted reasonably alike from the living testimony of those, who had to do with them in daily life; and it is of great help in this situation, if the least portrait, be it from when the sitter was young, even if it is a poor likeness, is available, which one can easily improve by means of a careful revision: otherwise one will be embarrassed, like the Greek Painter in the portrayal of saint Nikon, even though it turned out better for him, than he had feared. I shall add here what is said concerning that, in order to divert your spirit. [marg: Baronius An. Christi 998.] Malakenos Counsellor of the Lacedaemonians was very attached to Saint Nikon, and when he left him, and went to Constantinople, he promised Malakenos, that he would see his face again. But some time later Malakenos came to hear, that the Holy man had died, and so he mourned with all his heart: But on account of his conviction, and having a sound faith in the man's promise, he went to a Painter, describing to him his face and appearance, as well as he could, so that he could portray him in the Painting. But, even though he was a great artist, the Painter could not get it exactly right: and because Malakenos was greatly distressed on this account, it happened that Nikon appeared there, at once in the form, as if he were alive, charging the Painter that he should look upon him: and he, after this happened, turned again to his panel, [marg: Miraculous Painting.] in order to paint him, and he found him already there in the painting, all at once complete and true to life; seeing this great miracle the Painter, was amazed and astonished, and turned again to the Saint, in order to pay him reverence, and saw that he had disappeared; and so it was that Malakenos saw Nikon once more in this Painting, as he had foretold. But this is enough for us; you will read something else about a Painting in Melpomene, which lacks nothing in comparison to this one.

FOURTH CHAPTER.

Concerning shapeliness {welschaepenheyt, i.e. well-shapedness}, Analogie, or proportion, in general.

We have already said, that the true form of man, is one in which one can detect no recognisable sign of imperfection. Everyone could connive with *Momus*, and say that we are all misshapen: For this jester, and satirist

of the Poetic Gods, scolded the Creator of mankind, not only because he had forgotten to put windows in men's chests, in order to be able to see their hidden intents, but said that their eyes should have been as able to turn inwards as well as outwards, to be able to observe, the faults they perceived inside them: and he wanted also to comment on the arrangement of the calves, saying that they should have been where the the shins were, so as protect the legs from blows and injury. We should give such critics no other answer, than to say that we would not grudge them these improvements to their own bodies, as long as they also considered claws and horns. And say with Albrecht Durer: forget these false imperfections, seeking to make something better than God, your efforts would be in vain. But this shapeliness in humans, praised by us and approved by all grateful souls, is of two kinds, first, and generally, that which one can everywhere be readily agreed by measuring the living figure, and which contrary to the opinion of Momus, is so perfect, and so properly put together in all its parts, that one can criticise nothing, and which, as the Knight Hooft sings, cannot be looked upon without wonder: [marg: Zegemond in Baeto.]

Look at yourself: you can readily understand, how your parts
Are put together, and that all cities
Which had they the power, and altered the placing
Of only one element, would regret that decision:
And it seems that the best, which their fault-finding pride
Wished to set right, was right, else the thing is spoiled.

But here it strikes me, how not only individual persons, but even whole peoples, seek through wrongheaded judgement, to improve upon this natural shapeliness, by means of art or through force. [marg: Despised by some peoples.] For it is said of the Cumanaeans, that they compress the heads of newly-born children between cotton cushions, so that their faces will be small, and thus, in their opinion, beautiful. The Tupinamba on the other hand prefer flat faces, and so, as soon as a child is born, they press in the nose with their thumb. The Western Peruvians, and the Cochins, and some other peoples in the East, have such a preference for long ears, that, from childhood onwards, they hang something heavy made of metal from them, so that eventually they reach to their shoulders. The inhabitants of the River Gabon, cut through the lower lip, so that they can put their tongues through. In eastern China, and western Florida, men do not wish to be troubled by beards, and thus they pluck them out hair by hair: Europe now follows this fashion, but to the greater benefit of barbers. The Monemugians set

great store by ugliness, and for this reason they turn up their eyelids. The Azanegens prefer fat women, and particularly those with large breasts; and in order to promote this beauty, the breasts of girls, from seventeen years old, are bound with cord and cheerfully stretched: so that when they have borne children, they are fit to be thrown over their shoulders; for they carry their nursing children on their backs. The Chinese hold long hair and untrimmed nails on the left hand in high regard: they also value small feet, but only in women, whose feet, from when young, they so bind, and squeeze into small shoes, so that they are often rendered useless. Other peoples, such as those of Nueva Galicia, and others, cannot look at smooth skin, but they cut it, and stain the scars, so that they do not heal. The Javanese smear their bodies daily with yellow pigment: The Kaffirs or Hottentots do so with black, whenever they can get it, even if it be soot from cooking pots, when they come on board the Dutch ships; and they take this as a great favour from the cook. And so as to appear more beautiful, the wildmen of New France colour their faces red and black: and those of New Netherlands use patches of all kinds of colours. Others paint half of their foreheads, the one eye, one cheek, half of the chin, and one half of the body black, and give the other half another colour, so that two human halves appear to be joined as one. Finally it is said of the Cumanaean natives, with whom we began this account of the improvement of natural shapeliness, that on their feastdays they cover themselves with a gum. And by that means attach plumes and feathers of every colour; and thus transform into a new breed of owls. Certainly man differs little from a beast, if reason slumbers in him, or is dead. And even though entire peoples are afflicted with the aforementioned folly, those who use their natural intelligence, will turn away from these enhancements. One might well correct the faults, that occur in nature: but not in any other way, than according to the model of a proper shapeliness, which exists in the proper correspondence of parts, according to the requirements of the whole. For human shapeliness can also be various, as short and tall, slight and well-built. [marg: They can be short,] Augustus was short, but this shortness was so appropriately accommodated by the proportionality and symmetry of the parts, that it could be only be perceived by comparison with a taller man, standing beside him, [marg: Tall,] Tiberius was tall, with broad shoulders and chest, and the rest of his body in the same proportions. But however large be it dwarf or Giant, comparison or Analogy

of the parts makes for shapeliness. [marg: And in all dimensions.] Thus it seems that it can be various and, when concealed in nature, it will usually trouble our judgement, as Durer says: one sometimes comes across two very beautiful and attractive people, where the one has nothing in common with the other, neither in size nor in shape, and therefore it is not evident, which of the two is perfect. Our understanding is so dim, he added, who then will give an account of true beauty? but even though it is not apparent to us, it is nonetheless possible, that one of them excels the other in perfection. [marg: Albrecht Durer of Human Proportion in the third Book.] Elsewhere he said, that the parts of a figure from the head to the soles of the feet must be in harmony, be they rough or smooth, fleshy of thin, so that one part does not appear well-fed, and another starved; so that the arms should not be thin, and the legs fat, or the chest full, and the belly emaciated, or the head young and the body old, and so forth. The age of each figure should have appropriate features, a young person should be smooth, tender and even, and an old one on the contrary rough uneven and thin. Whoever desires praise, he added, avoids ugliness in his figures, that is, he purges them of all signs of ignominy, and strives after what is healthy and pleasing. And to this end he proposes, that one look at numerous living human figures, and gathers from them the most beautiful measurements. For art is steeped in nature, and if you draw from there, you will avoid many errors. This is nearly everything, that the great Albrecht Durer put in his Book of Proportions as guidance, I understand that death surprised him, while he was preparing this book. We conclude then that the shapeliness of bodies consists, in a certain Symmetry {Simmetrie}, which the parts have among themselves, and with the whole. And a body, which is beautiful in all its parts in this way, far exceeds the beauty of a single excellent part. All the parts of a statue are required to be beautiful, said Socrates, for we do not observe so closely the charming details of particular parts in collosi, as much as we attend to the shapeliness of the whole thing. Thus it is reprehensible that a master occupies himself with the attractiveness of the parts, and ignores the coherence {welstand} of the whole. Parrhasius esteemed this Category in art above all the others, and Polykleitos worked at nothing else so determinedly.

The second or artistic knowledge of shapeliness, or proportion of human parts, which one calls perfect beauty, exhausted the greatest masters of ancient times and made them sweat. [marg: An artistic shapeliness.] The great Apelles esteemed Asclepiodorus above himself in this science. He chose the most beautiful out of many beauties: though it was too much for anyone to discover in a lifetime. But after many researches and

much passage of time, eventually it was revealed and cultivated by the ancients, employing fixed rules (which the fall of the Roman empire has robbed from us) that gave their figures an absolutely beautiful proportion. Indeed so exact, that it was said, that, if you gave any two individual sculptors (and Painters were no less capable) only two identical fingers, or big toes, or any parts of a body, without knowing each other, they would have made two identical figures, knowing, from one part, how to find out the measurements of all the others. We will not forebear from considering (a) Lucian's story, which said, that Phidias, straightaway, at the first sight of a lion's claw, knew how large he needed to make a lion. [marg,: Known by the ancients by means of fixed rules. (a) In Hermotimo.] And also the surveyor Pulcher, who, when the Pontine people sent Caesar Tiberius a terrible claw, that was longer than a foot, Caesar paid him, to portray precisely, how large a body the dead hero, the owner of this tooth, must have had. But much more remarkable is the story of Diodorus Siculus, [marg: Strange examples of this.] telling how the two celebrated sculptors Telecles and Theodorus, sons of Rhoecus, made a statue of Apollo Pithius for the inhabitants of the Island of Samos in an unusual way: for although Telecles made one half of this sculpture on the Island of Samos, and his brother Theodorus made the other half at Ephesus, these two halves of the sculpture fitted so wonderfully well together, it was as if they had been produced by one master at one and the same time, and the Egyptian priests claimed, that this use of fixed rules in art was used by the Egyptians, long before the Greeks ever began to do it, Indeed that Egyptian artists, according to what the Priests say, did not measure figures by guesswork, nor by eye, like the Greeks, but when two artists had divided up the marble, which was to be used in their work, they agreed between the two of them an appropriate proportion {maetschiklijkheit} for the task, from the largest to the smallest part, and organised their undertaking according to a twenty-one point comparison with the measurements of a well-shaped person, in which they were so consistent, that they were never delayed by any gaps when fitted, but put together the individual parts of the whole work, within the timescale of several months and days; to the great astonishment of all who came to see, and observe.

But Calliope will add something else here, when she comes to discuss beauty. Let this merely be sufficient to awaken you, O Young Painters, to attract you to this noble art. We find at Rome and elsewhere evidence enough, that there used to be an artistic knowledge of proportion. And if we only but arrive at their unfailing knowledge, then will our eyes yet become capable of judging, and of avoiding the errors, that

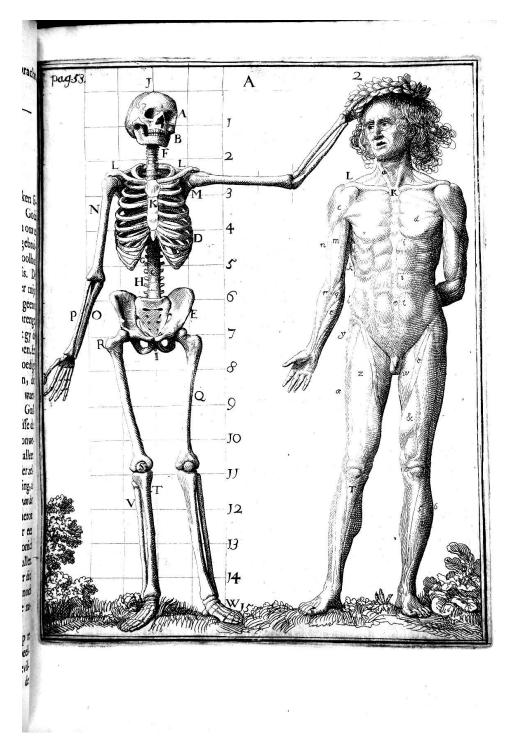
are commonly produced when imitating ordinary nature, and thus will we begin to enjoy true proportion.

FIFTH CHAPTER.

Concerning anatomy; and first of the skeleton.

But before we proceed to the specific measuring of a human body, let us first anatomise this noble figure created by God. Proportion will be much easier to understand, if first one knows the individual parts, and their uses. I do not wish, O my Young Painters, to bring you into a maze, or to lead you too far astray, as has previously been done. Anatomy I leave to surgeons and physicians, but my lessons reach only so far as the Art of Painting. I want only to teach you what it is necessary to know, what is easily learned, and what produces great benefit. I shall first briefly describe to you a human skeleton, so that you may better learn to understand by means of a brief outline {schets} all the flexing of the parts. [marg: What a Painter ought and needs to know as regards the art of anatomy.] And as to what further concerns our instruction, I will present nothing other than a bloodless anatomy, and only indicate those tendons and muscles, which in the movement of the limbs, either contract or expand: and remain within the purely artistic physiology, neither cutting nor flaying. My Godly father Theodoor used to say: That Painters did not remain ignorant of those necessary things, which made a Painter intelligent, on account of too few books, or too few teachers, but only because they were frightened by how much there was to know and how long it would take to learn it. For who has the time or the inclination, as regards human anatomy, to work through all the writings of Vesalius, Du Laurens, or Cabrol? Van der Gracht shows the way better for physicians, than for Painters. Therefore since I wish that my Young Painter avoids all unnecessary labour, I will show them a shorter route, and put here for my Bees a flower filled with ready honey, which will be enough to fill up their greedy honeycombs. I shall teach them to set well-fed nudes in motion. But those, who through an individual inclination for a thorough grounding in this element of art, which still remains unsatisfied, can continue searching in the abovementioned writers, and many others.

For I do not wish that, through too much exactness in this science, one should get into a tangle, as has happened with many, who have made their figures, as if they were hard dried-out stockfish, or flayed



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Satyrs, or had so many knobbles, it seemed they were packed with onions; [marg: Anatomy misused,] but most of all that one correctly observes the movements of the Muscles of a figure in action, and that one places the fleshy swellings and contractions in their proper places. [marg: And neglected.] It is not enough, that some trusting to their eyes, so delude themselves, imitating nature's fleshy and soft appearances, often producing abortions and sacks of salt on the panel: illustrious spirits have shown more prudence, and their knowledge of Muscles shines through in their works, however it is concealed. [marg: Example of well observed Anatomy at Rome in the Vatican.] The tumultuous Laocoon, however muscular and sinewy it is, nonetheless has a sweet fluency, as if the skin were soft: and the plump Liber, howsoever it is covered in fat, at least reveals the placing of the Muscles.

Cimon of Cleonia, a City in Achaea, was the very first of the ancient Greek Painters to represent the parts, muscles, and veins of human bodies, in his works.

Antonio Pollaiolo was the first, among the modern Italians, who distinguished the muscles with knowledge, having himself flayed many dead bodies, in order to learn from them. Rosso dug up the dead, and made a very beautiful Anatomy, also writing a book on the subject, but I have never, to my knowledge, ever seen it. Buonarotti also, while working on a wooden crucified Christ, began flaying many corpses, which afterwards served effectively to strengthen his Drawing. And the honour of the land of Cleves, or the Batavian Titian Jan van Calcar, helped Vesalius in his anatomising with his Drawings.

We will first of all describe the human skeleton, as we have drawn it in Plate A. in the first figure.

The human Skeleton consists principally of six distinct parts, that is the *Head*, the *Trunk*, two *Arms*, and two *Legs*.

The Head has 2. parts, that is

A. the Skull, Cranium, and

B. Jawbone, Mentum,

The Trunk or body has 3. parts, that is

C. the Spine, Spina.

D. the Ribs, Costae, and

E. the Hip, Ilium.

The Spine includes

F. the Neck, Cervix

G. the Back, Dorsum,

H. the Lower Back, Lumbi, and

I. the Tailbone, os Sacrum.

The Ribs are seven joined, and

five short twelve altogether, whereof

the following are

K. the Breastbone, Sternum,

L. the Collarbone, ${\it Claviculx}$

M. and the Shoulderblade, $\mathit{Scapulx}$.

The Hips have 3 parts, which are

The Hip ${\it Ilium}$, the Lower Pelvis ${\it Ischium}$,

and the Pubic bone Pubes; though

the two last are unseen.

Each arm has 3. parts, to wit

 ${\tt N.}$ above the Elbow, ${\it Humerus}$

O. below the Elbow, ${\it Cubitus}\,,$ and the

Hand. Below the Elbow there are 2

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bones, the Elbow Cubitus, and

P. the Hand, Radius.

The Hand has twelve small bones, the

Fingers fifteen.

Each leg has 3. parts, as the

Q. Thighbone, Femur, which is below

the Hip

R. projecting , Trochanter Major, ending in

S. the Kneecap; Rotula.

T. The Shinbone Tibia, with

V. there are two Calfbones

W. the foot Tarsum has twelve small bones,

and the toes fourteen.

Who among you, O eager-to-learn Young Painters, will be able repeat these names and parts after one reading without hesitating? And whose head is so weak, that they cannot after reading through the names three times, remember seven. You would straight away grasp them, and know all the bones by heart, if you were simply to copy out the print once, and check through the names linked to the letters. And in a brief hour you will provide yourself with knowledge, which will stay with you all your life, and be of great service. And if an hour is not enough, give it a whole day. But I see that already, from the *Cranium* to the *Tarsum*, you know your lesson, and know each bone by its Roman and Dutch name. Good, now look back to the separation of parts. I measured this skeleton from the life, it was five Rhineland feet tall, but it was probably half a foot taller, which reduction is I believe, caused by the drying out of the Sinews in the Spine, and which thereby shortened it by 6 thumbs. I have divided it into fifteen parts, or large hands {groote palmen}, and established a measure, which is not to be discarded. First, from the top of the Skull to

1. Below the eyes.

next

2. the end of the Neck, or

on the flesh of the

Shoulder.

3. Below the Breast

protecting the heart.

4. Above the Breast

protecting the stomach.

5. the End of the Ribs.

6. The Hip.

7. The Hip joint,

8. Quarter Thigh.

9. Half Thigh.

10. Above the Knee.

11. Below the Kneecap.

12. Quarter Shin.

13. Middle of the bone.

14. Above the Ankles.

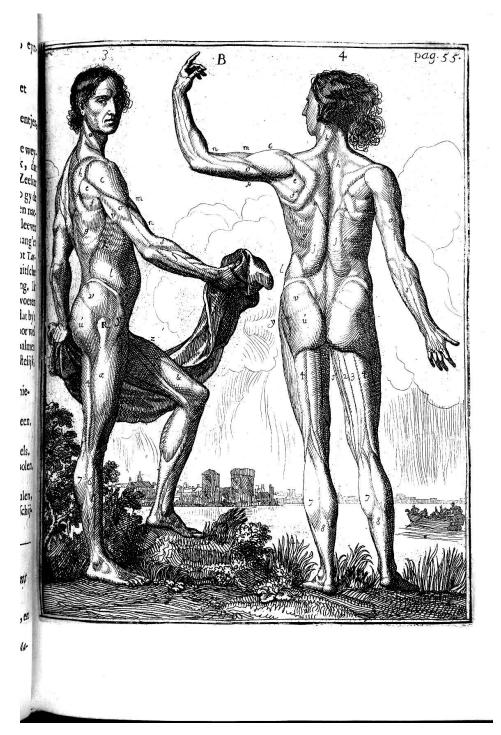
15. Beneath the Soles.

Once you have this grasped this securely, we can learn about the Sinews and Muscles, which clad the bones. You will soon appear to be as learned, as many Surgeons.

SIXTH CHAPTER.

Concerning the Muscles and Sinews, and their operation, portrayed in Figures 2. 3. 4 in Print A and B.

We shall pass over the Muscles, that move the face, and begin with the Neck.



[Plate B.]

[55]

- a. Mastoidei, the Marbles, or nipple-shaped Muscles,
- b. Splenii, the up-turners, or Splint-muscles
- c. Deltoids, the Triangle, or Supporting-muscles (these turn the head in various ways: forwards, backwards, up and forwards.)
- d. Pectoralis, the Breast-muscle or pentagon
- e. Infraspinatus, Shoulderblade-Muscle or under-spine muscle
- f. Rotondus, the Rower or the Round,
- g. Latissimus, the Lat, or the broad one,
- h. *Trapezius*, the *Monkshood*, or table-muscle moves the Shoulderblade (these turn the arm: backwards, further back, down as with the Shoulderblade, up, down backwards.)
- i. Rectus, the Mattress, or Abs has three or four bands like a mattress.
- j. Sacrolumbus, the presser or Holy Back-muscle, (these press the ribs and force out the breath)
- k. Serratus Major, the saw or sawing Muscle,
- 1. Obliquus, the Lopsided, or belt, (these pull the ribs outwards, to draw in the breath.)
- m. Biceps, the Mouse, or two-headed,
- n. Brachiæus, the Mate, or the Arm-muscle (these flex the Elbow.)
- o. Longus the Long
- p. Brevis the Short (or the arm-twins, these straighten the Elbow)
- q. Rotundus pronator, the Turner, or Buyer
- r. Longior Supinator, the Returner or Seller (these carry the forearm and hand: with knuckles up, with palm up)
- s. Straightener of the three middle fingers
- s. Extensores, the Straighteners or stretchers
- t. Flexores, the Benders or pullers-in (surrounding or joining the hand.)
- u. Major, the Sit-Cushion or Buttock,
- v. Medius, the upper buttock or hip muscle, (these stretch the Thigh straight out. those that bend are hidden internally.)
- w. Triceps the three-headed pulls the Thigh inwards.
- $x.\ \textit{Longus}$, the hub? or the long
- y. Membranosus, the fleshy or the Dressmaker? (Move the Shinbone: inwards, outwards.)
- z. Rectus, the Girl's cushion
- æ. Vastus Externus
- &. Vastus Internus. (these straighten the Shinbone, enclose the Kneecap, and bind with a broad and unified Tendon the Shinbone and the Thighbone.)
- 1. Semimembranosus, the in-bower, or half-fleshy,
- 2. Seminervosus: the half-nerved kneeler,
- 3. *Gracilis*, the *kneeler* or small-muscle (The business of these is to flex the Tibia, or to make a bow.)
- 4. Externus, the out-bower,
- 5. Tibæus the Shin-muscle
- 6. Poroneus the calf-muscle (these flex the foot.)
- 7. Gemelli the twins
- 8. Soleus the Singleton (these straighten, or bend out the foot.)

Further to these K. the hefty breastbone. L. the Collarbones. R. the large bull or puller, or Trochanter Major. And T. Tibia, the Shinbone, down to the inner ankle are bare areas of bone, not covered with Muscle.

What do you think, my Young Painters, will you find this lesson far too difficult? surely not. But so as to proceed sensibly, I advise that you write out this Table of muscles, and work out their movements, whether you use the old Latin, or modern Dutch names. Memorise them quickly by heart, and straight away mark up the muscles with letters, on the figures copied from all three sides, on either a larger or smaller scale. [marg: Consequences of the usefulness of Anatomical knowledge.] You will soon know their names and functions so well, and recognise them as securely by their appearance, as you do your playmates and school friends. Look! I see the least among you fully learned in our Anatomy. Be patient, this small effort will enable you to see in the future, while others remain blind. When you come to draw the excellent statues of the ancient Greeks, or look at living nude figures in the Academy, you will immediately understand, why it is that these muscles swell, and others remain slack. And if happens to you, that you are summoned by our illustrious sister Clio, to depict wrestling nudes, and all kinds of moving bodies, you will make life appear by painting them knowledgably. You will discover, that it is not enough, merely to copy a living person, as they pose in front of you: for as soon as they begin to tire, and need to hold the pose when fatigued, the muscles work wrongly {verkeerde werkingen}, to very bad effect, so that others, who do not know and understand muscles and how they work, will not be able to manage it. But you, who understands the requisite movement, will position the moving muscles in their proper places, and conceal the wrong working with judgement. And possibly, being drawn in by our introduction to this science, you will look more closely into the writers mentioned above, so as to judge knowledgeably how each muscle begins and ends. For we only teach the most important necessities: whosoever wants more, should set about helping themselves. For this you will find André Du Laurens most useful of all.

The great Clio will teach the sufferings of the soul, and the positioning {doeningen} of the body, and we will speak of the muscles and sinews. [marg: Concerning the action of the Muscles.] Whenever you make a figure, who moves the head violently, the Mastoids must contract upwards at the front, and the Splenii expand backwards. Allow the Deltoids to swell the arms in fighting nudes, Pectorals pull the elbow forwards, the Infraspinatus, Rotundus and Latissimus backwards; and the Trapezoid should be realistically expanded. Fill your figures with breath through the action of the Rectus, and the Sacrolumbus, or the Serratus Major and Obliquus. If you portray a drinking Centaur, lifting a heavy cup to his mouth, allow his Biceps and Brachiæus to swell out: and the Longus and the Brevis are expanded in a lifting arm. In a twisting hand the Rotundus Pronator, Longior

Supinator, and both Extensores, and the Flexors are employed, as where naked Giants pile mountains one on top of another, so as to climb up to heaven. In moving the legs Major and Minus straighten out the thigh; but the Triceps moves in back inwards. The Rectus and both the Vasti are expanded, when the shin is stretched out straight, but the four Postici, Externus, Gracilis, Seminervosus and Semimembranosus if one is bringing the foot up to the backside: and the Longus and the Membranosus, according to whether one is turning the shinbone inwards, or outwards. In a figure, standing on its toes, the Gemelli and the Soleus do their job powerfully: and the Tibiæus and the Peroneus in curling up the toes. Make sure, O Young Painter! that these things capture living nature, and learn how to put it onto paper in a charming and unstrained manner, then you will have enjoyed true utility from this knowledge. Now it is time, for us to deal also with human measurement.

SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Concerning the measurement of a human body.

Proportion in a human body, is a wonderful correspondence of parts, both between each and with the whole. Some believe, that the Ark, which Noah built following God's command, must have had something in common with the measurement of a human, stretched out on their back, For the Text states, the length of the ark shall be three hundred cubits, the breadth of it fifty cubits, and the height of it thirty cubits: [marg: Noah's Ark according to the dimensions of a human.] which, according to our figure in print C, ought to make a figure or shape of fifteen hands in height, two hands and two thumbs broad, whether from behind or from in front, and one hand and two thumbs deep, that is from the sides. Now that this does not correspond to our figure is true, since it is in some places broader and in others narrower: but the Ark is made with straight lines, and if one reckons the broadest and narrowest parts of a human figure together, the correspondence may be found. But let us not waste time here with this: for I know that I must give Young Painters instruction short enough to fill them up, before they are aware of it. I will therefore demonstrate a proof using this little verse, in which a figure eight heads tall is described, divided into equal segments: [marg: Roughly the measurements of figures 1. 2, in plate C]

One measures, according to the old way,
A figure eight heads tall,
First from the crown to the chin,
Next to between the nipples,
And thirdly to the navel,

Fourthly to the genitals,

Fifthly to half-way down the thigh,

Sixthly to below the knee,

Seventh to the shin,

And eighthly to the end of the legs.

A figleaf might serve us here, but we anatomise the naked truth. Further, we approve the sense of the following little verse, even though it appears strange:

A man's figure is properly

His arse or his genitals;

As tall as their alloted fathom.

But measured when he is stretched out,

The Middlepoint of his height is said to be,

Then the navel is the right spot.

A woman's upper body is a little longer, in proportion, to that of a man. But that is enough of verses, so long as you do not find the following ones too much:

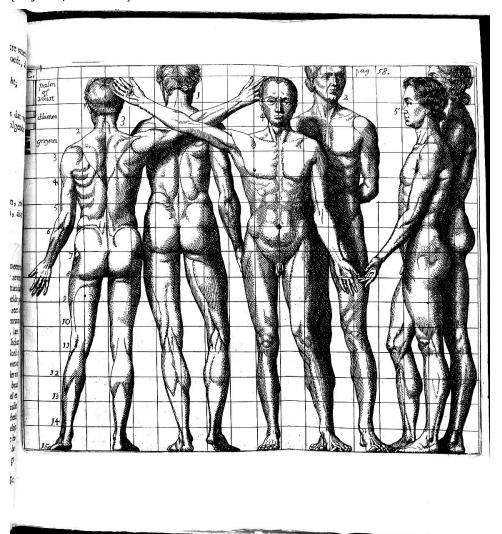
In the hand or in the face
One has a tenth of the figure.
And this last:
A sixth part one must
Supply with the foot.

Believe me, young children can learn this sitting by the fire, but I put it here, since great masters sometimes behave, as if they did not know it.

Description of the Figures in plate C.

But we shall remove the trouble by judiciously measuring a figure from three sides. And first of all a man, who we shall make seven and a half heads tall. I shall divide his total height into fifteen half-head-measures or large Hands, and also indicate the breadth of those hands at the side. I find the total of fifteen very appropriate, even though I have read, that the ancients preferred to use twenty-one. What reasons they had for that, I leave to others to discover. We find, that substantially, our body now to be formed from fifteen principal parts: such as the head, the Chest and the trunk. Each leg into Thigh, shin and foot: and each arm into above and below the Elbow and the Hand; which altogether makes fifteen. The joints of the fingers in each hand also add up to fifteen. And each foot also has almost the same total. Therefore, as has been said, we identify each of these fifteenth parts as a Hand, which we further divide into four equal parts, that we shall call thumbs; each is as much as a sixtieth part of a figure's whole height. We divide each thumb again by ten, and call these small parts grains, so that the whole figure is therefore made up of six hundred grains. But these are mostly employed in measuring the thickness, for as regards height, we will use nothing but whole hands. So from the top of the skull

[Pag. 58, Plate C.]



[59 H2]

To the eyes a hand.	buttocks 7.	To above the thickest part
To the throat 2.	To below the buttocks and	of the calf 12.
To below the shoulders 3.	genitals 8.	To the thickest part below
To the nipples 4.	To the mid-thigh 9.	the calf 13.
To the short ribs 5.	To above the knee 10.	Above the ankles 14.
To the navel and hip 6.	To below the knee 11.	Beneath the Soles 15.
To the beginning of the		

	Hand.	Thumb.	Grain.
The Foot's length	2	1	5
The arm from the Shoulder			
joint to the Elbow	2	2	4
From the Elbow to the			
joint in the hand	2		3
To the end of the fingers	1	2	6

As regards the breadth, we say that from front to back in figures 3 and 4, in plate C. this breadth is

Above the Forehead	1	2	
Above the Eyebrows	1	2	2
Beneath the Nose and Ears	1	1	2
The Neck below the Chin		3	5
Above the Nipples, or from			
behind the Armpits	2	3	8
At the Gut	2	1	
Above the Navel	2	2	3
At the end of the Trunk	2	3	5
At the bottom of the			
Buttocks each leg is	1	1	3
The Thigh in the middle	1		5
Above the Knee		3	8
At the Knee		3	5
Below the Knee		3	1
Middle of the Calf		3	8
At the thickest below			
the Calf.		3	
Above the Ankles		1	7
Below the Ankles		2	1
Width of the foot		3	7
The arm at its thickest			
above the Elbow.		2	6
Above the Elbow		2	4
Below the Elbow		3	
Just above the Hand		2	4
At the joint		2	

There remains the figure from the side 5. of which we say the breadth is

From the hairline			
to behind the crown	1	1	6
Above the eyebrows	1	3	1
Above the Nose	1	2	3
the neck below the chin		3	9
The line above the			
breast	1	2	6
Above the Nipples	2		4
The line below that	1	3	8
Above the Navel	1	2	8
At the end of the Trunk	1	3	2
Thickness of the Leg			
Below the buttocks	1	1	8
In the middle of the Thigh	1	1	6
The lower Thigh	1		7
Thickness of the knee	1		1
Below the knee		3	5
Middle of the calf	1		2
Below the calf		3	1
Above the Ankles		2	4
The thickness of the arm			
at the Shoulder	1	1	
At the back of the			
armpits		3	8
At the Elbow		2	5
Just above the hand		2	
At the joint		1	4
The thickness of the hand		1	7

The figure that raises his hand to the height of his head, forms a circle, of which the Navel is the centre.

EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Description of the Figures in Print D.

Before one comes to the measurement of a female figure, the first question is, what is the relationship between the height of a man and a woman? Painstaking Albrecht Durer says this of it: when a man and a woman of any particular kind are set together in a composition, the height {linie} of the woman, from which she is to be measured, should be one eighteenth shorter, than the height of the man. Otherwise she would appear taller, than the man, because her body is softer and more fleshy, than is the man's. This is only the case, if they are to stand next to each other, otherwise if they are on their own, make them whatever size you like.

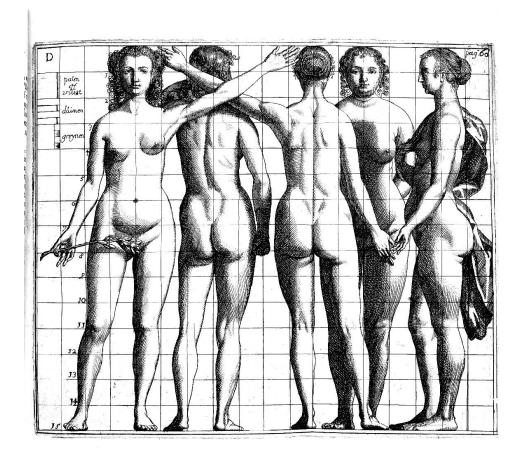
We divide this woman's figure into 7 and a half large spans {groote span = spread hand}, or, as with the previous man, into 15 hands, thumbs and grains as before. She is 8 of her own heads in height, or ten (*) faces. [footnote: That the face is one tenth part of the whole height concurs with Vitruvius.]

	pal.	thu.	gr.
I measure the height downward	ls		
from the Top of the Skull			
To the forehead	0	1	5
there to the brows	0	2	0
to under the nose	0	2	0
to under the chin	0	2	0
to the flesh of the			
shoulder	0	1	5
to the hollow of the neck	0	2	0
from below the line of			
the shoulder to the third			
measuring line	0	1	0
to the Nipples	1	0	0
to the short Ribs	1	0	0
to the navel	1	0	0
behind to the tailbone	1	0	0
down to the genitals	1	0	0
to the end of the buttocks	0	1	0
to above the knee	1	3	9
the middle of the knee	0	3	1
to thickest of the calf	1	0	0
to thickest below the calf	1	0	0
to thinnest part of leg	1	0	0
thence to below the soles	1	0	0
length of the foot	0	9	0
the arm from the shoulder			
to the elbow	2	2	0

from the Elbow to the			
joint in the hand	2	0	3
from the joint to the end			
of the fingers	1	1	8
3			
The depth of the Figure			
seen from the side			
Above the eyebrow	1	2	4
the neck	0	3	4
above the shoulder	1	1	8
above the nipples	1	3	8
above the short ribs	1	3	0
at the gut	1	2	2
above the navel	1	3	2
at the end of the hips	2	2	0
at the end of the genitals	2	0	2
the thickness of the leg			
below the buttocks	1	3	0
at the knee	1	0	8
in the knee	1	0	0
middle of the calf	1	0	4
below at the thinnest	0	2	5
at the shoulder the arm's			
thickness from the side	1	0	4
at the bicep	0	3	8
at the elbow	0	2	6
below the elbow	0	2	7
at the joint	0	1	5
thickness of the hand	0	1	8
The breadth of the Figure			
seen from front or back			
Above the eyebrow	1	1	7
the neck below the chin	0	3	3
above the shoulder	3	0	0
distance between the			
shoulders	2	1	6
the front of the armpits	2	0	9
the rear of the armpits	2	1	9
from one nipple to the other	1	2	4
below the breasts	2	1	4
in the gut	2	0	4
above the navel	2	3	1
at the end of the trunk	3	0	8

below here the distance

from each other	2	1	1
to the genitals	3	0	9
the legs below the trunk	1	2	3
one measure lower at the thigh	11	1	3
one measure lower at the knee $$	1	0	0
at the knee	0	3	6
middle of the calf	1	0	0
below the calf	0	1	6
below at the thinnest part	0	1	6
breadth of the foot in front	0	3	3
the arm at the bicep	0	2	7
above the elbow	0	2	3
below the elbow	0	2	9
above the hand	0	2	3
at the joint	0	1	6
breadth of the hand	0	3	0
the heel from behind	0	1	9



[61, H3]

This is enough for a demonstration, whoever wishes now to reassure his spirit further, then I advise, that they each, in the easy manner shown here, measure some figures from life. For then they will be made aware of and learn to distinguish, between a slight and a large body.

It is said that Slenderness suits a young girl, so as better to be able to wear the many and diverse ornaments, to which she is attracted, and our poet the lord *Hooft*, introduces her, in his *Geeraerdt van Velsen*, as a type of Amsterdam:

A Noble maid, that entering the flower of her youth,

The face sparkles: and the ripening of knowingness reveals in

The serious face, everything from wickedness to timidity:

The form of her body, neck and hip begin to swell,

And clues appear to show what is hidden in her heart,

A becoming self-assurance shines from the beautiful face;

Then pearls, gold and trailing dress. She is honoured by many,

And masked envy's defamation cannot portray her as less.

The preferences of lovers, as regards svelte slenderness, or robust stoutness in a girls body, can differ greatly, as *Chaerea* says in *Terence*:

The shoulders low, the breasts bound, and the body squeezed So thin they look like a reed, which they hold to be beauty: And a properly fed woman, they call an Amazon, Or a Soldier-girl. But as to what mine looks like, She is not in the new fashion, she is too plump or chubby, She has honest colour, and well-nourished limbs.

NINTH CHAPTER.

Description of the little Children in Print letter ${\it E.}$

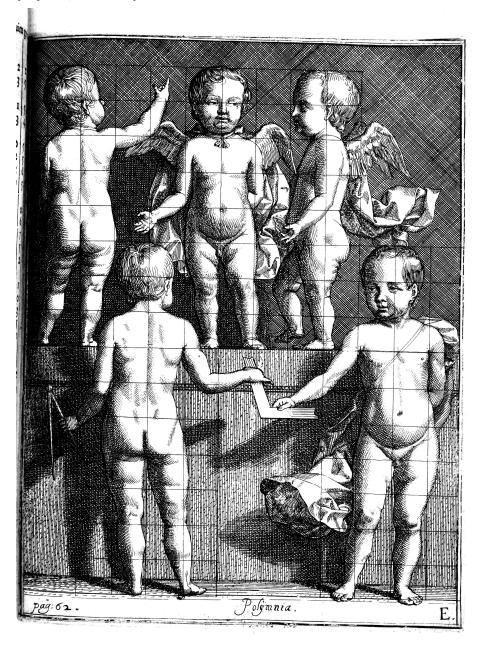
First of all I divide the above child, four heads in height, into 8 hands, each hand of four thumbs, and each thumb, as before, of 10 grains. But, as regards the height, so as not to create too much vain labour, I shall quickly pass over it.

[62]			
	Palm	thumb	grain
From the top of the skull			
downwards			
To the ear and the			
eyebrow	1	0	0
to the hollow of the neck	1	0	0
to the nipples	1	0	0
to the navel	1	0	0
to the genitals	1	0	0
to above the knee	1	0	0
to the mid-shin and calf	1	0	0
to the soles	1	0	0
the arm from the shoulder			
to the elbow	1	2	0
from the elbow to the			
hand	1	0	3
the hand	0	3	4
length of the foot	1	0	8
from the side, the Child's b	readth		
or thickness is:			
Above the eyebrows	1	3	5
the neck's thickness		3	7
mid chest	1	1	2
above the nipples	1	1	7
above the short ribs	1	1	5
above the navel	1	1	7
above the genitals	1	2	3
the leg below the trunk	1	0	5
the knee	0	2	7
thickest part of the calf	0	3	0
thinnest below by the foot	0	2	0
thickness of the arm from			
the side at the Shoulder	0	3	0
the bicep	0	2	6
at the elbow	0	2	0
below the elbow	0	2	2
by the hand	0	1	4
the hand	0	1	3
from the front to back, the			
breadth of the Child is:			
Above the eyebrows	1	2	2
the neck	0	3	5

halfway between chest and			
shoulder	2	1	5
behind the armpits	1	3	4
distance between the nipples	1	0	5
breadth at the gut	1	2	5
above the navel	1	3	6
above the genitals	2	0	5
the leg below the genitals	1	0	0
at the knee	0	2	6
the calves	0	2	7
at the foot	0	1	5
the foot from in front	0	2	2
the breadth of the arm at			
the bicep	0	2	1
at the elbow	0	2	0
below the elbow	0	2	3
in the hand	0	1	5
the hand	0	2	1
the heel from behind	0	1	5

You can increase the height of this young Child of four foot, to 5. 6. 7 and more head lengths, here we have brought together two who are five heads tall, one viewed from the front, the other from behind. It is enough, that you have learned here how to measure with Hand, Thumb and Grains. Whoever produces their most important works in this area of art, will see far enough through this lens, and it will be well worth their effort, to measure the principal parts of children living or dead; and to see, how much they shoot up as they grow. Children at three years old are, according to *Pliny*, half their eventual height, but full development arrives unevenly.

We find an almost identical method of measuring, to that we have used here, in the second book of Albrecht Durer's Proportion, except that he divides his hand, or yardstick, into ten, which we divided into four. His overall Numbers and his details do not compare exactly with ours. He also divides those smaller Divisions into three, and calls it a Trimulum, which I know to be very useful in precise measurement. This method of measurement is a great improvement upon that of his first book, where he clung to his 'Scheider' or 'deiler', which divided up the entire length of the figure, half, three- four- five- six quarters, and so on to infinity;



although we would not dissuade those, who enjoy these rules, from following them. Whoever so wishes can also copy Durer's figures full-sized, and use his error-maker, his selector and his falsifier: [marg: In the third Book of his proportion. {french ed. 1557, III, fol. 104r}] also his curves, to be seen in the fourth Book. Certainly he has shown, that research into proportion was a serious matter for him. And he replied to those, who asked, whether so much trouble should be taken, and so much time expended, measuring all bodies in this way, when often one could make many figures in a short time? We do not insist on this, he said, but I teach, that by means of effort and painstaking, one can seek to obtain some certainty, founded on reliable reasoning; and anyone, who has achieved this certainty along with an assured hand, will not be anyone who lacks for measuring bodies. For eyes, being prepared by art, establish a Rule, and the hand follows art with a confident trust, and shuts out error. The consequence of this is skilfulness. And, being thoroughly imbued with knowledge, you will have no doubt about what to do, nor will you make a dot, or draw a line thoughtlessly. Such works of art, that in no way appear uneasy, but delightful and free, deserve praise and are declared good by all. This cannot not be done by anyone unskilled in the rules of art, even if they have achieved a freedom of hand. Indeed such a freedom is a vulgarity to be criticised, since it leads to error. And where we are going, we do not want to Young Painters led to take to side roads. We urge only that they draw some small figures on paper, be they from life, or after the best Statues of the ancients, divided up in our manner, in Hands, thumbs and grains: and only to do something in a painstaking way when need calls for it, which seldom occurs. Thus by means of this small opening up their eyes will find a rule, which will sufficiently support them, in the absence of Polyclitus, and enable them to see nature through enlightened eyes {verlichte oogen}. For anyone who does too much measuring, might lose themselves, Euphranor, who himself wrote on the science of proportion, was nonetheless criticised, because he made his figures too thin, and his fingers and knuckles too large, in which our old-time Germans, such as Israhel van Meckenem and Martin Schongauer have possibly surpassed him; for their nudes appear, as if they were starving. Having thus considered all this very thoroughly, I remain of my first opinion, that one must try to discover the compass in the eye, through the habit of paying attention; and that in making beautiful proportions, one will reach much higher by doing, rather than by talking: and that one will much more effectively bring one's sight to good judgement, through looking out for errors, than by always measuring. For measuring the parts

in order to name them, is more necessary for persuading the ignorant, than for helping oneself.

And for the present, my Young Painters, try harder in school, [marg: Academy drawings.] to draw after old-fashioned sculptures, and living nudes. Compete with each other, for the crown of roses, and aspire to the wished-for laurels in the future.

Whenever autumn makes for short days and long evenings, and offers you the chance to draw nudes from life, pay very close attention, to the movement of the figure, draw it, before it gets fatigued, and relate the parts to each other well. Look out for foreshortening, place the shadows in the right place, and give everything the feeling of soft flesh. Many hope in this to produce wonders in art, but you have to expend time and labour on it, before you are able to join with nature in diligently imitating all her qualities. For even after years of drawing, if you do not develop the precision of your attention; and if you simply flit from flower to flower without judgement, you will certainly produce many drawings, but you will not become a draughtsman.

TENTH CHAPTER.

Concerning faults and ugliness.

And it is not enough, O Young Painters! to draw lots of male and female figures from life, sketching fat bellies {penszakken te berd brengen}, and using up your time. Is it because you know how to draw a figure from life, for otherwise it is better that you work from plaster or stone, so seek out a living figure, that is worthy of imitation, so that you do not fall into bad habits. Take care that impressions are not left on the Knees by the Garters, and that the Thigh muscles have their own proper form, as was observed by the ancients, and that the Shins and Calves are not misshapen by the pinching of the ties. This applies especially to womenfolk; take care that the belly and the haunches are not deformed by the pressure of clothing, and that the breasts are correctly positioned. And thus by the avoidance of mistakes, one shall discover beauty. Faults are commonplace, but beauty is rare, and allows itself to be recognised by none, except those who study to know it. Monsieur Puget de la Serre, translated by Heijman Dullaert, concurs absolutely with me, when in his Conduct of the good spirit he declares:

Let us speak only of the works of nature, there was never maiden born, excepting she, with whom God blessed us in the first cradle, whereupon he rested himself, who did not deserve some comment. [marg: No woman's figure that did not deserve some comment.] From that comes this, that the great painter, who intended to portray the beautiful Helen in his picture, selected the most beautiful young women from the city; so that his brush, from so great a number of beautiful faces, borrowing something from each, would bring together but one perfection. Which reveals to us the inability of nature, to produce a single faultless beauty. I have never seen a woman so beautiful, that she pleased all the world. There is always a tiny smudge, that fogs the clear glass of her mirror. This one has an upright figure, and is pale, and has an actual crease from her mouth to her ears. The other has a broad high forehead, a small mouth, and kind eyes, but next to them a flat snub nose, split like a water dog's. [marg: Examples.] To put it bluntly, none will charm in public: except with borrowed enticements, or purchased teeth. This one has attracted everyone with a pleasing face, but is deformed by a crooked back, and has a bosom like a full foodbag. I turn sadly to la Serre, however kind he is, in complete agreement. It was not our intention to describe ugliness, rather it was in order the better to represent the abovementioned concepts of beauty, that we felt we should say something about it. [marg: That Painters frequently allow their own faults to appear in their work.] The common saying is, that Painters frequently portray faults in their works, that they have in their own persons. Whether they are thin, fat, lame or deformed, or have a squint. The reasoning is supposed to be, that our inner inclinations can be directly related to our outward appearances. But what do we then say? That all beautiful people take pleasure in beauty, and all the ugly, on the contrary, in ugliness? Certainly not. For one frequently finds the opposite to be the case. Emperor Augustus was not the tallest, but nonetheless he had an aversion to dwarves, and a fear of the crippled. As Suetonius tells us, he held them to be mocking playthings of nature, and of evil portent, preferring rather to see, sweet chattering and well-formed little children from Syria, and pretty little moors from Morocco. Elagabalus on the other hand, being the most beautiful youth, that ever the sun shone upon, and who enchanted the eyes of all who looked upon him, had all those suffering from crippled feet summoned together in the baths. He had brought to him at his meal times eight bald-headed people, eight people with squints, eight deaf people, eight people with gout, eight black people, eight extremely tall people, eight impossibly fat people, and eight, who had great big long noses, in accordance with the Greek proverb

eight of each; Apant octo. He ordered some servants to find for him, at an agreed price, a thousand pounds of spiders' webs, and it is said, that they brought him a thousand pounds of them, at which he boasted, that he reigned over such a city, where there were so many cobwebs. And to stay with ugliness, I give the reader the following examples. Homer writes in the second book of his Iliad of a Greek counsellor thus: [marg: First little specimen.]

Thersites the loudmouth, abused the wise counsellor, Had a squint, and was misshapen before and behind: He had a pointed head, and scarce any hair on it.

Girolamo Benzoni tells in his description of the West Indies that, when at Cumana, he saw a wife of the most important Lord of that land, who was bringing to the Spanish Governor a gift of fruit, the like of whom in the fourteen years, he had ground out in the new world, he had never before encountered. After she had silently laid down her gift, he said, she sat down on a bench, so that we could wonder with pleasure at her beautiful ugliness. [marg: Second sample.] She was completely naked, except for her genitals, for married women cover these with a cloth called a Pampanila, but girls only with a band; she was painted black all over, and her hair hung to her waist, her ears were stretched so long, that they hung down to her shoulders, from the weight of the earrings, which were full of sticks, made from a very light wood called Kakoma. Her nails were extremely long, her teeth black, her mouth large, and her nostrils pierced with a ring, which they call a Karikori; so that it {she} seemed more a monster, than a human form. [marg: Third example.] If this is too barbaric for you, look at this charming Native, whom his Excellency States Counsellor Heemskerk, in his Batavische Arcadia, had his Shepherds and Shepherdesses observe, as they briefly refreshed their horses between courtly Hague and learned Leiden. And suddenly there appeared (he says) a dreadful woman; instead of powder, her hair, was dusted with innumerable scales of scurf. Her eyes, as if she had not properly slept, turned here and there with a loose langour, glowing red: And this redness, congested with a rim of liquid wax, ensured that all eyes, turned away from her, as if from nothing other, than the head of Medusa. Her entire face was cursed with purple coloured pustules: and her insolent nose seemed to threaten her prominent chin as if to impale it. And above the long-haired eyebrows, through negligent washing, a dijk seemed to stretch, between the billows of the thickly-wrinkled forehead. Between the gashes of her thick rolled-back lips, there remained here and there droplets of muddy thick beer, with which, at first

waking up, it was her custom greedily to bathe her thirsty throat: so that her whole body, and most of all her bloated bosom, had swollen, to such an impossible fatness, that the one looked like a vast tun of beer, and the other an overladen cow's udder. This charming Hostess, a Tobacco pipe in her mouth, and a jug in her hand, swung corpulently into the waggon, and began with a hoarse voice, and a winking eye to regale the sweet company, sitting in the waggon, with the pipe smoke, and a mouthful of cheap brandy, provoking the modesty of the Shepherdesses, and the courtesy of the Shepherds, so that they immediately demanded that the waggoner stopped her drinking, and without delay relieved them of the presence of that sink of unworthiness. See there a delightful ugliness, of which Brouwer's works will supply sufficient, to outdo even her disgraceful accomplishments. But however fine they are, they disgust me, nonetheless I find that the greatest spirits sometimes take pleasure in such ugliness. Such as Sir Philip Sydney in the description of Mopsa: and Cervantes in the depiction of a certain Perlerina, whom he portrays in the following ornament:

Our Perlerina looks like a little pearl from the one side, For she lost her left eye to the smallpox, Her pock-marks are small hollows, Graves to welcome the rabble of her lovers. Her agreeable nose stands curling upright from propriety, So that the mouth will not be fouled with snot. Her mouth, when she smiles, spreads from ear to ear And half of her teeth are not unbroken. Her lips are quite large, enough to make a stew, But although they move about heavily, they are still lips: Their colour is blue and green, like jaspers in a garden. And could I but accurately describe to you her build and her height You would be astonished: but that is beyond my ability: She is a little stooped, deformed, her knees in her mouth, But were it possible to straighten her out, Then her head would perhaps reach the ceiling. And this beautiful pearl would long ago have given her right hand To my Batchelor as a bride, But alas she is crippled and stiff, her suffering nails Which are broad, witness thus how charming they once were.

But I certainly think that with the depiction of these charming examples I have more disgraced than enhanced my work. It is best that following my own instincts I push on to the next part, and show some worthier Paintings. And for this no one is better to take our hand, than the great *Clio*.

The Historian.

The third Book.

Contents.

Proud Clio drives one on to achieve something splendid.

She teaches us rich matter, with which the imagination can play,

Everything that was or ever happened, to depict it in the most significant way;

And also of what elements a work of art should consist.

And how, when one considers closely any action,

One should represent the national characteristics of each Person

According to their descent: and, as far as it is possible for art to do,

Set the passions and the actions of each before the eyes.

She sets out the figures as if on the Theatre's stage,

And the desire for the Glory of Antiquity reaches for the Crown.

On the Print.

Here the Study of History has climbed to the world's highest point,

She bears the Book of Heroes, and Fame's military trumpet,

By means of which it is to be understood, How it is that Chance sometimes buries

Under rubble, and smothers those who previously shone like torches.

Yonder Prince Phaeton the chariot of the Sun:

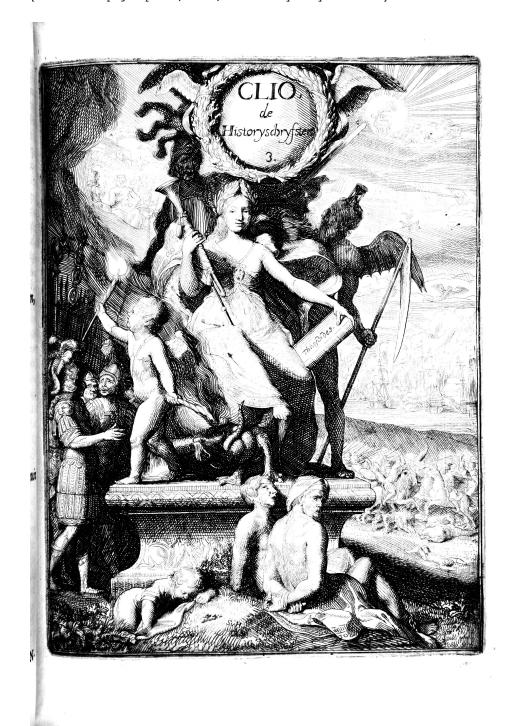
There Jupiter takes counsel with the mighty powers:

Here on land, and over there at sea horrid war:

And all of it, be it fighting, suffering or conquest, all is

Achieved by means of {depicting} the soul's passions and by actions.

Rightly was this Heroine Goddess consecrated to Mars.



INTRODUCTION.

Now, O Mother of Ialemus and Hymen, the inventors of lamentations and wedding songs, you shall show us the way to honour and praise, and stand ready, for those, who have climbed the lofty stair of art, to grant your crown of Laurels. Now teach us, what are the most noble things in art, which one must undertake, in order to be trumpeted by you with fame and glory. Open up for us the book of heroes by your (1) [marg: (1) Thucidides.] writer, and the Divine verses of your (2) [(2) marg: Homer.] Poet, and teach us, which are the most important elements in a History. And you, who are the soul of the planet Mars, teach us the movements of the body, which are the signs of the passions of the soul; and how to give to each thing its proper significance, by means of supplementary elements and emblems {byvoegselen en zinnebeelden}, driven on with the force of your spirit!

FIRST CHAPTER.

Concerning Universality {Algemeenheyd} in the Art of Painting.

Euterpe has selected suitable spirits for the Art of Painting, and already enrolled them into the school of drawing. Polyhymnia has taught them the study of the human body {menschkunde}. And we shall encourage the lively spirits to become universal; that is, to represent the appearance of as many of things, as there are to be seen; be it everything together, or each individually, copied by means of the same skilful imitation, and understood altogether in the brain of an Artist. It is a pity to think, say some, that we cannot understand everything: But what is there that can satisfy our mind? said Philippe de Mornay, [marg: In the Bible de la Nature, chap. 14 {In de Bijb. Der Natuer, cap. 14}] introduce into it as much science, and fill it with as much knowledge of things, as you can, it will wake up hungry, and the more it holds, the more it seeks, developing neither headache nor indigestion. Our wardrobes, said Cassiodorus, can be filled once, and take no more: this treasure is never too much. So if it has already consumed an enormous amount, then still it continually opens up for more, and more, as Cicero said, for all the liberal arts have a common tie, and are bound to each other in kinship. And one should be in no doubt

said Gerardus Vossius, that one discipline {wetenschap} provides mutual assistance to another, indeed they are weakened, unless they form a Ring of arts together. [marg: All liberal arts have a mutual kinship,] How then should this our universal discipline not depend on others, for the imitation of all visible things? Since they are all grasped in the mind in the same way, the one as much as the other consists in form and colour. [marg: however much they are specific to their specialism.] The saying that the Italians have, that too much is too little, does not apply here; for the Art of Painting remains unique and singular, even though it reflects the whole of nature. Do not let any effort tire you, O Young Painters: for whoever can do one thing well, will not find it difficult to take on another, which involves the same elements, such as drawing well and colouring, in order to make it. [marg: Encouragement to be universal.] But this concerns only those of you, who have Noble spirits, and as many of us as were chosen by Euterpe, who hanker after education with desire and delight, struggling to swim against the river of forgetfulness. What do you think? In his youth Polydamas the champion slew a fierce lion without weapons: would you dare wager against him defeating a Bear? He could grip a steer so firmly by one leg in the middle of the herd, that it was unable to break free, without leaving its hoof in his fist, would you not trust him to pluck out Sertorius' horse's tail? He stopped a moving wagon with one hand, so that the horses, however they were urged on, were compelled to stand still: do you not think, that he was strong enough to lift up a rowing boat? Whoever can carry a hundred pounds, can also lift eighty, and ninety too; for the ability to lift something up, extends to various things. If you can learn the measure and formation of one figure, why not the construction of a landscape? It will not be more difficult to you to learn how to compose {ordineeren} many figures well, than it was for you to represent in proportion the movements proper to a single figure. The other parts {omstandicheden} will seem like child's play to him, who takes them seriously in hand, once he has set about the main elements. The art of colouring, understanding shadow, and the management of posture {houdinge}, are also required for the least of your decisions. It may be that someone who practices art only as if it were a Cobbler's trade, will understand nothing but their last: but whoever understands what it is that they are doing, will also be aware, that everything else is also understood in that understanding.

Regarding this Cicero said. as in the other arts, if the most difficult things are dealt with, then what remains does not require as much effort, being much easier to grasp, or being sometimes achieved at the same time; [marg: who can copy the most important will not leave the least important unattended to.] thus it is in the Art of Painting, that someone who can draw a human figure well, will by means of that same ability, when faced with some other

figure, never before seen, also be capable of painting it. Thus one ought not to fear, that he, who is able to paint a lion or a bull competently, will not also be able to depict any four-footed beast; to wit, whatever is put before him. Furthermore there is no one, as Quintilian confirms, who will excel brilliantly in great things, if to he has to attend to things of lesser worth. He stated in this regard, that Phidias made the image of Jupiter better than the rest of the work, in which another could have far outperformed him. It is true: but Phidias scorned such an occupation, and did not wish to exhaust his spirit in doing it; although he could easily have done so, had he wished to. Elsewhere the same Quintilian said, that a Painter, who had once obtained the correct manner of Imitation {Imiteeren}, or copying {naevolgen}, could easily depict, everything that came before him. And why not? As Socrates said, all things have their colours, depths {verdiepingen}, prominences {verhoogingen}, shadows {verdonkeringen}, and highlights {verlichtingen}, and it is apparent whether they are hard or soft, rough or smooth, old or young: which details the Painters copy, trying not to miss any of them.

Emperor Marcus Aurelius, who also practised the Art of Painting, expressed it very well saying, that all occupations, however good they might be, eventually bore us and cause us to turn away from them, and that they are unfortunate, who only have command of one. [marg: One should be a universal or complete master.] And that therefore those ancients were worthy of eternal fame, who, having overcome lethargy, made themselves masters of universal knowledge. Our natural body is satisfied with a little, but the attentive intelligence hungers continually for more and more. Honest spirits, during the World's golden antiquity, applied themselves assiduously not only to make or understand something in order to sustain themselves, and to achieve renown, but exerted themselves to learn everything that could be learnt, and sought to be able to do more, than had ever before been done.

When during the seventy-fifth Olympiad many people were gathered at the summit of mount Olympus, in order to celebrate the games, [marg: Example of a Philosopher.] a Theban Philosopher appeared, who had with his own hands, made everything that he had with him: he had woven his shirt, sewn his cloak, made his shoes, written and bound his books, and so forth with all his belongings: when the people expressed astonishment at something so unusual, and asked him, where he had learned to do so many things? He answered them thus: Laziness is the reason that you divide up the arts and trades between yourselves, for whatever is understood by any one of you, any one of you could do it all for yourself. Now, I shall not say whether

the people ought to have felt ashamed on account of these arguments, nor whether the Philosopher was full of vain pomposity with regard to his clothes: [marg: What universality prevents is reproved] but I merely offer it to our Young Painters as an example, so that they might endeavour to become masters in all the elements of our art. It is their laziness that causes many to learn only to paint this, and others only to learn to paint that; for whatever could be done by all of them, could as easily be achieved by one alone. Do not complain about time, saying it is too short, or about your ability, that it is too weak: whoever applies his powers to the task with a willing heart, and sets his intellect to work, will discover that what seemed previously beyond his reach, is readily achieved: he will in time approach what was far off: what was heavy will become lighter, and what was dark become brighter. Step forth but boldly, the Muse [Kunstgodin] will resist, but she is sometimes taken by force [verkrachten]: there will be at least one (a) Erichthonius, or a more than a half-perfect being engendered, who by the grace of Jupiter will be placed into a Chariot, and who will be able to pass for a complete man.

And indeed, achieving this level of Universality in art, is so much more worthy than merely coming close, for the crown of glory is awarded to he that conqueror her, he draws great riches to himself, and is filled with joy. [marg: Examples of Universal Masters.] One ought not to despair easily, having seen so many predecessors climb to her heights. Raphael, they say, was universal in all things or customarily graceful, he knew all of the paths: by the means of which in order properly to become known as a universal Painter, one must pass. Franciscus Junius swore that they were unworthy of the name Painter, who could not produce with facility, whatever their elevated spirit proposed. But this judgment shall seem too severe to many, even though it was held to be true by a greater part of old Masters, as for example by Penni, Pordenone, Rosso, Perino del Vaga, Veronese, and many others, up to the present day. [marg: One may certainly employ assistance.] I would readily endorse, that a master employs the help of others in a great work, who busy themselves with the subordinate parts [bywerk]: but whoever would rightly bear the title of Master in Histories, should also know how, and be prepared when necessary,

[marg: Francis Bacon in the Wisdom of the Ancients. {F. Bacon in de wijsheyt der ouden.}] (a) The Poets say, that Vulcan, being besotted with Minerva, tried to take her by force, but that she resisted, and that, after much wrestling, he shot his seed, and that Erichthonius was thereby formed: Whose upper body had the perfect appearance, of a man's form, the rest of the lower body that of a slippery eel. This was the first occasion, that a carriage was ever used, both because he could not move around properly, and also because he was ashamed of his deformity.

By this we are to understand: that an artist, represented by the God Vulcan, must defy artful nature, here Minerva, even if he is not fortunate enough to complete the task, and and to produce a finished work, that a Chariot, which is the favour of patrons and flatterers, is necessary, so as to give it the appearance of being perfect.

[73, K]

to paint the subordinate parts. The ancient Painter Dionysius was given the name
Anthropographus (or Painter of Men), because he could paint nothing other than his Human
Figures. What name would be earned by those, who merely produce pictures of peculiar little
things, and always the same ones?

SECOND CHAPTER.

For the benefit of those capable only of doing a few minor things [byzondere verkeizingen].

But those who are not capable of being universal {artists}, must be allowed to choose one part of art, to which they find themselves suited, and they are not to be condemned for that. [marg: If incapable of the Universal, chose one part.] It is better that one can do one thing extremely well, than to be mediocre at many. Whoever cannot become a lutenist, must learn the flute, said Cicero, and for our artists it is the same as with literature. Huart tells of three school friends, [marg: Juan Huarte in The Examination of Men's Wits. Chap. 1. {J Huart in d'Onderzoekinge der geesten. Cap. I. $\}$] the first of whom learned Latin very easily, but to the other two it seemed nearly impossible; but when it came to Dialectics, then the second, who had not been able to grasp Grammar, advanced exceptionally and with sharp wits in the art, and the other two spent all their lives unable to understand it. But when the three of them came to lessons in Astrology, it was noticeable, that the third, who had been able to learn neither Latin, nor Dialectics, in very little time knew more, than his teacher, despite having been found unsuited to learning the other sciences. From which it is to be observed, that each genius {vernuft} is inclined towards its own special and seemingly-chosen art, and is never properly suited to any science foreign to it. It can also happen, that honest spirits find some parts of art resistant, whereas other parts seem to smile upon them and become theirs. Our greatest Masters, capable of a general or universal art, have likewise painted only the things they most love. And however overflowing the spirit one comes across, he will nonetheless be more inclined towards the depiction of these or suchlike things, than towards others: unless time and opportunity obliges him to the one more, than to the other. Italians love nudes, Spaniards Saints male and female, and the British attractive Girls. An honest spirit applies itself to that admirable part to which it finds itself suited, and is frequently made more alert by some competition in art. [marg: Competitors awaken the spirit.] It is impossible for us to excel in anything, said Chrysosom, unless

we struggle to compete with the most excellent. And indeed it can bring no shame to two runners, should they out of jealous Honour race against each other. This Noble envy drives honest spirits to the peak. Thus Raphael struggled with Michelangelo, and Michelangelo against Raphael, and Pordenone with the great Titian. But no one, however devastating it is to be temporarily defeated, should take it too much to heart; like Francesco Raibolini {Francia van Bolognen}, who, seeing the extraordinarily attractive Cecilia of Raphael, so much better than his own work, was so struck down, that he retired to his bed, and died heartbroken. [marg: Art extends out widely.] Art extends out into such wide fields, that no talented spirit should feel at a loss, of finding a path, down which no other could pursue him. The most Ancient Painters all struck off down different pathways, and the particular inclinations of their emotions were always recognised in their works. [marg: Each Painter has something that is his own.] For Apollodorus cultivated beauty, and Polygnotus the graces, Zeuxis was a good Painter of Fruit, but made the heads of his figures too large. Eumarus did everything from life, Pauson made things ugly, Apelles made things graceful, and Dionysius followed nature, but could paint nothing but people {menschenschilderen}. Protogenes when young nothing but Ships, Pausias was best at children and flowers, Parrhasius was good at outlines, Demon full of spirit, Timanteus was deep {diepzinnig}, Pamphilus was learned, {marg: Examples from the ancients.] Nicomachus was quick {vaardig}, Amulius was beautiful with colour, Nicophanus was precise {net}, and Mechopanus rough {rouw}. Serapio was able on the large scale, Pieraikos on the small scale, Antiphilus in both, Nicias at dogs, and Ludius at charming landscapes. But Androcydes, known to all for eating tasty fish, was celebrated, because he had depicted, in such a lifelike manner, the fish surrounding his Scylla. And it was thought, that his inborn passion for fish advanced him more in his painting, than the art itself. There is but one art of casting, said Cicero, in which Miro, Polykleus, and Lysippus share the crown. And even though these Artists were very unlike each other in their works, there was nevertheless no reason that anyone should desire, that any one of them not to remain true to his characteristic manner. Thus it is then, that Artists are each driven towards something that is their own, by means of which, as if by a distinguishing mark, one recognises their works, as one commonly identifies the characteristics and traces {de zweemingen en't kroost} of parents in children. And even though these particular features can be termed deviations from the perfect certainties of art, they are, like a bed of flowers filled with variously coloured tulips set in rows, a delightful pleasure for amateurs {liefhebbers}. And whatever in art, by a single genius, seems impossible to have been possible to do, is brought about by the crowd of Noble spirits, in an assault using many various pathways, each of which was selected according to an inborn desire and intuition {zinlijkheyt}.

Who was there ever among the great Italian or Netherlandish Masters who, either in the whole of their art, or in a specific part of it, did not have something distinctively their own? [marg: Of the Italians,] Such as Michelangelo with well-wrought nudes, Raphael with attractive women, Correggio with soft fleshiness, Mantegna with the following of antiquity, Parmigianino with noble drawing, Titian with pronounced modelling, Veronese with inventive costumes, Caravaggio with naturalness, Carracci with powerfulness, Bassano with nocturnes and cattle, and Tintoretto with combining all together effectively {in alles aen te slaen}. Someone else might wish to explore these characteristics further, and also those of our Germans: [marg: And Germans,] but as regards these last, as a sample, Dürer set about mostly {zoo was Durer gezet op meest} one kind of drapery, Lucas van Leyden modesty, Rubens elaborate composition Anthony van Dyck elegance, Rembrandt passions of the soul, and Goltzius precisely imitating the hands of several great Masters. It would exhaust me to discuss these characteristics further. But Nature's richness gives choice to every spirit, so that they can chose something that agrees with them. For that reason we intend to deal with the specific choices divided according to the following levels {trappen}.

THIRD CHAPTER.

Concerning the three levels {graden} of art.

The first company's {gilde} arrival is manifested by the grotesques rediscovered by Lippi, [marg: First step.] graceful festoons, braided floral crowns, and they set many-coloured nosegays in pots and vases; Bunches of grapes, beautiful Pears and Apricots, or Melons and Lemons, and a transparent Wine glass on a groaning Table; with little Butterflies white and coloured, a Roman Lizard, a Calabrian Tarantella, or a Book of Music and a Vanitas concerning eternity. Or they set forth foodstuffs with no heed of expense, Meat and Fish, and choice Venison, and everything that goes by the name of still life {stil leven}. Thus an orchard bears forth all manner of fruits, and thus is art ripe in all its parts. Each good tree bears just so many fruits, as is proper for it, or of which it capable {in hem geint is}. Thus the particular characteristics of all things are best sniffed out {doorsnuffelt} in this way. But these Artists must realise that they are but common Soldiers in art's army.

Junius says [marg: Wrong choices,] that whoever finds himself unqualified for the noblest obligations of the depiction of a complete History, usually falls into sniffing out {deursnuffelen} the shield of a famous Captain, in a

tumble-down old Castle, in a strange grotto, obscured by ivy, Goatgrass {Geytenblat}, Myrtle, and frond of Vine; or whatever else they have got up their sleeves.

Certain it is that art has come to such misfortune, [marg: Most commonly,] that one finds in the most celebrated cabinets that most pieces, appear for the most part to have been made, for no other reason, than pleasure or as if in play, by a good Master, for example here a Bunch of grapes, a Pickled herring, or a Lizard, or there a Partridge, a Game bag, or even worse. Which things, although they also have their charms, are only amusements for art. In regard to which Zuexis said, when hearing how the common people made much of some insignificant things, and failed to observe the most outstanding, that out of ignorance they praised nothing but the dregs of art. And it was for this reason, that Protogenes was upset, when he heard that his painted Partridges were admired by many more, than was his Ialysus. [marg: Meanwhile people frequently pay most attention to the worst things.] Lucian says that one may justly compare the blind man who, failing to appreciate the Olympian Zeus, so wonderfully artistic and beautiful, and who does not commend it with praise, only gaping at the pretty workmanship on the carved decoration of the pedestal, or at the well-shaped slipper, and going on at length about it, with that fool who, being brought before a Rosebush, in order to observe the beautiful and fragrant flowers, takes more pleasure in the sharp thorns and looks round and about at the roots and elsewhere.

It is certainly unpleasant to hear pointed out, as one sometimes does from ignorant though vain amateurs, wishing to indicate the best part of a given picture, something so mediocre, which was made by the Master as if in his sleep, or at least when resting from his principle work. These things were considered by the ancients to be a surplus or bonus to the principle work, and they called them Parerga; in the workshops of great Masters they were usually carried out by the hands of boys and apprentices, or by such as made a craft of it. And truly art is performed by many as if it were a handicraft, if for the whole of their lives they are busy with this, or suchlike work. They ought not to laugh at the Painter who, trained in how to paint Cypress trees correctly, when approached by a Shipwrecked person in order to portray the dreadful Sea disaster, asked him, whether he would not be pleased to have a Cypress tree painted into it? Nor at the painter from Mechelin, accustomed to painting little images of Saint Nicholas, who when commissioned to paint a virgin, told the patron, that he would rather make a Saint Nicholas with three children in a little tub.

So that no one should think me severe, as if I disparaged choosers, and the Painters of

the above mentioned rarities: I simply speak according to my feelings, and leave others to theirs. The Ancient Painters [marg: Forgiveness of Authors,] considered Pieraikos a painter of small trifles, although he filled shops with his wares: Little donkeys laden with grass and plants, and ten thousand suchlike things more, exceptionally neatly bodged together {uitfymelde}, and he earned much money with them. Andrea Mantegna insisted that Paintings that took more of their nature from ordinary life, and not from the beauty of antique figures, had little life in them. Michelangelo di Caravaggio, on the contrary, dismissed as children's work, and trifles, everything not painted directly from life, whatever, or by whomsoever, it was done. And Buonarroti dismissed all painting with Oil colours as womens' work. Whoever wishes to interpret all this for the worst, will not get very far. By that I mean that they who would, will not dissuade me from placing these disgusting and vulgar things that we are discussing on the lowest step. [marg: A salve] But with this qualification we add a salve, and agree with Plutarch, that the Painting of a Lizard, of a monkey, of the ugliest face of Thersites, yes, that which is most disgusting and contemptible, as long as it is done naturally, and can be looked upon with desire and wonder, and we say, even though the ugly and malformed is not beautiful {schoon}, and can hardly be made splendid, that ugliness can nevertheless become beautiful {mooy}, on account of its naturalness, and from the point of view of imitation, deserves the same praise as the most exquisite.

The second company {bende} appears with thousands of embellishments, and plays with Cabinetpieces of every kind. [marg: Second level] Some bring Satyrs, Woodland gods, and Thessalonian Shepherds into the joyful Temple, or lead Arcadian Tityrus and Laura from the woods, caressing the eye with a delightful view, allowing pathways to wander here and there, describing a sumptuous Paradise, where every kind of Beast grazes on the hillsides in the Sunshine. Others come with night-scenes, and fires, Shrovetides and mummeries; or with fancy pictures {bambootserytjes}, or Jan Hagel farces, or Barbers' and Cobblers' shops, Alchemists and Sorcerers and earn the name of (a) Rhyparographers, just as Pieraikos of old was called. [(a) Painters of small trifles {beuzelingen}.] Furthermore, I maintain that such choices are challenging enough, to make even the stoutest of spirits sweat, when they clamber up to the level upon which these charming things are to be found. These inhabit the wild Alps, and vaporize the water on the freezing rock faces; others build towns and castles, or drive the woolly herd through green valleys, or the dairy cow with full udders by peasants' cottages, and the chubby Milkmaid along the dyke. Others mix sea and atmosphere, and drive Ships into the Sky, or to be crushed disastrously upon rocks, or by small waves onto each other so that they burst into flames,

and delight in ropes and tackle; or drive Neptune in a Seashell, accompanied by Tritons, across the smooth brine. Others know how set forth the interiors of Palaces, Churches, and beautiful buildings, and how to lay floors, and spring vaults, and are the most painstaking of them all.

Zeuxis was unwilling to Paint ordinary Histories, [marg: Zeuxis delighted to paint strange and witty decoration.], be they of battles, or deeds of the heroes or gods, but sought always to add emotional embellishment, for example in the depiction of some mood or emotion, as chaste modesty in his Penelope, Majesty in his Jupiter, the compulsion to win in his wrestlers, the horror of Alcmena and Amphitryon in his Hercules Strangling the Snake, the most perfect beauty in his Juno at Agrigento, for which he studied all the girls of the Town naked, the Poetical feeling of Homer, in his Centaurs the astonishing combination of half-human and half-beast. And finally in his Old Crone, her extraordinary appearance, for he laughed himself to death. Lysippus enjoyed himself by making also, among the other Olympic statues, an image in memory of Polydamas of Skotoussa, the largest and most powerful fighter of his time. But among the Masters of this second level, to whom I only ascribe the status of being Captains and Chieftains in the art, I should also include some Generals, whom we mean to discuss below.

It is impossible that someone could achieve an excellent and fame-worthy work, without first selecting worthy subject matter for it. For this reason Aristotle continually implored Protogenes, to paint the deeds of the great Alexander, so as to bring together the everlasting fame of that Prince in his Pictures. Which Lysippus set about doing, beginning with his childhood. When the great Pompey decorated his arena with sculptures, he chose nothing other than those of famous men, well knowing that they would be made with extra diligence by the Artists. Pliny said also in that regard, that a Painting was not only esteemed on account of its artistry, but also on account of the memory of the celebrated person, whose deeds were represented.

We would now lead our Young Painters, eager to learn and desirous of honour, up to the third level. [marg: Noble selection is praiseworthy, when on the uppermost level of art.] According to Demetrius of Phalerum, the widely famed Nicias maintained that a Painter, worthy of praise, ought to depict appropriate subject matter, and not burn himself out, and destroy himself with little things, such as flowers, birds and other fancy work. He advised that a good Master should devote himself to painting entire land and sea battles.

According to Dionysius of Halicarnassus, a worthy Artist ought to have

a magnanimous mind, or that he ought at least, with a resolute ambition of intention, to employ all manner of lofty and extraordinary ideas. [marg: Magnanimity honours an artist.] And Junius expressed it very well in this regard, saying that it was preferable to allow the luxuriousness of an untempered spirit full play to abuse itself in a sensual and excessive invention, than that one should allow the ingenuity of a dynamic personality to perish in a limited subject: for there is no coming together between mean subject matter and a magnanimous spirit. And certainly, how was it that Chares of Lindos, the Pupil of Lysippus, was inspired to design such a splendid statue of Sol, as that he made for the Rhodians, to be a wonder of the world? This giant Colossus was 70 ells, or a hundred and twenty-six feet high, and very correctly proportioned. Each finger was as large as a living person, and the thumbs almost too large to embrace. It was cast in bronze {koper}, and, even though it was hollow inside, and filled with heavy stones, seven hundred Camels, each Camel normally able to bear eight hundred pounds, were required when the Metal from this statue was purchased when it was broken. [marg: Comes to 720000. pounds.] They worked on it for twelve years, and splashed out three hundred talents in money on it, It stood in the harbour straddling two Sea-piers, so that large Ships could enter and depart between it legs. It was just such greatness of mind that caused Stasicrates to be so honoured by Alexander the Great, since a distinctive grandeur, fearlessness, and splendour is to be perceived in all his inventions: by means of which he also conceived in his mind and proposed, to reshape mount Athos in Thrace into the shape of a man, and by that means make the most famous and durable statue that ever existed: This statue would hold a habitable city in its left hand, large enough for ten thousand people, and from its Right Hand, pour forth a great River into the Sea; and had this work remained, Stasicrates would thereby have left an eternal memorial to what his magnanimous conceptions deserved and achieved. Some are also inspired and driven to the highest and most distinguished level of the Art of Painting, which has all the others below it, which is the depiction of thought-provoking Histories: among these there are further distinctions, some are concerned with magnificence and high-degree, and work with shining gold and pearls and gemstones. Others seek out the tragic and mournful, and move one to feel compassion. Others summon up the Heroic deeds of the ancients, battles and destructive war. Others content themselves merely with painting likenesses of men and women, and discover it to be the most profitable business of all.

[marg: Circensian games. T. Livius. book. 5.] You, now, being driven by such a lofty spirit, cannot be so

restricted: should you perhaps desire to portray the Olympic or the Circensian games, then I desire to say something about them, so as to inflame your spirit. Before excess takes over, to fill the Stadium with beasts from distant lands, racing with chariots and bare-backed horses, takes nearly an hour: but the organisers of the games include other Spectacles sometimes sixty or more armed youngsters. They look like part of an army, but are more a troop of swordsmen in the handling of weapons. Having done the usual drill, they form in a square, and hold their shields, which are touching each other, above their heads, the first up high, the second a little lower, the third and fourth yet lower, and so on until kneeling with a roof of shields above, which slopes gradually down, like the roof of a house. Two armed Youths, selected for the task, run in from about fifty paces off, and having challenged each other, leap onto the linked shields from the lower part to the top, and pretend to defend the sides of this Shield Roof, and then to fight each other in the middle, as if they were on firm ground. And in this kind of play teaches one how afterwards to storm a city in earnest. [marg: Aeneid 5. book.] Virgil, who liked such things, will give you plenty of examples, when he celebrates the hunting of Anchises in games on land and water.

Should you have a longing for Bacchanales, listen to how they were celebrated simply and joyfully in olden days. [marg: Seneca, On the Desire for Riches chap. 6. {Seneka van de begeerte tot Rijkdom cap.6.}] One took along a cup of Wine, a frond of the Vine, and a basket with dried Figs, and finally a Phallus, that is an image of the male member; and one also led a Goat. But this was subsequently lost sight of and neglected in favour of gold and silver ware, splendid costumes, riding on horses and in carts, and performances {mommeryen}. [marg: Bacchanals. Virgil. in Silenus.] Or do you delight in the crooked legs of Satyrs and Fauns, the companions of Liber Pater? Is your spirit freed of the bridle, does Silenus please you? Virgil provides you with a verse full of delight. It goes thus:

One morning two youths, Chromis and Mnasilus,

Found Silenus fast asleep where had dropped

Lying in a grotto, his veins swollen

With bright wine, which he, the previous day greedily

Had drunk, and he was as usual, full

To bursting; by his head lay crown after crown, woven

From Vines, and one could see a huge wine cup hanging

By its worn handle. The lads wept out of

Frustration with him (for the grey-haired one had so often tricked them

With his promises) whose eye was now

Shut, and who snored, and they bound his feet and hands
Tight and fast with the coronets of vine:
Aegle came directly to help the distressed friends:
Aegle the Nymph, with the most beautiful and most proud face
Of all the Naiads. When then the God woke up
And opened his eyes, she plastered his jaw,
Chin and forehead with blows, black and blue.
He laughed at this trickery, and spoke thus:
Children, let me loose. Why have you tied me up like this?
It is enough that you catch me out in this state,
Fuddled with drink. Ask now what song you would hear:
I shall sing you a song, and she will get something sweeter
So as to make our peace. Then he proceeded to sing
So that all the company of satyrs sprang straight up to dance.

Andrea Mantegna produced a Print of a charming bacchanale. But I must also relate, to you who take delight in Painterly and Poetic Histories, this following tale from Apuleius. [The Judgment of Paris described in a very painterly way. book. 10] While an Ass, he saw the judgment of Paris take place, as follows. Mount Ida was clothed in green, a bubbling spring flowed gently from above, some Goats cropped the grass. There was a handsome youth, Paris, in the guise of a Phrygian Shepherd, with a knitted tunic, a Barbarian costume over his shoulder, a gold turban on his head, who appeared to be guarding the herd. Nearby was a naked boy, charming with his beautiful blond hair, which was threaded through and beautified with bright shining pieces of gold: a light cloak lay across his powerful shoulder, and his staff and rod identified him as playing Mercury. He walked forward lightly, and presented with his right hand an apple, gilded with fake gold, to the one who appeared to be Paris, and with nods of his head and gestures of his hand gave him Jupiter's message, then turning back, slipped out of view. [marg: Juno.] Then followed a girl as Juno, noble in appearance, a white Queen's crown around her head, a staff in her hand. [marg: Minerva.] Then another entered, not unlike Minerva, with a shining helmet on her head, carrying her shield, and brandishing her spear, as if she were off to a fight. [marg: Venus.] A third now appeared, gifted with extraordinary lovliness and a Goddess-like colouring, representing Venus, and with such upright demeanour, that she appeared still to be a virgin: displaying absolutely perfect beauty, with her nearly naked body. Her fine drapery was in two colours, white, symbolising that part which came from Heaven, and sea-green, that from the Sea; she was accompanied by Goddess-like maidens. But Juno by two youths,

whose heads were hidden by helmets which, being decorated with bronze spikes, looked like stars, they seemed to be Castor and Pollux. [marg: Juno and her cohort.] Juno advanced with an simple solemnity, while a wanton Pipe played various airs, promising with a gracious nod, should she win the prize, all the wealth of Asia to the Shepherd. [marg: Minerva and her cohort.] Martial Minerva was accompanied by two Shield-bearers, Fear and Terror, who danced on naked swords. A Pipe droned behind her with war's hup, hup, combining a sharp note below a heavy beat, in the manner of a Trumpet, and suited to make one want to dance. With a restless head, terrifying eyes, and an alert face, she let Paris know by means of cheerful gestures that, if he granted her victory in beauty, he would be the victor in war, and would be wise and famous. [marg: Venus and her cohort.] Venus, with great sense of theatre, stood in the middle of the scene, lovely and smiling sweetly, surrounded by soft, plump, milk-white, joyful little children that one would readily believe were truly adorable Cupids who had descended from Heaven, or sprung up from the sea: and had just then arrived there; for with their wings, and tiny feathers, and the rest, they surely looked the part. Her maidens, with burning torches, as if they attended at a wedding, sparkled before her. And here were the charming graces, and beautiful hours, who cast posies and petals to honour their Goddess, and performed a sacred dance. Meanwhile, to the sound of Lydian songs played on flutes with many holes, that stroked and caressed the listeners' heart, beautifully-coiffeured Venus, Goddess of desire, began to move adorably, and slowly, with an enchanting step, to advance softly, through waving wings, and with her head softly moving to the sweet sound of music, setting down her feet with captivating gestures and movements. Sometimes ogling to the side, sometimes threatening severely, she leapt and danced with her eyes alone. Thus she appeared before the judge, seeming to persuade him by the bending of her arms that, were she set before the other Goddesses, she would grant to Paris marriage to the most incomparable beauty, indeed, one like herself; [marg: Venus wins the Apple.] and then the Phrygian Shepherd, with a willing heart, as nomination of victory, gave the golden apple to this young woman. Whether this theatrical dance is not worthy of being painted, I leave it to amateurs to judge. But let us now awaken the spirit by considering the magnificence of a Roman Triumph. [marg: Small,] The least of these was called an Ovatium, and the one receiving the Triumph wore on his head a crown of myrtle, and entered Rome with slippers on his feet, to the sound of pipes and shawms, in order to sacrifice a sheep that they called an Ovis. Such a joyful entry was granted

to those who had overcome their enemies, either amicably, or by force.

[marg: And great Triumph.] But the great Triumph, for the acknowledgement of a devastating war, was more dreadful to behold.

When Marcus Marcellus conquered the Gaulish King Britomartus, having slain him with his own hand, he climbed with the king's arms, which shone like lightning, and were embellished with gold, silver and beautiful workmanship, onto his Triumphal Chariot: he bore them on his shoulders, attached carefully to tall Oak tree: thus he rode with these symbols of honour throughout the whole city (he was the third and last of the Roman commanders to have slain the leader of the enemy). His army followed the chariot, singing various songs in honour of the Gods and their general, until he presented his rich tribute in the Temple of Jupiter Feretrius.

Aemilius Paulus triumphed for three days: [marg: See Plutarch, Paulus Emilius 17. Triumph of Lucullus. {Ziet Plut. P. Emilius 17. Lukullus Triumf.}] on the first day he presented, in two hundred carts, nothing but sculptures, pictures and Paintings. On the second day the captured booty on carts: the money was carried by three thousand, in seven hundred and fifty barrels, four men to a barrel. The third day to the sound of terrifying trumpets first a hundred and twenty glossy oxen with gilded horns and crowned with flowers, led by youths, wearing beautifully made aprons, and after them younger boys bearing vessels for offering. Thereafter one saw the gold, and Royal plunder, and unbelievable magnificence.

At the entry of Lucullus the Circus Flaminius was covered with the weapons of the enemy, great in number, and the booty and artillery of Mithridates was hung all around. At the front appeared a number of Knights in embroidery, splendidly armed, ten chariots, sixty captured commanders then followed, friends of the two greatest Kings in Asia. Next came a hundred and ten galleys with spurred bronze prows. And a statue of Mithridates six feet tall, made entirely of gold, and a valuable shield, bedecked all over with expensive gemstones: twenty round basins filled with silverwork, and thirty-two with basins and harnasses of pure gold and gold coins, were hauled behind him by one man: the which amounted to the sum of two hundred and seventy thousand crowns; and other things besides to many here to relate.

[marg: In the I. Book 6. chap. of the Libyan wars- {In't I. Book 6. Cap. Der Lybysche oorlogen-}] However the triumphal entry of Scipio was related in a much more painterly way by Appianus Alexandrinus: having defeated Hannibal

in Africa, he made his entry into Rome thus:

First came some Soldiers crowned with caps of flowers, leading the wagons, which were laden with the booty from the enemy, preceded by a great number of Trumpeters playing. After that wooden towers were hauled past, constructed in the shapes of the conquered cities, and prettily painted: with written signs and images, to explain what had occurred there: following these came gold and silver, both in plate and minted money: and also the crowns of the subject cities, allies, or armies offered to honour heroes in battle for their courage and service. Then white oxen, followed by well-armoured elephants, and then Carthaginian and Numidian Princes, prisoners of war: finally Sergeants and servants of the General, draped with purple cloaks; accompanied by numerous Trumpeters and Musicians playing all manner of music. At the same time wearing splendid tabards tied up, each with a gold crown in his head: marching and singing and playing in the Lydian style: and in their midst a satirist or mocker, clothed with a long tabard, down to the ground, hemmed and burdened with plates of gold, who mimicked with crazy expressions the gestures and manners of the defeated people, making the onlookers laugh. After that came the General, on a golden chariot very richly and expensively made, pulled by four white horses before, surrounded by a multitude who did nothing but bear perfumes, incense, and other sweet smelling materials. He wore a costly gold crown on his head, which was weighed down with expensive and Noble gemstones: wrapped in a purple cloak draped after the manner of the ancient Romans, sown all over with golden stars. In one hand he held an ivory sceptre, and in the other a laurel wreath, the symbol of victory. And with him on the chariot were little children and young girls, while some youths from his own family led the horses by the harness. Behind the chariot followed the secretaries, Shield-bearers, and other servants, and finally the whole army, according to their rank, who were all wearing identical floral caps and carrying the same laurel wreaths in their hands: also the gifts, awarded to them for their courage, blaming and praising each other, and the deeds of their Captain, speaking as they pleased, free and without fear; and with all this Scipio proceeded towards the Capitol where he received his Triumphal robe. But this is enough about Triumphs, it is only to encourage Young painters so that, through the description of such magnificent and rich events, they attempt a Triumph in the Art of Painting.

One can also find other ceremonies, which offer splendid subject matter.

[marg: Purification of the Fleet. Appian of Alexandria. book II. {Zuivering der Zeevlooten. Appianus Alex. lib. II.}] When the Romans were about to undertake a war at sea, they first purified and consecrated their fleet, and this was done in the following way: they first placed some altars on the sea shore, in full view of all the people, which they then sprinkled with seawater, before making offerings. Then the principle Captains sailed around all the Ships in small Yachts, bearing the remains of the sacrifices in their hands, praying to the Gods, that they pass on to those remains all the bad luck, which their ships might encounter, at which they cast the remains into the sea, and burned the rest with much incense on the altars; meanwhile all the people who were present, offered up their prayers to the Gods, conscientiously and in silence.

[marg: Vincenzo Cartari, Clio signifies Glory, for Glory always drives men to work in all the Sciences. {V. Cartary. Clio significa Gloria, come che per la gloria si induca principalmente l'huomo à dar opera alle Scientie.}] And since it is that Histories are so rich for those who aim for the highest level of art, so it is that the choices are so numerous. But what ought one to do, when the sacred book of the Bible provides such rich work for us? On this most elevated level of the Art of Painting sits Clio, the first among her sisters, with thousands of books beside her: she will provide you with material enough, and at the very least, if you depict it well, she will honour you with glory. For whosoever is worthy to ascend to this level, which is the highest, in not only a supreme General, but indeed a commanding Prince.

FOURTH CHAPTER.

Consequences of the three levels {graeden} in the Art of Painting.

Even though amateurs, after reading the previous Chapter, will sufficiently understand that works of art, however attractively and naturally they are produced, are various in their worth; And that it is according to their level {rang}, that they ought to be esteemed, be they on the first, second or third level {trap}: it will really not upset us once more to go over this anew; so that connoisseurs {konstkenners} can value the pieces that come before them according to their worth. Philosophers, who concern themselves with souls, say that they are of three kinds, or that one can observe three kinds {graeden} of operation: the first they call the vegetative, and this is the cause of increase in all herbs, plants, trees, minerals, and suchlike growing,

but insensitive things. [marg: The objects of nature are divided into three classes {graeden}.] The second they call sensible and sensitive, and by this they mean all manner of beasts, fishes, birds and humans too. The third they call the thinking, or Reasoning, or Rational, and with this one all humans should be endowed. Now, this is how it is in nature, for we have set aside the serious of invisible things for our Invisible World, and we can observe that as regards these three forms of life, the things that they animate, are of greater or lesser dignity. We see with great astonishment that herbs, flowers, Noble gemstones, and all the rest increase without moving; but how much more wonderful is it to see birds, who on account of a similar power of the vegetative soul are clad so beautifully with feathers, to see them move above and below, to leave the earth, and to fly through thin air. The eye of the commonest cat astounds us with the sparkle of the most expensive Diamond or Carbuncle; and, to put it in one word, the beast, which moves and feels, is as much more dignified, and superior than an unfeeling creature, as is life superior to and more worthy than death. There is no less difference in worth between these simple operations of living and feeling in beasts, and the Reasoning activities of humans. For those who write the {natural} Histories of animals say that they do this or do that, each according to its nature {aert}: that is, they follow their nature {natuer}; no more or less than a clock, which has no other motivation, than that which the catchment provides. But who can work out, or grasp with their intellect, all the different actions of mankind, which are brought about by such diverse reasonings. What does the will not aspire to? And what does Fortune not throw in our way? And to sum it up briefly, I say: that the actions of mankind, which are driven by Reason and will, differ as much from the instincts of other animals, who have only the soul of mobility and changing place, as the difference is between an Eagle, which from a high tower, where he resides, having flown thither, and a pebble, that he casts from on high with his claw: for even though the pebble bounces across the roofs, and makes some curving leaps, it falls and follows its determined path, while the bird, it would seem, has the world's four corners available to its will. But what end, you ask, does this digression serve? I shall explain it to you. If you agree with me, that there are this many degrees of worthiness and Nobility among the objects of nature; and in addition, that much more knowledge and art is required for the depiction of a living beast, than for a thing that does not move: that art needs its uttermost power

for the depiction of humans, and that Paintings should be valued in accordance with the artistry involved in their making: Then you will readily agree with me that Paintings can be ranked, and say, this piece belongs to the first, the other to the second, and that to the third level. You should also be aware how far they can outclass each other, both within the particular level to which they belong, and also, how some of the first level, may be sometimes valued higher than others from the second or third level. For on each level {graed} or step {trap} there are many ranks {rang}, according to which we may arrange works of art according to their desserts. [marg: So also are the Paintings.] But this is absolutely certain, however charmingly some flowers, fruit, or other still lifes, as we call them, may be painted, these Paintings cannot be placed any higher, than on the first level of works of art; even if they were produced to deceive the eye by De Heem, Father {Daniel} Seghers, yes even Zeuxis and Parrhasius themselves. To the second level belong all humourous pictures {kodderyen}, fancy pictures (bambootserytjes}, Brewer's (Brouwers) pots, contemporary scenes, miller's {molenaers; note punning references to the names of celebrated artists of the previous generation} pubs, Ludius' landscapes, and Pieraikos' little Donkeys. However we will not therefore allow, that all rubbish, on account of the depiction of such subject matter as this, should belong to this level. We reject anything not artistic, and disapprove of anything that cannot take its place among the ranks of good things: Otherwise the third and highest level of art would be the most despicable; for one sees everywhere illustrious Histories produced by the dozen. Paintings, then, which belong to the third and highest level, are the noblest movements and desires {beweegingen en willen} of Reasoning creatures that people can depict. And because this kind of subject matter involves more than merely animal movement, the artists who have a proper skill for it, are thin on the ground. But, you say, one comes across History Painters enough, who have embellished Churches wonderfully, throughout Christendom, who have filled the walls and courts of princely palaces, and who are busy portraying the most beautiful young women in every city. Certainly, I reply, these do not all belong to the third level of art: unless one becomes aware of the most elevated Rationality of the human soul in their works; for to bring together a number of heads and bodies, and to add a number of arms and legs, and thereby to assemble a tribe of two-footed animals, is to achieve no more than the second level. Indeed, portrait-painters, who make tolerable likenesses, copying eyes, noses, and mouths prettily, I would not place them outside or above the first level, unless their faces abounded with evidence of some kind of intelligent animation. What we have up to this point passed over in the interests of brevity, we shall develop more fully in the following chapters.

FIFTH CHAPTER

Concerning supplements {byvoegsels} by means of Symbols and Poetical invention.

Pliny said, even though the art of Painting is great in her self, it is nevertheless those profound inventions and arcane concepts, which are sometimes to be found in it, that deserve special praise: [marg: That it adds to a good picture to communicate something instructive.] and it is certain that it is by their profound intellect that masters are especially identified: for although I do not reject the Painters of hen-pecked husbands and misers, it is nevertheless adds lustre to Paintings, if they are invested with the honourable distinction of one or other instructive signification. [marg: Learning is an ornament to Painters,]

But it is hard for an artist, if, as well as understanding his art, he must also be an instructor in moral philosophy: and which he is necessarily obliged to practise. Thus it is also splendid, and in an artistic Painter an immense ornament, to be learned, in Natural Philosophy, History, Poetic invention, Geometry, and other skills. For even though all these sciences are not enough to make a Painter, they will nonetheless fill him with mysterious grace, and enrich his spirit with many beautiful reflections. And even though many fine Painters have not bothered their heads with what is outside art, ignorance and a certain pitiable small-mindedness in their thinking has been perceived in their works. [marg: Like the Poets.] According to Theophylact, the witty entertainments of playful poets were packed full of wisdom, in like fashion therefore our pieces ought to be not entirely lacking in that. For what is here prized in Poets, should also make Painters incline towards praise.

Slow wits, said Cicero, satisfy themselves with shallow streams, without ever seeking out the springs from which they come. A meaningful and praiseworthy invention in a composition, can only emerge from an educated intellect. There should be no field of knowledge unfamiliar to a Painter: he ought to know about the whole of Antiquity, and have an endless number of Poetic and Historical stories at his fingertips. He should be kindred with the lofty spirit of the tragic poets, so as not only to know all the motions of human passion, but also, if possible,

be able to reproduce them; for no figure ought ever to be undertaken, without some certain movement or at least an inner feeling being depicted. None of the liberal arts is more in need of the assistance of universal learning than the Art of Painting. So Euphranor, as well as his painting and sculpture, was practiced in all the other arts. [marg.; Example of the Ancients.] Pamphilus, the master of Apelles, was at home in all things, and especially in geometry and arithmetic: and he maintained that, without the services of these arts, there could be no perfect Painter. Michelangelo was extremely learned in all sciences. Raphael was so much so, that he could aspire to a Cardinal's hat. Albrecht Dürer comprehended everything that human understanding could comprehend. Rubens was the Master of the high School, and bore weighty Ambassadorships on his shoulders. I remain silent about innumerable others, whose works are filled with learning, for at the deep intelligence of their works of art, we stand astonished. Thus it is that the memory of Masters is sometimes greater out of consideration of their invention, than their art.

Who would not regard such a master with astonishment, who conceived such a Picture, as that of Cebes? [marg: The Picture {i.e. Tablet} of Cebes.] The learnedness was diligently reworked by the ancient Greek and Roman Painters, and thus their least works were given the name of some proverb, or of some God or Hero, whereby they intended to make understood something profound. Among all of these, which seem odd to me, [marg: Ocnus.] I think of the lantern of Socrates, which he called Ocnus, he painted him weaving a rope, with an Ass chewing at the end of it, however incomprehensible, until I came across further evidence in Seneca, that he was painted to represent one of the torments in hell, and that he represented the neglect of immediate things and worldly goods. One can interpret the meaning of Giotto's Allegory. For when King Robert of Naples in jest commissioned him, to paint his Kingdom for him, Giotto painted a saddled Donkey, gazing with desire at a new Donkey's saddle lying in front of him: on each saddle there was a Royal crown and a sceptre. The King asked him, what this Painting meant? And he replied, These are your subjects, and this is your Kingdom: for they are always longing for a new Master. And since it happened that, in wishing to depict just part of an entire figure, comprehension became obstructed, the ancients realised that, by means of some little supplementary detail {bywerk}, the spectators could be made to understand their image. Now once again, even though the depiction of a single figure, and bringing it to perfection, is a proper masterpiece, it nevertheless certainly happens,

that the situation and place requires that a simple History be enriched by Symbols.

To embellish a simple piece in the most praiseworthy fashion

And as well as can be done, may be achieved in many ways,

With supplementary details {bywerk} that secretly explain something:

A Symbol combined of figures, or beasts,

Serves to reveal emotions and feelings

As if it were a recognisable and legible text.

the Egyptians, Chinese, Japanese and Mexicans, write their books in Symbols, rather than in letters; [marg: Symbols are the letters of many peoples,] and this manner of representation comes to us with the Art of Painting.

The Stoic Philosophers, wanting to scold other philosophers, who praised virtue as a means to obtain Pleasure, designed a Picture. In it was Pleasure, as a gentle and easy-going Queen, on a royal throne, [marg: The Philosophers] surrounded by the virtues, all of which attended her as her serving maids, waiting upon her nods and winks. [marg: Picture for the Epicureans {Tafereel [v]oor d'Epivureen. [?] note also the misprinted bracket further down the page}] Prudence was there, and saw to it conscientiously, that her mistress was in no way put out. Justice and bountifulness seemed reasonable and gentle, as if to oblige all the world, and as if to offend no one. Temperance as her Housekeeper served her as and when necessary with food and drink, seeming to advise her, that she should forbear) {spaenen} all those things, which she liked too much, and enjoyed too well, so that her physical health was not compromised; and she was accompanied by discipline. Piety attended her as a Heroine, seeming to let it be known that, should any physical difficulty or pain occur, she would seek to maintain her Queen's true pleasure, by recalling previous happiness, to sweeten the sharp points of present pain and trouble. And by means of this depiction the Stoics sought effectively to represent the Epicureans, and to discredit their beliefs. [marg: The City of God, book. 5. chapter. 20 Scriptural Symbols. {Stadt Gods. lib. 5. cap. 20 Schriftuerlijke Zinnebeelden.}] And Augustine, the Church Father, believed that one ought also to paint such a Picture, and place human honour on the throne, although not as someone gentle, but rather as an extremely conceited and arrogant woman, served by the virtues, which he condemned, in that they were only respected for their honour. Elsewhere the same Church Father related, how by means of the whole of Paradise, where the first people were set down, with its fruit-bearing trees, some sought to depict life's virtues and morals. By means of the four Rivers the four cardinal virtues, prudence, fortitude, temperance and justice. And by means of the trees useful instruction and learning. By the fruit, virtue and good

morals. And by the tree of life wisdom. By the tree of knowledge the discovery of the commandment disobeyed. Or else by Paradise the Church, or the Congregation was understood. By the four Rivers the four Evangelists; and by the fruit bearing trees, the Saints and their works. By the tree of knowledge, the power of the will. And by the tree of life, Christ. Christ was also represented by the Rocks, from which Moses struck water, and by innumerable other figures in the Old Testament. Furthermore Hagar and Sarah and their two sons, Ishmael and Isaac, were understood by the two Testaments.

Il Rosso, wishing to enrich a Figure of Mary, {Maryenbeelt} added Adam and Eve next to the Tree of Sin, with the Apple of Disobedience, [marg: Rich Figure of Mary.] which they held from the mouth of the virgin. And in the sky Phoebus and Diana, to indicate, that they were clothed in the Sun and the Moon.

Vasari's Justice was no less rich, [marg: Justice.] having an Ostrich in her arms with the twelve Tablets and a Sceptre, and a Stork above. On her head she wore a helmet of iron and gold, with three feathers, to match the three colours of her costume: her upper body was naked, and the seven vices were bound to her belt with golden chains; deceit, ignorance, fear, treachery, lying, cruelty, and slander. With a wreath of Oak leaves, and with her left hand, she crowns naked truth, who advances towards her with two doves, and presents Time.

Apelles (when falsely accused by the envious Painter Antiphilus to King Ptolomy, that he had betrayed Tyre, and was at first accused by the King, and held to be a traitor, but after that, when his innocence was made known, was rewarded with a hundred Talents, and was given Antiphilus as his slave) [marg: Protest-Painting {Schimp-Schilderyen}.] could only avenged himself by painting a Symbolic picture, in which he depicted false accusation, envy, baseness, deceit, ready suspicion and the judge Midas; followed by truth and retribution. However Guevara painted it just as well for the Theatre, as we have done in Pictures, showing the Lord in question, with an upside-down book in his hand, as a phony philosopher; with a projecting tongue, like a shameless gossip; with a dirty tin Mitre on his head, like a public cuckold; with stinging nettles in his hand, like a lazy Lover, with a lowered flag, like a cowardly captain; with a half-shaved beard, like an effeminate man; and with a cloth over his head, like a condemned fool.

Now let us describe some Symbolic figures. [marg: Chastity.]

Do you wish to represent Chastity historically? Then show the Vestal Virgin Tuccia, with a sieve or screen full of water, gathered from the Tiber, which she,

without spilling a drop, exhibits as a testimony of her unblemished purity.

Philosophers and Poets have naturally expressed numerous Symbols. Hear how the witty Ovidius Naso describes Envy [Envy. Metamorphoses: 2. also Rosset's fury of Roland. 10. Canto. {De nijdt. Metam: 2. ook Rosset bezadigde Roelant. 10. Zang.}]:

With that Pallas flew up, while wicked envy
Followed her closely with a sideways look, full of spite
On account of her worthiness, and virtue, she stood and moaned,
Muttering in her mouth, so that even the grass was withered.

Seneca described Anger as ugly to look upon, [marg: L. A. Seneca on anger. {L.A.Seneka van de gramschap.}] terrifying of feature, and bereft of all decency: careless, monstrously dressed, with hair on end, swollen veins, with a beating chest, smoking breath, and the voice bursting out through the thick neck, shaking hands, trembling limbs and the whole body quivering. Our foster father in netherlandish Poetry, P. C. Hooft allowed Violence to describe himself in Velzen's Tragedy thus:

In war I walk close by the right-hand of Mars,
Without me there is nowhere that his person remains safe.

It was not in vain that I allowed the god of sparks
To bind me from head to foot in rough steel
And rivet tightly onto this body with mighty force
This grinding robe that knows neither belt nor harness;
And I will never disarm, because
I have sworn by the Holy furies,
Thus I go, thus I stand, thus I wake, thus I sleep, never out
Of the bars of steel, I use this armour as my skin.
This sword was forged in my fist; naked-armed Giants
On anvils, could with no crude hammers have beaten it.

[marg: Hell.] Homer and Virgil opened up Poetic Hell wittily, and Tasso and Ariosto describe their monsters in a sufficiently painterly fashion. Others have painted Heavenly virtues gracefully. And Cesare Ripa has written about nearly every thought-provoking Symbol, and at length, for the particular entertainment and use of Young Painters, so as to enrich their spirits, and to open the way to newer inventions.

[marg: To choose the most lively and attractive.] Now it is for everyone to ensure, in what he selects, always to seek out the most charming and that which appears most worthy: For in everything there is a certain grace. And a practitioner in art will readily discover this, when he knows to what it is that he must pay attention: even though common judgment {gemeen oordeel}, which always prefers the most lively and appealing, also seems sufficiently to show him the way. And, when the opportunity arises, we shall also advise more broadly in what follows.

[93, M3]

But now it is time that we, in order to deal methodically with so many things which need to be considered in the arts of Drawing and Painting, begin first of all by distinguishing, what is to be attended to in a history {geschiedenis}.

SIXTH CHAPTER

What must one attend to in depicting a history? Where it will be explained not only what is necessary for the depiction of a History, or famous action; but also what most of all concerns the specific branch of art.

The Spirit of Painting now awakens, [marg: In depicting a deed the truth must be adhered to.] and proficient in the comprehension of Histories, is pregnant with rich ideas, and girds itself fast, to apply itself to some topics drawn from its own invention, or from certain given Histories. But, before he charges in, I want him to bridle himself with these three considerations {bekekingen}, and submit himself to my rules. First that one must submit oneself absolutely to the truth, or to probability, and represent nothing but that which is, or at least could be. So that, as Junius puts it, the work of art serves as effectively for the spectators' instruction as for their entertainment; for as Lucian said, profit comes only from truth.

But you may ask with Pilate, what is truth? And the more so, since the Art of Painting lets all manner of fantasies and fables into its Pictures. I reply, that a Painter will do best, to keep to the most approved sentiments of the Historians and the Poets. As for example: That one should not give a girl's head to the Snake which tempted Eve, as the Bede did; for this would be a monster, more appropriate for Ovid, who transformed Cadmus and Harmonia into Serpents, than for Holy Scripture.

Nor ought you to sit Jews and Orientals on chairs or benches at Table, but rather lying on couches {beddinge} as they were accustomed to do. So it was onto the couch {Tafelbedde} of Esther that Haman fell, when he humbled himself before her, in order to beg forgiveness, when Atarxerxes accused him too, as he returned distressed from the Court. [Josephus book. Jewish Antiquities: 11. chap. 6. {Josephus lib. Ant: 11. cap. 6.}]

The Romans also lay on these, on their left elbow, the first with their back to a cushion, and the rest leaning against each other; for the

second lay with their back against the first, so that their head was level with their chest, and the third lay in the same way once more against the second. And thus one should understand, that one of the Disciples sat right on top of {in den schoot} Jesus, and fell onto his breast, when he, at Peter's gesture, who was probably the third in line on the same couch, asked our Saviour, who it was that he knew had betrayed him? It seems that it was also of such a couch that Ezekiel spoke, [marg: Chap. 23. 41.] when he said: You sat on an elegant couch, with a table spread before it, etc. And in this manner Mary Magdalene [Luke 7.38.] stood behind the feet of Jesus, when he dined with the Pharisees, bathing them with her tears, a drying them with her hair, her kisses and oils. Which if sitting otherwise, and not in this fashion, could not have been done.

Secondly one must employ decorum and prudence {bescheidenheit en voorzichticheyt}, with regard to what one depicts, from the point of view of the place, in which one's work will be displayed. Calvin said, [marg: With decorum Institutes. book. 1. chap. 11. {Met bescheidenheit Instit. lib. 1. cap. 11.}] that Martyrs were not painted in a seemly fashion: And that one finds women decked out with more sense of shame and modesty in Brothels and Whorehouses, than is in the statues of the virgin one finds in Churches. Therefore, he continues, make her image showing a little more shame.

You must not include in any Painting anything that is not proper to look upon; [marg: from Horace {Ex Horatio}] and many things should be hidden from the eyes, which the context will be sufficient to indicate. Medea did not murder her children before the people; nor did Atreus cook human flesh in public: nor was Progne thus changed into a bird, and Cadmus into a snake. Anything like this that you show to me, I hate, and I am reluctant to look at it. Anyone who paints the matricide of Orestes respectably, presents a righteous and correct Painting, for he occupies Orestes and Pylades with revenge against adulterous Aegisthus: and leaves Clytemnestra already done with, and only obliquely perceived. Whatever is unedifying, should be concealed, decorum will not allow, presenting sins as examples: for the precedent of parents sets out the course of the young. A youth, it is said, was so upset by having seen Paintings, where Ganymede is abducted, and the shameless Naiad is caressed by Hylas, and of Apollo and Hyacinth, that he cried out: Is it not folly to imitate the Gods. And Terence's Cherea, upon seeing a Picture of Jupiter and Danaë, consoled herself thus: What God is this? It is he, who shakes the high Temple of Heaven with thunder, and so why should a little man like I not do the same? The Ancient Romans, said Seneca, [marg: Epist. 97.] excluded all men from women's ceremonies and sacrifices; indeed, they even excluded Paintings

which included masculine animals. Such a Roman was still to be found in the time of Michelangelo, who suggested that he had sold shame short, and that so many unclothed nudes dishonoured the consecrated Chapel, in which they stood: but all that he obtained for himself was to be painted shameless in Hell. Churches and public places must be provided with useful Paintings. The people of Alabanda were criticised by Licinius because the Statues in their playing fields looked like Orators: and that contrarily, those that stood in the public marketplace, seemed to be throwing disks, bouncing or jumping. How much more does an illustrious Painter require decorum so as to avoid anything inappropriate, and to do what is edifying.

Thirdly you must lift up your soul, and fill your spirit with an illustrious loftiness {hoogstaetlijkheit}. [marg: And dignity.] Do not paint me a Saul who, although his feet are covered, has part of his clothing missing; or something hanging down too low. Pieraikos, although at first driven by a lofty spirit, declined to trivialities, and painted Barber's and Cobbler's shops. But by Saint Crispin {the patron saint of cobblers, etc.}, in our century these have now become extremely important. Il Bamboccio sought his fortune in Vienna with Emperor Ferdinand the third, and had a example of his work shown to his Majesty by Luycz: But the Emperor, alone having the insight, that it was a beggarly Painting, would hardly glance at it, and allowed the impoverished Bamboccio, or Van Laer, to remain in his poverty. A lofty spirit gives to his inventions a pinch of dignity, which keeps his works fresh like an imperishable salt: He cannot entertain any low or vulgar ideas, if he wishes to inspire wonder not alone in these, but also in future Ages. And for the stimulation of such dignity there is no better means, than by conversation with wise and alert men, and reading dignified books, which are also effective in elevating servile souls.

I once asked Furnerius, who used to make charming landscapes, when we were together in our School of Painters, this question: How one could know and understand whether a History {Historie} was well represented? He replied: From the knowledge of the past {geschiedenis}. This answer is brief and astute, but not suitable to serve as a guideline. For we must ask in reply: What does the knowledge of something in the past mean in itself? I replied to this: That one had to attend principally to three things, [marg: Three things to bear in mind in a story.] the first of which is, to know the personalities, about whom the story is told; for there is a great difference between Socrates, Seneca and Cato, who faced death with equanimity; as opposed to Adonias and Nero, who faced it unwillingly.

Secondly, the action of the History must be properly established, and to whom the action or feeling most belongs: for the mothers, in Solomon's first judgment, were not both affected in the same way by his pronouncement, and the one who gives the verdict must be more threatening, than violent. Thirdly one must bear in mind the time, place and circumstances; for Judith slew Holofernes by night, and not by day, as I have actually seen it painted. Also, our first parents were misled by the snake not in a cold Wilderness, but in a delightful Paradise. We shall speak of other circumstances in their place, and here begin first with the personalities.

SEVENTH CHAPTER

Concerning Personal information {Personeele kennis}; or the first consideration on the action of a narrative.

In the Persons, that you must portray, it is first necessary to observe their national characteristics: [marg: National characteristic {Landaert}.] that is, from which region of the world they appear to come: for further than the major distinctions between Moors and whites, between Asians and Americans, one has also to represent something specific in each people, as has been done deftly by the Poets in many places, wherever they set different peoples to war with one another: As for example, the following verse from Tasso's Jerusalem delivered, where he describes the company of Hollanders under the command of Robert as follows: [marg: 1. Canto. Ancient Hollanders.]

After these followed a troop of brave Batavians,
Whose pale complexion and beauty of form
Their skill with arms wonderfully embellished:
Born where the Maas and the Rhine fall into the brine.

[marg: Germans.] Tacitus said of the Germans, that the infinite numbers of this nation all had one kind of body, to whit, large and powerful, with a cruel face, Sky-blue eyes, and shining yellow hair. But Verstegan gave his Anglo Saxons a more graceful appearance.

But to close the subject with one bound, this verse will suffice:

You must distinguish the nature and temper of peoples:
The Persian is wanton, and the Arab light-fingered,
The African is disloyal, the Spaniard surly and cruel,
The lairy Italian can deceive artfully,
The German, however cool by nature, can hate and love,
And respect his enemy, as his own emotions dominate;

The Frenchman, light of spirit, spares neither blade nor point, Is proud and humble, and both polite and curt;
But the deluded Briton, how stupid and naive,
Holds all people, whatever their Nationality, to be Barbarians.

Erato will distinguish between each nationality more precisely for us, when she deals with costumes and weapons. But if one showed us a Painting, of a calm youth commanding an army made up solely of old men, how would one interpret it? I would say that it was Alexander the Great with his Macedonians: [marg: The Macedonian Army.] For when he first crossed the Hellespont into Asia, he was not much more than twenty years old, and all his Ensigns in their sixties: his thirty-two thousand infantry and five and a half thousand Cavalry were all experienced Soldiers, and the vanguard were troops who looked like the elders or Counsellors of an substantial City {Gemeente}, capable enough to fight, but not to run away.

Furthermore, you who wish to portray the deeds of the Poetical Gods, of the ancient Heroes, of illustrious men, or of the worthy Saints, must get to know their Personal details, and acquaint yourselves [marg: Personal details,] with their appearance, character and nature, their condition and their time of life. For to be sure in such depictions, an informed knowledge of the Person is required. [marg: in their Condition.] You must depict Emperors, Kings, Princes, Generals, Knights, Counsellors, Cavaliers, Soldiers, Servants and Slaves according to their condition, and Popes, High Priests, Cardinals, Bishops, Prelates, Priests, Auguries, Vestals, Nuns and those withdrawn from the world {Kraelen} by their gestures and faces. But to stimulate the imagination, it pleases us to bring forward a number of portraits here, beginning in darkest antiquity with the Pagan Gods. I never ever saw an artist so foolish, said Elianus, that he made the Muses, Jupiter's daughters, appear odd and artificial: or trapped them, who loved untroubled and sweet tranquility, in Armour. But in our times one is sometimes not so painstaking, therefore it is necessary, that one pays attention to the traditions of antiquity.

The Gods move across the ground,
They do not move step by step, but float.

Says Homer, who frequently presented the Gods in a visible form. [marg: The Gods.] Virgil and Ovid also teach us to know them, but their commentaries are more concise. Cesare Ripa {Cesar Malfatty}, of Padua has portrayed a hundred of them; but I shall tell you briefly, how one should set about painting them. The most Ancient of the Greeks did not differentiate them, neither by their appearance, nor by name; but they called them by the generic name Theos. For it was later

they were transformed into shapes, and names and various characteristics {natueren}.

[marg: Saturn.] Saturn was painted with a bald headed, with a scythe in his hand, as if gnawing on a swaddled rock {en als of hy aen een bewonden steen knaeude}, surrounded by four small children.

One portrays Jupiter half naked, with a heavy beard, and a crowned head full of hair, with lightning and the Eagle. According to the judgment of Emilius Paulus, which is approved by all connoisseurs, the Jupiter of Phidias was made of ivory, just as Homer described him in his poem, which sounded thus. Jupiter signalled with his black brows, and the God-like hair trembled upon his ever-King-like head, which as he shook it, all the Heavens shuddered.

[marg: Neptune.] But Euphranor could not achieve Majesty in his Jupiter, since he had made Neptune far too noble. The Ammonite Jupiter was painted with horns, and also a crown. Neptune was also a given crown on his head, and the trident in his hand as, naked and accompanied by Amphitrite and her companions, he was drawn across the deep in a shell drawn by Seahorses. The Philistine Dagon had to be painted half man half fish, or as a Triton. [marg: Pluto. His colour is dark, and on his head a halo of black ebony tinted with the shade of the shadows of the night. {Egli è di colore fosco, & ha in capo una corona do negro heheno tinta della schrezza della ombrosa notto.}] Pluto's crown was enamelled black, he bore the sceptre of the underworld, or else a two-pronged fork in his fist. He was accompanied by his abducted wife Proserpina, with the three-headed hell hound Cerberus. Or one set him on a cart drawn by horses.

[marg: Janus.] Janus was portrayed with two faces, the one young, the other old, with a staff and a key; and a curled snake beside him, its tail in its mouth.

One makes Phoebus and Apollo with beautiful blond hair. [marg: Apollo.] Ovid in the contest between him and Pan said this: Apollo crowned with laurels stood up. Wearing a Purple robe, hemmed with a gold fringe, that trailed behind him. He held his Harp, decorated with ivory and costly stones, in his left hand, and his bow in his right, and began to play most charmingly. The horses, which leaped in front of his chariot, were Pyrois, Aeos, Aethon and Phlegon: the First was red, the next gleamed, the third glowed with colour, but the fourth was yellow and black-grey in colour. Or put otherwise Pyrois white with red patches, Aeos light yellow, Aethon entirely red, and Phlegon chestnut brown. He was numbered among the eternal gods by the Chersonese; unwittingly the Boeotians shared his birthplace.

Mars the God of War one paints in armour, with shield, sword and lance, and a bloody cloak. Before his chariot two blood-thirsty wolves, or it can be pulled by Fear and Terror, two

charging horses. And one has fame fleeing ahead.

[marg: Mercury.] Mercury is beardless, depicted as a youth: wholly naked, except for a small cloak hanging from his shoulder. One gives him a helmet with feathers on top, and also wings on his heels. His staff is woven about with snakes, and in front of his chariot two ostriches, or two cockerels. However anciently the Athenians portrayed Mercury as their Priapus.

[marg: Vulcan.] The crippled smith Mulciber or Vulcan, one usually has half-naked, forging the weapons of the gods or the heroes in his smithy, assisted by coarse Giants or Cyclops.

[marg: Bacchus.] Liber Pater, Bacchus or Dionysius was garlanded with ivy or wine fronds, and was given two small horns sprouting from his forehead: Sometimes buskins on his legs, and one also sees him with a club and a Lion-skin, in which regard Hercules was ridiculed by Aristophanes, saying:

Seeing Bacchus I burst right out in laughter,
As he marched in with buskins on his legs:
Carrying his club, and a red Lion-skin,
As his elegant costume. Hey, I said, where are you off to?
What's with the delicate combination of Buskins, so absurd,
With the noble Lion-coat, and with the Heroes club?

But most give him a Leopard or Linx {Lux} skin as his costume. He is usually shown young, fat, and well proportioned, and sometimes very old and sneering, for he was also known as the bearded Dionysius. His companions were Silenus, the Satyrs, Fauns and wild bacchants, shown with cymbals, panpipes {ruispijpen}, and with ivy-covered lances. His beast of burden is a Donkey, Tigers follow his caleche; and his bird is the thieving Magpie.

[marg: Cupid.] Cupid and Anteros, for one counts them as three {i.e., including Eros}, are winged children, and are shown with bow and arrow close to their mother Venus. Ridder Westerbaen depicts him thus

One sees his curls, one sees his chubby cheeks,
One sees the quiver hang full,
And it can be seen by his bow, and the growing plume,
Sprouting from his shoulder, what kind of bird he was.

[marg:. Pan.] The goat-footed dancer Pan does not differ from the other Satyrs: One gives him the Panpipes {ruispijp}, and a stick hooked at the end. With a Lynx-Leopard- or Tiger {Losse-Leopaerts- of Tijgers} skin on his back. But Virgil gives him a snow-white fleece, since he courted the Moon. As regards what is to be said of Hercules and all the other demi-gods, there is plenty to be read in Vincenzo Cartari. Let us now identify the most important goddesses, too.

[marg: Berecynthia Mother of the gods, among others Ops, Cybele, Rhea, Vesta, and Tellus or Ceres. Regarding her see S. Augustine in the City of God. 2 book. c. 4. also 7. book. chap. 24. {Berecinthie Moeder der goden, anders Ops, Cibele, Rhea, Vesta. en Tellus of Ceros. Ziet van haer S. Augustijn in de Stads Gods. 2. boek. c. 4. item 7, boek. cap 24.}] Virgil's Berecynthia, is described her head crowned with towers, crossing over the Phrygian cities in her chariot, angry with the gods, her sons and a hundred nephews, who live together in Heaven and above the Stars. Her chariot is pulled by Lions. Elsewhere she is Vesta the goddess of fires: One gives her a flowered robe or cloak, also a substantial throne, representing solidity, and a Drum, representing the roundness of the earth, and as her footmen a company of armed Korybantes, or else Cretans, and her Priests were wild eunuchs.

[marg: Juno.] Juno is Queen of the gods, she must be honoured with a crown and a sceptre, her costume should be purple red, and her Azure cloak should be bordered with Pearls and gemstones. Her face should bring together pride and jealousy, and two Peacocks should pull her chariot.

[marg: Venus.] If you wish to clothe Venus, drape her with fine silk, woven by the Graces, through which one can see her naked, and it should be a merry Green, Sky-blue, or beautiful Yellow: her belt or Cestus must be cunningly wrought. But Clio has already described Juno and Venus for us in the judgment of Paris, [marg: Pallas.] likewise Minerva, whom Homer dresses in variously-coloured fine Linen. Elsewhere they say that Heaven-coloured Pallas should dress in three colours, namely White, Blue and Purple. Her golden Helmet should be crowned with olives: and the Owl is her bird. The Poets give her the eyes of a Cat or a Lion, in the one hand a Lance, and in the other a Crystal Shield.

[marg: Bellona.] One paints Bellona in armour, and furious, and threatening with fire and steel.

[marg: Ceres.] On sets Ceres on a chariot drawn by Dragons, or with a torch, seeking her daughter.

[marg: Diana.] To Diana the Goddess of the Hunt one gives a silver bow, a full quiver, and floating dress. To Hebe and Proserpine flowers; even though they also belong to Flora; to Pomona fruit; to Iris the rainbow; and to our Muses each her attribute. As we advise in the proper place. [marg:. The three Graces, the first is Euphrosyne, who grants the benefits of cheerfulness and joy, Aglaea who receives the benefits of splendour and comeliness, and Thalia who grants the benefit of delight. {Gratie tre, la prima delle quali[t]è Eufrosina sopra l'allegrezza, & giocondita fa il benefitio. Aglaja sopra la maestá, & venustá, riceve il benefitio. Talia sopra la piacevolezza rende il beneficio.}] Even the three Graces are to be distinguished; for one can tell the noble Aglaea from peaceful Thalia, and both of them from cheerful Euphrosyne.

[marg: Isis.] Isis was accompanied by the Ox Apis or Serapis, and Harpocrates, who laid his finger on his lips. [marg: Anubis.] Or with Anubis, with the Dog's head, striding over the

Crocodile, with a Heavenly Globe with two Stars on it in his hand, and by his side a Pitcher of Water.

[marg: Sirens.] The Sirens daughters of Melpomene should not be painted with fish's tails, but half-human and half-bird. The daughters of Necessity, the

irresistible Parcae or Fates, [marg: The Goddesses of Necessity, or Fate.] are three, the first is Clotho who saves the spindles in boxes, and weaves the work, she is the youngest and signifies future time. Although others make her rule the present. She sits on the right, and next to her Lachesis, busy with spinning, signifies the past, or the future: others also make Atropos rule over that. Seneca (a) [marg: (a) In the Apokolokyntosis] gives her a wreath of laurel on her charming locks, and sets Apollo nearby, who favours her work with song and plucking strings. [marg: Clotho signifies Evocation, Lachesis means fate, Atropos denotes lack of order. Excellence. See more in Vicenzo Cartari. {Cloto significa Euocatione. Lachesi vol dire sorte. Atropo dinot Senza ordine. Fulgentio. Ziet verder by Vicenzo Cartary. }. S. Augustine called the Fate of the Ancients a foolish fantasy, of the same captive blind operations as the movements of the Heavens and the Stars. At the beginning of the City of God.] Atropos, who cuts off the threads of fate, sits on the left hand side, a rules over the present time. She is usually depicted as the eldest, since she gives to all things their end. Their clothes should be white, and their heads wreathed with white narcissi. Elsewhere they are also depicted crowned, and sometimes with wings, but mostly at work, with which they occupy themselves together. Their task is to be chancellery scribesses {kanceliersters} in the Poet's Heaven, there they preserve the picture of the affairs of the world on Copper, Iron and Stuffs written as hard as Diamond.

[marg: Nemesis.] The goddess of revenge Nemesis, or Rhamnusia, was painted with wings, with a branch or staff from an ash tree in her right hand, and in the left a pitcher with little negroes.[marg: The Goddess who punished the bad and who rewarded the good; she knew all things, etc. V. Cartari. {Questa è la Dea che punisce i maluagi, & da premio a'buoni, conoscitrice di tutte le cose, &c. V. Cartari.}] She wore a crown of hearts, and little images of victory, she was depicted riding upon a flying deer, or perhaps sitting on the Moon, whence she can see all the sins of humankind, as if in a mirror. Her task was to humble the proud, and to silence the pompous. I stay silent about the snake-haired furies, Tisiphone, Alecto, and Magaera, who brew up trouble between them. And this will be enough about the Gods and Goddesses.

No we must also say something about the ancient Heroes and Heroines.

[marg: Helen.] Xeuxis painted Helen as if he had seen her himself in Ilium; Just as Helen had been depicted to the life by Homer, when with other Greek heroes, and the ancient Trojan lords, she at the Scaean Gate; [marg: Agamemnon.] when they asked regarding Agamemnon:

Who is that fine Greek, so handsome and broad-chested,

I never saw more worthy of honour, nor more princely in appearance.

Agamemnon had a God-like Majesty, and an awe-inspiring face. [marg: Ulysses.] Philostrates said that one readily recognised Ulysses by his austere and alert look; and Homer described him thus, before the sovereign:

Who is he, shorter by a head, though broad Of shoulder, moving like a bellwether: He looks like a Ram, the one with the bell, Moving back and forth among the sheep.

Horace, who is our teacher as well as the teacher of the Poets, gives us this verse about Thetis' son: [marg: Achilles.]

Should you wish to portray Achilles at his most noble, Let him stand alertly, furious and brave.

[marg: and Ajax.] One should portray him like Ajax, who was also fearless. Here is how Horace sings of others:

Portray Medea as uncontrollably furious,
IXION as one, who knows not loyalty,
Make INO tearful, and portray IO as wandering
Fearful, also ORESTES longing for his Fatherland.

[marg: Menelaus.] Menelaus's face requires an amicable sweetness. [marg: Diomedes.] In the portrait of Diomedes one saw determined boldness. [marg: of Ajax.] Enraged Ajax, son of Telamon, appears with a surly anger on his face, and with terrifying gestures. Ajax of Locris with the appearance of vigour, that comes from a lofty soul. [marg: Amphiaraus.] The Priest Amphiaraus is granted Prophetic dignity, and shamelessness is the characteristic of the hunchback Thersites. [marg. Hector, and Paris.] Hector and Paris, handsome brothers, must not look like each other; whereas this one had a puny sensuality, the first had sincere appearance of integrity.

[marg: Alexander. Q Curtius book. 1 chap. 2.] Quintus Curtius writes that Alexander the Great when full-grown, had a well-formed body: strong and sturdy, and having not grown tall, he was rather more robust than handsome; he had blond hair, which hung in flowing curls. He was white-skinned, except that his cheeks and chest were flushed with a charming redness. He had an aquiline nose and different-coloured eyes: for it was said that the left eye was blue, and the other quite brown; he had a hidden power, indeed, so that one could not look upon him without honouring and fearing him. More about his speed in running and his other characteristics can be read the previously-mentioned writer; things notable enough to distinguish him from others. But as regards the sweet smell, which he gave off, and of which it is said, seemed to perfume his clothes, these do not concern our Brush, nor does it belong to visible things.

[marg: J. Caesar.] Julius Caesar the first Roman Emperor was tall in stature, but lean, quite pale, black and quick of eye, and sensitive about his body, except that he wore his toga loosely belted, which was considered improper among the Romans.

His antagonist Pompey had a charming sweetness in his face, accompanied by a courteous seriousness, with much honourable and reverent loftiness of Royal Majesty. His hair stood upright: the movement of his eyes was engaging; and his whole form, according to

Plutarch, was strongly reminiscent of statues of Alexander the Great. And finally, he was so good-looking, that the courtesan Flora, entertained herself, when old, in recalling, that she was so much in love with him, that whenever she had slept with him, she could hardly get up without biting him.

[marg: Augustus.] Augustus must be shown with clear shining eyes full of Majesty, and eyebrows grown together, a nose hooked above and projecting downwards below, his complexion between grey and white, and short in stature. [marg: Tiberius.] Tierius on the other hand must be powerful and tall, broad across the shoulders and chest, whitre complexioned, with a handsome face, although spotty, with large clear eyes, with which he could see in the darkness of night, and a stiff neck; and an withdrawn sulky expression, inclined to silence. A Painter must copy these particulars, as closely as it is possible to do. And thus too distinguish well-groomed Anthony, and the well-caressed Crassus, starved-looking Cassius and barren Brutus.

[marg: Atilla.] Make wild Attila short in Stature, with a broad-chest, and a large head; small eyes, with a snub nose, brown complexion, and a shaved beard.

But now it is time for us to leave the garlanded {versierde} gods, demi-gods, Heroes and noble men and turn to the true redeemer, since after all it was antiquity that bequeathed him to us; and first with his mother. [marg: Mary.] In certain images of Mary, in a cartoon by Da Vinci, Van Mander says that everything appropriate to the simplicity and beauty of the Mother of Christ is to be seen: showing a modest and humble face in this cheerful maiden, who looks upon a beautiful and adorable little child, sitting tenderly on her lap, and the humble eyes turned downwards, thereby seeming to ignore a Saint John, who plays with a little Sheep, and a Saint Anne, who at seeing this appears to laugh. But I shall present an even better Painting or image, since it is true and original. Before the Sultan of Egypt destroyed the Holy Land and the town of Nazareth, [marg. An. 1291.] the holy house, where Mary was born, and received the annunciation, was borne by the Angels across many lands and seas to Dalmatia, and after four years taken from there over the Adriatic Sea and to Piceno in Italy, and set down in the wood of Recanati, about a thousand paces from the Sea, belonging to the God-fearing matron Laureta, whose name it still bears: and once more eight months later lifted into the air, and set down in another place. So that within the period of one year this house was moved three times. Now the portrait of Maria with her children also arrived with this house,

just as Bishop Alexander of Tersanctum, in a vision, as he lay sick and between sleep and waking, was told by Mary herself. The image made of cedar wood, she said, is my likeness, which, for the companionship which he had had with me, the Holy Evangelist Luke painted with colours as well, as it is for a human to do. [marg: Horat. Turcelin. Hist. Lauret.] The Jesuit Orazio Torcellini {Horatius Turcelinus} gave an account of the appearance of this figure, which the inhabitants of Tersactum and Flumen, found when this house was first in Dalmatia. There was an elevated area, circular and surrounded with ornamented {gebiesde} Columns, and with five arches above decorated in the same fashion, shaped like the moon. This was the place where one saw a free-standing image of the Holy Virgin Maria, holding the infant Jesus around his waist with her left hand and supporting him with her right: this statue was of cedar wood, about two cubits tall: the face covered with amber, shining like silver, was then blackened by the smoke of candles; but this darkening, a sign of its antiquity and Holiness, greatly increased the Majesty of the maidenly form. Her head was decorated with a crown of pearls; the smooth hair hung down over her bare neck her shoulders onto her Nazarene costume. Around the figure was draped a golden stole with a wide border, fixed according the fashion of that nation, and hanging down to her feet. Over the shoulder, lying on top of the stole, was a blue linen, everything was carved from the same block, and coloured. [marg: And the infant.] The infant Jesus sat on his mother's right arm, most noble in form, like a mortal man, with his God-like face displaying his loving-kindness. He raised the forefingers of his right hand, as if blessing, while in his left hand he held a golden ball. His hair as very smooth, and his little robe, girt in the Nazarene style, hung to his feet. You see there, whether Saint Luke spared in his production our Dear Lady and her Infant. However so that none think this unusual, it is told of a figure of a crucified Christ, crowned with a crown, and said to have been carved by Nicodemus himself, and which, by means of an astonishing adventure turned up in Luna in Italy, [marg: An. 1099.7.] and was placed in the Church of Martin in Lucca, In olden times they used to paint the eternal image of our Lord, nailed to the wood of the Cross in the form of a King, his body entirely naked, which Cesare Baronius believed to be undoubtedly true, and that this should have been discovered by the Disciple Nicodemus who met Christ by night, so it was he who, on hearing that he was to be crucified between two Murderers, straightaway wished to see it, and see that he was truly

the King of Kings. For those who see only with their modesty, he added, have never painted or carved him otherwise than in a shirt, or with a loincloth, nor is it necessary for them to depict him in any other way. Furthermore to portray Christ's exterior seriously, it is most necessary to bring to life his innermost feelings. For without that, no one will produce any likeness of the form of our beloved Jesus. It is certainly the case that what was told regarding Jupiter and Euphranor, was also the case with Leonardo da Vinci, for having put all his power into the Apostles in a Last Supper, he could not achieve the overwhelming Divine Virtue required in Christ, although after much labour he did finish the Judas wonderfully: but the Christ remained, and is still unfinished. And who would dare presume themselves good enough to achieve this most worthy subject, and worthily paint this most holy image of Divinity? I perceive a beauty beyond perfection, in which true {ernstige} power and all lovingness are mixed, and nobility with pure gentleness, and mercy and righteousness are combined. How in agreement are the movements of his body, with the emotions of his soul! and pious hand gestures with a Godly step.

And we should hold to what antiquity attributed to the Roman Lentulus, whether he said it or not, concerning the appearance of Christ, which was thus declared to the Roman Senate:

[marg: Christ's appearance.] Eternal Fathers! a man of great virtue is known to us who lives still, namely Jesus Christ, known among the people as a Prophet of truth, but his Disciples call him the Son of God, he awakens the dead, and heals the sick. He is noble, of kddling height, though attractive, in appearance; his countenance is venerable, so that those who look at him must respect and love him; his hair is of a rich hazelnut colour, parted op top{.} according to the custom of the Nazarenes, and smooth down to the ears, but curling lower down, with blond highlights, and hanging onto his shoulders; he has a fine forehead, without wrinkle or spot on his face; his cheeks are embellished Pink, and he has nothing on his body that could be criticised; his beard is large and the hair abundant, not long, but parted in the middle; the glance of his eyes reveal a directness, but endowed with thoughfulness; his eyes are clear and formidable, never laughing, but inclined to weep; he has fine hands, and his arms are most exquisite; he is reserved in speech, and most courteous in all his dealings; and finally the most beautiful of all men.

And do you want to represent a spirit or an Angel? [marg: Gabriel.] Tassio wrote of his Angel Gabriel, in the first canto of Jerusalem Delivered, thus:

He left invisibility, in a cloud, wrapped
In mortality, he seemed as old as a child
Becoming a youth, his locks crowned with stars,
And full of Majesty: thus he beat through the wind
On white wings, with gold-tipped feathers
Never wearied by running.

Whose heart does not open up, whenever they see such a noble thing, as Majesty and beauty in paintings? Virtues which are never truly achieved except by the greatest masters. [marg: The Apostles.] We shall not detain ourselves, in these Personal details, with describing all the Apostles and followers of Christ one after another, one sees them enough depicted in prints, mostly I see yellowed Fishermen, and Publicans, and Priests, and Pharisees jostled together. These look at the miracles with wonder, those with joy, and others with spiteful eyes. I see little Zaccheus, small in stature though great in faith, climb down from the Fig tree. I see the good-natured youth, leaning on his Lord's breast, divinely moved, and furious Peter, who is not afraid, to attack a troop of soldiers, his anger burning out through his eyes; doubting Thomas seeking after truth: and sold-for-silver Judas for ever wringing his hands.

[marg: Peter.] But to be of help to amateurs we shall give them the following portraits as models. Nicephorus described Peter, a little above average in height, but not heavily built: pale of complexion, with very white, curly hair, both on his head, and in his beard, but not very long: black eyes, and the eyelids red from weeping; for it is said that, since he had denied the Lord, he wept daily: he had hardly any eybrows, his nose was long, more flat than pointed.

[marg: James.] The Apostle James, according to Justus, also the Lord's brother, must be portrayed with uncut hair and bandy legs: for it is said there, that he worked so hard at prayer, that his knees, like those of a camel, were calloused and hardened. He wore no woollen clothes, only linen. It is he, that they say was struck dead by a fullers' rod, after he was thrown off the walls of the Temple.

[marg: Paul.] It is known that the Apostle Paul was short, it is demonstrated by his own words, as he wrote to the Corinthians, making it known what others said of him, namely, that he was small of body. Chrysostom

said of him that he was three cubits tall. Nicephorus agrees with him in this, since he wrote that Paul's body was small and heavily-built, a little bent, pale complexion, and older in appearance, than in years; an average sized head, beautiful eyes and downward-hanging eyebrows; with a thick and long beard, and a fine high and rather long nose. And it is believed certain, that Tryphon a student of Lucian's pupil Critias believed it, and spoke of none other, than Paul, when he said, when a Galilean came to me, with a bald head, and an hawk's nose, who flew up through the air to the third Heaven, and so forth.

The Saints and Church Fathers must also, as far as possible, be given their identifiable features.

[marg: Basil.] Saint Basil, it is written, was tall and straight of body, dry, thin, dark coloured, a little pale of face, delighting in his thoughts, a well-shaped nose, with curly eyebrows, few wrinkles, a long jaw, the Temples of his head projecting, a long beard which was middling grey.

[marg: Gregory of Nazianzus.] Gregory of Nazianzus was of medium height, with a sweet face, but rather pale, half bald; his beard was thick, but short; his eyebrows long; he had a low nose, and the right eye was a little askew, owing to a scar.

One must also seek out what is to be discovered about the Patriarchs and princes of the old Testament.

[marg: Moses.] Moses was a tall blond man {een lang goutgeel man}, he wore his hair long with a large beard, with very venerable face; said Alexander Polyhistor. But it is laughable to paint him with horns. For when he came down from the mountain, his face truly shone, but he did not have horns. [marg: David.] David was brown, with beautiful eyes, and a good physique. [marg: Saul.] Saul was the most beautiful man that one could ever see, and a head taller, than all the people. But to go over all of this is tiresome for me; I leave it to the amateurs to continue, now I have shown them the way. However, since the great Philosophers also deserve, that their portraits should sometimes be painted, we shall seek out some of them. [marg: The Philosophers, Plato, and others.] Plato had a beautiful and powerful physique, so that it was said that it was on account of his broad shoulders, large face and strong body, that he had earned the name Plato, and that he had previously been known as Aristotle. But his master Socrates, they say, had a bald head with scraps of blond hair, a flat nose in front, lumpy shoulders and bandy legs: so that Zopyrus judged him by physiognomy to be a luxurious and abandoned person. Speusippus was painted with a crooked

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neck; Aratus with a curved neck; Aristotle an arm outstretched; Xenocrates his leg a little raised; Heraclitus eyes closed or weeping; Democritus laughing.

Zeno with a frowning forehead; Epicurus smooth shining skin; Diogenes with a rough thick beard.

Chrysippus held his fingers pressed together as if counting; Euclid seemd to be opening them, as if to use them for measuring; and Cleanthes fingers were bitten.

Aeschylus was bald, and with a shiny head; Aesop and Crates malformed and lumpy. But I shall stop all this chattering here, so that I do not unwittingly misrepresent, what others have said and written about them.

It can also happen, that one depicts the history of our Fatherland. And then it is most important, that one introduces something recognisable in the characters. The scource of the Netherlands the Duke of Alva had a huge body, his face more beautiful, than attractive, thin, hollow-eyed and severe in appearance. Prince William, the founder of our nation, was of above average height, his eyes full of spirit, and, like his face and beard, they were brown. His serious face betrayed an agreeable and jovial cheerfulness, balanced by his status, he was a little thin, but nevertheless properly and well-shaped. One ought also to attend to the appearance of other celebrated Princes, and the neighbouring Kings, as they are described by writers, or whatever one gets to hear of them, if there are no Painted or printed portraits. But to enquire into everything, is too difficult for us, and makes this Chapter too long, so we leave the rest to researchers of antiquity.

EIGHTH CHAPTER

Concerning the passions and sentiments of the soul {Van de hartstochten an driften des gemoeds): Being the first part of the second consideration {waerneminge}; to know the deeds of History.

Now, having set before your own eyes, whatever concerns the Persons whom you intend to represent, you must now turn to the second consideration, which deals with action and intention in Histories. Since there are sacrifices, Feasts, Triumphs, Games, Round dances, Races, Hunts, Fights, Battles, Shipwrecks, Weddings, Circumcisions, Baptisms, Deaths

Speeches, Consultations, Murder and Rape, Elopements, Redemptions and whatever else can come to pass among people. Whatever it is that you intend to put in your Picture as regards this or that event, three discrete considerations, from the point of view of the figures, must be considered. First, concerning the true and correct feelings of the souls, which give rise to the event, they must be made visible in each Person, according to the significance that they have to the story. Second, concerning the appropriate movement of the bodies according to their actions. Third, that this is displayed in a manner proper to art. We shall deal with these first two considerations in what follows. Concerning the third, that will be dealt with by Calliope.

We must begin by speaking of what concerns the sentiments of the mind {driften des gemoeds}, the sufferings of the soul {lijdingen der ziele}, or the Passions. Now Learn, O Young Painter, to perform these most artistic roles. Polus, when playing the character of Elektra at the Theatre in Athens, and wishing to portray her moans over the supposed death of Orestes with the false coffin, dug up the actual bones of his own beloved Son, and thereby gave astonishing expression to the role of grieving Princess. You too, if you undergo any crisis, must also console yourself with art, and if something pleasing happens, then that is the moment, for you to observe what inner feelings and outer movements these sufferings bring about.

[marg: Who began first to portray the passions.] Aristides of Thebes was the first, to display the passions and turmoils of the soul in his faces. He represented a wounded woman lying in a conquered city, holding her bloody breast from her crawling nursing infant, in it feebleness of death, motherly love, and sadness and sorrow, aroused wonder in everyone. Nearchos painted Hercules completely miserable and ashamed of his fury. Ctesilaus made a dying person, in which one was able to see, how much of life remained. [marg: Jupiter about to give birth. The feelings mostly to be detected from the face.] He also painted Jupiter going into labour with Bacchus, groaning and moaning. And these motions of the soul were nearly all to be detected in the face, to which the movements of the body also contributed: so that, when one is able to picture to oneself the movements of the face, one will find the those of the body are much easier.

If one wants achieve honour in this most noble part of art, one must turn oneself wholly into a dramatist. It is not enough, that one can make a History feebly recognisable, Demosthenes was not more ignorant than the rest, when he rudely turned his back on the people: for after Satyrus recited to him the verses of Euripides and Socrates with better a tone and more graceful gestures, he had shut himself up with his head half-shaved

for some three months, and learned how to imitate the actor completely, it was after that, I say, that he sounded like an oracle of eloquence. [marg: How one should set about this.] You will get the same benefit in representing these intended passions, discovering them, especially in front of a mirror, so as to be performer and spectator at the same time. But a Poetic spirit is needed, so that everyone is properly portrayed in their role. Whoever does not feel this, is free to give up; for he will not be equal to the task; unless some God or Poet gives him a helping hand. [marg: The Expressions of the face.] The expressions of the face are quite rightly called the mirror of the heart; in which favour and disfavour, love and hate, diligence and stupidity, joy and grief, and as many passions, as there are in the soul to move it, can be seen and be read. Good-natured shame reveals itself in a rush of virtuous blood, and fear in the blood's ebbing. But a calm soul reposes in a well-tempered colouration.

[marg: The Eyes.] Of all the parts of the face the most changeable are the eyes, which will often by means of a barely noticeable movement now reveal high spirits, or become overcast by miserable clouds. [marg: Joy {blytscap}.] In the world of humans one depicts Laetitia, that is to say joy {blyscap}, but in the one where Gods live, gaudium, that is, rejoicing. [marg: Laughing.] Praxiteles made a sculpture of a most joyful laughing face, and for contrast another crying most naturally, both in the likeness of Phryne; displaying in two identical faces very different emotions. The bronze sculptor Myron amused himself depicting a lively old drunken woman with a distinctive personality, by means of which he achieved great fame. But such benefit did not come so readily to Zeuxis; for while he was busy painting just such a droll old girl, he burst into such a fit of laughter, that he choked and died on account of it. A Sardonic laugh is one that does not pass the lips, thus Tigranes lied in concealing his astonishment. [marg: Scipion Dupleix referring to Livy. 2. book. {S. Duplex vervolg van Livius. 2. boek.}] Here is something else related to sadness, [marg: Various sadnesses.] the celebrated Timanthus painted his Iphigena in front of the Altar as a sacrifice, showing all the bystanders weeping, over the death of an innocent girl, and in such a way, that one could distinguish every person's misery from that of the others: for true-saying Calchas stood completely forlorn, Ulysses silent, Ajax raging against the gods, and Menelaus her unhappy Uncle wept. But when he came to Agamemnon, he painted his face covered, with a corner of his cloak, so that he made it seem impossible to imagine the burden of the oppressed and miserable Father, over the fate of his beloved Daughter, could be expressed. I cannot ignore here, how we Painters are accustomed, in the bitter passion of Christ, to represent the Mother Mary, as the closest to the Saviour, with the greatest movement

that it is possible for us to achieve: which is usually to have her swooning, and falling into the arms of the other Mary: [marg: Mary's grief.] great Masters have not found this unworthy, we have imitated them in that. But a certain Johannes, now nominated the Bishop of Utrecht, claims in his tract, that his womanly weakness is not appropriate to the courageous and most enlightened Virgin, to surrendered herself so completely to suffering, but rather that she should suffer patiently all that God meted out to her. Which is also affirmed by Symeon the Metaphrast {Metaphrastes} in certain old writings, he depicted her as a Mother, but the Mother of someone who maintained control over the passions. John the Evangelist said, that she stood by the Cross with the other Mary, and there received the command, to accept as her Son the Disciple, who loved the Lord, and he to accept her as his Mother. For my part I would rather, in future, cover her face as did Timanthus with Agamemnon, in case, by making her too melancholy, or else too resolute, I make a mistake. An ingenious Painter must make every effort, as far as it is possible for him, that the movements expressing sadness, appear more or less, according to the nature and character of the Person. The Stoics declared, that these passions ought not to appear in a proper man: but Painters and Tragedians give their Pictures and Plays, through the representation of various sorrows and lamentations, the best ornament.

[marg: Contesting emotions in a figure.] Demon of Athens, in order to raise art to the highest point, did something unusual: For in sculpting a figure, the Genius of the city of his birth, he set about depicting all the feelings of all the Attic citizens. And this single figure had to appear to be playful, unsteady, grumpy, unrighteous, and nevertheless talkative, tolerant, robust and compassionate, pompous and humble, and finally absurd and frightened. A bizarre mingling of passions, truly not suited to be combined. However, great spirits are more interested in the challenge than in the success. [marg: Doubt.] I think it commendable, that he portrayed doubt, which is the appearance of the face, in which various thoughts contest behind darkened brows and unsteady eyes.

And it might well be that, through the combination of intelligently represented things, he achieved what he set out to do: as with the form of their costumes, the things that they hold, animals, and suchlike, nearly all what is to be conceived has been imagined by Cesare Ripa. The Poets also represent their characters {personaedjen} well with many emotions shown pretty much at the same time, as Tasso says of Armida:

[marg: Wavering thoughts.] She feigned chaste modesty with downcast eyes, Then she regarded everyone around, and moved them all As in an instant by means of a particular passion A thousand blows of her hidden poison.

[marg: Admiration.] Myron made a Satyr, who admired his pipes. Theodorus painted Leontion the female friend of Epicurus as if wrapped in deep reflection. Protogenes too depicted Philiskos {Pluliskus} as if in delight. Virgil likewise painted Latinus' daughter in sorrow and shame: Lavinia heard her mother groan, and the tears trickled down her pale cheeks: the kindling of shame as red as fire, and all her face glowed: as if one smeared Indian ivory with blood-red purple, or as if red roses showed beneath white lilies, thus did the maiden's face blush. Colouring is certainly easier for Poets, than for us Painters. Echion painted s newly-wed, who was obviously embarrassed. With regard to the depiction of passions, and especially sadness, Fra' Fillipo Lippi {Broer Lippi} of Florence earned no small honour, for he described it so naturally, that no one could look at his work without compassion. [marg: A furious person.] Seneca described a furious person with a harsh and threatening face, an unhappy forehead, a frightening look, hurried movement, shaking hands, changing colour, and erupting sighs. [marg: An angry person.] And he compared it with an angry person, their eyes burning and glistening, their face red with blood, that wells up from the depths of their bowels; their lips tremble, their teeth chatter, their hair stands on end, their breath is tight and gasping, their fingers crack as they are wrung, their voice is husky and hoarse, they beat with their hands, and stamp with their feet, their whole body shakes and threatens terrifyingly, their face is swollen and ugly and self-destructive. Moses says that Cain's face altered with wrath. Timomachus painted the furious Ajax, and how it was that he got into his senseless madness. [marg: Cantankerousness.] Silanion portrayed the irascible artist Apollodorus, and made him not only alike, but so, that from it one could perceive his hotheaded irritability. [marg: Domitian angry, arrogant and shameless.] Coeffeteau said of Domitian, that anger burned in his eyes, and pride showed on his brow, and shamelessness burst forth in his face, which blushing colour, in nature a sign of modesty, was rather a screen for his shamelessness, than a token of shame. [marg: A vicious person.] If you wish to conjure up a thoughtless person, uneducated, deceitful and treacherous by nature, immodest and idle, indeed possessed of all the vices, then paint a fathead with hair like pigs bristles, large squinting eyes, hanging cheeks, with a

wide pressed-in nose, curled fat lips, black teeth, misshapen front and back, short thick bandy legs, or at least walking haltingly; then let a Physiognomist interpret your meaning, I wager he will say, that you have hit the bullseye. And even though Socrates was described like this, by overcoming his challenging {wederwaerdig} nature, he finally advanced so far, that Apollo's oracle, that he was declared to be the wisest of all men. That therefore Socrates, Aesop and the like, are therefore excluded from this rule of art; and serve as a spur for us, to also overcome our own innate faults. But we got thus far in the Physiognomy {Kroostkunde}; whereof our Polymnia gives sufficient examples.

Fear, which does not suit the wise, and who rather ought to be dressed in prudence, ornaments a Painting, if it is expressed well.

[marg: Example of someone frightened.] The manner of depicting a frightened person naturally, was taught to Francesco Bonsignori (Francisco Monsignori) by Gonzaga, Duke of Mantua: For when the Painter had painted a Saint Sebastian from life most diligently, the Margrave {Markgraaf}, when they met, began to criticise Francesco, saying: That in this painted Saint the fright and fear of being shot, that he believed ought to have been there to see, was missing: and that there was to be seen neither the appropriate terror in the face, nor the twisting and turning of sinews and muscles: so that therefore, when he had his model, who was a labourer, once again set up and bound, he should summon him, and that he would show him, just how it ought to be. So on another day Monsignori had his guest tied up, and he called the Margrave secretly, not knowing what he intended to do. But Francesco Gonzaga, being prepared in his scheme, burst in as if in a fury, with a loaded and tensioned crossbow from another room, shouting at the labourer: You traitor! Now you will die; that's why I wanted you. The poor man in mortal fear twisted and turned to break the ropes, his face morbidly pale, his muscles strained powerfully, and fear and terror played their natural Role. Thus by means of the advice of Margrave Francesco the spirit of the Painter Francesco was awakened, so that he gave his Sebastian a completely different, and wholly terrified appearance.

[marg: Another.] Here again another example, but not so dangerous. My brother Johan, when he was with me in Vienna, and wanted as well as an accusing serving girl, to paint a timid Saint Peter, went to the Graveyard, or to the Market, among the beggars both old and on the game; he found one there that he thought would serve, and he asked him to follow him. The

good man, hoping for a generous tip, came with him into our house, without knowing what he was going to do, for did not understand my brother, who did not speak German well; but when he led him into his room, he found that the Painter's belongings were so strange, he saw here a skull, and there a headless lay figure, the good man began to shake and tremble completely appalled: so he talked sweetly to him, and then asked him to be seated, with fine promises of money and earnings. But the poor man again made all kinds of excuses, and sought to escape, and looking around sought the door. The Painter being upset, scolded him for being a liar and unworthy of the money. He replied: Oh I have done master no harm, therefore let me go, I am a decent man. And just by accident I arrived home to this row and uproar, and discovered from the two of them, what was going on. And principally from the beggar, who begged for his life. It was not possible for me to appease him, but various people coming forward, and advising him so well, he was eventually won over: and he sat in such fear and dismay, that seemed as if he was actually Saint Peter; most appropriate for the aforementioned work, and once out of our house he scampered off, as if he had escaped, and whatever we promised him thereafter, he would never return, to the place, where he believed, that he had seen the Devil and death. [marg: Begging.] Aristides sculpted a beggar that seemed not to be lacking a voice. But let us come to more entertaining emotions. On the matter of lovers Armida said:

[marg: Concerning lovers.] With laughing eyes she smoothly fought And sent with every glance at least a thousand passions.

Our Poet Van Mander {Vermander} sang of lovers beloved in the following lines:

If you wish to portray the passions of lovers,

Let their eyes dance with the spark of love,

A mouth full of joy, and faces turned to each other,

Embracing, entwining, and whatever love requires

Lovers always to learn to do in honour together,

Observe, and shun what is best left hidden {gezweegen}.

[marg: Virtue.] The Penelope by Zeuxis, portrayed perfect virtue and chastity. Parrhasius painted two youths, in whom one observed a childlike innocence: Cephisodoros made something similar in Marble. [marg. Innocence.] Barocci of Urbino earned much praise for painting virtuous love, a gracious sanctity in faces, and charming gestures: and his compatriot Raphael no less, [marg,: Sanctity.] as can be seen in the high Altar in Aracoeli, in the Mary there floats a humble and chaste figure, suited to be the Mother of Christ.

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and in the John sobriety, honesty, and emotional certainty. One finds more images of Mary by Raphael in other places, in which he portrays her with such divine virtue, that one seems to see the immaculate virginity: as was said of one in Florence, whose eyes were accompanied by modesty, the forehead with honour, the nose with grace, the mouth with virtue, and the costumes with simplicity and goodness. It was said likewise of Michelangelo (Buonarotti), that he painted a Mary in a round piece, on both knees, offering her infant to Joseph, in whom one saw the face gazing at the beautiful child, appearing with a blessed and perfect pleasure: And this was the piece, for which Michelangelo demanded double his price. We must also not pass by the Cecilia by Raphael, as divine as she is enraptured by listening to a Heavenly choir: or the Mary Magdalene in the same piece, in whose joyful form one can see her contentment at her conversion. Van Mander praised this piece to the heavens, and copied this Latin verse:

Pingant sola alii referantque coloribus ora; Caecilia os Raphael, atque animum explicuit. Another painter merely copies the external form; Urbinus also paints the spirit in his Cecilia.

Of a Mary Magdalene by Titian it was written, that with her eyes red with weeping turned to Heaven, however beautiful she is, the spectator is inclined to a like sentiment of penitence rather than to desire. I saw the same in one by the Knight Van Dyck, wholly saturated by Heavenly grace.

NINTH CHAPTER

Concerning actions, in the deeds of History, the second part of the second consideration.

[marg: Who it was that first depicted movement.] Cimon of Cleonae was the very first to show a face from the side in his paintings, and by means of this new discovery not only could his figures look away, but sometimes, according to what was required, the eyes could look up or down. This art technique was termed Catagrapha. From that time they began to depict figures, as if they were moving, or doing something: until Myron's discus-thrower, called Discobolus, posed in violent movement,

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drew all eyes to it, full of admiration. Now should one plan a single figure, or many together, one must see to it, that one only represents a momentary movement, which chiefly is how the actions of History are expressed; [marg: Represent a single and momentary action.] as Horace said:

Give to every piece of work, what it requires, Proceeding only with single and unified form.

Because the work speaks with a single voice the spectator is moved like another bystander, and frightened by an evil deed, and delighted by seeing something joyful: or he is moved with pity on account of some wrong being done; and finds satisfaction in an honest action. [marg: That each movement corresponds to the feelings of the soul,] And here it is most of all important of all, that the actions or movements of the body correspond to the passions of the soul, even if shown as nearly motionless, as Tasso sings of Armida:

She refrained from speaking, but showed in her face
Pride mixed with anger, regret and contempt
The face flared with sadness; she seemed to shrink back
With one foot behind; and enchanted with her feints.

[marg: Even in figures with scarcely any movement.] Poetical Paintings seem easier to me, than painted ones, to set down in this book. Observe then, though with a steady eye, wanton Armida once more with Rinaldo:

He lay on flowers in the lap of the most beautiful maiden Of matchless virtue.

Her white neck was entirely undraped and naked,

Her golden hair hung down.

Her burning face shone and perspired a little,

Natural cosmetic!

Her senses were transported; the damp eye not knowing,

Any impediment to desire.

Nevertheless the mistrustful heart so as to try new love,

Creates new and loving glances.

She kissed, he kissed in return. My pen is not too green,

To kindle in this fire.

Certainly the Poets delight in making their Characters move appropriately, according to the requirements of the plot: as Homer, who sings thus of the Ithacan:

Ulysses stood up to speak, merely looking down,
He held his sceptre still, and without swaying too much,
As if unskilled, spoke innocently: but when.
His voice, roaring and ranting
Emerged like a snow cloud in winter, from his chest,

Then there was no one who dared answer $\ensuremath{\operatorname{\text{him.}}}$

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[marg: 7. Motus or movements.] As regards the movements of the parts of the body {byzondere dingen}, they are said to be seven in number, as one can express by means of this following verse:

It was up, or down; towards us, or away;
To the left, to the right: or turning itself round.

But Albrecht Dürer writes of six ways of bending the members, bent or kneeling, curved, turned or pivoted, twisted, stretched or thinned, moved away. And he sets out these six movements as the foundation of his fourth book, upon which he then builds all the movements of the human members. However we shall follow our own intended path.

As the head is the most important part of the body, so too is it the most important instrument, by means of which the inner emotions are made known by an outward motion. [marg: The head, Pride, Faint-heartedness. Stubborness, And fear,] If the head is bent backwards over the neck, this indicates pride and arrogance, cast downwards humility, and hanging to the side faint-heartedness. The head, attached to an immobile stiff neck, reveals surly stubbornness and barbaric obtuseness: but a withdrawn neck and hunched shoulders means either cold or fear. [marg: It agrees, disagrees and indicates displeasure.] It is with the head that one agrees, or refuses, by nodding it or shaking it, one also uses it to announce displeasure. Jupiter was displeased, said Ovid, shaking his head three or four times, so that Heaven, Earth and the Sea shook.

The individual parts of the face are moved, as discussed above, to give the most appropriate expression to the passions and feelings of the soul. [marg: Actions {doening} of the eyes.] As regards the actions {doeningen}, the eyes can be opened and closed, [marg: Nose. Mouth.] the nose has the motions of sniffing or smelling: the mouth blowing, yawning and biting. I am reminded here of the strange manner of making Seals of the ancient Batavians; before the carving of weapons or seals, in metal or stone, it was the custom with them, to bite into the wax, which hung on their letters, with their molar or back teeth, as is explained in this rhyme:

In witnesse of the sothe,
Ich han bitten this wax with my wang tothe.

That is

In witness of the truth,
I have bitten, this was with my back tooth, or molar.

[marg: Concerning the hands,] As concerns the hands, all deeds or actions are preponderantly done by them, indeed those very movements are almost to be compared to a universal language. [marg: Suitable as a universal language for all peoples.] They ask and promise, they enquire, they refuse, they show joy, sadness, sorrow, recognition, fear and horror; indeed they count, measure, keep time, and whatever else can be

thought; by the movement of hands we comprehend the most foreign of barbarians: so that it is right that the language of hands has been held to be a universal language by all the peoples on the earth. Even though there is sometimes great difference to be observed between the peoples of different countries. [marg: Even though some differ in this.] Like in calling someone; for we Germans call or beckon someone to us, we hold the hand up, and pull our fingers towards our face, which is thought rude among the Italians; for they stretch out the hand, and bend their fingers down, almost in the way that we summon a little dog, and when seen from afar, do not look very different to us from showing the way, or telling us to run away. [marg: Example of this.] As my Father Theodoor found out most comically, on his first trip to Italy: for arriving in a certain little town in Lombardy with his companions, intending to meet there a Nobleman of his acquaintance, and understanding that he had gone abroad, he continued sorrowfully on his way: but when on a country lane outside the town, he heard them calling him again, and looking about saw far off some people, who waved their hands downward in the Italian manner towards him, and called with loud voices. He was surprised by this, fearing that he had somehow done something wrong, and convinced that they were telling him to run away, took to his heels; until that they following on horseback, relieved him of his apprehension and fear, and having informed him of the return of his friend, they led him back.

[marg: Right hand.] The right hand raised up aloft, serves to indicate peace: but held out downwards, was a sign of a humble request. To allow the hand to de grasped, was to bestow grace; but hiding it was to reveal irreconcilability.

A certain envoy of Carthage, sent to Andromachus Prince of Taormenium in Sicily, showed to him, in very threatening way, the inner part of his right hand, and reversed it to the outer part, warning him, that his city would be overthrown, unless he drove off the Corinthians. But Andromachus, laughing, showed him also first the inner, and straight after the outer part of his hand, saying: And thus shall we overturn your galley, unless you leave here straight away. So answering him in his own language.

I cannot pass by something that Theodoret told of the Holy man Militius: how, when commanded by the Emperor Constantine to express his feelings concerning God, he raised three fingers as a parable, and then folded two of them, and held up one on its own, saying these few words: We understand that there are three, but we deal with and speak with only one. However Sozomen tells it thus: that the chief Deacon in his Church, when

Militius spoke, stretched out his hand, and held his mouth. So that on the contrary, he made his meaning clear by means of his hand, rather than with words: For by means of three fingers all spread out from each other, and after that the hand being closed again, he gave the people to understand by this sign, that the three are one. Which he affirmed when the Deacon stopped, crying with a loud voice, that one should agree with the church decree of Nicea. How the Church Fathers bless by the laying on of hands, we learn in the Holy Scriptures. The High Priests did the same in the initiation of sacrifices. Also those who had heard the slanderer laid their hands on his head, after he was convicted, and he was taken to be stoned. Jairus asked our Saviour, to come to his little Daughter, who was in her last moments, and to lay his hand on her, so that she might live. As the Lord also did to the little children, who were brought to him. The Apostles copied this too, when they admitted someone to the Ministry, or if they were granting the gift of the Holy Spirit. And if an entire congregation were to be blessed: which would be difficult to do head by head, then they did it simply by raising their hands.

Which the present day Pope knows cleverly to imitate with outstretched fingers. But these rituals were also used by the Pagans; for when they wished to consecrate a Temple, the Priest had to lay his hand on one or another Pillar of the building, while he was occupied with speaking the words of the dedication. To press someone with the thumb indicated favour and approval {gewogenheyt}; but to turn it upside down, was a sign of hatred.

[marg: Fingers.] To point at someone with the middle and longest finger, was the sign of mockery and scorn.

Fingers and hands locked into each other, especially when one holds the knees together with them, was considered bad Magic for a woman in the last stages of pregnancy. And the way that the clever Maid Gallanthis tricked Lucina who was casting this spell, Ovid tells of Alcmena in nearly these terms:

I being pregnant by a God, called repeatedly to Lucina for aid, She came, but bribed by Juno sat in the street
In front of our door, and bound with interlocking hands
Her knees pressed together. I cried, I screamed;
But all in vain, until our Red-haired Gallanthis,
Observing this behaviour, teased her: What a shame

It is, she said: that you are sitting here looking so sly,
Alcmena has given birth to a Son: Come and rejoice with her,
Lucina hearing that sprung up, and as if alarmed,
Let her hands free, and straight away I gave birth.

What concerns other movements of the hands, and how they assist speaking, and are appropriate to other passions, you shall readily discover when you have a fundamental understanding, of the previous part of this section, where we speak of the emotions of the soul. [marg: The body.] The movements of bodies follow those of the head and hands. Naucerus {Maucerus} made a panting wrestler. And Demon, or as others say Parrhasius, made two pieces, called Hoplites {Hoplidides}, in which one of them being very tired, seemed to find breathing difficult, as he was busy unbuckling his armour: [marg: Runners.] And the other in full armour ran so powerfully, that the sweat poured down his face. [marg: Concerning the chest or heart.] The motions of the chest, or rather the heart, involve the whole body. Listen to what Virgil says here of the chariot-driving youth in the race:

You see in the stadium, the wheels, dead straight Charge from the mark, struggling to hold the line, How the heart of youth is excited, and as they drive, How it beats with apprehension and fear, thumping in their chest, And how they lash fiercely and firmly with the whip; And how they lay the reins on the necks of the horses; And how the scorching wheels forcefully leap apart, And fly down the track, and how the Charioteer soars up, Then down, then upside-down on high, through the clear air, For the wind in the air above seems to spin, and to float. They chase ever forward, and are driven on, So that the dust already to their ears floats and rises up. They are damp with foam and steam from the horses. So great is the lust for praise, and also the longing The courageous runners take triumph in the race so much to heart, That they would sooner lose their lives, than the tokens Of victory, and leave the stadium without a prize.

We have given sufficient instruction as to our thoughts, as regards the movements of the body having to correspond to the work that the figure does. Now one must pay attention, to whether these movements are weak or forceful. As when the prince uses a sword, when he dubs a Knight: and elsewhere uses a Sabre in the heat of battle. When war was about to begin, the Roman Rulers took the bloody

Spear, that was kept in Bellona's Temple, and turned the point towards the territories of their enemies, and so by means of this ritual declared war. [marg: Ceremonial movements must not be forceful, but decorous.] Such movements were done decorously: as I have seen, when Leopold, then the Roman Emperor, was crowned King of Hungary, and he, after the old custom, having been taken to the top of a high hill, brandished a Sabre against the four winds. Whoever paints this, or anything similar, must take great care that he represents a gesture that is ceremonial and not warlike. Likewise with other state-ceremonial {hoogstaetlijke} or church events. Lay your hand under my hip, said Abraham to his servant, and I shall swear to you by the Lord. This must proceed carefully, and not as a struggle. but the Angel at Penuel, when he could not defeat Jacob, damaged his hip, and used greater force. Now that I make mention of the hip, I should say this about the legs: their task is to carry the body, and in walking, standing, running, lifting, reaching, indeed in sitting and lying, they must be suited to the upper body. It was kind, that Alcamenes painted the crippled Smith Vulcan in such a way, that it was a concealed, and seemly lameness one could see; even though he was clothed, and standing still. Even though for others, despite themselves, it is enough, that their figures do not appear to be lame, even when they are not meant to be Mulcibers. In the seated dirty labourer by Del Sarto ugliness is in every member: and in Socrates' Ocnus a detestable slothfulness. Pythagoras' portrayed Leontion's Lame foot in such a way, that the spectators believed they could feel the affliction in her infirm leg. However this cannot be included artistically in the work, until one is a master of this third part of the second consideration, that is, that one knows in what ways to put these nice details into the work, and can do it in the most suitable way, whereof our Calliope has promised to deal, when she discusses beauty and gracefulness. Great Clio is now satisfied with what we have said in order to encourage you, to be universal in art: And how works of art can be divided into three levels. We have, with her help, indicated those things that are to be considered in a History: discussed details of the persons, handled the passions and emotions of the soul, and how the body moves in accordance with the passions. The young people thus led into the third School, will find enough material, to begin giving their spirit some work. Erato will instruct us more widely on the third consideration, and inform us how one should distinguish the time, place, and other relevant circumstances, necessary for our intended history {geschiedenis}.

The Poetess of Love.

The fourth Book.

Contents.

The Muse of Love unlocks the fourth School.

She teaches us to grasp the details {omstandich te beleyden} of Histories,
And shows us to distinguish the time in which something happened,
As well as the place: She builds a Capitol for Art
With galleries and numberless architectural ornaments:
She leads us to a meadow, besides which tumbles the Brook:
And tells what fame was won in former times
Of Beasts wild and tame; of all manner of Costume;
Of arms and Weapons. And it is a great pity that
Whoever most deviates {omslaet}, prospers least in painting.

On the Print.

Here you see Erato depicted hatless, crowned with petals of Rose
And Myrtle, and holding the never-empty Horn of
Plenty, filled with everything that
Can be brought together, combined and paired.
She brings together the damp earth and the Sunshine:
Thus were mountain and valley impregnated with vegetation:
The Beasts driven out of the Ark: and the waters
Filled with fish: therefore Lady Venus, engendered out of the Sea
By Divine seed, sends joyful Cupid,
So that he will forever accompany this Goddess.



[123, Q2]

INTRODUCTION.

O Erato! Before whom Thamyris sang the first songs of love, and whose love verses inspired Sappho, lead us now through cheerful pavilions, where maids in waiting attend you. You who sit as a Venus among the Muses, and bind Roses and Myrtle, open for us the inner room, there the Maids of honour prepare to dance, or sigh for love in their exquisite bedchambers, and lead us thence, either to shady groves, or to delightful glades; there the Nymphs of the fields, given charming wings by you, make the Woods and Hills resound with nothing but love lays. Show us the Gardens and Orchards, from which you pick for your horn of plenty, whenever you are out and about early your breasts {tuiten} loose and your hair unkempt. And while we are still outside, show us also the herds in the meadows, and coming after Clio, you shall thus gather together everything needful for a History.

FIRST CHAPTER.

The third consideration {waerneming}, in the depiction of a History, is to represent the circumstantial details {omstandige gelegentheit} correctly. And first of all the time in which the events took place.

The third necessary observation, in the depiction of a History, is the circumstantial detail: [marg: Historical circumstances.] which we divide into time, place and necessities, or at least appropriate subordinate elements {byvoegselen}, stuffs and Tame and Wild animals. [mar: First in what time.]

In time we first come across sweet Spring, during which it is said, God created the world. [marg: In Spring.] You should clothe your figures neither in overly-heavy hides, nor have them shivering naked; should your History, be set before the Zodiac was created, they had no fear of Spring showers. In that time bodies were most perfectly in balance {allergematichst}, and the whole of nature was then new and fresh.

Nature is rich with wonderful jewels, When Spring appears, in her sapphire Robes, How wonderfully fresh and sweet

Is the grassy field! Blonde Ceres is

Arrayed and ready, her daughter picks out flowers;

The fruitful pastures bear more herbs than you can name:

And the meadows flow like a green torrent.

Everything is newly created; See the borders

Of each brook, bursting with reed and iris,

As joyful as the basking fishes.

The Hinnides venture onto the green carpet,

And the feathered creatures compete in song,

Through the vaults of beech and Oak,

And Cedars, which reach up to the sky.

The Shepherd drives his flock through the Heath,

And the Cattle relax in the clovery Mead.

[marg: Summer.] After Spring comes Summer; should you want to represent thirsty Israel at the Rock, made to flow by the rod of Moses, then you must not only portray the rocky Wilderness, and the hills bare of Herb and Leaf, but also the blazing Summer sky above. Your glowing faces burned by the Sun gasping for water, and the scorched ground seeming to reverberate and choke the travellers. One might also paint Crassus' digression through bare Armenia, so that the spectator feels thirsty, and seems to feel the heat of the air. [marg: Autumn,] The passage of Autumn also displays distinctive features, when father Liber is in his pomp, and Silenus drunk on the new must.

[marg. Or Winter.] But if you wish to portray a frozen Satyr, and have him blowing hot and cold from the same mouth, dress the woodcutter in warm clothes, but leave the Woods leafless and filled with frost and snow, and the frozen stream, with only the swan swimming in an open patch, serving as a bridge for the farmer: Have the air frosty, and all the chimney's smoking, the nose of the citizen {steeling} dripping freely, and his hair and beard are hung full with icicles, when he has to turn to face the biting north wind. But listen to how our Silvius describes the four seasons of the year:

Come paint us Spring with red-tinted cheeks,
With scented flowers hanging here and everywhere,
[marg: The four seasons of the year.] The creatures of the wood calling joyfully,
The beasts in the Field, and whatever else you wish.
Fill Summer time with ripe ears of corn,
The Peasant out and about to gather the fruit;
Autumn with grapes that burst with ripe juice,
The bunches in the press, and Bacchus astride the vat.

[125, Q3]

The old greybeard, for half-frozen winter,

His jaw ruddy on account of the cold, not the heat,

Hugging the hot flame, as if he loved and cherished it,

And seeming to roast in front of the fireplace.

We might also comment here on morning, midday and evening; but *Melpomene* has this under her jurisdiction.

Time gives us also various weather, which it is often necessary to differentiate in Painting, and to be able to depict stormy and foul weather with good judgment, as well as knowing how to show fine weather. Ambrogio Lorenzetti was the first, who began again to imitate storm, rain, and bad weather. [marg: Storm and foul weather.] On which account Apelles had become very famous among the ancients, for his pieces, which were called Bronte, Astrape, and Ceraunobolia. Later Palma Vecchio, at Saint Marks in Venice, portrayed an excellent Shipstorm in an awful Sea-Storm, to great acclaim; including the wind-gods blowing from the troubled sky, who seemed to want to halt the progress of the ship, which bore the body of Saint Mark, and which made its way through the foaming waves by the force of the oars. Here the skill of the Seamen, the bending of the oars through the power of the rowers, the might of the winds, the agitation and breaking of the waves, the lightning from the Sky, and the elevated spirit of the Painter, all work together with each other, so that the whole piece as you look at it seems to move. Our Aertgen van Leyden has also eternalised his memory by painting The Little Ship of Peter: and the worthy Rubens has also achieved great worth in his work, by representing Sea- and Land-storms.

Should you wish to portray a stormy wind,
Bend the trees, and let the branches play,
Bring down rain, let lightning strike free,
And have a ship un-masted run aground: [marg: Good weather.]
But so as to offend no one with disaster,
Then I prefer to see playful nymphs bathe,
On a Summer's day, in a Crystal stream:
A beautiful Palace stands gleaming in the Sun:
The white clouds play in the bright Azure:
And graceful people frolic in a meadow.
For everything in nature that pleases the eye,
Is also all that best combines in a Painting.

SECOND CHAPTER.

Concerning the Place.

As regards the place, necessary to serve your purpose, that can vary. [marg: Which place.] Such as within or without doors, in the town, or in the countryside; and for this the whole of the world, yes even Heaven and Hell are available to you. As regards buildings, the Ancient fathers lived in huts and tents, as the Tartars and Arabs still do. Or, as our Ovid said, in holes and in caves in the rocks. Since then Architecture has, by the Babylonians, and later by the Egyptians and the Greeks, beeb brought to complete perfection: which was then later, following the invasion of the northern peoples, once again completely razed to the ground. [marg: Gothic Buildings.] But after the savage Goths, who had brought everything to ruin and ashes, began to lay aside their wild nature a little, they resurrected architecture, albeit in a Barbaric way, and set it once again in train; of which the vestiges are readily to be seen. But since Europe got its breath back, the inventions of the Doric, the Ionian, as well as the embellished Corinthian, and sturdy Tuscan orders of architecture have been retrieved from the grave: [marg: The Antique is as if perfect,] the perfections of which are such, that they seem to be fallen from Heaven, and of so complete a perfection, that they, no less than the form of the human figure, can suffer no improvement.

Proportion and the relation of parts operate

In a building, as in the figure of a human being.

The Whole is in relation to the parts,

The explanation of which is not so easy to understand,

[marg: And is not to be improved upon.] So that they seem worthy of admiration.

Set some clever person {eenich geest} to work,

Painstakingly to reorganise the parts of a man, making

This smaller, or this larger, and you would be terrified

If any piece were moved; the symmetry

Of our form is of a perfect order.

I too have often tried with these four ancient columns

To improve upon their beauty with a new one;

But after fruitless labour finally decide

[marg: (*) Composita.] On a mixture, and find the combined(*) form best

And so I conclude, that it is with justice that a beautiful Temple Is compared to the Human Figure, God's temple.

Louis the fourteenth, King of France, [marg: 1671.] when occupied with war preparations, had such a great longing for a new Architecture, which he wanted to call the French, that he made an announcement, saying he would dedicate his portrait, set with rich Diamonds, to whoever could come closest to achieving it. [marg: A new order is difficult to invent.] That which in the Academy of architecture newly founded in Paris, is to this end conceived of by Blondel or anyone else, time will tell. And already in the previous Century Michelangelo, even though he usually followed the ancients and Vitruvius, [marg: Nonetheless an Artist should have freedom in decoration.] thought up several new cornices, capitals, bases, tabernacles, sepulchres, and other embellishments, thus opening the way for those who followed, so that they might set their own ingenuity to work. But each should ensure, that in seeking out side-roads he does not become lost, especially Painters, who, since they have the greatest liberty, will find enough to do, as long as they leave architecture be with the finished work of the ancients. Baldassare Peruzzi began a book of annotations on Vitruvius, seeking out and drawing all the antiquities in Rome, which Sebastiano Serlio, who later owned it, well understood how to use. Serlio was translated into Dutch by Pieter Coecke van Aelst, and by means of his efforts the understanding of architecture first began to be known in these lands.

[marg: Architecture is laborious.] If, O Young Painters! you are captivated by architecture, you will find there is more than enough advice from various writers. And indeed this part of the art is the hardest work of all, and on account of its high status earns sweet affection and a good wage. However the old saying holds good:

That, whoever wants to get on in painting, Must avoid much architectural ornament.

Nevertheless I have seen the opposite in the court of Florence; and the beauty of a well-painted building has there enjoyed good remuneration.

I can hardly forbear from laughing, when I see my fellow countrymen bearing whole bundles of paper with them from Italy, in which they have drawn broken walls and battered stones from as many Princely Palaces, as there are in Rome, [marg: Ruins.] without once tracing and bringing to light the organising principles and forms of the buildings, from which they would have learned something worthy of note. I would not get in the way if, when sometimes it happens that someone, passionate about tumbled down and broken stones, produces work from them: let him follow his own peculiar spirit, and please Art Lovers. But whoever loves true beauty, will regard the ruins of antiquity with greater attention. Who is not filled with joy climbing up to the Capitol

where the Temple of Jupiter stood, built by the first Tarquin? [marg: Beautiful and costly Temple.] For which the foundations alone, in that time, cost forty thousand silver marks? The gilding of which alone, when it was rebuilt for the fourth time by Domitian, cost seven million, two hundred thousand crowns. The pillars were of Pentelic marble, and so artfull that, according to Plutarch, the perfect beauty, which they had still had when in Athens, was much diminished because of some polishing and carving. Nevertheless he would not compare the costliness of this Temple, not even with the galleries, porticos and baths of Domitian.

[marg: First Marble structure in Rome. S. Dupleix following Livy.] The Ancient Greeks opened their house-doors outwards, but other peoples, like us, inwards. However Publicola was of a mind to open his house-door outwards, too. Lepidus was the first, who decorated the entrance of his house with Numidean marble, in the time of Scylla, and he had the most beautiful house in Rome at that time, albeit that within thirty-five years there were very nearly a hundred, and still fifty years later, as many as ten thousand built, more beautiful and splendid than his.

However it was Asian buildings in ancient times that were the most costly. [marg: Temple of Diana at Ephesus.] The Temple of Diana at Ephesus was for two hundred and twenty years the most splendidly timbered in the whole of Asia, it was four hundred and twenty-five feet long, and two hundred and twenty wide, and had a hundred and twenty-seven columns, each made by a King, sixty feet tall, thirty-six of which were artfully carved. I remain silent about the Temple of Solomon, and the manner in which it was later rebuilt.

That serves only as an alert for whoever comes to look at ruined buildings.

Therefore, O Young Painter! should you go to Rome, in order to track down antiquities, do not satisfy yourself tracing only the ruined remains of its greatness, but try also to find out about the ancient Palaces, as they were. [marg: Nero's house. See Sueton: in Nero.] Nero built a house, which reached from the Esquiline hill, where Maria Maggiore now stands, all the way to the Palace, which was called the golden house. In its hallway there stood a great colossal statue after his likeness, a hundred and twenty feet tall. There were three vaulted double galleries, a thousand feet long, and one could see a pond there, surrounded by houses like a city. There were also Tilled fields, Vineyards and Woods, where all manner of domesticated and wild animals were kept. This house was entirely covered with gold, painted, and strewn with shells, pearls and costly gemstones. [marg: Delightful vaults.] The vaults of the dining room had ivory tablets that could be turned, so that, if desired, a sweet hail of flowers could shower down, and some little pipes, through

which costly perfumes were released. And the principal dining room was circular, and turned round continually by night and day, like a world; [marg: Astonishing Dining room.] and furthermore the baths were watered not only by the river Tiber, but also by the sea.

Of the dining room of Menelaus, Telemachus according to Homer says [marg: Odyssey. book. 4.]

Observe the beauty of this wonderful dining room,
Decorated with glowing gold, and silver, paintings
And Sculpture, artistically made, they can shame
The halls of the Gods, or at least equal them.

But since I have already told you about the baths of Nero, I can also give you further examples. [marg: Seneca 86. Letter.] Great Scipio, liberator of Rome, was washing, after the custom of his time, in a small bath, which received its illumination through small slits cut through the stone wall, rather than windows. [marg: Baths.] But in the time of Nero ordinary baths were expensively built; for the walls reflected with round and costly stones, the Alexandrian marble was divided up by Numidian framing; or the smooth wall was clad with dappled lacquer-work; or surrounded with stone from Thassos, previously only used for the decoration of Temples. The vaults were glass, or glazed; and water poured from silver taps. But the private Baths of the freedmen exceeded these by far, both in the abundance of Sculptures, as in the pillars, and not so that they should support the vaults, but simply provided for decoration. The water poured in with a great noise down marble steps, and all day long the sun shone through huge glass windows, which were inserted in so many places, that bathers had delightful views, into the distance over land or sea, enjoyably passing the time.

You could also, if you wished, portray theatres and playhouses dedicated to *Venus*, and include on the panel the Amphitheatres built in honour of *Mars*. I shall give you one or two examples: For it is not my business to describe everything. I shall not discuss the Colosseum of *Vespasian*.

The Theatre of Marcus Scaurus was built with three tribunes {stelladien}, supported by three hundred and sixty marble pillars, in which eighty thousand people could be seated. [marg: Theatre of M. Scaurus.] The Tapestries, Paintings, and hangings were no less splendid, than the building. The Theatre had four parts: the first was designed so that it could be quickly turned round, and displayed as many Scenes {Taferelen}, as were required for the actions {handelingen}: the second was the place, on which the play was performed: and on the third was the orchestra, and the company of singers and dancers; there too the Poets and Orators spoke.

[marg: And of Curio.] But the great Theatre of *Curio* was made of wood, and hung, or rested, on two pivots. The spectators sat for the morning's performance back to back, and watched the plays, but by means of being speedily turned about, in the afternoon they looked each other in the face: but come the evening both of the pivots were brought together, thus forming a fine Amphitheatre, without the people having to leave their seats, and after the end of the other plays the gladiators set about fighting with swords. So it was that *Curio* transported the Romans between Heaven and Earth.

THIRD CHAPTER.

Concerning the Decoration of Houses, Domestic Luxury, and freedom in adornment and embellishment {verzieren en versieren}.

As to what was meant by domestic luxury for the ancient Romans, [marg: Decoration of Houses.]

Virgil sang of it some time ago for Nero, and led us in through the proud entrance: [marg: 2.

Book, Georgics {Lantgedichten}.]

There where the crowd gapes at the columns, and on the walls,
Inset with Tortoise-shell; on costly borders
Of fabric after fabric, stiff with gold and pearls;
And on Corinthian ore; on white wool, tinted
With expensive purple, brought by Assyrians;
On Cassia, which they blend with olives.

What a rich Heaven is here now opened! [marg: No costliness is spared.] for those who would build priceless houses in paint, and wish to decorate them. Paint me the riches of the world in Roman courtyards and Lydian treasures on the Capitol.

And if you wish to paint the Emperor Constantine seated on his throne, [marg: Throne.] then you must set him in state beneath a tree of copper-gilt, which spreads wide its branches and golden leaves, in which all manner of birds appear by means of art to dance; for they seem not only to live, but each to sing its song: so that it was more like enchantment, than a work of art.

Do you wish to depict the Persian court? Then spread the floor with embroidered Carpets; make the Columns of Agate, Porphyry or Jasper; footings and capitals of pure Gold. Spare no excess, the Treasure Chest of *Darius* will not allow it; and *Midas'* hand is here not as dangerous, as his judgment. Paint for me the domestic luxury of Byzantium in *Suleiman's Seraglio*: the Parisian Louvre; and if this is not enough, conjure up Palaces on your canvases as costly as

that of the disdained Knight, where Ariosto, in his Orlando [marg: Fourth Canto.], admits his lost hero Rinaldo. It will not cost you more than it does the Poet, even if it was so expensive, that the treasures of two powerful Kings were not sufficient, to defray the costs of such a splendid Palace. Or paint one more beautiful, as that of Armida, or that where Roger was held. [marg: Poetic Buildings.] Combine silver with speckled Porphyry, set Marble Pillars on gold feet, and dress the capitals with golden foliage. You need not spare many-coloured Agate, nor Jasper, nor touch {noch toets}, nor Azure stone: and if the opportunity arises, make yourself Pilasters of Rock crystal. Paint the ceilings with festoons and sculptural forms, [marg: Floors.] and let your floors be nicely paved, or be charmingly inlaid, with foliage cut from roots. Or strewn with Saffron, for such wantonness was also brought from Asia to Rome. Are rooms too constricted for you? step into the courtyard, portray painted facades, reflecting pools, [marg: Devise new inventions.] or paint me a whole City seen from afar with Temples and Towers, like the cities of China, for there Palaces are covered with a yellow glazing, so that from far off they appear to shine like gold, and so too is all the woodwork covered with a golden Lacquer, called Cie.

And to liven up your spirit yet more, devise new kinds of Amphitheatres, Palaces, Town Halls, Stadiums {Vechtperken}, Race tracks, Temples, Baths, Vaults, Staircases, Columns, Carved Stone, Pedestals, Basements, Pyramids, Sepulchres, Vases, Chimney pots, Statues, Fountains, Pleasure Gardens, Galleries, or whatever you will: [marg: New Jerusalem.] or paint for me the new Jerusalem after our own style {naer onzen Trant}:

From a very high Mountain, I saw the holy city

Great Jerusalem descended from on high,

In the glory of God; it shone like Crystal,

Or costly Jasper, bright and beautiful, its high wall

Had twelve gates, where stood twelve Angels,

Whereon one read the twelve languages of Jacob's descent.

Three gates faced the East, and three to the North,

Three faced Southward, and three to the West.

The walls of the city stood on twelve earthworks,

On each was carved the name of an Apostle.

But he, who spoke with me sought to measure

The great City with a gauge of gold, and he measured

Its width and length alike: twelve thousand stages {stadjen} wide,

And exactly the same in height, an exact square where he measured it.

He also measured the wall of Jasper bright and clear

[132]

To a hundred ells and forty-four more, but After the measure of humans, as found by an Angel. The City shone golden like glass. The walls stood On Noble gemstones, the first was Jasper like the Son, The second blue Sapphire, the third Chalcedony, The fourth Emerald, then Sard, Chrysolite, Beryl and Sardonyx, Jacinth and Topaz: And costly Amethyst and valuable Chrysoprase. Its twelve gates each a Pearl, broad and wide And polished brightly, its golden streets glow Like translucent Crystal. There was no columned Temple In the whole City: the almighty Lord Is its Temple and the Lamb. The City requires Neither Sunlight nor Moonlight: God's majesty and splendour Illuminates all, and the Lamb, is a light upon its battlements {transsen}. The blessed will rejoice in this light: And the honour of the Lord is here dutifully acknowledged: Day after day {een stagen dach} the gates are forbidden ever to close: With all honour and glory the people from outside Are brought into the City: but no impure Abominable falsehood is received {geleên} here; And all who are inscribed In the book of Life and the Lamb, shall abide here.

But your colours and ability will fall short here; the chief master capable of all things is alone able to make this great work. Nevertheless you shall make something passing good, if you take in hand the Temple in the Vatican, or the Chapel, that the Princes of Florence have enriched with noble gemstones, or something else unusual and costly as your example.

FOURTH CHAPTER.

Columns, Pyramids and other objects dependent upon Architecture, as well as ships.

Specific Columns, Commemorative Pillars, Pyramids, Tombs, Triumphal Arches, Statues and of forth also fall under Architecture.

[133, R3]

From olden times one has used not only smooth shafts, fluted and twisted, like those on the high altar in St. Peter's in the Vatican, in Rome, for Columns: figures too were set on bases, bearing caps or capitals: [marg: Figural pillars,] such as Satyrs, Nymphs, or Centaurs, as described by *Vitruvius* of the theatre of Tralles. One was also allowed to embellish the columns with foliage, and even to carve on them in low relief.

At Rome there were the two extremely famous columns of *Antoninus* and *Trajan* crowded with encircling carvings. [marg: Commemorative Columns.] And at Constantinople there is another, that they say, far exceeds these two, and so designed {verdeelt}, that the upper and the lower figures all appear to be the same size

At Constantinople there is also the Bronze Pillar, made of three snakes twisted together, which look out in various directions at the top, in a triangular fashion; two and a half fathoms tall, and nine spans thick. And there is the column of the Emperor Constantine too, with another as well, called the Colossus, but completely corroded, although it was previously decorated with gilded Bronze.

In front of the Temple of Sophia at Constantinople there is an elegant needle with hieroglyphic decoration, of Theban marble. [marg: Needle Engraved with figures.] At Alexandria there are two made of the same stone, nearly as hard as porphyry, but redder in colour, although just as mottled, called the needles of Pharos: and outside the walls there is another, eighty-six hands tall, and thirty-six thick, carved from a single block, and set upon a rectangular arch, which, astonishingly, is not half the size, of the foot of the column, which is called *Pompey's* pillar.

The Egyptian Pyramids are wonders more monstrous than artistic {kunstaerdich}: [marg: The three Pyramids in Egypt, near Memphis.] The largest of the three is based on a rectangle, standing on eight acres of land: each side of three hundred paces: the rectangle at the top, made of only three stones, is large enough for sixty people to stand on. It has 255 steps, each step more than three feet tall, and appropriately broad. In the Egyptian latitude this pyramid casts scarcely any shadow. The other two are smaller in scale: but are as well known as the first. And near here is the great Colossus, or Sphinx, sixty feet tall, mainly of a single piece of rock, augmented in part with large stones, astonishing to look upon.

[marg: Tritons for weathercocks.] Whenever you paint ancient cities, include bronze *Tritons*, in the place of weathercocks, on the tops of towers; for this was an old custom, devised by *Andronicus of Cyrrhus*.

Now that we are dealing with Colossuses, we must also discuss statues,

being the most beautiful domestic luxury, [marg: Statues.] and the best book of art, into which the ancients impressed their knowledge as if with steel, in order to leave for us the fruits of their labours. And within Rome these were so ubiquitous that, Cassiodorus believed, there were as many of them as there were living persons: of Marble, Bronze, but mostly of Silver, Gold and Ivory. Domitian insisted, that his statue could only be made of Gold, and that it should weigh at least a hundred pounds, But that of Commodus weighed much more. The Temples in Rome shone and sparkled with all the gold statuary: and everyone was free to immortalise their name with a costly statue; until the Emperor Claudius introduced a law. But this glory has been entirely extinguished by time, and this captivating metal has been melted down by successors, and by greed: so that, apart from a few Bronzes, one can find none but marble. [marg: Medals.] Ancient Medals of Silver and Gold have had better luck, which have been spared and collected on account of the precision with which they were made {beknoptheyt}. Around Alexandria, according to Sandys, sometimes, especially following heavy rainstorms, noble gemstones and Medals are found, with Gods and Heroes portrayed upon them, so artfully, that those that are made nowadays, seem but crippled and dead in comparison. But we direct those that love such things to J. Oudaen, who has excavated Roman antiquity so excellently by means of their Medals.

[marg: Ships.] Ships also belong with buildings: those who love rope and tackle have a beautiful choice before them, with tall Poop Decks and golden Galleons. And since the olden days it has been customary to decorate the aftercastle of ships with one or another protective God, as we now see done with Saints, or with other tokens of honour. Paint Spanish carracks and Adriatic galleys for us, let them sweep through the sea with their oars, so that it foams, or cleave through the waves on swollen sails like a Sea Monster. Or do you want to set the power of Batavia and British sea force together, let them exchange low blows, and take each other on with bronze Cerberuses {Cerbren?}. Here you will transform water into fire, and yonder hide the Sun and the Sky with smoke. If Antiquity fills your head, then depict the Shipwreck of Aeneas, from Virgil: or that of Ulysses from much-sailed {bevaeren} Homer. Or paint the Naval battle of Augustus, and the flight of Cleopatra; or how she first met Anthony in the form of Venus. But perhaps you should portray for us yachts, boats or coasters from Zaandam: No, let your spirit exercise itself in antiquity, and build craft of oaken planks, for the Brittanic Veniti: the oarsmen's benches of planks a foot thick, held together with thumb-thick iron nails, with high prows: have their anchors hang on iron chains, instead of ropes,

and extend the sails of loose leather or animal skins. Have the Roman fleet use iron hooks to pull at things, or, as in the battle of Massilia, have them throw grappling irons, under a hail of javelins and harpoons. Or show us Nasidius in the straits of Sicily, with ships clad entirely with copper on the inside. Or if you want to show us shortage of fresh water, have the decks spread with skins, and sailors squeezing the dew from them in the Dawn. Caesar equipped himself with a strange craft, when he was surrounded by the Afranians, the bottoms and edges were made of light wood, and the hull woven from wickerwork, and then covered with leather: when they were completed, he had them transported twenty-two miles, on waggons all hitched together, and then set in the River, by means of which his Soldiers crossed the water.

In the lands of the furthest North, [marg: Northern Boats.] according to Olaus Magnus, in the absence of nails, boats are made of pine, or of planks of fir, fixed to each other by means of fine tree roots: or bound together with the intestines and prepared sinews of Reindeer, and smeared with pine pitch. These Craft bend in response to the Waves like bags of leather. [marg: Anchors.] Anchors are made of the bent roots of the strongest trees, which remain fixed by the weight of stones: and cords are twisted out of Poplar or Birchwood. [marg: Sails.] The sails are sheets of wool, with tree stumps, principally in calm waters. The ancient inhabitants of France, of Yca and Arika, sailed by means of the inflated skins of seawolves. We shall deal with other craft in the following Chapters. But do not let this bore you, for knowledge of these things enriches the spirit; and provides material for ingenious inventions. He who wishes for renown, must take in hand something decorous {deftigs}, and search though antiquity in order to extract new inventions: there is nothing in this last age that is entirely new.

FIFTH CHAPTER.

Concerning Landscapes.

Landscapes and prospects give Histories a look very fine {groote welstand}, but they must be appropriate and natural. For it is ridiculous, to strew Swiss mountains onto hilly Britain, or that Palestine, mountainous and riven with caverns, be paved with Hollandish meadows. These are lies in art, no less and no more than the two Babylonian criminals,

the one of whom said that he had seen Susanna fornicating under a Linden tree, and the other, under an Oak tree. Details {byvoegsels} must be correct, or else they are plainly doomed, like a false witness. [marg: Trees.] Learn how to differentiate trees properly; leaves of the same kind are not to be found on all trees. Muziano thought the Chestnut tree the most picturesque {schilderachtichsten}, others might prefer the oak above the rest. [marg: Virg: Melibeus.] The Poplar pleased Hercules, the Vine Bacchus, the Myrtle Venus, the Laurel Phoebus, but Phyllis loved the Hazel tree. And as well as this you must pay attention, to where you set the trees: for the Ash tree spreads its branches in the wood, according to Virgil, and the Pine tree in the garden, the Poplar by the stream, and the Fir tree on high mountains. It is necessary for the Landscape painter to know the individual characters of trees. [marg: Trees grow spontaneously from seed or from roots.] Nature itself, according to Virgil, produces various kinds of trees; some grow on their own, without help from anyone, in the open field, and alongside sinuously flowing waters, like the soft Osier, pliant Gorse, Poplar, violet and white Willow: some are sown; like the tall Chestnut-bearer {Kastanjelaer}, and the Acorn-bearer {Eekelaer}, which being the largest of all trees, grew in honour of Jupiter; the Oak was held by the Greeks to be an Oracle: Some sprout thick and leafy from their root; like the Cherry, and Elm; and the laurel dedicated to Apollo, grows in the broad shadow of a large Laurel tree, its Mother. [marg: The many kinds of trees.]

As well as this one can observe a difference
Between trees and plants given the same name
The strong Elm and its Shoot, the Willow tree,
And the Candian Cyprus, brought from over the sea.
The fatty Olive can also vary naturally being
Round or long, as well as the Olive fruit with
A harsh and bitter core. The fruit of Alcinous,
And the Apple tree produce many different kinds for us.
The pears of the Crustumini and of the Syrians differ,
As well as from those, large and fat, which fill the hand. [marg: And Vines.]
No single kind of grape hangs from our vines,
The Isle of Lesbos plucks different bunches,
And tendrils, sent here from the city of Methymna.
The Isle of Thasos bears many vines,
And Mareotis praises its own white Muscadel.

But we shall lose ourselves in the delightful verse of Virgil {Maro}.

The painting of landscapes was newly reformed by *Ludius*, in the time of *Augustus*: for he introduced a manner of painting

Country Houses, Farms, Plants, Flowers, Woods and Wild Places, Brooks, Rivers, Harbours, Beaches, or whatever one desired on walls: and these Landscapes he packed with travellers, little fishermen, and others, who took their diversion on the water: with Hunters and Hawkers, or those who occupied themselves with the Harvest, or in the Vineyards: with laden Waggons or little Asses. He depicted muddy slippery paths most naturally, with several little women, seeming about to fall on the slime, and others stepping very gingerly. The outer walls, which stood in the open air, he decorated with seaside towns and lively views. [marg: Among the Italians,] Since then Polidoro da Caravaggio has also honoured landscape with judicious ornament, and as many charming things, as are everywhere to be seen in Italy, such as fallen buildings, grottoes, and perspectives, are made superbly by him. [marg: Netherlanders,] Joachim Patinir, the master of the little shitter, and Herri met de Bles, who uses the little owl (for these are like trademarks, which, in place of their names, they insert into a hidden corner of their works) have brought landscape painting to a high level in these lands. [marg: And Haarlemers;] However in Haarlem, renowned for its landscape painters, Albert van Ouwater had long before won that prize; So that before long even the Italians had to see, that the Netherlanders excelled them in landscapes. Which is why even Titian himself was not ashamed to accept some of them into his house, in order to learn from their art. Which, along with his great judgment in copying from life, made him the best Landscape painter in the World. [marg: To the great illumination of their successors.] I will not exhaust myself with the works of Muzziano, Claude and others who, raised up onto the shoulders of their predecessors, have reached out to wonders: nor speak of our fellow countrymen, still occupied Landscapes: for our aim is primarily to direct Young Painters towards nature, and only sometimes, when the occasion arises, to spur them on with examples. In landscape one must first of all distinguish well the grounds, plains, fields and meadows characteristically {in haer aert}: and learn as soon as possible to make things appear flat {de vlakte in't wech wijken}.

[marg: To be sure to make the ground lie flat.]

Note how flat the Meadows and Fields lie,

Disappearing towards the horizon. How Nature lays out

The fields like paving! Just as one has more freedom

In mountain and valley, than in vaulted rooms,

And courts, which abide by strict rules,

So also in Landscape one must establish

Firm ground, that which moves before our eyes {wat onder't oog verschoven}

Spreading out, or declining, as if seen from above.

And next that the Hills, Mountains, Rocks and Cliffs, Dunes and Dykes, are firmly placed.

[marg: Mountains,] I long to see a part of Lombardy,
Such as I saw from the Alps, yonder slides
A clear stream full of white boulders, here
The slope of the mountain, and over there almost a
World of delightful Pastures,
[marg: And Valleys.] And Hills, and Valleys, and Buildings:
Vines draped on the Elm in the fields,
Everything in its place and arranged by art.

Every day we see a thousand unusual delights in this charming part of Nature, but one ought always to seek out the most beautiful, and even though they laugh at me, I would turn numerous Landscape painters away from their all to common and mean selections. [marg: Jerusalem Delivered 18 Canto {Verlost Jerusalem 18 Gezang.}] I would like them to portray for me the enchanted wood, into which Tasso leads his Rinaldo: or the meadows and Groves of the Blessed in the Elysian fields, just as they are sung of by the Poets. Or Thessalanian Tempe, or well-stocked Arcadia. [marg: Poetic Landscapes.] Here the randy Satyr should spy out his victim from the shadow of the rough boughs, and beautiful Amarylis, on the other side of the stream, be reflected in the clear water. The crystal liquid must have tumbled down from the mountains. Or if it pleases us, show Cupid's castle, that locks up Psyche, from afar: and make the Alabaster galleries sparkle in the Sun: and cover the battlements with Copper, and build the towers in the Ionic style. Tempe cannot be too wanton, and where the Poet will play, the Painter also has free rein. Whose Painter's spirit will not burst forth with something uncommon, when hearing the Poet sing so much like a Painter about landscape, as does Zeegemond in these verses by the Ridder Hooft:

What floor of Marble can boast
This carpet of herbs speckled with flowers?
What walls richly painted, or what sculpted figure:
What order of architecture is such, that it can claim to be
As Majestic as a meadow rich with shade?
Even though Porphyry, Jasper, and Gold, cast back Heaven's beams,
With mirrored shining reflection, the Sun
There, with its full face, no eye can bear:
What can equal the Wooded pillars,
So well proportioned, and topped with luxuriant plumes
Of delightful flowing glory; trunks never free of
Ivy, and embroidered with velvet moss?

[139, S2]

The costly choir soon tires the eyes:
But never the freshness of dim arbours:
Which, even if seen a thousand times a thousand,
A thousand times you see a different form.
For wherever you lift your eyes, new greenery shoots forth,
Or birds move the foliage, or wind disturbs the leaves.

Step into the wood, O Young Painter! or climb the hillside, so as to paint distant horizons, or tree-filled prospects; or to gather up rich nature with pen and chalk in your sketchbook. [marg: Exhortation and instruction.] Fall to, and practice with steady attentiveness so that you achieve that you never look in vain; and, as much as the time, or your equipment, allows, note everything down, and imprint the characteristic features of things in your mind, in order to be able later to help your imagination {geest}, whenever nature's examples are unavailable, with provisions, stored up in your memory. Make sure, should you copy the with an easy flourish {losse zwier} the leaping movement {meijen} of trees, that you depict each according to its own characteristic features; for the broom-like Cyprus, and the contorted Oak branch are not alike. The leaves of the Linden and the Willow differ greatly; thus too the trunk of the Chestnut tree from the Beech. Distinguish Rocks, Grottos, Trees, Bushes, Trunks, Scrub, Flowers and Branches. Notice the large shadows, where the crowded branches press together, and show softly, how the clear sky shows through in the tops of the trees. Take pains with the bright foreground, filled with Thorns and Thistles and broad leaves, keep them bright and large, fill up a corner of your work, and indicate the distant prospect with a gentle hand, that which is closest to you, should be shown as more identifiable, increasing in size against that which is farthest away. Allow the crooked cart track, to wander gently to the right or the left, here muddy and sticky, and yonder up the hill, over shifting sands, or bare heath, lying flat. That the ponds, where the Ducks and Swans swim, are level, and the little brooks fall downhill, your buildings stand upright, and the droll peasants' hamlets lean over and tumble down. Observe the differences of weather and wind, and the time of the year, as we warned above; [marg: Time of year.] May provides dense and sportive {sportelijk} woodlands: Autumn strips the leaves: Buckthorn comes into leaf early, the Vine is late to fruit; but the Laurel and palm and stiff pine tree are green all year. When you come to design a well-ordered garden with ornamental beds and views, plant it with Lemon and Orange trees, and Pomegranates against the fence, set the Pears and Apricots against the North wall, clad the Arbours with Dogwood, and let Wild-rose and Myrtle weave through. Plantations should be ordered, but the wilderness must be wild. In the forest sow your ground freely with

Thistles, Dock leaves, and all kinds of plants. [marg: Brooks and pools. Rivers.] Embellish the clear brooks with boulders, and the mossy pools and ditches with Duckweed, Cane leaves and Rushes. Have them seek their way down twisting, eventually losing themselves in the larger waters. And do you want to introduce great Rivers into your work, with curled waves? Then you must sometimes enable that by inserting identifying features {merkteyken} to differentiate the sweet from the Sea water, as Nealkes did, in his Ship battle between the Egyptians and the Persians: for when he wanted to distinguish the water of the Nile, which was his intention, from Sea water, he painted a drinking Ass, on the bank, being watched by a crocodile, a native of the Nile: which established the location well enough. [marg: Sea.] But if, tired of pleasant things, you wish to watch the raging Sea from a safe shore, have the waves completely hollowed-out, and the dark clouds threaten the Ships. Protogenes, they say, was a Sea and Ship painter until his fiftieth year; but let us stay ashore. [marg: Clouds,] One must also apply one's effort to observing the spirited motion {geestigen zwier} of the clouds, and how their movement and form maintains a certain proportion; for the artist's eye must understand things according to their causes, and be free of the foolish fancy of ordinary folk; this verse speaks of that:

[marg: Sometimes wonderfully strange.]

It also happens, when the clouds thicken

Or spread, that simple folk frighten themselves

With Figures, that they see in the Sky,

As portents, of things yet to come.

Wonders are indeed to be traced in the heavens,

Be it in storm, or when the clouds are torn apart;

But to picture beasts or Ships there,

Is the thoughtless folly of the mob, who are unlearned

In our art, and deceived by delusion;

A painter has much better eyes for this;

He understands colour and line, as well as light,

And judges with a more discerning sight.

But that is more than enough, as far as place is concerned.

[141, S3]

SIXTH CHAPTER.

Concerning Circumstances, or details {Omstandicheit, ofte bywerk}.

O You, the sixth among the Muses! Help us advance in this our fourth Painter's studio {Schilderwinkel}, and teach us to devise circumstantial details {omstandicheden}, appropriate to our schemes. [marg: Vincenso Cartari of Reggio. Erato means the invention of something, for he who learns, in order to speak needs to discover further and new somethings. {Vincenzo Cartari Reggiano. Erato vuol dire invention di cose simili, perche colui che impara, besogna che habbi discorso di ritrovar ancor egli cose nove simili.}] It is your task to devize delightful things in your head {uit het hooft}: show them to us {toonze ons} as being as much in harmony with our principal design {hooftwerk}, as the melody {toonen} of your amiable song is in tune with your lyre.

Circumstantial detail $\{Omstandicheden\}$ achieved by means of subsidiary details $\{bywerk\}$, gives to a history no little coherence and fine appearance $\{welstand\}$, and that same variety delights the gaze.

Variety, by means of many combinations of

Differentiation, together with detail, gives things

Splendour: thus the inclusion of some tame Animals,

Or feathered fowl, embellishes

The work: the eye finds it pleasing sometimes

To set a Moor next to a maiden:

Next to old age a mischievous child playing:

An armoured man next to a nude: but one can discover

Yet more stuff, in all sorts of costume,

In appropriate apparatus {dienstgetuig}, festoons and decorations.

The circumstantial material must be specific to the History, not as the Painter did, depicting Saint John, with a young Goat in his arms, and a scroll on his staff, with Behold the Lamb of God inscribed upon it. [marg: Circumstantial detail must be correct.] But this was rather out of ignorance, than out of malice; for perchance he took and portrayed that sweet little creature, so much resembling a lamb, without thinking about lambs wool.

No animal is exactly like a Lamb, Unless it is covered in wool.

[mar: Examples.] I have also seen an excellent piece of the dying Mary, from the court at Mantua, in which the Apostles stand with Rosaries or Our Fathers on little chains, in which Bruegel the Elder, who made it, shows himself to have been a good Catholic. However he seems not to have known, that the person who introduced Rosaries, Saint Dominic, lived so many hundreds of years after the Apostles: And he is further to be excused, since for a long time it was customary to paint the Apostle Saint James the Less with an Our Father

in his hand. I will not discuss the one who made a straight scabbard for a curved sword, or the one who was scolded by the peasant because, when sitting a Bird on a Sickle, he did not make it flex. Common sense, and Apelles' Cobbler readily expose these errors. [marg: Unless the History is prohibited.] One finds stories moreover which, owing to the indecorum $\{d'oneygentlijkheit\}$ of the Persons, have the strangest circumstantial details, as when one sees crafty Ulysses ploughing the Shell covered beach and sandy dunes: or the great Achilles, forced by his anxious mother, on account of Themis' oracle to escape the fate of a treacherous death, concealing himself among the Court maidens of Deidamia in Scyros; where dressed in female garb he was caught by the tricky Greek; as he revealed his appetite for war by seizing the weapons. Such stories are remarkable on account of their inappropriateness {onvoeglijkheden}, and are exhibited on account of their indecorum {oneygentheit}. As is the case with no less than the illustrious Charles the fifth when, following the example of Diocletian, he had laid aside his Kingdom and Sceptre, and pruned trees by the grave of Sertorius, cultivated flowers, planted sunflowers, or, what is even stranger, departed this life among Monks in the cloister of Saint Yuste. An identical detail {omstandicheid} is not always quite suitable. The Ancient Romans, who rose up from being from Shepherds and Farmers, took up the plough in times of peace, and in the Fields were supreme governors of corn, or satisfied themselves with roasted turnips, following the custom of their upbringing. Rome was happy for a long time with low buildings, but as their might grew, so the frontages also grew. [marg: Depict each nation and indeed each individual person with their own specific details.] All nations, yes and every person, have something that is their own. Give the King of the East a sumptuous setting; Asia has long been full of Baths and Pleasure houses {Lustkameren}: In Sparta nothing but necessities. It is appropriate, that Hannibal be painted in armour: that one paints Croesus with treasure, Midas with gold, Cato in the Senate, Demosthenes speaking, and Jacob with Sheep. Epaminondas loved poverty, and Diogenes doted on discomfort. It is appropriate that the Prophets see dreams and strange sights, that the Apostles be among the people, Monks with the dying, Priests next to the Poor box, Soldiers at the massacre of peasants {boereplagen}, Jews where there is dealing, and the rabble {Jan Hagel} living next-door to a miracle. [marg: Painters' freedom.] But I do not wish, that you be too constricted by circumstantial detail, especially when the implications {meeningen} are not too certain. There are indeed those who insist that Christ's cross was made of four kinds of wood: To wit, the foot of Cedar, the block {blok} of Cypress, the upper part of Olive wood, and the crosspiece of Palm wood, but you can stay with a single variety of wood, indeed, even if it was only Oak. [marg: Attributes of status or profession.] You should have a burning brazier carried in front of a Roman Emperor; and in front of a Councillor {Raetsheer} the axe of punishment,

one knows the Priests of the Quirinal by their hats, which look like a hood. A Senator with a shell, like that of a tortoise, on his arm; and a Judge at a writing desk; a Captain of cavalry must have a hammer, and a Captain of foot a Banner; the Orator a book, the Fencer a sword, the Taylor {Snijder} a pair of scissors, the Smith a hammer, the Silversmith an small anvil; and so each carries something that is token of their service or trade, or something that he uses. For this was not merely a custom with the Romans, it was established by Law, and no one was allowed, to go into the street, without such a token.

[marg: Royal symbols. A Spear.] The symbol of a King in olden days used to be a spear, which the Greeks called the skeptra {σκῆπτρα}, for even before that the ancients had honoured spears as gods, following which pious memory, they later placed spears in the hands of the images of the Gods. And later the King was decorated with a crown. [marg: Pompeius Trogus, book 43. {Trogo Pompejo lib. 43.}] Holy Scripture also mentions the spear, which Saul, the first King of Israel, carried. [marg: Symbols of Roman Kingship. Polid: Virgel. 1.2.c.3.] But if you need to know the symbols of the Roman King, well then, the Fasces or bundle of rods, with axes, must be borne in front, and furthermore a golden crown, with an ivory chair, and certain Robes of distinctive make: such as the Trabeae, the Pretextae, the Palmatae, some Rings, and other symbols of status. But most of all you must include the most splendid victory chariot. The symbols that Scipio gave in honour to Massinissa when he named him King, are to be seen in Livy.

If you would also like to know, how the supreme rulers of Sparta were represented, if the *Ephori* sent to someone by land or sea? I shall tell you. [marg: The Scytale Sticks. *See Plut. In Lyzand. 10.*] They had two similar round sticks, of which they gave one to the leader by Sea or by Land, and these were called *Scytales*. If then they had something important to communicate, they wound a strip of parchment around the stick, which they had retained, in such a way that the stick was covered, and the parchment ran closely side-by-side; and then they wrote on it whatever they wished. And no one could make any sense of this parchment, also called a *Scytale*, when unwound, although it was covered in letters, until the Captain then wound it, in the neat way as before, around the same or a similar stick; for then the letters aligned once more, just as they had been written down. Receipt of such a *Scytale* or letter, has turned back even the greatest Generals of Sparta from their intentions.

SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Concerning Hair.

Now since neither Clio nor Polymnia have told us anything concerning hair, then it is possible that Erato will be forgiven, if she discusses it in the following manner.

The various peoples have nearly always have worn their hair in different ways. The Ancient Egyptians began the custom of shaving, at the time of the death of Apis, whom they honored as a God, not only the head but the whole body, as a purification, but the Abantes shaved only the hair at the front, [marg: Pl: in Theseus.] and this was called Theseis after Theseus, who did it as an sacrifice. Which Paul seems to mean, when he says: That it is a shame for a man, to wear his hair uncut. And Lycurgus commanded the Spartans to grow their hair. Saying that hair made a beautiful person more beautiful, and made the ugly soldier more terrifying. The Tartars, Slavs, and Hungarians, shave the whole head, except for a forelock: But, according to Plutarch, the Tartars and Parthians are accustomed, to let their hair grow, without dressing or combing it: the Medes wear it elegantly in a hood {in een huive}. The German Suebi swept their hair to one side, or tied it in braids, and this was what distinguished them as free people from slaves. [marg: What shaving used to mean.] Shaving the hair was in olden times a sign of grief, and contempt, too: for when the Syracusans defeated Nicias they decorated their own horses, and shaved those of their enemies. So too did the Thebans and Thessalonians their horses, as a sign of mourning, as too Alexander, following the death of Hephaestion, the manes of horses and mules; [marg: Grief. Humiliation Insult, and obedience, among the Spartans.] and the Persians shaved themselves in grief: however our Batavian Claudius Civilis did not shave, before deciding on war. It was considered a great insult in the time of David, King of Israel, if ambassadors were sent home shaven. When the Ephori ruled in Sparta, they declared, that all Spartans should shave their beards; which by whosoever has come afterwards, has been taken as proof that, even in the slightest thing, they were prepared, to obey without protest.

According to Seneca, shaving the hair followed grief or humiliation,

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and therefore the ancient Greeks cut their hair, over their dead: as *Elektra* says as told by our *Sophocles*:

And cut please the tips of your tresses
And my soft hair.

And the modern day Noblewomen of Greece dress the dead bodies of their kinfolk with long hair, and bare their breasts, taking the opportunity to allow that which is usually hidden, to be seen by all, on account of its beauty. The decadence of the times, according to the wit of Seneca, [marg: Seneca in his shortness of life.] had made the Romans so effeminate, that they spent all day shaving, curling and combing: and our courtiers spend nearly half their time with a comb in the Wig. However it was a custom among the Romans, when slaves were set free, to have their heads shaved and to put on small hats. [marg: Differences by Nationality.] One can almost identify peoples by the variations in their hair. Some Moors have long, some woolly, hair, in some parts of the world {landschappen} it tends to be brown, in others to be black, and in others to be blond, and red and loose hair is not unusual among the Germans. [marg: The hair of the Lombards.] And further with regard to shaving; the Lombards, as can be seen in the Painting, which their Queen Theodelinda had made, wore their hair so long at the front, as to hang to the mouth, parted on both sides of the forehead, but their necks were shaved, and bare up to the back of the head. Furthermore it was for them a punishment, for someone to be shaved, as is told of Rotharis. Queen Semiramis was depicted at Babel with her hair hanging to one side, this was because, when it was being combed, it was at the moment that the City fell, which was the reason she would not allow the other side to be groomed, until the City had once again been subdued by force. For monks shaving the hair means contempt for the excesses of the world, even though many forget.

To conclude I must see youth a little inflamed with poetic thoughts; Eve is praised thus by Apollion in Vondel:

I parted, though it pained me, and looked back thrice.

No Seraph in Holy Heaven shines like this,

Her hair hanging, a nest of golden sunbeams,

That streams in beauty downwards from her head,

And flows onto her back. She comes forth, as if emerging

From a light, and the day rejoices at her face.

Let pearl and mother-of-pearl promise purity;

Her whiteness far exceeds both pearl and mother-of-pearl.

Painterly Apuleius depicts his Photis, he describes how her hair, thick enough, hangs with a negligent swaying over her shoulders,

[marg: Gracefulness in Hair.] and curls back up again, and lies on the crown in a knot, enhancing her charm. How charming is it, he says, when the curls are well combed and caressed? They make the face more substantial and fuller, and moderate the length of the back. One can freely enhance beauty with golden clothes, and deck it with jewels; it will never be right, until one has covered and completed it with a suitable coiffure. Tasso also in portraying Armida begins first with her hair:

Her tresses are of golden thread, swaying freely,
Which now conceal, and then enhance the face,
And provoke the eye of curious people.
Thus plays the Sun through an aery cloud,
Or reveals itself complete; and shines with warmer beams.
The West wind tosses her locks,
All curling, like waves in the air.

The Poets too give the Gods various kinds of hair, [marg: God's hair.] they hang a lock over Jupiter's forehead, so that he appears to squint. And Virgil coifs Apollo with this verse:

Apollo's tumbling locks, pour across his shoulders, Braided with green leaf, held by golden cords.

This is enough advice for the Young Painter, so that they can make decisions, with regard to hair, about what is to be considered from the point of view of meaning, and land of origin. As to representing it, it must be shown, as has been said, moving loosely, and yet done with the same attentiveness, as all other things. And we will close this matter with the fine hair-painting Painter, Hans with the Beard. [marg: Vermeyen's beard.] Jan Vermeyen of Beverwijk, Painter to Charles the fifth, was a handsome tall person, with a beautiful wide beard, so long, that when standing upright, he could tread on it, which also he tended daily with great diligence. The Emperor sometimes took pleasure in showing him off to great persons; for when the wind blew through his beard, it flew up into his face, even when he sat on a horse.

[marg: {R. Verstegan. In the Englisch Antiquities.}] The ancient Anglo Saxons were not allowed to shave their beards, until they had killed an enemy, or at least captured one, and relieved him of his weapons.

But I had nearly forgotten to warn my Young Painters, that when portraying the deeds of ancient Romans, they do not show any long beards; [marg: When beards were introduced.] for Emperor Hadrian was the first who, on account of certain scars he had on his cheeks, covered up, allowing his beard to grow, in doing which, being the leader of the world, he was for a long time after copied.

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Julian the Apostate wore his beard so long, that the people of Antioch joked, that it must be cut off, in order to make a rope; for which jest he repaid them by writing a book, called the Mispogon.

EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Concerning Clothing.

The wicked snake, before it came to creep on its belly, and eat dust, led *Eve* the mother of us all to the forbidden fruit, which gave her and *Adam* to know, that they were naked, so that they had to cover their shameful parts with fig-leaves. [marg: Skins.] But the lord of mercy {het opperste meededongen} dressed them with skins. Skins were therefore the earliest clothing, to which whole peoples still hold. You should portray Tartars all in Sheepskins, and Samoyeds in all manner of furs. The Bohemians wear a tight Fur, and the Bavarians a fur headdress. The Muff is now universal winter wear for all people: but no one is allowed to wear fur in our country, other than those in the most prominent families. And among the Armenians none but a Princely person, Portraying fur and all kinds of skins naturally, depends most upon colouring them naturally and softly: from the point of view of Drawing we will find more movement in wrinkled linen. [marg: Linen.] The earliest Painters used to make their drapery without folds or wrinkles, until a certain *Cimon* of *Achaea* rejected the stiffness, and gave his draperies an easy movement. The draperies of the ancient statues are mostly like wet linen, which cleave to the body hanging down with straight folds.

[marg: Adorning the head.] But the first thing we come across are headdresses, coiffures and bindings, niceties which allow the Painter space enough to exercise his spirit. But it should be known, that one may give Romans no covering other than a strip of their clothing over their heads: for they wore no hats, except at night, when travelling, in the theatre, or at the feast of Saturnalia. Honour the Persian Queen with a Tiara or tall hat without a rim. Darius's Sidaris, or Royal headdress, was a Sky-blue band, divided up with white, and all Asian Princes wore the Royal band, or veil-crown {sleuijer-kroon}.

Egyptian princes wore Diadems, embellished round about by pictures

of an Asp. [marg: Diadems.] Diadems, I say, which, since Constantine the Great, have been worn by the emperors, and since then by all European Kings. For the imperial headdress was from ancient times the laurel, not as a branch, put loosely around the head, as in earlier ages, [marg: Laurel crown.] but laurel leaves made of gold lying neatly with soft material attached to the inside, so that it did not hurt the head: and they looked so elegant, that the strap worn by the eastern Kings, or the white diadem, of a thumb's breadth, set with expensive stones, which previously went with the Royal name, was cast aside by the Romans; and laurels were also bound together around the neck with a golden clasp, in the manner of a ribbon. Since then the Imperial Diadem has been augmented by a cross and a crest, like that which was kept at Nuremberg, being of Barbarian manufacture, set with uncut Rubies, Turquoise, Emeralds and Pearls, and engraved clumsily enough, bearing the name Conradus (who I think, reigned before Frederick Barbarossa) and weighed fourteen pounds. But the dynastic crown of the house of Austria is attached to the top of a helmet. I shall pass over the crowns of other Kings, even the Papal Mitre, even though it is encircled by three radiating crowns. [marg: Turban.] Also the Great Sultan's high turban, shaped like a Pumpkin, albeit three times the size.

But as regards antiquity, the Roman Apex, the priestly headdress, was made of white wool, and attached under the chin by purple bands: [marg: The apex and the Gabian manner.] the spike, that emerged out of the top looking like a pineapple, bore a small branch of from some holy plant. Others wore over their heads a wide piece of linen, which hung down to the ground, over the Toga tied in the Gabian manner, of linen, and which was so long, that one would have tripped on it, unless it was held up. That is why one sees on coins, statues and reliefs, the Priestly costume the Camisium, or shirt, hangs bulging and folded over the girdle.

Jewish and other Priestly Head decorations, and Princely embellishments, I shall pass by willingly, as well-known things. What I desire is the unusual. Nowhere is there more effort expended than in women's coiffure, varied by the dressing of veils {teuieringen van topsleuyers}, decorations for the forehead, hair-ties {hairgestrikt}, and pearl nets {paerlegequik}, in a thousand fashions. [marg: Women's hairdressing.] Andrea del Verrocchio was the first of the Italians to devise women's coiffure and hairstyles with spirit. Raphael of Urbino gave them a modest charm, and Rosso and Salviati added strangeness. Our Lucas van Leiden is second to none. And whosoever yearns for strange hairstyle, he embellishes the curled hair of Athenians with gold Grasshoppers. Sandys describes some Jews he saw in Palestine, thus: the Elderly bind their heads

with Linen, knots hanging down behind, others wear tall hats of fine tin; I have also seen them made of beaten gold. They wear singlets {borst-rokken} with trousers below, in summer of linen, in winter of wool {laken}, and over that loose purple robes {vliegers}. [marg: and clothing.] But the ways of making clothing are infinite. I like Venus, when she meets Aeneas: The deft bow, (says Virgil) flutters from her shoulder, like a huntress, the hair flying off her head in the wind, her long tunic hung around her body, knotted just above her bare knees. And as she says herself: The Tyrian maidens are accustomed to carrying arrows, and to lace purple boots on their shins. She was no less beautiful when Apuleius, while still an Ass, saw her in the performance. A transparent silken cloth with fringes was all that she wore, which in the wind, that played wantonly, sometimes blowing, and stealthily revealing, that which it covered, or pressing against the same form so well and revealing it as if naked, as you have already discovered in Clio. But what is there described as in a play, is nowadays so well copied by Turkish Girls that, those who come to look at them, can see them as if naked through their thin clothing. The value of this remains, for it is the case that clothing, which does not obscure {verhinderen} the forms of the body, is very commendable in Painting. Van Mander praises highly several figures by Perino del Vaga, which are made gracefully and attractively, and outlined by fine silks, and yet display the nude naturally. But in this display of bodies one must employ great modesty, so that the costumes also maintain their nature as clothing with a certain fullness and volume. On the other hand all superfluity is to be dispraised.

[marg: Clothing must accord with the body.] It is ludicrous and hateful to drape a small body with a huge baggy costume. The most appropriate robe, said *Symmachus*, does not drag in the dust, nor does it get tangled under the feet. Adornment must be fitted to its purpose. *Virgil* reveals *Dido*, neither too heavily nor too scantily dressed:

[marg: Dido.] At last she appears, in a Sidonian Hunting tunic, With an embroidered hem, a golden Quiver tied to Her back, her hair dressed with gold thread,
And a purple robe fastened with a golden brooch.

You must adorn young Roman Ladies with ear- and finger-rings, and arm- and neckbands: give them hair dressed with pearls, jewels at their breasts, belts and chains, and little bells hanging below. For this manner of dressing was by them long in use. [marg: The Vestals.] But you must represent the Vestal Nuns dressed in white with a purple border, and set white wool hoods on their heads

[marg: Elagabalus,] The insane Emperor Elagabalus wore a beautiful Crown {Vrongkroon}, covered with pearls and costly gemstones, after the fashion of Persian Princes. His clothes were of purple, and gold fabric, and glowed with the most costly gemstones of the East. On his Capes {Sleuyers} he wore Diamonds, Emeralds and Rubies, very artistically cut. In former times also, Darius, the last King of the Persians, wore a purple Robe {rok} beyond price, with white stripes woven into it. His tunic {korte rok} worked in gold, was elegantly decorated with Birds of Prey {Roofvogels}, who peck at each other with their beaks. On his golden belt {gordel}, which he wrapped around himself in a loose and feminine way, a Sabre, the scabbard of which was made of gemstones. But none of this compares with what comes next. King Attalus, according to Pliny, was the first to introduce the custom of weaving gold into costumes. From which all costly draperies, and even Tapestries, have got the name of Attalic {Attalische} clothing; indeed everything costly has been called Attalic furniture.

[marg: Elegant clothing makes the misshapen uglier. From Trogo Pompejo. bk. 38.] Elegant clothing increases beauty; but ugliness frequently makes itself ridiculous, arrayed in finery. Ptolomy Physcon, short and fat, with a misshapen face, seemed more a monster, than a man, because he imagined that he looked elegant in shining and translucent clothing; for one saw on that account not only his deformity, but even that which a decent man is accustomed most carefully to conceal.

Sebastiano del Piombo was highly praised for his costume, velvets and draperies {laken}.

[marg: The costume of a Cynic Philosopher.] If you want to portray a misanthrope, Laertius described the Cynic Philosopher Menedemus in a dark brown tunic, held up with a flame-coloured {vlammigen} belt. Images of the twelve principles of Nature were woven into his Arcadian hood: he wore tragic buskins: his long beard hung over his belt; and in his hand he flourished an ash stick.

[marg: Children's clothing,] Children should be dressed in childlike fashion.

Roman Children from less than eight years of age had to adorn their little necks with artfully made lacework, with the names of their parents worked into it.

[marg: And those of the Romans.] Serving boys under fourteen years of age had to wear short tunics, called Aeliculae.

But after the fourteenth year one had to wear another costume, called a *Praetexta*, fixed above the right shoulder by a cord, and bordered on the left, and below with purple; thus appeared the children of free-born people; for this ornamental dress was forbidden to slaves. On top you might hang about your neck an image, called a *Bulla*, of gold or silver, in the shape of a drop of water as if it is about to rain, or a Heart.

This adornment was legally required for the children of the nobility; those of freedmen were only allowed to use a leather bag. And these customs, albeit in another form, are still in use among the Romans and the people of Rome {Romeynsgezinden}, and exactly the same, after they have set aside their child's dress. The man's robe had to be without purple, and hang to the floor. This costume, called a Toga, was common to all Romans in times of peace, and was adopted with ceremonies by youths, when they came of age, as a token of their majority.

As regards colour, the Romans all dressed without distinction, down to the ground in white, that is, in un-dyed wool, or linen: which on the most distinguished looked very clean and unblemished, but on the common folk discoloured and dirty. And the white tunic of the Lord Fathers, the *Toga laticlavia*, was flecked with small specks. From the time of *Augustus* most put off their white *Togas*, and went about merely in *Tunics*, or underclothes, which they began to dye black. And they wore the war cloak, the *Lacerna*, on their shoulders; which the common people wore black, but the rich Scarlet, Purple, or of another expensive colour.

[marg: Clothing of the Germans.] The clothing of the ancient Germans was very scant; for they wore only a short costume {kleetjen}, the rest of the body wholly naked; indeed the richest wore their clothes so tight, that all the part of their bodies were revealed, consisting often of the pelts of sea and water creatures, embellished with various markings; but Caesar gave them skins of goats and sheep. [marg: Corn. Tacitus in the manners of Germany.] The clothes of the women differed little from the men's, except that they were of Linen, and usually embellished with purple. The upper part of the breast was naked, and the arms naked and without sleeves; however their nakedness was clothed with chasteness. Lucan has it that their clothes were more ample, but I believe, that he saw Muscovites or Poles instead of Germans.

R. Verstegan, writing of the Anglo Saxons, [marg: Chap. 3.] said: that they wore bordered tunics, indeed that the richest decorated them with pearls; he gives men and women cloaks, with pointed shoes, that curved up at the front with sharp points.

[marg: Clothing of the Lombards.] The Lombards wore wide, usually linen clothes, as later the Anglo Saxons, as above, adorned with broad and variously coloured borders.

The Shoes of the Lombards were open to the big-toe on top, and laced from the one side to the other. Later they began to wear hose, pulling on a thicker and stronger sort of

stocking over that, if they were going on horseback; but this they learned from the Romans. The Noble Romans were known to wear a particular kind of little half-moon, on their shoes.

The clothing of the Russians are usually inexpensive: [marg: Russian clothing. From Olearius. Peasants, Citizens,] countryfolk wear linen, their shoes, like those of the non-german Livonians, are of broad strips {basten}, which anyone can make for themselves. They wear long tunics with tight sleeves, which hang down to their feet, over leggings and under-skirts. The citizens' coats are generally violet {fiool} dark brown, or steel green {staelgroen}, decorated in front and below the divide with loops and long tassels, and with a wide collar on the back. Their underskirts are woollen, or often of silk, and behind the neck a rectangular velvet {sammette} collar, Their appearance whether rich or poor is similar, and it is seldom varied, their clothes are baggy. [marg: Lords,] The shirts of the rich project a thumbs-breadth at neck and hands, embroidered with silk, gold, or pearls: two pearls, or gold or silver buttons, are hung at the end of the collars. They all wear large hats, indeed the Knez and the Boyar nearly an ell tall, of fox or sable: others of velvet with laces of gold and pearls attached, and backed with black fox. [marg: And women.] The women's clothing is not dissimilar from that of the men, often from Persian cotton, also with laces, knots and tassels. But the sleeves of their shirt are six, and sometimes well over ten ells long; gathered in small pleats. Their wide hats are according to status, be it with gold cloth, satin, or damask, bordered with trimmings, or stitched with gold and pearl, and hemmed with beaver. Their adult daughters let their hair flow out in a ponytail from under their fox-fur hat, and hang down their backs with a tassel attached, but children under ten years old have their heads cropped, except for two locks, which hang beside the ears: in which the little girls wear large rings, by means of which they can be recognised. The women whiten themselves a great deal, and paint their cheeks red and their eyebrows black.

Now that you are able to grasp, the importance this business, of knowing the dress of all peoples, for a Painter, hear then what Agrippa says in his Incertitude of the arts, when he explains the reverence and faith of Painters. The Augustinian and Regular monks, he said, disputed about the costume of Saint Augustin, in front of the Roman Pope, to wit, whether he had worn a black mantle over a white tabard, or a white over a black, but neither side could provide proof, so the Roman Judges left it to the Painters, to seek out the truth from old Paintings, and thereby reach a verdict. What would you think, if one could were not able readily to find out, what clothes had been depicted? But the same Agrippa explains, that by the same means he

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had discovered, that the Devil was the first inventor of the Monk's cap, which smells very strongly of heresy {ruikt dapper nae de mutsert}. He searched, he says, all the painted histories of the old and the new Testament; he saw all the Prophets, Priests, Apostles, Pharisees and Scholars; he looked at Elijah, Zachariah, John and even Annas, Caiaphas, Pilate and Herod, but saw no cap, and again looking through everything once more, he eventually found a Devil in a cap, tempting Jesus in the wilderness. He was delighted, he said, that he had found in Painting, that which he had not been able to read in any book. [marg: The Devil's costume.] That one paints the Devil in a Monk's cap then, is an old tradition, that we would not want to take away from him; perhaps appearing in the form of an Angel of light, dressed in a Monk's cap.

NINTH CHAPTER.

Concerning Arms, and Weapons of war.

Bring forth to us now, *O Erato*, your armed hosts, and show them to us in their painterly significance.

Now, I would like to show some of Xerxes Army, [marg: Herodotus in Polymnia. Weapons and Soldiers. The clothing of the Persians,] and with such weapons, as when they poured over the Hellespont into Europe with seventeen times a hundred thousand men. The Persians wore impenetrable turbans, scaly armour {geschubde wapenen}, shin-plates, and round shields, short spears but large bows; the quiver hung below, and the dagger too on a strap on the right thigh.

[marg: Parthians,] The Parthians, the Medes, the Bactrians and Hyrcanians were armed in the same fashion, and similarly the Susians, except that they wore Mitres on their heads, rather than Turbans, [marg: Assyrians,] and the Assyrians bronze Helms {Stormhoeden}.

[marg: Scythians,] The Sacae or Scythians wore helmets with crests, straight upright and ending in spikes, and wore shin-covers, carried bows, daggers and war-axes.

[marg: Indians,] The Indians had clothing made of wood, reed bows and arrows, the heads studded with iron. The Sarangen were dressed in multi-coloured clothes, and wore trousers, [marg: Arabs.] the Arabs girded tunics, and twisted, but effective bows.

[marg: Moors,] The Moors were clad in the skins of Leopards and Lions, their date-wood bows were nearly a fathom long, their long reed arrows, tipped with a sharp stone, instead of iron, and their

spears with goat's horn. They also carried clubs studded with iron and, who would have imagined? one half of their body painted with chalk, and the other with vermillion. But the Easternmost Moors, who bordered on India, who had come from Africa, differed only in their hair and language (for these had hair that hung down, and the others wholly frizzy) and carried nearly identical weapons, as the Indians, and had on their heads a piece of Mare's skin, Horse's ears standing upright up on their heads, so that the mane stretched out as a plume: and in place of shields they held cranes' skins in front of them. The Libyans were in leather, and carried scorched javelins. The Paphlagonians were shod, and protected by beaten helmets, had short spears, javelins and daggers; and the Syrians, Phrygians and Armenians had the same equipment. The Thracians wore Fox-skin helms, armorial tunics {lijfwapenrokken}, and multi-coloured clothing; and leather stockings: and as weapons javelins, round shields and daggers: But those who lived in Asia wore bronze helmets with ox horns, and ears of the same metal decorated with plumes, and each had two Lycian Pig-stickers, and a short Round Shield of untreated leather, and their legs bound in Phoenician fabric. [marg: And other peoples.] The Mylians had buckled clothing, helms of animal leather, spears, and Lycian bows. The Colchians wore wooden, and the Marens braided helmets. And this was the equipment of most of the infantry. [marg: Cavalry.] As to the Cavalry, they varied little in costume and weapons from the foot soldiers, excepting the Sagartians who, apart from daggers, had neither bronze nor iron weapons, but made rope and cords of wicker, during battle they threw these around the necks of their enemies or their horses, and pulled them towards them, and those who were captured, being half suffocated, were killed. So full of variety was the weaponry of this terrifying army. And from this the spirit of Painting can be made aware, that in the depiction of armed folk, he has wide-open freedom; and need not be mean or too strict in his own invention. [marg: Amazons.] But before I forget, I must also advise you, how you should equip the celebrated Amazons for war. Thalestris their Queen, who governed the land between the Phasis river, and the Caucasus mountains, and who kept her court on the River Thermodon, in the land of Themiscyra, rode out of her lands to meet Alexander. She, having obtained leave to greet him, drew towards him with three hundred of her women: As soon as she saw the King, she leapt from her horse, carrying two spears in her right hand, and made the acquaintance, of he who was then so famous. As to her retinue, they kept their left sides, and breasts,

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from which they gave suck to their female children, bare, but the right breasts, which are burned off, so as the more easily to stretch the bow, and to throw the javelin, is clothed like the rest of the body; and the hem of their costume, which they tie in a knot, extends only to above the knee.

The infantry of Antiochus, when he set off to fight Phraortes, the Parthian, had leggings decorated with gold and silver, indeed all the dishes in their kitchens was of pure silver, [marg: Costly soldiery.] and this metal, over which nations fight, was not at all valued by the majority of them; and the Parthians only used it on their weapons, for their chainmail, worn by men and by horses, was sometimes of pure gold. Otherwise they wore transparent and flowing clothing, in the Manner of the Medeans; and their weapons were after the Scythian fashion.

[marg: Roman Weapons.] When preparing for war the Romans put on their best war tunic over their armour, and set their helms and shields, which in general service {gemeene tochten} they carried on leather straps, onto their bare heads and arms. [marg: Velites.] The Velites, the advance guard or forlorn hope, consisting of youngsters of between seventeen and twenty-five, carried a shield one and a half feet tall: a sword, a javelin two ells in length, and a finger thick, with a sharp triangular tip, weighing nine ounces, which broke or bent after the first throw, so that the enemy could not reuse them; these were also used with slings.

[marg: Hastati.] The second order, from twenty-five to thirty years, were called Hastati or spear-bearers, they protected themselves with a large oval shield four foot long, and three and a half broad, indeed sometimes larger, made of two panels glued together, and covered in leather, and fitted with a bronze strip round about, on the inside concave and on the outside, where their names, and the company to which they belonged, stood embossed to be read. They carried bronze chest-armour, thigh- and shin-armour, and a helm, with three upright dark-red or black plumes; but the richest had, in the place of chest-armour, a mail tunic. Their damaging weapon was a sharp-cutting sword, and a javelin three ells long, with a sharp, barbed iron pinched {omgekrommen} onto the shaft; to hold it on more firmly; as well as two other spears of different lengths.

[marg: Principi and Triarii.] Those of the third order, called the *Principes* or the most important, from thirty to forty years old, had similar weapons to the *Velites*, and seem only to have been set behind or apart from the second order on account of their experience: and behind them, were those who from the earliest times were called the *Triarii*, or third order, and made up much older people, from forty to fifty-seven years old, distinguish these from

the *Hastati* and *Principes*, in that, having no weapons to throw, they only help by means of spears and swords standing fast {staendevoets}; for as long as the advanced guard, spearbearers, and the principle ones fight, they remain with one knee on the ground, waiting behind their large shields, until the final need, either victory or death. Vegetius gave them, and the two others, each five pellets of lead, which hung on their shields, for them to throw. But our Painter's spirit will likely add many other weapons.

[marg: Weapons of the Germans.] You must give to the Ancient Germans, and Batavians, on foot as well as on horseback, a painted shield on one arm, and in the other hand a half-pike, most without helmet or cuirass, but naked, or with a short cloak, secured to the body with a clasp, or if one is not available, with a thorn; but the Saxons, who occupy England, use Halberds, and Pikes, also Axes, and Crossbows: and their swords were curved like scythes.

[marg: Achaiens.] A similar but smaller shield with a feathered spear, was in use with the Achaiens, until *Philopoemen* provided them with a larger Shield, a Helm, a Gorget, thigh— and shin—plates, and the long spear.

[marg: War insignia of the Israelites.] Will you also differentiate the tribes of *Israel* by their banners? Then you must give the legion of *Judah* a lion couchant in its heraldry. And most importantly the tribes of *Judah*, *Issachar*, and *Zebulun*, when they take to the field, must be differentiated by three colours, namely Chalcedony, Sapphire and Sardonyx.

The second legion of *Ruben* included that of *Simeon* and *Gad*, and the colours Sard, Topaz, and Amathyst: in the coat of arms there stood a man, or, according to others, a Hart.

The third legion under *Ephraim* displayed an Ox, and also the colour of three Gemstones.

But to the last under Dan you must give an Eagle, or else a snake; for there is a difference: and the colours of the remaining known stones; [marg: And Romans.] The Romans used Eagles, Right hands, Wolves, Horses, Pigs, Minotaurs, Bulls, and the images of the Emperors for their legions: be it in silver, gold, or gilt on a half-shaft, the other end sharply pointed: sometimes a small banner hangs on it, where the motto of the general or the people S.P.Q.R. is inscribed. Even though eagles were long before used by the Persians, from whom the Romans most likely borrowed them, as they later under Trajan took the Dragon, so they say, from the Scythians. For as

far as I can discover, [marg: Dragons.] these monsters were sewn out of woven fabric, hollow inside, so that the wind could pass through them, by which means, they were lifted up into the air, on golden threads, which were decorated with gemstones, seeming sometimes to be alive, and the tail to sway, and to make a sound from their terrifying and wide-open mouths. But another attributes this to the Indians: The Indian Cavalry, he says, chose to put gold and silver heads of wide-mouthed Dragons on their lances, and to hang pennants of twisted silk, cut and sewn in serpentine form, which with the gaping jaws passing through the wind, the silk bulges and the tail fills up, and moves in a terrifying manner. Elsewhere it is told that the Ancient Trojans displayed a boar on their banners; that the Boeotians used a Sphinx as their insignia of war; [marg: War insignia of other peoples.] that the Thracians bore the pagan God Mars on their standards; that the ancient Goths flaunted a Bear; and that the Alans, when they overran Spain, had a cat for their arms: that the Gauls, and likewise our ancestors the Sassen, or Saxons, used a Lion; although these last also sometimes used a prancing horse as battle insignia: and that the Cimbri painted a wild Ox on their flags. I say nothing of the specific symbols, that were used by victorious princes, as the Lion with a sword by Pompey, the Eagle with defeated Dragon by Antiochus; and a thousand others, such as frightening beast emblems, since devised by the German Nobility; and the which now, ridiculous to say, are employed by the common people, in our Fatherland; one cannot bear that one does not have a coat of arms embellished with gold. [marg: Helmets. Iliad bk. II.] The Helmets and Helms {Stormhoeden} of the ancients were made in wonderful materials and shapes: Homer writes of that of Agamemnon embossed with three heads in the round {met drie hoofden in 't rond geboogen}, decorated with three bands {ringen}, fixed to a single neck. That of Dolon the Trojan spy he makes of weasels skin, and that given by Thrasimedes to Diomedes from the leather of a bull. But that given by Meriones to Ulysses, he decribes as being made of strips of leather, decorated on the outside with the teeth of a wild Boar.

If you wish to portray *Pyrrhus* the Molossian at the head of his army, show him in a helmet, decorated with Goat's horns, and a large feather plume on top. [marg: Helms. {Stormhoeden}] Or if you send Alexander to war in Asia, you must give him a helmet of bright shining iron, like fine silver, just as *Theophilus* made it, with a crest and a large white plume, from which hung a horse's tail. They used to inlay bronze helmets with Corinthian work, and engrave helms. In tournaments you must decorate Roman helmets with feather plumes, half a fathom tall. And you must sometimes give Roman heroes

a corona civica, a corona castrensis, or a corona navalis. [marg: Victory crowns.] On this side, sings *Virgil*, stands proud *Agrippa*, whose hair glistens with a galleon crown, a proud emblem of war.

[marg: Gorgets and Breastplates.] Alexander's iron gorget was covered with costly gemstones. Our Soldiers like to wear them with gold stripes, or embossed with gilt studs. One paints the Gods and the earliest Heroes with a bronze plate on their chest, on which a snake-haired head of *Medusa* has been fashioned. The Chest-armour of *Agamemnon* was made with ten bands of dark metal, and the same of gold, and twenty of tin. One could see three purple Dragons leap towards the neck, which from the other side looked like the Rainbow.

[marg: Cuirasses.] The cuirass that Alexander wore over a girded Sicilian tunic was a much travelled {veel reyzen} double-ply linen, but his battledress was far more valuable, and the handiwork of ancient Helicon, given by the city of Phodis, his iron neck-gorget was set with glistening gemstones. However it is not my intention, to establish an armoury of all kinds of Weapons, it is enough, that I get you to think of thousands of varieties of battle dress and scaly jerkins {schubbige kolders}. For describe all the kinds of Bows, Quivers, Trumpets, Bassoons, Kettle Drums, Drums, also Standards, Banners, War Insignia, Plumes, Horse Tails, Head bands, Girdles, Boots, Soles to shoes, Laces, Crowns, Chains, Ear-rings, would take us too long. This verse describing Aeneas' whole armour, as the Trojan Hero is observed by Virgil, shall suffice to focus attention:

[marg: Aeneas' armour.] He moved his steady eye from piece to piece,
Gazing back and forth over each heavenly work in wonder,
The helmet, which spouted flame, its fearsome crest,
Black as death, the glowing flame with flame
Of the bronze Harness, like a cloud, reflecting
Where the distant sun strikes it with glowing rays.
Here he saw the boots, covered
With fine gold and silver, the spear of shining wood,
The shield, embellished as fully as could be with art,
The Future Roman power revealed by prophecy.

They liked to be inventive on their Round shields and Shields. Blue-eyed Minerva, said Homer, made Jupiter's shield, [marg: Jupiter's Shield.] on which fear and terror, strife, discord, dispute, wrath, menace and weeping, and in the middle the head of the Gorgon were painted most terrifyingly; it was impenetrable, made of a hundred gold plates hung on a hundred fastenings, all well put together.

[marg: Achilles' Shield.] On the shield of Achilles, Vulcan, for love of Thetis, depicted thousands of things: there was Heaven, Earth with the Sea, the orbit of the Sun, Moon and Stars, the Rim of Heaven {Hemelriem}, the Pleiades and Hyades: also two cities, and in one a wedding, the bride led by torches, dancing, and the women sat by their doorsteps watching. Elsewhere they were pleading before the law, about someone who had been killed, in which all the actions of the bodies and passions of the soul were wonderfully depicted. The other city was besieged, they were holding counsel, they broke out, and, under the guidance of Mars and Minerva, lay low by the side of a stream, where cattle came to drink. Two rustic pipers played here with no idea of their presence, who then drove away all the cattle, and threatened them with death. Yonder one saw the attack of the army coming, death and violence. Further off lay a field, which looked thrice ploughed, and uncommonly fertile: here the peasants ploughed with yoked Oxen, while yonder another came to refresh them with a cask of wine, and that was worth seeing, one could observe clearly how much browner the freshly turned earth was, than that which they had previously ploughed. Elsewhere the mowers cut the crop of the fertile field, others made sheaves under the eye of their landlord, and others prepared the meal and the sacrifice beneath the acorn-bearing oaks. The serving girls brought food to the labourers, bread with fine white meal sprinkled on it. On the other side one could see a fenced-in vineyard with ripe grapes, blue-black; they carried out the fruit in woven baskets. A peasant sang a country song, while others danced clapping hands; over there a herd of Oxen, guarded by nine dogs, with four herdsmen in the stable, beyond the stream, while two Lions pulled a Steer from the roaring herd, despite being protected by the dogs. Also there were stables, sheds, and lastly a beautiful dance of servants and maids, their comely costume was of fine weave, and shone as if oiled, the maids had long pleated bodices, and on their heads colourful wreaths of flowers, they hopped a thousand cat-like leaps; so that everyone who saw it seemed astonished. This must have been a masterpiece by the lame Smith Mulciber, and one that Quinten Massys, even with Cathoff's help, would have had difficulty in copying. But why do I speak of a masterpiece? [marg: Shield of Aeneas.] Virgil described the Shield of Aeneas, by the same Master, even more splendidly, if you want to see that read Virgil, it would tire us to copy it all out. Here follows only what he sings of the Shield of Minerva, on the Isle of Vulcan:

[marg: Pallas' Shield.] Three of Vulcan's Giants hastened, with their lads,
Each struggling to polish, wrathful Pallas' weapon,
The threatening Shield, edged and richly rendered
With Serpent-scales, and golden adders, wild for death,

Entangled together. Medusa writhing still
Here, on the breast of the fighting Goddess,
Her amputated neck, and her visible eyes.

[marg: Agamemnon's Shield.] Agamemnon's costly shield, which covered his whole body, was encircled by ten bronze rings, with twenty plates of tin, and in the middle stood a frightful Medusa's head, painted on a dark purple ground, with terror and fear, from which projected a silver band into which was wound a Sky-coloured dragon. [marg: Ulysses' Shield.] On Ulysses' shield there was a Dolphin.

[marg: Alcibiades Shield.] On that of *Alcibiades* a *Cupid*, embracing a bolt of lightening, and it was of gold and ivory.

[Marg: Scipo's Shield.] Scipio Africanus carried the images of his Father and Uncle on his shield; but Alexander the Great a small shiny shield. As well as striking and stabbing weapons one has rapiers, swords, hackers, sabres, daggers, poignards, spears, lances, javelins, halberds, war-hammers, war-axes, clubs; and whatever cruelty can conceive. [marg: Stabbing weapons.]

[marg: Hilts.] Agamemnon's sword, decorated with gold plates, in a silver scabbard.

The hilts of ancient Soldiers were artfully inlaid with silver and ivory. In the hilt of Pausias' sword there was engraved a waggon with four horses. [marg: Shin-armour.] They also liked to wear shin-armour with silver buckles.

[marg: Sling weapons.] You must sometimes have the slingers throwing with a Kestrosphendone. This was a sharp piece of iron two palms long, on a small shaft of half an ell, one finger thick, with three feathers attached as on an arrow, in order for it to fly truly. The sling had two unequal lengths of line in the middle, and, when the slinger threw it, the iron flew as fast as a bullet.

[marg: Bows.] *Pandarus'* bow was made from the horns of a wild goat, that grew sixteen palms from its head, and the ends were studded with gold.

[marg: Tools for storming.] The Storming tools of the ancients, such as wall-breakers, battering rams, levers {wipgalgen}, braziers; and suchlike, are also of many kinds.

If you want to portray besieged cities (and I am not speaking of the present day, since that has been dealt with by others more experienced than I) find out with what artillery they assaulted each other. [marg: Ballista.] The Ballista or siege bow, hurled pointed beams of wood twelve feet long, which could drive through four widely spaced rows of defensive hurdles. I speak not of Catapults, and what else there was of such kind. [marg: War carts.] There were also many scythe wagons, which on either side of the yoke had three Swords. Their drawbars {Dissels} bore spears tipped with iron, and in front, between the wheels, a forest of spikes. They also used war chariots, and other vehicles, in which, accompanied by a

driver, the Heroes stood or sat, and hurled missiles. Greek chariots were inlaid with silver, and the war carts of

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the ancient Britons were carved, but those of the Persian Kings were studded with gold; and decorated with images of war and peace; with, between, a golden Eagle its wings extended.

Do you wish to portray ceremonies appertaining to Religion, Aaron making a sacrifice, or his followers before the altar? [marg: Sacrifice.] Moses and Josephus teach you well enough as regards the apparatus, and concerning the Tabernacle. But if you seek to portray the Athenian messengers to the Delians, weave crowns on their staves, not on their heads, and build an Altar (called the Keraton) of horns. [marg: Altar.] These are all taken from the left-hand side of the head so that they fit together, and make an Altar without a binding.

You must make the Phocidia tripod, where the maiden *Pythia* beheld the spirit of *Apollo*, and where she sat, clad as *Diana*, safe from contamination by its blaze, rest on three legs {pijlers}, in form almost like our three-footed copper pots. But so that the vapour from inside the cave does not harm the oracle, as it did those, who first discovered it, driving them insane, let us rather remain in the open air. [marg: Wand of augury.] *Romulus'* wand of augury, called a *Lituus*, was a rod curved at the end, from which it is possible that the crozier of the Christian Bishops took its form.

[marg: Other Sacrificial apparatus.] I leave aside sacrificial bands {offerband}, sacrificial knives, cymbals, robes {dekkleeden} and festoons, and mention only that which pleases me, and what now and then comes into my mind.

TENTH CHAPTER.

Concerning all manner of furniture {Huisraaet}.

[marg: Furniture.] One must not forget that Paintings are Furniture, although we pass over all kinds of cabinets, display tables, mirrors, couches, settees, chairs, cushions, thrones, hangings, carpets, bedspreads, gilded leather, animal skins, fringes, tassels, wine coolers {koelbakken}, and whatever luxury has ever conceived.

People liked to decorate large water-pots with Corinthian work, and engraved vessels were made in Lesbos. The Athenians had copper vessels, which they called Prosupoutta, decorated at the opening with Lion's or Ox's heads: and the artists, who made these,

were called Prosopopoioi, that is mask-makers. [marg: Earthenware,] The Romans made their everyday pottery coarsely, but the finest was attractive and artful. [marg: And Glass.] Their glass cups and goblets were, just like ours, incised or engraved with vine tendrils. Their jars, pots, lamps, candelabra, censers, and all manner of objects, were of a pleasing design. [marg: Bread. Food.] Indeed even their bread, as is to be noted in Pliny, it was shaped like a cross, and easily broken, because it was divided into sections, and decorated with various kinds of incisions. If you want to portray excess, display a whole pig filled with small bones, on a Roman table. This dish was first thought up by a certain Servitius, and imitated by those who followed. [marg: The Laconian drinking-cup.] The Laconians were ingenious in making inexpensive and comfortable furnishings, their Kothon cup was famous, especially with soldiers, as it was made in such a way, that one could not tell the colour of the water, which was sometimes very murky, as drunk by armies, and if by chance some slime got into it, it stayed in the body, and nothing came to the neck of it except the purest water for those drinking. Menalcas' beechwood cups, according to Virgil, were decorated by the art of Alcimedon, with a tough vine tendril, pale ivy and a branch of oak-leaves curved with a sensual movement; and two figures of Conon, and the inventor of the quadrant {graedboog}, stood carved in the middle. But in that of Damoetas, Orpheus was shown, drawing the woods after him, in the middle of soft bear's paws. Serve up roast Ox tongues for the ancient Heroes. [marg: Nestor's table.] But if you wish to portray the meal that Hecamede put before Nestor and Patrocles, then set a splendid table with metal feet, and prepare bronze plates with onion, fresh honey, bread and blessed {geheylichte} meal, and have the maiden mix the meal with various wines, in a splendid vase, studded with gold, and with four handles, two below and two above, and on each handle two golden doves, that look as if they are sufficient to lift it. [marg: Summer and winter drink.] And when excess took control of the Romans', and dissipation became their master, then they thought of drinking Ice and Snow in the Summer: and it was considered a sign of poverty, if one did not have roses in one's wine in Winter.

[marg: Tableware.] Also the Romans had tables, supported by Dolphins, and drinking vessels of the same design. Also their saltcellars were made in the form of some God.

[marg: Fire wood.] And if you desire Oriental of even Roman luxury have adept slaves bearing firewood to the hearth, and let it be of Cedar, or some expensive wood. Indeed, sometimes entirely gilded; for such excess was the custom.

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Polidoro da Caravaggio and Rosso revived the cooking- and tableware of the ancients, and bequeathed their perfection to our Century.

[marg: Bedsteads.] Furthermore, the feet of ancient bedsteads were often carved with the image of *Mercury*, being the one who brings sleep and dreams.

[marg: Cradles.] You can embellish the cradles of young children with all manner of variously coloured and artfully carved wood.

[marg: Chariots {Wagens}.] King Darius' chariot had many gold and silver images of the Gods on both sides: the yoke was covered with Noble gemstones, out of which two golden figures, each an ell long, emerged, on the one side that of Ninus, and on the other Belus, and between the two stood an Eagle with extended wings.

[marg: Wheels.] If you want galloping chariots, or cars, racing for prizes in the Olympic games, take care with your scheme, for *Aristides* painted chariot wheels, as if they were turning, and our *Dou* has himself painted a fast spinning wheel.

[marg: Sedan Chairs. Plutarch: in Agesilaus.] The Spartans had certain sedan chairs: in form like Gryphons, Harts, or Goats, in which the young ladies rode, in the holy procession, which they took through the city. We do the same thing with our sleighs, by means of which the young make their way across the Ice, and travel snowy roads.

[marg: Russian Sleighs. *Olearius*.] Do you want to show Muscovite lords travelling, in sleighs instead of in Coaches? You must show the sleighs provided with red Damask or Satin, spread white bearskins over them, and over that lay beautiful Turkish coverings. Paint the draught horses with gilded manes, and hang them with foxtails.

ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Concerning Animals.

The Ancient masters valued beauty not only in humans, but also in Animals. [marg: Animals must be natural.] However before anything else one must observe naturalness, so as not to make errors with their form and character: so that it does not go as it did, with the unfortunate Cockerel Painter, of whom *Plutarch* said: that he would not allow any living cockerel come near his Cockerel Paintings, so they could not put him to shame, and therefore he had a youngster with a stick, to keep them away.

But master Nicholas was more careful:

He painted a Dog with a Hare,

And even though the dog and the hare looked alike,

He did not alter a stroke:

But so as to remain master and boss

He wrote next to them, this is a Dog, and this a Hare.

You might much prefer to avoid putting any animals into your work, if you have no guidance or knowledge of how to paint them naturally, especially those, which are known to all, such as Horses, Oxen, Hounds, Cats, Sheep, Goats, and the rest. [marg: You have freedom with the Poetical.] You have plenty of freedom with Gryphons, or Unicorns, Basilisks or Dragons to follow your imagination; as too with the half-caste Centaurs, Satyrs, Tritons, Mermaids, Seahorses, Harpies or Sphynxs.

Truly after the human one knows no animal, in which more beauty is to found, than a Horse. [marg: Apelles' Horse.] Many great masters have worked diligently to paint praiseworthy horses, among others Apelles, in competition with some Painters, who had bet against him, as to who would outdo the other: but he, fearing that those who favoured his opponents might deprive him of his deserved prize, and give it to another, chose to leave the decision to animals, rather then to men: so he placed the painted horses of the others in the view of living horses, who made nothing of them, and then he brought out his own, and put it there, and the horses began to whinny; which won him the prize, and made for him an eternal name. Yet it is said that Calamis had no equal in the depiction of Horses. Rubens and Van Dyck believe that painting a Horse well is no more commendable than making any figure. Poets too have taken pleasure in portraying them elegantly. This describes a brown-haired horse, with black plaited mane, as soft as silk; with a small thin, but veined head, embellished with a small white patch, just like a star: short sharp ears, with goat's eyes {geyten oogen}, and wide nostrils, wide as is needed by proud lungs to expire. [marg: The form of a beautiful Horse.] A wide pointed mouth, full of thick foam, on account of continually gnawing at the bit; a short, upraised, neck curved on the shoulder; broad in the chest, and furthermore short and compact from front to back, with a beautiful seat, thin and dry legs, and high feet. But it is best that we here read to you some verses from their songs. Hear how Virgil sings of Dido's horse:

His hooves clatter, hung with rich Scarlet tackle,
He stamps and foams at the gold rods of the bit with high spirits.

But let us listen more fully to our Poet, to the description of a good horse:

The noblest beast is the horse, that, high in spirits, Proudly meets the armed force of the enemy: That not only knows it master, But is obediently led by him to its death. Describe to us a horse of the desired measure, The horn of his hooves like Agate, With beautiful knees and slender front legs, with veins and well-placed tendons. A broad chest and shoulders, plump buttocks, A short belly and neatly set flanks, A broad neck with folds, and pointed ears, A large mouth and eyes, the front of the head A little thin, and each nostril like a pit, That breathes out fire and flame in a cloud; You can enhance the tail, tied-up or long; And let the mane sweep over the right-hand side.

And Virgil sings thus:

[marg: Virgil, in the third book of the Georgics. Foal.]
If you wish to stock your stable full with stallions,
A foal, proud by nature, will swagger before others,
Prick his ears upright, is alert, with quick legs.
It runs and trots eagerly after the mother,
And dares plunge first into the river.
It runs over the bridge, over which it has never before passed.
It is not skittish, and has a sharp neck
A small head, the body, free of imperfections,
Is short, the withers flat, its chest shows that it will develop
In breadth, and it is smooth, and wonderfully well formed.

And later:

A well made stallion, hearing arms and trumpets

From afar, steps and stamps, and knows to prepare for battle;

He sticks his ears up nervously, his whole body becomes alive.

He snorts, blasts fire and flame out of his nose fierce and harsh,

And tosses his mane to the right, thick and quick.

The backbone runs straight and double, the length of his back.

He paws the sand, and scrapes up the ground with his hoof.

Quietly enough to make a sound. So scraped Cyllarus,

As proof of his courage, in ancient times,

When Castor tamed him, and first dared to ride

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In Laconia; also the proud team of Father Mars,
Whereof the Greek Homer sang so splendidly in strong language;
Also the horse, which formerly drew Achilles' war chariot.
So did Saturn himself, transformed, for fear of capture,
Into the form of a horse, his mane hanging back over his ear
And resting on the wind {schoften waeyen}, and, when he began to tread,
And run, he neighed aloud, so that the caves and caverns,
Throughout the whole of wooded Pelion resounded.

And later:

A stallion, that is old, neither leaps nor works any longer,
And if he fights, for the honour of his Lord,
Then he rages in vain, like a stubble fire,
Which feebly fills the air with its bluster:
Therefore pay attention to his age and courage, and then
His other virtues and his pedigree not far behind,
Also how he hangs his ears and head,
When he lays down; how he, seized by pride,
Lifts his head up high, as he fights for praise and honour.

And while Poetry spurs me on, I must set in verse the eighteen virtues, which the Animal lovers {liefhebbers} borrowed from six familiar animals, and those they desire should be in a good horse: all the more because the prototype comes from the School of the Ridder Anthony van Dyke.

A courageous virtuous Horse, of immeasurable value,
In order to be perfect must have the characteristics of three pairs of animals:
First, if a mare, a beautiful chest and crop,
Round buttocks, and it should not be difficult.
Then, like a Fox, a lovely
Short, and small head: short neck and ears.
It should be like a Wolf, in its soft and steady trot,
In its excellence of sight, and astonishingly good appetite.
It runs {loopt} like a Hare, it knows how to turn about
In circles, wherever one wills, and to leap far and wide.
Most of all it should have a proud and lofty temper like a Peacock,
A loud voice, its colour beautiful and shining brightly.
It must also borrow a strong back from the Ass, and
Sound hooves on its feet, and thin legs.

They are also different according to the country from which they come, accept therefore this following verse as a supplement:

One must also precisely distinguish its country of origin,
Whether it is raised by the Ems, or in the Ijssel's rich meadows,
Or on the Thames, or the Tagus, or on the Po,
It is not necessary for me further
To describe its leap, walk or turning;
One learns this best from the riders.

[marg: Their movement. The tumbling horse.] When Pauson agreed to paint a tumbling horse for someone, said Plutarch, he painted it running or leaping, at which the patron was offended, complaining that Pauson had cheated them: But the Painter turning the picture upside down, explained that their horse was just as much a tumbler as a quadruped; for he had taken the precaution of not painting any ground beneath the feet. Nicias advised the great masters who undertook the depiction of cavalry battles, that they should include not only shooting, slain and mortally wounded Riders, but also all manner and form of walking, rearing and fallen horses. [marg: Battles.]

[marg: Waggon teams] Philostratus held it a thing of no little difficulty, to yoke four horses together and drive them, and then not to have so much, as one of the horse's legs badly arranged on account of the awkward confusion, and also that these brave animals, in the midst of their bold excitement, appear to listen even though bridled. The one stands till, albeit not happily, the other begins to rear; the third allows himself to be led easily. The fourth rejoices in the beauty of Pelops, and prepares to neigh through his nostrils. He was also astonished, that art made it happen so often, that from their round furrowed nostrils, from their down-pressed ears, and from the parts of their bodies being gathered-together one could recognise their ready desire to run, even when one knew that they did not move. But we go further, I advise lovers of art, that they should attend to the natural characteristics of every animal: for Mikon {Nicon} the Athenian, painted an excellent horse, in the stoa Poecile {gaelderye Pekile}, in which one saw an individual artistic power, but he was mocked by all, because he put lashes on the lower eyelid, which is not according to the nature of Horses. And most of all one must attend to the beauty of their proportions. [marg: Proportion {Gelijkmatigheit}, and dissection of horses examined.] Andrea Verrocchio studied the measure, and proportion of horses, and also developed a means by which to bring it forward. Michelangelo was most assiduous, in their dissection, and the study of their sinews and muscles, and Leonardo da Vinci wrote for his own amusement a whole book on the matter, which is most unfortunately lost.

But just as many of the ancients searched after beauty in horses, [marg: Ugly] so on the other hand there are many, among our compatriots and in our own time, more addicted to their ugliness, skinniness and unattractiveness: not that I entirely condemn such things, for the things that one choses to do, sometimes require us to do something unpleasant, which by having done them well is charming. As was praised in regard to the horses of Amphiaraus, that they not only sweated, but that they were soiled with dust, which, although it took away from their beauty, nonetheless it gave them a greater appearance of truth. Let princely horses be richly draped, and shoe Nero's Mule-horses with silver: those of Poppea were themselves shod with gold. [marg: Oxes and Cows.] We shall not say much about the Ox, the companion of the Saint of the Painter's: amateurs may seek out those which have the largest horns. This beast is nevertheless necessary in sacrifices, and some other histories. Virgil paints a Cow in his Georgics thus: [marg: In the third Book.]

A grumpy and ill-tempered Cow is the very best
With a large head, long neck, and which fattens,
So that the dewlap of the chin hangs to its feet,
Whose loins stretch out quite far, with long limbs,
And feet, and whose shaggy ear pricks up when listening.
One that is particoloured, does not attract my preference,
Nor one unwilling to bear the yoke, and full of fire,
Sometimes pokes me with her horns, like a sullen bull,
And, tall and large in the body, with singular delight,
Drags its tail across the ground, and sleeps at the plough.

It used to give us no little pleasure, during our blooming youth, to draw from life the cows in the field, as they lay and chewed, and to show their manner of lying down, moving, standing, from the side or in foreshortening: but my enthusiasm diminished, when I read the following farce:

When a certain Painter made an Ox in his work, better than all in the rest of his works, and Michelangelo was asked how this had come about? He replied: that all Painters paint their own self-portraits best. Clio urged us to copy the splendid works of nature, but our [marg: In the Religious Banquet.] (a) Erasmus had his Eusebius say, that only those animals, that one seldom sees, or which stand out from the rest, were worthy of being depicted: for, he continued, why would one paint Geese, Hens and Ducks? Yet his compatriots nonetheless derive the most delight from painted Calves, Pigs, and Asses. But let us proceed. However little these choices are respected, Clio

put them onto the second level, and it is nobler, to be the first in rank, on the second level, than be thrust to the bottom on the third level. Caesar said, he would rather be the first in a small city, than to have to give way to others in Rome. Pausias the Siconian wanted to place his famous Cow seen exactly from the front, so that one could properly see its whole length and breadth. And Giovanni da Udine painted a cow on linen, so as to go out hunting, and hide behind it, to deceive the game. This Painter was a true animal lover: for even when a boy, and often when out hunting with his father, he drew Dogs, Goats, Hare, and all manner of animals and birds, which passed before him all the time, and in such a spirited way, that everyone was astonished: which was the reason, that he was sent to study art with Giorgione. And certainly, it often happens, that the suitability of a talent becomes known emerging through nature at play. [marg: Suitable natures are revealed by signs.] The same was revealed to Sodoma {Joan Verzelli}, who took delighted having all manner of animals, Parrots, Monkeys, and every strange monster in his house. He also had a Raven, which imitated his speech naturally and, when someone came to visit, replied to them. And if any Nobleman, or someone came to his house, all the animals, it being their custom, began to make such a song and dance, that one would imagine one was in Noah's Ark, although it is most foolish to believe, that painting these animals so well, brought him any greater respect. [marg: Humour of domesticated animals.] And Francesco Rustici yeilds in nothing to him; being a great animal lover, he had a Hedgehog, or grey {ysere} pig so tame, that it went under the table, like a domesticated dog, without jostling anyone; and he also had a Raven, which talked like a man. He kept an Eagle, and many kinds of Snake, in a specially made box, in which he took great delight, especially in Summer, looking at their strange grimaces and contortions. And it is certain that our Otto Marseus (alias the Sniffer) made his artistic talent sufficiently evident, in the division of it to which he was drawn: and when I was in Rome in 1652, I was astonished at the number of monsters, that he looked after and cared for: whose nature he also wonderfully understood, depicting their forms in a lively way. Such lovers of spirited bestiaries might take pleasure in Dogs and Goats (as Sandys relates having seen in Egypt) their four feet on the surface of a palm, and on the top of little twisted columns, spinning around like a top, for the pleasure of their masters; or in the dance of the corpulent Camels, which, to the accompaniment of certain stringed instruments, move after a fashion; which is also done by grey-haired Asses

in the Eastern lands: [marg: How these animals were trained See Sandys in Cairo.] or even to see Elephants dance on the rope, as we are told was performed in ancient times. We have spoken a little already about the horses' judgment of Apelles' Painting, and just now we added something about goats, but I shall, in order to satisfy my general as well as my particular obligation, insert here a goat-judgement {geytenoordeel} of Painting. [marg: A tricked Goat.] It happened once, that my father Theodoor painted a goat from life in a Bacchanalia, which I, being still very young, held for him, by means of ropes and cords, in order to keep her in the correct position, which end I achieved with great labour: and the painted goat being by now nearly completed, and my father stepping back from the piece, which was rather large, in order to take a look at it from a distance, the goat by chance became aware of the painted one, which she, as if inflamed by anger, attacked, breaking the ropes, and throwing me down to the ground, flying with such force with her horns towards her painted sister, that she tore through the canvas, and destroyed the Picture; to the distress of him, who had displayed his industry so commendably in it. It is certain that this Painting should have been preserved on account of this incident, indeed it alone would have been enough to establish that master in eternal memory, had appetite for fame, been as close to his heart, as quiet virtue. [marg: Tricked partridges.] For why should anyone pay less attention to this tricking of a goat, than to Protogenes' tricking of partridges? Whose painted Partridge made the living one's cry out, when they were put next to it. But leaving this as it is, we add here something else of this nature. At the house of Duke Lodovico da Sesso in Verona, Francesco Bonsignori {F. Monsignori} painted a little child who appears to want to embrace his mother with an outstretched hand: now it happened that the Countess showed this piece by candle-light to several lords, and they were also followed by her small son, who had a little bird on his hand, [marg: A little Terrazzani bird tricked.] thereabouts called a Terrazzani; for people used to used to carry them like falcons on their hands; and while she was occupied in praising highly the virtues of this piece, the little bird became aware of the outstretched hand, to which it flew and on which it tried to sit, but colliding with the Painting fell to earth, trying to do the same thing once more and then again, which made this Painting and also its master very famous. [marg: Tricking a Dog.] And this same Francesco Bonsignori {Fransisko Monsignori} earned no less praise with his Turkish Dog, which he had painted on a wall; standing on a painted rock. This dog was so well done, that another dog, the natural enemy of the Turkish hound, being led past it, broke loose, or escaped from the person, who was leading him, and believing himself before his living

enemy flew at the Painting, and struck his head against the wall, so that his head was broken into pieces. We have also more than once seen similar trickeries {diergelijk bedroch} from the hand of one of whom we may not boast, though not so fatal. But let us hasten back onto our path.

Should you be fond of the sound of the hunting horn, O Young Painters, and want to portray Meleager, or the beloved Adonis, you will earn no little honour painting the wirey {ranken} windhound and proud braque. Snijders has done wonders in this, and portrays wild animals excellently. Bassano and Benedetto Castiglione drive cattle with full udders in their pieces. As regards the depiction of Ducks swimming, or Hens with chicks, truly, despite Erasmus' valuation, it is not unpleasing, to see in Painting, the things in which one delights: and especially if they are depicted in a spirited and lively way.

[marg: Concerning the Ass.] According to Samson, it is a great ingratitude, that we have forgotten the Ass, the bearer of which name has accompanied us so faithfully, whereas Cornelius Agrippa, who is far from being an enthusiast, in his Incertitude of philosophy, thinks it so praiseworthy, that he raises it near to being a Saint in Heaven. And truly, one cannot be perfect {volmaekt} in histories, neither sacred nor secular, without sometimes painting its portrait. We may criticise the Chinese, for having images of deformed persons in their churches: but our Ass has penetrated to the innermost chapels, and onto the highest altars in Europe: he is painted awaiting the birth of the most high, he bears more than Christopher on the flight into Egypt, and carries the all-triumphing Saviour across palms and outspread clothing, he speaks to Balaam in his own language, and is the regular mount of the Patriarchs. In secular histories, although I leave out a thousand other stories, I find none so delightful, as the encounter of fierce {stuersen} Marius and the laughing Ass; for as this great War Hero fled before his enemies, entirely filthy from Minturnae, and was taken by the abused Fannia to the Inn, he met an Ass, who looked at him cheerfully and with a merry face, first standing still, and then straight away braying very loudly and leaping up and down, running to the water to drink, making it known by his behaviour, that this Roman ought rather to flee over the water than by land, which story Marius also had painted, and displayed in the church at Minturnae. Anyone unable to satisfy himself with this subject, could depict the whole life of Apuleius, for as long as he was an Ass. And many of our painters are so Assfriendly {Ezelliefdich}, that they chose a tumbled-wall with a little Italian Ass for a worthy subject. So that I

know of few Art-lovers in this land, who have no Asses in their cabinets. Its appearance is so well known to those of understanding; that they will not confuse a hare's Mother and a Donkey {Slezinger}. Their honour is exalted by some. Their symbolic meaning, is patience. Their ears symbolise ignorance and bad judgment, and are hidden away in Midas' Turban. I shall not deal with Ulysses' bristly companions, I shall leave that, to those who have been touched by Circes' wand.

[marg: Strange ceremony of the Macedonians. *T. Livius. 4. Book.*] There are still circumstances, which are revealed to people in ceremonies: for should you wish to show the Macedonian armies under *Philip*, or other Kings, you must have them passing through the head of a Bitch, cut through the middle; For one half with the first part of the intestines, is placed on the right-hand side of the road, and the rear part with the other half, on the left-hand side. The soldiers must carry the arms and banners of all the previous Kings in the vanguard, followed by the present Prince in the middle of his bodyguard. But my work will grow too large wandering so far from my path, and this can be found out by means of research into antiquity.

Next comes a Muse [who will make it so that], such a History, as one has chosen, may be honoured with an elegant {bevallijke} unison, and a companion of Venus [who will help us] so as to arrange the figures gracefully {graselijk} in good order; and this can be done by no one better than by keen-witted {geestige} Thalia.



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THALIA.

The Farceuse.

The fifth Book.

Contents.

Thalia, as Chatelaine to the Noble art, is accustomed

To take part joyfully in plays and farces,

Here she teaches eager young folk the gracefulness of Composition {zwier van't Ordineeren}:

The attraction, togetherness and fitness {gevoeghlijkheit} of tone:

Disposition {sprong} and grouping and the most beautiful art of arrangement, too.

In the Print, appropriately, she advises us to bring forth in practice

The produce of extended application. Although in this life

One cannot sing one single note continuously at the same pitch;

She therefore tells us too, in order to drive away sadness,

To let the spirit from time to time enjoy freedom honourably.

On the Print.

Here the Art Goddess's fullness reaches term,

The guests in place, she sings a joyful song:

Her Love Child {Speelkint} dons the Mask: she can unravel and explain to us

The arts of composition {schikkunst}, Greek and Roman.

Here a company of painters {schilderbendeling} tranquilly looks on at

The strange conceptions of her ingenious government,

And they behold the disposition of the performance dumb and blind,

Where so many delightful things of the most wonderful kind are gathered.

A crown of ivy adorns her Head, as it does for Liber:

She wears bootees, and changes like the Moon.

INTRODUCTION.

In order to arrange a spirited and pleasing composition, we must now beseech the helping hand of *Thalia*, the mistress of comedy and farce. And she who treads the stage in comic socks, and shadows her forehead and horned grin with ivy, will alert our senses to the arrangement of things. For in composition one must most of all beware melancholy. Grant to us therefore, O Goddess! who is forever green and blooming, the spirit of *Virgil*, your sworn Poet: and teach us to gather together cheerfully, and to arrange charmingly. O Mistress of the night, who sets in motion the passage of the shining Moon, between her playfellows the Stars, in such an orderly fashion! advise us what we must show completely, and what me must show but in part. I shall in your honour, before I finish this book, relax the bow, and relate the amusements and pleasures, which accord with your nature. You have been credited since ancient times with intelligence, or understanding: and certainly this is of the highest necessity in the art of good composition. For it is futile to begin the Art of Arrangement {Schikkunst} without understanding.

FIRST CHAPTER.

Concerning composition {ordineeren} in general.

[marg: Thalia means ability, for he who wants to learn must be able to understand what he reads. Vincenzo Cartari, Images of the Gods, etc. {Thalia significa capacita, essendo bisogno à colui che vol imparare, esser capace, & inteligente di quello che legge. V. Cartaro. In Imagine de I Dei, &c.} Learn to compose early, and to draw from the imagination {uit den geest}.] I would set the young to composition very early, so that, being made aware of their errors in the knowledge of things, they might make greater effort, to gather all kinds of matters {zaken} and forms of things together in their understanding, and by assiduous attention, and by doing it frequently, obtain subject matter.

Through being busy the spirit starts to perform,

And swells {en zwanger}, so as to produce pictures from/by itself {van zelf}.

However badly it goes, press on, and make strenuous effort,

With sense and spirit, put all your might to work.

Sketch again the sketches of what you have gathered together;

Intelligence is best pruned {gesleepen} by an error

And whatever you trim from your own will
Reveal to what extent you are either apprentice or master.
[marg: Why.] A necessary thing to spur on your spirit,
So as to purchase more stuff by labour:
So as to store {te gebiên} in the attention and memory,
Through the seeing of a piece of art or a work of nature,
Gathering all the delightful things as treasures.
Thus a bee {bie} collects honey from many flowers.

But just as there are various kinds of Poetic talents, these, spurred on by the Spirit of our *Thalia*, produce nothing but delightful things: those, in creaking buskins, taken by *Melpomene*, roar forth on stage, an elevated language: and a third, by the grace of *Clio* come forth with grander heroic verses; [marg: The temperament and Nature of spirits varies.] so too the spirit of the Painter is shod, using similar lasts.

It is allowed to us (said *Cicero*) to follow the lead of our own nature, and to pursue our inclinations: for we would chase in vain after what we are powerless to do: just as it was said, that it impossible to make anything gracefully in art in defiance of *Minerva*. Certainly the Painters stand here once more with the Poets, just as those who received this advice from *Horace*:

If you wish to write, you must find material,

Conformable to your ability, so you do not get stung.

Think what you can bear, what you can readily achieve,

Then you will lack neither clear style nor composition.

All choices {verkiezingen} are equal, but, as they say, not all are equally productive. With regard to this everyone must discover, which one of them it is that it best suits them to undertake: for something that succeeds for another, may not be suitable for us, but that which is our own, will come easily to us. Actors do not always chose the best fables, but the most appropriate, which are suited to their characters. Those with loud voices, should play Epigonis and Medea. Those mobile of gesture, would prefer to play Melanippus and Clytemnestra. Rupilius portrayed Antiope, but Aesopus never took the role of Ajax. In the same way the chief Painters have always done, aomething that best suited them. He will make his own preferences apparent, whatever subject matter he takes up, by means of making those pleasing parts wonderfully attractive, as if he took more pleasure in the depiction of some subordinate element, than in the main part of the topic; be it in spirited movements, faces, minor details or coiffures. Another will strangely exaggerate those same parts with an artificial emphasis {gedwongener ordre}, with compositional shadow {schikschaduwe} and figural disposition {beeldesprong}.

However the third appreciates only simple and unforced depiction and declaims his performance in the right scale, imitating the Roman elegance of Raphael and Michelangelo, holding fast, that decorum is not distorted by the representation of minor passions: that the Art of Painting remains uppermost, paying attention only to heroic virtues: that the reliance on lights and shadows is a fragile crutch: and it is wrong that in order to beautify one thing, one darkens another. In what concerns us, we allow to all of them, and to as many other different spirits as there are, that each has the freedom to follow their inclination; and we do not reject a tulip because it is not a rose, nor any rose because it is not a lily. [marg: But we leave each free to make his choice.] We shall deal with the elements of art, and each can choose that which he thinks most worthy. All that any piece of art shows us, is an imitation of natural things, but it comes by means of arrangement and organisation out of the spirit {uit den geest} of an artist, who at first keeps the parts, which are presented to him, all confused in his imagination {inbeelding}, until he shapes them into a whole, and arranges them together, so that they form an image: and frequently many figures are composed in such a way to make a single History, so that there is not the least appearance of to too much or too little. And one rightly calls this Symmetry, Analogy, and Harmony {Simmetrie, Analogie, en Harmonie }. It is not enough for a Painter to place his figures side by side with each other in rows, as one can see here in Holland in the Doelen {Schuttersdoelen} all too often. The true masters make it so, that their whole work is unified, as Clio teaches in Horace:

Bring forward in every piece of work,
Appropriately, some single unified thing.

Rembrandt achieved this very well in his piece in the Doelen in Amsterdam, although according to many opinions rather too much, choosing to invest more in the larger picture, than in the individual portraits, that were set before him. Certainly that work, however condemned, will outlast all its rivals, being so painterly in conception, so elegant in its poses, and so powerful, that, according to some, all the other pieces stand next to it like playing cards. Although I would very much have preferred, that he kindled more light in it.

[marg: What the art of good composition is.] We shall use Dutch words for this art of composition, an astute coming together of balance {medevoeglijkheyt}, harmony {overeendracht} and proportion {maetschiklijkheyt}: without which all is turmoil and full of strife. How necessary it now is, for the spirit to be able to put the inventions into the work according to these Rules, is easily understood. [marg: And how necessary. Example.] For even if you know all the details that belong to a History, and you are strong, this does not produce a good composition. Just as all the individual parts of a cast figure,

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lying heaped in a foundry, are not capable of becoming a figure, until each limb is set into its proper joint. For it will produce a horrible monster, should one misplace the parts, and put an ear in the place of a nose, or a leg in the place of an arm. I have nevertheless seen an old wooden Angel repaired by a German Sculptor, who had fixed the right arm firmly on the left shoulder, and the left under the right wing. [marg: Concerning deformity.] But the mistake may have been made by his apprentices. This verse by *Horatius Flaccus* also relates to disorderly composition:

[marg: In the Art of Poetry.] Should a Painter portray a person's head
With a horse's neck, and with motley feathers,
An arm, a leg, a trunk, willfully arranged:
Or imitated a most beautiful woman's figure,
Whose lower body was just like a misshapen fish,
Who would not laugh to look at such deformity?

Things that are beyond good order, cannot exist, but fall to pieces.

Regular and orderly manners,

Are the foundations of states, houses, cities,

And realms. For where there is neither law nor rule

All falls apart, and turns to uncertainty.

All creation is full of order. Even animals

Like useful bees, and laborious ants.

Do you want, O Young Painter, to lay out your work

Properly? Come and apply yourself, and aim,

This prize, so dear, to win:

But first organise your invention {zinnen} by means of rules.

Just as a figure consists of many members, [marg: A history is compared to a figure.]

So imagine, that a narrated deed,

Which you have chosen, to represent with your art

Also has parts; for from a troupe of people,

This one is the head, these the body, this the hand,

Together they configure the meaning of the image {zinnebeelds verstant}.

SECOND CHAPTER.

How one must set about composition.

Strive now for the honour, made famous by Amphion, for Apelles set him above himself in composition. Come, let us now open the royal Theatre, and depict memorable deeds: produced out of ourselves, or, to put it better, raise within ourselves the curtains, and first portray the historic deed in our minds, and set all our powers to work to that end. For as Seneca teaches, it would not be right, actually to shed peoples' blood, because it happened that a Painter were to depict some battles. [marg: Choice is free.] But we are free, with the celebrated Painter Theon, to have a trumpet sound, in order to awaken the spirit. For this Theon was not satisfied, to have depicted his belligerent Soldier full of courage and valour, but he also by surprise had a trumpet blast, as the curtain in front of this picture was lifted for the art lovers, so as effectively to portray the passions of this warrior, When the topic, that you propose, is properly grasped by your mind, then, in accordance with your inclination, take hold of a momentary action, for a Painter's choices are freer than those of a writer of History, he being bound to deal with things from the ground up, whereas an artist can leap immediately either to the beginning, the middle, or the end of the History, according to his preference and discretion, He depicts either the past, the present, or the future, and, depicting something that can be seen in the glance of an eye, is not obliged to depict the eternal succession of things. And to set that out in the most appropriate, most well composed, most pleasing, most lively, most gracious, and most generous way. These inventions now set in place, one must, as they say, bear them continuously in mind. [marg: To consider well]

Before you begin to depict some worthy thing,

Let the deed play in your senses and

Leave an impression: indeed, so that in your spirit you can

See the things exactly as they actually happened.

[marg: And imagine to oneself,] Your thoughts thus trained, will in time picture them in imagined scenes, as if they were happening before you. But so that this begins in the very best way, it is most necessary, that one remembers *Clio's* advice, and that, on account of too much timidity,

one does not do things half-heartedly. [marg: Appropriate grandeur.] And again on the other hand that one avoids presumptuous grandeur. Nicophanes was praised, that his work was thoroughly infused with a particular decorum and Tragic gravity. Which virtue was ascribed to his habitual dignity. That which is truly great, said Junius quoting Longinus, is that which appears to each of us fresh before our eyes; that we find difficult, or rather impossible to put out of our minds; the memory of which endures, and seems to be irremovably impressed in our hearts; which affects all men equally. For the unanimous judgment of so many different schools of thought must necessarily reinforce the authority of true grandeur. Elsewhere he requires, [marg: Bk. 3.] that invention not be puffed-up, but properly grand; not in an abrupt style, but softly modelled; not reckless and thoughtless, but perfectly full of force; not painfully sad, but gravely severe; not painfully slow, but quietly demure; not facetiously wanton, but blithely joyful, and so forth; by means of which he made known, that one must hold to the middle way as best and safest. And furthermore that no one remains stuck in these reflections too long, but boldly presses on. Zeuxis, being entered through the door which Apollonius had opened for him, advanced boldly; this brought greater honour and respect for the brush, which now dares all things. You too, who now understand the subject matter properly, step forward boldly. Descartes wrote this fundamental rule for himself: [marg: In his method. 3rd part] that whatever he had decided upon to the best of his ability to be right, he would resolutely carry through, as if it were the best, for the time being, until wholly convinced by more compelling reasons; and he believed that this conviction much more useful, than that one should remain wavering between many doubts. Francesco Rustici said, that one must first carefully consider, from which then a rough design {ruw bewerp} can readily be produced: and that that sketch can gradually be re-worked until it is eventually brought to greater perfection in Drawings. For in the consideration of all the necessary elements of the subject, the restless spirit very properly and in an orderly way arranges every thing in its own place, and the parts, which are needed for it, are tied together so dextrously and originally, that they no longer appear to be parts, but to be an entire and perfect body. [marg: Sketches, And putting them aside.] Furthermore the above-mentioned Rustici, desires that this Drawing be left unlooked at for weeks and months, so that with a fresh mind one can then select the best, and put it into the work; in this he more or less follows the teaching of Horace, who says: Keep your writings at home for nine years, for what is not published can be revised again and again. But I find

this difficulty here, that by putting aside compositions one has begun the spirit generally falls asleep, and its ardour cools; indeed that those charm which are already assembled flee and diminish, if they are not remarked and put into the work in a timely fashion; also too much faintheartedness is an obstacle in art. Therefore I advise, that one rather puts all one's powers to work, and as far as is possible, zealously brings to perfection the subject that one has begun, and after nine years you will be at liberty, to improve upon this one with a another. [marg: To improve it afterwards.] The success or failure of the entire work hangs on one skilled invention in composition: for would you want to put a lot of work into the particular parts, when you are not pleased with the whole thing? On the other hand, when you are satisfied with the whole, then you will not come across any part, however difficult it is, where enthusiasm will not assist you. Painters, Sculptors, indeed even Poets, said Cicero, want admirers to submit their works to the closest scrutiny: to the end that, whatever is criticised with good reason, might be improved. It will not be unnecessary therefore, for you to ensure, that your general concept {stelling} and composition is good. [marg: How necessary that composition must be good.] And it will not be a problem, if, like Apelles, you had made an error with a shoe fastening: or like Phidias when he sometimes made a nose too fat or too long. Do not then be ashamed, that an error is pointed out, it will all be useful and beneficial. You might also, so as to reassure yourself in judging your wellmade composition, show it to a true friend in the art, and pay attention to his criticism: for thus did Apelles submit himself to the opinions of Lysippus, and he in return to the judgment of Apelles: and Praxiteles maintained that his best work was that which he had made with the advice and help of Nicias. For that reason think it through before you begin, or it will go no better with you than it did with Pontormo, who sometimes sat from morning to evening in front of his work, in order to think, and then left without adding or improving anything: perhaps because he saw that it was too late, to correct that which had been begun badly.

If you see your error too late, you may well grasp your head:
When the stone is thrown, no repentance will avail:
Thus, one in on a wrong path, straightaway turning can often succeed;
But it is best, after thorough reflection, to begin your work again.

[181, Z3]

THIRD CHAPTER.

Concerning loveable harmony, or agreement and proportion in scale {gevoeglijkheyt en maetschiklijkheit in hoegrootheit}.

When I was still an Apprentice we had this question: What is the fundamental lesson and rule of good composition: Fabritius replied, To chose the noblest things in nature, and to arrange them together. [marg: Compose next to each other those things that have mutual affection.] But then it was asked, what are the noblest things in nature? To which he answered the following, That things in nature revealed themselves to be noble, when they were set next to other things, and they appear to be related by a kinship {maegschappy}. Certainly one must allow, that many things, are good in themselves, though not joined to others, and that on the other hand many things, though mean and simple, acquire a great elegance from combination with others. But, one might say, how can greater kinship be thought of, if many things of similar form are joined together? [marg: Not too much of one form.] I reply, that Hens do not prosper {geen tier hebben}, without a Cock, and that too much of one thing, produces loathing. A certain Painter, a compatriot, recently showed off his brave conscientiousness: he had neatly painted a large and well-stacked dish of beautiful, exceptionally juicy, Peaches, one by one, and had acquitted himself valiantly. Seeing it, I was astonished by his assiduousness and patience: but I was revolted by the dullness of the choice, and the excess of so much identical fare; and reckoned, that he had spent his time without profit: for in the same time he could have served up nearly every kind of fruit on this plate, and pleased the eye with a choice of tasty things: as the ancient Painters well understood, when they conceived of the little pictures they called Xenia; as you shall hear from Thalie in Calliope. Whoever wants to make feast enjoyable, must set out a variety of foods: for who shall say that they are well served before whom has been set nothing but partridges, or pheasants? Hopman de Rijk, during the civil war of the last century, imprisoned by the Spanish side, was stuck in a dark hole in the Gent blockhouse, and there he was asked to make a choice, of what food and drink he wished to be served: he chose calf meat and some wine, and thereafter he was allowed to have nothing else. He was so sated by this good food and drink over seven months, that for the rest of his life

he was sickened by it. Variety of food renews the appetite, and in the same way the eye delights in a variety of things. Take care, that difference does not produce conflict, but that an amiable Harmony holds sway. It is not proper for slender maidens to embrace Serpents, or hungry Lions to listen to a Shepherd's song. The voice and lyre of Orpheus alone had the power to tame their fierceness, and this familiarity with wild beasts is decreased, since father Adam's golden age. Chaste Diana suffered no Satyrs among her company of virgins, nor did Venus have fun with grey sharks. Silenus wallowed among the wild Bacchante, and squeezed the juice from the swollen grape, which dripped down his fat chest. And father Liber cannot be without Silenus. Pomona and Flora adore each other, and Pluto the God of Hell does not acknowledge himself brother to Mars. So that things can be compared with each other in terms not only of large against small, but also in terms of harmony, friendship, and aversion: and just as great an error was committed by he who portrayed the horse larger than the stable, as by he who set Lions and Pigs to feed from the same trough, Omphale quite rightly sets Hercules to the distaff, but nothing suits him better than the club and the Lionskin.

[marg: Propriety. {Voeglijkheyt}] I will not warn here that one should not, as often happens, put dwarves' shoulders under Giants' heads, and combine children's arms with an adult face. This belongs to the proportions of the human body, dealt with by Polymnia, and it is as laughable, as that which was previously borrowed from Horace. Nor do I wish to win over those, who paint a misshapen chest and body with a beautiful woman's face: for this is matter of beauty and proper selection. All we observe here is, what things go together well and what things badly. We say with Horace:

[marg: Painter's freedom must not be abused.]

The Painters' freedom must be limited by the character of the thing depicted:

One strives to distinguish between the hard and the soft:

Serpents must not mate with birds,

Tigers must not graze with Lambs.

One must also not mix Holy subjects with anything pagan, as *Cedrenus* relates, that a certain Painter in the time of Emperor *Leo* at Constantinople tried to do, that was, to paint *Christ* with lightning in his hand, and in the form of *Jupiter*: which went so badly for him, that his hand dried into bone, and remained thus, until he realised his error, and was helped by Bishop *Gennadius*. Rather one must put things into their own proper Element, and avoid all contradiction. What is not appropriate, is absurd, and, as *Horace* advises, is to be criticised:

As if a Painter combined a seascape with images of pigs, Or portrayed a landscape where Dolphins played.

The cleverest of the Poets, said *Seneca*, depicted the Flood in the right scale, when he sang thus:

The sea swallows the land,

And doesn't recognise the shore.

He spoke of great things, and depicted the great confusion in these verses:

The floods, burst from their bed, overwhelm The Whole Empire of Land. Mountains, trees, And high towers are submerged by the sea.

All this would have been splendid, he said, had he not continued:

The Wolf swims with the Sheep, and the Lion floats on the waves.

Can one swim in such a flood and mass of water? Or were not all the animals drowned in the same current, which carried them away? Whether Seneca criticises Ovid rightly here I leave to those more experienced to judge: but it will make the Young Painter cautious, and serve as a warning, not to dishonour a splendid composition with nonsense. It reminds me of having seen, in a certain nicely composed little piece by Rembrandt, depicting a John preaching, a wonderful attentiveness in the listeners of all classes: this was most highly to be praised, but one also saw a dog, mounted on a bitch in a disgusting way. Of course you can say, that it is normal and natural, I say that it is a repulsive impropriety for this History; and that according to this detail {byvoegzel}, one could just as soon claim that this little piece represented the Preaching of the Cynic Diogenes, as that of Saint John. Such depictions reveal the fatuity of masters; and are to be ridiculed, even if they are found only in minor details. A certain Painter in Amsterdam recently painted a jolly wineglass on a table with astonishing charm: What else? He also painted a splendid velvet cloth under it: that might yet do: but on this neat Tablecloth he also painted a slimy Haddock. From which one must conclude, that this painter must be a slovenly housekeeper: for who ever let such a dirty slut into their kitchen, as would lay a filthy fish on plush or velvet in that way? And it was nevertheless looked upon by stupid art lovers as wonderfully good. It is also improper, to depict sins of a private nature in Paintings, or impure and violent deeds, done somewhere undercover, making what is inacceptable public, as Horace advises:

You must conceal many matters from the eyes: One thing may be seen, another may be heard; [176 (this is a misprint)]

Impurity provokes the sight with scandal.

Medea must not kill her children before the people,

Nor Atreus cook any cursed food

Of Whore's brood, out of revenge, before any eyes.

The transformation of Cadmus, full of horrors,

None must see, nor that of Procne, when she took flight.

Beware then, O Noble spirits, of portraying the shameful depravities of *Tiberius* on the Isle of Capri in your Pictures. [marg: Caesars Suetonius {C. Sueton.} In Tiberius.] Nor allow the Ancient father Noah to lie shamelessly naked, where Shem and Japheth turn away their faces. For those who are inclined towards such shamefulness, deserve to be cursed as much as Ham and Canaan. And while I speak of Tiberius, do not imitate Parrhasius either, by whom there was in Rome such a scandalous Picture of Atalanta and Meleager to be seen, which it shames me to describe: it was so much loved by this tyrant, that he refused ten times the number of Sesterces that he could have got for it.

[marg: Improper and misshapen Monsters.] And since we mentioned Horace with regard to misshapen members of the body in the previous chapter, I say with Junius, that it is not proper for an artist to conjure up weird monsters, unknown to nature. As Vitruvius said, decadent custom had brought it about, that one more often saw freaks and monsters depicted in grotesques, than any truthful things: as opposed to the custom of the ancients, whose rooms, galleries and dining halls, were embellished with artistic imitations of natural things. He desired that a ship should look like a ship, a statue like a person, or an animal, or something recognisable, or indeed any natural creature. And it upset him, that anyone took delight in things, which went contrary to probability. Plutarch said, that there were several in Rome, who condemned good Paintings and Sculptures, and spent time at the market of monsters, observing people with no arms or legs, or three eyes, an ostrich head, or whatever else unsightly; which nevertheless they could not look upon for long, without abhorrence. I am certainly nauseated by these, and likewise by the terrifying monsters, which Lucian portrays in his wholly unlikely true History, and has skirmishing in the air. And I find no satisfaction in looking at the Hellish monstrosities of Hell Breugel, Hieronymus Bosch, or Saftleven, however full of spirit they might be considered. Since they appear to do violence to nature through their unregulated deformity. The Hell of the Poets is opened up with more moderation and edification; and even though they are elaborated, they bear significations of what might be {gebeurlijkheyt}: as can be seen in Virgil, when he soars thus:

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[marg: Aeneid 6th book.] At the gateway of Hell's fortress, The mouth of the abyss, lives dejected sorrow, and trouble, Which devours and gnaws the heart.

And then he gracefully describes the rest of the Hellish afflictions: like *Ovid* who also portrays it very nicely and naturally, beginning simply thus:

[marg: Metamorphosis 4th book.] The dark entrance to Hell is mortally cold,
Poisonous, stinking, and filled with many thorns.

There the souls, directly after separation from the body,
Wander lost, until they find the (*) thousand-entranced city. [marg: (*) Styx Pluto's residence.]

Next it is to be observed, how things are to be compared to each other according to proportion: one must attend carefully, to how one body contrasts with another. With regard to attention to size, *Pliny* gave the example of *Timanthes'* sleeping Giant; [marg: Satyrs compared to a giant.] for, he said, he painted some Satyrs alongside it, measuring his thumb with wild ivy, so as to give a better impression, of the scale of a Giant, in such a small work (for it was only a little picture). And hereby he earned this praise: That one always discovered a deeper meaning in his works, than was perceived at first glance. And so it was that, great though his art was, his intelligence by far exceeded it.

Next how foolish was it, to put an Elephant and a Mouse into a single harness? And not to differentiate a flea from a camel by height? [marg: Proportion.] One must respect nature, which gives to large things a Giant massiveness, and to small an indistinguishable tininess, contrasting them the one to the other in a pleasing way. So too an artist must not spoil one part of his work with another. Sculptors should pay heed in this regard when making statues {stokbeelden}, when they set them on a footing or Pedestal, that there is a proportion or conformability between the pedestal and the figure. At the time of the Emperor Hadrian the statue of Mercury by Philesius was criticised, for being too small for the Temple at Trebizond. Plutarch disparaged those, who, by making Pedestals much too large, made their figures smaller. For it is most important that a figure, when set high, should be to the same scale, as that upon which it stands. The Temple of Jupiter, in the Greek city of Olympia, was considered one of the World's seven wonders, but it was, by those who understood art, reckoned to be inexcusably ugly: namely, that the seated Idol, which had been made by Phidias, was so large, that, had he stood up, the roof would have been too low to contain him. [marg: In size.] For just as, according to the Architect's ruler {zetregel}, all the parts of a complete building, must correspond

to each other in a proportionate arrangement; figures, too, whether carved or painted, must be neither too large, nor too small. One should take care, that one does not make any gate or door smaller than the people, which was the case at Philemon's house, where they had to stoop to enter: so that one does not suffer the criticisms of the great architect Apollodorus: for when the Emperor and Painter Hadrian had made a model or design of the Temple of Venus, and wishing possibly to avoid the same mistake as the sculptor of the above-mentioned building at Trebizond, fell into the same error as the Olympians we described; and Apollodorus let him know, that the Goddesses, seated beneath the vault inside, were unable to stand up and leave, and that furthermore their temple was too low, to allow theatrical apparatus conveniently to be set up there at night, so that it could be revealed impromptu in the theatre in the morning; and the figures, which were designed, were too gross and large for such a small space: adding that the Emperor, ought rather to go and paint gourds {kouwoerden}, that being a business, he understood better, and in which he was accomplished: which criticism and reproach offended the mighty Painter so much, that he had Apollodorus killed; feeling a greater smart from his mistake being revealed, in this comparison of his building with his sculptures, than the life of such a man was worth to him, who had revealed sufficiently well what a master he was, in making Trajan's column, which made his name nearly as famous, as that of his all too strict disciplinarian.

FOURTH CHAPTER.

Moderation in composition.

As regards moderation I first recommend, that you do not burden {overlasten} your work too much with unnecessary things: Not how much, but how nobly as de Heem wrote. And many figures, doing nothing, is repulsive. [marg: Do not crowd {overlasten} the work;]

When Varro sought joy, he needed few guests.

Thus one also praises a work as being best not crowded.

The ancient advice of the Tragedians {Treurdichters} holds good, not to bring too many Characters into the Play on account of their importance.

[187, Aa 2]

Whoever formerly listened to the ancient philosophers with judgment, Praised most the arguments, contained in few words.

Therefore carefully reveal that which you intend in a measured fashion, Distinctly and clearly.

To depict a history properly {eygentlijk} is praiseworthy: but do not use so many improper additional elements {oneygen bywerk}, as Mander describes in a Judgment of Paris by Sannazaro.

Nor should one produce too scanty {sober} a History, leaving the Cow, so to speak, behind the Dike; [marg: Nor portray it too scantily either,] nor follow too closely he who painted a Princely Palace without a single living figure, and was on that account criticised, and in one doorway showed part of a halberd, as if a bodyguard, who was entering, had it on his shoulder: as an incoming foot on the threshold implies a spur. Nor like a Berincx {Beerings} either, who painted Noah's Ark in the water under a rainy sky, without any figures human, animal or vegetable: and when he was asked, what was it? he answered, the Flood: and where were the people? He replied drowned, and they would see the people when the water subsided. Ausonius' judgment is very appropriate here: The pleasure of a painted mist, he said, disappears upon viewing. And certainly, whoever makes an effort to depict something, not worthy to be seen, employs their effort badly. We do not here specifically criticise sometimes painting mist or fog: but rather, together with the same Ausonius, we praise such a choice, if required by the subject matter. As he said with regard to a piece, where the pale ghosts of Hero, Sappho, Pasiphaë, Dido, and other unfortunate ancient heroines, confronting {te keer gaende} the god of love in the subterranean kingdom, which appears for the most part clothed in a thick fog, very splendidly painted, but we condemn righty the dull spirits, who cover their pieces in smears, without revealing anything worth seeing in them: [marg: Nor too little,] and we agree with Socrates: Even though a painted suit of armour is sufficiently pleasing in itself, he said, it is nonetheless never of any use. But, O Hercules! What are we to do with mostly a heap of rubbish, bodged together by many of our compatriots? Here with a Lemon, there with a Quince, incapable of rising to the value of a suit of armour. [marg: But one perfect sense;] The least thing that one undertakes, ought to have a perfect sense to it; as is always recommended by the greatest masters, ancient as well as modern. It is true, they used frequently diligently to make a single figure with some appropriate additional element: but they were careful not to allow anything to pass from their hand, that was unworthy of being called a work, and which might diminish their reputation.

Now to establish some rules of composition, we desire, that each piece of work consists of three parts, in accordance with the common saying:

That all good deeds,

Consist of threes. [marg: A piece should consist of at least three elements.] Three completes your Play, said the master of Poetry. The number three is the number of the Graces; on that account Aulus Gellius believed that for company one needed no fewer than three, and no more than nine: others found the number seven the most suitable, believing three to be too scant, and nine too wild. But Pliny said, that in the earliest times no more than five appeared at a banquet, although others stretched the number to twelve: adding the Graces to the Muses. Someone might well laugh, that wishing to speak of painterly composition, I begin with guests and banquets. [marg: Plutarch in Aemilius Paulus.] But they could listen to Aemilius Paulus, who gave this response, to those who were astonished, that he, who had defeated Perseus, and destroyed the kingdom of the Macedonians, interfered so busily and carefully in choosing his company, and distinguished between his guests according to their worthiness to be entertained. There is, he said, the same foresight required properly to arrange a banquet, as the order of battle: the one to be more terrifying to the enemy, the other to be more delightful to one's friends. To confirm that identical foresight is required in the composition of matters, however much they differ from each other, Sir [Thomas] Povey, and very great art lover in London, and treasurer to the Duke of York, was celebrated by everyone for his wonderfully well designed and decorated house, and even more for his agreeable company: and I noted on one occasion, how accomplished he was at composition: for he did me the honour of inviting me, together with four or five gentlemen of the Royal Society, and five courses were served. When then one of the company remarked, that this was now the last one: He made it known with a graceful word: that we were only half-way through. And so it was that we were served and the dishes taken away ten times, and everything so elegant, various and orderly {sierlijk, veranderlijk, en ordentelijk} that it was astonishing; and not too extravagant, even though he had us taste four-and-twenty sorts of foreign wine.

However modest the topic you may have before you, O Young Painters, you must enrich it with at least one piece of additional detail. Do not paint a single wine glass on an empty table. [marg: Or four,] Bacchus must have Ceres and Venus: the farce {kluchtspelen} consists of no less than three parts. If you seek honour and glory; then divide your work into at least three or four groups, or bands {benden}. The Roman army in former times consisted of the Velites or lightly-weaponed; the Hastati, or spear-bearers, the Principi or most important, and the Triarii or veterans, which were the most powerful. Equate the principal element of your work with the Triarii: the second,

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which is of a little less value, with the *Principi*: the third, in the distance {verschietende} or partly-visible with the *Hastati*: and the least with the *Velites*. But a perfect piece of work, which is pleasing often to be seen, must have no more and no less than five acts {leden}, as *Horace* says of plays:

[marg: Five,] A play that will endure
Will have exactly five acts {bedrijven}.

Five acts {handelingen} are proper for a well organised play. L. van den Bosch says this:

The first presents us with the matter that you have chosen,

By means of your characters and poetry:

The second sets to work the action previously described:

The third is in motion, and the argument is stoked up higher:

The fourth reveals [from a distance/with a feather {toont van veer}?] the outcome of the business:

The fifth closes the work with distress or with delight.

Although a play is different from a Painting, in that each act deals with a specific time, place, or action: whereas the Painting only depicts a momentary action or topic, we prefer to rest with what we have said regarding the orders of the Roman army. That is, that the chief personages are set forth as the most important, those of lesser significance, although they belong to the subject matter, are seen and recognised; and the supplementary ones are least in evidence. Or put another way, that the most important group depict the History: those second to them fill the most necessary supplementary roles: and that the third serve for the enhancement and embellishment of the work as a whole.

[marg: And more,] Just as at high feasts one sees the number of guests increase. and the ranks of the army form more companies with auxiliaries: and sometimes also the tragedies are doubled, or lengthened by the addition of a comedy: So the Painter's Spirit sometimes expands more widely in great works, and divides itself into ten or twelve main groups, each of which must again have its *Triarii*, *Principi*, and *Velites*. As is readily to be observed with *Michelangelo* in his great Last Judgment, and by many others, which it would be too exhausting for me to list. [marg: As is required.] And these rules must be observed not only in figures or still lifes, but also in architectural paintings and landscapes.

As to the placing of the main action in the composition, that which will give the work its title, one must ensure that it is displayed without any obstruction, as we have already begun to explain: and one must sets it in the best part of the work. *Karel Van Mander* sings very nearly like this:

The main action, which you are to undertake, put in the best Part of the piece, and then play gracefully with the rest.

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[marg: In the principle part of the work. A view through {Deurzicht} is pleasing.]
You should completely fill the corners on both sides,
But do not crowd the inner parts too much.
A view through gives a structured natural character {welstandicheit en aert},
Through which the delighted playful eye travels.
Take care, that what you undertake, is not constrained,
Or squeezed into the frame, or contorted.

One must avoid much confusion of arms and legs, also of lights and shadows. [marg: Awkward and negligent composition.] But to arrange beautiful lights and large shadows well in their proper places is another thing. It sometimes gives a fitting appearance, if in a rich and well-furnished house some things are scattered about negligently, and just as tasty food sometimes on account of a certain sharpness in the sauce is made more delicious, it also helps achieve attractiveness in composition, if one can introduce a look of easy negligence; an overly laborious composition lacks this fittingness. But this negligence must be checked by artfulness {kunstgreep}, or one would wander far from the path.

FOURTH CHAPTER.

Combined movement, figural balance and grouping, or the Muse of Drawing. {Samenbeweging, sprong en troeping, of de Muza der Teykenkonst.}

[marg: Combined movement.] Let your figures enjoy well-integrated movement {welstandige beweging} with each other: not like stupid actors, who come to the front of the stage to speak the lines, which they ought to exchange with each other, to the audience. [marg: Balance. {Sprong}] Maintain a graceful balanced truth {aerdige sprong waer}, that is an artful, but apparently unforced placement of your figures: so that one could not strike off their heads altogether with one blow, so to speak (as in some Militia portraits). In applying yourself to do this, you will discover rich stuff, and learn to look at famous works with judgment.

[marg: Grouping, and] Let your work be divided deftly into groups or troupes; for a large composition to appear to be the right size, it is most necessary, to divide it into groups. [marg: Distribution increases.] A rich man seems richer, when his goods are divided between various businesses, than when all are concealed under one name. Flowers growing in order in several beds, are more remarkable, than if they are all confused in one bed. A long argument properly divided up, will have greater impact, than numberless aphorisms. He who speaks vaguely,

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but lengthily, tires his listeners: and he who shows too much at the same time, blinds the viewers.

Put trees, buildings and figures all in troupes,

And divide your work into elegant groups.

If things are scattered here and there, even if each part

Is done well, it does not give good structure {welstand} to the whole.

So that your figures are not crowded too closely together, you must allow them free movement. Our poet spoke in almost the following way:

Allow the horse and rider to collapse,
Or tumble or lie entangled in foreshortening.
Set one in the most beautiful part, in armour, or half-naked;
Whatever is hidden behind him is already done.
Combine the figures together succinctly,
It must be like the playing of many strings,
According to the requirements of art, now high and now low.
[marg: Is like a song.] Variety of many tones makes
A song, to the delight of all who hear it;
So too must one seduce the eyes of each by means of art.

This area of art was intelligently observed by Leonardo da Vinci in his celebrated Battle Cartoon. Tintoretto and Paulo Veronese were masters in this: and graceful Raphael astonishing. Rembrandt often achieved this well, and the best pieces by Rubens, and his follower Jordaens, have especially well-structured balance and grouping {welstandige sprong en troeping}. This art of pleasing order and artistic arrangement, strikes me as being in fact music or song, which, just like the expression {vois} of a well-made song, enriches the words, as well as greatly improving the matter {de dingen}, and enhancing the effect of the whole {welstand}.

The way to become certain and sure in composition is, by accustoming oneself to making many Sketches, and by drawing many Histories on paper; for theoretical knowledge will hardly serve, if you do not fix it fast with practice. [marg: To draw many compositions from the imagination {uyt den geest}.] It will be most advantageous to a student, when he tires of his brushes, to apply himself in the evenings to drawing Histories from his imagination, from time to time putting something into them that he has gathered from life {nae't leven}. But I advise, that whatever he has made in the evening, he reviews in the morning, and improves it; for a fresh eye at dawn is sometimes better than the advice of a master. I would also insist, that he completes everything that he has begun, so that he does not decline into whimsicality, and that every week he completes at least one thing, to the best of his ability. Certainly, by means of this method one will

progress unbelievably, and through making many errors, learn the rules described above. So what deters you? You say that you lack many things: Do not delay: it will be no shame for you to make mistakes. Sketch and re-sketch, and perform the histories, and each character first in your imagination; your paper can tolerate a great deal; and do not give up until you have invented a good composition. And if it happens that you can get the assistance of two or three of your companions, have them see whether they can pose together {eens te zamen vertoonen} for the principal group of the action, that you are wanting to portray. Such a performance {kamerspel} has been employed to help many great masters. However this is more necessary for the teaching of Clio, in order to observe actions and passions; our Thalia teaches only arrangement. [marg: Example.] Formerly in The Hague I saw a certain Samuel Smits, a practised painter: he had the custom that, whatever he wished to compose, he modelled first in small scale in Wax: in his Painter's workshop I observed various Panels with small, sketchy figures, roughly shaped: here was Tiresias, adjudicating the dispute between Juno and her husband: there one saw Pan and Apollo in musical competition, and yonder Narcissus mirrored in the crystalline brook, when he was in love with his own reflection: the draperies were of white and coloured paper which had first been damped, and amply and nicely pleated, the trees were of oak and branches of others, the ground and caves enlivened {geestich van} with moss, and the water was mirrored glass. This is very easy to copy, but take care, that by employing too much assistance, you do not lose your own self. I advise masters, when looking over their pupils' Drawings, that they also improve them by sketching on top of the design. [marg: Sketch a lot.] Excessive exercise like this has helped many to become prodigious in the art of arranging {schikkunst}.

SIXTH CHAPTER.

How one can help oneself from the work of another.

Try with all your might, O diligent Young Painter, to become proficient in producing your own inventions. Apelles and Protogenes turned from the path of their predecessors Micon, Diores, and Arimmas. So too did Paulo Veronese {Kalliary} and Tintoretto, and took a new route. Who knows whether art is to be raised even higher. Push bravely on, and risk your paper, perhaps practice will make an inundation of compositional riches for you. Nevertheless it will be allowed you, whenever you come before another's well-composed piece, to borrow the voice {vois} or manner of singing, that is to say,

its gracefulness of combination and figural balance {zwier van de koppeling en sprong}. [marg: Copy the good composition of others.] Just like the poet, who makes a new song from an old tune. It is no disgrace to compose some verses for a well-known tune {vois}, which already pleases the whole world. But one must here see to it, that one treats different subject matter: and thus they considered the Painter worthy of praise, who achieved the same power of art in his Painting of Achilles, that had previously been noted in the Alexander of Apelles. Thus Virgil was honoured as a Prince of Latin Poets, because in his wandering Aeneas, he followed the wandering Ulysses of Homer, never ceding to his predecessor. And even though one can say, that sometimes he copied, one cannot say, that he anywhere stole from him. But he seemed to be spurred on by the same spirit to run for the prize in the race for honour. The Painters spirit also readily launches itself into this race, indeed it would be no small honour, to struggle thus with Paulo Veronese {P. Calliary}; even if one were left a little behind. Some also borrow whole pictures {wel stukken} from another's work; but this should not be done often, and only with caution: so that Michelangelo's criticism is not deserved: for this great artist seeing a Painting, taken entirely from others, and being asked, what did he think of it? Replied: it is fine. But I do not know, when at the judgment all the parts are returned to their proper places, what will happen to this piece, for there will be nothing left.

[marg: Turnips,] Well cooked Turnips {Raepen = 'to steal'} make good soup, they say: but those who always follow, will never get ahead. [marg: How generally praiseworthy.] Should you happen to take something from antiquity, the rest of your work will make it look borrowed, and most likely be outdone in virtue. Rubens was criticised by one of his opponents, saying that he borrowed whole figures from the Italians: and that, in order to do this more easily, he hired draughtsmen in Italy at his own cost; [marg: Rubens under fire.] copying all the beauties and sending them to him: upon finding out what had been said this great spirit replied, that they were free to do the same, if they could see the benefit. Thereby implying, that not everyone was able to get any benefit from that. And it is certain that the works of our predecessors are just as available to us, as the books of the ancients are to the scholars. But always using these to get by, copying them, would deserve no greater praise, than transcribing and joining together different poems.

Because Poetry and the Art of Painting proceed in many similar ways, it will be allowed our Young Painter, to follow the speaking pen of the Poet, with the mute brush. [marg: Imitate poets.] *Phidias* was not ashamed to confess, that he had borrowed the form and the scale of his Eleian *Jupiter* from *Homer*. *Apelles* also painted his *Diana* following

the same Poet's prescription. Timanthes showed Agamemnon, covered in a veil, as he was presented by Euripides, at the sacrifice of Iphigenia. Praxiteles copied the same Euripides in his Bacchus. And furthermore all other Painters and sculptors followed that same author in the portrayal of Medea.

If the things, that you intend to do, are not to hand, but only to be found in the work of others, then set about gathering and copying wholesale. Thus did Raphael and his Julius help themselves to Roman antiquity, the Trajan and the Antonine columns showed them the forms of Roman eagles, pennants, battle insignia; helmets and all manner of armour. You might also, following Vitruvius and others, in some corner, reconstruct the buildings of the Ionians, and the ancient Corinthians; or borrow the shape of some strange animal from a geographer. I could hardly bear {spaenen} the pity, when once I saw in Rome most diligent, as they believed, youths so busy, indiscriminately copying every kind of Painting and Antiquity, believing that they were accumulating a treasure, and that they would carry off all the art with them in a book at their departure from Rome. Certainly this is a good way, but it is far from being the shortest. Hear what Van Mander tells of Elsheimer: There remains in Rome, he said, an excellent German Painter Adam, born in Frankfurt, a tailor's Son, who when he arrived in Italy, was not very good: [marg: Study the works of others.] but in Rome he wonderfully improved, and through industry became an artful workman. He did not draw much, but sat in Churches and other places, where there were things by clever {fraeje} masters and looked, impressing everything firmly in his mind. [marg: Example of Elsheimer and Rubens.] O Elsheimer! What fruits of your study {betrachtingen} would you have left us, had your unhappy {onmedoogent} fate left you free. Rubens, a gushing source of art and nature, was, when in Rome, criticised by one of his industrious companions: that he copied, or drew after, so few Italian Paintings and passed his costly time walking about, looking, and sitting still, when, in order to become a great master in art, one ought to labour night and day. But Rubens laughing replied with the famous saying: I am busiest, when I sit still. The other accused him of arrogance, and he teasingly replied: I think I will remember something I have looked at properly better, than you, who have copied it. So they made a wager, which of the two of them could best draw from memory, there and then, a certain piece, which Rubens had but carefully looked at, and the other had copied: and Rubens trounced his critic, with the treasure of his imagination, in this just as much as he did in the rest

of art. A Painterly spirit must be like the useful Bee, which flies to every flower, but not then sucking honey, but drawing forth all manner of useful things from the examples of others. To copy everything is too servile, and even impossible: and to trust in your imagination is possible only for a Rubens. Painters, who give their hearts over entirely to copying the work of others, and taking pains only to complete the work, were ranked with peasants, shepherds, and workmen by Jesus Siracides; {marg: Ecclesiastes. chap. 38.] ignorant of understanding, that the true Art of Painting comprises as a combination of all manner of knowledge and wisdom. Should you by chance go to Italy, or anywhere, where in a short period of time you can see good things, and if you are advanced enough in art, so that you can identify the virtues, go to it, you will almost always observe some specific virtue in the works of fine masters: inscribe this virtue not only on your paper, but in your heart, and then again with the others: and thus neither the time nor the load will tire you: and you will eventually obtain the horse's tail of art hair by hair. Here you will see spiritedly combined groups of figures and graceful balance, and a history arranged and orderly, depicted as if you watched it happening {als zaegt gyze gebeuren}. Yonder you will see in a wonderful invention the high spirit of the masters. Here again are the movements of the emotions and bodies, and persons, as if you knew them; and there the greatest beauties and perfections depicted. When some excellent work appears before you, you will know the excellences by name: or even doubt, whether the virtue, for which it is famed, is actually there to be found. But so that you do not become lost in your own self-conceit, allow the judgment of another to cool with you, especially if you feel shouted down {daer gy overstemt zijt}, before discarding or accepting it.

As regards copying the antique well, and following their manner, *Michelangelo* said, he who always follows, never overtakes.

SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Making one's Art public.

When you have developed your invention into a composition, and you wait upon the judgment of friend and foe, have your work appear in print, and thus your name will the more rapidly fly all over the world. Albrecht Dürer and Lucas van Leyden, wonderful painters, nonetheless acquired their greatest fame by means of

the burin. But since then the burin has become wholly estranged from the brush, and become a task, that requires the entire man. And certainly, the engravers have since become the praise-singers and trumpeters of the greatest Painters, and prints have became messengers and spokesmen, that proclaim the content of works of art, which are either far away, or have nowadays become old. [marg: Engraving. Wood print. And with various plates.] The engraver cuts either into copper with burins, or into wood with chisels and knives. The copper plate gives the darkest image first, but the woodblock becomes coarser {grover} with use.

[marg: Print-painting.] The method of printing using three wood blocks produces painterly prints. But Hercules Seghers first gave papers or fabrics a colouring, with soft grounds, skies, horizons and foregrounds, and then printed onto them, most graceful and painterly. [marg: tin plates.] Dürer also engraved things into tin, which gives a very light effect {licht manier}. [marg: Etching.] But etching is much more like drawing, one uses various coarse and fine needles for this, and the plate must be given a ground of mastic, asphaltum, and whitewash. And because this makes the plate dark, one can over-paint it with lead-white mixed in egg-white, and then draw into the copper, red on white. But whoever is attracted to this art, read Abraham Bosse, who has most naturally described it and all that appertains to it; or go to School with that most spirited of men {aldergeestigsten} Romeyn de Hooghe.

More recently Prince Rupert Count Palatine, or some other before him, cooked up {toegerecht} another means of preparing plates, which seem as if made without lines, and this is done as follows: [marg: Black art.] the plate being well flattened, is scratched in both directions, very closely, so that the whole plate, were it to be printed from, would be completely black; onto this they sponge {sponsien} their intended work, and begin, using burnishers, wholly to smooth, those parts, which must be the lightest, and the rest to a lesser degree; in the way one draws with gold on black touchstone, or rather with light Crayon {Kryon} on black paper: and this invention was called the black art {zwarte kunst}. The first print of this kind that I saw was a torturer after Ribera {Spanjolet}, and the aforementioned Prince, who had made it, honoured me with a copy. One fault with this art, is that a plate produces so few prints; but then the good thing is, that one can begin something new again on the same plate.

[marg: Some natural things printed.] Before this invention just described, now an established art, some had begun to print from nature itself: such as the leaves of shrubs, plants, and mosses, with the help of washing and cleaning {loogen en zappen}, and indeed butterflies too {witties of kappellen en schoenlappers}, with their colours blending {afgaende} naturally, at which they succeeded wonderfully. Since in the previous Chapter I stated, that it is useful and profitable for eager-to-learn spirits,

to imitate sometimes the works of other celebrated masters, [marg: Good copies make good pieces famous.] it also suits art lovers, that the artistic works of the great masters through being copied by good assistants {gezellen} are made well-known. For since they are commonly shut up in collections of art, and Copies are sent into every Kingdom, they would thereby achieve such a lustre, that Lovers of Art would not forbear from journeying many days, just in order to see the original. Which commonly comes about too with so great a prejudice, that they imagine seeing something that is not there; I have experienced proofs enough of this: for I have seen with astonishment eyes rolled upwards at vanities, that they could have improved upon themselves, and over things, that the artists had thrown together without any effort or attention; although I know very well, that sometimes the highest art plays with the appearance of negligence. Whatever we know by the name of a virtue must shine. For to say there is something hidden in it but I do not know what it is; is as much as to say that I see that there is nothing in it.

[marg: Difference of copies.] The Art of Painting is established in our Schools, and if it is at its highest, then it does not err from the lessons of *Calliope*. But no one imagines, that he will discover in copies, the perfect power of Art, that is only to found in the *original* or authentic work of outstanding Masters. For it would be impossible, for some God to endow the follower with the same spirit as the first master.

[marg: An original.] There is always a charming attractiveness in the original, which the copy lacks, said Dionysius of Halicarnassus: for however well it is copied, nevertheless something here or there is revealed, which is not natural, but seems to come about from a painful laboriousness. Also one observes, that the virtues of the first originals in copies are surrounded by numerous errors, more or less like printed pages, cobbled together by some ignorant letter-setter from some difficult text, full of printing errors and faults, which either obscure or corrupt the sense. They are most of all lacking in a general well-structured Harmony and Grace. Certainly, it is a laughable thing sometimes, to hear the deluded judgments of the connoisseurs {konstkenners} concerning some Painting: for they deceive not only ignorant art lovers, selling trashy copies as honest originals, and that apparently cheaply and at a low price, but they also deceive themselves, taking pleasure in this, rather than in the virtues, setting up the worst mistakes and errors before us as wonders, praising that, which deserves all contempt, to the diminution {kleynmaking} of the master of the originals, who should have been ashamed of these things, that these people so extravagantly praise. Nevertheless

in many towns these Donkeys have such credit, that their judgment is esteemed above that of honest connoisseurs {konstkenders}; nonetheless it is sure and certain, that no one can judge rightly of the virtue of a Painting, than those who correctly and properly understand the foundations of art, and such matters as we deal with in this work. Therefore, O lovers of art, if you wish to avoid mockery and offence, do not trust to the judgment of these haggling cheats; but consult with Painters and Practitioners of Art, who are of good conscience; and who themselves, in the collecting of good art, show that they also love the work of others. And so that you can be sure of their judgement, test the artworks against our foundational rules; for I will assure you, not only will you discover, that the most outstanding masters observed our laws, but also, that the longer you look at their pieces, the more you will find in them, that they were guided by our Muses.

[marg: Conclusion of the composition.] Now, since it is unusual for Thalia, to remain long on the Stage, and she is accustomed to close up her shop early, I shall summarise the lessons of my Young Painters in brief. She requires therefore, that one practices composition early on in the art, for thereby one gains certain boldness, which is especially necessary for a pupil. She requires, that one predominantly depicts such things, as seem to be sown or planted in our imaginations, and the each Painter's spirit will produce such fruit, as is natural and particular to them; for no one is so universal in art, that he does not discover something, which pleases him better than all other choices, She requires, that that which one intends to depict, one portrays purely and simply { zuiver en enkelt}, not like the foolish poets, who in wedding songs thunder about dreadful war. She requires that therefore one first purifies one's own soul, and thoroughly considers, the subject matter, that one is to undertake. I have only a head, and a tail, with a sharp point, which is necessary, when I write lyric poem; but for elegies I must first wash away frivolous thoughts with tears, before I set pen to paper. She requires that one should join together those things which do each other good, and arrange them together most appropriately; and that one maintains a suitable proportion {maetschiklijkheit}. She orders that one be neither too miserly nor too open-handed in composition, but requires that one enriches a history with its requisite apparatus: and she teaches, how one should divide the work into its component parts {leeden}; so that the Principal element has its appropriate scale. Further she directs, how one should give the figures an agreeable balance {sprong}, that is, that high or low, they form shapes with each other, which is pleasing to the eye, and that, on account of their variety, they appear to be playing with each other; and how one combines them together in graceful groups and troupes,

in order to avoid them appearing scattered and monotonous. She requires that one makes great effort in these practices, and establishes means, which advance this science {deeze kennisse}. She determines, broadly how allowable it is, to help oneself with the work of another: and finally she advises, so as not to scorch in your own flame, that one makes one's works public by issuing prints, in order to hear the judgment of others: so as in future to avoid the mistakes, reasonably identified by friend or foe.

EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Forms of Relaxation.

My spirit, now tired by writing, longs to rest awhile, so as to proceed the more alertly with colouring, which stands ready. [marg: Relaxation.] But this will be our rest, that we shall deal for a while with relaxation, of which the overworked Spirit of Painting sometimes has need. After listing fifteen means of reaching one's goal, in his treatise on Peace of mind, Seneca sets this one down as the last: That the mind should not be occupied in doing the same things all the time, but that it sometimes requires pleasure. He continues thus: Socrates was not ashamed to play with children. Cato gladdened his mind sometimes, when it was troubled by everyday worries, with wine. Scipio exercised his warlike and triumphant body with dancing. One must allow the soul some pleasure: for having had rest, it rises again better and refreshed. [marg: Continuous labour makes the spirit dull.] Just as one ought not to overburden fruitful lands, lest that great fruitfulness be diminished; the power of the mind is also ruined by labour that is too prolonged. Who ever allows themselves a little relaxation, and who rests a while, gains new strength. The relentlessness of labour causes a weakening and dulling of the Spirit. Human desires cannot endure this much, without an injection of natural delight in play and humour { spel en jokkery}; the employment of which drives away all melancholy. Sleep is necessary for refreshment, although you would be nothing other than dead, if you slept day and night. The Law-givers apportioned feast days, so that people should be compelled to enjoy themselves publicly: adding that these days had been included, as a necessary mitigation of labour. Indeed some important

men maintained feast days of their own, on certain days of the month, some divided each day between work and rest. The orator Pollio did nothing after the tenth hour, not even read a letter, but during the two remaining hours he eased the anxieties of the whole of the day. [marg: How one can refresh the spirit.] One must allow the mind something, and a little rest provides that which serves as food for the spirit, and which gives it strength. One should allow the soul to wander in the open air, so that it increases, and can look upon the Sky with an unconstrained spirit. One sometimes finds new energy travelling in foreign lands: by dining with others, and drinking deeply, indeed until drunk: not to drown ourselves in Wine, but to wash away our cares. For wine drives away care, and raises up the spirit from below; and just as it cures some sicknesses, so too it dispels sadness. [marg: The use of wine.] The inventor of wine was not called Liber because he loosened the tongue, but because he relieved the mind from worry, and reassured it, and made every deed more bold and resolute. But like moderation in freedom, moderation in wine is also necessary and wholesome. Indeed it is believed that Solon and Arcesilaus both enjoyed wine. Cato was accused of drunkenness. But those, who accused him of this, more readily make drunkenness seem honourable, than Cato guilty. However one should do this but rarely, so that the mind does not adopt a bad habit. One might however sometimes extend the spirit in happiness and freedom, and cast off sad sobriety for a little time. [marg: In what way.] For, if we believe the Greek poets, It is sometimes pleasing to play the fool: Thus Plato, Whosoever is in his right mind, knocks in vain on the Poet's door: Thus Aristotle, There has never been great genius {vernuft} without mixture of folly. Only a Spirit that is moved {bewooge Geest} can achieve something great, which surpasses others, and leaving behind ordinary things, and raised up by holy inspiration, sings for the first time something, which is loftier, than anything that can come from mortal mouth. Indeed the mind, as long as it is left to itself, cannot reach anything high and difficult to achieve. It must change its usual pace, and rising upwards, take the bridle between its teeth, and bear the rider off, and arrive at the place, to which it did not dare go by its own inclination. Seneca teaches us this, and in such relaxation we really need a Seneca constantly by our sides, in order to hold to the mean. I for one, would not contradict what Plato said, that genius bursts out, as if lifted off its hinges, by three motivations: namely Divine inspiration, the elevation of Poetic spirit, and uplifting by wine: but I would say, that this last causes increased lustiness,

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or slothful somnolence, though it might well bring alertness of spirit and refreshment of the intellect {vernufts}. And I remain silent too about the danger, of a thousand kinds of offence, of the tongue and the hand. And it is likely also that you, driven by the Painter's common urge, will wish to visit foreign lands: so much the better, I remember still, that I was driven by this desire: since Thalia grants us leave, to wander a little beyond the rules of art, then listen a little to the beginning of my first journey; from Dordrecht to Vienna in Austria.

[marg: 1651. The 16th May from Dordrecht to Utrecht] As the Crane, in the height of the season, Follows the Sun, and stirs his swift feathers, So did I the same: I departed my city, far from These bounds to pass time with strangers. I mounted my horse, armed with courage No less, than with Swords and Pistols, And set forth on the journey: three times I paused And looked back, and said: Why do I wander? Do I not love my Fatherland? Where can one find more comfort? Why is my soul so sad? and my spirit So very unsettled? Why does my resolution waver? The Nightingale replied: come, aye come, And develop a taste for meadows and parks; Freedom is a fine Kingdom, Go seek it now in far-flung lands. I gave the view of my city the last salute: Shook the bridle, and pricked with the spurs my Steed, Which snorted and sneezed, and ran, quick of foot, Along dyke and dale, through meadow and cornfield, As far as Utrecht, in the widely famed Bishopric, Onto the Veluwe, in unsteady winds, In storm after storm, accompanied by Lightning, But soon sweeten by May-time's beautiful days.

[marg: The 18^{th} of the same, through De Bilt, Doorn, Amerongen, Rhenen and Wageningen, and the evening to Renkum. The 19^{th} to Arnhem, over the Eltenberg and to Emmerich. The 20^{th} via Rees to Wesel. The 27^{th} to Uerdingen.]

Thus I rode across the Eltenberg, thinking about Robbery, so feared by Travellers,
Through Emmerich, Rees and Wesel. Soft
And gently flows the Rhine with its streams
Beside the banks: its atmosphere so sweet
Began to give my lungs a lighter breathe:
But alas! What complaints and sighs
From the poor people, exiled by war?

The Protector of the Rhine lies violated and torn, On the rubble, in the ashes of overthrown cities, And although the Peace has restored him, Terror and Fear still sit in all his members. Here a Snake curls, there howls a nest of Wolves, Still I think it a Tempe, proud Thessaly: On the far bank arose a high fortress, A broad building, covered with blue slates: [marg: The 28th through Neuss to (a) Cologne.] It used to be (a) Agrippina, famed and great of name In ancient times, and now because of the grave of the Eastern Magi, And Ursula's procession: henceforth its name and honour Will rise to heaven with greater radiance On Vondels's feathers. O German Mantua! Raise up his image on your Principal buildings. This I spoke firmly, and approached meanwhile closely enough, So that I could gaze upon her Churches to my desire. And then satiated, returned to the journey, [marg: The $1^{\rm st}$ of June. Out of Cologne first across the Rhine and to Bonn again over the Rhine, and there overnight. The 2nd past the Seibengebirge and Breisach, along the Andernach over the Mosel bridge and to Koblenz. The 3rd over the Rhine, and to Lahnstein over the Lahn: to Braubach to climb the mountain, to Nachtsteede and on to the Sour Source of Schwalbach, through the Schwalbach forest, and overnight at Wiesbaden. The 4^{th} to Frankfurt and received well by de Heer Merian. The 7th out of Frankfurt over the Main, through Obertshausen, and as far as Obernburg. The 8^{th} through Miltenberg, Eichenbühl, and to Gissigheim. The 9^{th} over hill and dale, and overnight at the Post House. The 10^{th} to Riedern, and as far as Königshofen.] And over the Lahn, the mountains rising up, Planted with vines, which also dampen Dordrecht's Doel, Past Mosel's stream and the Rhine, that sweeps slippery over The soft ground, and along the damp Neckar: Quench my thirst at Schwalbach's pure springs: To Wiesbaden to wallow in the bath, Which shoots out of the ground already boiling hot. This gave me a longing, which elevated my spirit To praise the Creator of these wonders. The German market of Frankfurt arose before my eye, So well known in every Prince's court. Here the Main grants its fame to Merian; He constantly urged me to climb upwards: So, bid good luck, I took the nearest road Through the Fir Wood with Sky-high crests; The crabbed Oak touched the tall Lime tree In the dense shadow of the dark wilderness. And while my heart was thus, full of delight,

I saw a stream, and so to quench my thirst,

I dismounted: but what a strange prospect!

Tears that flowed from a Goddess,

A beautiful Maiden, with eyes clear and bright

Like the Sun, her bosom appeared pierced by a shot,

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The beautiful face wounded, the hand bloodied,

The clothing torn, the hair wild.

I stood astonished, and asked: Who is so furious.

That would not reverence the lightning of these eyes?

She did not hear, but uttered this complaint:

My Germany, ah! How are you thus reduced?

My Maidens are violated or murdered:

My Cities felled, with their Towers, Churches, Walls:

The field is filled with stinking corpses;

As one sees everywhere around Nördelingen:

The soul {'t Gemoed} of my people, turned to stone by War's riot,

Is sullen and surly, and not inclined to kindness.

[marg: The 11th through Wemding and as far as Donauwörth. The 12th to Augsburg, I observed this city carefully and also the famous sites listed here. I sold my horse and on the 17th left Augsburg on the Lech, on a long raft of logs, in the middle of which there was a proper little cabin built for us. In the afternoon we arrived at the Danube and slept at Neuburg. On the 18th past Ingolstad, Kelheim through the terrifying pass to Prüfening. Saw Regensburg on the 19th, then past Donaustauf, near Straubing and to Deggendorf. The 20th past Osterhofen, Vilshofen, Passau and by night in Wesenurfer. The 21st past Aschach, Linz, Wallsee Castle, the Town of Grein, and through the rushing whirlpool, past the Werfenstein, and at night in Ybbs. The 22nd past Melk, past Stein, and slept one hour from Vienna]

Thus she complained, the celebrated Protector

Of the German Nation: her lament made me sigh

The entire road. Next I saw Donauwörth,

And Swabia, formerly so peaceful;

And Augsburg, proud with splendid architecture,

A fine jewel, a showpiece of German cities,

It complained bitterly, and mourned in sorrow,

But showed off {bralde} too with handsome parts:

In well-built Towers, Church, and Houses,

And Streets, rich with flowing Fountains,

And Statues: the citizen who receives

The stranger respectfully. And then on to Vienna,

To see the Court, with Imperial splendour,

I make my way on bound-together logs,

And tree trunks down the Lech, which on account of its force

Rolls stones, and foams with rapid streams,

Into the ancient bed of the wide Danube. Ay!

The most beautiful flood, Princess of the river-goddesses,

The Water-snake, her rushing cries are adored by

The Water-god {Watergoon} with caresses:

She kisses the Inn, which tumbles in from the far Alps,

The Drave, and the Enns! she bursts with seven mouths

Into the Black Sea. I am astonished, she bears

Our Log-raft on her back in a few hours

Past City, and Village, and Field, and Mountain, and Rocks,
And curves past terrifying cliffs on both sides
Or wallows in the broads; and then proudly
Slips away with great foaming tumult,

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Or twists down into Charybdis' abyss, And swallows one gulp to drench deep Hell. Famous river! I pity your tears, Brought to you by the Swedish army in its circuit. Here I saw a town, razed to the ground, Its head begun again half faintly to rise, And Field and Vineyard, formerly tidy Battered showing the first signs of peace; Thanks be to peace. The Prince of Peace lives And wields his sceptre in Vienna's Chief Castle, There our raft lands, we walk in the Town, and are shown A thousand wonders. What jewels Mistress Nature wears in her many-coloured costume! [marg: on the 23rd July in the morning land in Vienna.] My Heart rejoices to see these strange things {vremdigheen}: I gaze open-eyed: my eye forgets itself In house, in street, and fine buildings. The Courtly youth bestride the Horse of Hunger {beschrijt het Hongers Ros}; Followed by graceful corteges, they hasten To the Court, decorated with proud plumes In the midst of their Pages and Lackeys. This rejoices my soul, and fills me with thoughts: I decide to set my Art Goddess on her throne Here. So, not to have a wasted journey, To whet my genius to its sharpest before the Throne of Caesar. Thus was my desire exhausted night and day, In painting the forms of Mistress Nature: Sweat flowed from my forehead from effort; My soul burned for immediate triumph. No pleasure drew my proud and youthful heart Other than to beseech this alone of my art goddess. The knot was cut with force and steel. Given time one can break down the strongest wall. Thus I fed myself with a longed-for hope, And finished my poem in mid-step. At Vienna in the month of July 1651.

I will not belabour you with more diary entries; however neither can I not offer the following verse for the Eager-to-travel youth, which is now fresh from the pen; they will find some instruction in it, that will be of no small service, were they actually to follow, even so far as to Rome.

[205, Cc 3]

If there is one thing that is charming, then it is the sweet joy, To be found in travel, through distant and strange lands. My heart opens up, in remembering my youth, When I burned with curiosity in the heat of the desire to travel. I bridled my sighs, sought out many fine towns, I saw many extraordinary things, Woods, Mountains, Valleys, The Chief rivers of Europe, and the strange things That one shows to foreigners, Princely salons, And the life of the court that one follows when with Princes. Opportunity did not oppose me, but seem to drive me on. But when I remember all the danger, I am anxious, Of all that went over my head. I have to shudder. Not one Scylla alone, or one throat of Charybdis, Threatened to swallow me unpredicted, But all the Harpies, and Sirens, took part In confusing me, be it with traps or with lures.

Youth tastes the beautiful charming crop blindly, [marg: Travel lessons.] The snake and the Adder hide concealed behind. Therefore, if the desire to travel plays in your head, I prudently anticipate for you all these mortal pitfalls: Beware anything you do not know for certain, No nation is more easily led than our little folk, They are rowdy, easily seduced, and many are habituated To Bacchus. And so that you do not come to bewail it, Never reveal to anyone, how long your journey is. Avoid light company, and spend your time with serious people, And if you are carrying money, be sure to hide it from all; For there are always those, who watch you out of a desire to steal. Never stay at an inn, unless kept by an acquaintance: Small inns often conceal a gang of thieves. See that you do not needlessly waste your savings, So that, when need arises, you can spend it honourably. Be polite of eye and mouth, and never defame the manners, That Cities or peoples esteem to be the best: Leave State and Religion in peace, however displeasing to you; Or you will eventually reveal your folly at the last moment.

There are three things, which you must avoid,

That is, never or rarely to pass time with your countrymen:

For out of twenty you will find only one that is good,

And at the least they will hinder you in learning the language.

Secondly, you must beware of wine; For what one does when drunk, one regrets when sober, And that which gives you joy, changes into an angry venom. But the last and the worst is, the danger of loose women. My dear young Painter, I pray you, Be neither tempted nor seduced by this riff-raff; Here roguery hides behind a feigned laugh, And a sweet glance: you will be surely lost, If you do not courageously play the role of Joseph here. Always bear in mind, why you are abroad? That is so that you can expend your costly time On knowledge and art, and not on luxury; try to live Wisely. Well, I assume that you are in Rome, This is the celebrated School, the masterpieces are here, The beautiful statues, the memorials of antiquity, Here you will find flowers, which are well worth being picked.

Rise early, spend your time from day to day,
In seeing everything: preferably with your drawing pens
Copying after the best, and, as much as you can,
Harvest Antiquity, and sift out the grain.

And since it is impossible, to draw after all
The countless number of Marble statues,
And famous Paintings, O Young Painter, it will not be
Of no use to you, in order to develop in art and knowledge,
That you yourself become accustomed to painstakingly
Learning the very best kind and manner of painting:
So that that you do not blindly ape the masters, however famous,
But seriously, as if you would challenge them.

As well as enriching yourself in this way with art,

It is also most necessary, that you note the unusual things,

The Antiques, and everything the foreigner diligently

Notes; and also the conduct of courts, strange manners,

Customs, and everything experience has constantly

Taught you: for since a Painter must frequently pass

Among the great and the worldly-wise, so he requires

Affability suffused with knowledge {gespraekzaemheyt met kennis overgooten}.

Whoever arranges his travel in this way, whether he returns or remains, It will be no surprise, wherever he is, that he will thrive.

But I think that I, in writing this verse, am once again back in Rome. Certainly indeed, for here we are just in front of the famous

Farnese Palace. [marg: Farnese Palace,] Here we pass by the great Hercules, and the Flora, and other fine sculptures. And inside in the galleries, guarded by iron doors, we shall see female figures by Raphael and Parmigianino, and portraits by Titian: the Christ by Michelangelo, and the art of Da Vinci, and Caracci {Carats}. Also a room by Taddeo Zuccharo, and further on many statues, the greater and the lesser vaults, and various small rooms by Carracci, and another by Lanfranco.

In the *Ludovisi* [marg: Ludovisi,] you will find a beautiful garden {hof} with innumerable statues, and in a rectangular casino the excellent *Fama* in the vault by Guerchino {Guartsin Dacent}. I do not speak of the cabinet with rarities {rariteyten}, and the bed with noble gemstones; for you will find the Gallery and three small chambers full of excellent stone statues much rarer and nobler. And in the large palace the *Pluto* and *Proserpine* by the Knight Bernini, and, as well as many other statues and pieces, four beautiful figures by Guido Reni.

Should you go to that of *Montalto*, [marg: Montalto,] you will be astonished by many delightful fountains, as well by as the statuary art and pieces.

In that of the *Aldobrandini*, [marg: The Aldobrandini.] you shall, among a hundred other Paintings, discover the art of *Paulo Veronese*, and the beautiful *Bacchus* by *Titian*.

But hello, it is not now my intention to walk through the whole of Rome, the Bentveughels {Bendvogels} can serve me for greenness {groen, i.e., inexperience} again, and I can cut out the stone {de key snyden, i.e., cure stupidity} a second time.

The Netherlandish Painters' Bend [marg: Roman Bend,] was established in Rome in the time of our forefathers, for the awakening of slumbering spirits. The green initiates were there received with ingenious ceremonies {geestige toestel}, and nude performances, before the cave of secrets, by the ancient Sybil; and they were awarded a new name of powerful significance. There one rinses off care and arrogant vanity in the sweet Albano, and cradles {herwiegtmen} those, not yet fully asleep {niet wel gebakert zijn}. [marg: It is dangerous.] O How lucky they are, who thrive on this! and who leap forth, like the rejuvenated Ram of Medea, from the Bend-cauldron, where so many remain suffocated like Pelias; indeed they are more than fortunate, who survive their stupidity, and look back on their follies. These diversions are certainly memorable $\{heuglijk\}$, but full of danger, and even more so for a lively spirit, who is easily enamoured, and easily led. [marg: The Bend of the Tas.] The Vauxhall Tas provides sweet entertainment when in London, graceful spirits always gathered together for the interpretation of Renjans Reliquen, on the matter of which such things were said, that our lives are too short, for us to conceive of them in their entirety, and I speak not of rediscovery. However this has disappeared with our perpetual motion finder, or rather seeker, Kalthoff. [marg: The Guild of the Pan.] The painterly Florentines, both Painters and art lovers, now a hundred and fifty years since, organised twelve of their number into a delightful, but expensive companionship {gild}, that they called the Cauldron {Pan}:

among them was the excellent painter Andrea del Sarto, and the outstanding Giovanni Francesco Rustici: at certain times they organised an evening meal at which, each taking it in turn, one of them was host or lord: each of the guests had to ask four others with them, as well as bring a special contribution to the meal {gastmael}, and when two of them brought something similar, they had to pay a fine. When in his turn Giovanni Francesco was in charge, he made a large Cauldron of linen, painted, which served as a table, within which they all sat: the handle of the Cauldron curved over the top with candlesticks on it, providing plenty of light, the guests sitting all around the Cauldron opened in the middle, a tree rising up bearing a plate with food for each pair of guests, carried on the branches, which when unburdened withdrew back down, all the while music was played artistically, and the guests enjoyed themselves: later the tree brought the second, and after that the third course; and they drank a lovely Etruscan wine. Rustici's gift to the Cauldron at that meal was a cauldron {ketel} made of pastry dough {pasteydeeg}, into which Jason dipped his father in order to rejuvenate him; these two figures were two cooked capons, shaped wholly like men or pygmies, all of it good to eat.

Andrea del Sarto contributed a Temple, like that of San Giovanni of Florence, with eight sides, but standing on columns. The foundation was a very large plate of Gelée, that is, thickened pottage, in various colours of Mosaic, delicious to eat: the porphyry columns were sausages, the Bases and capitals Parmesan cheese, the cornices cooked sugar, the choir was layered $\{gestoelt\}$ marzipan, the pulpit calf meat, the songbook dough, and the notes and letters grains of pepper: the singers were roast thrushes with open beaks, with choristers surplices made of fine pigskin. The basses were pigeons, and six linnets held the treble. A certain Spillo brought a tinker {ketelaer}, made from a large Goose, equipped with all the tools, in order, were it necessary, to fix the Cauldron. A certain Puligo furnished a roast pig in the form of a spinster, guarding a brood of chickens in front of the Cauldron. Another a tasty anvil from a pig's head, and other stuff serving as the Cauldron. O Lucullus! What diversions are these! [marg: Truffel-guild.] What more beautiful bulwark for the Land of Cockayne {Luylekkerland}. But wait, let us hear about the guild of the Trowel. These pleasure-loving Tuscans were once dining in a garden, occupied with Cream cheese {Roomkaeskens}, which they were throwing playfully into each other's mouths, meanwhile one of them found a Trowel, with some plaster on it, it seems that there was building work thereabouts. Entering the game with agility, he threw the plaster into the mouth of another who was gaping for Cream cheese; this made the company laugh, and

cry out the Trowel, the Trowel. And from this was born the companionship of the Trowel of twenty four persons, twelve deemed to be major, and twelve to be minor members: their emblem was the Trowel, and their patron Saint Andrew. This guild, which existed for nothing other than pleasure, play and hilarity, attracted great lords to it, as the Medici and others. They were held, on their Feast day, at a place, appointed by the master, each to be in a specific fancy dress; and if any looked alike, they were in breach; also each was placed at the table and honoured according to the way he was dressed. At one time among others it happened, that at the command of the master they all appeared in mason's dress, with Trowel and hammer in their belts, and the chief labourers with their tools: [marg: Masons's meal.] the Lord of the guild led them to the table, showing the ground plan of a Palace, which he commanded them to build. The chief labourers fetched damp stuff to work with, that is, tasty fare of thin pastry {dun deeg}, which they call Lasagna, in their buckets, in the place of plaster. Also fresh cheese and cream cooked hard, that they call Ricotta, well dusted and mixed with sugar, grated cheese, and spices: and in place of sand they used preserves, sugar-bread, and batter {struiven}. The cut stone brought in baskets and buckets were white bread, biscuits, tarts, and suchlike, so as to lay out the foundations firmly. Certain larger stones were rejected as badly cut by the master and were split up: these were filled with roast thrushes, liver sausage, and suchlike, the first snack for the chief labourers. Next they brought a large column, which they broke up, and found to be filled with cooked tripe $\{kalfspensen\}$, calf meat, capons, and so forth, which they ate, as well as the base of Parmesan cheese, as well as the capital, astonishingly finely made of roast capons, calf meat and tongue. Lastly on a trolly an exceptionally artistic architrave, with frieze and cornice included, made with so much good food, that to relate it would take too long, and then it was time to part, and after several claps of thunder, it rained; at this they left their work, and each went to home. On another occasion, when a certain Panzona was master of the guild, it went as follows: The company of the guild having come to the place, and sitting with the master, Ceres appeared, seeking her daughter Proserpina, who had been carried off by Pluto, beseeching them to follow her in to Hell. The bretheren, after a discussion, agreed, and going into a room with little light, they came across the wide-open mouth of a Serpent, whose head alone covered the entire wall, Cerberus having barked three times, Ceres asked, whether her lost daughter was not inside? The reply was yes: but Pluto refused to give her back, however he invited the mother and all the company to the wedding. This was eventually agreed; they entered in groups stepping between

the teeth: for the serpent opened and closed its mouth, until they were all inside. Eventually they entered a circular room, in which there was only a dim light, so that they could hardly make each other out. [marg: The Hell feast.] An ugly demon with a fork appeared, who sat them at a table draped with black. Pluto decreed that, in honour of his wedding, the pains of hell would be suspended; then they saw, through a variety of gaps in the head of a whale, clever views, and the pains of hell, as described by the poet Dante, terrifyingly depicted. The dishes at this feast looked like fearsome beasts, but on the inside were various kinds of good food. The aforementioned demon with a fork was the chief waiter of the service, and several of his companions supplied delicate wine from a glass horn, shaped on the outside like an ugly snake. The banquet at this wedding was not then the bones of the dead, but baked from sugar. Then Pluto announced, that he was going to bed with his bride, and that the condemned were to begin again their sufferings. Suddenly all the lights were blown out by a gust, and one heard a horrible clamour; but straight away the light returned and the mournful banquet had been taken away, in in its place a princely dinner served up. At the end of this a ship arrived, bearing as its merchandise all manner of costly deserts. The sailors pretended to load up again, and little by little brought all the men in the guild to an Upper room, where a spirited performance of the play Philogena was given, which finishing towards morning, the guests went happily home.

NINTH CHAPTER.

Following on from the foregoing.

From these two examples one readily understands what the Towel Guild was. Leonardo da Vinci also belonged among these merry spirits, although he might have been the master of them all. Immediately following the election of Pope Leo the tenth, he made many charming things: he made several birds and animals from thin dough which, having inflated them with air, he made fly. He took the fat from many Sheep's intestines, making them thin, and joined them together, so that they could all be concealed in the palm of one hand: and in another room had had them inflated from both ends, with two Smith's bellows, so that the whole room in which he was with the Lord, as soon as it got to a certain size, was filled up. He compared this to art,

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which signifies the large from the small. [marg: Making Tableaux {Schoutoneelen}, victory chariots, triumphal arches,] Now that we are discussing the election of a Pope, I shall add this: that the diversions of a Painterly spirit can frequently enhance the elections of Princes, Coronations, receptions, or welcomes. This spirit can here delight in inventing Tableaux, Victory Chariots, Triumphal Arches and Trophies: by this means praise and wealth are playfully earned, and an artist is honoured with the respect of prince and people.

[marg: And other art inventions.] You may also, if you wish, seek to rediscover the lost inventions of the ancient Architects, who made certain Statues to rise by themselves: and secretly to scatter paintings into the air, and other unexpected entertainments; [marg: Seneca Epist. 88.] and bring it about that whatever was closed, opens, and whatever was previously opened, closes up; or that which was projecting, shrinks, and contracts into itself. For by these means artful deceptions astonish all the world, and give people a high opinion of the inventor. The Egyptian Priests, experienced in art, sought to set up their idols in the churches in order to inspire awe, and sometimes in this way, so that through hidden openings, in walls or ceilings, a sudden light from the rising Sun, by means of which the gilded Suns, or crowns, that they wore on their heads, seemed to burn, and illuminate all around them, to the great terror of attentive spectators, who, not knowing the cause of this effect, fancied, that these Gods, favoured their devotion as if with a miracle. Certainly a shocking abuse of the inventions of these artistic inventions, of which I wish very much our so-called Christianity was free. And I have also observed, that similar deceptions of the eye have been employed in Chapels and Churches, which one calls a holy deception, and however well they seem to enhance the attention of spectators, as I do not myself deny, I nevertheless hold them to be an intolerable means, of wicked deception, and the establishment of superstition and damnable Idolatry. Art would lose the name of art, if one used it to persuade spectators, that a more than human power was at work, indeed one could then justly call it a knavish deception and Sorcery. But this steps outside our shop. I shall not teach you the particulars of devices, of how to make huge Horses or Giants with battens, hurdlebranches, and straw frameworks, and then plastered, or faced with paper, much less how to devise Victory Arches and Chariots, the Art of Painting and her eloquent Sister will discover enough to do in their common enterprises { gezamendehand werks}. [marg: The practise of Poetry.] In suchlike works one must first seek a device {zinspreuk}, and then arrange the whole composition to its statement and explication. Poetic invention is discussed

above. The practice of Poetry, or at least the reading of it, is so much a part of the Art of Painting, that it seems almost obligatory; but each must beware that this Siren does not lead him too far astray. [marg: Go out drawing.] I do not discuss the diversions, which the Young Painter enjoys, going out and drawing from life with others, it being of more importance to art, than is appropriate for a diversion. We wish only to touch upon, that which sets one playfully to work. [marg: Drawing games First,] In Italy we had three games, by means of which, if we found some charcoal, we covered all the walls. The First was to portray this or that acquaintance, be it his face, posture, or movement, using extremely few, or indeed hardy any, lines, so that he was immediately identified; which sometimes came off so wonderfully well, that one could with difficulty have improved it in a diligently done Drawing. [marg: Second,] The second was, that each drew some animal, half moon, or spool, or whatever, on the wall: ordering another, to make something of it, a Drinking cup, mountain, or tool, or whatever came into his mind: and each gazing at it, the imagination was bravely awakened, and from it one sometimes saw amusing, and sometimes wonderful forms appearing, which would with difficulty have been capable of emerging from a single person's understanding, all the more so as this command went out, to make this or that from the already existing work, from the second or the third, and so forth to the last. [marg: Third.] The third was, that two or three, without any plan on a large wall in various places each began to draw a face, hand or foot, or back or elbow, or whatever he wanted, until the wall was fairly covered with bits and pieces, as when each begins to produce something on the others' already-begun pieces, and seeks the way, to bring it by the best means into some kind of order; either by additions or supplements {door byvoegingen of aen}, or by joining it with another. In doing which no small observation and power of imagination are required. [marg: Awaken Maecenases.] Polymnia has already told us about a certain Fréminet, who also painted using this method. Furthermore it is a necessary pleasure to cultivate art lovers, to which end the trade in paper-art is wont to give no little opportunity. Certainly, it is most proper for an Artist, that he esteem the prints and drawings of Masters who have gone before him: for as well as reinforcing art's esteem in general, he will also constantly come across objects, which will awaken his spirit, and make him think up new inventions. This love of paper-art is in our times come to such a height, that I have seen Rembrandt give nearly eighty rijks-dollars for a bagpipe-player, the so-called Uilenspiegel, by Lukas van Leyden: and the round passion by the same master is sold for an even higher price. But this

foolishness is nowadays overwhelmed by an even greater conceit; and the ancient paper-art is robbed of esteem by stupidity, and trodden underfoot by reckless Donkeys: in that, being infatuated with their own rubbish, they can see no deeper into the old art, than into a whetstone. [marg: And Paintings.] The buying, selling, and exchanging of Paintings, is also proper for a Painter, because others, encouraged by his example, are stimulated to do it. For who will develop a love of art, if Painters do not set a precedent? And by this means also one obtains the favour of other masters, when they see, that you also do their work the honour of desiring it. Apelles bought everything by Protogenes that he could get, likewise our worthy Lely, everything on the market by the Knight van Dyck. Rubens, observing that he was resented on account of his high reputation by a certain Painter, immediately commissioned a piece of work from him, paying him the full price asked, and by means of this civility, poked him right in his envious eye. Certainly it is a major activity {zaek}, to bring lots of powerful art lovers into the fold {in de kap te brengen} by being an example of how to love art: to the extent that they never forget art. I very much wish, however strange it might sound, to have known art lovers like Caesar Augustus myself: [marg: Strange sale of Paintings. Suetonius. in Augustus.] this powerful prince sometimes, at his banquets, allowed Paintings, turned round or back to front, to be sold from bench to bench: for which the guests bid by guesswork, and the highest bidder was the buyer, whether he turned out a winner or a loser. And those who would thus, as they say, buy a pig in a poke, submitted in order to compete for Augustus' favour. We advise our art lovers rather to find out the value of the pieces, so that they are not deceived, and do not become disgusted by art. [marg: Read Histories.] Finally, the reading of good books, and exploring the histories of ancient and modern times for pleasure, is a most necessary thing to do {zaek}, and too well understood by everybody, to have to be stated here. [marg: Practice of virtue.] And as to what concerns the practice of pious virtue, and the upright and true diversion of the Painters spirit, that need not be taught here; perhaps something more will be heard about that from our Calliope.

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TERPSICHORE.

The Poetess {De Poëtersse}.

The sixth Book.

Contents.

Now Terpsichore plucks at the Painter's own string:

And ignites a burning desire, to perform

Upon the Picture with palette, bristles, and brushes:

She shows us clearly everything of which colour is capable.

In addition, she deals with Natural colouring:

How soft Plump skin can be painted delicately and round:

And how the colouring of other things can be diligently found out:

And to acquire a good Handling from a young age.

It is said that drawing well is absolutely the foundation, Framework and Keel {grondtvest,

Raem en Kiel},

And that painting well is then the sail, the vault, or the even the soul {zeil, 't gewelf, of eer de ziel}.

On the Print.

The Painters Muse wears a feathered headdress

Of many colours, now that she administers the Painters' school:

This Goddess is rightly honoured like Jupiter,

Who enriches painters and Poets with her embellishments {sieraedjen}.

This states with colours, that with words, whatever he wills:

The one works the Swan's plume, and the other the swan's shafts {zwaeneschachten}:

But Ketel painted, and indeed not contemptibly,

With finger, foot, and thumb, a bizarre fancy.

Some are compelled towards smallness and neatness:

And others seek to follow life on the largest scale and most splendidly.



INTRODUCTION.

Lend us now your plumes, O Terpsichore, your many-coloured plumage! So that in speaking of paints and colours, we can present the truth. Goddess, who in beauty excels all your Sisters, and dances so lightly following the measure of all kinds of stringed performances, teach us to employ our brushes and colours according to nature's likeness {na de gelijkheit der nature}, And you who, favoured by Jupiter, desires to display your art before all the gods, grant us also your gifts: so that our Art of Painting may fulfil its vision, and from now on ascend as high, as it ever can.

FIRST CHAPTER.

For Encouragement.

Come, my Young Painter, your attention awakened by the honour and glory of great Masters, let your jealousy catch fire. Let desire for honour stop you from sleeping, for virtue has this quality too, that it awakens in the mind a zeal to overtake the foremost. [marg: Awaken jealousy.] It is no Heresy to break free from Apelles. A generous {grootmoedich} heart desires not only to step beyond the fame of those still living: but indeed to outrun all those ever held to have been illustrious. Such are the spurs of jealousy and emulation, that they awaken the slumbering desire for honour, and all powers are strained, to reach even further than their abilities. Through jealousy Zeuxis reached a higher level in the Art of Painting, so that the birds were deceived by his painted grapes. And that same drive guided the hand and wit of Parrhasius, so that he overcame this champion. This same fire drove Raphael of Urbino, to cut to the windward {de loef af te snijdé} of the great Michelangelo: And Michelangelo to clamber up to an unapproachable height. Look upon each other, O Pupils, dare I say it, with envious eyes, but without going beyond the proprieties of civility. Strive hard like Caesar to get the top, and like Alexander to conquer more than one world. And should this be difficult for you, and if nature has not graced you, and if you cannot reach the height of the uppermost place, do not on that account lose courage; for it will be no small honour, should you fall to the second, or even to the third level. The

heads of the worthy spirits of the olden days must have dripped with the cold sweat of fear, when they looked upon the beautiful Ialyssos of Protogenes, which silenced even Apelles, who then burst out saying, that he had never seen such a wonder of art: or others, when they dared lay no hand on the graceful Venus consecrated at Kos, in order to finish off some small yet incomplete detail. Sculptors too, must have been dismayed by the Jupiter of Olympus, and blanched when looking at the statue of Doryphoros: but they did not on that account work any the less hard, and they acquitted themselves in such a way, that their works, even if they did not all manage to cause wonder, were nonetheless for the most part judged to be commendable and praiseworthy. It is also this jealous drive alone, which has brought forth so many splendid masters in the art together at the same time. And one observes with astonishment, that not only in those times, when art has paraded itself at its highest level, but even in those times, when art was being once again dug up, the leading spirits attempted more to outdo each other and to win the crown, than they sought to hit the bulls-eye, represented by true art. Thus the ancients of old struggled between themselves, for perfect beauty. The Romans during the last Century, in order once more to awaken the dead. The Venetians, in order to colour well and naturally. The Germans, to drape frail nudes with pleated clothing. And later the Netherlanders, to achieve a wonderful sweeping movement {zwier} with contorted limbs: and finally, in our time, to paint each other blind with unnecessary tedious work; although this is avoided by those who are wiser. These nonentities laugh at right-minded Painters, thanks to having the short-sighted art-lovers, who are astonished by childish little things, on their side: these, as well as the tidy little women, with tidy little Panels {Borretjes}, sometimes locked up in little cases attract the gold from the purse; and declare, that no other Paintings than their kind, are any good.

SECOND CHAPTER.

Concerning colouring. And firstly as regards something that is flat.

Drawing well is important, said *Van Mander*, but painting or colouring well, which conduces to everything, is the most esteemed. [marg: 2. Book of Anger.] In our bodies, said Seneca, all the parts, whether unpleasing or pleasing to look upon, were first of all set in their places: but colour,

which attracts the eyes the most, was the last to be added, when the body was already complete.

[marg: Colouring well is like the building set upon the foundations of the Art of Drawing,] And just as Drawing is esteemed to be the true foundation of the Art of Painting, without the stability of which it is crippled and disfigured; likewise the art of colouring well is aptly compared to a beautiful building, without which the Art of Drawing is destitute of its principle ornament. For just as a building without a secure foundation, however beautifully adorned, cracks, falls down, and comes to nothing; so too the virtue of a good foundation is not esteemed on account of incompetent building.

Whenever the Art of Drawing is praised as the body,

The Art of Painting must be reckoned the spirit and soul, [marg: And the soul of it;]

Like the fire of heaven, which first kindled life in

Prometheus' figure: the art of drawing cultivates

That which is which is live-born to the Art of Painting,

Given gifts by all the Gods like Pandora.

For certainly there are many arts founded upon the Art of Drawing, but there is none, which elevates itself to so high a peak of perfection, as when having to depict a worthy subject, helped by good colouring, an admirable Painting is made. [marg: Without which it lacks its full power.] On the other hand, when colouring is wrong, even if the drawing and lines are as good as can be, it does not portray that which it might otherwise have done, that is, the truthful and infallible imitation of nature, which the true Art of Painting at its highest level {volmaekten graedt} is fearlessly bound to do. [marg: That is, to appear wholly like nature.]

Michelangelo Caravaggio said, that all Painting was a Bagatelle, children's work and trivial, whosoever's it might be, if it was not painted after life. Since there can be nothing better, and nothing good, except by following nature. For this reason he never painted a stroke, except after life.

The purpose of the Art of Painting is, as stated previously, to imitate everything {alles na te beelden}: its object therefore is the whole of visible nature {de geheele zichtbare natuer}, of which nothing appears to our eyes, unless it has its own shape and form, concerning which we have already spoken; [marg: Individual colours, which things have in themselves.] but even these forms are first visible on account of their colours, which things have individually: which can be either unmixed, or mixed. Single colours will not be difficult for a practitioner of art to copy with similar single colours, unless they exceed the range of ours in their power, which we are sometimes ashamed to discover. But numerous painstaking spirits have invented so many of them, that they far exceed ordinary uses; and how we set about it, be it the portrayal of fire, reflection, and light, will follow later. One uses single colours in noble coats of arms: but we shall pass over this employment, as being too ordinary,

and discuss only their Painterly use: as for example: to include in your work a shiny wall, or a knotty wainscot, will not be difficult, but an advantageous path and proficient step to art. Here comes the playful Young Painter quickly with ordinary things coloured after life, and cut out, or with letters and combs: and finds pleasure in depicting something flat on a flat surface. [marg: Simple colouring with colours {Enkele koleuren met verwen}, imitating flat things,] Nevertheless there is profit to be made, when princes and princesses are deceived. Parrhasius' fabric, or curtain, earned him victory over bold Zeuxis: and Francesco Fieravino {den Malthezer} earns greater fame daily, with his painted carpets. There are also, as I have seen, those who know how to copy {weeten af te drukken} beautifully coloured little Insects {Papeljoentjes}, which when then enlivened with colour what wonders appear; and which fascinate the ignorant. Others make mossy grounds, and copy leaves onto them {en drukken 'er bladeren op}, as I can show, and know then how, using only colour, to embellish them charmingly. [marg: Even in round objects without shadow, light falls.] Snakes, Lizards, Tarantulas, and Frogs, and all beasts, I would again place on this first level, and from a painted Fly or Spider sometimes a precociously great work is made. Let us pass over all manner of plants and flowers, sea creatures and shells, and whatever else there is: and although none of these things listed exist without roundness and shadow, the newcomer will discover, that nevertheless, if copied in the open air, and in an all-over even light, his assiduous observation will fool even masters.

[marg: Copying,] To imitate something flat on a flat surface, belongs with the copying of all manner of Paintings, a proper and very necessary exercise for the beginning youngster, especially if they have a good piece as their original: for this leads them as if by the hand well beyond their understanding, and enables them to achieve something, that goes beyond their own powers. So as an inexperienced Helmsman, crossing the sea in a small Ship without compass and without maps, follows in the wake of a large Ship, in which he knows there to be a good Pilot, and always adjusts his course following his predecessor, and cleverly takes precaution: so will you, O Young Painter, studiously take care, that you sail in the right direction: that is, that you take the right meaning from the masterpiece. I could hardly hold from laughing, the last time that a certain self-styled good copyist showed me his art, which was, that in copying old and somewhat damaged paintings, he copied their blackening, mouldiness and ruination, indeed better, than the good that remained in them. He deceives himself, who by means of such mimicry {nae-aeping} ignorantly strives to produce a deception of antiquity; for in following thus one is always left behind. Mamurius Veturius well knew how to make the Shield, that Numa {Ouma} convinced the people was fallen from heaven,

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so artfully, that one could not distinguish it from the original; and the original was probably also the product of his own handiwork. Seek after likeness, and make your work as virtuous as the original. Thus will you copy well and learn to follow the correct path: and imagine, that you will only complete the work you have begun by means of the help of this example, so as more easily soon after to make something similar of your own. I would also not dissuade masters in the art, from time to time copying something good by another, be it old or foreign: for possibly, through renewal, this can drive the slumber out of our eyes; but whoever imagines to become a master by always copying, without ever creating anything of his own invention, I believe to be most deluded. [marg: So as thereby through instruction to get something new.] Chares did not learn the art of casting from Lysippus, rather his master sometimes showed him a head by Myron, some arms by Praxiteles, or a chest by Polyclitus, but he did help his master to make all these things. One must copy the works of other masters, in order to learn to make a master's work oneself. And Lysippus, who was at first but a mere coppersmith, remembered this from Eupompus, who, being asked, which master's style one should endeavour to follow? Pointed to the marketplace, which was full of people: and expressed in a sentence, that nature being a great master should be followed. Before we speak further of the sorting {schiften} of colours or colouring {der verwen oft het koloreeren}, let us observe what the simple colours are. Unfortunately Euphranor of Isthmus in the Peloponnese, has not left his book to us; had that good fortune befallen us, we might have contented you better.

THIRD CHAPTER.

Concerning Colours.

Everything received its colour at the creation, and it has been visible since the first light. Provide for us now, O Terpsichore, a shop rich in colours. And let no one think it strange, that in dealing with art, we also deal with the tools of the trade: for our knowledge of colour {verwkennis} is as necessary to the Art of Painting, as literacy {letterkonst} is to all the liberal arts. And just as in the writing of any word one uses various letters in each syllable, so one in the colouring of each thing one uses in each brush stroke various

colours. That we should therefore allow our thoughts first to consider single colours, will not be unprofitable.

[marg: That one ought to know the nature and power of colours, before one can be confident in mixing them.] It is wholly impossible, said <code>Hermogenes</code>, that one can fundamentally understand the mixing of things, before one has a specific knowledge of each mixable thing. Should someone seek a grey or middle-colour, or rather a between-colour (or <code>mezzotint {mezetinte})</code> as required for his work, then it is necessary, that he knows the nature of dark and light colours, in order to prepare the truthful mixture. They say that the Ancients, used only four colours. <code>Apelles, Echion, Melanthius, and Nicomachus, made their widely celebrated works with only four colours, according to <code>Pliny</code>, but nevertheless each individual painting, was sold for the treasure <code>{schat}</code> of a whole city.</code>

Expensive colours must, according to the requirement of the laws, said *Vitruvius*, be provided by the purchaser and not the producer of the work.

The Main Colours {Hooftkoleuren} are seven, and they are associated with the planets; but the colours which we have, are infinite in number.

[marg: Yellow.] Panaeus, bother of Phideas, painted the walls of Minerva's temple in Elis with Saffron, mixed with milk: but others call it Sil Atticum, or Athenian ochre. Fascinating gold is also numbered among the colours, and is associated with Sol, or the Sun. It means wisdom, nobility, or generosity. One should dress the Sea-god Neptune in a yellow cloak. The Yellow, which we use, is light and dark Roman ochre. Massicot and shit-yellow. One can also sometimes use orpiment in beautiful costumes.

Parrhasius used certain earths in his works, brought from Eretria, the capital of Negroponte. This was white, like chalk, and a good medicine. But Melantius' white was, made in Tripoli or Milos.

[marg: White.] White belongs to *Luna*, and represents innocence, purity, and truth: but for the Javanese sorrow. Among us shell- or lead-white is mostly used.

[marg: Red.] The Red of the ancients was Sinopis Pontica. We use Indian and dark-red, vermilion and minium. Red belongs to Mars, and represents majesty and courage. Minium, according to Pliny, was used as sparingly as we use medicines. But in its time entire walls were covered with this colour; nowadays it is purified by art and found not to be entirely unserviceable. Concerning vermillion and minium their nature and use by the Indians, and also by the ancient Romans, see Acosta. b. 4. chap. 11.

[marg: Black.] Black was the fourth colour of the ancient Greeks: for it is believed that they used

no others than White, Yellow, Red, and Black; and this Black was Vitriol, or in other words Tryginon made of burned wine lees, or grape seeds; even though it is also said, that ivory or Walrus black was invented by Apelles. Among the Javanese black represents joy, but among us mourning and sadness; one associates it with Saturn. As well as ivory and Walrus black one also uses burned lampblack, and if one is fortunate burned vine-charcoal. [marg: Blue.] Gold mixed with other metals, produces a blue mould, which is by some considered far superior to ultramarine. But I find it astonishing, that the Ancient Painters should have had no blue, except that mixed from their White and Black, while our Jan van Eyck, inventor of Oil Paint, had such a beautiful azure available, so that when Michiel Coxie copied one of his paintings, in which there was a blue cloak of a figure of Mary, he painted the same drapery with 32 ducats worth of azure; this was at the behest of King Philip, sent to him from Venice by Titian; and, it is believed, from the Hungarian mountains; and it was easier to obtain, before the Turks became masters there, as many colours are known previously to have been, of which one is nowadays ignorant. On a rock near Baiae, almost completely worn away, one can still see the remnants of costly colours, painted there, which are now hard to come by. Blue belongs to Jupiter, and represents knowledge and faithfulness. We have as our blues, English, German, and Haarlem Ashes, Smalts, blue Lake, Indigo, and priceless ultramarine.

The colour green refreshes tired eyes, said <code>Seneca</code>; and I very much wish, that we also had green, as Red or Yellow, available to us. [marg: Green.] Terreverte is too weak, and Spanish green too harsh, and ashes too fugitive. Malachite {berggroen} was used in the olden days for the smearing of daubs. Green represents youth, beauty, joy and incorruptibility, and suits <code>Venus</code>.

[marg: Purple, Violet and so forth.] The colour purple, esteemed so highly by the ancients, was obtained from a particular shellfish, which had a white vein in its gills, which contained the costly liquid. Its discovery is attributed to Hercules, or rather to his dog, for they say, that Hercules {Alcides} was once walking with his beloved Tyros by the sea, and that the dog by chance picked up one of these fishes, which have since been given the name Purpurea, from among the other snails, or mussels, out of the sea, in his mouth, dying himself with the beautiful colour: at which Tyros was astonished, refusing her love to the demigod, until he gave her a dress of this colour; which the Hero shortly afterwards did. This blood from the open vein is drained into a leaden vessel, and distilled with the steam of some boiling water. One has to catch this fish alive

and do as follows: the purple-fish has a tongue, about a finger long, pointed at the end, so that it can break open an oyster. The fishermen affix oysters to beehives, which they cast into the sea, whereupon these fish approach, spiking the oysters, in order to swim away with them: but as these are closed and secure, the fish are imprisoned. They appear at the beginning of the spring, but after the rising of the dog-star they are nowhere to be found. They colour varied, according to the coast, from where they were taken; for from around Africa they were violet-coloured, but from Tyre, where the best are, rose-red.

Among the treasures, which Alexander the Great got from Susa, it is said that three hundred thousand pounds weight of Hermonian {Hermonische} purple was to be found, which had been gathered together there, over a period of a hundred and ninety years, and had nonetheless retained a liveliness of colour, fresh, as if it were all entirely new: and it was said, that the reason, that these had remained so good, was, that they had been dyed with honey in the wool, before being put into the red, and with white oil in the white wool: and one finds that these things which were dyed so long ago, still have the force of their colour, pure and glowing. A pound of purple in the time of Augustus was paid for with a hundred pence {penningen}, but the double purple, which they called Dibapha Tyria, cost a thousand pence, that is, a hundred gold crowns. Philander believed, that Sil Atticum, or Athenian ochre was also a purple. What truth there is in that I cannot confirm. Purple was dedicated to Mercury. We use lake, not only violet, but also Blue, Green, and Brown, or shit-yellow coloured. But this is enough for our purpose. We leave the rest to be dealt with by colourmen {verwwinkels}, and painstaking amateurs.

FOURTH CHAPTER.

Concerning the meaning of Colours.

You must, as well as knowing about Colours, also know something about their meanings, so that if it happens that you are to embellish an emblematic image {zinnebeelden}, you give emphasis to your picture by means of the colour of the costume. Gold and blue imply the enjoyment of worldly pleasure: but gold and grey carefulness. Crimson {inkarnaet} indicates moderate riches, and violet the solace of love. Orange mixed with green means hope and fear. And grey with yellow implies maintaining poverty {kommer} in the acquisition goods.

[marg: Temperaments of the body.] The temperaments of our bodies one portrays thus, Red means sanguine, blue choleric, white phlegmatic, and black melancholic. In like manner one portrays the four elements: fire by red, air by blue, water by white, and earth by black.

[marg: Times of the year.] Similarly the four seasons of the year, with green Spring, red or yellow Summer, blue or blue and red Autumn, and black or dark purple Winter.

Do you wish to indicate the stages of life {ouderdoms} with colours? White applies until the seventh year, blue until fifteen, gold-yellow until twenty, green until thirty, red until fifty, purple until seventy years, and black until death.

[marg: Virtues.] The colours which best match the virtues, are, gold and topaz for faith: silver for hope; red or crimson for love: blue for constancy, and justice: green for strength: reflected violet for temperance; and black for wisdom. But we leave it as enough with these examples; too many mouse-nests in your head dull your senses. You may, if you are again at a loss, go and consult *Cesare Ripa*.

[marg: Varnish.] Varnishing Paintings has been the custom since early times: but some are so blinded, in granting this sheen to their unpleasant things, that one could readily liken them to crazy {Joost van} Cleef, who varnished not only his ruined Paintings, but also his clothing, cap, and bonnet, and so went shining down the street. Apelles used a very thin varnish for his splendid works, which protected his Paintings from dust, and gave them a beautiful sheen, and made them so smooth, that, when someone touched them, they though they were coated with something. This gave the colours a soft and glowing lustre; and was known to no one but himself. But I believe that this was wax colour or rather lacquer. Our Turpentine varnish, turpentine oil, and kneaded melded Mastic, is suitable enough for our works.

FIFTH CHAPTER.

Concerning mixed {vermengde} colours.

Apollodorus the Athenian, who sought beauty in all things, discovered the mixing {breekingen} of colours, and their reduction, and honoured his native city in this way. [marg: Concerning the mixing of colours called Corruptie or decay.] A beautiful and simple colour can be

compared with the gracefulness of a simple sound or note in music, said Bacon {Verumamius}, and the mixing of various colours makes a pleasing harmony: that is, if this mixing is done according to art. Nowadays our oil colours are wonderfully suitable for this mixing: so that the blending, which Zeuxis achieved, in his Centaur, or half human and half horse body, which the writers proclaimed so astonishing, would be very easy to produce in oil colours; and the Harmoge melding or fusing, is easier to represent with it.

Sir Kenholm Digby allowed himself to write on the blending of colours. [marg: {In his Treatise of bodis, chap. 30.}] The changeability of middle colours, he said, we can learn from painters, who blend on their palettes, with a merging of opposites: they have it, that if the white dominates a brown colour, that a red or yellow emerges. But, if the black strongly overpowers the white, that then a blue, violet, and sea-green is produced. Certainly, the Painters, who informed this so enlightened man, deserved to be mocked by Apelles for being colour-grinders. For neither red nor yellow can come from brown or white, unless the brown is already excessively red or yellow, nor these colours cease to be red or yellow, unless they are brown. [marg: Blending of compatible and clashing colours {geneege en strijdige verwen }.] Neither will any blue, green nor violet be mixed from the force of a more black; but a little white can lighten blackish blue, violet, or green, to some degree, or, as much as you wish. The blending of two colours, if they are friends {bevrient} to each other, produces no other middle colour, than one combining the characteristics {aert} of both, as green from yellow and blue, purple out of blue and red: as is to be seen in the blending of the Rainbow. On the other hand antagonistic {vyandige} colours almost completely annihilate one another, and produce nothing other than greyness {graeuwachticheit}, as can be seen in the combination of green and red. A greyness, I say, and one must always call what is not properly red, yellow or blue, grey. No. This compatibility and clashing of colours has allowed us the power to imitate in paint {na te koloreeren} nearly everything that is to be seen in nature; so that nothing other than a well-practiced eye is necessary, in order to observe nature with judgment. The judgment of colour is here the most important thing, if but the things in nature fall within the extremes of our colours. [marg: Their great power.] For in vain one would imitate the Sun with ochre, unless it is dimmed {taende}, or it appears through a cloud. Well then, you perceive that the things that you are painting, are neither lighter, nor yellower, redder, bluer, greener, more violet, blacker, or whatever else, than the colours on your palette. Then it is certain,

that if your judgment is sufficient, and if you wish it, and you practice, provided that your zeal endures, you will come very close. You will not fail, if your judgement is good, and you put all your effort into the work: for already you have on your palette more than Apelles' masterpiece. [marg: Since it is said, that the ancients had only four colours.] If you can work out how to mix the colours well, which you intend to follow, in your mind, then you will produce them from your palette without great labour. Indeed more easily than the sculptor, who sees in his mind within a rectangular block of marble a sleeping Cupid, just like the one spied by Psyche in Apuleius, though of Parian stone, for which he does no other work, in order to extract it {uit te krijgen}, other than to chip away the stone surrounding its skin, and to polish it smooth again with shark's skin. Was this figure in the stone? In just the same way a finished painting lies already in your palette. See to it, that you extract it {uit krijgt}. One usually needs a forceful power of attention, in order to seek out successfully the exact and unspoiled mixtures of paints, and to depict things with our colours. [marg: That is, to give to things their natural colour,] For we would never again allow praise to be granted to unnaturally coloured pieces, however much foolish art lovers boast of them: natural colour alone is praiseworthy. And that many become lost, and wander from the path, happens either by a negligence in their observation {opmerking}, or a conceit {verwaentheit}, and by means of a Midas-praised manner of painting they even dumbfound nature. [marg: At its liveliest and most charming.] I will not her dispute, that one should chose the most beautiful from nature, and know how to compose it in the liveliest and most charming manner; for we praise this above all else. But many, with a perverse eye, have gone over to green, yellow, blue or glowing red, indeed even to black painting. [marg: What goes beyond that is wrong and to be condemned.] Others have painted their faces blushing, as it they were flayed. And yet others have begun to paint them white as a beautiful idea to attract young women. But pure naturalness will confound all false ideas and endure. It is certain, that good colouring has proved too much for many great masters: for although they know well how, to display their lofty spirit in drawing freely and gracefully, [marg: Colouring well is too difficult for many,] they become sleepy, and half smothered in colours, before they can put into the Picture, anything that resembles nature: which is why many as if in despair only develop a manner of painting, sufficient to turn their Drawings into Paintings; without including any natural details, as if colour did not suit them. No one will think ill of me, if I name some famous men, Cornelius van Haarlem, Bartolomeus Spranger, Giulio Romano, and the great Michelangelo ignored colour almost entirely. [marg: And others have been completely devoted to it.] On the other hand Titian,

Giorgione, Caravaggio and others, have prized it so highly, that their critics, have dared to accuse them of being inadequate in Drawing. One must be steadfastly observant in order to ascend in Drawing, and one must observe nature to follow on behind in mixing colours, in colouring: and this last, however unfathomable {onnaspeurlijk} it seems at first, shall through the habit of observation be found to become easier and more doable the longer you do it.

SIXTH CHAPTER.

As regards the colouring of the human nude. Modelling {Ronding}. Hair, &c.

Drawing alone (said Plutarch) has nothing like such power to move, as colours: [marg: The combination of Colours.] noting that they, through the deception of a living likeness, are alone powerful enough to affect our emotions. And I dare say with confidence, that there is no colouring, which is in significant conflict with our vision: although monsters and horrors would make us shudder, if they lived, they do not however bother us in Paintings. Thus these affects must be attributed to the perfection of the works in their entirety. And Democritus says also, that, through capable mixing, colours first display their force and power in a proportioned {maetschiklijke} Drawing. This is true, for Drawing by natural colouring, and colouring by sure and proportionate drawing, are brought to perfection. [marg: Pre-eminently in the nude.] But these two never combine more splendidly, than in the human nude, into which work nature, it would seem, used her greatest power, so as to put into this beautiful form such Noble colouring and colour, as seems appropriate for the masterpiece of the all-knowing Creator. Therefore all the great masters, among whom the art of good colouring is held in esteem, have employed all their power, principally to follow Nature in this. Pliny said, that Apelles when painting one of the ancient Heroes nude (for the Greeks were not accustomed to clothe anything) took tremendous pains, as if he wanted to defy nature, and challenge it to combat. [marg: Fleshiness.] The nature of soft flesh colour is so captivating, that no kind of cosmetic can approach it. Homer and Virgil sometimes compare human flesh to ivory traced with red; sometimes to lilies and roses. But liberally, O Young Painters! fill a basket with bright red roses, and scatter snow white lilies

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by the handful below, and observe the glowing reflections, that you see in the flowers, then at a distance you will have nothing but flesh and blood. The Poet leaves the path here with his pen, but the brush is bound by narrower laws. One considers those Painters alone to be the best artists, said Nazianzus, who give truthful naturalness to the things created in their Pictures, [marg: Carm. 10. Art does not exist in beautiful colours {kleurkens},] others on account of a wrongheaded mixing of colours {kleurkens}, perform nothing but wild song; and not only do they depart from the correct practice of art, but they are also unworthy of the name of Painter. This is most true, for one finds some, deluded into thinking themselves master in the art, even though their nudes look flayed, or at least dyed; [marg: Not too red,] like Virgil's Pan:

[marg: In Gallus]

The Arcadian god of the herds Pan arrived, where you laboured, He glistened with minium-red and elderberry on his head

It is not such an easy task, in colouring well to do it well enough. The great *Parhassius*, who was celebrated as being nearly the peak of perfection, in the colouring of his work, was however criticised by *Euphranor*, on account of his *Theseus*, against which he painted one in competition: saying that *Parhassius'* was fed with roses, but that his was properly fed with good meat. Even the best Italians, in the last Century, often coloured with a stony red. And it cannot be completely forgiven them, although they tell, how *Raphael of Urbino* repaid a critical Cardinal, as this verse reveals:

[marg: A critic mocked]

Saint Peter looks too red, says one of the Cardinals
To Raphael of Urbino, and that does not please us:
He was ashamed, he replied, while I painted him,
At the lives, that he saw his followers living here.

For although redness is most appropriate for a Sun-burned fisherman, you must not go beyond the characteristic features, necessary in skin and flesh. [marg: Nor too white]

It is therefore not sufficient, that one mixes beautiful colours, one must also follow true naturalness. For neither marble nor alabaster, nor shining ivory, is to be compared to soft skin. The whiteness of snow attracts no one to it, but fleshy nakedness charms, indeed it enchants. Whether one paints nudes of children, or youngsters, or bulky wrestlers, or skinny and emaciated bodies, or bathing nymphs, and indeed divine Goddesses; take care, that one mixes the colours in such a way, that it appears to be flesh {dat het vlees schijne}; that one avoids chalky whiteness. Van Mander says, that a certain Jacob de Backer {Jaques de Bakker} in Antwerp first introduced a fleshy manner of painting, painting it not with simple white, but enhanced with a natural-looking carnation. Certainly, his namesake Jacob Backer {Jaques de Bakker} of Amsterdam has followed him as well in this praiseworthy

observation, as they are alike in name. I remain silent about Rembrandt and others, who esteemed this aspect of art astonishingly highly. [marg: Not too yellow,] Others who avoided stony redness, and who had an aversion to white, fell foul of a woody yellowness, and their figures appear like chimneysweeps, streaked with red: they believed, that they were following Titian and Pordenone properly, except that they had seen works by these masters, which either smoke, or age had darkened. [marg: Neither too blue, nor too green.] You must also take care, that, on account of a lead-like blueness, or even greenness, your nudes do not look like fish; flesh has a multiply tinted colour, and appears with a thousand alterations within the specifications of its nature. Red-pimpled Silenus is still made of flesh {blijft vleesachtig}, however much his face glows: so too the yellow-tanned fisherman Proteus, white Galatea, and the dying Acis or Adonis. One can observe flesh-likeness {vleesachticheit} in a black {moor}, and he can almost pale and blush: as Heliodorus says of the black Meroebos:

[marg: Characteristics and accidents.]

On account of shame and joy, blood suffused his face,

For although he was black, he became brown, or purple-red.

You will give flesh-like colouring no small ornament, when you include accidents in a measured way: like Andrea del Sarto, who in his nude Isaac, made the parts, which appeared most to have been left exposed, a little burned by the Sun. But if you give labouring hands cracked and wrinkled skin, and whiten to the Elbow a bared arm, or if you make the soles of the feet sandy, or calloused, take heed, to whom it is that you apply it: for flaws and errors, given too much attention, are disgusting.

[marg: Modelling.] After flesh-likeness comes modelling. In this Nicias was praised by the ancients above all others, for his things appeared as if they were raised and in relief. Some delude themselves producing modelling with hard and black shadows and brilliant light, which they call highlights {hoogselen} but such nudes appear to be more like metal, than soft flesh: or at least to be representations by candle-light. The best Painters achieved modelling by fleshy softness, rather than by force: for the natural nude is modelled as well in ordinary light, as in an all too forceful beam, and is better, when the light comes in from the front, than too strongly from the side. For modelling is nothing other, than a receding diminution {omwijkende vermindering}

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SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Concerning Hair and Costume.

Hair coloured well and naturally, looks graceful. [marg: Concerning hair.] They say that <code>Holbein</code>, often painted the skin around the forehead or chin first, and then added the little hairs afterwards, stroke by stroke. I leave this master his well-earned valuation, but prefer rather painting, which produces flesh and hair together imitating it with a looseness <code>{lossicheit}</code>; with shining and reflection in the right places to create movement, not precisely indicating it hair by hair. But we shall bind no one to narrow rules here, keeping to this verse:

True movement comes from the spirit alone,
Of attractive hair, clouds, and loose clothing.

With well-painted nudes there should also be nicely coloured clothing, so that your figures can thereby enjoy a greater dignity {welstant}. If you depict Princesses, have them dazzle in silk robes with pearls and noble gemstones: [marg: Rich costume. Helena.] But take care, that it does not happen as with Apelles' Pupil, who painted Helena so elaborately, that seeing the piece, Apelles said: Indeed, you have painted this princess rich, instead of beautiful. On account of which people afterwards called this piece the golden, rather than the beautiful Helena. Do you wish to paint the Turkish Sultan in his luxury? paint him in white Satin or silver lake mixed with green, elaborated with large flowers. Put him in a tall Turban with painted feathers on the top.

You can also earn honour with hangings and Carpets, as was said of *Parhassius*, who deceived and defeated his competitor *Zeuxis* painting only a curtain on his piece (as is well enough known). *Giovanni da Udine* painted a tapestry or hanging at the end of a gallery in the Vatican, and when the Pope went there to look at the paintings, a footman stepped forward, as is the custom, in order to lift it, but found himself deceived. In these things good colouring has the upper hand, and perfect power, for as long as that which we imitate is within the capacity of our colours. Of which we could give sufficient proofs. But when some thing, either through its great beauty of colour, or though its brightness is beyond those capacities (as happened with *Vasari*, having the Duke *Alessandro de' Medici* in hand, for although the face was successful, when he came to paint the armour from life, he could not

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bring about a strong enough reflection, so long as he kept it natural) then one must use one's skill, and make all of the rest so much darker; but this relates to balance {houding}.

EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Concerning Animals.

[marg: (a) See Caron of Japan.] Piraikos was much celebrated for his painting of charming animals. (a) And a certain painting of Frogs was considered one of the greatest Jewels of Japan. It is proper that a painter, who loves art, should paint from life all manner of beasts, whenever the opportunity arises, and especially those that are strange and rare. Ahmed's Mule, which was marked like a Tiger, or like a Polish dog, is not encountered everyday. Elephants, Camels, Lions and Bears, Ostriches, Eagles, Snakes and vermin, are not always to be found. But if, when you could, you sketched {gemodelt} them from life, their natural colouring will enhance your work mightily. However Dogs and Cats you will always have more readily at your convenience. It is also worthwhile to paint beautiful Horses carefully from life; and where one does not find them, other than in Venice, one should not expect to find a Painter. Regarding the colour of good or bad {slimst} horses Virgil says:

The blue-grey Horse, and chestnut are verily The best, white and dun the worst.

And Van Mander sings to the Young Painter almost identically thus:

Horses are of various colours,

The Painter's spirit here finds a wide choice.

In ancient times they preferred blue, grey and dark red,

As the best; but sometimes a pure white,

A coal-black or one beautifully pied is required;

Art gains a valuable profit from choosing.

Terpsichore keeps these chapters a little brief; for she, who portrays the true Goddess Pictura, prefers doing to saying.

NINTH CHAPTER.

Concerning Landscape.

The most pleasurable colour, said *Plutarch*, revives and delights the sight, by means of its liveliness and joyfulness. In truth this colour has no specific name; but I believe that it enters the eye generally from a landscape with a thousand mixed-colours, whenever sweet spring renews meadows and fields, and the woods lift up their newly-dressed heads.

[marg: Orchards.] When the orchard, white with blossom, promises a glut of fruit, do not, O Young Painter, allow any of your invaluable time to be stolen by slothful slumber, rather begin things never before seen. Paint then for me vegetables, from which the dew drips, and fresh flowers after life; you will discover colours, which Painter never yet set to work. Do not forbear copying the beauty of nature, but believe rather that that which is so delightful in life, will also make your work loved. Having for a long time made ordinary things, he who feels the spur of desire for honour, turns his hand to something higher, and readily discovers a rare and new invention.

To the lovers of Landscape.

Come Young Painters, who have sat long enough,
Your overworked minds almost ground to a stump,
Stretch the Bow and give the senses rest:
Early in the morning, to revive once again
A new desire, let us go out together,
And spend our time in useful delight.

See Tithonus' bride, how from the Saffron bed
She rises, opening the Day's Gate, [marg: A Dawn.]
While Phoebus leads in his four greys bridled,
All painted with Red and Gold trimmings,
The purple clouds with Heaven's colour:
The Azure mountains yonder begin to brighten
With the Sun's radiance, from far:
A bright dew on leaves and blades
Covers the field; aye, and observe the Hunter, speedy
And quick of foot, he leaves a trail in the grass

A green trail in truth, his dogs bark.

This time expended will be of great use to you.

One must imitate the details of nature carefully.

And if you want to make the eye stare and wonder,

Portray a storm, with lightning and thunder:

[marg: Thunderstorm, with lightning and thunder.]

A dismal view in the Swiss mountains,

Which taunt us with their peaks and wind and storm.

Let their white snow-covered caps glisten,

There water crooked and staggering comes gushing; [marg: Waterfalls.]

Here rocks bitten like icicles,

And there a rock-face, bearing massive tree trunks {masten}.

Train your hand to foliage and individual leaves {losse blaren}.

Imitating each most spiritedly and characteristically; [marg: Leaf and leaves.]

For hair, air, and leaf, and loose robes,

Learn from the Spirit {Leert u den Geest}, for it exists in spirit.

[marg: To have too individual a manner of colouring is not very praiseworthy.] It is a common mistake among practitioners of art, that they accustom themselves to a manner of colouring, as if things were bound to their manner, and not their manner bound to the characteristics of things. And many, on account of a certain natural inclination, have adopted a manner of colouring, which toward that genre {deel} of art; to which they are most inclined, seems most suited. [marg: Rocks.] Thus Hercules Segers concerned himself with wild mountains: and a certain Liefrinck coloured spirited rocky stones. [marg: Noble gemstones.] The noble gemstone is also wonderfully coloured: [marg: Sea creatures.] and the attractions of sea creatures, and shells have their particular admirers. [marg: Sea.] Regarding the Sea our Poet expressed the following:

The wide sea is like the Chameleon,

Taking into its body, which is mostly inclined

To be green, the colour and lustre of the Sky.

In clear weather and daylight, and in the darkness.

However hard Aeolus roars, the broad waters

Always show a reflection of the sky.

Augustine said, that the sea sometimes wore blue, and sometimes purple-red, like so many different costumes.

[233, G g]

TENTH CHAPTER.

Concerning Handling, or the manner {Handeling of maniere} of painting.

Terpsichore, seventh among the Heliconians, usually with her fingers on the harp or the clavecin, is naturally inclined to instruction, her business is to judge, to take the good, and to throw away the bad. Who else, better than she, can teach us the best handling of the brushes? And how through a good judgment to avoid the bad ways? [marg: Terpsichore represents judgment, for man must have good judgment to select the good things, and to reject the bad. Vincenzo Catari. {Terpsichore significa guidicioso, perche l'huomo dotto deve haver buon giudicio nel l'elegger le cose buone, & regitter le cattive. Vincenzo Cartary.}]

One readily calls Poetry a speaking Art Of Painting, but just as it is much harder to do, than to say, just so much the harder is painting, than poetry: [marg: The Art of Painting is more difficult than Poetry;] for here, when the poet is ready with his verses and his spirit, the pen flies about without effort, while there the Painter forgets nearly everything he had understood, before he can express them in colours. Protogenes and Nealkes found themselves embarrassed, however hard they tried, in depicting foam, the first of a dog, the second of a horse, indeed angered beyond patience by such an trivial a matter, they hurled a sponge at their work in despair; and straightaway the dirty sponge brought about the desired effect, and their beasts foamed naturally at the mouth, and thus it appears, that their judgment was sharp enough, but their hand was too slow. So, as Seneca said, this is the kind of thing, which happens with Painters, when portraying something natural.

[marg: On account of handling.] But now it is necessary, that one gets for oneself a manner of working {wijze van doen}, which readily subordinates itself to the mind: and what is praised more highly than all, is that one gets into the habit of using a lively brushstroke {wakkere pinseelstreek}, which boldly distinguishes those passages which differ from each other somewhat, giving the drawing its proper emphasis {toedrukkingen}, and, where it is acceptable, with the colouring displaying a playful looseness {zwaddering}: without ever oozing it or blending it {lekken of verdrijven}; for this loses it its virtue {verdrijft de deugt}, and produces nothing but, a dreamy stiffness {droomige stijvicheit}, at the cost of the honest mixing of colours. It is better to seek out softness with a full brush, and, as Jordaens used to say, slobber it on lustily, paying little attention to smoothly fusing it together; because, however boldly you may have manipulated it, through frequent reworking that will creep in {inkruipen} on its own. Titian's early things were painted very fluently, and yet done with a full brush,

but in his last ones, when his eyesight had lost its sharpness, he left flat broad strokes {plaatstreeken} unworked, which when set at a distance, had yet greater force.

To give something a good bearing by means of an easy movement {met een losse zwier een welstant geven} in a short time, is not so wonderful, if with skilful labour {arbeit} you continue through to the very end. [marg: Through to the end,] A good start gives you courage, but the greatest art, is properly completing it. When the concentration is fresh it is acute, nevertheless it is when the work is far advanced, that it is needed most. One sees it often happen, that many begin their work most spiritedly, but afterwards, their attention fading, they add nothing more, except a smooth stiffness {gladde stijvigheit}, or a neat triviality {nette fijmeling}. [marg: It is otherwise easily stiff.] Which nevertheless pleases numerous uncomprehending art lovers so much, that by means of an premature flattery they lull the rising pupil to sleep, and he is sadly ruined. Many a noble spirit was thus held back at the level from which he could have climbed, and fell short in art.

Honthorst a successful court painter at The Hague wielded a deft brush in his blossoming years; however, whether to please the young women, or because prosperity sang him to sleep, he descended into a stiff smoothness: at which, Linschoten, who usually very impressed by his work, criticised him, saying: that he Honthorst could no longer paint a worthy stroke {brave streek}. Nonetheless I paint better strokes every day than you do, the other replied, and I shall show you one that you cannot imitate: saying this, he pulled a handful of ducats from his purse, and throwing them onto a table, stroked {streekze} them towards him, meaning to imply, that with his paintings, whatever else, he knew how to earn money, whereas despite his great brush Linschoten remained a mere pauper. But others have brought in great profit with a loose brush, like our Lely from Gelderland, whose delightfully handled portraits in London show well enough, that he is a beautiful Lily in the art. Thus again I earnestly advise, that one presses on keenly with senses alert to the end, and keeps on throughout thinking how to exceed nature in two things, namely in force and softness; that one puts light and dark in their places, and binds the whole together well, and from the beginning to the end does not vary in manner {manier}, nor let one's concentration weaken. And so the mind will be generally sharper, the manner of handling matchless, and your work will resemble nature in all the parts of art. [marg: Do not try for idiosyncratic handling, but only naturalness.] Do not trouble yourself too much with learning a manner of painting, but rather, constantly become more certain in observation, and learn to distinguish the parts of art well, and to copy alertly. Thus the hand

and the brush will be subordinated to the eye, so as to depict the varieties of things properly {manierlijk}, each thing according to its character, and with the most appropriate movement {op't zwierichst}.

I take no pleasure in what the Ridder P. C. Hooft, said of Mr. Dirk Barendsz., the celebrated pupil of Titian: [marg: 133 Letter.] that he had three brushes, gold, silver and copper, and that he delegated each according to price: for the brush of an artist's must always be honest, and never false, in order to express virtue and truth, and although not all pieces are completed equally carefully, it should possibly be those, which appear to have been made with keen attention as if done in haste, that get more gold from the brush, than those where the hand lingers to the last. But if you only want to describe things, or work with the utmost neatness, nevertheless still have your hand and brush obedient to your eye and judgement, so that your way of handling conforms with nature in all its characteristics.

And there is one looseness of handling required for light hair, the leaves of the lily, or something of that kind: and again, another characteristic of the brush to be stirred in the beautiful nude, and glistening marble. But you will achieve this all correctly, if your hand is accustomed to obey your eye and judgment. *Cornelius Ketel*, in order to show that the master, and not the brush, is the Painter, made extremely handsome {welstandige} pieces without brushes and with his fingers alone: [marg: Ketel painted with his fingers and his toes.] and not content with this, he also painted some things with his right, and then others with his left foot: antics, better to be told, than to be imitated, unless through necessity or on account of the accident of the loss of a hand or a finger, someone has to become left-handed, or a foot-painter.

Now one must also adjust one's handling especially according to the place, where the work will be hung: for it will certainly make you extremely sorry if, when in painting a piece, which will be hung high up, and which will have to be seen from far off, you have wasted a great deal of time over small details. Take hold of some brushes, that will fill a hand, and let each stroke stand on its own, and let the colours lie unmixed in various places; for the height and the thickness of the air will make most things appear to blend together which on their own would be protrusive *Michelangelo* once saw a certain statue, that was being made to be put somewhere outside: the Sculptor had taken great pains to arrange the windows, in order to give a good light, he said: don't trouble yourself, the best light is in the marketplace. To make it known that things, that have to stand in public places, must be able to bear all kinds of lighting. But there are differences regarding how far a work, even if in the open air, is to be seen from, be it from nearby or from afar; and with regard to this we cannot pass over the example of two figures, made in competition:

When once the Athenians in honour of their protecting goddess Minerva, set about erecting a beautiful statue on a tall pillar, they chose Alcamenes and Phidias, promising generously to reward the one who did best out of the two of them. In defiance of each other, they set eagerly to work, and each of them eventually produced their statue. That of Alcamenes was wonderfully lifelike and nicely handled, and delighted everyone, who saw it. But Phidias' had wide staring eyes, a nose with three lumps, and gaped with its lips apart, and was in the eyes of the spectators so badly made and malformed, that many of them were with difficulty stopped from stoning him. But with many entreaties he bad them, to withhold their judgement, until the figure was set up on high: which being done the situation changed; for the charms disappeared from Alcamenes' statue, when one saw it from a distance, and the wild contours, and hard edges, of the statue of Phidias, were fused into a spiritual and graceful beauty; which brought him and his art into higher honour. By means of a similar ruse Amulius arranged, that his statue of Minerva, unlike the custom of sculpture in the round, seemed to look at everyone, wherever they stood, and indeed the Diana at Chios, looked at everyone, when they first entered the Temple, with an austere regard, and those, who had passed the altar and had sacrificed, with an appeased face. But to turn once again from blows of the chisel to brushstrokes, we state that in general, they are fortunate, who can with an adept hand, and while the spirit is not yet tired, complete their work; for they will achieve the fame of Apelles, who said of himself, that in this he excelled the never-finishing Protogenes, in that he knew when to leave his work, which the other found difficult; for he was occupied for seven years with his Ialysos; often re-painting his things four times. Many would do well now to imitate Apelles in leaving his work; but it is certain that for such facility {vaerdicheit} one would require the favour of the Graces, before deserving to hear Sophocles verse:

What well-beloved of Venus or Cupid
Has here, O gods! Set his hand to work?

A good artists, said Seneca, [marg: Letter. 121. A master does not find handling difficult.] handles his tools skilfully or with a particular ease. A Painter, who so as to make a figure has gathered around him many and various colours, skilfully chooses those, which will be of use to him, and moves with a rapid hand and eye between the wax-colours and his work.

Plutarch compared the paintings of Nicomachus, with the writings of Homer, and said that, among the other attractions and perfections, that are to be found in them, they had this in addition, that one could see, that they were

made with ease and without great labour: [marg: Without labour, and with labour.] whereas the panels of Dionysius, as well as the poems of Antimachus, although full of power and insight $\{zin\}$, appeared to have been done with melancholy and mental strain.

Tiresomely done, tiresome to look at, as they say. And this is the case with the Paintings of Baccio Bandinelli. For he thought that without practicing the Art of Painting, he understood it. Facility {vaerdicheit} comes with long and frequent practice. Whether it is that the mind achieves a skill, so as immediately to produce the sought-for idea; or that the eye picks out some forms from chance objects in the rough sketch, as we like to do by the hearth in the fire; or that the hand, through habit, forms something, more or less in the same way as when we write; for a good writer forms good letters, even though he doesn't think about what he is doing, and his eye and mind appear to be situated in his hand. I must tell you about a Painters' Contest, between three Painters, each gifted in a particular way. At the beginning of this century walls in Holland were not so thickly hung with Paintings, as they are now. However this practice crept in daily more and more, which some Painters boldly encouraged by accustoming themselves to painting rapidly {ras schilderen}, indeed to producing a piece everyday, be it large or small. By this means they sought reward and fame, and so eventually a wager was arranged, to make a piece within the hours of daylight, to see which would be the best in virtue and worth. The first of these Painting combatant-painters, called Knibbergen, set a fairly large canvas on the Easel, and, having his hand or brush at his will, began bravely to write, that is, to paint in such an practiced manner, that everything that he set down, was done; for sky, horizon, trees, mountains, and gushing waterfalls, fell from his brush, like the letters from the pen of a scribe {bladtschrijver}. He dashed off his foliage and contorted vegetables {spartelende groente} in a rehearsed fashion; the undulating {zwadderige} clouds swept along as if by hand, and the cliff-like rocks and uneven ground seemed born from his paints. Beside him sat Jan van Goyen, who set about his work in a wholly different way: for he washed-over {overzwadderende} his panel broadly, here light, there dark, more or less like a many-coloured Agate, or marbled paper, there were all manner of amusing drolleries to be found in it, which he made apparent with little effort and many small touches, so that yonder a sweet horizon, embellished with peasants' huts, appeared; and here one saw an old fortification with a harbour and a stretch of water {waeterhooft} emerge, and reflected in the rippling water, ships and vessels, laden with goods and travellers, loading and unloading, and in a short while his eye, as if it saw shapes, which were hidden in a Chaos of colour, steered his hand and mind with facility, so

that one saw a complete picture, before one could properly perceive, what he was going to do. The third was our *Porcellis*, the great *Raphael* of sea painting! But art lovers would nearly lose courage, if they saw how slowly he handled his brushes, indeed it seems at first, that he wantonly wastes time, or does not know, how to start: and this happens, because he first forms the whole design of his work in his imagination, and in his mind makes a painting, before he puts paint on his brush. But the outcome shows effectively, that this is the correct method; for although he perseveres slowly, he does everything certainly and surely, and by the evening he was as ready with his piece, as were his competitors; and even though *Knibbergen's* piece was larger, and van *Goyen's* fuller with work, *Porcellis'* had more selective naturalness {keurlijker natuerlijkheyt} in it, and something distinctive {ongemeens} in its artistry, that is never detected, in things, that are only come about by means a certain manual routine, or else as if sought and found by chance. Finally, this little piece was valued more highly by the connoisseurs the others; although none of them was to be cast aside. Jan Lievens was very much at home seeking out wonders with smeared-on colours, varnishes and oils. But let us continue to follow facility.

No one, they say, was Rosso's equal in facility. Polidoro da Caravaggio was also incredibly swift. Pordenone's works were thoroughly worked, but quickly made. [marg: Examples of fast painting.] Frans Floris painted a number of life-sized figures, for the triumphal entry of Emperor Charles into Antwerp, each day making seven, within seven hours. Perino da Vaga painted for his host, so as not to be ungrateful for his reception, because he had to leave suddenly on account of the plague, on a canvas of rough linen, of about four els, fixed to a wall, in one day and night, a copper-coloured history, where Pharaoh perished in the red sea with his army, horses, and chariots, with armoured figures and nudes, and swimmers one with wet hair and beard, and another who clung to the neck of a horse to escape: and on the shore of the sea Moses and Aaron, and the Israelites, men and women, who loved God, carrying a number of nicely decorated pots and vessels, and the heads of the little women tied-up in elegant coiffeurs; certainly enough entertainment, to occupy you for months on end. Tintoretto, with Paulo Veronese, Federigo Zuccaro, and Giussepe Salviati, were summoned by members of the guild of San Rocco, and were promised, that the one of them that produced the best design, of their Saint with numerous angels and figures, that their piece would be purchased, Tintoretto left his contestants to sweat over their drawings, and measured up the work, stretched a canvas, composed {ordineerde}, painted, and brought the completed piece to its place at the time the Drawings were due to be seen:

saying that such Drawings were best, that deceived no one. Certainly Sebastiano del Piombo might well have said of such a battle of wits, that they did a year's work in a month. [marg: A saying about this.] And he added to that: I will, if I live long enough, yet see all things painted.

But it was a meagre honour, that long ago fell to a swift Painter: For showing his work to the prince of Painters Apelles, he said, that that he had finished it in a very short amount of time: [marg: Apelles reply.] and he replied: that he was not surprised at that, but rather that in the time he had not done more. [marg: Rubens' quip.] Which Rubens summed up very well: for when someone let him see a piece, and also mentioned, how little time he had spent on it, he paid him for his arrogance, saying: that he did not need to have told him, since it was plain to see in the work. The saying is often true,

Hastily done, hastily spoiled.

Or, as the Latinists are wont to say:

Sat citò, si sat benè

If it is good enough, then it is quick enough.

Phidias therefore spent enough time on his statues, in order that his art might make the marble endure, indeed he was a long time occupied with Minerva's slippers. [marg: Zeuxis' reply.] Plutarch tells, that when Agatharchus boasted of his swift painting, Zeuxis replied: And I boast of myself, that I am a long time busy with my work. [marg: Thorough Painting,] For precipitous speed does not produce lasting beauty, only continual labour and length of time gives the work force and permanence. Which one readily discovers to be true; for Painting done with facility {vaerdige Schildery} is generally likely to die and fade away: also one sees many pieces from olden times, made with time and effort, [marg: And neat,] which are still like new and look freshly made, whereas many of the new are almost as if undone by old age. It is said that on that account Protogenes armed his works against old age, by over-painting them four times in full colour, so that, when the top layer began to fade, the lower layer appeared fresh in full brilliance. They say that Leonardo da Vinci, who was occupied with his beautiful Mona Lisa for four years, and still left her unfinished, he had observed the tiniest natural details, in her face; in the liquid reflection of her eyes one saw the tiniest veins, the lashes of the eyes and eyebrows their particular characteristics: one could see the pores in the tender skin: and in the well of the throat, beneath the neck, one saw, so it seemed, the pulse beating. Certainly at life-size this can for some

be praiseworthy: but since then the desire for finish {netticheyt} has led some, so that, even in figures two hands high, they have senselessly depicted such almost invisible things. Thorough works {deurwrochte werken} are generally worth looking at, one says, because the artist, having time to consider, puts all his power into it. Euphranor of Isthmus sought all his life to improve his splendid works: but whether these improvements consisted in finish, is debatable. For one has good reason to suppose, that the splendid pieces by Protogenes, praised above, were spoiled by their finish: since Apelles said, that those graces, which might have taken it to Heaven, were missing from it. As far as I am concerned, I believe that one drives the graces out of one's work, when one frequently over paints it. These pure and Heavenly Goddesses, it seems, do not wish to be kneaded {beplamoot}.

Too much haste is also dangerous, [marg: Rough.] in that the best parts of art may be lost. Antidotus painted roughly, but erred in proportion. Unless you are Nicomachus, who had a ready hand: or Tintoretto, who was bold with the brush. The virtue of the work exists in pleasing naturalness {bevallijke natuerlijkheyt}, and if one is incapable of doing this rapidly, then one must take more time. For there is great difference between spirits, so that, whereas the understanding of one person increases while occupied, that of another dozes off: now, one must pay particular attention, as to how one find's oneself to be constituted, so that one does not spoil a well-begun work, but that one pricks one's attention with spurs, so as to seek perfection with equal wakefulness through to the end, That which the arts produce, said Plutarch, is at first wholly obnoxious and misshaped, until each particular element takes on its proper form: [marg: Tenacity in attention.] for that reason the Bronze-caster Polyclitus also used to maintain, that the work is at its most difficult, when one submits the clay to the fingernail.

And furthermore there is another plague, that is most detrimental to art, which is, that some have sought to take a short cut in art. Philoxenus Eritrius, according to Pliny, not only followed in the footsteps of the extraordinarily quick Painter Nicomachus, but even more than him devised a yet shorter and quicker shortcut to the Art of Painting. [marg: Short cuts.] And Petronius attested, that this search for and discovery of shortcuts, especially by the Egyptians, brought about the complete downfall of art. And it is readily understood, that, now that it is possible to print finished Paintings, as Hercules Segers has done, in our time, with landscapes, one will not easily find anyone, who would want to produce his works with great labour and time.

And in mass production {dozijnwerken}, done with the assistance of boys and women, the masters of them have not only turned their backs on art, but, because of auctions, which set the prices of Paintings, their sought for advantage disappears in the wind; for however many more works they can scrub together, they are obliged to make even more. Albeit they earn well, by means of retouching {overschommelen}, glazing, and oils fused in the fire, intending that which one ought to seek by means of mixing colours, and the true art of colouring well. I speak not of those, who by sticking together butterflies, whites, leaves of herbs, and other foliage, seek praise from blind art lovers which they are neither capable of deserving by means of good drawing, nor by natural colouring. [marg: Smooth Painting.] A well-worked and smooth Painting has first of all this virtue, that it is at least protected from dust and dirt. They also please the ignorant, like Ariosto said, as I understand him:

The numerous colours could not satisfy {verzaên},
Looked at three times, so smoothly was the work done.

But the Chief Teacher of poetry Horace sings better thus:

This painting you can look at from close to:

And the other has more presence (welstants) from a distance:

The third will be better in the dark:

But this, which need not fear the acute judgment and intelligence

Of the connoisseurs, can bear the light.

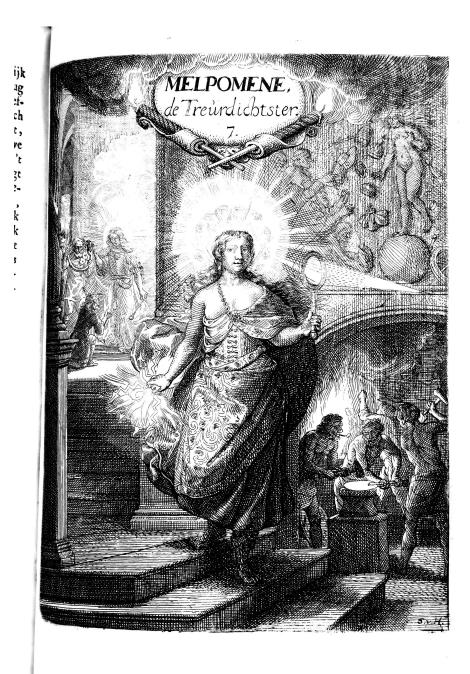
Another pales after being seen once:

But these will please you more and more,

Even if you look at them ten or indeed a hundred times.

Now before we leave Terpsichore, I must warn my Young Painter, always to keep their attention alertly vigilant: for although the learned say, that the excellent Homer sometimes seems to be fast asleep, no one can be sure, that they can be rewakened, once in art they have fallen into slumber. Imagine therefore, that for your whole life you will have to row as if against a strong ebbing current: which, if once you let up pulling industriously with the oars of wakefulness, will drag you back. One can, so it seems, never remain the same in art, for one advances, or one shrinks backwards. I shall not find this difficult to prove to you, since you can observe it everyday with all the masters. The ancient Callimachus, who was so free of all vanity, that he never completed his own work, and indeed disdained and despised it, for which reason he was also called Kakizotechnos, that is, a despiser of art, through constant effort lost

all gracefulness, so dangerous is it, to torment in undue fashion a suitable spirit. It was said of Jacopo Pontormo, that he went backwards in art, when he tormented himself, in order to outdo all others and himself, and that he, realising this, died of sorrow, before he was a man, who above all other things feared death. How then can someone who allows the fire of his wakefulness to go out, and become cold, how can the same man continue? Indeed, one cannot withhold from relating that even Titian had this regression, on account of the torpor of his old age, for it is said that at the end of his life, he wished to improve the things, done in his blossoming years, and that he completely spoiled {dapper verergerde} them, but this, according to my opinion, must have been through finish: for I cannot accept that such a man, who had surrendered himself so entirely, so as to follow nature precisely, with brush and colour, could have become weakened in his observation. I have also observed in others, that, when their eyes become somewhat darkened in the evening of their old age, they begin to handle the brush with more daring. We must cut short our role here, since Melpomene already treads the stage with open curtains.



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MELPOMENE,

The Elegiast/Tragedian {De Treurdichtster}.

The seventh Book.

Contents.

Melpomene directs the Theatre in Tragedy

Showing what is visible, in Heaven's golden halls,

On the Earth, and under the earth, indeed where the spirits roam,

Things become visible on account of the fire of Sunlight.

She measures the difference between more and less light,

Of colour and clarity, and she indicates their gradations,

She teaches the fundamental understanding of shadows;

And, seeing far, speaks of beautiful Perspectives {Deurgezichten}

If Tragedy is the most beautiful, that is shown on the Stage,

Then the art of light and shadow is here no lesser part.

On the Print.

Here the worthiest of the Muses is portrayed for us:
Lightning fills her fist, she has the Sun on her head,
And she is betrothed to Heaven's fire, or noble Apollo;
Without her Vulcan cannot begin his masterpiece.
Her burning-glass always radiates, wherever she turns or returns it:
Elegiasts/Tragedians are most inspired by her spirit:
Fortune, or luck, turn to follow her steps:
She creates delight in whatever she diminishes or magnifies:
Darkens or illuminates: makes to spring forth or to fade to nothing;
With good reason then she rules shadow and light.

INTRODUCTION.

Light and shadow are principally commanded by the Sun, and the Sun follows in the tracks of Melpomene. [marg: Cesare Ripa {C. Malfatty} makes her the fourth Muse. But. Vincenzo Cartari the third, he says this: The third is Melpomene, who one interprets as delight for if Science did not delight, no one would take the trouble to learn it. Melpomene over Harmony and Tragedy and assigned to the Sun. {La terza che é Melpomene, s'interpreta dilettatione percioche se la Scientia non diletasse, mal si affaticarebbe alcuno per acquistarla. Melpomene sopra l'Armonia & le Tragedie assegnata al Sole.}] Melpomene, the third daughter of Mnemosyne, is rightly the Mistress of this our seventh Book. She instils into art lovers true delight in art; without which delight one would scarce be able to learn anything. She inculcates attention, and spurs desire, to obtain true knowledge of the beloved arts: And she, who is accustomed, with a dignified voice, to declaim Tragedies, and to appear in courtly buskins, will in these, albeit brief pages, make her character known to us: And as Tragedy gets its power from its events joyful and miserable, so she apportions to the Art of Painting the same lustre, when she instructs us, how one should handle light and shade knowledgeably and judiciously. But before she does that, she will give an account or the rise of the Art of Painting, how, where, and when this art first came to light: and how sometimes, on account of alterations in worldly affairs, its head has been once again lowered, and has disappeared as if into shadow. She will not be going beyond her own path in doing this: for the flowering of art can rightly be compared to the day, and on the other hand its decline to mournful night.

FIRST CHAPTER.

Concerning the beginning, rise, and decline of the Art of Painting.

[marg: The beginning of Art,] A number of the ancients have said that The Art of Painting is the invention of the Gods, others have claimed *Prometheus* to be the maker of the first statue. And *Suidas* said of *Adam*: *Adam* was the first statue, from which the art of sculpture {beeldvormen} was developed. Thus the first statue, namely *Adam*, was made by God, just as Lot's wife was the second. But this is too far-fetched. The first origin of art seems to be the power of our inborn imagination, which paints absent things as if in the soul {gemoed}, and which tries to depict them by means of some characteristic apparent to the sense of sight, or seeks some traces {bewerpselen} corresponding to

the mental image, which we have of actual things. It is told, that a certain Shepherd first drew the shadows of his sheep with his staff in the sand; and that, as they ran off, he saw with delight their images on the ground, and that thereby he got the urge to continue further with this technique. And again: That the daughter of Butades {Deburatus}, a Potter from Sicyon, drew the shadow of her lover's face in profile in charcoal on the wall, so that his form, while he was at the war, would be held constantly before her eyes: [marg: Was first very poor.] and that the Father completed this beginning; and that that from this came the first painting. Just such a poor beginning our noble art must have had. Now whether sculpture or the Art of Painting is the older, I will not dispute, for I believe, that like twins of a single birth, they were born from of the Art of Drawing. But very rough and un-like, for, as Aelianus said, the oldest Painters made their portraits so badly, that they had to write next to them this is an ox, this is a horse or, this is a tree. And sculptures, before the time of Daedelus, were very uncouth and misshapen, with eyes closed, arms hanging down, legs fused together, and without any art. Indeed so much so that one could not tell the men from the women, until a certain Eumares, doing everything from life, made the distinction between them visible. I must declare here, that Junius pleases me very much, when he tells a comical tale from Athenaeus, that goes as follows: Parmeniscus, having returned from the cave of Trophonius, was extremely grumpy and apathetic {byster grynich en onlustich}: and since it began to annoy him to waste his life thus, he went to Apollo, to ask how he could once again find the desire to laugh? The Oracle replied:

Through Mother's face
Your pressure relieve.

Therefore he hurried home, and hoped that to be healed by the first sight of his Mother, but found himself deceived, and imagined that he had been mocked by Apollo, eventually he arrived at the Island of Delos, eager to see, everything that was worthy to be seen, and went eagerly to look at the statue of Latona Apollo's Mother, imagining something large and wonderful, and they showed him an old malformed and ugly figure, at which he began to laugh so mightily, that the melancholy left him, and the oracle was fulfilled: for by seeing here Apollo's malformed Mother, he got that which he had mistakenly sought from his own Mother. These beautiful figures were most likely made in the manner, which one reads of in the book Sapienta. That a carpenter cut the best wood from a tree, and burned the cuttings in the kitchen: [marg: Chap. 13.] And that he cut the branches, which were twisted and bent, when he had nothing to do,

and that quickly and masterfully he formed them, according to the art, that he had, into a figure, be it that of a man or of a vile animal. That he then rubbed it with red and white colour, and where ever some of it stuck, there it remained {en waer iets ergens haepert, 't zelve toestopt}. And that then, it being thus finished, he put it on the wall in a little house, and secured it with nails, so that it did not fall down. What do you think? whether from such a master, and from such a twisted piece of wood, we would not indeed expect a strange {byster} piece of work.

[marg: Images of the gods were forbidden by the Jews;] Whether the Art of Painting was employed by the Jews, I do not know: indeed I believe not: since they lived mostly in huts and tents. The images of the pagan gods were rightly an abomination according to their law; [marg: (a) Chap. 14.] (a) the book of wisdom also relates their origin. [marg: Tacitus in the customs of Germany.] The Ancient Germans also believed, that the Divine Gods, on account of their nobility, could not be enclosed within Temples between walls, and that one cannot make them after the likeness of any human form. They worshipped instead the woods and trees, and only to their highest mystery, which they beheld only with the veneration of their hearts, did they grant the names of Gods. Numa Pompilius, the second King of Rome, was of the same opinion: he forbad the Romans believing, that God had the form of a human or an animal: [marg: Among the first Romans;] so that in the first days in Roman there was neither painted nor cast image of God. In the first hundred and seventy years they built Churches and Chapels, but there was neither image nor any depiction of the divinity in them: believing it a profanation of the divinity to represent it by anything earthly; and God was to comprehended by the understanding alone. Numa's sacrifices were also nothing other, than a little libation of honey, wine, or milk, but he used other ruses to fool the people, telling them, that one of our Muses conversed invisibly with him, so as to give his teachings power. [marg: Among the Pythagoreans.] In which it is said that he followed Pythagoras, and perhaps others, who, by appearing to have invisible help from God, drew the people to them. And Timon the Phliasian heckled them in this verse:

[marg: See further in Plutarch in Numa.]

Pythagoras the Magician deceived

Every one, for he seemed holy to the eye,

But he knew to dress his apparent virtue with modesty;

So as to lead the blind people into delusion.

Certainly the Senate of Rome were not wrong, when many years later, the remaining books of the image-hating *Numa* were by chance dug up, they had them burned, for fear that their city, already filled with images of the Gods, might thereby be troubled. This trick, to seduce the people without images, was employed by the Arab *Mohammed*

with no less success, than some of his predecessors. [marg: And Mohammedans.] The Syrians, as Moses says of Laban, had images; and similarly the inhabitants of mount Ephraim, as among others Micah, who had a Levite for a Priest. [marg: Judges. 18.] The Philistines had the image of Dagon. But the Tyrians and the Sidonians had images even earlier. Also the Persians: Darius had an image of Artystone, Cyrus' daughter, with gold firmly attached. And Mandrocles, the Samian architect, painted the bridging of the Bosphorus and King Darius seated upon a Median throne, commanding his army, from life, and gave this picture to the Temple of Juno, with this inscription:

The Architect {Bouwvoogt} Mandrocles, who bridged
The straits of the Bosphorus, at the command of Darius,
Leaves this memorial here dedicated to Juno,
Through whom he prospered in glory and Samos in honour.

The earliest emergence of the Art of Painting in colours (for the Greeks first produced a single-coloured Paintings, that they called Monochromata) is hidden by great antiquity. The Egyptians, Lydians, Tuscans and Greeks, as well as sculpture, practiced a many-coloured Art of Painting. [marg: Art flourished in Greece.] Especially when Xerxes had blasted Greece with war, and this dangerous expedition had against expectation turned to the advantage of the Greeks, by means of which, experiencing fifty years of tranquillity and peace, they were rich and in luxury. When, I say, art established her seat in the Greek cities, principally in Athens, where Phidias was not the least of them. Who lived at the time of Pericles and Themistocles. [marg: In the 83 Olympiad. anno mundi 3484.] Thirty-five years later the second Polygnotus flourished in the time of Niceas, he portrayed the face in a very lifelike way, and gave his women beautiful adornment. [marg: 90 Olymp: A. mu. 3519.] Fifteen years after that Apollodorus was at the height of his powers, [marg: 93.] ten years later Zeuxis, Demon, Parrhasius, Timanthes and Eupompes, who introduced the Sicyonian manner of painting [marg: 95.]; for apart from this there was only the Ionian and the Attic. In the one hundred and fourth olympiad Pamphilus and Euphranor shone. But forty years afterwards, and more than 300 before the birth of Christ, art rose to the peak of perfection with the Greek Monarchy, [marg: 112. Olym. A. mu. 3632.] for Aristides, Apelles, Melanthius, and numberless others, flourished in the time of Alexander the Great, as if in the true century of Painters. Then the artists satisfied themselves by no longer following nature so much as it is, but as they felt it ought to be. Following the death of Alexander they were somewhat hindered by the wars of succession, but they continued on Egypt. [marg: In Egypt.] And when the seventh King Ptolomy Euergetes {Ptolomeus Carsergetes} drove many excellent men out of his kingdom, and sent them into exile, the arts were spread back to the Greek Islands

by them. For these people, instructed in the good arts, had out of necessity to practice them, in order to propagate them, and then again taught them to others. Sicily was not the least of these Islands, and the Capital Syracuse swept up the art {stofte op de kunst}. [marg: after to Rome.] But Marcellus, who had taken the city, sent the larger part of the most beautiful Pictures, Paintings, and sculptures, to Italy, so as to decorate Rome with them, which previously had not had anything special or splendid, nor did it know, about our art: for in stead of these graceful and charming embellishments of Painting and carved works, one saw nothing but Barbaric arms, armour, booty, and triumphs; most terrifying and horrible to look upon. And this put Marcellus very much in favour with the citizens, saying, how splendidly he had ennobled the city of Rome with Greek artistic works. Although many people of distinction criticised Marcellus, in that he had caused great resentment among other nations against the city; since not only people, but even the Gods, had been borne in Triumph and held captive: [marg: Was contradicted.] and that he had brought it about that the people, who had previously known nothing, other than how to plough a field, and to wage war, now spent all day talking about artistic works and celebrated masters. But Marcellus, did not worry about this, he was satisfied being praised by the Greeks, saying that he was the man who, by means of Greek art, had created so many art lovers in Rome. Thereafter art ascended to the heights, for even if one wanted to argue, that copper coinage had already been made before then, [marg: The first figured coinage in Rome.] in commemoration of Spurius Cassius, who was killed by his father, because he had sought after Wealth, that was nonetheless not an ascent of art. And Pliny also testifies, that the Art of Painting achieved its first and most important recognition in Rome, through the actions of Marcus Valerius Maximus, a full forty years before Marcellus, when he had painted the sea battle in Sicily against the Carthaginians together with King Hiero, which he won, on the side of the Curia Hostilia (Hostilische Raethuis); but this was more a preparation, so as to make ready the eyes of the people for seeing the Greek pictures.

From the time of Marcellus art began to ascend, and it remained flourishing until the beginning of the Emperors. But it is no wonder, that one reads nowhere what famous Painters lived at that time: excepting only a certain Ludius a Landscape-maker, and few others. [marg: In Pliny's time art disappeared.] In the time of Pliny they were again wholly in decline: meanwhile everything was dressed and clad with Marble and gold, instead of with Paintings.

And not until in the times of Emperor Hadrian, who practiced it himself, did it again raise its head a little, as is still to be seen in the noble carved column, [marg: Anno 120. a little revived.] which he raised in honour of his uncle Trajan, although others say that it was begun in the time of Trajan, in the seventh year of his reign, and completed in the fourteenth, [marg: An. 106. 113.] there the victories of this prince over the Dacians, and other nations are most excellently carved, thus art triumphed in the west once again, and then fell into decline: and although there were outstanding masters here and there, as can be seen in the excellent still-standing column of Marcus Aurelius {kolomme van Antoninus}, although in part obscured by the barbarians, and in part by lightning strikes, though Pope Sixtus the fifth has restored it, and beautified it with a copper-gilt statue of the Apostle Paul, there the deeds of Marcus Aurelius in the Marcomannian wars, and how Jupiter, through the prayers of Christians, sent hail and lightening against the enemy, are carved, and then the artists finally all died out, as one can observe in the triumphal arch at Rome, between the Palatine and Caelian hills, not far from the Colosseum or Amphitheatre of Domitian, built in honour of Flavius Constantinus, one can there clearly see the fall of art. [marg: Anno 312. again in decline.] For it is an ancient and general opinion, that the Art of Painting and Sculpture always fall and rise together. And although in this arch there many good things are to be seen, they are from Trajan's column, and taken from elsewhere.

But I wish to elevate the course of Arts of Sculpture and Painting under Christendom a little higher, and include here the accounts, which creditable writers have solemnly given of it. They relate then, that the Lord Christ did not think it unworthy to have been painted, and that Abgar {Agbarus} Prince of Edessa sent a Painter to portray the Lord: [marg: Anno 30.] but that this Painter could not do it, because of the great glow, which his face gave off: and that the Lord Christ therefore took the canvas, and pressed it to his face, and that he sent this to Abgar, to fulfil his pious wish. That this is true, is witnessed by many ancient writers, indeed the Greeks hold a feast day for it annually on the sixteenth of August: and the same image was sent to Constantinople in the year 944, where it had again to be completely transferred to a new canvas. And in short, this canvas has brought about many miracles, and is still kept in Rome in the Church of San Silvestro. Furthermore, Baronius says, the Council of the Apostles held at Antioch testified, that our Lord's image was there among others. And this, he continued, is not

to be wondered at, since, when the Lord himself was on earth, he was portrayed in a bronze statue {kopere beelt}, by the woman, whom he had cured of the bloody flux. Which statue remained for over three hundred years, [marg: Anno 362.] until the time of the apostate Julian, namely, in the city of Caesarea Philippi, above the door of the house of this woman: there were actually two bronze figures set on tall pillars: one a woman, who with a slightly bended knee and outstretched hands seemed to be making a request, and the other a man, dressed properly {manierlijk gekleet}, who with an outstretched right hand seemed to grant her request; and this was supposed to have been made after the likeness of our Saviour. Eusebius testifies to having seen this work: but he identifies it, being a stranger to the Christians, as a pagan custom: as he said also of those, that represented the figures of Peter and Paul in their own time. Nevertheless Tertullian wrote, that they used to engrave our Lord on chalices, in the likeness of a Shepherd, carrying a sheep on his shoulders. I also believe, that after the Christians became the masters, and the Pagan gods had been discarded, that out of respect {eerbiedenisse} they excused the true art: [marg: See Baronius. Anno Christi 389.] for when the Emperor Theodosius agreed with the Romans that henceforth all Pagan sacrifices should discontinue, feast days be abolished, and all the images of the pagan gods be cast down, this was added: except those artistic works, made by celebrated sculptors. For these shall remain standing, but for the embellishment of the city, and not in pagan places. So the ancient Christians themselves respected art. And even though the majority of these sculptures were later broken by the Goths, there are still countless numbers of them preserved beneath the ground, and since then, once more dug up in better times: just as some are nowadays still found by digging.

As far the Christian church is concerned, according to the opinion of some, there were no Paintings at all, as one can observe from this letter, which *Epiphanius* Bishop of Cyprus wrote to *John* in Jersualem: [Epiphanius tears up a painted veil {voohang}] When I was with you in in the holy city of Bethel, he said, we came to the village of Anablatha, and seeing a light, and noticing, that there was a Church there, we went in to pray, but in the entrance at the Church door I found a painted veil, or flag, and something else above it, which I have forgotten, a figure of Christ, or a saint: seeing a figure of a man hung up, in a church, against the prohibition of holy scripture, I tore it down, and advised the sexton to use it to wrap and bury a poor person. I have now sent another veil: would you bid the priests of that place to accept it, and bid them henceforth, never more to hang such a veil in the Church of *Christ*;

meanwhile it is against our Religion and belief. But Baronius believes, that this was inserted into Epiphanius's letter by a godless rascal or an iconoclast {beeldstormer}. Although art is yet older, and honourable people had their own pictures in their houses, there were certainly images already to be seen in some Churches at this time, when Theophilus the younger ruled; [marg: Paintings An. 413. first in the churches, 450.] and there is this too: Pontius Paul, the Bishop of Nola, used annually to celebrate a birthday with his people, during which they conducted themselves with honour {waer op zy eerlijk leefden}: he had the walls of the Temple painted beforehand with figures from the old Testament, so that their shared meal, through the viewing of ancient examples, might hold them to being more devoted and decent. Which also was found to be so expedient that it continued to be imitated in all churches. And, in the opinion of some, this was the very first introduction of images into Churches. Although art, I think, just after this time, through the invasion of the barbarians, fell to its death. [marg: Anno 506] Cedrenus wrote, that the catholic people, a good fifty years later, had a great revolt, because the Emperor Anastasius, in his Palace, had certain monstrous images painted {monsters van beelden hadden doen schilderen}, which had no similarity to church images. But what monsters they were, is difficult to judge. A while afterwards Emperor Justinian the third sent to the Pope at Rome, a golden scoop or shell, two silver goblets, and two silver plates, fifteen pounds in weight. [marg: An. 686.] And his general {krijgsoverste} Belisarius sent with them a heavy gold cross, embellished with noble gemstones, for when art began to revive again, everyone sought out the practitioners to make something so as to become famous. But since then all the extraordinary examples were destroyed, and I cannot imagine that the art of these artists had much life in them {veel om't lijf gehadt heeft}. This was in the time of Pope Gregory the Great, who was not the Painters' greatest enemy, since, under the name of the books of the laity, he set up Paintings in the churches, not for them to be prayed to, but to instruct the people in a way they understood. In the sixth Council, held at Constantinople, [marg: Adopted,] they concluded, that that Council should be painted in the entrance to all Churches; but the Patriarch John, with the help of the Emperor Philippus, once more annulled it, which was nevertheless by the next Pope and Emperor again renewed. [marg: And abolished and again adopted.] After that art took a hard blow again, under Emperor Leo the third, since he had a command sent out from Constantinople, that whoever had images of Christ, Maria, or any other image of the Saints, [marg: An. 718. Abolished and burned.] must bring them to the Marketplace under penalty of death, where also all the images, which had stood in the Churches, were to be collected, and burned by fire; and this command was issued throughout the country.

However the enthusiasts for images blamed this on the Jews, and said, that a certain Sarantapechys, Captain of this people, and moreover a sorcerer, promised to Gizidus prince of the Saracens, that he would rule his kingdom for thirty or forty years, if he were to destroy all the images, in the Christian churches which were under his command. Gizidus believing this, had a command issued in all his lands, that all images and Paintings must immediately be cast down, scraped back, torn up and broken, whether they were on panels, walls, sacred vessels, clothing, altars, or anything else. And to this end he dispatched Hebrews and Arabs, who fetched from far and burned not only the sculptures, which had decorated the marketplaces, but also obliterated all painted work, be it with whitewash or with paint; following the dictate of their stupidity. John Damascenus speaking of these Iconoclasts {Iconoclasten}, that is, image-breakers, said, that they broke them into small pieces, and threw them into the fire: that they blotted out those things, which were painted onto the walls, some with hot water, others with whitewash, and thirdly with ink. And Theophanes testifies, that Gizidus, rather than reigning long, died within one and a half years, and that his son Ulidus not only restored the images with honour, but that he had the Jew Sarantapechys hanged. [marg: Anno 733. Pope Gregory protected the images.] But Pope Gregory the third restored art once more: for he not only built various churches within Rome, and had them filled with many costly Paintings, one of the Saviour, another of the Holy Mother and Virgin Mary, the third of several Apostles or other saints, and also, by means of a Council with a good thousand Bishops and Prelates, protected Paintings and sculptures against the Emperor Leo: prohibiting him from being accorded any reverence, and punishing him with excommunication. Then art once again developed new strength {zenuwen}, until Leo's son Constantine put another spoke in the wheel, with a Council of three hundred and thirty learned Greeks. [marg: Anno 742. abolished. Anno 787. And restored again.] Eventually art was defended at Nicea, with just as many bishops, according to scripture {uit de schrift verdeedicht}, and how it was that one should venerate or honour it, was concluded thus:

Nam Desu est, quod imago docet, sed non Deus ipse:
Hanc videas, sed mente colas, quod cernis in ipsa.
It is God that this image teaches, but not God himself:
Look, and honour with your heart, that which you see in your soul.

[marg: Anno 800. A. 814. 816] This gave sustenance to the brush, and art spread itself once again, as far as was possible at that time, into all countries. The Empress *Irene* also helped, casting her son, the art-enemy *Constantine* the sixth, into the dungeon, and poking his eyes out. And although there were some reverses afterwards,

Charlemagne dealt with them sufficiently in the west. In the east Emperor Leo the Armenian first of all brought images back into dispute, and thereafter raged savagely against their defenders. But his successor Michael had them once more installed, except in Constantinople. [marg: Anno 821. Anno 830.] On the other hand Theophilus, who reigned after him, was not only an enemy to images, but he had everyone arrested, who did not disavow them. I cannot here omit something told of a certain monk, called Lazarus, a great artist in painting, of that time, the Emperor sought to attract him to himself with all kinds of inducement, but Lazarus remained unwilling, for which the Emperor most cruelly tortured him, and threw him into the dungeon. The Monk being restored to health, once more even more vigorously, began to paint a new sacred image, and so Theophilus had him branded in the palm of his hand with glowing iron: he was freed by means of the entreaties of the Empress, and hidden in the church of Saint John the Baptist, there however, detained as he was, he painted the image of this precursor, just as he then for all the rest of his life, and without stopping, continued persistently in the painting of sacred images. [marg: Anno 842.] This Emperor Theophilus was the last of the Iconoclasts {Beeldtstormers}; for when he died, Painting and sculpture had peace, but alas art had had its eyes closed, [marg: Art is dead.] and this Peace-loving Goddess was for long chased from the world: for Europe her usual seat was filled with Barbarian peoples. So that one hardly reads, that in the following four or five hundred years any sculpture or Painting was seen made according to art. [marg: Anno 870.] I have read indeed, that in the year 870 an Image of Mary {Mariebeelt} was brought from Jerusalem to Damascus, which had been previously painted at Constantinople on a wood panel, and that the Painting, on that same plank, was as if alive and of flesh, and that a health-giving oil dripped continuously from it. [marg: 934:] Also that the Hermit Paul of Latros, desiring a copy of that painting, which our Saviour had sent to Edessa, asked Photius a Patrician, that he take a canvas of the same size as that of the holy figure, and press it onto it and send it to him. And that being done, it was discovered, that the same face of Christ, made without hands, remained perfectly upon the new canvas, solely by means of that contact or pressing. And that some Paintings by Nicodemus appeared, with more suchlike nonsense. But as to what concerns art; it was always uncouth and clumsy and Barbaric, whatever in these times they painted, carved, built, or made. Be it of wood, gold, or any kind of metal, as among other things is to be seen

in the Imperial or Royal Crown, Sword, Sceptre and Orb, which is preserved in the city of Nuremburg, being of such uncouth and art-less making, that it is astonishing. And since in Erato, we conjectured, from the name Conradus, which is to be read on the ridge, that the crown was made for the Emperor Conrad before the year 1150, we would not have any objection, if someone suggested, [marg: 918.] that it came down to us from much earlier from the first Conrad, King of the Franks and the Germans, already in the year 918, so as to have been left to Henry the Saxon his successor. For from this Century onward, art was so wholly trampled, and especially in Germany, so much so that the best artists did not know how to distinguish the forms of one animal from another. Therefore no one should think it strange, when he realises, that they were wont to write next to them this is a Dog, and this is a Hare. For when Vladislaus the second, Duke of Bohemia, on account of his true allegiance, was made King in the year 1158 by the Emperor Frederick, and was granted a white Lion on a Red field as his arms, the Painter, who was commissioned to paint the arms for this new Bohemian King, made the Lion so entirely unrecognisable, the Bohemians could not tell, whether it was a Lion or an Ape, and although the art of this period did not know how to overcome this error, the Emperor Frederick laughing ordered the artist, that he should give the Lion two sufficiently long tails, so that one could readily distinguish it from a Bohemian Ape. How poor art was here in the west, is also demonstrated by the ancient medals of the Goths. Surely art lay dead, indeed so that, hardly in the whole of Europe, I remain silent as regards the other parts of the world, excepting perhaps Japan and China; could one find any master in the Art of Painting. [marg: Art begins again, Anno 1250.] And if, in the times of Cimabue, some Greek Painters were summoned by the governors of the city of Florence, so as to awaken art once more, it was painful, to look at their works; for they made nothing but stiff figures, with flat faces, and round caps {klapmutsen}, as bad as or worse than Indian porcelain. And even though 400 years had now passed, since the last iconoclasm in Greece, round or carved sculpture was avoided in the whole of the east, and although the Greek Christians, allowed flat Paintings on their churches, they considered sculptures and all works in relief to be pagan; and this belief remains among them to this day. And so it is no wonder, that one still found Greek Painters here and elsewhere; where sculptors were completely eliminated. [marg: Anno 1240.] But Cimabue, born to reinstate art, improved this crude Greek style with its glue- or egg-paint, so

that, although he did not work out how properly to distinguish emotions and actions {driften en doeningen}, he made his figures with letters emerging from their mouths, so that one could read what they were saying. Thus was art once more given form {wederom een gedaente gegeven} by him, and Andrea Taffi, who improved mosaic, and other Florentines, [marg: Anno 1300.] at the end of the thirteenth century, when Giotto came into his pomp, and these established its esteem not only in Florence, but also at Rome with Benedict the ninth, at Avingnon with Clement the fifth, and at Naples with King Robert: meanwhile the comical Buffalmacco also contributed. From 1340 onward, art improved, though mostly, in the region of Florence, where Tomasso Masaccio would have already established it at its peak, had death not taken him away too soon. [marg: 1443.] But it is worthy of wonder, that, whereas art among the sharp-witted Italians was still so young and so green, in our Netherlands it emerged so early with ripe fruits. For Jan and Hubert van Eyck, born at Maaseik, on the Maas, at about or before the year 1400, had not only done wonders with the brush, but they had, through the invention of oil-paint, which still bears the crown above all other manners, brought in a new Art of Painting, which would probably not give way to the wax-colours of the ancients. Which new method of production, was takened by a certain Antonello da Messina, from the Netherlands to Venice, from where it has spread across the whole of Italy. Since then art has not remained only in Florence, but Andrea Mantegna practiced it in Mantua too, and in Rome, under Innocent the eighth. And Leonardo da Vinci brought it to France, where he gave up the ghost in the art-loving arms of their King. [marg: 1487.] Meanwhile the zeal for art in Florence was fanned higher and higher, especially when Lorenzo de' Medici had everything appertaining to learning and the arts, in Greece, where Bayazid reigned, researched, and erected a school full of Antique sculptures at great cost, where he raised numerous young Painters and Sculptors, where the great Michelangelo also first suckled on art. And the sparks from this fire spread across the whole of Italy: for Venice prided itself with Giorgione, and Lombardy with the wonderful Antonio Correggio. But what wonder was this? Germany already had Israel van Meckenem, and Martin Schoengauer {Hupse Marten}: and the incomparable Albrecht Dürer was already born in the year 1470, and worked until 1528. Switzerland also brought forth, the above suspicion {buiten vermoeden} and extremely clever Holbein; and Soest in Westphalia the industrious Aldegrever. Indeed our Fatherland was also not unfruitful; for it bore, among many others, Geertgen tot Sint Jans, and Aertgen, and Lucas van Leyden, who made art illustrious. I remain silent about Antonis Mor, Jan van Scorel, Van Heemskerk and Van Blocklandt, all Painters of the most outstanding

kind. Meanwhile neighbouring Brabant earned fame with Quentin Matsys, Jan Gossaert {Jan de Mabuze}, and, to keep it brief, with the celebrated Frans Floris. But to return once more over the Alps, Italy flourished after the year 1500 as beautifully, as one could desire, and art produced a rich harvest. Then the Prince of Painters Raphael of Urbino shone like a Sun, to the delight of Julius the second, and the art-loving Leo the tenth. [marg: Died 1520.] Then the brush lived through del Sarto in Florence: through Pordenone and the great Titian in Venice, through Rosso in Paris; through Polidoro and Giulio Romano, Salviati and Zuccarro in Rome, and through Parmigianino {Fransis Mazzoli} in Parma. But it would take me too long to number all the great masters, that Italy, as well as Tintoretto, Veronese {Paulo Calliary}, Veronees, Bassano, the Carracci {Caratsen}, Palma and Giuseppe d'Arpino, had up to the year 1600 [marg: 1600.], and it would be difficult for me to count all the excellent men, who have flourished in this century. Let it be sufficient, that we say, that the whole of Italy has planed and chiselled art for the last four hundred years, Rome has polished it; Lombardy and Venice have not only enhanced it with beautiful colours, and glistening varnish, but have utterly given it life. She is increased in beauty, and flourishes still through the grace of Princes throughout the whole of Europe. For certainly, without this favour she can hardly continue: for when once the Papacy, was for a short time controlled, by Adrian of Utrecht, an enemy of the arts, he held all the noble practitioners in contempt; and almost had the artists perish with hunger.

On the other hand art climbs to the top, when Princes delight in it: as is now apparent in France, there the Art of Painting is not simply practiced, but it is set about with order and foresight; there in an academy {hooge schoole}, possibly to be compared with that of our Muses, suitable instruction is given: Le Brun {de Bruin} the chief instructor or Professor is charged with overseeing it, he gives prizes to those, who progress best, and he stokes an eager fire under the art-loving pupils. Certainly, I believe, that wonders will emerge by that means. As it would I also dare to claim, if one diligently put into practice the schoollessons of our Muses. I have missed out the Italian masters, which Italy has had in this Century. The Italians will themselves sufficiently commend their compatriots to immortality. But our Netherlanders have, in the midst of savage war, in these most recent times, produced an abundance of extraordinary spirits. Brabant can take pride in the Great Rubens, and his noble disciple Anthony van Dyck; the busy Jordaens, the graceful Thomas Willeboirts
Bosschaert {Willeboorts}, Jan van den Hoeck, and Theodoor van Thulden, Schut, and numberless others, whom in the interests of brevity I

omit; for my intention is not to deal with Painters but with the Art of Painting; someone else, who has more time, may describe their lives, and follow Karel van Mander. However so as to show, that, since the Iconoclasm {Beeltstorming} in the previous century, art is not entirely eradicated in Holland, although the best careers, namely the churches, were closed by it, and the majority of Painters therefore devote themselves entirely to painting insignificant things, indeed trivialities, therefore I shall mention some by name, who have devoted themselves to the larger part of art {op 't gros der konst} and made the most noble selections {verkiezing}. [marg: It should be noted, that all those named by Van Mander, are here omitted.] Such as Strazio Voluto or Willem Fremout {Gilliam Fermout}, Lastman, Mierevelt, Dirck van Baburen {Theodorus Babuere}: Pieter Franz de Grebber, who has the honour, that among other disciples he had the noble and perfect Pieter Lely, who now flourishes as a most choice flower in the court at Whitehall of King Charles the second; Honthorst, Ravesteyn, the enchanting {verzierlijken} Rembrandt, after the death of my Father Theodoor my second Master: Jacob Backer, Govaert Flinck, Gerrit Dou, De Helt Stockade, Jan Lievens, Mieris, Doudijns, De Baen, but hello, I shall leave out those still living, so as not to stir up jealousy. Thus art was lifted up, and then cast down, died and was revived once again. However our Christendom now seems art-loving enough, to maintain the Art of Painting on its throne. Therefore you, who look for her favour, and seek to serve her, follow us in her illustrious school with colour and brush, set your hand to work, and apply in silence those lessons, that we give you in speech.

SECOND CHAPTER.

Concerning various kinds of Light.

Hues or colours {de koleuren of verwen} are changeable through differences in illumination, which first originates in the Sun or from fire. We shall omit what the philosophers say concerning lux (daylight) or Lumen (illumination), and only deal with light and lighting {licht en verlichtinge} as far as it concerns our art.

I declare that the actual colours {koleuren} of things, are only to be seen incontrovertibly in Sunlight; [marg: The Sun alone is an incontrovertible light.} for how uncertainly one judges a colour by candlelight, is known to all. All other lights are none other, than reflections, and give to the things, onto which they shine, their own

colour. The Sun alone is free from this, in which true light was gathered at creation, from which all other things beneath the stars receive their light. Our Poet sings along the following lines:

We lie as if in deathly and dark dreariness,
Unless the Sun, which establishes the world's spaciousness,
From the midst of the planets, by means of its light
Restores us to life in pleasing clarity.

[marg: Concerning Sunlight, and the blue sky,] How much Sunlight differs from the light of a pure blue Sky, you will best understand on a beautiful day: when, going out into the fields, you compare the shadow of some single thing in the open air, from a short distance, against the light; you will discover that it is wholly blue. Now someone will insist, that Sunlight glows and shows yellow; I will readily allow this, in a warm damp air: for then the Sun appears to be that colour, but never in true clear weather. Sunlight when unsullied, shows things honestly in their own colour.

How sweetly darts the Sun a joyful beam
Through that cloud! Come young Painters, paint
With colours these shadowy walls,
And let the light fall on those towers.

[marg: The dawn.] But if the Sun fires its beams through mists, as it does in rising and setting, then give it, as if through painted glass, various and pleasing colours, and delight the eye with this variety.

Whose heart and sense does not rejoice, when Aurora
In the azure East prepares the path of the Sun?
Or the West still blushes following its setting,
And scatters on the Blue its Lilies and Roses,
And paints everything, that you see,
Orange over Purple on the wide horizon {verschiet}?

[marg: Concerning clouds,] The light of a bright cloud, opposite the Sun, is the nearest thing to Sunlight, since it does not discolour, but gives to everything its distinct and natural colour.

[marg: Moon and Starlight.] Stars and Moon give a pale and ambiguous light; for even though the Moon, when it is full, is sufficient to allow you to see objects distinctly on mountains and in fields, whenever she impresses her beautiful form in a still stream, the otherwise pleasant woods nevertheless remain terrifying to look upon, and the hills and caverns are coloured with horror. I have seen a Moonlight {Maneschijn} with these characteristics done most naturally by Jan Lievens. A certain Piero della Francesca {Pieter Della Fransseka}

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was praised for his depiction of nights and darknesses. This verse treats all manner of nocturnal light:

The pale Moon illuminates with pale ambiguous light: Lightning with blue from its sulphur darts.

Fire appears glowing yellow, only after one stirs or fires it {stookt of brant?};
And also very pale, and faded, though most in the peat land.

[marg: Concerning Lightning.] Lightning and thunderbolts {blixemen en weerlichten} produce sometimes fiery {brandige}, but mostly blue lights, difficult to depict, which are nevertheless not ignored by great masters: for they say of Apelles, that he portrayed thunderbolts, Lightning, and thundering storms quite wonderfully. And these pieces were called Brontes, Astrapes and Cerannobolus.

Some fires then produce a dead, blue, or a very glowing light, but all fire or candlelight is most distinguishable from daylight by its sharp-edged {kantige} shadow. [marg: Fire and Candlelight.] Things illuminated by fire, said Seneca, are different, from those shone upon by a wider light. The sharp-edged-ness of shadow comes, in that the light of a small flame shines as from a point: and only falls onto the things, that can be reached by straight lines, and where it does not fall, it is cut off short, leaving the rest unlit: [marg: Difference from daylight.] whereas daylight, being larger, than the individual thing, onto which it shines, shines to some extent all around it, and on account of its size surrounds it. But a similar illumination is also to be produced at night by means of many lamps, candles, or torches. One can also make candles, placed behind oiled paper, spread out almost like daylight. Which may be useful in stage representations, especially where Paintings are used, where a broad light is necessary, as also in drawing from life on a winter's evening.

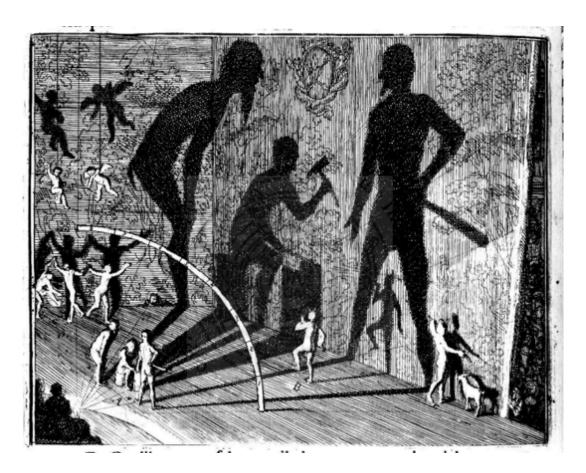
THIRD CHAPTER.

Concerning the gradations $\{graeden\}$ of shadows and lights.

The angles, which are given to the shadows of a single light, are fit for that amusing invention the shadow dance {schaduwendans}. [marg: The Shadow dance game.] One does it in this way. Behind the curtains of the prepared theatre, stretch a single large screen {voorhang}, of white paper: if then any Persons appear between the light and the screen,

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with the curtains open, then their shadow falls onto the paper screen: those closest to the light appear very large, and on the other hand, those to the front of the stage, smaller. Which dance, when performed by charming spirits, is delightful to watch. I shall add a print of a shadow dance here, and explain, how ingeniously {geestich} I get them to perform.



[print]

The Curtains being raised, thus is revealed, before numerous spectators, a dance of horned Fauns and Field-Nymphs, or, to express it better, of their merry shadows on the illuminated screen, it would seem, welcoming the young Acis, and the coal-black Galatea, while Cupid floating in the air performs numerous pranks for the entertainment of the feast. Then follows lame Vulcan dancing in the midst of his workmates, in size as big as Giants, hastening to Etna, in order to forge uttermost darkness for Pluto. Then along come Acis and Galatea again with a lovers' dance, which being ended, they take themselves to a corner of the stage so as to caress

one another. Shortly afterwards Polyphemus leaps right up onto the beach {stranden}, combing himself with a harrow, and it seems too, shaving himself with a scythe. He plays upon his hundred-reed panpipe, or someone else for him on a coarser instrument, and seems to take pleasure in his dark beauty, until, becoming aware of Acis, he starts to roar. Galatea vanishes, but her lover is crushed by Polyphemus with a kiss on the ear, that is to say, with a piece of rock. At this the Giant dances with a victory leap, and the Cylops begin forging in Mulciber's smithy. Then a ship arrives with Greeks on board, who are all captured together by Polyphemus, and are driven with his sheep into his cave. But, it seems, he is presented with a good pitcher of wine by one of them, and having drunk of it, he settles down nearby, and seems to fall asleep. At this the prisoners approach with the Giants staff, or the mast of their ship, setting it upright, and pushing it into Polyphemus' eye: awakened thus he dances the dance of the blind, and searches vainly for Ulysses' companions. Finally the Fauns, Nymphs, and the sorrowful Galatea return, as if the funeral procession {lijkstasy} for Acis. But Asclepius immediately set about waking him up. Acis rises, and the longer it goes on the taller he becomes, disappearing, and reappearing again, first as a man, and then as a giant; this same thing happens to all his companions, now they seemed to be Cylops, then Fauns with tails, now one saw them, then not, until eventually they all disappear one after another into the paper sky. [marg: Its usefulness {nutticheit}.] This game, however mean, is useful $\{dienstig\}$ for the Painter's spirit, so as correctly to understand the angles {afkanten} of the night-shadows, and to make sense of rays of light. We have set various figures in various places in the print, near to and far from the light: and, for greater clarity, drawn a quarter-circle with the numbers, 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. [marg: Degrees of fire or candlelight. Increasing or decreasing.] by which means the diminution of light between the figures A. B. and C. is easy to understand. For one of the figures A. on account of its nearness to the light, covers 4 whole marks, B. not above 2, and C. even fewer, so that figure A. must necessarily be twice as light, as B, or as much the more, as they differ in their capturing of the rays. On the other hand figure C, or others yet further off, must be as much less illuminated, since they receive fewer beams. Which can all be calculated more precisely, if one divides each of the specific rays or marks 1. 2. 3. &c. into four or more marks. But I think it is sufficient, that the spirit of the Painter merely gets the sense of this, in order to learn to estimate everything by eye.

To know the reasons,
So as always to measure.

Fire or candlelight is like the centre of a circle, around which its rays radiate. [marg: Also concerning Shadows.] Things, which are illuminated, receive the more, the nearer they are to it: and therefore two figures of the same size are given very different shadows, as is to be seen with the shadows of the figures A. B. and C.. For even though figure A, receives not more than half as much more light, than figure B., its shadow is nonetheless incomparably larger, not only on account of its proximity to the light, but also because of the greater distance to the screen, which for figure C. is even less. These and suchlike observations long ago made Antiphilus famous, in the depiction of a boy, blowing upon a flame, not only for the naturalness of the blowing mouth, but also, because he depicted a splendid house, by means of the glow that was stimulated, all of it in proportion, even though it was only dim light. We will deal later with the gradation of light. Lamps and burning candles were painted very thoughtfully {zinnelijk} by Gerrit Dou and his followers: And Vredeman de Vries in Hamburg, in a chapel, depicted a burning lamp hanging from a painted cornice, so naturally, that many wagered, whether or not it was hanging loose and alight.

Also, if the subject matter requires it, one can readily combine various lights in the same piece. [marg: Various lights allowed in one piece.] Parmigianino {Francisko Parmens} performed this laudably in a circumcision, which he made for Pope Clement: having his first figure gleam with a reflection from the face of Christ, and the surrounding crowd by a torch, and the landscape and horizon by a brightening sunrise. One also sees this precisely observed in the Saint Laurence by Titian, where the fire from below, and various torches on the sides, each do their own work. Likewise Vasari in a Nativity comprehended nature well with three different lights.

[marg: Reflection, reflection. {Reflectie, weerglans.}] Reflection is actually a casting-back of light from all illuminated things, but in art we only give the name reflection {reflectie of weerglans}, to that secondary lighting, which falls in the shadow. Perfect reflection is mirroring; for it is nearly identical to its original, [marg: Mirroring.] except that everything appears inverted or turned around.

Come paint for me the reflection in the river,
Of sky, clouds, banks, and bridge, and tree,
And mountain, and structure of lofty courts;
It mirrors everything together upside down.
Drinking cattle, fisherman, swan and duck,
And rush and lily, display themselves in reverse.

Mirroring occurs in water, glass, metal, polished stone, and suchlike smooth surfaces, but things which are matte, loose or uneven

receive only a general illumination, coloured by that, which has illuminated them, also according to the distance between them {tuschenwijde}, and their properties. [marg: Reflection of different colours.]

A beautiful bride, to avoid darkness,

Beautified herself with white linen, white silk,

And pearls: the white illuminates the shadow.

Scarlet red gives a blush to the face.

Those who for pleasure go into the countryside in the Summer,

In the Sunshine in the pastures or meadows,

The shadow of their face is tinted

By the green or yellow of the brightly lit field.

However one must not abuse this delicate truth; for whether nothing illuminated appears around a shadow, or it shares its light and colour with it; one must nevertheless take care, that one does not spoil the larger whole with too much trivial detail {fateringen}. The distance between {tuschenwijde} in reflection is to be compared to that in firelight. And the characteristic of receiving reflection, is the same as that of being illuminated. Before we finish with reflection, I must speak of the painter-like invention {schilderachtigen vond}, whereby one can paint {afmalen} by means of reflection, all the things which are outside, in a closed and dark room. As I have seen done wonderfully well in Vienna at the Jesuits, in London on the River, and in other places. In Vienna I saw numberless people in a tiny little room walk and turn on a piece of paper: and in London hundreds of little boats with people, and the whole River, landscape and sky, and everything that stirs, moving on a wall. And this is how it is done: chose a small room, outside the window of which there are some worthy objects, be it a marketplace, a place of promenade, or a River: make it completely dark, and then cut a round hole in the window, setting in front of that a small lens {brilglaesje}, thus will the rays from the things, outside in the light, pass through the hole, and strike against the wall, and paint in identical colours everything, that is outside, in miniature, albeit upside down. But if your room is too large, then you should hang a paper closer to; it is also good, if you remain watching a long while; at first the eyes are unaccustomed to the darkness, and therefore not adapted. I am convinced, that looking at these reflections in the dark can give no small illumination $\{licht\}$ to the sight of a Young Painter; for as well as obtaining knowledge of nature, one sees something of the larger or universal {wat gros of generael} that a properly natural Painting should contain. And the same is to be seen in small glasses and little mirrors, which, even though they distort the drawing, do display with purity the significant part {het gros} of colouring and the balance of light {houdinge}.

[marg: Translucence.] Translucence is, when some particular thing, hiding a light, is however not so opaque, as to stop it shining through entirely, like crystal vessels, glasses, curtains, indeed sometimes tender nudes, or, what is easier to believe, the flat of a hand in front of a candle.

FOURTH CHAPTER.

What shadow, glancing {schamping}, and the thickness of the air, do to change colours.

Polygnotus of old and all his contemporaries painted without shadows; but to the purpose. Colours {koleuren of verwen} are variable through the obstruction of some body, which shades them, or on account of glancing. [marg: Shadows.] The judging of the shadows is learned in perspective. The alterations, which they produce in colour, are according to the degree $\{na\}$ de maete} of their darkness. Weak shadow according to its measure {na haere maete} produces less alteration in colour, but full darkness make everything the same; that is, wholly invisible. Shadow is actually nothing in itself, but an absence, or not being: which the Church Father {Outvader} Augustine, in his city of God, expressed very well. [marg: Bk. 12. C.7.] For, he said, whenever the sight runs over the bodily form, it sees no darkness, other than the place, where it begins not to see. Many fools clamour vainly about clear shadows {klaere schaduwen}: clarity is in light, and shadow cannot be clear, unless there is something there, that is illuminated. [marg: Glancing.] Glancing is, when light does not fall flat onto things, but slants, as if along and away, and can very aptly be demonstrated on a round pillar: for light only has its full power in the place, which is nearest to it: on account of the roundness turning away it glances off more and more, until eventually it is wholly in shadow.

[marg: Thickness of the air,] Obstruction, caused by the ordinary thickness of the air, or some mist, fog or smoke, also varies the colour. And one sees that the colours of things are also reduced by being seen from afar, principally, in the open air; however this reduction in an enclosed building, happens much more on account of the light being seen from far off, and darkening, rather than on account of the thickness of the air, which, however clear the weather, [marg: Prevent.] actually prevents and obstructs the colour of far off things being distinguished as clearly as those nearby;

as expressed very charming by the thoughtful Antonides in these verses:

What appears in light, excels and triumphs.

The figure in the distance {verschiet} identified by shadow,

Vanishes more and more, and slips from our eyes.

It is true, that diminution towards the distance contributes a lot to this, as one can see sufficiently in magnifying glasses {vergrootglazen}; but nevertheless no magnifying glass will show the shadow clearly. [marg: Principally the shadows.] It seems that the air itself forms a body within a narrow distance, and dresses all or most it with Sky-colour {Hemelverwe} allowing only the illuminated things to appear.

Note also, how the distance {verschiet} has a brightness,
How beautiful the light: instead of shadow
A thickness of the air drifts, a soft blue-ness,
In which the sight remains hanging and fades.

Shadows from very far will eventually attain the blue of the Sky {Hemelblaeuw}; or that of the Moon, when, her horns beginning to curl, her whole shadowed side still appears visible. I saw this, one joyful dawn, riding before day in the Appenines, ere the Sun appeared to us: the nearest hills and deep valleys hardly enjoying the light, the stretch of land to the west, [marg: Example.] sharp against a blue horizon {orizond}; but right above the line of sight there began to appear, I know not what, bright points, which shortly after seemed to be clouds, but in colour naturally resembled the shining Moon: they drifted {weissen ... aen} downwards in the light, until they set below the sightline of the mountains, which, although at first they seemed to hang far above the earth on high in a blue sky, I discovered however, that it was nothing but the thickness of the air, and that, for as long as it still lay in shadow, it was sufficiently hidden, but when it was illuminated, could not prevent itself becoming clear enough, so it was that we identified them in front of the jagged Apennines, where they divide Liguria from Tuscany. We must now consider this thickness of the air with judgment. We declare, that all shadowed things beyond our horizons fade away, unless they are made visible by some wayward glistening, as when from the hills around Vienna, being themselves in shadow, the snowy peaks of the Saltzburg or Kärntener Alps, can clearly be seen to glint; which, if the Sun shines upon them, can be seen to sparkle like stars from so far away. But things, which are nearer to us, must be observed according to the calculation {maet} of their distance, until this feature of things is ended in those which are nearest to us. How much less this thickness of the air reduces the lights, a diligent researcher will easily {licht} work out.

[marg: Smoke.] Smoke and fog both prevent shadows being seen, more than the light. And while I speak of smoke, I cannot forget the beautiful, though sad morning in the year 1666, of the 12 September. It was Sunday, and busy with my books in London in White Street, I was astonished, that the beams of the Sun appeared so red and glowing in my room. Upon going to the window I saw, a red smoke, which I imagined to be a cloud, blowing towards the southwest. I remained here quietly, until, at about the eleventh hour before midday, I heard a great disturbance in the street, for all the people ran out of the nearest Church, crying fire, fire, which is to say brand, brand, and being asked, where, and how? This was the reply, that the French and the Germans had set the city below on fire, and that everyone was warned to prevent {verhoeden} it happening elsewhere. This was a false assumption {vermoeden}, for the hand of God and his righteous wrath was alone the cause. Certainly the Sun shone that day so bloodily, that it frightens me to remember it.

The city in flames, seemed Styx's savage carcase.

The Sun through the thickness,

As fiery dark-yellow, and seemed as red as blood,

Its beams a glow.

One could paint *Lot* being shone upon by such a light, if one painted him, where he, in the cave at *Zoar*, inflamed by wine and the attentions of his daughters, forgets his wife, and burning Sodom: as *Moses* says, a smoke went up from the land, like the smoke of a furnace; Our verse on the fire of London follows thus:

But Sodom did not give a more terrifying prospect,
As when the light left us:
Then the flames rose up to the Sky:
The Clouds above
And the fire below, showed all around
A fiery column:
Or a Hell, which spat pitch and sulphur,
Horribly before our eye.

[marg: Fog. Mist.] Fog is discussed elsewhere by *Thalia*, in the Chapter concerning moderation in composition.

[267, L 1 2]

FIFTH CHAPTER.

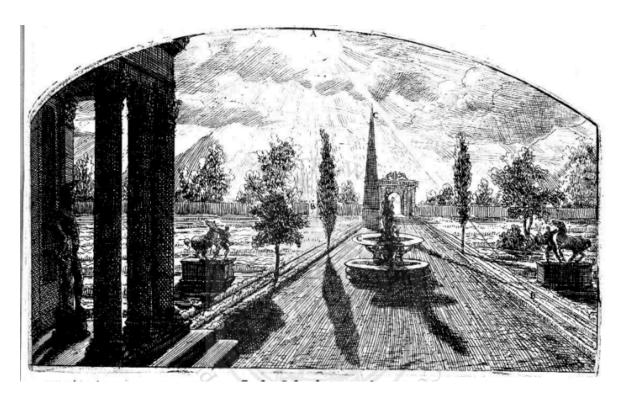
Concerning light and shadow in general, and their gradations, of lighter and darker.

One finds that light, falling in an enclosed room or building, unless it originates immediately from the Sun, is darker, than even the shadows falling in the open air, where the Sun shines. [marg: Light inside a house darker, than shadows outside.] For these falling from illuminated bodies, nevertheless have more light from the Sky, and other illuminated things, than the lights inside a house can enjoy by means of a door or window. Great Masters frequently err in this, allowing the lesser within to exceed the greater without. [marg: Degrees of diminution.] In order for this matter to be understood, let it be said that the brightness of the Sun itself is a hundred, and the light, which it gives to the things onto which it shines, is ten: shadow in the open air five: the brightest in a room four: reflections three: and open shadows one: hollow depths 0: that is, without light, or the most extreme darkness. Now here an artist may, so as to take control of what he intends to do, evaluate his colours, and consult how many steps he can climb, beginning with his black or darkest colour, as 0, extreme darkness, up to the first step of illumination, using lake, umber or something equal to umber { ombers waerde}. Up to the second 2. The height of darkred, Terreverte, or suchlike. Up to the third 4. The strength of ochre or vermillion. He will find it hard enough to invent with white or massicot, or whatever else might be found, the shine or mirroring of the most extreme light to be found in a room, five. But this is a also task, in which one cannot be too precise, so let us return to this division once again. We leave the Sun as beyond the reach of our colours, and advise, that no one frustrate themselves with imitating that light, for which our eye is too weak, ever to look at it in nature. [marg: Concerning Lights.] But if we wish to depict something inside or outside the house, we will do well, if we observe the following five degrees of light and darkness, such as we identify later below the print of Interior Light $\{Kamerlicht\}$ in five little frames. We say therefore, that something shone upon directly by the light, which we suppose to be beyond our ability, is a perfect light, and that these extreme reflections, should remain limited to the capacities

of the brightest colours, such as white and massicot. I do not consider here, that one should highlight coloured clothing or anything naturally dark, nor even pale nudes, with white or massicot, for I consider that ridiculous; but I wish that one compares these colours only with the very brightest lights, and that one therefore sets them with your thoughts on the first level. On the second level we place, as half lit, the glancing lights, and compare these with our mezzotint, or half-tones among the browns and ochres. On the third level we place, as more of a quarter-light the common reflections {reflexien of wederglansen}, translucencies, and everything that produces something determinable in the shadows; and compares these to brown red. Proper shadow, which actually comprises some twilight, perhaps an eight part, we put on the fourth level: and compare it with umber. But the hollow depths, deprived of all light or reflection, we put on the fifth or last level, and compare it with our black, and the very deepest colours. These observations will make us careful, never again to undertake anything, unless the power of our colours allows it. For if we raise it too high, then we will fall short when aiming low, as happened to one, who in painting a nightpiece set a burning torch or a candle at the front: for he did not have the power, to give the remaining part of the work its appropriate brightness. Rembrandt depicted the relative intensity {maet} of candlelight as well as he could in several dark little prints, but if one looks at the little lights, the rest of the work remains dark: that is why we are accustomed, when looking at something with a candle, to hold our hand in front of the light, so that it does not prevent our eyes from distinguishing everything at its clearest and most distinct. And certainly, whenever one represents something specific in Painting, and wants to have everything seen with full force, it is well also worth, actually concealing the flame of a candle or a torch at the back: for if left exposed, it will on its own require the power of our first degree of light. And if one had painted the principle part of one's work with full force, then its colours would fall short of the lights. The Painter, who had put into Juno and Pallas all the beauties that he could think of, then as if exhausted {en toen als uitgeput was }, put Venus at the back. In the same way it will be acceptable to cover these lights. However I do not want spirits to impose this as a rule. If someone has a desire for the bright flame of a candle or lamp appear in his picture, then very well, he will achieve his desire without any forfeit, by observing well the difference between the light and the lit; as is achieved wonderfully by Gerrit Dou and his followers.

[269, L1 3] SIXTH CHAPTER.

Concerning shadows of the Sun, and its rays.

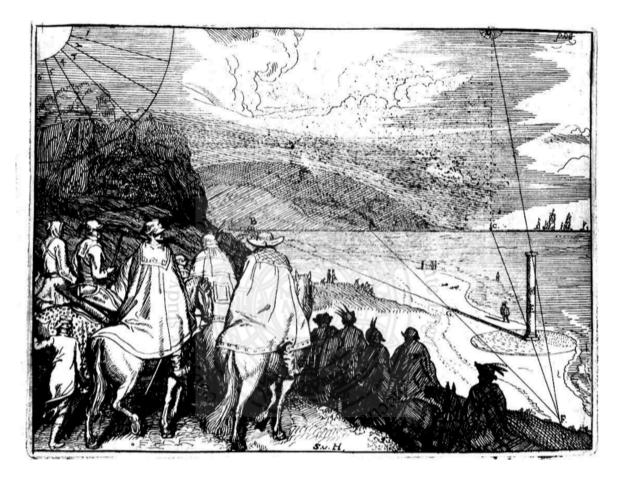


[print]

Let us now first describe the shadows of the Sun, and its rays. Well then, suppose that they shine from behind and above the Horizon. Have a plumb-line drop from the Sun A to B on your Horizon. Have your tall building {boomgebouw} or Pyramid C set down, wherever you like. Have the shadow-line drawn, from point B, running back {heenglyen} through the foot of CC, and then you will presently see, what direction the shadows must follow. Have the line from the Sun reach the top of object CC, and continue until it crosses the shadow-line: now you have the length, the shadow must be allowed; as can be seen at point D, where the shadow from the Pyramid C ends. And so, the higher you place the Sun, the shorter the shadows, as one can see here at a glance; to the shame of those Painters who have already achieved a name through their other gifts: but however become so sloppy in this fall

of shadows, that they not only cripple their diligently made works, but also make themselves ridiculous.

Concerning the sun from in front {voorzon}, and how all the shadows travel toward the horizon {scheydlijn} to a specific spot or point {steek of punt}.



[print. Signed S.v.H.]

If the Sun falls directly from in front of your work, the shadows must all go towards the spot or the disappearing point $\{steek\ of't\ oogpunt\}$.

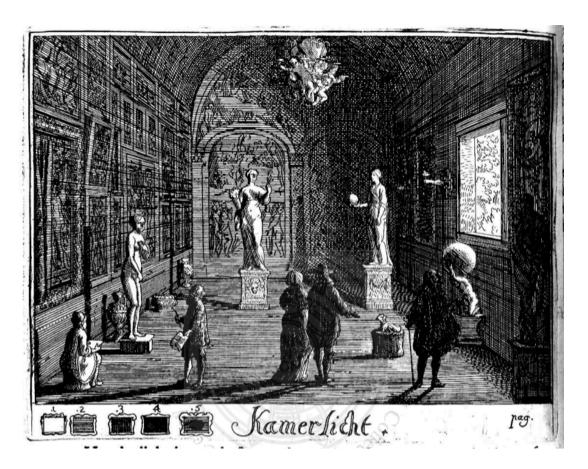
[marg: Sun from in front.] But if one wishes, that the Sun shines from in front of the piece, first set your disappearing point on the horizon {scheydlijn}, wherever you like, at A; then put into your piece the point on the horizon vertically above which the Sun stands, as at B, take the exact distance of AB, and place C on the other side of A, so that AC and AB are the same distance apart. Have a line climb from C to D, which is precisely the height, that you want the Sun to be, have your pillar, figure, or building E extend a shadow to point B, which it must unfailingly do, since it stands opposite the Sun. Have then a line from point C along the ground of the work, figure, or tree, and another from D reaching to the top of it, and making point F; this point joined to the disappearing point A,

will intersect the shadow-line indicating the correct length. It should be noted here, that all shadows move towards point B, as is to be seen in the Print with the Horses feet in the foreground. Generally in these details even the best artists sometimes go astray.

[marg: Sun from the side.] If you want the Sun to shine square from the side, be it from the left or the right, well then, have the things, whether tree, figure, pillar, or pyramid, be shadowed exactly from the side. Now the question is, how high do you want the Sun to be? For sometimes it is necessary, that you indicate the time of day. We will inform the art lovers about this in a very easy way.

Divide the journey of the Sun {Zonneloop} from his rising, up to his highest, as in the Torrid Zone, the Hot belt {Zona Torrida, Heeten riem}, into six identical hours, as is drawn above in the sky on the left-hand side of the print of the sun from in front. This is a sure method for understanding the lengths of shadows when the sun is directly from the side: and in order to avoid any difficulty, this sundial alone will be enough for us: for select whatever hour you wish, then have a shadow line drop down onto the top of whatever it is that produced your shadow, extending parallel with the chosen hour division, and it will indicate the correct length of the shadow. Or if you wish to indicate, the height of the Sun in degrees, then have your line run parallel with the line of the desired height. But this is a bit precise. The reason that I introduce this observation here is, that I have discovered, what not even masters with good insight have realised, that they have portrayed shadows in one part of their work, as if the Sun were high, and in another part as if it were low: and also as a warning, for those who are shadowing figures, landscapes, or whatever else; that they must take care, that the length of the shadows throughout their whole work correspond. This is enough about Sun-shadows in the open air, which are also comparable in light cloud.

Concerning enclosed or indoor light {kamerlicht}.



[print: Kamerlicht.]

As regards daylight in an enclosed place, be it room, hall, cellar, or whatever else, we suggest there are two kinds. One is an ordinary atmosphere {gemeene lucht}, and the other is a shining Sun. [marg: Concerning an ordinary atmosphere.] In an ordinary atmosphere they compare to some extent with those in fire or torch light in the way that they fall {haer streekvallen}, but are not so angular or quick: for, in proportion to the brightness of the light, they have a mutual softness {weederzijdsche zachtigheyt}, and especially, those closest to the window; for these are shone upon from both sides, and the dwindle to a single point, maintaining their strongest darkness only in the middle.

[marg: Or with a Sun shining in.] Shadows from a Sun shining into the interior of a house, compare with those in the open air, except that they are stronger, and are defined by doors or windows. Albrecht Dürer had great fun with Sunlight shining in, in his Jerome in the study.

What is notable in such lighting is the reflections {weerglanssen en reflexien}, the fall of which {welkers streek vallen} are best compared with those in fire or torchlight.

[273, M m]

Our Rembrandt acquitted himself wonderfully well with reflections, indeed it seems that this choice of the re-rebounding of a single light was his true element, had he but understood the foundations of this art a little better: for he relied only on his eye and what he assumed from experience, committing frequent errors, which deserved the mockery of young pupils, not to speak of masters: and so much the more, when this certain knowledge is so easy to acquire, for anyone that is even slightly interested in it.

We have illustrated fire- or torchlight in the shadow-dance, and sufficiently explained, how they must fall: [marg: Fire- candle- or torchlight.] namely, that the lines from the base of the candle, pass through the base of the shadowed body, and thereafter are cut of by the rays of light {lichtlijnen}. Say then with Van Mander in concluding:

Shadow always takes its place
From light, as from a point or spot.

SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Concerning the Science of Perspective {Deurzigtkunde}.

Since now, O Young Painter, through our *Melpomene* you have understood, how one can by degrees divide lights and shadows, and how their fall and delimitation {streekvallen en bepaelingen} must be observed; [marg: Science of Perspective,] now it is time, that you took in hand the Science of Perspective {Deurzigtkunde}, so as proceed securely in all manner of diminution and foreshortening: and so that, enlightened {verligt} by the infallibility of this art, you may safely navigate the mazy shallows, where so many self-deluded Painters suffer shipwreck. [marg: Hoe necessary.] I consider this science to be so necessary, that I state frankly, that nothing good can safely be made without it: as one sees every day in Paintings, which are made without the guidance of this knowledge, since there are sometimes such foolish and ridiculous (though I prefer to say pitiful) mistakes to be found in them, that the masters of them ought from shame to hide them away, in case their eyes were ever opened, and they could see it for themselves. If you do not know, said Seneca, [marg: In the third book. On Benefits.] why it is that, from the eye of one who sees from far off, the breadth of a colonnade {wandelry} loses its shape and distinction,

and at it furthest narrows to a narrowed point, so that the pillars seem all to have become one, etc. it will be no great harm, if you are untrained in this, which is of no advantage to you; as if he wished to say, that this particular science is not part of moral philosophy. But that a Painter, whose work it is, to make discriminations in everything to do with seeing, should be ignorant, is not acceptable. The same Seneca said in another place: The pillars of long colonnades appear to join with each other, because there is nothing more easily tricked, than sight. But I say that a Painter, whose work it is, to trick the sight, must also have as much knowledge of the nature of things, so that he fundamentally understands, how the eye is tricked. And this knowledge takes us so far, that we know precisely, how far one thing is from another, even if in the eyes of the ignorant it seems combined with the rest.

[marg: Serving to what end.] I shall not spell out here, in what ways by means of rebounding lines {kaetslijnien} one can give their correct shapes to misshapen forms in spherical mirrors, folded glass {winkelglazen} and cylinders; since this is more a skill of art, than a required science. [marg: All angles are right angles,] But nevertheless a master ought to understand the roots, out of which these delights bud forth; so that, in a case where an obliquely-angled, round, or otherwise strangely shaped structure or vault has to be painted, he does not stand abashed: for vaults and walls might be as angled as they like, but one can divide them using this art in such a way, that they appear to have an entirely different form, and one can paint the corners and foreshortened walls as if they were not there; and in cases where one then includes either figures or histories, then it would beyond all wonder, if it were done by anyone other than someone who properly understood this {een recht verstandige}. [marg: Paint a small place to appear big.] By means of this knowledge one can also make a small room appear large: Giulio Romano demonstrated this in Mantua, at the Palazzo del Te, where he splendidly painted a Battle between the Giants and the Gods in a vaulted room, using perspective that as if by magic created disappearance, he made the building, that was only fifteen feet broad, into a broad-stretching space. Fabritius also did wonders, as is still to be seen at Delft in the house of art-loving Doctor Vallensis {Heer Zal: Do. Valentius}, and elsewhere; but it is a pity that his works are not in a secure Royal building of Church: for these kinds of Paintings take their power from the place, where they are made. with regard in addition to another for the Emperor at Vienna, and also one made by this art in England, I do not wish to discuss them. [marg: The Perspective—box.] Through the knowledge of this science one can also make the wonderful perspective-box,

which, if painted correctly and with knowledge, makes a figure the length of a finger appears to be life-sized. The understanding of this art gave to Giorgione the courage to maintain, and indeed to show, that the Art of Painting, just as well as Sculpture, can allow the same figure to be seen from many sides: for he painted a nude figure, which could be seen in his work not only from behind, but from the one side in a mirror, and from the other in white armour, and from the front in a smooth flowing spring of water. Goltzius produced something similar in a print, where Venus, kneeling, was shown in a mirror, as well as in the picture of a Painter, who was painting her. Perspectives {Perspectiven en doorzichten}, on account of their pleasing deceptiveness, have been held in the highest esteem at all times and everywhere. Vredeman de Vries in the previous century astonished many people, with the depiction of open doors, and interior spaces, by means of which many were artfully misled. He also revealed his diligence to all; for he published more than twenty-five books of architecture, buildings, perspectives and decorations. This art the Science of Perspective {konst der Deurzigtkunde} was also happily employed by the ancients, for when Claudius Pulcher opened his painted Theatre, the Ravens flew into the painted tiles in order to rest, and were just as well fooled, as the doves of Zeuxis. Ancient Serapion must have understood this art well, when he painted scenes { stellagie} in the theatres, and Calaces, who made pictures for the actors, and thereby earned great fame; for if such works did not fool the eyes of the spectators, then they earned mockery rather than praise. But what need is there to point out the many specific things for which this knowledge is useful? For, it is said, without this, nothing in the world can be made with assurance. It is certain, that it is more discreditable for the Painter to be left embarrassed in some element, than for the Poet. Hear what Horace said:

Why do I boast myself a Poet,
When I can neither do, nor know,
The requirements of everything,
Nor of their alterations,
So as to be able to do it as it should be.
Or should I quit art,
Because I will not learn,
On account of a contemptible embarrassment?

Certainly not, this is truly a faint-heartedness, which is inappropriate for bold spirits, art is too noble: therefore all the important Masters have

possessed themselves of this science, indeed the great Raphael was not ashamed to learn from the brother of Baccio de San Marco. [marg: Foreshortening.] For how else would one be able to make foreshortenings, and yet have them appear, as if the figures had their perfect height? How did Phidias know, that the scruffy figure, which he made in competition with Alcamenes, would look so beautiful at an elevation? Let this then be enough to demonstrate the necessity and usefulness of this art, take up the Compass and Ruler during the many months of winter. I would now like to deal here with the foundations of the Science of Perspective, however others have dealt with it so broadly and in such detail, that I would find it tiresome, to add anything here, or to do it. And in my introduction {inleyding} it will be sufficient, that I put a number of books into you hand: read then, if you so wish, Albrecht Dürer, Vredeman de Vries, Marolois, Guidobaldo del Monte, and the new work by Desargues. And possibly, if time and peace allow me, we shall show you by means of a shortcut a much quicker way.



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CALLIOPE,

The Epic Poet {De Heldedichtster}.

The eighth Book.

Contents.

Calliope Queen of the Muses directs us

By means of the Graces, to select the most beautiful from the beautiful,

To seek out a lively activity for the figures:

Meanwhile Glycera firmly plaits a crown and a bouquet:

Friendship between colours, and the link between shadow and light,

Foreshortening, diminution, and relief, or the invention of making

Things project outward, is shown, and how one creates roundness.

And so as to delight oneself and others,

And to live well, as the Goddess of true virtue

She exhorts youth towards good morals.

On the Print.

The Majesty of this Goddess of Epic Poetry

Is here shown in miniature: the concord

Of all the Heavens, was by the ancients accorded to her:

A Sceptre and a Crown, must be yielded by Juno:

She bore Orpheus, who with his voice and playing of strings

Tamed the Animals and persuaded the people towards virtue.

Virgil was like Homer also encouraged by her spirit:

The three desirable ones {bevallijkheen} stand ready at her command {bevel}:

Her beauty stuns the Peacock, so beautiful in figure and colour:

Her lovely breathe all Flora's sweet perfumes.

INTRODUCTION.

Concerning the Graces in general

O Mother of Orpheus! And foremost among the Muses, who, whenever they all sing together, is mistress of the measure, and completes the entire Harmony. [marg: Calliope is as important as the perfection of the Sciences, and is the superior, and the chief of all the others, for since humanity is perfect, it has no need of help from others, and is above them all. Vincenzo Cartari in the Images of the Gods, etc. {Calliope tanto importa quanto perfettione di Scientia, & é la superior, & il capo do tutte le alter essendo che quando l'humone é perfetto non a piu bisogno dell' altrui ajuto, ma é egli il superior di tutti. V. Cartari in Imagine de I Dei, &c $\}$] You who are accustomed to teach us to express perfectly, all that which is already selected by means of a good judgment as being the best. Your name comes from Kalé ops, which means good voice, by means of which you beautify all the inventions of your Companions. You are known as the true Heavenly Venus, and although among the Will-o'-thewhisps {Dwaellichten} you rule under no specific star, you are nevertheless honoured as Goddess of all the rings of stars, where you preserve Harmony and order in the unison of numerous orbits. Teach us now in few words of that which is certain; and to know, how one can make a Painting overflow with perfection: and of the art itself, that makes a perfect master. Reveal to us how it happens, that over-artful {overkonstige} works are unpleasant; and that on the other hand others appeal to us despite their faults. Ask your maids-in-waiting the three desirable ones Aglaea, Euphrosyne, and Thalia, that they accompany us, and teach us to know beauty, grace and charm {schoonheyt, graselijkheyt en bevallijkheyt}; Gifts of the Gods, which are not to be learned except they fall from Heaven. Take the darkness from our eyes, so that we may distinguish the sweetness, liveliness and loveliness {zoeticheyt, leeventheyt en lieflijkheyt}, with which the works of the great Masters, Apelles, Raphael, Parmegianino, and Van Dyck, are embellished.

Certainly it is the Graces, who carry a piece of art to Heaven: [marg: Grace consists on the coming together of all the parts of Art.] whenever the perfections combine together with each other: whenever the invention is rich and ingenious, the Drawing firm and certain, the movement fluent, the details accurate, the arrangement grand and appropriate, the colouring natural, and the lights and shadows are placed according to sure reasoning: and so it comes about, that Aglaea brings the most beautiful selection; that Euphrosyne sets it out to the best advantage; and that Thalia brings balance {houdinge} and Harmony of colours. The ability to combine these virtues makes for a perfect master: for in the first he displays his noble spirit, whenever he takes things worthy of being seen in hand, and produces wonderful inventions: in the second we can observe great skill and stability in the Art of Drawing: in the third his penetrating ingenuity, as he depicts the actions of the body, and the passions of the soul; in the fourth one is aware, that he is experienced in all aspects of art, in every way, and

has taken every advice: in the fifth he displays his mastery, as from many parts he make a whole through composition, and he can arrange his soldiers in ranks like a General: in the sixth and seventh virtues it can be observed that he reveals that he is completely a Painter, when he gives each thing its natural colour, and observes the lights and shadows. But all these virtues will fail to look good {zullen den welstand missen}, unless they combine beautiful selection, a charming and lively display, and a lovely balance. And for this Calliope must ask the daughters of Jupiter and Eurynome to give us a helping hand.

FIRST CHAPTER.

Concerning Beauty, that there is a Beauty regulated by Art {Kunstgeregelde}.

That then the gentle and noble Aglaea steps forth, and points out to us beauty, and reveals her power. Aristotle being asked, why something beautiful, was beloved? answered correctly, that this was a blind man's question. For beauty certainly seems to be something Divine, since through a certain look it attracts everyone's eyes, and in a wonderful way so steals hearts, that the most barbarous souls are, through her power, howsoever tender a Persona she puts forth, conquered, tamed and held captive. But before I proceed to speak of the artifice {kunstschap} of making beauty regulated by art, it occurs to me, that to this is not actually known by some who are themselves ignorant of art.

[marg: Beauty] Francis Bacon, speaking of beauty, was disparaging about art. The best part of beauty, he said, is that to which no Painter can give expression; [marg: If it exists.] nor can it be identified at any first viewing. But there is nothing so excellent, that it is not subject to some defect. One cannot know which of Apelles, and Albrecht Dürer, was the greater fool, [marg: Bacon's contradiction.] one of whom, wanted to make a figure out of Geometrical proportions, and the other who took the best parts of various beauties, assembling a single one out of them. Such a portrayal (he thought) would delight no one, except the Painter himself. Nevertheless (he thought further) a Painter could indeed make a better figure than there ever had been, but that would happen by luck, or by accident; as can it can happen, that a musician makes a sweet sound when playing,

without any rule. [marg: He means the Graces.] At this an artist must cry out, O Bacon! Your lofty wisdom has led you astray, and this is audacity beyond your expertise {buiten uw leest }. It is certainly true what Gerardus Vossius said, that however great a beauty is, it is achieved by various figures {zy wordt van verscheide beelden overwonnen}, which have happened not by chance, even though sometimes some accident is certainly granted a helping hand from a Grace. Our great Bacon {Verulamius} was followed by another writer, he believed, he said, that the best masters have always identified beauty in the regularity of the parts, or else in an excellent correspondence of the whole to each of the parts, and again of the subordinate parts to each other. [marg: Agreed by another.] Others have understood it to consist in a certain charm {bevallijkheyt} of form and colour, and because they have never known it, they have described it as unknown. And continuing thus he states further, that when artistic Painters have depicted a great Beauty, it never happens according to rules of art, but only by a stroke of fortune, and by accident. [marg: Jan de Brune de Jonge, in his Wetsteen. 2 Book. C. 6.] Indeed he believed, with regard to Apelles' Paintings, which were gathered from numerous beauties, that no one else, would have been pleased with them but himself: and furthermore he did not wish to accept, that the masters, whom Claudianus considered, followed his Example. But he believed, that it was all chance {luk op raek}, like the throwing {werpen} of Protogenes' sponge, which resulted in the foam, which he had not been able to complete by means of his art. But suchlike stuff from writers speaks like the blind about colours, and especially these ones; for he had previously assembled {geformuleert} a young woman according to art, as well as his wit would allow him, when he threw onto the paper {op 't papier wierp}:

Lumina Sunt Melitae Iunonia, dextra Minervae,
Mamillae Veneris, sura maris Dominae.
The Goddess Thetis gave Melita her legs,
Venus her bosom; the trim hands seemed
From Minerva {Pallas}, the face from the Wife of Jove.

Or if he composed another, with a head from Prague, the breasts from Austria, the trunk from France, the back from Brabant, the hands from England, the feet from the river Rhine, and the knees from Switzerland: and said, that this owed nothing to a Painting, which he claimed to have seen; and therefore this did not break the Painters' Rule. When he knew on the quiet, that its artist made his work following a higher idea {beter denkbeelt}. [marg: That an experienced artist can judge beauty correctly.] Not all people, said Plutarch, are equipped with the same power of judgment, the sight of one is helped more by nature or by art to recognise beauty. It arises from this, that experienced Painters judge skilfully from the form and shape {gestaltens en gedaentens} of things. A certain deluded Idiot loudly proclaimed, that

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he did not find the *Venus*, painted by *Zeuxis*, beautiful. But *Nichomachus* said, Take my eyes, and she will appear to be a Goddess. They must be eyes that understand art, that will judge beauty correctly: and masters correctly knowledgeable in art {recht kunstkundige} have never failed to produce a true beauty, according to the rules of art, as often as they have intended it: which they would easily have failed to do, were there no firm and certain rules known to them, in which the true beauty existed.

Concerning this Albrecht Dürer said, That no one could produce {uitdrukken} beauty out of their mind and thoughts: but that it was necessary that anyone, who wanted to produce a beauty from their soul, should have it already gathered and saved there, by means of diligent imitation, and that one should not consider it one's own, but rather a mastery achieved by means of labour {meesterschap door arbeyt verkreegen}, one which bears these fruits, from whatever previously was implanted in the soul: and which produces received forms from inside like a hidden treasure. And experienced masters therefore have no need of lively examples, in order to depict their figures, since over long experience, so much is gathered together in their minds, that they can create out of that, everything that they please. He further concludes, that the production of beautiful things from the ignorant and untrained is not to be hoped for.

SECOND CHAPTER.

What beauty is, and in what it consists.

I asked my fellow pupil long ago: What is to be done, so as to improve all those things which seem to be incapable of improvement? He replied: beauty. Absolutely correct. But now we lack a wise Paris, who can judge it, in order to know it rightly. [marg: What it is in general.] We say, then, that there is a beauty, which is, in every kind of form a unique perfect beauty {allerschoonste}, in which Momus himself could find no fault, nor point to any part, which goes beyond regularity.

All bodily beauty is an equal conformity of parts, with a certain sweetness and loveliness of colour, said *Augustine*. [marg: City of God. bk. 22. C. 19.] And when we see more and more beautiful forms, I think it is then understandable that there is also in their nature a perfect beauty {alderschoonstens}. Just as

from many circles drawn by chance, one is better than another; but that one alone is perfect, that nowhere in its circumference wanders too far from, or too near to its centre. Beauty is also said to be, such a form, that is free of all imperfections, and on that account a perfect form. Now imagine to yourself a Venus so Divine, that you could not say, her forehead or nose was too short or too long, her eyes and mouth were too large or too small; indeed that not any part or member was offensive to your judgment: and then add the graces, you will certainly have no unappealing idea {denkbeelt}. Polyhymnia claimed, and it was understood by many of the learned, that our first parents were thus: [marg: As probably our first parents had.] which no one ought to think strange, when it is observed that they were created by so perfect a master. And furthermore, we see that all manner of ugliness comes from bad air, food and place of birth {landaert}, from which they were free; as too the respective traits, that people have inherited through the numerous faults in their ancestors, and which daily worsen through new accidents, or at least alter, when transferred and communicated to their children. Since there is presently no Painting to hand, so as to show you its forms, listen to Vondel's Apollion. He tries to paint this couple from life:

This requires Nature's brush, no colour, but beams of Sunlight.

The man and the woman are both fully formed, equally beautiful,

From head to toe. Adam's brow is spanned with justice,

Powerfulness of form, majesty of being,

Like one chosen to rule the earthly kingdom:

And everything that Eve has supplies her Bridegroom's desire;

The limbs tenderness, a softer skin and flesh,

A more amiable colour, eyes that invite love,

A loveable mouth, a voice, whose power

Consists in its more noble accent; two sources of ivory,

And that of which it is best not to speak, lest it seduce a spirit.

Even though this perfection, which we suppose was in the first couple, is more or less crippled in the successors, one nevertheless sometimes sees some astonishing glimpses: for nature forms beauties now and then, of which one would say, that they reach perfection, or come very near: from them artists get their ideas, which they bring to perfection, by improving them.

Demetrius was so astonishingly and outstandingly beautiful in appearance, [marg: Demetrius' beauty.] said *Plutarch*, that none of the Casters or Painters could adequately represent his likeness. For one perceived a sweet

charm, an extraordinary dignity, an austere fearfulness, and a wholly loveable beauty, and one also saw a valiant combination of his youth and courage, with an inimitable heroic appearance, and a Kingly stateliness, which were to be found in him; but the best Artists have nonetheless portrayed the like, whenever the idea, which they have placed in their brains by means of art, has been brought forth and given birth to in their works. Hispaspes and his younger brother Zariadres, Princes of Medea, on account of their wonderful beauty were pronounced Sons of Venus and Adonis. Yet an experienced Artist will raise such children, whenever he wishes, whenever he has the true Idea of beauty in his brain.

It may be now that, with the Italians and Germans, you delight in plump flesh, with the Spaniard in leanness, or with the Englishman in a nice figure {een goed Taly}; [marg: It is in all kinds.] but the differences between these competing beauties will never be resolved, unless we give reasons they will all remain undefeated; thus one must seek beauty in all kinds, and learn to discern that of the foreign: and make each part so conformable to the whole, that it cannot be said, that the head is too delicate for the chest, the hips too wide compared to the shoulders, or the arms or legs too massive. But the one part must appear as well-fed, as the other. And each particular part, be it lean or plump, must suit the whole. [de la Serre. What beauty is.] I shall add here what de la Serre said: If you wish to know, in what beauty consists? I shall say to you, that it is in the conformity of the parts, and in the equality of the limbs, the one fitting with the others. And if you are curious to know yet more: a woman may not call her self beautiful, unless she has a proud bearing: black, or ash-grey hair: high forehead, wide and smooth, blue, or brown eyes, well set: pure and transparent colouring, with a small mouth, white teeth, and a short and somewhat cleft chin, small breasts, well-placed, and the rest of the body uniformly beautiful, like all the parts, and most of all it must be accompanied by perfect good health, and a wonderfully worthy spirit. So says de la Serre, and I certainly consider him a wise master of selection {keurmeester}. It is not a beautiful woman, said Seneca, whose knees or arms are praiseworthy, but whose face diminishes and smothers what is astonishing in all the other parts. [marg: Epist. 33. Whether the beauty of the face, or that of the other parts of a woman are most to be esteemed.] Seneca may have said this, but Aristaenetus cried: My beloved Limonia excels all other women in the beauty of her face, nevertheless that is put into the shade, when in undressing she reveals the other

secret and hidden parts. However we consider it ugly, when the one part dumbfounds the other: and say it is preferable, that the conformity be exactly balanced, so that it could not be said that there was a best or a worst part.

But since one does not always paint a completely nude figure, one must also take the most pains with those parts, which are the most visible: and attend to producing the most beautiful faces, well-made necks and well-set bosoms.

The male chest, which is embellished with nipples, has a beauty without a use, said

Augustine; but one must say this also both about the male, as well as the female navel: which

some conclude Adam and Eve ought not to have had. But we shall leave these differences to

others; and apply ourselves to the beauty of the parts, as we have found them, in nature.

One ought also principally to attend to beautiful hands: for there is such power in them, that they can invoke awe and respect. Antiquity tells us, that there were now and then various tricksters, who proclaimed themselves as Princes and the children of Kings, but that their frauds were most often uncovered by the sight of their hands. Certainly, I shall maintain those figures dishonourable and misshapen, which are not to be seen with beautiful hands. Of which the middle fingers are neither more nor less than half their length, and the fine nails extend one half way up the joint upon which they stand. Where the fingers, all equally beautiful, have no undue difference in form; and the smallest is no more than one joint shorter then the longest. In all manner, but especially in the hands of women, Sir Anthony van Dyck is wonderfully pleasing and agreeable; for as well as the charming and pleasing way they are held, he attends especially to beauty, so that they seem to have their own nature, of which our Poet sings:

The hand's generosity, and fine-bones, [marg: Tender hands.]
Combine with a soft skin and fleshiness:
The fingers a little fine, and the parts perfect for the rest,
Take a grip, so as to steal the heart unawares.

But since these perfect forms, in which I have stated that correct beauty subsists, are not so easily produced with a common style, I obtained these verses, which it pleases me to copy them from Ariosto [marg: Canto. 7.], where he depicts most delightfully the beautiful Alcina, so as to serve as a model for Painters:

Her body was so beautiful, and the parts so formed, That if a Painter, desired to paint something [285 Nn 3]

Without equal in all its parts,

No beauty greater nor more perfect could be shown.

Her hair confounded gold, moving blond and slowly:

The ivory forehead shone, and rose and lily beautified

Her lovable cheeks, white and red splashed together.

A pair of brown eyes, or rather two suns, proud

And lovely to behold, frugal with their gleam,

One saw beneath vaults enriched with two fine brows.

It seemed that love flew playing all around,

And with the firing of his arrows, drew to himself

And steadily robbed all the spectators' souls and hearts.

In the midst of the face stood a beautiful nose, one can well

Challenge Envy, as to whether she wishes to say anything about that:

Below was the mouth, varnished with living red,

Reaching from dimple to dimple, two choice rows

Of pearly teeth hidden with the lips closed,

Or appearing, when the mouth let fall the least word,

Which was powerful enough, to tame

The most savage soul, and if she started to laugh

It seemed a Paradise, to awaken the dead.

Her neck was round and white, her throat like milk:

Her chest somewhat broad, where two, like unripe apples, each

Of the most sweet-smelling, in breathing now rose, and then fell a little.

Like the Sea on the shore with well-divided ripples.

The rest Argos himself would not have been able to see,

But without a doubt completely perfect: above them

In her arms there was proportion, to astonish!

Her little hands white, somewhat long, and fleshy, without

Many veins; finally the feet, which bore

All this perfection, short and round, and well fleshed.

This Divine gesture, this angelic mein

Seemed unable to tolerate being covered up:

Her laughing, singing, moving, her speaking, each glance,

Indeed each part of her body, a tensioned spring.

What do you think of such a painterly Poet? And, while my spirit is in the mood, let us also include here Tasso's Armida:

Her eyes, so as in virtuous reverence

To mix with all, are miserly with their glances;

And seem prudently to reserve those gleams.

The length of the pure white of her jaw A Rosy tint played, as if it were on ivory. Her little lips, like two Rosebuds, produce A sweet breathe, giving life to love: The movement of her delightful mouth Wounds the most virtuous right to their soul. Her white neck is compared to snow, Where Cupid comes to light his torch. Her round little breasts are more than half covered: Envious clothing! Which hides from us the sight Of those parts, which Lovers so desire, They must penetrate you with thoughts: As through glass the Sun casts his beams, So shall the mind see though such an obstacle, And although the Tyrant {Tyran?} customarily goes covered, Readily pass though the robe to the desired places.

THIRD CHAPTER.

How Beauty was conceived of by the ancients.

But perhaps now someone will ask, why does one make so much of a labour out of depicting things, which never appear in Nature? or which are so very rarely found? I reply, the rarer they are the more valuable, since they are produced or discovered, in the ideas of an illustrious and experienced intellect: and which indeed are beautiful or more beautiful, than ever any figure seen from an artistic hand. Apelles, wishing to depict his Venus as beautifully as possible, first raised his thoughts above all the visible beauties, that he had ever encountered; [marg: Beauty is in the Artist's idea {idea}.] in his imagination he painted a figure, excellent in all perfection, and applied his brush while in this rapture, he certainly produced this unimpeachable Goddess on his panel, to the astonishment of all the world, despite in no way producing the perfect likeness of his Divine idea. Phidias had never seen Jupiter, said Seneca, nevertheless he made him thunder. Minerva never appeared to him, nevertheless he made her seem as if come down from Heaven. Phidias first ascended in his mid {vernuft} as if into a Poetical Heaven; he first saw as if in an ecstasy the Majesty and nobility of these Divine persons, before he

took these splendid forms in hand. His figures achieve an astonishing majesty and beauty, but how much more splendid yet were the concepts that were in his art-knowing mind! Listen too, to the ancients' manner of disputing. Have Phidias and Praxiteles climbed to Heaven? Asked Thespesion, and brought back for art the forms of the Gods? Or was it something else, by means of which they learned to shape their forms? Indeed something else, replied Apollonius of Tyana, and that full of all wisdom. What is that? Said the first: Because without imitation you can produce nothing. Internal imagination {innerlijke verbeelding}, said the other, produced these things: and show that an experienced artist goes far beyond imitation. For imitation represents only that which is seen: imagination on its own produces what is never seen; it sets forth things, which nature would, as her masterpiece, only after some time be able to produce. Imitation is also frequently obstructed by some confusion: but the power of any idea is not so easily obstructed, and it progresses more fearlessly to achieve its end. Thus he, who formed the idea of *Jupiter* in his mind, also formed the portrayal of his nobility, the seasons, the Stars, and Heaven itself: and thus was Phidias impregnated {bezwangert}, before his put his hand to the work. And to paint Minerva well one must imagine first the Battle of the Giants, mighty assaults, and all the high arts; as well as, when much earlier she sprang forth in a most lively manner from the brain of Jupiter; before one takes the courage to set her onto the panel. This is the correct manner to produce something beautiful and splendid, and so beauty, like Minerva grown in the brain of Jupiter, is born from the brain of the artist; these Goddesses, who with Divine Juno, dared compete for the golden Apple for beauty, are of no common birth. For as Minerva, who is internal beauty, was said to have been cut with a diamond axe from the skull of Jupiter by the industrious Vulcan: Venus, who represents outward beauty, also of Divine blood, is awaited from the constantly moving Sea of the ideas of certain experienced artists.

The Art of Painting according to our view is so noble, that one would almost commit a disgrace, whenever one used it to depict something, not worthy of being seen. [marg: It is proper for art to present the most beautiful.] Indeed on should employ it to present nothing, but what is charming and graceful. And for this reason everything, that is beautiful, spirited, and perfect, that one finds in nature, even what is low is called painterly {schilderachtich}. Indeed one says, as beautiful as a picture, by which one means, that images surpass ordinary nature. Also, as

perfect as if it were painted; to give the meaning, that Painting commonly follows perfection. The Poets {Poëten en Dichters} beautify their verses with choice sayings and fine stuff, so too should the Painters, who bear richer freight, selecting the most beautiful things from nature as their object; and to seek most diligently the majesty, which one cannot achieve except with the help of Aglaea.

The Haarlemmer Cornelis, said Van Mander, was exceptionally diligent in drawing from the life, [marg: That which is sought by many.] to that end seeking the best and most beautiful moving and living antique figures, of which we have sufficient here in our country, as the surest and very best studies, that one could find, if one had perfect judgment for distinguishing the most beautiful from the beautiful. But there is much that hangs on this. And neither our Haarlemmer, nor even the inquisitive Dürer was completely fortunate. Indeed even Michelangelo, when he saw the work of the great Titian, and praised him for his colouring, did not fail to add: that it was a pity, that the Venetian Painters did not when starting learn enough drawing; for had such a master as Titian, so gifted at imitating nature and life, been helped by the Art of Drawing, and had he supported his great spirit and lively handling with study, he would have surpassed everyone. Now allowing this judgment to be a little one-sided; [marg: Difference.] the Art of Drawing is not understood here to be following life well, but rather always depicting the most beautiful, as Michelangelo well showed in his Last Judgment, where he presented his figures in the grand manner, and with beautiful forms, appropriate for the resurrection. For it was characteristic of him, that he loved greatly to imitate peoples' physical beauty in his work, even though he was extremely chaste and was an enemy of low thoughts. But what can one say? He had after all neglected the beautiful colouring of Titian and other graces. So that beauty was in dispute. Although Sebastiano del Piombo, when he heard the beautiful and graceful {begraside} work of Raphael being praised above the profound and difficult work of Michelangelo, he took the side of Michelangelo {Buonarrotti}: and there will be no lesser judgment sufficiently promoting the side of Raphael, and Titian too. But this shall not obstruct us; it is always certain, that so many illustrious predecessors have opened the path to true beauty for our judgment. The best is always difficult to find, and hard to judge, said Apollonius of Tyana. [marg: example of the antique.] But I say, that it is on that account more worthy. The ancient Greeks used many beautiful living figures, so as to give one single figure a beautiful form; as was told of Zeuxis, when he was to make

the great Juno for the Agrigentans to offer, in their Temple, which was in Lacinium in Calabria, now called the Capo delle Colonni: first he reviewed all the girls of the city naked, choosing five of them, the most beautifully formed, and from these he selected the most beautiful parts, for the perfecting of his work. This was not accounted to be any shame for the girls: and they were on that account honoured with praise. [marg: Zeuxis sought beauty in all the maidens of Agrigente, Apelles in Campaspe;] Whether that would good for us to try, I say no more. Apelles often painted the celebrated Lais, before she was fully grown. Similarly Phryne and Campaspe, whom, on account of her beauty, he loved so much, that Alexander, who also loved her, gave her to him, out of magnanimity; so that with her as a model he could peacefully compose, Venus rising out of the Sea, called Anadyomene by the Greeks; which piece he made in such a manner, that, when long after, it became a little damaged below, there was no Painter brave enough to be found, who dared undertake to assist. Other Painters made the beautiful Cratina, Theodota and others famous. [marg: Others Cratina, Theodota, and the people of Abdera {Abderitanen};] They also identified the land of origin {landaert}, for they discovered more beauty in the Abderitanians, than in others, whom they used most in their works. For one finds people and lineages, who excel others in beauty. Others are the other way round, as Giovanni Boccaccio {Johannes Bocatius} relates of the ugly Baroncci, as if our Lord had made them in the first period, before he had learned to paint. The great sculptors cast numerous arms, legs, and well-formed bodies, [marg: In cast parts.] from which they selected the best, and the faulty they threw away. The Imitators {Bootseerders}, Painters and Casters, said Galenus, seek only what is perfectly beautiful, to imitate, and through continual searching {navorschen} are come so far, that their figures serve their successors with fixed rules, indeed a certain image by Polykleitos, is called Polykleitos' Kanon. [marg: As a Rule or Canon.]

This arrived though continual research {onderzoek} by many talents {vernuften} one following another; for that any single person would discover the best of everything, seems unlikely. Art is long, life is short, said Hippocrates: those who take in the laboriously discovered knowledge of their forefathers at the breast in their youth, and unremittingly continue exploring; climb up as if onto their master's shoulders, and see far over their heads. [marg: Few works made;] Also they spent their whole lives making very few pieces. Indeed they put so much labour into figures in marble or copper, for which they were generously paid, that very few are made by one master. Even Michelangelo, although he lived for ninety years, completely finished only eleven figures in marble. Few indeed, but enough; [marg: But eternal.] since, as his children, they allow him an eternal succession. For when

when he was asked, Why he did not marry, so as to beget children? He pleaded his art, which he considered his wife, and said his works were his children: which, if they were baptised, would give him a more praiseworthy memorial, than *Ghiberti* {Bartolucio} had of his, who devoured everything that was left to them, and who only remained in praiseworthy memory through the works he left behind: What these descendants of Michelangelo {Angelo} in fact are, we have seen with astonishment in Italy.

But let us listen to some more ancient testimonies to the most famous works. It is rightly said by *Libanius*, that the masters {werkmeesters}, who carved or cast the ancient statues {pronkbeelden}, had received something from the Gods, which went above ordinary nature.

[marg: Venus.] I broke out in a sweat all over, said John of Damascus, when I saw the Venus dedicated by Herodes Atticus; because of the fearful confused conflict of sensations, I felt in my soul. My innermost thoughts were so touched by lively feelings of inexpressible delight, that it was nearly impossible for me to go home, as soon as I hastened thither, my eyes now and then, drawn back again, by the recollection of such a rare sight. Who would take no pleasure, in once being able to see such a splendid figure, and to feast their eyes upon such a delicious piece of art? The figure of Hector raised in the Trojan city, said Philostratus, [marg: Beauty in the figure of Hector] bore the likeness of a half-God, and it seemed to all that its appearance, was full of reflective courage, stately boldness; and lusty cheerfulness: one observed there a powerful physique, a youthful loveliness of limbs, a beauty beyond censure, filled with such a lively spirit, that the spectator wished for it to move.

[marg: And Paris.] In Euphranor's Paris one could see, that he was the arbitrator between the three goddesses, the lover of Helen, and the slayer of Achilles. What do you think, did our Aglaea not grace these masters with something splendid? so as to be famous not only during their own lives, but even to endure the vicissitudes of time? For this is still apparent in the vestiges, which still one finds scattered here and there, and especially in Rome, that their beauty was not only studied with great labour, but it was also happily conceaved.

You will see it not only in youths and maidens, but also in mature and declining age. Not only in fleshy youth, but in bodies accustomed to labour. You can see the beautiful Apollo in the Belvedere, as if fallen from Heaven; and the Trojan Laocoon wasted by old age and care: the Greek Venus at Trinità dei Monti, and Latona with her unfortunate daughters, perfect Hercules, and charming

Flora in the Farnese palace. Elsewhere Faunus, and the youthful Bacchus, and numberless others, whose beauties are mighty enough, to attract art-loving spirits to themselves, from the most remote places. [marg: Example of Italians.] These vestiges of ingenious, though extinct ages, enabled the Italians, during the renewing of the times, like Torches, in the darkness, to begin to make art once again visible. Not content, like we Germans, with copying ordinary nature, they have sought out beauty with all their might. Indeed they are not ashamed, to accept the help of the hand-me-down work of ancestors; because one person's life is too short to find out everything for oneself. Indeed Michelangelo was so addicted to the beauty of Greek statues, that, when his eyesight was weakened in old age, he still took pleasure in coming to touch the body of a certain River-god, in the Vatican; not being able to satisfy himself, without experiencing such an exceptional beauty.

These noble examples have illuminated the charming Raphael no less, and although all-destroying time has already hidden from us the celebrated work, in Santa Maria della Pace, it has nevertheless, as if from compassion, spared the vaults in the Chigi {Gigi} Palace for the young. Here are reflected the beauty of the Grecian graces, and the Linceus from the Belvedere, in Raphael's Heaven. O Fortunate Giulio Romano {Julio}! Who had before you the traces of so graced {begrasiden} a hand, when you helped produce this work. Raphael {Urbijn} worked here when he was in love; Venus showed him how to depict Venus at her most beautiful, and accomplish her form without any mistake. Whatever seems impossible love can achieve: for spirits are most awake in loving minds. But so that one might know, why all these beauties are not so powerful, so that they do not wholly draw us to them at first sight, I say this, that we approach them badly prepared: for one ought not to seek in these pieces, Tintoretto-ishly wonderful creations, or Veronese-ian composition, momentary movements, or powerful arrangement: much less Fabritius-like perspectives, or Rembrandt-ish colour: but in the charming Raphael Greek statues, beauty without finery, and a mirror of sincere antiquity.

FOURTH CHAPTER.

Concerning the Leading of the Dance {Dansleyding}, that is, the proper and affecting {welstandige en bevallijke} movement of Figures, or otherwise Graciousness in all actions.

Cheerful Euphrosyne now steps forward, and leads the Spirit of Painting with her charming hand into the line The third part of the second consideration in a History, is called presentation {vertooninge} in Clio. For although we have already thoroughly understood the passions, and the actions of the body, there is still an artistic manner of presentation required, so as to present the figures in the most affecting way. [marg: The esteem of this art.] And surely, this art of affecting presentation has at all times been very esteemed. The Athenians granted citizenship to Aristonikos Karystos, and erected a statue to him, not so much, because he was Alexander's Sporting partner, but also, because he knew how to move with such charm in Handball, that he seemed to employ a dancing art {dansleydige konst} when playing. Something like this was done by the Hestiaians and the Oreosians in honour of Theodorus, for his charming hand holds and moves on the chequerboard. Likewise Ptolomy Philadelphus, honoured Kleino his cup-bearer, with statues throughout the whole of Alexandria, for her charm, and she was depicted, standing most gracefully in a simple little robe with a piped-can or pouring-pot in her hand, as her service had required her to do. If this grace is so pleasing in the movements of the living, how much more necessary must it then be deemed in our art, where charm is so preeminent. Rigid stiffness disgusts every reasonable person in life. John Chrysostom, they say, was so unappealing when eating, that he never dined with anyone, but always ate alone. So that art should not also be tainted by unpleasantness, one ought rather to lock it up: [marg: To lack it causes disgust.] for boorishness creates disgust: and it is to be lamented, that even in the work of celebrated Masters one finds, that in some figures, although the parts are proportionate, and beautifully enough drawn, an error of propriety {welstant} is to be observed; on account of which we are not affected, even by the virtue that is in it.

It is not enough, that a figure is beautiful, there must be a certain capacity to move {beweeglijkheyt} in it, which must have power over the spectators; As Horace sings of poetry:

[293, 0 o 3]

A beautiful poem will not easily move me,
But friendliness can move heart and soul.
One laughs, or weeps, and the spectator is taken:
So if you want me to cry, then cry for me.

So it is for Painters too, they do not move the soul, if they leave out this capacity to move, and this will usually happen whenever they ignore or have not understood this art, which we call Leading the Dance.

It happens indeed in figures beautiful in form,

That they lack that proper heavenly gift {rechte Hemelval}

Affecting-ness {bevallijkheiyt}, through secret defects,

Which emerge in the mobility of their movements,

Thus it is necessary, that Venus and her son

Augment the work, making it charming and beautiful,

Charm (bevallijkheyt) transports one to love,

Be it played by Wood-nymphs or Goddesses.

Through being negligent in this observance, the great Zeuxis was criticised, that he had made his women too masculine in bearing, of which one cannot judge the prudent Homer to have been free, and that he overlooked the decorum, appropriate to each gender. For it is not right, to make Apple-sellers of well brought up Young Women, albeit that among the roughest of them still something feminine shines through, unless one is dealing with wild Amazons, or Hellish Furies. [marg: General rules.] So then to begin in general with this art, I say: [marg: No excessive movement,] That one must not give any violent movement to one's figures, when only a moderate one is required. Plutarch criticised both Painters and Sculptors, and he suggested that immoderate stretching, large strides, and wide-open mouths are not in themselves grand. Sometimes it happened, and especially at the beginning of this Century, that bold spirits gave the spirit too free a rein, intending perhaps to outdo nature making their figures turn and swing extremely widely and actively, with their hands and feet wholly contorted by Spranger's grip, and twisted out from the limb. [marg: Or cramping.] But hear what Junius felt about it: they got most of their pleasure, he said, in the swollen conceit of a seeminggrand manner. They sought principally to borrow praise for their understanding with an ungoverned insolence; few questioning, whether they went beyond the correct measure of art and Nature itself. They took great courage from the idle hand-clap of numerous ignorant goodfor-nothings, who seemed to look upon their disgusting-beautiful works with an astonished wonder; so that they thereby fell in love with their own error.

But one ought here, as in other weighty topics, to be prudent, so that, in avoiding <code>Scylla</code>, one does not drown in <code>Charybdis</code>, and in avoiding one fault fall into one worse; as happen to some, [marg: Avoid a stiffness.] who building on the general opinion, that in the Antique, measured movement is wonderfully to be observed in many statues, imagined that, if they copied them, they could not go wrong; by means of which also they then produced not unattractive stone figures: but rather than producing the spirit of the ancestors with a lively grace, their stone figures were transformed as if, more or less, the head of the <code>Medusa</code> had been held up before them. Certainly I would prefer some cramping in the movement, than that one steamed up eyes with such spiritless cabbage-stalks. But to return to the right path, and to proceed correctly, a practitioner in art must turn to nature, and see, how far it is permitted him to go in movement.

So now to speak of a well controlled and artful movement of figures, and of each particular part, we might turn for help to the Playwright Roscius: who dared to dispute with Cicero, whether the power of an Orator consisted more in eloquence, or in artistic and appropriate gestures. His side of which he defended in a book. For in the theatre leading the dance was a form of dumb movement, in which they knew how to use the limbs artistically according to the requirements of the play, indeed, so that one understood everything by them, even if there was no word spoken. And further, the same person could imitate a grandfather, then again a child; straightaway a Lord, then the servant; now the Lady and then the maid; sobriety, drunkenness, and so on all manner of types with a pleasant mimicry; the which for the onlookers from all manner of nationalities was thus made comprehensible, as if they had been spoken to in their own language. Failing Roscius Euphrosyne must enlighten the spirit; so as to display the most appropriate, most natural and most beautiful in our work. And I recommend you to her, O Young Painter, especially when you go to the School of Drawing or Academy, so as to draw male or female nudes by warm stoves. Be sure, when you set your figure or model in position, that it seems not only to do this or that, but that these actions are performed according to the art of Leading to the Dance. Certainly, I pity myself, whenever I look again at my Academy drawings, that in our youth we were so sparingly instructed; for it is no more labour to copy a graceful posture, than an unpleasant and loathsome one.

Macrobius arranged movements or motions {beweegingen of beroeringen} into seven: [marg: First part. Seven movements.] As from

below upwards: from above downwards: behind and forward: to the right and left side: and lastly round about. And in the human figure these were to be observed in the head, in the body, in the arms and legs, and in the lesser members. Now it behoves an artist to employ these movements with the greatest of easiness {aldergemakkelijst} according to the requirements of the work, and to avoid inappropriate grimaces. The High German swordsman appears clumsy taking up the gun, but an experienced Soldier handles the Spear with ease.

So as now to begin in general with a standing figure, it is first necessary, that one considers the movement, which it has to do, and that one arranges all the members accordingly in the most easy fashion. [marg: Standing.] Let your consideration ensure, to have the head borne well upon the shoulders, the shoulder and chest on the trunk and the hip; and that the legs are set properly below the middle of the body. Whenever the chest goes to the right-hand side, then of course allow the head to turn back sloping to the left. Never let the head turn outward to the side, unless in the most vigorous movement, and never further, than level with the shoulder: never allow the lower shoulder to bear a load. Whichever hip might swerve out: the shoulders of a correct figure are level. Van Mander speaks of it, as follows:

A standing figure is something like a bow,

In which the String runs straight down from above: [marg: Ordinary stance.]

Thus the foot, on which it stands, must be plumb below

The hollow of the throat, one can swerve the hip

More roundly, but the other leg is free;

[marg: Movement of head arms and legs.]

One turns the head to the side supported by the leg.

Allow the right leg and the left arm to sway

In the same direction, and turn the head a little

With the arm or hand, which is held out. One always approves of

Numerous turns in fine beautiful figures.

And further he says:

Any farther than a foot between feet,

Must a standing figure never stride. [marg: Stride.]

Do not let your figure move like a dromedary, [marg: Crosswise movement.] the whole of one side advancing. A crosswise movement is praised, unless the figure rises up, or stands on its toes.

[marg: And its exceptions.]
So that your figure neither rises up nor stands on its toes,
Differentiate the swaying of arm and legs;
Whenever the figure stands on its lighter foot
The right arm must not reach upwards.

Figures, which pull or stab.

In stabbing figures, or those pulling,

The right arm and right leg must be extended.

Have the weight and counterweight in your figures held in balance, [marg: Weight and counterweight.] as is the pole by Tightrope walkers', so that they might be supported in all their movements, whether standing or supported, unless running or flying.

One must most of all avoid inappropriate and unnatural movements.

[marg: Sitting.] A seated figure displeases us, with knees Together, and with space between the feet.

Also concerning contortion:

[marg: Fall and fight.] And even if your figures fall or fight, Let it be naturally, and avoid contorted angles.

For as this verse states:

Activity and actions full of spirit are worthy of praise, But all movement outside what is possible is unpleasing.

By means of an obscure word Poets often give to Painters as great an illumination, as much difficult instruction would be able to achieve. For who will not imagine the most entirely delightful movement, when he reads these words by *Virgil* about *Venus*? [marg: Venus moving. Aeneid I. book.] So speaking, she returned, her hair, gleaming over her rose-coloured neck, gave off a divine scent, as of ambrosia, the drape trailed behind, and her step revealed clearly, that she was truly a goddess. [marg: From behind.] A naked back a little raised or bowed, was not considered without beauty.

Del Sarto earned praise for a lazy labourer, [marg: An idler.] who sat and wrung his hands in a simple manner, as if he was in doubt, whether he should go or not, to do the work which he was invited to do.

Finally one must also observe this posture of the leading to the dance at its most affecting in sleeping, [marg: Posture of sleep.] and even in dead figures. The satyr slept, said Philostratus, in the Painting of Midas, let us speak softly, so that his sleep will not be broken; [marg: Anthol. 4. 12.] for so doing we would immediately lose the loveliness of this sight. Diodorus, said Plato, laid down the sleeping Satyr over there, and did not engrave it. He will immediately awaken at the least disturbance. The silver was seized with a soft sleep. And how many fine spirits have wondered at the beautiful and graceful figure of night, made by Michelangelo for the tomb of the Medici. Concerning which among others this is sung:

Night, who now sleeps here, an Angel has
Stolen from stone: who does not believe that it lives,
And softly rests? Or does it lack something?
Wake it then, you will hear it speak,

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To which Michelangelo, on behalf of his figure, replied saying this:

Sleep contents me, and also that I am made of stone,
So neither shame, nor hurt, nor sorrow.

That I neither see nor hear, is not missed;
Thus be quiet, and do not awaken me.

The second part of showing movements according to art, is, that one distinguishes each person properly according to status, gender, and age; as we convey in the following verse:

To distinguish age and gender

By the characteristics of each, I consider rare:

Let frolicking youth enjoy itself playing freely,

But maidens ought to display a modest demeanour;

Unless you are showing wild Amazons.

A bold stance suits a brave soldier;

A young man suits the show of pride;

Numbness is not out of place for the old.

One should also observe great differentiation in the actions

Of lord or slave, or peasant or citizen.

Agreeing with Horace, Poetry's teacher, who also made his pupils mindful of this discrimination, Painters, who practice dumb Poetry, ought no less to attend to it. He said approximately: [marg: To differentiate distinctions in status, gender and age.]

It differs greatly, whether the servant or the master speaks,
An old man, or one full of heat
And in the bloom of his youth, or an upper-class woman,
Or Travellers, or indeed those who plough the fields:
Or Colchidian, or Assyrian, or Theban:
It is necessary to understand the distinction:
The common opinion will guide you safely here,
Or else you may make up something similar.

A little further on he portrays the steps of age thus: [marg: The child.]

The child, who is just beginning to walk and speak,

Is normally inclined to play with his fellows,

Gets angry and is easily pacified, in an inconstant fashion.

A young newcomer, beyond the control of his master, [marg: The youngster.]

Goes with Horse and Hound to enjoy himself near the place of sacrifice:

Is easily led, tends to dissipation, and inclined to challenge

Instruction, is slow to grasp what is best for him,

Argumentative, and disposed to follow his desires.

Manly age transforms the feelings, [mar: The man.]

He sets store by friendship, cares for honour and rich goods,

And takes care to behave so that later there may be nothing to regret:

Many afflictions and misfortunes come with old age, [marg: The old.]

He continually seeks after goods, and withdraws from business,

Is opinionated, and inclined to ill humour.

And a little lower:

Since one does not applaud a granddad in a young mans Role,
Nor the child in a man's profession, therefore observe the characteristics of each.

But it is not enough, that one should portray an old person as decrepit and wizened: for unhappiness, sickness and labour bring on old age, which sometimes is also delayed through moderation and health.

[marg: The City of God bk. 16.] Sarah, the Wife of Abraham was in her extreme old age of ninety years, in the opinion of Augustine, but nevertheless of such beauty, that the King of Gerar Abimelech came to fall in love with her, as had the Pharoah in Egypt loved her long before. But in order to present an example concerning the observation of gender and age in our art, none seems better to me, than the Painting of the Centaur by Zeuxis, [marg: Zeuxis' Centaurs,] a copy of which Lucianus had seen, and described thus:

In an enclosure {dichten stoel}, or thicket of green plants lay a female Centaur, with all those parts, which were the mare, on the ground, and the croupe or rear stretched across sideways: but the womanly parts, as if seated resting on an elbow: the front legs did not lie sideways, but one lay as if she were kneeling, bent with the hoof turned in toward her, and the other was held up, pawing at the earth with the foot, like a horse, when trying to stand up. She had one of two twin half-foals in her arms, and in human fashion gave it her female breast; the other, which had a more horse-like nature, was attached to the teat, as young foals usually suckle to the mare. Above in the Picture, on a sharp rock, a Stallion Centaur was shown, his head projecting out of the work, though no more of his body was visible than that which is human; this was, I believe, the husband, of the female Centaur, who suckles her boys in two different places, as has been described, which he observes laughing, meanwhile he lifted a young lion-cub above his head with his right hand, and seemed to take pleasure in frightening the children with this plaything. The rest of the Painting, although we do not understand this art thoroughly, displayed great perfection, and revealed extraordinary application. First of all, the outline seemed to have been produced by

a firm hand. Furthermore the colours were very artfully mixed, and the details of the work were overflowing with rich grace. The shadows, foreshortenings and curves, were very properly observed, so that nothing was left out that one could have wished for, such as form, proportion, composition, as all the other virtues, that an intelligent Painter is accustomed to observe. [marg: Excellent discrimination of gender.] As far as I am concerned, continued Lucianus, I praised in Zeuxis especially the great force of his knowledge {wetenschap}, by means of which he so artfully differentiated gender and age, in a company all so alike. For he portrayed the Centaur as most cruel, brave and terrifying, its hair standing on end, and almost entirely rough and rugged, not only on its horse parts, but also on the human parts, with wide and raised shoulders, and I know not what grimace or grin on the face, through which his untamed and savage being seemed to shine. The wife seemed very like a war-mare below, like a Thessalonian, which are still untamed, and ridden by no one: her human part is exceptionally beautiful, except the ears, which, like those of the Satyrs, he has portrayed misshapen and pointed. The joining of the two bodies is not clumsy although they are separate, at a distance in the eye of the spectator they begin to steal into each other, and combine together stealthily. As to the two children, in the one there is a fierce aspect, just like in the Father, and in the tender youth an untameable fierceness plays. It seems also wonderfully worthy to me, that they look at the young lion in such a childlike way, and meanwhile take the teats, and turn to her, whom they both resemble in their hair and colour. So much for Lucianus. And certainly, he observed very astutely, that the correct differentiation of gender and age is not the least of the virtues in a Painting; and all the more so, because traditionally one undrstands, that the earliest Greek Painters made their figures in such a way, that one could not tell, whether they were men or women, until a certain Eumarus, who did everything from life, advanced art so far, that this could be distinguished. I consider that this to some extent occurred, because men and women dressed mostly in the same way.

And everyone who has to do with art, should review our *Euphrosyne*, so as to be instructed further and further by her and to become educated: for I have promised nothing other, than an introduction to all these high Schools; however I believe that this shop of *Calliope* contains enough stuff already, to make the boldest of spirits sweat.

FIFTH CHAPTER.

Thalia the third Grace. Concerning Balance {Houding}, Unison {Samenstemming}, or Harmony in colouring.

Terpsichore has handled colouring thoroughly, and Melpomene light and shadow. Now it yet remains to discuss their unified organisation and proper combined arrangement {eendrachtige ordening en meedevoeglijke schikkinge}. Which secret of art we customarily express by the word Balance {Houding}; which in colouring means the same as, in the art of proportion {maetschiklijkheyt}, the words Symmetry, Analogy, Harmony, and Proportion; being also like unison and the charming manner of singing in Music. For it contains within itself a pure gathering together of the power of unison: the good arranging of colours, which we call the Art of Bouquets {Tuilkonst}: and the ordered arrangement of lights and shadows: as well as advancing, departing, modelling, and foreshortening; and finally allow nothing be left out of all that, which has already been handled above; appropriate to a perfect Painting.

Our Calliope has set the charming and always well-disposed Grace Thalia in charge of Balance; Thalia, I say, who among the Graces bears the same office, as that the other Thalia has among the Muses. For she enhances the charms of her Sisters with well-arranged composition. We shall then under her supervision begin with the power of unison {samenstemmende kracht}. [marg: Unison of power and softness.] This comprises a uniformity of clarity and glowing, from which then a particular softness follows, which gives to the work a wonderful power.

Soft painting is not faint and does not weaken a work,
As many believe, but it makes the strength appear
In a Unity, the clear with the clear; no colour is so hard
That it can find no friend, the dark tolerates the black:
But give the air a light mixing and softening
With shadow and reflection, and the helpfulness of forces.

Softness of unified power is like a bond for the whole work, and is therefore called binding: [marg: Binding.] in painting or colouring it achieves just as much, as good grouping and binding composition {het wel troepen en bondich ordineeren} does in the Art of Drawing.

In ${\it Melpomene}$ we explained somewhat the degrees of light and shadow,

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but it is especially appropriate for Balance, that one has the various lights, and illuminated things, compare well with each other. Should some nakedness or linen be the brightest thing in your work, where there is no flickering reflection to be expected, then you must depict it as brightly as you can with all your might. But if there are any snowwhite Satins, shining gold or silver, fire or flame about, you must only have the brightest power of your colour in these major reflections: keeping the rest so much more sombre, in the degree to which their brightness differs from these ruling lights. [marg: Balance of lesser against greater lights.] Plutarch criticised Apelles, in that when he painted Alexander with lightning in his hand, he did not convey his natural colour well, but that he had painted him browner and darker, than he was; for he was naturally pale, and this paleness was mixed with a certain redness, which appeared especially on his face and chest, on account of a good temperament, warm and fiery by nature, on account of which it was said, that he had sweetsmelling breath, and that his flesh had a lovely smell, indeed that even the clothing, which touched his body, was on that account as if perfumed. But possibly Apelles is rightly to be excused here, since he had expended all the available power of light in the lightning and the outstretched hand, which he held, necessitating a reduction of the brightness in the face, so as to follow the laws of art by means of the measured balance {houding} of more and less light. For had he portrayed the face of Alexander as brightly, as he was described, it would not have been possible to give the fiery highlight to the lightning. Whosoever observes well the rules, learned in Terpsichore, will themselves know how to portray paleness in a sombre light: but whether on that account he will be free of all criticism, notably from those who do not understand, I cannot guarantee. My advice is, that whenever you come to paint the portrait of someone as beautiful as Alexander, or rather the figure of some beautiful woman, that you manage the circumstances in such a way, that it is in the face, or in the nude that you expend all your power of brightness, so that the laws of balance do not compel you to darken your masterpiece, which, even if it is not disfigured, will at least put you in danger of being criticised like Apelles.

SIXTH CHAPTER.

Concerning Bouquets, Variegation, or the arranging together {Tuiling, Schakeering, of byeenschikking} of colours.

Step forward my Thalia, and reveal to us, what a fine figure {welstant} a pleasant arrangement of colours makes together; and how appropriate this art is for the eye. Euphranor of the Isthmus wrote a whole book to teach it: but time has robbed us of that. Pausias, the Sicyonian, found that the Bouquet-maker or flower-seller Glycera was so deft at this art, when she wove her wreaths, festoons and nosegays, that he therefore chose her as his Mistress: and on account of her spiritedness, in the unifying of so many delightful colours, she inspired so many works, that he considered the wreath-braider, Stephanoplocos, which he made under her guidance, to be his masterpiece. [marg: One learns Bouquets from flowers.] It later cost Lucullus two talents, when he had a certain Dionysius copy it for him. And certainly, an intelligent artist will find this area of art of Flowers and Plants wonderfully charming, whenever he arranges them a little with his practiced eye; and one discovers in arranged flowers such fitting combinations of mutually suited colours, that through their delightfulness they make sight fall in love with them.

For fruits, leaves and flowers Raphael of Urbino made use of a certain Jan, a Fleming who lived with him, who painted them in a easy loose and natural manner, as the Romans were accustomed to see them. By means of whose example Giovanni da Udine also became so enlightened, that he wove fruits, grapes, greenery, flowers and all manner of bird-food such as corn, oats, barley, elderberry, fennel-bulbs, and Turkish wheat, in festoons, each representing a season of the year, so artfully and lively coloured, that they appear to be hanging on the walls, around the pieces, in the vault of the Chigi Palace. [marg: Fields and meadows.] No less lovely are the fields in the spring, which on account of so many greens, which make nearly every meadow or field distinguishable from the others, and all together produce a well-ordered {welstandige} Harmony.

Nature is very inclined to display this virtue, be it when playful Aurora opens the Heavens in the morning, or Tethys unyokes the weary horses of the Sun, or things arrange together, which belong with each other. Van Mander here sings in nearly these words:

[303] I say nothing of the blushing dawn, [marg: Dawn.] So beautiful in many coloured splendid robes. The golden Sun and Moon and Stars, move In the blue Azure, gold delights in Sapphires. Courtly purple loves {mint} the golden chest jewel. [marg: Heaven.] The Parrot struts in green and red. [marg: Jewelery.] White alabaster in green will satisfy the eye: But white can go with all the colours. [marg: Some instruction about mutually friendly colours.] How spiritedly nature painted and beautified Feathered-animals, and sea-life, And never became bored: the unity, in the arrangement Of colours, seems to give life to our eyes. A red colour does not suit the nude without white, But purple, blue, and green, and yellow delight The naked skin; they tolerate {lijden} each other. Also a colour can be changed into many others, For example; green, more yellow or more blue; And endlessly in all kinds of grey; These softnesses tolerate {verdraegen} each other.

So as to maintain a good balance and to practice arranging the colours together, the ancient Masters were sometimes pleased to entertain themselves making little pieces, which they called <code>Xenia</code>. For they had the custom, as friends treating each other, to send to each other as a present, some little baskets and hampers of fruit, or other less common things, attractively assembled and variegated like a chessboard <code>{schakeeren}</code> in a painterly manner; which they called <code>Xenia</code> or guest-gifts: which were sometimes so artfully wrought together <code>{deur een gemengt}</code>, that they seemed to challenge art. White and green are good for each other, as in <code>Virgil's (Maroos)</code> verse: [marg: White and green.]

The God of the Woods came by, crowned with leaves, and grasses, And waved Lilies, and threw down branches.

But it is sometimes suitable, and it will delight the eye,
If when one represents something beautiful, that the rest
Is kept more sombre: but take good care not to allow

The least bit of hardness: light and lustre Clear the air and shine against the dark.

But this good combination {welstant} is revealed principally, whenever one sees green gardens decorated with snow-white figures, of Marble or Plaster: or the lattice-work of arbours, coated in lead-white {ceruze}, and woven-through with green leaves. Our Virgil {Maro} composes another bouquet {tuilt} thus, in his Alexis:

The Nymphs bring basket after basket full of Lilies.
Pale Naiads pick, so as to mix them together,

Violets, Poppy, and plait Crocuses together, [marg: Many flowers.]

And Dill, delightfully scented, and each in its place,

Lavender, and more herbs, choicely selected,

Variegating the Marigold with soft Larkspur

But nature variegates the colours nowhere more gently from each other, than in the Rainbow.

At the end of the day these bows [marg: The Rainbow.] Are most often seen. They appear before the eye In the brightness, when it appears in front of a dark sky. The Sun, always directly above its curve, Shoots rings by means of beams through the mist, And paints the Rainbow, where it catches {beschampen?} The damper air; indeed sometimes even two. I saw one bow in the spray of the Sea, But inverted, that is with the curve beneath. One also sees this delightful wonder In the spray of fountains or waterfalls, And inverted, one can see it from the height Down in the valley, which rarely comes to pass. It extends with more than beautiful colours, As purple, violet, orange or bright red, And yellow, and green, until blue comes up against the purple. Here one sees all the colours, which love One another, as if embracing each other.

Descartes more or less agrees with this description: for he lists purple-red first, then carnation, orange, yellow, green, blue, and ash-grey, of which he says, that it is sometimes the first, and again sometimes the last, in the inside or the outside. But I was not satisfied with this, and I copied it again from life, and discovered first purple, then violet, then red, yellow, green, blue, and purple-like {paersachtig} and below that once again yellow, green and purple. Indeed the colours, which accompany each other in the Rainbow, are truly friendly with each other; as this verse explains:

Blue goes with purple, and purple too with red,
Red with orange, which the yellow does not take against,
Yellow loves green, and green enjoys the company of blue.

Again, although it would be most out of order, to burden the whole work with the aforementioned pleasant little colours {koleurkens}, it is nevertheless praiseworthy, that, at the front or in the most significant part of the work, one should produce each colour at its most beautiful (in paintings, said Plutarch, one conceals the dark

and unhappy colours, and brings the bright and happy ones to the front or on top) so that they press forward with a common and mutually tolerant power and glow. However I do not want, the colours to be exactly evenly lit, and evenly shaded, appearing as if in a dream; but like good music sometimes the tone rises, and sometimes rumbles with a deep bass, so one must have snow-white linen folded playfully beside blue silk, and brilliant gold touched by all colours. Thus the pale Moon parades next to the golden stars in the azure sky, thus shines the ripe grain in the green field. To figures, which are more staffage {bywerk}, than a necessity, one should prudently give such clothing, that in taking in the principal work the eye is not distracted: not that one should quite cast them all in shadow, or dress them in mourning, but that with artful skill one should use them to create a fine effect {welstant} in the masterpiece; whether it is that by being in the distance they are beyond the main brightness, or that they receive only a reflection, taken from the principal light.

SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Arrangement of shadows and lights.

Our eye takes a particular pleasure in the most brilliant colours, said Maximus of Tyre, [marg: Beautiful highlights are helped by the addition of soft shadows.] nevertheless this pleasure will give us only a small satisfaction, unless for the pleasing appearance of such clear colour, one seeks some help from a nearby dark. The younger Pliny said, that the pleasure of the light in a Painting was most of all brought about by shadow. Quintilian said in this regard, that one would look in vain for any charm in the Paintings, which were sprinkled with nothing but faint light, which had only a harsh unevenness: for they not only lacked powerful contrast {afsteeking}, but it also hid the pleasures of those things, which on account of their softness ought to be praised. And Junius, from whom we borrowed the above, criticised the harsh forcing-together of light and dark, and said, that such Paintings were just like chessboards. [marg: Many harsh shadows make a painting like a chessboard.] Furthermore he wished, that one used the power of shadows in a measured fashion, as one takes honey with the tips of one's fingers, and not with the whole hand; for whatever is full of lights and dark shadows will certainly look like a chess- or draughtboard. Therefore I order you not to mix lights and shadows together too much,

but to unify them properly into groups; allow your starkest lights be accompanied affectionately by lesser lights, I assure you, that it will shine more splendidly; [marg: Rules for arranging lights and shadows.] allow your deepest shadows to be surrounded by lighter darks, so that they can more forcefully contrast with the light. Rembrandt practised this virtue at the highest level, and was accomplished in combining friendly colours well. Polidoro da Caravaggio observed beautiful and grand highlights on his grouping, and allowed the light to fade away from less to lesser, before introducing his spacious shadows.

EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Concerning advancing, retreating, and foreshortening.

In this most noble aspect of the Art of Painting, blindness has nowadays become so great, that many worthy masters include advancing and retreating in their work by chance, rather than through sure planning. The Italians think to push back the backgrounds of their work using mezzotint or half-colours. Some try with dark and black grounds to make their work come forward powerfully, and attribute that power to their focussed lighting. But these give that virtue to beautiful colours, and argue that the grey and dirty necessarily recedes.

Have two parallel or evenly-spaced lines drawn on a panel in the colours of light and shadow, said *Longinus*, nevertheless the superior shining brightness of the lighter will strike our sight more strongly, and seem to be much closer. [marg: Whether light has more power to come forward than shadow.] *Nicias*, among all the other ancient artists, described light and shadow very precisely, trying his hardest, to make his Paintings project from the panel.

If we cover a panel with white and black together, said John the Grammarian, the white will nevertheless always seem to be nearer, and the black further off. Therefore Painters are accustomed, having noticed this, to help themselves by means of black-ish or dark brown colour, whenever they wish to portray the profound hollowness of a well, of a cistern, of a pit, of a bottomless hole, or suchlike: when on the other hand they seek to highlight, for example, the breast of a maiden, an outstretched

hand, the foot of a leaping or running horse, then usually they put just enough shadow of a black and brown colour on either side, so that through the darkening nearby these parts will project from the panel with a lively power. We readily understand, that things which are painted in a strong light, and at the front, draw the eye of the spectator powerfully, and that dark shadows rob things greatly of their force. [marg: But no cause of that.] But that light colours only come forwards, and the darks recede, we do not allow: for one sees a burning candle through a mist, and the Sun, which is so far away, passes through the vapours, indeed on a clear day through the blue sky, which is nearer to us, and exists both above and below the clouds in the pure vapours. And the reason that things, as Longinus and John the Grammarian declare, placed thus in the light project forcefully, is because the artist takes the opportunity, by means of a trick of artistic skill, which is all that this advancing actually is, to put it into the work.

Shadows or darks are also a sure means to make things retreat. For although the darkness in a hole declares its depth, it will seem even deeper, when in its real depth it receives some light. [marg: The shadows or darks are not the causes of making things retreat.] As regards some dark things in the light, the darkness will not make them retreat, but more often their distinctness makes them advance {kenlijkheit doen voorkomen}, as can sometimes be seen with dark fishes. One sees the colours of fishes, said Philostratus, gradually fade in the blueseeming brightness of the sea. [marg: Retreating reduces dark things.] The nearest seem to be entirely black, the next less so, and the others begin first to slip a little out of our sight, and then take on a shadowy and then a watery appearance, until eventually one only believes one can see them. That many have supposed that one can best make things retreat with strong shadows, can be seen, in that often in their works they have placed very dark and strongly shadowed figures in the front corners of their pieces, letting light be seen in the middle-ground. I do not want to criticise anyone's invention, for I shall only make light of the revelation of the pure truth of these wonders of art. [marg: What actually makes things advance and retreat.] I say, then, that only the distinctness {kenlijkheyt} of things makes them seem to be nearby, and on the other hand the evenness {egaelheyt} of things makes them retreat: therefore I desire, that what is to advance, one applies loosely and energetically {rul en wakker aensmeere}, and what shall retreat, the further away it is, the more neatly and finely it is handled {netter en zuiverder handele}. Neither this nor any colour will make your work advance or retreat, but only the distinctness and indistinctness {kenlijkheyt of onkenlijkheyt} of the parts. Why is it, that when you draw a blue Sky with floating clouds out in the field from life on blue paper, that your paper seems to be so close to you, and the Heavenly azure seems so infinitely far? It is because

your paper however smooth you think it is, has a certain noticeable roughness, upon which the eye can fix, in any place you choose, the which in the smooth blue of the Sky it cannot do. Beautiful colours recede as readily as impure ones, as is to be seen with the Sun, Moon, sky and stars: [marg: The Beauty of colour is also no cause of advancing.] and impure colours advance as readily as the beautiful ones, if by means of a certain looseness, you define the distinctness of parts. This will be enough for those that understand it, for I do not wish to dispute with any Thersiteses. Pausias was the first, who put his hand to a certain sort of Painting, in which he took second place to none, although many copied him: for if he wanted to indicate the length of an Ox, he first set the head and the chest directly opposite the spectator, not placing it sideways according to he custom of other masters; [marg: Foreshortening by the power of good colouring achieved.] and by doing this he nonetheless satisfactorily made its entire length and breadth afterwards understood, just as all the other artists highlight some particular detail of their figure, so as to improve its contrast, with light colours, and by means adding depth with a nearby darkness; for he made the whole Ox black, the form of its shadow achieved solely from the force of a more powerful darkness, and through a particular art of foreshortening, it was quickly achieved, that his flat Painting one was taken for a figure in full and half-relief. Also it can appear that some things are broken, and pointed or hollow, which were nonetheless entirely smooth and flat. [marg: Rounding and projecting.] Which also, among others, Balthasar da Siena brought about, for in the Chigi Palace he made cornices and decorations, or stucco where, being so well foreshortened, and with careful observation of light and shadow, even artists were tricked by it, and no one could believe, that it was painted, until they were reassured by touching it. And how nobly Fabritius performed in this, is here in this country to be seen. We have ourselves achieved similar deceptions, both in the east as well as the western countries of Europe, according to our ability. As well as the Theatre painter Kalates {Calasses} Nicias also excelled among the ancients in foreshortening and penetrating views to the distance {inziende verschieten}. Apelles, when he painted Alexander the Great with the lightning in his hand, as is described above, made the fingers together with the lightning appear to project from the panel.

[marg: Examples.] *Philostratus* noted the same in the Painting of the ivory *Venus*. The Goddess, he said, will not seem painted, for her figure is so powerfully drawn, that is seems you could take hold of her. *Zeuxis*, *Polygnotus* and *Euphranor* worked with great diligence, to breathe a living spirit into their figures, and most of all to make them project,

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which elevated them in praise above all other Masters. Which finally we wish on all who zealously follow in their footsteps: and that they diligently establish the proof of the lessons of our *Calliope* and her three maids-in-waiting in the achieving of beauty, grace, variegation, and a good unification of the whole work.

NINTH CHAPTER.

How an Artist should bear himself against the blows of Fortune.

It is one of my greatest sorrows, said Jesus Siracide, that intelligent men are esteemed like shit. [marg: Chap. 26. vers 30. Ignorance disdains art.] Albrecht Dürer being shown a very artful piece of Painting by some City Fathers, praised it according to it merits, [marg: Nice example of this.] these wise fools replied, that the Master of this work had died in the Poorhouse in that City. As if to say that art was not such an important thing, since even their best practitioner had been allowed to die of poverty. But he answered them: that on this account they should be forever shamed, in that they had treated a man, who had brought eternal honour to their City, so outrageously. But this insolence has frequently brought whole cities into disrepute: For the great Poet Melesigenes, known since the whole world over by the name *Homer*, sang his Divine Song to Cumae, and he noted that some intelligent Cumaeans were pleased, so he made them this proposition: if they maintained him at the public expense, he would make the City of Cumae famous. This please all those that heard it greatly, they praised his suggestion, and promised that if he asked this of the Council, they would speak on his behalf, and help him as much as they could. Melesigenes, encouraged by this, went, when the Council was assembled, to the Town Hall, and asked those, who were assembled there, to bring him before the Council, which being done, he then spoke the same words regarding his maintenance, which he had said previously to the Lovers of Poetry {Liefhebbers}, in front of the Council, and having spoken he went outside, and went and sat in front of the Town Hall. Meanwhile the Lords conferred, what they should reply to this man? Those, who brought him there, and all those, that had heard Melesigenes at the meeting, understood that his request would be carried, until one of them

to the eternal shame of Cumae, took against it, saying: that if they were to give maintenance to this Homeren, that is blind person, they would get a great future expectation, without enjoying any advantage from it. And this is why Melesigenes took the name Homer for the first time; for the Cumaeans called blind people Homeren. They flatly refused his petition and request, displaying in their contempt of blind Homer, who through his art and wisdom enlightened the whole world and made so many learned to see, their own blindness; regarding which he complained thus:

Minerva chose me for the fame of Cumae,
But the savage people would not listen to my sacred rhyme.

Sometimes worthy spirits in the Art of Painting were also received like this, whenever they did business with low people. [marg: Who despised art.] All those who, on account of their merits deserved poems of praise, said one, were also accustomed to love verse and poetry with all their hearts: which were commonly disdained and condemned by lesser persons. So one sees also that notable persons love the Art of Painting: and that it is hated by none, other than those whom, it were better they lived in Circe's sties among the pigs, than have dealings with reasonable creatures. Plutarch said, that in his testament Agesilaus expressly forbad that his image should be painted or cast. And why? He was an unattractive and crippled man, who stood to gain little honour by painting or casting. So he gave this command not so much out of ignorance, as from his known undeservingness. And certainly, I never saw such a perfect person, but I discovered an inclination, to see themselves portrayed. But even if one encounters only affection, one does not everywhere find people, who need an artist. He must, it is true, first of all seek his good fortune on its own merits, that is, in the virtue and the charm of his work: and then afterwards ensure, that through zealous Maecenases' he gains the favour of Princes or Kings: [marg: Maecenases are necessary.] or gets the respect of successful merchant folk. For without the help of favourable supporters and advocates, who noisily promote him, it will be hard for him to become known. And what is even worse, I have usually found, that art lovers either support someone or oppose them, and they are seldom indifferent, but usually one-sided. And this was the cause, that many Painters, indeed even in the olden-days, never achieved fame: such as Aristodemus, Thasius, Polycles, Atramitenes, Nicomachus, Scopas, and many others. [marg: Good masters oppressed.] For although they lacked neither diligence nor intelligence, they remained in obscurity and poverty smothered

by the bias of self-styled connoisseurs, who trod on their necks. Myron the caster, and Lysippus the Sculptor could not overcome poverty, even though the one made his figures nearly live, and the other almost animated his bronze. Vitruvius gave his opinion: [marg: In the Foreword to the third book.] that, however beautiful their work, if artists are too poor for them to maintain the appropriate respect for their art, or if through insufficient time they lack popular favour, or if they do not know how to make themselves loved by pretty speeches it very easily goes against them. As to poverty and a distressed state, one has seen many illustrious spirits oppressed thereby, and eventually smothered; [marg: Art smothered by poverty] for poverty makes people despondent, and especially painters, who delighted by the sweetness, that they still find in their art, do not have the heart to take risks {waegen}. Here to serve as an example, the outstanding Painter, the fearful Antonio Correggio, [marg: Example of Correggio.] who painted a figure of Mary for a sack of corn, which was worth a sack of ducats. And who eventually, laden with sixty crowns in small change, went on foot from Parma to his home in Correggio, so exhausting himself with this unusual burden in extremely hot weather, that from time to time en route, in order to cool himself, he drank water, became so ill; that arriving at his house he was seized by a powerful fever, fell into bed, and in about his fortieth year he died. But the number of these misfortunes is even greater, than I wish to relate. As regards lack of celebrity or lack of renown, one example will here be enough. [marg: Also not known being unrecognised.] When Anthony van Dyck had eventually produced so much in Genoa, that he was sent to Rome to a certain Cardinal with with a letter of introduction, he obtained the permission of this Excellency to portray him, into which he put all his zeal and power; but neither the Cardinal, not anyone else, could see anything special in it, and the Painters, who were summoned to express their opinion, confessed that it was all reasonably well done, for a foreigner. [marg: Example of van Dyck.] Thus the Portrait was put into a corner, and van Dyck into oblivion {vergeetboek}, and at last, seeing himself abandoned by all the world, he pulled the hair from his head in depression {mistroosticheyt}, and no one commiserated, nor did anyone forbid him buying a noose, and he was free, just like Francois Duquesnoy {Fransisko Fiamenko}, to die of depression, who dumbfounded by Bernini, returned to the house of ghosts, where they say Bamboccio, afterwards went to find him. But when, in the course of the years, van Dyck overcame all his difficulties, his name shone throughout the world, and through the favour of the Court at Whitehall he rose up and was known, so too was the portrait of the Cardinal at Rome brought out, wondered at, praised, and eventually displayed as a Miracle.

[marg: Example of Hercules Segers.] Here is added another little example of the unconsidered but nevertheless, in art, great Hercules Segers: he flourished, or rather withered, during my first green years. He had sure and firm observation, assured in his Drawing of landscapes and grounds, charming with beautiful mountains and caves, and as if pregnant with whole Provinces, which he bore with immeasurable spaces, and made wonderfully visible in his Paintings and Prints. He made himself diligent in art with incomparable zeal: but what's the use {maer wat was't}? No one wanted to look at his works during his lifetime: the Printers took his prints by the basket-full to the Fat-dealers {Vettewariers} to wrap butter and soap, and most of all for wrapping pepper {peperhuisjes}. Eventually he presented a plate, as his final masterpiece, to an art-dealer in Amsterdam, offering it for little money, but what's the use? The Merchant complained that his works were worthless {geen waer en waren}, and was only prepared to pay for the copper, so the wretched Hercules had to return miserable home with his plate, and when he had had produced a few prints from it, he cut it into pieces, saying: that there were still art lovers who would come, who would pay four times more for an impression, than he had wanted for the whole plate, which also happened, for each print has since been sold for sixteen ducats, and you are lucky if you can get one; but the poor Hercules gained nothing: for he even printed or painted his shirts and bed-sheets (he also printed Paintings) and he remained in extreme poverty with his whole family, so that his unhappy wife finally complained, that all her remaining linen, was painted or printed on. The depressed Hercules took this so much to heart, that he was inconsolable. he chose to drown his sorrows in wine, and one evening being unusually drunk, he returned home, but fell on the stairs, and died; his death opened the eyes of all the art lovers, who have from that time since held his works at the value they deserve, and which they will always merit.

[marg: Inarticulacy.] As regards inarticulacy, this should be no great obstacle, for the shyness, modest courtesy, and boldness appearing in their works, should be enough for intelligent art lovers; for the Art of Painting is showing rather than speaking. [marg: Boasting.] But some have managed to make up for that, which was missing in their art, by means of seeming gibberish, [marg: Guile.] others have by means of a seductive guile tricked the ears and eyes of ignorant art lovers, [marg: Conspiracy.] others with rascally intrigues have had their work cried-up by favourites, and through bouncing {toekaetsen} it between two or three conspirators, have taken the ball of Fortune {bal der Fortuine} under their control. Certainly, it is a diplomatic ruse,

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but damnable, whenever it is employed to cause the oppressing of honourable and noble spirits, and precarious, because the truth might eventually force its way out. [marg: To oppress others.] The Art of Painting is certainly too noble, to be supported by such wicked sins; and furthermore it is also dangerous, to harm the innocent, for which one may pay sharply with strokes from the rod.

All firm judgment is undermined by these cursed conspiracies, and good things are surely for a time long suppressed by them, and the crippled works of the conspirators cried-up. [marg: How one identifies the best things.] It is of course not unnatural, that many artists consider their work to be the best; but people always to give the prize to those things, which each master puts into second place in his own work; intelligent people {de verstandige} ought to esteem as worthy, that which is done with the greatest diligence.

TENTH CHAPTER

Following from the former.

Cursed Envy {Nijdt}, enemy of gods and men, has not only forged these conspiracies, [marg: Hate and treachery proven] but has also, by means of concealed stratagems, has sometimes cooked up even more dreadful pieces, as is said of Baccio Bandinelli, who, seeing the fame of Michelangelo, by means of the wonderful Cartoon of the battle of Pisa, [marg: Against Michelangelo;] full of beautiful nudes and graceful movements, which was hung up for the illumination of all the Young Painters, ruined this wonder of art out of envy {wangunst}; for at an inconvenient {ongeleege} time, with a forged key, he secretly entered the room, where it hung, and cut it into many pieces: Just as later out of spite he destroyed many modelled figures {gebootseerde figuuren} and marbles by the same hand. So many unpleasant events befell Michelangelo; as at another time, when the arrogant Sculptor Torregiano, broke his nose out of envy and malevolence: he was on that account banned from Florence, and Michelangelo was marked for the rest of his life. And what a lamentable tale they tell, if it is true, of Lucas van Leyden, [marg: Lucas van Leyden;] who out of love for art, visited the Painters of Middelburg, and then with Jan Gossaert {Mabuse} he went to Gent, Mechelen, and Antwerp, and in each City gave a banquet worth sixty guilders, which was then a lot, but thereafter he did not have a day of good health, and for six

years he languished from a poison he had eaten. O Noble art! Is it possible that such ignoble louts tarnish your honour. And yet it is true, one saw an evil trick a few years ago in Paris. [marg: Le Brun.] A certain Painter of large-scale Drawing, and Master in the making of Cartoons for tapestry, was held in the highest esteem by Louis the fourteenth and all the court: out of love for art, and natural favour, he gave his house to one of his Nephews, who also bore his name (though unworthy). But he on account of devilish envy and Ambition, could not suffer that the glory of his friend was so high at the top, and despairing of becoming like him by means of Virtue, decided to do away with him: he forgot himself so far that one morning, he poisoned the food of his Uncle and host: he, like a traitor, who on account of a troubled conscience, is usually red-faced, therefore took himself off and straightaway fled. The good Master felt himself immediately quite unwell after the meal, but seeing that everyone in his house was similarly upset, he suspected poison. They straightaway put all manner of purgatives and counter-poisons to work, and so successfully, that the Painter with his household was restored again. The absence of the Nephew first brought suspicion upon him, and his departure even more, he was pursued, and was taken at the Seaport. He was tried, and found guilty; the Magnanimous and compassionate Artist petitioned forgiveness from the King: but Louis, spurred to vengeance by this man's virtue and the other's ingratitude, gave him no hearing, taking the case to be one of parricide, deserving the most severe punishment; and soon afterwards the impetuous poisoner ended his wicked life in sight of the whole world on the Gallows in a noose. The just payment for such, who seek to destroy virtue by horrid means. [marg: Apelles.] But why do we bemoan the envy of these times? Apelles, who bore the name of Prince of Painters, was not left alone by this harpy: for when in Alexandria, in Egypt, he presented his splendid art to King Ptolemy, and was received with greater honour, a certain Antiphilus resented him, and being neither willing nor able to compete with him, he sought a means to betray him. He accused Apelles to the King: That he was the leader of those who with Theodota had seized the City of Tyre. And even that he had occupied Pelusium. Ptolemy was bitterly upset by these tidings, and in furious anger called Apelles an ungrateful traitor, until one of the guilty having pity on the innocent Apelles, came forward, and revealed the truth. The King was ashamed, of having treated Apelles so unworthily, and he gave him a hundred gold talents, and gave him the false accuser Antiphilus as a slave. Such

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a reward I wish on all *Antiphiliuses*, who seek to darken illustrious virtues by means of evil lies and treacheries.

Certainly, evil tongues can sometimes tarnish pious praise, God knows what proofs he will allow it, but wickedness eventually earns its master a double punishment. Truth at last appears, although it is not believed, but virtue knows not time.

If you want to achieve lasting fame in art, try to do well. [marg: Modest virtue.] If you are seeking lasting happiness, do not step aside from modest virtue.

You must arm yourself with tolerant patience, whenever art lovers appear, who have more money or power, than knowledge: for it does not always happen opportunely, [marg: Patience praised, (a) Plutarch speaks of Apelles, in On Peace of Mind, c. 12.] that people are punished according to their deserts, as (a) Zeuxis rejected Megabyzus, when with great ceremony and pomp he visited him, and spoke very foolishly and presumptuously of art; for Zeuxis told him, that for as long as he did not speak, he was looked upon by one and all, with fear and wonder, but that now, through his uncouth and stupid judgments on what he did not understand, had made himself the mockery of the boys who ground the colours. Michelangelo employed more courtesy, when carved the Florentine David, from the abandoned piece of marble; [marg: How properly to accept an ignorant judgment.] for when Soderini criticised him, that the nose was too broad, he climbed up the scaffolding, leaving him there in order to correct the observed fault, with his chisel and some fragments, and set to work, allowing dust to fall from time to time; eventually he asked what he now thought? [marg: Examples.] Soderini, flattering himself, looked up very thoughtfully, saying, very good, you have certainly given it life now. But we come across such connoisseurs often, and their judgment is not always damaging. Our Lievens {Livius} recently portrayed truth in a piece, which was being crowned by justice, he had added a greybeard as time, as the subject appeared to require; but one of the commissioners claimed that the old chap did not fit there. At which the Painter rubbed him out with several other figures, not yet finished, relieving himself of no small labour, and praised the clever counsellor. But the Painting Spirit is sometimes provoked to impatience, whenever the presumption of critics goes too far. [marg: Cannot always stomach the scorn, but breaks out.] Apelles has left us an example of this known to all, when the Cobbler, having the day before correctly criticised the Shoe-straps, with good Cobbler's knowledge, and now seeing them corrected, wanted to say something concerning the figure of Venus: [marg: Examples. Shoemaker, not above the sandal. {Ne sutor ultra crepidam.}] but Apelles, who had remained concealed, sprang out eagerly, and charged him, Cobbler, stay with your Slippers. Michelangelo too, when he made the Pope from bronze

five ells tall, was honoured with no other praise by Francesco Francia Painter and Goldsmith, when he showed it to him, than, that it was a very beautiful casting, and of good material. [marg: To sharp replies,] To which Michelangelo replied, that he had the Pope to thank for that, who had ordered it for him, just as Francia did the Druggists where he got his colours. Making him appear an oaf, and turning to his son, who was a beautiful young man, he said: Your father makes more beautiful living, than painted figures. Whether Michelangelo went too far in his ardour, I leave it to others to judge. Clearly it annoyed him, that Francia had praised the material, and not the form. And Francia had perhaps to great an idea of himself, for they say that he died of consternation, when he saw the wonderful beauty of the Cecilia by Raphael, who was nevertheless his friend, and found it so much better than his own work. Michelangelo was anyway, as is common with great Masters, quickly offended; for when a certain Monsieur Biaggio {Messer Biagio} had said to the Pope, that such shameless nudes, as were painted in the judgment of Michelangelo, were better in a Bathhouse, than in the Pope's Chapel, he painted this Priest straightaway from memory, with a Snake, biting him in his genitals, in Hell, and with Donkey's ears like a Midas. And he chased off a Nobleman, who was sent by the Duke of Ferrara to see his Leda, that he had made for him, because upon seeing the piece he said, that this was nothing special: and he was afterwards unwilling to sell it to the Duke. Another Nobleman from Bologna asked him, what he esteemed more, one of his figures, or two Oxen? To which he replied, the oxen, because those from Bologna are much fatter, than ours from Florence. This response from Federico Zuccaro was not so curt, but no less emphatic, from the point of view of the person, to whom he addressed it: [marg: A retaliation.] for when Cardinal Farnese remarked, that Raphael of Urbino and the other good Painters were no more, he said in response, that good art lovers, Popes and Princes were also no more. It is also conceded, that the Calumnia, which he published in print, compared to some extent with that, with which Apelles argued his innocence against King Ptolemy, and was made on this account against Farnese.

We shall omit other revenge-works by Painters, and here touch upon but a few, which are as witty and amusing, as any Poetic taunts, as is told that Sebastiano del Piombo, painted a Monk in a Chapel at San Pietro in Montorio, and was warned by Michelangelo, that he would spoil the work. Sebastiano asking why: Michelangelo replied, since Monks spoil the whole world, wherever they go, then this little chapel, if you introduce these Monks into it, will not escape.

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Also a certain Painter had portrayed a *Pieta*, as the Italians call it, quite poorly, and the Master asking *Michelangelo* what he thought of it? He gave as his reply, that it was certainly a *Pieta*, that is, a very pity-full piece of work.

That is with the tongue, but others have mocked silently with the brush: like Apelles in his Calumnia, previously discussed.

Those of Federico Zuccaro, as we have said, we have in print. [marg: Concerning Ctesicles.] It is told of the Painter Ctesicles {Klezis} that, considering himself to have been scornfully treated by Queen Stratonice, he painted her, rolling in the unchaste embraces of a Fisherman, and that he exhibited this Panel publicly at Ephesus in the harbour, and took ship, and fled. Which nevertheless did not turn out, quite as he had intended: for the Queen, being of a different nature, from the Princes, whom one finds nowadays, who on account of Paintings, in which they imagine themselves to be ridiculed, declare war on their neighbours, for she did not wish, that this Painting be taken away, but on account of the art put into it, she preserved it in honour. Nonetheless I do not advise, that one follows Ctesicles example: for great Men have long arms.

Others have in revenge, painted iron bars in front of the portrait of someone, who neglected to collect the piece they commissioned. This one inserted a Monk's cap, and added a spiritual sister. Another painted mud on the hands, or a noose around the neck. Others have put something ridiculous or shameful into their hands. And some not repaid by the revenge of the brush, have added poems and libellous verses. [marg: Mocking verses.] But do not, O Young Painter, let yourself become charmed by all this nonsense from unhinged minds, be steady, and as well as an appropriate patience, employ these two means, which are, that you judge the work of another with favour and with courtesy: [marg: Judge the work of others well.] allow your greatest scorn to be like that of Albrecht Dürer's, who seeing anything bad, usually said no more than: He did his best.

P. P. Rubens arriving in the Netherlands from Italy, employed his generosity to good effect: for observing, that a certain Painter, long well thought of, spoke ill of him, he went to visit him, praising the virtues that he found in his art, according to its true merit, and further asked him to complete a certain piece which he had already begun, as if he was keen, to have some of his art. The other, silenced by this friendly treatment, completed the required piece, which Rubens accepted, and then asked the price: abashed the other suggested a reasonable price, but Rubens replied: he would give him twice as much,

paid politely, and won the favour of this zealot by means of his courtesy, who not only had his heart won over by the honesty of Rubens, but who also praised his art to the Skies. [marg: Art ascends to high praise and esteem, by means of the mutual honesty of practitioners and connoisseurs.] For who shall have any desire for art, if artists condemn each other's work? Works of art are worth the price connoisseurs agree between themselves, said Seneca. How foolish then those practitioners who, through despising the work of another, discredit their own? Protogenes, living rejected in his Native land of Rhodes, came into credit by means of his art, through the virtue of Apelles; for this worthy Prince of art landing by chance on the Island, and seeing Protogenes' art, asked what they sold for? And he heard with regret that they went for a very low price: so to correct this he offered fully fifty talents, or thirty thousand crowns, causing thereby the word to go around throughout Rhodes, that he intended to buy them for as much as he earned for his own work, which had already risen to an incredible price. The Rhodians learning this, very soon looked at Protogenes' art with different eyes, and offered good sums of money for it; but Apelles held to his bid, and did not step down, until they had improved on it. Certainly, Apelles deserved no greater praise, by means of the most wonderful piece of work, that he ever produced by hand, than he did by this deed; worthy that every artist should impress the memory of it in his heart, so as to do the same according to his gifts; as Albrecht Dürer, when he saw with astonishment the things of our Geertgen tot Sint Jans at Haarlem. Truly, he said, he was a painter in his mother's womb. Which would surely have caused art and this master to flourish in glory, had death not taken him so early.

Also, [marg: How to praise one's inferiors.] whenever one looks at work of someone, still immature in art, one ought to discuss it courteously {met bescheydentheyt}, not that one should immediately cry it up, and set it above all the works of experienced masters, as if it could not be further improved upon, as sometimes young milksops think is the case; but one should praise the identifiable virtues, which are to be seen in it, and considerately pass over its contorted immaturities.

You Masters, do not look upon your Pupils, fortunate enough to be training, with envious eyes: Daedalus taught his Sister's Son Talus, the inventor of the Art of Turning, and of the saw, following the likeness of the jawbone of a Snake, but since he was envious of the youth's great spirit, he broke his neck. Which led to the downfall of his whole family. Give to each the praise,

they deserve, for whoever readily criticises others, is not themselves spared. [marg: Whoever criticises others is not spared.] Baccio Bandinelli (as we have already said) was so envious, that he not only disparaged everyone, but even though he was his disciple he tore Michelangelo's drawings into pieces, and afterwards broke that same master's modelli {bootseersels}, so as to rob him of his honour and fame, and others of such beautiful examples. But he was also himself sufficiently denounced and reviled by other art lovers. It is charmingly told of a certain Noblewoman, who when in the company of several of the Nobility looking at his Adam and Eve, was asked what she though of those figures? As regards the male figure, she replied, it is not for me to judge, but as regards the female, she has two good virtues, she is white and she stands still. But others attacked the same work with satirical verses. Here is an example:

Paradise was dishonoured by Adam and his bride;
This is why they were driven out.
And these two figures too, which pollute this church,
Should be placed outside.

You too, O Young Painter, should also value your teachers' works properly, and unless you can improve on them, it is not right for you, to criticise them. But always think, that they come from the hand, which guided you when you were in your infancy. And say with *Alexander*: My father gave me life, but from this man have I learned to live well through the grace of God.

Secondly, take care that your work is worthy of praise. [marg: Do well yourself. Second means.] Then you will not in the end be missed by any true connoisseur, even though whole cities are filled with conceited fools, and partial art lovers. And while I think of art lovers, O art-loving souls, I must also put you in mind of this: that you beware of falling in love with the dregs of art: should you set your heart upon some Paintings: first be very sure, that there it contains virtues worthy of being loved; and whether the subject matter, which is depicted, comprises worthy content, as recommended by Clio; [marg: To art lovers.] whether the proportions are observed purely; whether the colours and shadows are in accord with the lessons of Terpsichore and Melpomene: whether the actions and passions also play their proper parts? whether the details are accurate? Whether the arrangement is spirited; and finally, whether all these virtues are brought together by the graces? For if you gape at other trickery, then you are unworthy of the name of art lover.

To sniff around insolently beyond the boundaries of your own art, does not suit a noble mind: [marg: Not to sniff.] the ancient Masters forbore from writing on their pieces that they were finished or completed; indeed, according to *Pliny*, one did not come across more than three pieces,

upon which Apelles fecit, Apelles made this {Apelles heeft het gemaekt}, was written. [marg: The ancients rarely wrote fecit, but mostly faciebat; So as always to be able to improve. Listen to the judgment of others.] But many bore the inscription, Apelles faciebat, Apelles was making this piece of work {Apelles maekte dit stuk werks}. As if he could still return to it, should he wish. For it is never right for a Painter to lose interest in making his work better and better; time sometimes refreshes the eye, and the judgments of strangers, intelligent, stupid, envious, partial, and impartial enliven the spirit. Indeed even Peasants will sometimes point out an error in your work, as Dürer said, even if they cannot teach you, how you might correct it. Phidias, after making his celebrated Jupiter for the Eleans, and first presented it in public {en d'eerste reyze aen den dag gebracht hadde}, stood behind the door, and listened to what the spectators praised and criticised in his work. And when they had gone, he closed the doors, and weighed up the opinions of the crowd against his figure, and corrected it whenever they had by chance hit the bulls-eye: and Apelles used the same method. And those who want to follow everything that the foolish people judge, should do the same as Dion, who painted Leda with her children Castor and Pollux breaking out of eggshells, and placed it in his shop, intending to alter whatever the crowd decided to criticise: [marg: But follow the best; not like Dion.] and he listened patiently to all their advice, and altered it according to their opinion; now he shortened Leda's nose, or Castor's arm, then he narrowed Pollux's neck, or the knee of the Mother, until the goddess, seemed neither a goddess, nor a hen with her chicks, but rather a bear, with two unalike {ongelekte} children. Having done this, he put it back on display in his shop, with this label:

The people's judgment, stupid and foolish, Has ruined this piece.

One ought not to agree with any judgment, if one finds that it does not accord with the truth: there is no greater folly, said *Cicero*, than that to anticipate something special from the coming together of people who are, individually, nothing more than contemptible workmen. [marg: One should not always alter one's work, for if one has done one's best, remain satisfied.] One must also be wary, if one has done one's best, of being willing to change everything. They are very unlucky who, if what they do first turns out well, they then reject everything, and set about making something wholly different from what it first was. For they sell their intelligence much too short through wrongly mistrusting, so that I hardly know, whether he is the most lost, he who stands by everything he does, or he who is dissatisfied with everything. The overly precise imitator *Apollodorus* sometimes took such an ill opinion of his own work, that he frequently broke his finished figures into pieces; for which he went under the name *Apollodorus* the mad. *Callimachus* wanting always to improve his work, made it worse, and was therefore

nicknamed Kakozitecknos. His work was too much torment and made him melancholy, it is also unlikely that the fieriness of his spirit remained continuously fresh. Apelles boasted, that he was better than Protogenes in this, that he could step away from his work. It is the sign of a master, that someone can preserve the virtues, which he put into his work at the beginning, until the end. That which is already good, does not require any improvement, and whoever leaves that alone, which is good, reveals that he understands. Therefore great masters have also left things unfinished, which when first laid out had a happy rightness {gelukkige welstand}, for fear that they would ruin them. It can also happen that the ground layers of your canvases and panels appear during painting, which helped by a few touches, ease your labour.

In order to improve one's work, to be sure it is any good, one will set it aside for a while, so as to review it later with a fresh eye; [marg: Whether one should not sometimes set one's work aside, so as to review it later with a fresh eye.] as Horace requires of the poet: Keep your writings at home for nine years, he says; what is not published, one can always scratch out. But a Painter who followed this advice too closely, would get little done. I would prefer that he completed his work, and, if he later wishes, improve the first by making a second: Poets may become masters by thinking, but Painters have to achieve it by doing. We will teach someone to speak well about art with the help of the nine Sisters, but we will make no one a Painter by means of this advice, unless he sets his hand assiduously to work. A persistent practice {geduurige oeffening} must clear the eyes, and the brush must in time seem to have grown in the hand. [marg: A Painter must practice persistently.] Painters seldom remain the same: they develop, or go back, and what is astonishing, one sometimes sees honest spirits halted in their course; and even though they seem to wrestle against this, they daily get worse. On the other hand it also happens, that those, who have long laboured and struggled vainly, without improvement, are suddenly transformed, and make a huge leap. The cause of this is, that their practice has wandered from the true teaching, or that the others, who were a long time lost, reached another path. But let everyone take the nearest path, they will anyway get lost, unless they hold to it by persistent practice.

Solon desired that in civil disputes each individual citizen should decide his own position. [marg: Painters should not meddle in matters of State; nor provoke Princes.] But we desire that the Artist should concern himself solely with art. Protogenes continued to paint during the storming of Rhodes; Parmigianino in the bloody sack of Rome; both, as if the war did not concern them. One can also provoke princes just as much with painting, as with poetry, as has already

been said. [marg: Bruno's little farce.] Henricus Bruno a contemporary poet provoked Protector Oliver Cromwell in England with a sharp and insulting poem, and stoutly abused him in Latin verses, so that he could barely stomach it. [marg: Poem against Cromwell.] This being noted by someone, who was travelling across the Sea, in order to please Cromwell, he decided to give Bruno a role to perform. He came across him in Amsterdam, and employed him to be tutor to his children, and charged him to come in a few days to The Hague, meanwhile he travelled via the Maas, in an English Ship, that was arranged for him. Bruno appearing at the agreed place and time in The Hague, was well received, and he was given a note from his Lord, that he should take the coach to Rotterdam, since he needed to speak to him, whereupon the Poet straightaway hurried there: but arriving in Rotterdam at the appointed Inn, they told him, that his Lord was a guest on a Ship lying on the river, and that he had asked, that, when Bruno arrived, he should immediately be taken on board, so as to entertain himself with the company. This made the tutor nearly to doubt, but being of a Jovial nature he said, take me on board, and he was welcomed with large draughts so as to enable the successful progress of the plot. He pretty much occupied himself, and feasted so well, that he forgot his anxieties and precaution in wine, and fell asleep. Meanwhile the sailors raised the sails, and the ship went to sea, and assisted by the wind, was near the coast of Britain, before Bruno half-drunk woke up. But he sobered up quickly enough, when he saw what was going on here, and they set before him his latest writing against Oliver; he wished himself on the Island of Teneriffe, or among the Hottentots of the Southern Cape: and he could see already, or so he thought, the gallows {driehoek} at Tyburn, or the Law Courts at Charing Cross. And even more so when, arriving in London, they locked him up, albeit in a noble chamber, and told him, that he must appear before the Protector. Meanwhile there was another person, skilled in this kind of work, who gave him comfort and courage, and by means of questions enquired about the general background of the cause of his misery. But he was so deep in despair, that no manner of comfort could help him; for his satire lay too heavily on his heart, and the conviction of the certainty, through his misfortune, of being severely punished by a tyrant, whom he had so very much offended. But his new-found {gemaekte} friend comforted him, as much as he could, and especially with this advise: That he, Bruno, should write a new verse, in honour of Cromwell, as splendidly as he could, and that being shown to him, with the assistance of friends and advocacy, must venture him a chance; so as to

deliver him from this distress. The Poet thought this good advice, but he found himself almost completely abandoned by his wits, let alone the Pierides. [marg: Take it back,] However, compelled by necessity to create a virtue, he took the pen in hand, and wrote so that it roared, in order to un-rhyme the gallows, and, as is the custom with Poets, took delight in his work, took courage, and eventually showed what force the spirit can achieve in such dire necessity. But whatever he thought or composed, it did not satisfy his new-found friend, who continuously criticised him, and jabbed him like a spur, to take higher leaps. Bruno braced himself, re-forged and re-formed his verses, and drove out all the treasures of his spirit, in celebrating the Tyrant, and in trumpeting his praise, until he was out of breath. [marg: and was freed.] The Masters of this farce then brought this poem to Oliver and his cronies, who took great pleasure in it, praised the work, and laughed at the Poet. The conclusion was, that Bruno was set free, and granted an honour, for having been so brave, as to compete against himself poetically, and to have conquered. Thus was he in a short time taken and delivered, tricked and intoxicated, praised and at the same time mocked. [marg: Concerning a Painter and Attila.] Such an example we also have of a certain Painter in Milan, who, when Attila had taken the whole whole of Italy, painted a Roman Emperor, seated on a golden throne, treading the Gothic and Scythian Princes under his feet. When Attila took the City of Milan, and he also saw, among other things, this Picture, he forthwith commanded, that they should seek the Master of this work, whom they quickly found, and he was brought before him, though nearly dead with fear. [marg: Art made under coercion;] Upon seeing him Attila moderated his rage, and said to the Painter only: Go away, and set my likeness on that throne, and paint the Roman Kings trembling at my feet, sacks full of gold pouring out. This turned out well for the Poet and the Painter: and they show that even when art is compelled, on can still produce it, even though Filippo Lippi chose the other way: for when duke Cosimo de' Medici locked him up, so that he would get on with his work, he could do nothing, and he cut up his bedsheets into cords, and climbed out of the window. But when after a few days he was found, and was returned to work with sweet words, and Cosimo granted him his freedom, then he advanced very well, saying: [marg: Lippi's reply.] the exquisiteness of rare spirits are divine images, unsuited to load-bearing donkeys.

And to conclude our topic, that an artist ought not only not to offend the great, but also the small, this example will suffice. *Bupalos* and *Anthermos*, driven by a fancy, which came into their heads, exhibited an image of the Poet *Hipponax* in public, who was

half dwarf, and also very ugly and malformed: [marg: Do not mock honourable people; especially not Poets.] which Hipponax heard about, and daily numerous barbed lampoons and caricatures arrived at the shop of Bupalos and Anthermos, enough to satisfy their desire for satire; he condemned these mocking artists for the insult, by means of a sharp revenge poem, in Iambic verses, and so robustly, that out of remorse they hanged themselves. For that reason Socrates rightly advised all those, who loved their good names, to take care they got no Poet as an enemy, since their power lay less in praise, than in mockery and insult. And certainly, he is kicking against the pricks, whoever attempts to outcry the speaking art with the dumb one. For even princes, as Plutarch said, have no luck, if they are hated by a city which is articulate, or where the art of poetry, learning and rhetoric flourish. [marg: (a) Plutarch in Theseus.] (a) The good Minos, Jupiter's friend, was unable to clear his reputation from the evil name he got through the hatred of the Athenians. Indeed even though Hesiod and Homer called him a worthy King, the Athenian poets bound him forever in Hell. In this Chapter we have lingered under the authority of Calliope a little too long, and zeal made us digress. Now you may listen to Urania in her turn.



URANIA

The Raiser-up to Heaven {De Hemelhefster}.

The ninth Book.

Contents.

The journey now at an end, Urania will

Show us the many kinds of painting,

And explain the use of Noble Pictures,

And how this beautiful art of the Painters came about.

What satisfying reward through Divine generosity,

What purses heavy with gold, what branches rich in glory

Are to be gathered, neither death nor the grave shall ever devour

The name of an Artist: but ennobled without equal

His fame shall rise up to the Starry sky.

Who would refuse his sweat and labour for such a favour?

On the Print.

She who is able to attempt to get the spirit to Heaven,
And who is therefore here rightly crowned with Stars,
Is shown in this plate with three children,
Who represent Honour, Riches, and complete satisfaction:
Satisfaction grants the soul on earth a blessed life:
Riches bodily pleasure; and Honour quickens the spirit:
Whenever one sees branch after branch of fresh laurel,
One is raised out of the Grave to immortality.
Whoever then is unremitting in art, and spares himself no pains,
Will find here a haven free of storm and sorrow.

INTRODUCTION.

Who other than you, O Divine Muse, shall help me finish this account of the Art of Painting? You who shows us Heaven in a mirror, and has prepared your white picture, as if you would yourself paint? Tell us, in how many costumes art has appeared to us {zich wel verkleed heeft}; and how many kinds of Painting have been brought into the world, and then, to cheer us, describe your rewards, and with a loveable nod, make the stars on your head twinkle.

FIRST CHAPTER.

Concerning the various employments of paintings.

That the Art of Painting is the ape of nature, we have handled to some extent, in so many indeed in infinite reflections, in so far as it is grasped by the understanding; but let us before we come to our conclusion, go as if into the past, and review the forms and manners of painting, which have been in use, from the beginning up until these times, in so far as we know of them.

We will speak mostly of painting, from when it had already reached its peak, and its practitioners were crowned with glory. But let us first discover, why it was that Paintings were made, and what things were chosen to be painted. As regards the rise and fall of art Melpomene has reported, principally in relation to the Christian Religion. The which we shall now review.

In Rome art came most into regard, when Marcus Valerius Maximus Messala had the sea battle, which he won against the Carthaginians, and the victory over Hiero in Sicily, [marg: The painting of Sea Battles on the walls of town halls; begun in the Year 490 after Rome's foundation.] painted on one side of the Curia Hostilia {Hostilische raethuis}, which originated the custom thereafter of painting the bloody assaults of the Romans on their enemies in Town Halls.

What employment the Art of Painting also had in triumphs, Appian of Alexandria describes for us, in the account of the Victory Celebrations of Pompey; [marg: Its use in Appian of Alexandria, bk. 4.] for according to what he says, some great personages proceeded at the front of their triumphs, and he says, that as well as those who were in attendance,

likenesses and portraits were also carried of those who were dead, that is to say, of Tigranes and Mithridates, and such as they had fought with, and had conquered or who had fled: [marg: Paintings in Triumphs.] also how Mithridates had been besieged, and fled in silence by night, his death, with both of his daughters, who preferred to die with him, painted next to him, as well as all his other children, of both Sexes, who had already died before him. And furthermore images of their Gods dressed and apparelled in a barbaric fashion. Then a picture was carried, in which the ships, which he had overcome in the war, were portrayed and painted, that is, eight hundred galleons, with the cities, which he had taken, or which were held by him under tribute, as eight in Cappadocia, and twenty in Cilicia and Syria; next to this stood again the Kings defeated by him, painted, Tigranes King of the Armenians, Artoces of Iberia, Oroezes of Albania, Darius of Media, Aretas of Nabatea, and Antiochus King of Commagene; all painted most naturally, and the meanings, as well as the Paintings, explained in the pictures in writing. But we have experienced a time, in which the painting of victory pictures has reached such high disapproval, that on their account alone a horrible and bloody war was nearly brought about, with yet more violence, as if Helen were unchained; but it is easy for someone to take offence, if he wants to stumble.

To return now to the use of Paintings: there still exists a most excellent oration by Marcus Agrippa, said Pliny, concerning the making public of all manner of Paintings and Sculptures: which was considered more appropriate, than consigning them to country houses. It was also said of Apelles, that he would make no Paintings, unless they were to be displayed in public places, and that is why even in his own house there was nothing at all painted.

The noble Romans, at the time of *Seneca*, had their own portraits, and those of their ancestors, with their names, in a long row, bound with many bows and ties, displayed proudly in the atrium. And if any of them died, then they straight away had many painted copies on hand, to accompany their funeral. They also set portraits and images of learned men in their libraries.

When Emperor Claudius, who died of plague, was honoured by the Roman people on account of his virtue, a beautiful image of him was erected in the capitol, [marg: The Emperor's image on a shield.] and beneath it was displayed a golden shield, containing his likeness painted in miniature, as in a medal.

And when the Athenians, celebrated a feast day in honour of King Demetrius, [marg: The King's image in the theatre. Theatres.] they displayed him as large as life in a painting, riding and sitting on a globe, on their proscenium {voortoneel}. And as regards theatres, they were frequently extremely finely painted, indeed, so much so that the ravens were deceived by the painted roof of that of Claudius Pulcher.

When the triumvir Lepidus built a house in a woody place, [marg: Monsters.] and could not rest on account of the singing of the birds, a terrifying dragon was painted onto a long parchment roll, and the place was surrounded with it, and it is said, according to Pliny, that on account of this scare the birds no longer sang. And so ever since then this has been done, when it was necessary, to quieten them

Next city gates, [marg: Painted gates and doors.] and also the doors of private houses were painted with *Minerva's* image, and the figure of *Mars* was to be seen at the entrance to the town. And doors were also embellished with the images of other gods or heroes. And in large houses, or around citizens' dwellings, one commonly saw a large dog drawn on the wall, with the motto, CAVE. CAVE. CANEM.

The battle between the weasels and the mice [marg: Shops.] was painted on the boards of little shops, and at the ends two snakes; so that no one would befoul those spots.

Around those places, [marg: Martyr pictures. Aesculapiuses.] where ancient Christian martyrs had been killed, they painted accounts of their resolute suffering. And the Heathens, cured of a sickness, had an image of Aesculapius painted, and hung in their best rooms. Christians, urged by this example to show gratitude, whenever they were relieved of some sickness, shipwreck, or other distress, had the story painted, with such and such a saint next to it, [marg: Pictures in gratitude.] the assistance of whom they believed they had most of all received; and this custom continues among the Romans to the present day.

Marcus Agrippa [marg: Paintings in Baths.] embellished the hottest parts of the baths with little pictures, which were skilfully fitted into the marble.

The Egyptians painted their silver drinking vessels, [marg: On drinking vessels.] instead of engraving them, with the image of *Anubis*. The Ancients also frequently painted on glass.

Next for the beautifying also [marg: Tackle painted.] of the bridles of horses, and harness-straps, boots, quivers, tents, and shields. The shields of new soldiers remained blank, until they had done a praiseworthy deed. [marg: Shields {schilden} origin of the word painting {schilderen}.] It is believed that painting in the netherlandish language, comes from painting shields {schilden beschilderen}: since the ancient

Batavians would have known no other Paintings, other than their shields, it is easy to accept.

Sculptures or Statues were also sometimes painted, not only vermilion red, but sometimes with all their colours, like the *Bacchus* at Creusis. At their celebrations the Egyptians carried around the wooden figure of a dead man, [marg: *See Herodot. bk. 2. and 3.*] painted so that it appeared to be a natural corpse, the Moors also did this.

And finally I would very much wish, that the most important employment of Painting should be as a benefit {voordeel} to the commonwealth, and for the support {voorstant} of the Republic, as was brought about by the Sicyonian Captain Aratus: who through his love for the Art of Painting advanced it mightily, [marg: Last and best employment of Painting.] thereby freeing his citizens and Fatherland from a bloodbath, and complete destruction, winning for himself the greatest honour, that ever man could achieve. Sicyonia always bloomed in art, but it was in extreme distress through civil disunity: [marg: See Plutarch's Aratus.] for eighty exiles, some of whom had wandered for at least fifty years, being called back, and once again taking possession of their forfeited possessions, raised an unstoppable revolt. Aratus seeing this, and loving his Fatherland, set to Sea for Egypt, in order to seek aid from King Ptolomy, whom he was accustomed to support, sending him too many of the best and most beautiful Paintings, notably by Pamphylus and Melanthus. For which Ptolomy had already sent him twenty-five Talents, but on account of his love for art, as well as for his City rich in art, he wanted to be known as Magnanimous $\{Koninklijk\}$, and honoured him with yet another hundred and fifty, or, as others have it, 175 Talents, [marg: 105000 crowns.] forty of which Aratus took with him to the Peloponnese, and the King sent the rest after him in several deliveries. By means of this money Aratus silenced the conflict in his City, unified the citizens, and delivered his Fatherland into the honour and respect, of enemy and ally. And the exiles also had a bronze figure made in his honour, underneath which they had this text engraved:

Aratus acquitted himself nobly,
With piety in the appalling conflagration,
His glory rises to a great height,
Only to be compared to the fame of Hercules.
We Exiles are set free once again,
Peace is renewed in the Fatherland,
And house and Church restored to the ancient order:
Thus, so as not to forget his Virtue,

We here erect this bronze figure in his honour.

O Saviour, beloved of the Gods! Who sought

Our salvation more than your own: at last, we again

Enjoy freedom, and delight

In Communal right, and peace and true contentment;

Where we so long sighed in misery.

What do you imagine, had this employment for Paintings had not come about? Henry IV {Hendrick de Groot} King of France, realising very well how much money annually departed the land of France for Italy in order to buy Paintings, was the first, to breed up his own countrymen in art, so as thereby to bring the goldmine to himself, which has since developed so much, that Italy seems transplanted to France. And somewhat further to this, I wish to advise our Republic's Mighty governors {Hoogmogende gezachebbers}, and pray them, That they vouchsafe to consider, that the Art of Painting in our state is, as in a new Greece, in the fullness of its bloom; [marg: Useful to the Fatherland and Inhabitants.] that it can provide for the Fatherland itself, like a priceless mine, pearl-fishery, and quarry of noble gemstones, many rich jewels daily of cabinet-pieces, that, without much cost expended, and solely through the ingenuity of few eaters {eeters} can be brought to a high value, far exceeding the porcelain of the Chinese in durability, and worth an incredible treasure; and that they vouchsafe to contrive means to have these treasures sold outside these lands: to favour the merchants, who deal in them; or, which would provide even higher honour for art, whenever their Mightinesses are pleased to do some honour to nearby or far-distant princes, that it should consist of unusually good new Paintings. Certainly, neither Emperors, Kings, nor any great princes would spurn them, and the state would thereby store up no small honour. Then I see art in our Fatherland defy France and Sicyonia, and raise its head up to Heaven; and, what is most desirable of all, to eradicate slander {schrobbery}. As regards its wider uses, and also abuses, we shall speak in the last part of this book.

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SECOND CHAPTER.

Concerning several kinds and forms of Painting, and ways of painting.

It is truly an entirely obscure matter, to discover the correct way of painting, used by the ancient Greeks. We certainly know of some, who employed a sponge, in order to erase something, in which they had erred, but this provides us with no certainty as regards the nature of their colours; [marg: Uncertainty regarding the manner of painting of the ancients.] for one can just as easily apply oil—as water-colour, indeed even glue-colour, if it is still warm, with a sponge. Pliny writes of a tragic actor, accompanied by a youth, painted by the hand of Aristedes, brought from Thebes to the Temple of Apollo in Rome, which, was given by Brutus {Marcus Junius,}, consul {schout} of Rome, to an ignorant Painter to be cleaned and dried, ready for the festival of the games of Apollo: but on account of the bestial stupidity of this workman all of its charming graces were destroyed. However this can not prove, Van Mander believes, that the ancients did not know oil—or fast-colours; for a fool can destroy everything.

Neither does the drawing contest {trekstrijt} between Apelles and Protogenes strike us as strange, but first listen, to how it went: Apelles went to Rhodes, attracted by the fame of Protogenes, so as to satisfy himself by seeing him, with regard to what was said concerning the excellence of this artist, but when he landed, and arrived at the shop, he found Protogenes was not at home, but only an old woman, and a prepared picture on the Easel; he wanted to leave, but the old woman asked him to give his name, so that her master might know, who had asked for him. At this Apelles took a brush and some paint, and with it drew wonderfully fine line, saying: Tell him, that it is this man, who seeks him, and he went away. Now when Protogenes returned, and had listened to the woman, and saw what had happened, he knew immediately that it must have been Apelles: for, he said, it is impossible, that anyone other than Apelles, could have drawn such a perfect line. And he took a brush himself, with another kind of colour, and cut through {doorkloofde} the line of Apelles, with a much thinner line, and leaving charged the old woman to show it to the stranger, should he return, and to tell him: that this was the hand

of the man, whom he sought. And thus it turned out, for Apelles came again, and stood completely ashamed to see himself defeated. Then he cut through {deursneeden} the previous line, with a third colour in such a way, that Protogenes had to acknowledge himself defeated, and ran to the harbour to find him, and, as a noble-natured artist ought, welcomed him affectionately, and courteously entertained him. And this picture, on which stood nothing other, than these three lines, and which were invisible from a distance, was for a long time preserved, and hung in the palace of Caesar, among the excellent works of the greatest masters, where, in the time of Pliny, it too was burned along with the rest. But this story still does not content us with regard to understanding the manner of handling, and the brushwork of the ancients. [marg: Gives no clear explanation.] Some convince themselves that it was made only of fine lines: lines, as Junius said, softly drawn with an accomplished and light hand, lines, which were cut through {deursneeden} in the most subtle of ways by lines in another colour. And this puts all the praiseworthiness in the hand's grip, never more highly esteemed than in Giotto's O; [marg: The O. of Giotto.] which now comes to my mind. When Pope Benedict the ninth intended to have some works made in Saint Peter's Church, he sent a courtier, to visit Painters in Siena, Florence, and elsewhere, asking for some drawings from them, to show to his Holiness. This courtier eventually visited the spirited Giotto, and asked for a drawing from his hand too. Giotto took a piece of paper, on which he drew with a brush, his arm held to his side like a compass, with one turning hand, not bending the arm, a circle drawn so perfectly precisely, that it was astonishing. This being done, he gave it with a big smile to the courtier, saying: Behold the Drawing; at which the other, thinking himself insulted, was indignant. But Giotto said, that it was more than enough, to be shown to the Pope, and that he would see, whether it was recognised. The other left unsatisfied, but nevertheless showed it among the drawings, to the great satisfaction and astonishment of the Pope, and all those who understood, since they realised, how Giotto had made his O without a compass, at which he was also summoned to Rome. [marg: Saying.] And from this comes the saying, which one commonly hears addressed to people as fat as a doughball: You are rounder than Giotto's O. But to return to the contest between Apelles and Protogenes, Karel Van Mander, in my opinion, gives a better judgment. I do not believe, he said, that this was made merely of drawn lines or strokes (as many believe, who are no Painters), but some outline of an arm or leg, or even a face from the side, or something like that, the outline of which they drew very neatly, and in some places through

each others lines in different colours, which *Pliny* here names as cutting through {doorklieven}, in the way that the learned, who have no good understanding of our art, speak and write ignorantly about it. And I add my own interpretation here, because *Pliny* tells us, that those, who understood the Art of Painting, were greatly astonished and amazed: from which it is readily understood, that it was artistic outlines, and not simple lines, which were painted by these so excellent top masters in our art when competing with each other: for drawing a line straight or curved by hand, will be done much better by many a schoolmaster, writer, or any other, who is no Painter, than by the best Painter in the world. And this was not much esteemed by the Painters; for to that end one employs an edge or a rule. But those who understand art are astonished and astounded, whenever they see a charming and artistic outline, drawn with an excellent and intelligent skill, in which the Art of Drawing stands at its highest; but the straight line would be passed over unnoticed. So much for *Van Mander*. But we, in order to discover the ancient fashion of doing things, will make a more precise enquiry.

Pliny described three methods of painting, as in wax. [marg: Relief work.] Which I believe was a kind of imitation, like the charmingly coloured pieces I saw in Vienna by Nieuberger; and which were called relief work {verheven werk}.

The second method was Encaustic, Paintings painted or burned by fire, [marg: Encaustic burned Painting, and Monochrome.] which possibly has some association with the Glass-writers' method of baking colours, or even with enamelling on gold, since they also used a burin: although, it seems, they did it on ivory too, which must have been a method of inlay, though it is difficult to judge. However Van Mander believed, that it was merely a way of drawing with glowing irons on wood, or ivory: and that this was called Pictures in Lines {Linearis Pictura}, invented by a certain Philocles of Egypt. And that others coming later filled these outlines with some colour, which form of painting was called Monochrome by the Greeks; which Zeuxis and others employed successfully. But I think that Encaustic painting was not so inconsiderable, and was good enough to appear on the artistic piece, Augustus received from Nicias, which bore a title saying, that it was burned by Nicias.

The third form of work was with a brush and molten wax-colours, [marg: Wax-colours, possibly lacquer-work.] which, in my opinion, had something in common with the Japanese method of lacquer-work, the more so, since such Paintings were damaged neither by the Sun, by the wind nor by sea water: and even though lacquer-work has for a long time had some prestige among the Japanese, perhaps one could in Europe,

where art now blossoms at a level so much higher than in the east, indeed invent an art of making flat Painting with lacquer-work, which surpasses oil painting in durability, and which would outdo it in affect {kracht}; if we properly knew the technique, that they have in Japan.

And I discover another method, [marg: Parergon, like grotesque.] that they called Parergon, which was a work like grotesque.

What sort of Painting it was, that they called *Meandrum*, I cannot say, [marg: Meandrum Painting.] simply that it is said, that it borrowed its name from the River Meander, because, on account of numerous curves and bends, it seemed to be comparable to this wandering River.

And after the art-enlivening Roman empire was destroyed, by the inundation and flood of barbarous peoples, not only were the Ancient art-pieces wholly annihilated, but also the manners of painting were lost, and all of the techniques of working. All one found around the year 1200 were some Greek Painters in Italy, of whom some painted with egg- and also gluepaint, and others on walls in wet plaster; or who inlaid many-coloured baked glass into plaster, which was called Mosaic, which art Tafi the master of the joker Buffelmacco learned from the Greeks. And Gaddo Gaddi also employed this art to work on small Panels, and with egg shells too. [marg: Mosaic. The Venetians boasted that they had invented the art of Mosaic.] But Giotto much improved the art of Mosaic, as is still to be seen in the forecourt of StPeter's Church, in the Navicella {scheepken Petri}, where the little pieces of glass are as neatly worked, as if it were painted with a brush. St Mark's Chapel, which they held to be the most beautiful, for a Chapel, in the world, was formerly made of Mosaic. But the most important Mosaic work, known in the world, is the vault of St Sophia's Church at Constantinople, made, according to Sandys, of coloured and gilded rectangular pieces of marble, set together in such a way, as if it were a carved work, most noble and of great durability. One also still comes across some mosaic works here and there in Italy: indeed at the pool of Avernus, in the grotto of the Cumaean Sybil: the circular dome of the Chapel of the nativity in Bethlehem is also hung with a Mosaic border, according to Sandys; as too the Church of the Virgin Mary. Similarly in the Temple of the holy sepulchre, below the top of the wall in several niches, Paintings of saints in Mosaic, but in the Greek style, without shadows.

Floors in Greece were formerly very paved very painstakingly, in the form of Paintings, [marg: Lithostrata.] and it is believed they were called *Lithostrata* {*Lithostrota*}. *Sosos*, who excelled all his contemporaries in this art, according to

Pliny, made a great name for himself, with the floors of a house in the city of Pergamon, which was called Asarotos Oikos, that is, the unswept house: because he had so nicely, out of small variously-coloured little stones, made the scraps and crumbs from the Table, as if they were lying there carelessly scattered on the ground, after the end of a meal. Here one saw a wonderfully worthy dove drinking, which seemed to darken the water with the shadow of her head, while another escaped with the food. [marg: Plin: 36.25] Others sat and played on the edge of the jug, others as if they were Sun-bathing, passing their time with pecking, and caressing their feathers.

Julius Caesar, even though he was on his war campaign, had certain floors that were laid with little rectangular stones, or with carved pieces of marble, ivory, or made of any kind of material most artistically set together, carried after him. [marg: Floor painting. C. Sueton: The Divine J. Caesar.]

Formerly a certain *Duccio* of Siena, in around the year 1356 began paving floors with large stones in various colours, into which he put figures, histories and all manner of embellishments, filling the grooves, which set forth the Drawing and outlines, with black Pitch. And *Dominico Beccafumi*, his countryman, practised this invention very splendidly, as I have seen in the Cathedral of Siena, where the Histories of the first Parents are inlaid, and depicted in a wonderful manner. The Noble Governors of Amsterdam too have in this fashion also embellished the floor of the large hall, in their new Town Hall, with a World Globe, and it is possible that the cabinetmakers learned their technique of inlaying many-coloured wood, to depict flowers, figures, and buildings, from these examples in Siena.

Since one paints not only with stones, as has been related, but also by means of inlaying wood, which with various colours arranged together, will sometimes outdo the brush. [marg: Inlaid Painting of wood.] And it is said that outside Bologna, in the Cloister of San Michele in Bosco, there are very fine chairs, decorated with Landscapes, grounds and buildings, wonderfully fine to see.

But to return to painting with the brush, the grandest manner of the Italians is in Fresco, [marg: Fresco.] in plaster with plaster-water, mixed with natural earth-colours, which later, when it is dry, can be enhanced with lake or Azure-green, or glazed with other translucent egg-colours. But this manner of painting will not tolerate our atmosphere, even though it was esteemed by the great Michelangelo as being Masters' work, as opposed to painting in oil-colours, which he called women's work.

Anyone accustomed to painting in wet plaster, also employs

a technique for drawing on it, [marg: Sgraffiato.] which looks very nice, and is suitable to be used here in our country. First, when the surface or wall is given its first rough coat, one takes crushed charcoal, burned straw or hay, and mixes that in the plaster, with which one thus smears the wall black, and afterwards spread pure plaster on top of this dark ground, and then onto this, having sponged-down {gesponsijt} one's cartoons, set to work with a iron point, tracing the hatchings and scratching what one has devised, and for greater softness one can also employ the help of fine and broad brushes {pinseel of borstel} with some black, suitable for fresco. It is believed that this technique of painting or scratching was first invented by the Florentine Andrea di Cosimo; and is known as sgraffiato.

It is no small embellishment for works in fresco, that the great masters in Italy themselves embellished their works with stucco and set them into compartments with grotesques. [marg: Stucco $\{stcco\}$ and Grotesques.] Even in the times of the Ancients, it would seem, for a certain Morto da Feltre, during the life of Pope Alexander the sixth, being a melancholic man, went in his solitude to copy the compartmentalised vaults in the ancient Roman ruins, beneath as well as above the ground in Hadrian's Villa at Tivoli, and for many months at Pozzuolo, and in the Campagna on the ancient road to Trullo by the sea, in the Temples and grottos under the ground at Baia and Mercato; so that it seemed that he who gave grotesques, which, because people in those days had not found them anywhere other than in Grottoes under the ground, the name grotesque, had swallowed them all up, granting him through his great skill greater connectedness {binding} in his painting, and richer decorations, his foliage a more graceful nature, and more proficient combination of little figures. But Giovanni da Udine, as if born for decoration, when in the ruins of the Palace of Titus, by San Pietro in Vincoli, they dug for some statues, they discovered there some vaulted rooms full of grotesques and little Histories decorated besides with stucco, which, although many hundreds of years old, still appeared fairly fresh, and which were excellent in their art and drawing; he had the good fortune not only to return grotesque-painting {grotisschilderen} back to its perfection, but he revived the art of stucco once more from the dead. For many before him had already sought how to make stucco from plaster, lime, rosin {Griex pek}, wax, and broken brick, and how to gild it, and no one had yet achieved the quality of that produced by the Ancients. He mixed together lime and pozzolana, a sand dug up from outside Rome, and from that made figures in the half-round, but he still could not reach the smoothness and whiteness of the Antique stucco. At another time, to make it somewhat whiter, he took pozzolana, and had two rough pieces of Travertine stone crushed, mixing that

in Travertine lime, and found this better, but eventually he had the most beautiful white marble crushed and sifted to a powder, mixed in lime, and found this to be the proper stucco of the ancients. And this art of making stucco, combined with his charming grotesques, paintings of plants and rushes, birds and animals, gave special ornament to the noblest works of Raphael. And Baldassare Peruzzi {Baltasar da Siena} imitated the half-relief stucco with colour and brush in his flat Paintings so nicely, that the best Painters were tricked by them; but the higher powers of colours ought to be explained with examples.

And while we here discuss stucco, [marg: Casting plaster.] we also allow ourselves to say something about plaster-casting, for although it has less to do with Painting, than stucco, it is nevertheless has great usefulness, as I wish here to explain.

Plaster-casting, according to *Pliny's* testimony, first began with *Lysistratus*, brother of the celebrated *Lysias*, he crushed *Lime* {Gijps} or plaster, damped it, and made faces {tronien} with it, by moulding it on the face {aengezicht}, which when dry he filled again with melted wax. This plaster grows in special veins, which run through the limestone mountains of Syria, Greece, Italy, Spain and Germany. And this worthy invention, having been long forgotten, was once again brought back into use and renewed by *Andrea Verrocchio*, in around the year 1340. He burned and crushed a soft stone, dug up near Siena, Volterra and other places in Italy, which being sifted and mixed with warm water, was then able to take an impression, which dried into a shape, from which to cast the original once again. Those who are inclined to know more, turn to the masters of this art. For a Painter will nor regret it, should he pass some empty hours in casting some beautiful things.

Plaster and egg-colours are certainly not to be excluded, firstly, because of their lively brightness, and then again, on account of their tractability in painting rapidly; [marg: Glue- Size. and Egg-paints.] and especially, because they are suitable for so many uses, where oil-colours fall short. The brightness of Size- and Egg-colours are very suitable for portraying something by candlelight, or seen from far off, as in all distant views, or indoor theatrical performances. Also, whenever a piece has to hang directly opposite the light or a window, then Glue- or Egg-colour is better, than oil-colour; because it is not shiny. And because it flows smoothly from the brush, it is more suited to sumptuous works, like curtains, hangings, or painted tapestries; as it has been used for more than two hundred years; for one can

bend and fold them without damage, like the portrait, which Dürer sent to Raphael, and the beheading of Saint James by Jan Gossaert {Mabuse}.

Beccafumi, Painter of Siena, maintained, that Egg-colour was more durable, than even oil-colour, since, he said, the work of Fra Angelico {broer Joan}, Fra Filippo Lippi {broer Philips Benozzo} which were Egg-colour, and very old, were less perished, than the pieces by Luca Signorelli {Lukas van Kortona}, or Pollaiuolo {Polaivoly}, done in more recent times. But our Netherlandish atmosphere would perhaps cause the opposite to happen.

There is perhaps yet another compound for mixing colours to be discovered, which is employed by the East Indians: they paint flowers, fruits and figures on silk linen and cotton, and this is so fast, that one can wash it a hundred times, without the colour fading. [marg: Colour-fast compound.] Herodotus said in Clio, that the inhabitants of the Caucasus mountain crushed leaves from the trees, and mixed them with water, and painted animals on their clothes, which did not fade, but wore with the wool, and always remained so beautiful, as if they had been woven there from the beginning. And surely, who knows whether we too will not find such a tree.

After so many methods of painting, [marg: Oil-varnish.] which time has either altered or transformed, it appears, that some lively {vlugge} spirits, who use Size- and Egg-colours, were anxious that their works could not suffer water and washing as well as it was claimed could Paintings in ancient times. From very early on a certain Baldovinetti, a certain Pisanello, a certain Antonello, and even our own Jan van Eyck began to varnish their Egg- and glue-works, with some oils distilled for the purpose, just as it was told, that Apelles used to varnish, with a varnish, which was so thin and smooth, that when one touched it, one imagined that one's hand became smeared by it: which protected the Paintings from all dust, and kept their beautiful lustre, and which nevertheless could be made by no one other than him. And no one, except Van Eyck, had any luck with this varnish, so that everyone was astonished at the shine of his work, but he was not contented, until he, after lengthy, alchemical research, discovered linseed- and nut-oil, mixed and boiled with other materials, as the most drying and best varnish; indeed eventually, he mixed the colour into it wholly, and found it easier to work, than any of the previously used media {vochten}. [marg: Oilcolour.] And thus oil-colour was invented in the Netherlands, and first brought into use in Bruges by Jan van Eyck, in about the year 1410. The which invention a certain Sicilian Antonello da Messina came to learn from Van Eyck, and he then went to Venice and put it into practice, from where it spread forth over Italy, indeed the whole of Europe. But it is astonishing, how the works of our first

inventor of oil-colour have remained so beautiful and lasting, so that almost nobody has since been able to approach the freshness of his colours, as *Lucas de Heere* said of him:

As well as his artistry, it is a Miracle {Hemelval},

That all his colours, beautiful through age, have not succumbed

In almost two hundred years, but remain enduringly fast;

Which ones sees occurring in few works nowadays.

But if one considers how careful our old Painters were, to invest in their works, then one will not take it for such a wonder. [marg: Painting on various materials.] For first of all, as is usual on wet plaster, with great patience they made a drawing, of the same size as the intended work, which they then sponged {sponsten} onto the first white of their panels, and outlined and shaded it exquisitely, over which they then laid a flesh-coloured primer layer, which, almost until half-done, showed through the work, and on top of this they directly completed their pieces. A certain Bernard van Orley {Barent van Brussel} had a piece, on which he intended to paint the Judgment, first completely gilded, and Holbein had his underlaid with silver {zilverlakenen}, or if not with Silver, at least with tin or white foil. Others used gold, silver and copper plates: others had whole entire altarpieces, as I have seen, moulded from tin. Sebastiano del Piombo invented, a way to paint on walls with oilcolour; and to protect it from any damp, he prepared limestone {steenkalk} with mastic, and rosin, melted together, and spread it on the wall, and then smoothed this with a mixture of reddish chalk, very suitable for making his nudes last. Others plastered untreated {onbestreeke} walls with a mixture of fine wheat flour, and under that small crushed stones, mixed with white of Egg; and this was as hard as marble. Hugo van der Goes and Holbein followed this in Bruges and London. And Sebastiano del Piombo painted with the help of his mixture on all manner of large stones. Some merely coated the wall with a mixture of one measure of cement and a half measure of freshly quenched {geleste} lime, mashed in linseedoil. Noble gemstones, such as agate and touchstone {toets}, do not need this help. Bassano made charming night-scenes on black touchstone, touching-in the flaming beams with a golden pen {goudpen}, which when varnished blended naturally. But linen, gauze, or ticking is most suitable for large pieces, and when well primed are the lightest to carry.

As regards Gum-colour {Gomverwe}, illumination, or limning, London has long worn the crown, [marg: Miniature.] having had for more than a hundred years the over-neat Holbein and his followers, and more recently boasting the inimitable Cooper, who puts more wonders into each part of his faces, than the mother of Lucas de Heere, who depicted a mill with full sails, a mill-wall,

miller, horse, wagon, and onlookers, painted so small, that one could cover them all at the same time with one half grain of corn.

THIRD CHAPTER.

Following from the former Chapter, and how Nature itself sometimes paints and shapes images.

The Art of Painting, while constrained only, be it from nearby or far off, to imitate nature in form and colour, is nevertheless free to change its means of achieving that, and its selection of subject matter, and since nature has thousands of ways of being seen, there is nearly no end to it. Indeed a master in the art will find not only that in all countries, but also in almost every house, there are tools available to him, so as to produce wonders with his art.

Embroidery {Naeldschildery} is attributed to the Phrygians. [marg: Embroidery Needle painting. {Naeltschildery Acu pingere.}] Thus Embroiderers {Borduurwerkers} were previously called Phrygians, since the art of making embroidery {stikselwerk} was invented in Phrygia; however Lucian grants the Egyptians this honour.

Weave- or Tapestry painting is nowadays once more esteemed as highly, as in olden days, and originated from Babylon. [marg: Textile painting. Jewish veil. {Textilis picture. Iudaïcavela.}] The Jewish veils were embellished with strange monsters, said Claudian; but whether that is true, I dare not confirm.

In the time of *Pliny*, the Egyptians coloured their clothing, as if they were painted. They overlaid their cottons or linens, after they had been well rubbed {gevreven}, not with colour, but with one or another colour-absorbing liquid {verwdrinkend nat}; so that nothing could be seen on them, before they were dipped into a simmering dye-vat {verwketel}, and then straight afterwards they were pulled out completely painted. And it was astonishing, that by means of the single colour, which was in the vat, the cloth was made many-coloured, being transformed by the properties of the colour-absorbing fluid. And these colours were impossible to wash out. And the vat, in which the colours must without a doubt have got mixed up, had the cloth been thrown into it already painted, patterned {schakeerde} and painted it while cooking, indeed the scorched {verzengde} clothes were much stronger, than if they had never been scorched.

But I shall pass over Embroidery, Tapestry making, and many-coloured patchwork (for the Painter's hand is too noble for that), [marg: Tapestry- and Patchwork-painting.] although these are all natural children of the Art of Painting, but disinherited

on account of their slowness and difficulty as handicrafts; [marg: Sea-creature-painting. {Zeetuig-Schildery}] certainly illustrious spirits of ancient as well as modern times have enjoyed themselves, drawing and painting on shells, horns and Sea-creatures, and even assembling well-coloured figures from shells; which from a distance appear to be painted, and in shadowy grottos to be alive. Methinks that I would not be guilty in adding as a conclusion, the artistic invention of the Mexicans; as described by Acosta: There are, he says, some good masters among the Indians, who know how to imitate Paintings with plumes and feathers, [marg: Featherpainting.] to such fine effect {welstant}, that the Spanish Painters have no advantage over them. And this method of painting is as follows: first, from the Tominejos, Guacasmayas {Guaca, Mayas} and from other many-coloured-feathered birds, when dead, they pull with pincers, such coloured little feathers, as they wish, sticking them, with a suitable glue, with such dexterity and neatness, so smoothly and evenly, next to each other, that it seems altogether to have been painted: besides having such clarity and lustre, that it numbs our painting; so that King Philip of Spain, who saw three small pieces of this so strange Painting, serving as a bookmark in a book of hours, said: that he had never seen such worthy things in such small figures. And Pope Sixtus the fifth was delighted to receive a picture, in which Saint Francis was painted thus with feathers: and when he learned that it was made by Indians with feathers, he wanted to test it, stroking it a little with his finger, and being thus convinced by touch, that it was nothing but feathers, he reflected, that it was certainly a thing of wonder, to fit so many coloured little feathers together so neatly, that one could not distinguish it from colours painted with the brush.

Finally, we ought here to observe, haw artfully nature itself sometimes paints: [marg: Natures Painting. See Monsr. Gaffarel in unheard curiosities.] I will not speak here of dappled {gevlekte} Tigers and Leopards, Peacocks with eyes, or many-coloured birds, Oystershells from Pergamon, or Indian Conches, flowers or suchlike, that nature has certainly given many-coloured touches, but rarely by painting anything that is recognisable. They say of noble gemstones, that one sees Lightning in in the Thunderstone; fire in the Ruby; in the Hailstone, the form and coldness of Hail, even if one were to throw it into the middle of the fire; the Emerald deep and transparent Sea waves. The Lobsterstone traces the form of a Sealobster. The Toadstone, which was not known by any name by the Latins, bears within it the form of a Toad which is so natural, that no art could outdo it. Thus the Adderstone an adder, the Scharites the Schary fish,

the Hawkstone a Hawk, the Cranestone an ornate Crane's neck, and the Goatseyesstone the eye of a Goat. There is one, which looks like a Pig's eye, and another three human eyes. The Wolfseyesstone depicts a Wolf'e eye in four colours, which are fire-red, blood-red, and in the middle black surrounded by white. If you open a Beanstone, you will find a Bean in the middle. The Oaktreestone portrays a plank from a tree; and also burns just like wood. The Cissites and Narcissites paint Ivy. The Astropia radiates half-white sky-blue lightning. The Firestone looks burnt inside. In the Coalstone one can see sparks flashing back and forth. The Saffronstone gives the colour of Saffron, and the Rose stone Rose, the Copperstone Copper, and the Eaglestone gives the impression of an Eagle, with a shining tail; and these forms are also sought in cut ferns. The Peacockstone contains the Painting of a Peacock, the Chelidonia of an Asp. The Antstone has the impressed figure of an Ant; the The Beetlestone that of a Beetle, the Scorpionstone of a Scorpion, and each most astonishingly. But why do I list these things, which are numberless, since it is clear, that nature itself seems to be pleased to delight in the Art of Painting. We have also seen many Agate-paintings, [marg: Landscapes in Agate.] in which Nature has artistically depicted in the stone spirited skies, charming horizons, lifelike landscapes, cities, buildings and wonderfully strange rocks. The veins of stone of Nogent-sur-Seine similarly portray woods naturally. But the Agate of Pyrrhus of Epirus was notable, [marg: Apollo and the Muses.] for it was said that Apollo with his harp, and our sisters the nine Muses, each with their specific attribute, were to be seen in it.

Albertus Magnus said that in St Mark's Church in Venice he had seen an Agate, in which there was a most natural King's head, crowned with a crown (a). [marg: (a) However I have found that according to another, that this is to be seen on the Wall. {te zien te zien is}] And in Rome they display a Porphyry stone with a head with a papal crown; all painted by nature.

In Mansfeld stones were dug from a mine, which had the forms of fish, frogs, and other vermin {gewormte} naturally depicted. There are still some living, said Lambert van den Bos, who saw a stone, taken out of a woman's bladder after her death, on which a toad was traced so naturally, or, to put is better, inscribed (for the image stood in high relief) as if carved by an artistic chisel.

Olaus Magnus makes mention of wonderful Paintings in frosted glass beneath the arctic circle.

[marg: Frozen painting.] We must here add something further regarding inherited marks

{erfmerken}

in human families, as a manner of natural painting or drawing. The descendants of King Seleucus had an anchor as their family mark, just as he had the shape of an anchor on his thigh. [marg: Family marks.] The descendants of Pelops were marked on the right shoulder: and Iphigenia recognised that the Olive tree on the right shoulder of her brother Orestes, was the true sign, that he was descended from Pelops. The family of the Sparti, in Thebes, were identifiable by a lance on their bodies. Warts, marks or freckles, said Plutarch, frequently disappear in children, and appear again in the children's children. A Greek woman, who bore a black child into the world, being accused of adultery, was discovered to be one quarter descended from Moors. Heliodorus made his Moorish Queen pregnant with the beautiful Chariclea, by looking at a white Painting. Nature, it seems, paints artistically enough by means of feminine imagination: [marg: Mothers imaginations paint their fruit.] for a certain adulteress being pregnant by her sweetheart, impressed the betrayed husband so firmly in her thoughts, that the illegitimate child, which she later bore, looked more like her husband than his real children. I speak not of mulberries, fruit-marks, and other forms, imparted to children by feminine terror or craving; for Jacob's ewes painted the lambs well as a consequence of the half-painted sticks.

Nature is sometimes a sculptor in the mountains, and makes wonderful likenesses, but a sculptor must sometimes look at them with closed eye. [marg: Nature's sculpture. Mountain figures in China.] In China, near Chunking, on the River Feu {Feustroom}, lies mount Fe, which looks like a figure of a man seated, in Chinese fashion, with the legs one over the other, and the hands in like fashion on the chest, and so terrifyingly large, that one can distinguish its eyes, ears, nostrils and mouth clearly from a distance of two German miles. On mount Kiu there is a figure, which alters its colour according to the weather. On mount Gaulo there is a rock, which naturally portrays the shape of a man's nose, out of the nostrils of which flow two fountains, the one cold the other hot. Mount Chinkang looks like a hen. Monien seems to see through two very natural stone eyes. In a deep abyss, on mount Cokieu, some human and animal figures were seen. But this is all in China. In the north one can find the rock of the monk with the head and cap. [marg: All manner of shapes growing.} And it is said that near the beach of the Ostrogoths, beyond the city of Horkop, a river flows, which produces nearly every shape in its boulders, as if they had been made by nothing else than art; for some have the form of a human body, or of a hand or foot, or finger, or suchlike.

But this is even richer in art, near the city of Sneen, in Upper Poland {Opperpoolen?}, earthenware

pots, containers, jugs, [marg: Household utensils growing,] and suchlike household utensils, grow spontaneously in the earth, being soft, when they are dug up, but hard, as soon as they are exposed to the air. [marg: A Banquet.] And what can I say about the stone Banquet sugarbowl, picked up in the little stream, and preserved by art lovers? Nature sometimes imitates art, just as art nature.

But what Carneades relates is even stranger. [marg: Pan.] There was found, he says, in the quarries of the Island Chios long ago the head of a small Pan, when the mason broke a large block of stone into pieces. [marg: Silenus.] Pliny also tells that in the Parian pits a great stone being broken through the middle, the image of Silenus was found in it. But I pefer to believe, that a head of Silenus's beast of burden was mistaken for it {mistook it for it; dat een hooft van Silenus rybeest het daer voor heeft aengezien}. [marg: Imps {Pisdiefjes}.] As to little wooden men or women, called Alrunes or rather Imps, much is made of them by extremely learned men, as if a natural process had given them this form. Lauremberg, who is otherwise rather over-credulous, speaks of them thus: [marg: In the 37th History of the third hundred.] They are small figures (he says) carved after the form of men and women with all their limbs, whose heads are covered with long hair, and who wear little white shirts, and in short, are made to look like the Alrunes or charms {wichlaressen} of the ancient Germans, but, to speak the truth, are mere deception. The root of the herb Mandragora is similarly naturally formed, like a small naked human: these roots are dug out of the earth by fraudsters, wiped down, cleaned up, and by means of spirited trimming are made so, that they look like a little man or woman, or whatever they choose. Those who want some hair, plant some barley or other seed in it, allow it to grow and dry out, then it is firmly fixed, and it does not look unlike natural hair: then they put charming shirts onto them, gird them, and keep them in simple little box, seeking to sell them expensively, telling the buyers to look after them well, to wash them every week, and to take good care of them: promising them thereby luck and good fortune, in trading, buying and selling. In such a manner is the blind world deceived, and thus the Devil performs his Role. I have seen various ones, and among others two belonging to Mr Pandelaere in Beijerland: but whoever understands out art, must laugh at such trifles {beuzelingen}, which are much too foolish, to impress someone of intelligence.

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FOURTH CHAPTER.

What rewards {vruchten} an Artist can expect in payment of his labour.

The task of *Urania*, Mistress of our ninth book, is the selection of the best. But what is better than the life of a famous Painter? [marg: Urania is a celestial thing, because in choosing the best part (as has been said) one obtains the name celestial and divine. {Urania tanto é quanto cosa celeste, perche con l'elegger las miglior parte (come s'è detto) si vien a l aquistare il nome di celeste, & divino.}] What business, what condition would he want to exchange for his own? Our life is a common gift of Nature, but to be able to choose a happy life, is a special favour of God. We shall therefore describe here, at the closing of this work, the fortunate lives of some art-full Painters, who climbed to an outstanding level, and the rewards, they could have expected for their labour and enduring application. And since the spurs to art are threefold, the outcomes themselves too, which the Artist struggles to achieve, are threefold. And this, O Young Painter, will be the substance of what you have to learn in this our ninth and last workshop of *Urania*.

The fruit of art, said Seneca, is something other, that that of work; [On Benefits, chap. 33.] Phidias makes a sculpture, the reward of art is, that he made that which he wanted to make; and that of the work, is that he made it with reward and profit. Phidias completed his work, even if he had not sold it. He had three rewards {vruchten} for his work: the first is the gratification of his conscience, which he obtains by the perfection of his work; the other from fame; and the third from the profit and usefulness, which he, by means of gift, sale, of some other kind of profit, shall have obtained. Noble recompense in truth, and very worthy, which one pursues with such fiery passion and eagerness: since there is nothing greater nor more desirable on earth to chase after. We shall hang it up in this verse, so as to place it continually before the eyes of youth, as the highest prize:

Three desires are the spurs, why one leans arts: For love, for earnings, and to be honoured by all.

And even Seneca sets the last two, earnings and honour, as fruits of the first, as they indeed are, and each on its own is powerful enough to animate a brave soul.

The first passion then, which encourages someone to the Art of Painting, [marg: The love of art.] is a natural affection for these more than ordinarily attractive Goddesses,

who make their practitioners happy solely by means of their virtuous reflections in the most beautiful pieces of work {werkstukken} of the wonderful creator, indeed so much so, that they feel a twinge of conscience, whenever they have neglected any opportunity to serve their loveable Mistresses. And just as Titus {Titus Vespasiaen} lamented the joy of the world, whenever for one day he had omitted to do any good deed, so too our great predecessor Apelles set for himself this rule:

Nulla dies abeat, quin linea ducta supersit.

No Day shall ever pass me by,

Without my tracing a good line.

We shall not distress ourselves regarding what Plutarch said of Archimedes, [marg: In Marcel. 6.] that he considered all arts which, in the course of their employment, produced profit, to be mean and despicable, and fit only for a journeyman. Neither with something pronounced by Seneca: that he could not bear, that Painters be accepted as liberal artists {vrye konstenaers); indeed as little, he continued, as Sculptors and Marble-carvers {Beeldsnijders en Marberhouwers}, or other servants of splendour and excess. And, following the division of Posidonius, he set our art among the Play Arts {Speelkonsten}, which extend only to the pleasing of eyes and ears. As to what concerns the other liberal arts, called the *Eleutherae* by the Greeks, [marg: Concerning the freedom of our art,] these he called childish arts; and he recognised none as being liberal, excepting those concerned solely with virtue; for he had before already confessed, that he respected no science, which one could learn for money, except only insofar as it prepared the spirit for Virtue, and did not hold it back. That the only target of our Art of Painting should be, to prepare the spirit for Virtue, we do not insist, we know another and more certain way, but that it should hold back no one from virtue, is incontrovertible: and indeed that it lifts up an upright practitioner, by means of continuous reflection on God's wondrous works, to the lofty attention of the Creator of all things, is obvious enough. And that it belongs among the liberal arts, is apparent in that, one only calls free, that which is deemed worthy to be learned by free people. Among which the Art of Painting was not counted the least. [marg: In reply to the others,] And why should anyone not call it a liberal art, who reckons the Literary Art {Letterkonst}, or Grammar, the first among them? for the Art of Painting does the same thing. Indeed as much as the Reasoning Art {Redenkonst} or Dialectic; or the Rich-in-Reasoning Art {Redenrijkkonst} or Rhetoric, anyway inasmuch as concerns the understanding, for although it is said to be dumb, it nevertheless speaks abundantly, in a *Hieroglyphic* way. And what is there that is noble in the Counting Science {Talkunde} Arithmetic, and in Geometry or Measuring Science {Meetkunde}, that is not in the Art of Painting? Certainly, they are both Handmaidens to the Art of Painting. And as to what concerns Music or

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Song Art {Zangkonst}, what difference is there between her and Pictura? Nothing except, that it works on the hearing with high and low sounds: but our art brings about the same for the sight, through a unison of thousands of colours; or will it possibly be confounded by Astrology, or the Power-of-Stars Science {Starrekracht-kunde}, the last of the seven free sisters? Surely, this most of all not, since that might possibly not itself deserve to be called an art, and I remain silent, whether it ought to aspire to the pre-eminence accorded Pictura.

It must also serve to disparage the practitioners of art, whenever one reminds them of Plutarch's judgment, when at the beginning of the life of Pericles he writes thus: that there was never a honourable man, who, seeing the figure of Jupiter in the city of Pisa, would wish to be Phidias, nor indeed Polykleitos, having seen that of Juno at Argos: for it does not necessarily follow {ten volgt niet nootzaekelijk}, he said, that when the work pleases, the workman is always praised, [marg: And Plutarch contradicted.] as previously he had quoted Antisthenes, who, whenever a certain Ismenias was praised for being a good Player and piper, replied, that it was true, but that he was principally a rascal, and could not otherwise have been such a good piper. And he also mentioned Philip, who berated his son Alexander; saying, shame on you for singing so well, implying, that the arts, and the Muses themselves, received honour enough, when illustrious persons occasionally spent time looking at or listening to the works of their practitioners, Then placing Anacreon, Philemon, and Archilochus delightful writers, into the same context {de zelve ry}, he praised only virtue, and concluded, that one ought to be satisfied, to receive artistic works from others, and indeed all the goods of rolling fortune {toeloopenden geluks}, but that all others should receive virtue from us. We will reply to this as follows: we most willingly accept, that the arts, however high the peak of achievement, indeed even the beautiful Muses themselves, grant to no one as much adornment and worth, as the true actions of virtue and piety, which deify souls, and place people, wherever they are, into a Heaven, and neither can we allow, that it is a necessary consequence {een nootzaekelijk gevolg}, that the vicious are associated with the arts; from which it might follow that Phidias or Polykleitos, or indeed even Ismenias, might have been as pious and honourable, as his Pericles, who, like many illustrious men are wont to do, learned music from Damon or Pythokleides, also, and so as to stay on the matter of our art, I cannot discover, that it is more diverted {afleyt} from Virtue, of whatever sect it might be described as, than are arms, or the government of cities: but that it, being a true Sister of reflective philosophy, investigates visible nature, with the help of

of Geometry and Arithmetic {meet- en telkunst}. [marg: She researches visible nature.] And in truth, so as to detach myself from Plutarch, I have to say this, and without imputing his most estimable judgment: that there was never a man of honourable mind, but that he would wish to be as artistic a sculptor as Polykleitos or Phidias, rather than a furious Hannibal, a turbulent Pyrrhus, or an all-destroying Alexander; for however great their deeds, they were brought about by fury, injustice, and evil desires; whereas in the practice of the Noble arts, quiet observant devotion to the secrets of nature, are in unison and go hand in hand with the practice of the virtues. I would have wished to be Diogenes, said Philip's Son, were I not Alexander. His birth forbad that. But Diogenes would perhaps rather have been a Dog, than an Alexander.

Which is why I dare to assert, that it would truly be unjust to criticise an honourable practitioner of the Art of Painting, who follows it only for its own sake, and on account of its virtuous nature. Not all philosophers are employed to govern states or cities, and nonetheless in *Plutarch's* criticism of the world's governors {hoogheden}, when he comes across them, they are praised highly enough, even though they offer no greater adornment to the world, nor achieve more tranquillity and satisfaction for themselves, in the practice their charming philosophy than our Painters. [marg: Repaid with satisfaction.] From which I therefore conclude, that those, who follow art only on account of a pure love, have from the very first achieved their aim, which is, the delight of a pleasing satisfaction.

Indeed so much so that, as Seneca teaches us, [marg: In his ninth letter.] an attentive Painter, realises more pleasure in the process of painting, than in having painted: for the activity, which he expends on his work, provides great pleasure in the labour itself. And someone, who has removed their hand from a finished work, finds no such great pleasure. He then enjoys the reward {vrucht} of his art, but while he is painting, he delights in art itself. This most certain, and from this one can understand, how fortunate this wise man deemed those to be, who were worthily associated with our blessed Goddesses.

For that reason Frans Floris, had this saying on his lips: When I am painting, I am alive, and I die when I go to play. Nicias was so elated and delighted, while he was busy, that he had to ask, whether he had had his lunch. [marg: gives the practitioners life and nourishment.] And Protogenes through all the disturbance of the Soldiers, who came to besiege Rhodes, could not be frightened so much that he abandon his work. Indeed the Art of Painting was so beloved and desirable to him, that while he was making his outstanding Ialysos, he ate nothing, but moistened

lupini, fig-beans or wolf-shot, {geweikte lupynen, seigboonen of wolfschoten}, which is to say fig-seeds which served him for food and drink, [marg: Delicacy,] so that his body could remain unencumbered and his attention unobstructed. The great Titian was so immersed in the pleasures of art, that he was still to be found painting in his eighty-sixth year, so that it appeared, that he was rejuvenated by art. [marg: And youth.] Michelangelo loved art like a Wife, given to him by Heaven: for when it was said to him, that it was a pity that he had neither wife nor child, to take pleasure in the fruit of his labour and honour: he replied: art has been a sufficiently difficult wife for me, but worthy of being loved: and my works will be my children, if they survive {zooze iets dogen}. Ghiberti, who made the doors of San Giovanni, would have been fortunate had he died with no other children: for they wasted everything he left behind, and the doors are still standing; as we have already observed in Calliope.

If this is not helpful to all, I must raise the tone yet higher, [marg: The Art of Painting outdoes the pen,] and say, that to the satisfaction of the Artist the brush challenges not only the pen, [marg: And indeed the voice.] but the living voice. For, said *Ovid*, if *Apelles* had not painted *Venus*, for the inhabitants of the Island of Kos, she would still lie deep beneath the seawater. Observe here, whether he not only grants paintings the honour of being the books of the laypeople; and whether he does not count them as guardians of the mysteries of the God's?

Eyes are much keener witnesses than ears, said another. Thus Nazarius: the things we take in through our ears, are nowhere so decisively impressed in our minds, as those we drink in through our eyes. And here Quintilian, The Painting, a silent work, and always maintaining the same appearance, penetrates and moves the mind on such a way, that it often seems to exceed the power of rhetoric. And hear how St. Basil exalted the power of Painting higher than his oratory: Arise now, O you illustrious Painters, who portray the more-than-extraordinary deeds of Warriors, honour now by means of your art the wounded figure of the Lord of All: illuminate, with the colours of your wisdom, the pious deeds of the crowned Champions, which I have all too obscurely painted. I travel by my path, conquered by you people in the Painting of the brave deeds of the Martyrs. Indeed I rejoice, that I am thus conquered. For I see the hands in the fire, the whole of the struggle, and the great wrestler expressed much more properly and suitably in your portrayals, than in my words. Seneca said too, that terrifying Paintings of an unhappy consequence moved our souls. The Jesuits too, well knowing how much seeing went before saying, adopted a custom

of displaying representations of the suffering of our Redeemer, both by means of paintings, as well as living figures, and testify that these displays moved ordinary minds more to compassion and concentration, than the best preaching was able to do. And they did this not only in the heart of Christendom, but more among those peoples, who knew nothing of our faith. And certainly, these first stirrings caused by means of Paintings or other representations, awaken in the convert a desire to enquire about everything, and a readiness to be quickly instructed. [marg: Example.] And even though to my countrymen this will seem idolatrous {nae de mustaert ruikt}, I must add the following example. Boris the ruler of Bulgaria, who was addicted to the hunt, wished also to fill his palace with hunting-scenes and other Paintings: to which end he a commissioned a certain Monk, Methodus, a native of Rome, who painted them capably: commanding him to decorate richly the newly-built Palace with substantial pieces: meanwhile allowing him, as was proper, the freedom to follow the inclination {zwier van} of his own spirit and ideas. Among other works, Methodus painted the Last Day, where the souls, dressed once more in their old cast-off flesh, appeared before the righteous Judge, in order to receive Eternal joy or punishment; with an infinite number of Heavenly Hosts of Angels, who comfort and raise up the blessed on the one side, and who drive away the multitude of wicked spirits, the damned on the other side. This Painting created such an effect on Boris and all who saw it, that the Prince, being first instructed about the whole matter, embraced the Christian religion along with all his people, and to that end received baptism. If the illustrious men returned once more, and boasted of their deeds: if Philip's son paraded freely with the spoils of victory from the east; if Julius recounted how many hundred thousand necks of Gauls and Germans he broke; if Octavius appeared with the list of his fellow citizens, murdered during his triumvirate: Methodus shames them and all Heroes, and an honest man would rather be Methodus, than a tyrant over all peoples. I shall omit a thousand other deeds, achieved by Painters and their Paintings, and reveal by means of one old example, what a work of art can do. [marg: One more.] A dissolute youth, said Nazarius {Nazianzenus}, had summoned a pleasing girl to him: but when she arrived in the Gateway of her lover's house, her eye fell by chance on the stately Painting of Polemo, a man who also, during his youth had repented in an extraordinary way, and later increased in sobriety. The maid, considering this stately face, took such fright and alteration, that she turned herself around,

and immediately returned home. What honest man would not wish to have made such a Painting? But let this be enough for art lovers as regards the peace of mind provided by our art.

FIFTH CHAPTER.

The second reward of art. Gain and Riches.

The second spur is hope for gain. We do not wish to honour greed with any poems of praise, but agree with Cassiodorus, that the practice of the arts ought to be nourished by a reasonable return. The Hunger for Gold, said Theophilactus, is most beneficial to the race of men: for by that means all good arts in this restless life are invented; great cities are made populous, and every trade is brought into a convenient harmony. The greater part of the Earth will remain un-built and unembellished, if the mediation of gold does not show people, in what way they can enjoy each other's help. Sailors will leave off from sailing, and the Traveller will stay at his hearth. The Farmer will not follow his plough. Princes and governments will lack respect, and the Soldier will neglect to take up his gun except in need. But gold, he adds, controls the bridle of both virtue and vice, it tests the secret movements of our souls; and exposes bastard virtues. Certainly, poverty depresses the spirit, and servile preoccupations hold a noble mind imprisoned as if in a deep Dungeon. So that a Painter cannot perfectly enjoy proper satisfaction in the art, of which we have already spoken, if he is burdened with the bitter pack of troubles of earning his bread. Nor can the spirit proceed with those lofty passions, which belong to art, so long as everyday cares hold it enthralled in the straits of necessity. Let these anxieties, O Young Painters, go free. Pictura here seems very unlike her impoverished sister Poetry: for her followers can hope for good profits, indeed as much, as any art in the world can obtain; as long as they, as Euterpe requires of them, are suitable to ascend to a high level; for mediocrity in this art is more loathsome, than in others, unless Fortune contrives something unusual {zonderling onder roeje}. Listen now, how richly art has sometimes been paid.

Candaules King of Lydia [marg: Art well paid.] paid for a Picture by Bularchus with its weight in gold.

Aristides of Thebes painted the battle with the Persians, in which there were a hundred figures, and Mnason paid him ten minas for each figure; and Attalus gave a hundred talents for one of his pictures. [marg: Varro estimates the Attic Talent at 16000 pence {penningen}, but Budeus says six thousand. This is estimated to be 60000 crowns.]

When Lucius Mummius saw that King Attalus, at the auction of Corinthian booty, offered six thousand sesterces for a piece by Aristides, he was utterly astonished at such a high price, and he thought, that some mystery was concealed behind this painting, and he held on to it, and would not sell it, at which Attalus was very displeased.

The same Attalus, or according to others, King Ptolomy, offered Nicias 60 Talents for a piece showing Ulysses in Hell, that is thirty-six thousand gold crowns, but he did not want to sell his work, and donated this piece to his native city of Athens.

When Apelles had painted the large Alexander with lightning in his hand at the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, his payment was measured out in pure gold by the bushel. But Quintius Curtius says, that 20 gold talents were paid for it.

Asclepiodorus painted the twelve gods, and Mnason gave him three hundred minas for each piece. [marg: 3600 silver minas {mienen} for twelve gods.] The Attic mina is valued at seventeen and a half guilders, which comes to 5250 guilders for each figure; and for all twelve three thousand six hundred guilders.

This same King ${\it Mnason}$ also paid a hundred mina ${\it mienen}$ apiece to ${\it Theomnestes}$ for each demigod ${\it halfgoden}$.

And Caesar gave to Timomachus for one piece, others say two, of Ajax and Medea, eighty talents, that is, eighteen thousand crowns, so as to present it to the Goddess Venus. But these pieces, I find elsewhere, were painted by Aristides.

Marcus Agrippa gave twelve thousand sesterces for two pieces, Ajax and Venus.

It is said that the Koans enjoyed a hundred talents for the *Venus Anadyomene*, which they took from their treasure.

King Nicomedes wanted to release the Knidians from their debt, which was unbelievably large, for the Venus of Praxiteles, but they refused; however this was no Painting, rather a statue.

From these few examples one can sufficiently establish, at what high value artistic works were held by the ancients, indeed their price was eventually raised so high, that *Caesar* had to limit them by law; even though he was himself such a great art lover, that, notwithstanding

his severe penalties, he bought up old Pictures, figures and carved pieces of art, at high prices.

In later times, when Art had once again risen from the grave, such extremely high prices were not known, but earnings are however sufficient to satisfy a reasonable soul.

Emperor Charles gave Titian a thousand crowns for his Portrait {Konterfeitsel}, each time he painted him. And his son Philip gave him two hundred crowns a year for that.

Francesco Marquess {Markgraef} of Mantua gave Francesco Monsignori a noble house with a hundred morgens of land. And Frederic his successor treated Giulio Romano generously.

Giuseppe d'Arpino, as soon as he laid his hand on the work on the capitol, was granted a hundred gold crowns, in order to stimulate his desire.

I will deal here no longer with those whose works are well paid for according to their wishes. [marg: Against the will.] And the same thing has also happened against their will, for when Alcibiades for a while held the unwilling animal-painter Agatharchus prisoner in his house, until he had wholly painted it, he then recompensed him for his art with beautiful gifts, despite the outrage done to him.

SIXTH CHAPTER.

Concerning the third reward of Art, that is, what honour and glory is to come from it.

The third target, at which the magnanimous {grootmoedige} Painting Spirit takes aim, is honour and glory, and praiseworthy fame, upon which the serious {deftig} Painter waits. Imagine {Stel u ... voor} now, O Generous {Edelmoedige} pupils, most noble banquets. Imagine {Beelt u ... in} the pleasure that you will enjoy, if you are allowed to sit among the Pages at Court, and eat and drink your fill at Princely Tables. Consider the joy, you will relish, when you are invited with the best in your city to a Wedding feast. [marg: Inspiring honour.] And how meagre will all this seem to you, if you compare it to the exultation {wellust}, that enters into the enjoyment of glory, which comes to an excellent Painter through the practice of his art; when the best of men stand in a circle around him, and admire him and his art in unison; when he sits quietly indoors, at his own pleasure, and receives nearly as much respect, as the bravest of Heroes, who risk both life and honour on land and sea; when he

sees that Princes, Kings and Emperors treat him so familiarly; when he notes that arriving in foreign lands, although he knows no one, nevertheless he is straight away recognised by another; that his name is mispronounced in foreign languages, and that everyone already expects something great from him. Who would not for this honour and for the pleasure that comes from it, not treasure it above all goods, and roused by this stimulation, not strive night and day? For as *Ovid* says:

Peoples' applause, and the clapping of so many hands Can inflame even the unhappiest to effort.

I will not feed you with any idle hope, that you will get to enjoy the beautiful concubines of Princes: as is related of Apelles, who while painting his Venus Anadyomene, who emerges from the Sea, became enamoured of Campaspe, the mistress {vriendinne} of Alexander the Great, as she sat naked for him, so as to portray this Goddess most beautifully: and how Alexander noticing this, gave her to him, preferring that he himself be defeated, than this great artist be disappointed. One ought rather to consider this honour a dishonour: and have honest Artists expect glory by means of their praiseworthy works, and not from pleasures {wellusten}. The honour of those, who spurn not only pleasures, but even earnings, is indeed enduring. Zeuxis, already rich by means of his art, gave his art-full works away, to Kings, to free cities, and to the Churches or Temples of the Gods: and he satisfied himself with the glory, which he thereby obtained. Polygnotus, the lover of Cimon's sister Elpinice, painted Laodice, in the painted Poecile {Plasianacteon}, concerning the Trojan women, after her, so it is said, and scorned the high price, that was offered him for this work, taking satisfaction in the noble reputation, that he got by it. The Poet Melanthius composed these verses about it.

No journeyman made these Paintings for profit,
And filled the domed Poecile thus with half-Gods,
For these Heroes, who lament the downfall and disasters
Of Troy's high estate sorrowfully and impatiently
Are here all Beautifully painted by Polygnotus
From life, and offered out of devotion {kerkplichtelijk}.

How many honours have obtained by Artists by means of their wonderful works, would be difficult to say: for as well as the fame and praiseworthy reknown, which fills the whole world, [marg: Fame and praiseworthy reknown.] they have also been especially esteemed by Emperors, Kings and Princes with great favour and respect; and considered as wonders in their time. For they certainly know that it is within their power to make great men,

but that artists are only sent by Heaven.

The Art of Painting must have been a most noble art in former times, said *Pliny*, since Kings and Princes competed so much for it. And certainly, the privileges, which one obtains by it, witness sufficiently, how much it was honoured in olden days: for according to the decisions of the Laws, [marg: See the Introduction to Holland's Jurisprudence by Hugo de Groot. vol. 2. c. 8. and 10.], the honour of the art of Painting was understood in such a way that, whoever in good faith painted something on another's canvas or panel, became the owner of it, whereas anyone who wrote something on another's paper or sheet, did not have that right: neither did the weaving of gold, into another's linen, nor the fixing of a silver lid to another's pot: for these may only demand payment.

As regards the Nobility of art, one cannot deny, that this is as certain, as can be, for Noble dignities were often distributed to persons without merit; and inherited blood often deceives {liegt menigmael} in the descendants of the most noble. On the other hand an Artist obtains Nobility by means of pure worthiness, and he parades as if in his own feathers, without getting or borrowing from anyone else.

How nobly the great Masters in art, were honoured by Monarchs {Alleenheerschers}, one perceives among other things in the encounter between Albrecht Dürer and the German Emperor: [marg: Favourable judgment of Princes concerning the nobility of Artists,] for when a certain Nobleman, on account of his nobility, vehemently refused to hold steady a ladder for Dürer to climb, while he was occupied drawing something large on the wall for Emperor Maximilian, the Emperor replied, that Dürer was more Nobleman, than him; since he had reached this estate by means of his art, and that he could certainly make a Nobleman from an ordinary Peasant, but not such a noble Artist from a Nobleman. And from that time the Emperor commanded {afgeboot} that Painters bear noble arms, so as no longer to have to dispute their nobility, to wit, three silver shields on a blue field; but each must see to it, that first of all he was noble in art, before flaunting himself with these arms: so that he was not abused for being some illegitimate child or adulterous bastard {onecht kind of overwonnen bastaert}. We have something similar concerning Hans Holbein. For when a certain English Earl, complained of him to King Henry the eighth, that during a certain dispute, while forcibly entering his room, he had been most roughly thrown downstairs, he asked that the Painter therefore be punished, or that he would do it himself: and so the King took him under his protection, saying to the Earl: That he no longer dealt with Holbein, but that he now had to do with his own Royal person,

and, he added, what do you think, that I am so little inclined towards this man? I tell you Earl, that from seven peasants, if I wish, I can readily make seven Earls, but from seven Earls not one such artistic Holbein.

Likewise, just as brave Warriors and victorious Soldiers used to be honoured with victory crowns and wreaths, [marg: Supported {bestaeft} with gold chains, medals,] the custom also continues among generous Princes, when they see some artist excel above others. We have ourselves in recognition of the first fruits of our labours received, from Ferdinand the third, Roman Emperor, a gold chain with his Imperial Medal. Certainly, an act of generosity, that gave more encouragement than satisfaction. It was no small spur to Veronese {Paulo Calliary }, when he understood, that the council of the Venetians had promised as well as remuneration to the best performer, out of various Painters, whom they were employing, also a golden chain, and it was thus no small honour to him, when he received that token of victory on his shoulders. Parrhasius hung the necklace for the best painter on Zeuxis, but he won back the prize and symbol, with greater honour, than seemed possible. But is there a more beautiful chain than this, which is said of Michelangelo? That he was not only loved and honoured by seven Popes, but also sought for and coveted by King Francis of France, Emperor Charles, and Soliman the Turkish Emperor; as well as by the state of Venetians. [marg: And knightly dignities.] And what is more, how many Painters have received Knightly dignities for their great services, are too many to relate here, I only mention those here, which come immediately to mind. Titian (Titaen Usel) was made a Knight by Charles the fifth: so too was Baccio Bandinelli, and richly rewarded for his art; Bartholomeus Spranger by Emperor Rudolph; Giuseppe d'Arpino by Pope Clement the eighth; Anthony van Dyck by Charles the first, King of England. And in what honour and and esteem Mister Pieter Lely lives in the Court at Whitehall, is sufficiently known everywhere. I do not speak of the Knights Cavalier Bernini, Mattia Preti {Calabreeze}, Hendrick Goudt, Zwart, and innumerable others. Indeed Raphael of Urbino, even sought a Cardinal's Hat. [marg: Art and Artists always held in honour by Princes,] But all of that is nothing new, for how much art and artists were honoured in ancient times, is well enough known. But the reply, which Demetrius gave the Rhodians, impressed many greatly, I would rather raise my hand against my Father's image, he said, than damage such a painting; and even less, had the painter fallen into his hands, would he have mistreated him. And how could Artists and their work be held in low regard by noble minds, [marg: See Caron.] when even Barbarians are astonished at their virtue and esteem them. [marg: Also by Barbarians.] Whenever the Japanese Emperor enjoys himself, he has among those, who are called his companions, wonderful Painters too.

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Great artists, said Chancellor (a) Bacon, [marg: (a) In Dedalus. They fear no exile] have this noble privilege, that they are welcomed by all peoples. So that no exile (so much feared by other people) can affect them as a punishment or as an affliction; astonishment at an artist spreads itself widely, even more so with a foreigner, for it is in peoples' nature, in anything that appears artistic or wonderful, to esteem their own countryman, less than foreigners. What often causes this?

The wild little bird that sings, when free:
All the open air belongs to me;
Nevertherless it hangs around, so as to be
By its beloved nest, where it is happiest.

One always longs, once back in the Fatherland to see the old hearth, to speak with old acquaintances, and to relate one's misadventures to friends, who will scarcely believe them. After which frequently follows repentance and sorrow. If on account of your art you have gained the favour of an art-loving court, take you time and harvest it, for it will soon be Winter: and the flower of your capacities can also wither. Art can win the hearts of the mighty and Princes, but one must look after these gifts from Heaven carefully.

Further, our art also has the power to soften the most barbaric hearts, and to awaken favour and affection, quite against nature. As happened with Fra Filippo Lippi, [marg: Lippi freed from slavery.] who captured at sea, and being taken to Barbary as a slave, and beyond all hope, on one occasion drew his Master, to pass the time, on a wall with charcoal, at which the moor, being astonished, had him immediately released from his chains, and after he had painted some things for him, he gave him his freedom, and sent him under safe conduct to Naples. To the ignorant art is something wonderful, and gives the impression of some supernatural power. [marg: Frightened by the figures in a tapestry.] A certain Vasco Lourenco was sent by the Portuguese, to the King of Borneo, to ask for free trade, having made this request, he presented the King with a costly tapestry, in which the marriage of the King of England with the aunt of the Emperor was portrayed after life. The King of Borneo asked about the interpretation of the figures? And hearing that, just like him, it was a crowned King of England, he suspected that the Portuguese wanted to play an evil trick on him, and that by means of sorcery he would make these figures, and the others come to life, and kill him and his people; so as to gain possession of his kingdom: which disturbed him so much, that he had the figured-tapestry quickly taken away, and would have treated the Portuguese badly, had some Moorish merchants and others, not

advised him; eventually he instructed the envoy to leave the island with his tapestry.

How much god-like honour is nowadays sometimes accorded to Paintings in our Christendom, goes well beyond all measure: for here a figure of Our Lady does miracles, and there too a *Christ*: not those in Heaven, but this or that Painting, which are thanked for it, praised, prayed to, and honoured and decorated with offerings.

But this foolish and over-credulous honour, sometimes granted to Paintings, certainly does not happen on account of the art, this is not the artistic Painter's intention, but the goal of religious imposters. [marg: The abuse of Paintings is not brought about by art.] I once copied for Emperor Ferdinand a smoke-darkened our lady with little Child, which it was said, Saint Luke had painted from life: but the original was so poor, that it made me ashamed of Saint Luke on that account, and even though my copy much excelled the original in art, it remained none the less an ordinary Painting, whereas the other was kept as a Sacred relic, locked up and adorned: the head of the Virgin bore a gold crown, set with expensive jewels and pearls; indeed the whole ground was studded with jewels.

This is with regard to Paintings, but unless the Holy Bible were to tell us that we artists are endowed with divine spirit, we have yet another little example from *Plutarch* in conclusion, which testifies to this, albeit unprepossessingly: That *Silanion* and *Parrhasius* were honoured Religiously {Kerkplichtelijk} by the Athenians, because they painted and cast Theseus.

But this god-like honouring of, and praying to Paintings, even the blindest Pagans are ashamed to do: For when Adam Olearius travelled through Tartary to Persia with the Holstein Embassy: and the Russians, who worship the Paintings of the Saints, criticised certain Cheremis Khazaks: because they honoured the Sun and Moon as their Gods: a Cheremis replied: that they received great benefits from these Heavenly lights, that they appeared to give and maintain life, and that they displayed the highest Majesty anywhere to be found. But what is there in your saints (He continued) who hang dead on the wall, and are nothing other than corruptible wood and paint? It is to be wished, that not only the Russians, but also all other peoples were awakened by this reproach, to turn to the living God and Creator, and to keep Paintings merely as a memorial. [marg: Hist. Ecc. ib. 9.] For Paintings and images have, as the Priest Lucian says in Eusebius, no more value, than is given them by the artist. Therefore David says in Psalm 97:

They must be ashamed, however much they cover it up, Who serve these images, and who glorify their Idols For as he sings in the hundred and fifteenth Psalm, they are worse than dead:

The Idols are silver and gold,

Constructed by human art and hands,

Their mouths do not speak,

Their eyes do not see, whatever is happening,

They have ears, but they do not hear,

Their noses lack Smell.

Their hands never hold onto anything,

Their feet are useless for moving,

Their throat produces no breath:

Those who make them, and all that trust in them,

Are equally bad, and quite rightly

All those same things are ascribed to them.

Thus the abuse of Painting against God's command, is punished and despised by all who understand. But that their appropriate use should therefore be abolished, is as unreasonable, as if one banned Wine from the world, because when it is misused, it makes one drunk: [marg: Instit. lib. 1. cap. 11.] or that one reduces all pleasure-grounds and gardens to wildernesses, because our ancestors offended wantonly in the first paradise, or indeed that one condemn the whole female sex, because the first sin was initiated by their Sex.

I am not so superstitious, said Calvin, that I would consider absolutely no image tolerable: but since cutting or engraving, and painting {maelen of schilderen} are gifts from God, I demand their honest and pure employment: so that that which is given to us by the Lord for his honour and our benefit, is not polluted by abuse, nor perverted to our corruption. To make God in a visible form, we deem to be unlawful, since he himself forbad it, [marg: One is not allowed to portray God in bodily form; But everything that can be seen is allowed to be painted.] and it cannot be done without misrepresenting his Glory. And further, if it is unlawful, to give God a bodily figure {lichamelijk beeldt}, then is it much less lawful, to honour such a figure as if it were God, or as God in it. And one cannot fake God's Majesty, which is invisible, by means of any improper representation: for one can only carve, engrave or paint things, which the eyes can understand. For there are Histories or narratives, which can serve for instruction and warning: or bodily things {lichaemelijke dingen}, which signify nothing, and therefore can do nothing, other than delight the eye.

As regards the Religious honour, accorded to Painters and Artists (I willingly pardon those who have only practiced art)

who have busily seduced the people, by making and displaying idols, in the Book of wisdom they are considered cursed by God despite their works. [marg: Cap. 14. 15.] For what is Painting? The wise man says, a shape, which is covered in different colours. Again, what is a maker of Idols? The same replies: his heart is ashes, his hope less than dirt, his life more despicable than clay. He has no better reward to expect than, that which Ptolomomy {Pholomeus} agreed with the Masters {Werkbaezen} of the great Goddess Diana, of which it was later claimed that it fell from Heaven, that is to say, when they had completed this Divine figure, and were invited to dine sat joyfully, and were full of hope of enjoying honour and payment for their art, then the banqueting house, which had been intentionally undermined, fell down, and flattened these earthly fathers of the afterwards imagined-to-be Heavenly Goddess.

Therefore, my Pupils, you must practise moderation, and honour the noble Art of Painting only as an art; and content yourself with legitimate glory. [marg: Leave behind a seemly reputation.] An honourable fame and a praiseworthy reknown, that will continue into the following ages, satisfies those souls hungry for glory; and even more, if they know, that even the least of their works will be honoured on account of the celebrity of their name. For the sake of their names the Rhodian canvas, on which was recorded the outline-contest between Apelles and Protogenes, even though there were only three curved lines on it, was looked at by all the world with wonder, and kept among the greatest rarities of Rome, preserved in the Palace of Caesar, until fire destroyed the building and the art within it. [marg: Incomplete.] On account of their names the last and incomplete works of illustrious Masters are held in greater awe, than the completed ones: like the Iris of Aristides, the Tyndarides of Nicomachus, the Medea of Timomachus, and the Venus of Apelles. So that, as Pliny says, one can trace in these first indications and lines the thoughts of these great Masters; by means of which one grasps the inner desires and wishes of these hands, obstructed from completing such noble conceptions by death. And this also happened in later ages.

For the sake of their names the childish drawings of pupils, who later became famous, are also honoured: [marg: And childish works.] thus were the drawings of *Domenico Ghirlandaio* preserved by *Vasari*, because *Michelangelo*, though still a child, had corrected them. For the sake of the name the youngest works of *Lucas van Leyden* are still highly esteemed. There are among his prints some, that he published in his eighth or ninth year. But why am I saying so much concerning slight works, when Art lovers lock up in some family album {stamboek} the mere handwriting of an ancient

or a celebrated artist, like a costly Relic among their best jewels.

When all this has be considered by you, O my Young Painter, then set yourself to work in good spirits and diligently, [marg: Farewell,] lovable Euterpe has accepted you into her service: Polyhymnia has taught you Swordsmanship and drill: great Clio has made you a Captain and a leader: Erato has supplied you with provisions, and the necessities of life: prudent Thalia taught you to set ranks and groups into formation: Terpsichore to strike well, and Melpomene to drive through: now conquer, and stand by Calliope's Palm branch, and thus Urania's Crown will also be yours, and you will see a fortunate conclusion to your labours; which I wish as a outcome for all who love art: and therewith that intelligent people, should they come across any misunderstanding in this my work, or that I have failed to deal with art in any part of it, please let me know, so that I have further material so as to call upon Apollo to be protector of a tenth book.

And here we come to the ultimate limit of our undertaking. [marg: And conclusion.] Even though our work remains unfinished, yet shall this little thing, however much protected by the Muses, shall, whether by time, or the wrath of *Jupiter*, or by fire, or by steel, be wholly devoured, destroyed and forgotten. But come, O day, who grants power to our works and bodies, and you, O death, shalt not annihilate me. My best part without fear of death, shall fly up to Heaven, and even though my name be obliterated on earth, and though people forget the Hollandish name and language, my soul will await a life, which shall outlast the existence of this world. Which is granted by God: and that all artists laying aside their brushes might say with Michelangelo:

The derelict Ship of my life is driven unremittingly,

Across the wild Sea, towards the harbour, where each of us

Is required to give a reckoning and explanation

Of all their deeds, thoughts and undertakings.

The world's favour flattered me wanting to claim

That I was a God, and that I alone had

Understood art, which are both idle follies

And falsehoods, which will not endure among people.

What is it then, that I enjoy on earth,

Since here I receive a double death?

Of the first I am certain, but the other threatens to squeeze me.

Poeticised, painted and slaved enough:

My soul now quietly moves {draeft} toward the Love,

Who spread his arms on the Cross, to receive us.

END