ONE MAN AND MEDICINE

Selected Weekly Columns (1972-1983)
by the International Publisher of Medical Tribune

ARTHUR M. SACKLER, M.D.

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INTRODUCTION BY LOUIS LASAGNA, M.D.

EDITED BY JOY HURWITZ

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*This book
is published
as a gift
for our father
with love
from*

Carol
Elizabeth
Arthur
Denise

August 22, 1983

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I am also grateful to Louis Lasagna, M.D., for his eloquent introduction, and offer a special acknowledgment to Stuart Frolick for his guidance and patience.

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JOY HURWITZ

New York City
December 1983

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INTRODUCTION

ARTHUR SACKLER is a phenomenon whose enormous range of talents and contributions is not readily captured in words. His life has been characterized by passionate interests; doing things by halves is inimical to Arthur's very being. His thoughts and actions are imbued with integrity and morality, but he is no rigid doctrinaire—all that it takes for Arthur Sackler to change a view is to be presented with convincing facts that render untenable a previously held opinion.

Sackler is magnificently ecumenical, equally at home with a Primate of the Catholic Church as with an atheist. He has been not only a supporter of Israel, but a friend and admirer of Sadat. Trained as a scientist, Sackler has become one of the world's great art collectors and connoisseurs. Unafraid of controversy, he has fearlessly led the medical profession in early consideration of problems of general public concern, as in his long-standing campaigns against cigarette smoking, alcoholism and drug abuse, and in his crusades for automobile seat belts.

Although never an academician, Arthur Sackler has been a more effective educator of the public and physicians than most professors, via his own writings as well as by publishing books and magazines written by others. He has long dreamed of a world where doctors in all countries would have prompt and ready access to the most current information about therapy, linked in a global fellowship by modern satellite and computer technology.

The founding of Medical Tribune *was part of that dream, and its success has been remarkable. Starting in the United States, the periodical is now published in England, France, Italy, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Japan, Hong Kong, Korea, the People's Republic of China, and South Africa, and distributed in many more countries.*

The Tribune *columns that constitute this volume provide valuable insights into the mind and heart of Dr. Sackler. You will see him lashing out indignantly (and with devastating effect) at superstition, anti-science, nutritional ignorance, population growth zealots, involuntary sterilization, medical* *complacency, double standards, irrationality, malpractice liability abuse by the public, and neglect of professional warmth and humanity.*

The reader will also find here provocative opinions about schizophrenia, cancer, human rights, hyperactive children, carcinogens (real and phony), governmental arrogance, and incompetence at the FDA. A parade of fascinating personages walks before us: the King of Sweden, the Hunter brothers, Louis Pasteur, Moshe Dayan, Jacques Monod, Linus Pauling, Jean Mayer, Albert Einstein, Sigmund Freud, Carl Jung, Adolf Hitler, Goya, and Michelangelo. The reader is taken vicariously on trips to such places as Crete, China, Japan, Italy, and Israel.

Every column is a testimonial to its author's remarkable brain and spirit—inquiring, tireless, compassionate, vital. Arthur Sackler is in love with life, with its mysteries, wonders, and challenges. An optimist and fighter, his agenda would require three lifetimes for completion. But what Arthur has already accomplished is a testimonial to the abilities of a most remarkable citizen of the world.

It is a privilege and an honor to know Arthur Sackler. For those not so fortunate, this collection of essays is a splendid introduction to a modern Renaissance man.

LOUIS LASAGNA, M.D.
University of Rochester
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ONE MAN AND MEDICINE

VIII

The Arts

"When one looks at the world about us and how we react to it, we cannot help but be impressed by the range and depth to which both have been influenced by the creative activities of our giants of genius."

November 8, 1972

A Paella of Medicine and Paintings

THE JUMBO JET let down so gently on the field at Barajas that we didn't realize we had landed but thought the wing flaps had been lowered. Dick Gubner and I were on our way to a new experiment, a WHO meeting of world specialists, sponsored by *Medical Tribune* in cooperation with the International Congress of Cardiology. We had passed the time in flight discussing the enormous gaps between what can be done for cardiac patients and what was not being done; between what is known and the seemingly infinite amount of needed, unknown data.

When we arrived, the weather was what one would expect in sunny Spain. Customs was *pro forma.* The ride across a flat plain to Madrid was, in its lack of distinction, in contrast to the Spanish capital itself. The city, with its incredibly wide avenues and its choking traffic, seemed to consist mainly of new buildings, with the clutter of new construction everywhere. We passed a new approach to the construction of high-rise buildings. All we saw were two parallel vertical towers which made no sense until we learned they were the service cores of a huge complex in which the core was built first and then all the floors were to be constructed from the top down. I shouldn't have been surprised at architectural innovation in Spain. I had never quite got over the moving effect of Antonio Gaudi's pioneering, organic architectural buildings in Barcelona when I saw them some years ago.

Madrid's hotels were jammed. Several medical and other conventions were taking place. Despite the transatlantic fares, it seems to be more economic to hold conventions in Spain then to hold them in Chicago or Dallas.

We were unable to get into our rooms, so dropped our luggage and went over to the Palacio de Congresos, where the European Congress of Cardiology was in session. Dr John Shillingford, one of Britain's leading cardiologists, was chairing a symposium, and his comments underlined our discussion during the transatlantic flight. Among other things, he said, "I cannot define incipient heart-failure." This syndrome had neither clear clinical features nor quantitative indications from many sensitive tests presently in use to study cardiac function. "There is no single biochemical mechanism," he stated, "to explain incipient heart-failure." Dr Shillingford is chief of the Hammersmith Hospital, Cardiac Division, London.

In cardiology as in chemistry and as in physics, it is only the great who can openly acknowledge what we don't know; only the little men have both the presumption—and all the answers.

That afternoon we couldn't resist going to the Prado. It has been and will long be an inspiration. As we walked the galleries we met several of the leaders in cardiac research who had come from 12 countries to exchange their latest data and their ideas, criticisms, and speculations. Here in the Prado all were reacting to what our kids would refer to as the same "vibes"—in this case the emotional impact of great genius on men. The impressions were as memorable as they will be immemorial. Nowhere else in the world can one see the El Grecos, the Velázquezes, the intense Riberas, the earth-tinted Zurbaráns, and the Goyas that one thrills to in Spain. The revelatory effects matched their inspiring impact.

There were particular high points for us as physicians. The tapering, flaming blues and greens; the reaching, tortured, distorted hands and faces and elongated bodies of El Greco, so much of whose oeuvre is housed in these galleries. These spiritual storms made irrelevant such medical observations "explaining" El Greco's elongations and distortions as a result of his astigmatism; that the models for his saints were schizophrenics. One felt that what is mad about this world is not insanity, not mental disease, not the thrusting, striving of aspiring man, but the actions of so many so-called normal people on whose deeds Goya made full, biting commentary

For me, Velázquez came through not in his formal paintings, not his court pictures, but in his highly personal masterpieces; in his clinical, pictorial documentation of cretinism; the dwarf, Francisco Leczano. In his portraits of the warped and stunted buffoons and in his depictions of poor, genetically damaged humans, Velázquez expressed his greatest humanity

And Goya—what a man and what a modern! His famous "Maja," dressed and undressed, puts to shame the voyeurism of so much of the pseudo-art of our day Without seeing the tender and caressing painting "The Milkmaid of Bordeaux," one cannot appreciate a technique that by scores of years anticipated the bold and free strokes and palette of Manet.

But the greatness of Goya can never be understood without experiencing the so-called "black Goyas," the horror of the inhumanity of man in the massacre of the Madrileños by French troops—"The Third of May, 1808." One will always be haunted by Goya's nightmares painted between 1819 and 1823. In these, one of the greatest of Western artists has infused his own spiritual pain into the pigments of his paintings. Sad to say, the horrors of "the black Goyas" live with us today on continent after continent, in the hunger and in disease, and in the massacres which men still visit upon men.

January 16, 1974

A Serious Business: Chinese Cuisine

1

WHEN I BOUGHT my first Chinese neolithic pot, I got the clue—if a clue were needed. We have all eaten "Chinese" food—or think we have. For me, Chinese cuisine is unique. It is an aesthetic, if not sensuous, gustatory experience to which, fortunately, man is—and I use the term advisedly—heir

I said my first neolithic pot was a clue. This reddish-buff pottery with painted designs is 3,700 to 5,000 years old. Often called Kansu or Yang-shao painted pottery, they are exquisite expressions of the potter's art and a fabulous demonstration of abstract and geometric design. The clue I was referring to would suggest Chinese *haute cuisine* may date back about 5,000 years or more. The neolithic pots were buried with the deceased so that in the next world they could have both their use and the grains they contained. The attention paid to such "table service" would suggest both an interest and sophistication in respect to cuisine. It would be hard to picture a savage tearing raw flesh with his teeth from an animal bone held in greasy hands ever designing such beautiful "table" ware.

At a recent anthropological meeting, K. C. Chang of Yale stated: "It is no accident that it is the French anthropologists who are working hard to make the study of the culinary art anthropologically respectable. The time has surely come for anthropological attention to be given to another noteworthy culinary art of the world, that of the Chinese." My French friends will forgive me—I know the real gourmets among them will understand—when I say that China represents the *summum bonum* of cuisine.

Chung, in his report, also focused sharply on Shang and Chou ritual bronze vessels, which present a wide range of forms and decoration and which André Malraux has described as the epitome of the bronze caster's art, outstripping the later Renaissance achievements in this field. In collecting ritual bronzes, one is struck by the

specificity of function of many of the vessels. I have a bronze Chien which consists of a lower compartment for water, a sievelike partition, and an upper compartment to hold the rice and other foods to be steamed. Others of the vessels relate to the use of grains and other materials. In all, form is magnificently unified with function.

Chung's learned references and his comments on the Three Books of Rites are fascinating. He records that among the qualifications of a Chinese gentleman before the time of Christ was "knowledge and skill pertaining to food and drink."

I remember the heyday of the French Line. Their cuisine on the *Normandie*, the *Ile de France*, and the *France* always ranked high by *Michelin Guide* standards. "Ah," they would proudly explain in what now seems so distant a past, "we have three men in the kitchen for each passenger in the dining room." How proud they were of their saucieres, their fish and meat specialists, their patissiers, their sommeliers. Little did I dream that in a China of two or more thousand years ago there were on the personnel roster of a king's residence almost 4,000 persons.

> "Almost sixty per cent handled food and wine. These included 162 master 'dieticians' in charge of the daily menus of the king, his queen, and the crown prince, 70 meat specialists, 128 chefs for 'internal' (family) consumption, 128 chefs for 'external' (guests) consumption, 62 assistant chefs, 335 specialists in grains, vegetables, and fruits, 62 specialists of game, 342 fish specialists, 24 turtle and shellfish specialists, 28 meat dryers, 110 wine officers, 340 wine servers, 170 specialists in the 'six drinks,' 94 icemen, 31 bamboo-tray servers, 61 meat-platter servers, 62 pickle and sauce specialists, and 62 salt men."

For those who are likely to dismiss the size of this staff solely as featherbedding, one can call attention to the fact that Chinese cuisine was as realistic as it was innovative. It assured significant quantities of ascorbic acid not only in the variety of foods it featured, in the use of organs or tissues rich in ascorbic acid, but in a very brilliant empiric "coup." Glucose is almost universally distributed and available as a prime source of energy for virtually all organisms. The simplest as well as the most complex of plants can convert it to ascorbic acid. Plant seeds usually have no ascorbic acid, but as soon as they start to sprout, ascorbic acid is synthesized. In mammals, except for man, monkeys, and guinea pigs, ascorbic acid is produced in the liver from blood glucose. Consider the biochemical and nutritional as well as the culinary achievement of the Chinese in their extensive utilization not just of beans but of bean sprouts!

I have heard it said that one could enter the home of a Chinese farmer a thousand miles from the sea and be regaled with a marvelous dish of fresh carp. Fish culture, it would seem, is also thousands of years old. Competent farmers in China maintained well stocked fish ponds—a use of "fish culture" which is still sadly lacking in most developing societies in our times.

The other day I was discussing with a good Chinese friend, a professor of art history, the marvels of the meals I had recently enjoyed in Hong Kong. I was waxing lyrical about chicken in lotus leaves.

"Oh," he said, "you like Beggar's chicken?"

"Beggar's chicken?" I asked.

"Well, you should know the legend as to how that dish came to be," he explained. "Legend has it that a beggar had stolen a chicken, had nothing to prepare it with, so he wrapped it in lotus leaves, packed it in mud, and baked it. It is," he continued, "considered now a very famous Hangchow dish." I can only characterize it as "heavenly "

January 23, 1974

2.

WHILE MY PERSONAL APPROACH to Chinese cuisine is lyrical rather than logical, I should refer to K. C. Chang's analysis of Chinese food which he undertook under the categories of (1) quantitative, (2) structural, (3) symbolic, and (4) psychological.

Under the "Quantitative" heading, Chang takes up such points as the elaborateness of the dish, the absolute number of dishes in the cuisine, the time consumed in preparation, and the time devoted to eating. It is quite clear that the Chinese were no simple "steak and potatoes" people. Even the contemporary Chinese spend more of their income on food and are more preoccupied with eating it than we are.

"Structurally," the average American would be astonished by the range of foodstuffs, the utensils, beliefs, and etiquettes associated with Chinese cuisine. Do you remember the American culture pushers and the ever-present volume of Emily Post? Well, here are some 2,000-year-old rules on table manners:

> "If a guest be of lower rank (than his entertainer) he should take up the [grain] rise and decline (the honor he is receiving). The host then rises and refuses to allow the guest to retire. After this the guest will resume his seat."
>
> "A guest should not rinse his mouth with spirits till the host has gone over all the dishes."
>
> "When feasting with a man of superior rank and character, the guest first tasted the dishes and then stopt. He should take small and frequent mouthfuls. While chewing quickly, he did not make faces with his mouth."
>
> "Do not make a noise in eating; do not crunch the bones with the teeth; do not snatch (at what you want)."
>
> "If a guest add condiments, the host will apologize for not having had the soup prepared better."
>
> "When they have done eating, the guests will kneel in front (of the mat), and (begin to) remove the (dishes) of [grain] and sauces to give them to the attendants. The host will then rise and decline this service from the guests, who will resume their seats."

"Symbolism," Chang's third criteria, has permeated all cuisines, from our Thanksgiving turkey through the Scandinavian Christmas goose or Prussia's pickled carp to the Jewish Friday night gefilte fish. The symbolic function of food permeates the daily life of all people, from the "Skoal" with aquavit or schnapps to the anniversary and festive use of champagne.

"Psychologic" criteria are given as a fourth set. Color of the different food ingredients plays an important role as in French cuisine, and color and design in Japanese dishes. The blending of aesthetic concepts with food is only one aspect of the psychologic, for all of us appreciate and practice Lin Yutang's observation that "no food is really enjoyed unless it is keenly anticipated, discussed, eaten and then commented upon. . Long before we have any special food, we think about it, rotating in our minds, anticipate it as a secret pleasure to be shared with some of our closest friends, and write notes about it in our invitation letters." Lévi-Strauss's observations on the relationship of food, cooking, and table manners as symbols of culture sharpen our appreciation of both Chinese food and Chinese culture.

Those who would suggest that poverty stimulates inventiveness must explore the failure of most impoverished societies to create a significant cuisine and their tendency towards widespread and excessive use of spices to compensate for lack of variety and tastiness of common, cheap food ingredients. When the President of the United States was in Peking, much was said about the variety of foodstuffs served and those omitted. But those of us who are familiar with the intellectual probing, the technologic inventiveness, and the high cultural reaches of Chinese civilization would be surprised if the range of their foodstuffs was narrower than it is. While grains—rice, wheat, and several varieties of millet—were, and are, basic in the Chinese diet, the list of foodstuffs takes off from there. For almost a millennium before Christ, common animal foods included cattle, pigs, suckling pigs, sheep, dogs, wild boar, deer, and hare; among edible fowl and birds mentioned in Chinese texts were quail, finch, partridge, sparrow, as well as pullets, geese, and chicken. Even as the East and the West both share a delight in snails and frogs, less common to our gustatory experience are bees, cicadas, and moths. Fruit trees have long been a source of culinary as well as artistic inspiration in China. Menus and album leaf paintings have long celebrated the plum and the peach, even as the pear, chestnut, hazelnut, and apricot have held honored places at the table.

The art of Chinese cooking rests upon an incredible range of foodstuffs and a wide spectrum of cooking methods. Even before the cooking, Chinese cuisine is distinctive in the manner in which foodstuffs are prepared, flavors and colors combined, and dishes juxtaposed or alternated.

For those who would enjoy the sensuous delight of Chinese cuisine, may I recommend a banquet with a knowledgeable Chinese friend. To those who treasure a culinary intellectual feast, may I suggest K. C. Chang's article in, of all places, the *Transactions* of the New York Academy of Sciences, Series II, Vol. 35, No. 6, 1973.

April 12, 1978

The Colors of Love

1

THESE HAVE BEEN very hectic and troubled times in world politics, and therefore personally We confront our newspapers and television screens wondering how man keeps miring himself in the muck of hate and violence. When we confront the beauty of a child, any child of any race or creed or color; when we confront adolescents, shiny-eyed and full of dreams; when we see the creative genius in painting and poetry, in sculpture and science, in plays and philosophy—of every creed and color and faith—how can we reconcile all this with the daily bestiality in our streets and in our planes, a plague of violence whose ultimate control must reside in the simplest, warmest and most wonderful aspect of being—just love.

I was in Paris, in the city of light and of love. Its skies were as blue as ever, offset by lightly tinted clouds which are so uniquely part of the panorama of that city What a civilized city in terms of the arts and sciences. How difficult to reconcile all these beauties with the black headlines of kidnappings and assassinations, gendarmes and terrorists.

One's sanity can only be assured by the balances which fortunately come to our aid.

The day before I had heard of some exquisite research, French in the brilliance of its orientation, and international in the meticulous scope and rare definition of the parameters being studied.

Then, in the evening another feast. It was the season of game in one region of France in which game is plentiful, the Solignac. And so as others were celebrating the beauty of French couture in a city packed with buyers and reporters noting each new line, length of hem, change of form and of color, I went to a little restaurant, La Sologne. Its patrones, Aline Perdrix, was charming in the manner typical of French women, and the food was direct and beautiful. I had always enjoyed moelle (bone marrow) but never had had it in brioche with a magnificent sauce. A delicious light salad was followed by a charcoal-grilled mallard, the duck was magnificent, and with it I ordered a 1961 Chateau Bages. It was then all topped off with the lightest of desserts, a floating island which didn't float, an airy iceberg with a cloud of the most delicious sauce. And after, a prune liquor of the region.

What a city, what a fantasy, and what madness! The mélange of all these were relieved by a fascinating memory You may recall that this visit was the occasion on which I once again paid homage to Chagall. He was a man whose sense of beauty and light and love succeeded in conquering for himself the madness of life. Chagall's spiritual view of the world not only broke the old bounds of color but also those of gravity and other restraints of relativity The genius of the man and of much that had happened gives a particular piquancy to what transpired between us over 30 years ago.

I was in Chagall's studio in New York. It was my first visit. I was very much the young doctor I was completely captivated by his paintings, not just their vividness, but the levitation and the constantly recurring symbolism, their incredible sensitivity to flowers whose fragrance was reflected in an almost effervescent form in the purest of color. It so happened that at that time there was an exhibition of paintings by psychotic children at Bellevue Hospital. The persistence of levitation and recurrent symbolism was such that I couldn't restrain the question.

"Have you seen the paintings of the children at Bellevue Hospital?"

Chagall's face lit up. "Oh," he said, "so you think I am crazy, too?"

To his French I replied in English, "No, not at all. I was interested in the freedom of common concepts of form."

"Let me tell you something," Chagall said. "In Paris there is a psychiatrist who thinks I am crazy He thinks the paintings are schizophrenic. But he is wrong."

I agreed.

Chagall continued, "The joke you know, is on him."

"Why?" I asked.

"Well," Chagall said, "he became my best collector "

Needless to say, one need not ask who laughs last. In this situation both came out ahead. Indeed, all of us have grown and our lives have been enriched as the sadness of so much of life and the drabness that obscures so much of its beauty are washed away by the purity of feelings, the simplicity of concepts and the colors of love of Marc Chagall.

Long live Chagall!

April 26, 1978

2.

WE LIVE TODAY immersed in a sea of color Only upon special occasions do we become conscious of the events and the men who made it possible. Not long ago I was in Paris twice within a month, and much in need of a lift from the cumulative fatigue of travel. And so in this, the most beautiful of cities, I walked from the Arc de Triomphe, down the grand axis of the Champs Elysees through the Place de la Concorde, through the Tuileries to the Louvre.

To refresh my spirit I made two stops. The first was at the Grand Palais whose constantly changing exhibits attest the greatness not only of French genius but the genius of man. On this occasion there was a great retrospective of Gustave Courbet. What a powerhouse he was! His monumental canvasses and his fascinating self-portraits attested his conviction as to his mission and the absence of any false sense of modesty.

I have always enjoyed Courbet. On this occasion I was fascinated to observe how this giant, in the 1860s, broke through the dark greens and deep browns of the woods, created the monumental impact of *Enterrement à Ornans* and the *Study* in his studio. Then, later, his transition to the mauves and greys of rock structures affecting the whites of waterfalls. Then, in turn, the clear blues, light greens and mauves of his seascapes began to dominate Courbet's canvasses as his skies and clouds evolved into the herald of the dawn of impressionist skies as we now know them.

As I left the Grand Palais, I dodged the mad merry-go-round in the Place de la Concorde, passing between the Jeu de Paume and l'Orangerie for a rendezvous with the latest of the works of our grand master of color—Chagall. I had just recently seen a documentary so aptly titled, *The Colors of Love.* It was an interview with the sweetest of the great artists of our day. Marc Chagall, acknowledged by many as an artistic giant, is a man with a sweet, unspoiled temperament, with the directness and warmth of a child. Chagall's sensitivities are befitting an angel—not a baroque one but a grown-up angel, rich in years beyond three score and ten.

In Marc Chagall's 90th year there was something very symbolic about my walk from the Arc de Triomphe through the Grand Palais to the Salon de Flores of the great Louvre. I was walking not only along an axis of history of a nation, of the world of culture, but also along an axis presenting the creative achievements of two men in the arts—Courbet and Chagall. It was only fitting that my memories went back more than a score and ten years when I first met Chagall.

I was fresh out of my service at the hospital; I had worked my way through medical school. Chagall was a refugee here in New York, working in a studio on the West Side. As we met in his studio, who would have dreamt or believed that we would live to see the French nation honor him on his 86th birthday with a museum of his own, and on his 90th birthday with an exhibit at the Louvre. It would not have been just sheer fantasy but arrogant imagination to have expected this simple, honest, most humane of painters who paints with "the colors of love" to be so honored in our days of terror and assassinations, in our era of supersonic jets and superdemonic hate. Happily, you can see Chagall's message of light and love, of color and beauty (as I have seen them again and again) around the world—at a hospital in Jerusalem, on the ceiling of the Paris Opera House, on the walls of the New York Metropolitan Opera and in virtually every museum in the West.

My pilgrimage to the pavilion of the Louvre to see the show of Chagall's recent works was rewarding not only for his paintings—I have lived immersed in Chagall's work in many ways—but in the further interesting juxtaposition of another event. It was just weeks before that I had been to an opening of new acquisitions of the Louvre in this very pavilion. At that time I renewed the thrill of seeing Michaelangelo's heroic slaves breaking out of the bounds of their marble—fitting symbols of the Renaissance and its liberation of man's spirit in form and intellect. Now, just four flights directly above Michaelangelo's two towers of immortal sculpture, people of all stations by the hundreds crowded the pavilion to pay homage to a man of our day who carried forward a new message of the liberation of man as, without regard to form, Chagall projected and lifted the spirit of man forward and upward in flights of fantasy expressed in the "colors of love."

August 20, 1980

Thoughts on Terra Cottas

WAS I REMISS?

I guess I was.

What?

Remiss. I'll try to turn over a new leaf and share more fully, starting now with a show that has been running in Washington since last October and after several extensions will close next October 6, 1980.

In the glorious east wing of the National Gallery in Washington, D.C., on its mezzanine floor, is the exhibition which marks the period of my personal return to western aesthetics in the plastic arts after a long and passionate sojourn in the arts of Asia and the Asian continent. The exhibition is from the Arthur M. Sackler collection of European terra cotta sculpture.

Why at this time, the renaissance of my personal resonance to European terra cottas? I had always been enamored of pre-renaissance painting, of Sienese, Venetian and Franco-Flemish primitives. I had at an early age become passionately attached to Turner and then to the pictorial revolutions of the French masters, Corbet and Monticelli, Manet and Monet, Degas as well as Pisarro, to the great Dutch painters Yongkind and van Gogh. Cézanne represented a peak for me. I still delight in Picasso and Juan Gris, Braque and Bonnard. Matisse and Modigliani, Chagall and Soutine. Vlaminck and Derain whose Fauve paintings were among the most exciting. I discovered many of their precedents in the Orient, in Japanese prints which the Nabis so admired, but more significantly in the paintings from which the Japanese graphic aesthetic was derived—the Ming Ching painting of China, especially of the eccentrics.

What, you may ask, does this have to do with terra cotta sculptures in the National Gallery? Well, there was a relationship, though not a continuity, in the spontaneity of expression between French European painting of the last hundred years and the earlier paintings of China in the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries. I was in search of such spontaneity in the plastic arts which in the Orient was constricted by religious iconography as in the buddhistic bronzes of China and Japan and the sculptured temples of India. There was a gap in my aesthetic satisfaction with Eastern sculpture.

Everywhere I had encountered reverence for renaissance bronzes. Of course, I had appreciated them. And, on my recent trip to Italy, I was deeply reimpressed by the bronzes of such masters as Ghiberti and Donatello, and by the marbles of the incomparable Michelangelo. But, for me there remained too many unacceptable intermediates, particularly in post-renaissance bronze art. How original were most of these bronzes? How rare the autograph bronzes even of Giovanni Bologna. The bronze caster and stone carver too often got in the way of the message the master sought to convey to me. Perhaps it would best be said in the terms I used to introduce the European terra cotta exhibition at the National Gallery:

"I have been asked, what on earth are you doing with terra cottas, European terra cottas?" That was a very apt observation, for terra cottas are truly of the earth. For me, terra cottas are unique among the plastic arts. I know from my friends in the performing arts—music, opera and the dance—how difficult it is to catch the finest nuances of meaning, the full depth of the message of the composer, the dramatist or the choreographer. The performing arts are interpreted for us by great conductors, singers, actors, musicians and dancers. Too often that is also true in the plastic arts. There the message of the master has to be transmuted through intermediates—the bronze caster and the stone carver

"For me, terra cottas have enabled our masters of aesthetics to capture a feeling and an aesthetic at a given point in time and a given point in space. They have taken clay and in a God-like achievement, through their genius, have breathed life into it; so much has life been breathed into this earth as to bring to you centuries later a living message with directness and clarity and to present it with the mark of their individuality

It took a special genius to convey the realization which Michelangelo so brilliantly articulated in his sonnet when, in referring to terra cottas, he wrote:

When godlike art has, with superior thought,/ the limbs and motions in idea conceived / a simple form in humble clay achieved / is the first offering into being brought.

"These artists realized in their day what they could do with this

medium and now, in our day, and at this point in time and space, in our museums (and through the pages of our catalogue) they will be speaking to you with a unique intimacy and immediacy."

That night I also said, "Only the immortal Leonardo had the vision to anticipate what has happened. The genius of Homo sapiens has condensed time and space and, through these chariots of our skies prosaically numbered 707s and 747s," can bring all of us together for a visit to a national gallery as well as our scientific meetings.

The European terra cotta exhibit in the National Gallery's east wing presents only a portion of our collection but does so with such unique genius that I doubt I will ever again be able to revel with such blissful intimacy in the beauties of these centuries of European plastic art.

If you happen to be in Washington before October 6th, I would be most happy if you would share with me these exemplifications of how our masters have mastered a medium with an expression as individual as The Fingerprints of the Sculptor.

September 3, 1980

A Night in Milan: La Scala, Music and Medicine

ONCE AGAIN THE ITINERARY was as fascinating as it was varied—from staff work in *Med Trib* offices in London, Paris and Basel to La Scala in Milan; then *I Tatti* and all of Florence, and on to Rome and the Vatican. You would enjoy the enriching linkages between medicine and opera, science and art, and the worlds of faith and those of the arts and the sciences. A fortunate accident of timing made this constellation of events possible. In Europe, the successes of *Medical Tribune* publications had placed our publications among the foremost periodicals in Germany, Switzerland and Austria. In Britain, our English team was breaking new ground. For an international publisher, there were the usual problems and, at the same time, rewarding satisfactions. For our friends, perhaps the events in Italy would be of greatest interest.

Milan was our first Italian stop. A brief flight from Zurich, an afternoon arrival at Malpensa and a comfortable interval to refresh and dress for an occasion I had always looked forward to. How should I put it? Well, it was my "debut," my first visit to La Scala. To one who had been progressively more immersed in the last few years on a "spectator" and personal level with great (not just grand) opera, this was an event to be treasured. And all the more so, since Otello that night was a very dear friend, a most remarkable man as well as our greatest Otello, Placido Domingo. And as if that was not enough, Desdemona was Mirella Freni. We had met Mirella on previous occasions in New York, Miami, London and now in Milan. Carlos Kleiber was conducting. From the first bars of the orchestra and from the triumphant "Esultate" of Placido, the night of opera was off to a tremendous start. The superb orchestra and the stage settings gave a glorious background for Placido's brilliant performance in the central role. The second act with its stunning duet, the vengeance vow, "Si Pel Ciel," is for me one of the greatest moments on the operatic stage. It came across as one would have expected it in La Scala, even though I always sense a special chemistry when Placido is performing it with our mutual friend, Sherrill Milnes.

As an English critic put it: "Verdi's Otello is one of those rare roles that created a voice type. It demands an almost Wagnerian weight of tone and dark, rich colour in the lower reaches but with the sustained legato of long Verdian phrases that make it harder than, say, Siegmund in *Die Walküre.* Domingo is ideal. His Otello is an intelligent man with a sinuous political instinct, a leader with a certain self-conscious vanity in his public presentation. His singing remains noble, beautiful and heroic, even when he is most prey to Iago's manipulation. The figure he cuts, with its grand gestures, is memorably different from anything else I've seen him do. In his feline movements he has caught an exciting sense of Moorishness."

As Desdemona, Mirella, in an exquisitely controlled last act, was particularly touching in her "Ave Maria" and The Willow Song, piangea cantando, with its haunting "Salce, Salce."

What, one may ask, does opera have to do with medicine? In past times Homer, the long-haired musician of Virgil and the Saxon, Celtic and German bards followed millennia after the use of sound and music by shamans and the medicine men of the earliest societies. From a technical perspective, the history of the relationship of music to medicine records the role of the learned Jesuit priest, Athanasius Kircher (1602–80), medical man and accomplished mathematician, physicist and microscopist and (also close to my heart) an Orientalist. Kircher was said to be the first physician to utilize a microscope in a search for the cause of "tarantism." His illustrated book on China, published in Amsterdam in 1670, was one of the important early sinologic texts. It appeared 30 years after his huge book of some 1,200 pages, summarizing "all" then supposedly known of music. It encompassed illustrations of anatomy, discussed the physiology of ear and throat of man and animals, the science of harmony, the art of composing melodies and, for good measure, presented an account of the chromatics, the theory of time and rhythms of Greek and Hebrew music.

More familiar to most of us would be the name of Caspar Bartholinus, physician son of the great anatomist, who, in 1679, published a study of the double-flutes of Greece, the antecedent of the clarinet, the basset horn, the oboe and the English horn.

It was particularly appropriate that an operatic librettist, Leopold Auenbrugger (1722–1809) of Vienna, was the European discoverer and proponent of percussion of the chest for diagnosis.

His opera to the music of Salieri was *Der Rauchfangkehrer* (*The Chimney-Sweep*).

Two other pioneers were the Birmingham practitioner William Withering (1741–99), who introduced digitalis and who was a devotee of flute and harpsicord, and Edward Jenner (1749–1823), to whom western civilization owes vaccination and who preferred performing with violin and flute. But more of these and the others on another occasion.

Following the glorious performance of *Otello,* we went with Placido, his family and friends, to a charming restaurant around the corner from the entrance to La Scala. There, relaxed and savoring an evening which truly exemplified Otello's opening cry of exultation, we also took the time to talk about new ideas and possible innovations which we might be able to set in train in the world of music.

Our "opening night" at La Scala was an auspicious occasion, one prophetic of things to come.

September 17, 1980

Michelangelo—Some Perspectives and Reflections

As MEDICAL STUDENTS, we've shared a common heritage with Leonardo and Michelangelo—the dissection and study of the human body as the basis for our future work. I can never forget the impact of Leonardo's drawings of his dissections when I first saw them in the Windsor Collection of the Queen of England; then the thrilling experience of holding, in my own hands, Leonardo's drawings at Oxford's Ashmolean and studying their incredible hoard of Michelangelo's anatomical sketches. I had always accepted that Michelangelo was one of the pivotal historic linkages between classic art, particularly sculpture, and what we think of as modern art. The modernity of Michelangelo's nude figure sketches and the exuberant dynamics of their movement evoke their echoes in Cezanne's bathers and Matisse's "Joie de Vivre."

What has been called "uncompleted" sculpture, and what I always considered "fulfilled" sculpture, was more acceptable to Michelangelo than his "polished" works. They represented, in my opinion, an acceptable terminal point for so many of his sculptures, particularly those created after his earlier years. To me they are most "modern" in their appeal. Think of Michelangelo's shattering or recarving of two of his three Pietàs as they proceeded beyond the point of "incompleteness." If there were time, which there is not on this occasion, one could intellectually explore the psychodynamics of the creative process and of that element of "dissatisfaction with what is" which forces our greatest creative geniuses to reject even as they build up that which was achieved by others before them, and even by themselves, as they strive for higher peaks of perfection.

As I came to learn, I was not alone in my conviction of the influences of Michelangelo's "unfinished" sculpture upon the creative geniuses of the 19th and 20th centuries. Delacroix, discussing these in his *Journal,* wrote, "The unfinished portions enhance the importance of the completed portions." Rodin's sculpture and his writings both indicate the deep impression that these works made upon him and reveal what I call "the impact of the medium upon the master," the manner in which the medium itself, in the case of Michelangelo, the marble, can serve the final fruit of the artist's conception and creation.

At this time, in Florence and Rome, my thoughts were filled with the opportunity of seeing almost the total oeuvre in sculpture and frescoes of Michelangelo. Here, near Florence, he was born on March 6, 1475, of a noble family which had come upon hard times. Despite the disapprobation of his father, he apprenticed himself in his teens to Ghirlandaio. His work as a youth was deeply influenced by the ancient sculpture he sketched in the gardens of the Medici. His gifts were such that none doubted his promise, least of all Lorenzo the Magnificent. In his earliest sculpture, the Battle of the Centaurs, one notes its "resonance" with the antique. It was one of the first pieces we viewed at the Casa Buonarroti where our host was Professor Charles de Tolnay, its director It was a privilege, on this visit to Florence, to renew my association with so much of Renaissance art in the light of the scholarship and the company of some of our greatest living scholars—de Tolnay, Lord Kenneth Clark, Sydney Freedberg and Seymour Slive, and also under the preceptorship of Craig Smyth and Kathleen Weil-Garris.

At the Casa Buonarroti, I was fascinated by the "Madonna della Scala." To me the Christ child appears to sleep at the breast of the Madonna. This time, I was struck by the interesting treatment of the turned-out wrist and hand of the Christ child, its relaxed passivity offset against the active children on the stairs. Here, too, I could not resist stroking the heroic-sized torso in terracotta called by some "A River God" and by others a study for one of the figures of the Medici tombs. The Casa Buonarroti is a fitting introduction, not only to the early life but to the range of interests of Michelangelo, to his drawings and his architecture, to his studies for military installations and, for me, his fascinating study sketches in sculpture for his David, for a Hercules, and his Hercules and Cacus. My fascination in these sensitive sketches—*modelli or bozzetti*—was heightened by my recent activities in collecting terracottas from the 15th through the 20th centuries.

The trend of Michelangelo's development can be readily followed as one visits the Bargello which houses his marble Bacchus, which he completed in 1496 in Rome, and his Pitti Tondo. I had a chance at this time to note the differences between this Tondo and the Taddi Tondo which I had seen in London at the Royal Academy on the 500th anniversary of his birth.

After the return to Florence, in 1501, of the young Michelangelo, he carried out the stunning feat by which so much of the world knows him—the David. This 16-foot high masterwork by a sculptor in his 20s weds a torso celebrating the antique to a treatment of limbs and head and a stance heralding the Renaissance. For me, this marble, now in the Academy of Fine Arts in Florence, is cold. I found the sculpture sketch model of the David in the Casa more appealing. Its inspiration for the terracotta in my own collection, by the Master of The Davids, was, of course, obvious.

When one looks at the world about us and how we react to it, we cannot help but be impressed by the range and depth to which both have been influenced by the creative activities of our giants of genius.

September 24, 1980

The Process of Creation and the Goal of Perfection

It is hard to realize that only six years after Columbus discovered America, a 23-year-old sculptor was commissioned to produce, according to his contract, "in the space of a year . . the most beautiful work in marble that exists in Rome, and no master could do it better today " Thus it was that Michelangelo was to present to the world the Pietà which for centuries has made the first chapel on the north side of Saint Peter's a shrine of art as well as of faith.

On this occasion, I was to visit this Pietà last, as I was to come to Rome after a week in Florence. Consequently, I first saw the Pietàs of Michelangelo's old age, the Pietà which he shattered and the Pietà which he was recarving when he died.

These Michelangelo sculptures forced upon me, at this time, a realization of the psychic effects of maturation upon one of our greatest geniuses—which, perhaps one could say, also reflects the psychologic difference of youth and age of almost all lesser mortals. In the simplest terms, one confronts the boldness, the assuredness, the certainty of youth as compared to the questioning that comes with time and experience as one learns that perhaps there are no certainties, and that aspirations can grow greater than skills so as to deny man the ultimate dream of fulfillment in his striving for perfection.

The Rome Pietà is seen by the world as a serene, fulfilled and polished sculpture of sublime genius. It was scarred but a few years ago, in our time, by a madman. The Pietàs of Michelangelo's later life were only in part polished. The Deposition, or (as the scene was described in the 13th century) the Lamentation, also referred to as Michelangelo's Florence Pietà, carries on it the marks not only of Michelangelo's chisel but of his hammer as he struck and smashed at it in frustration.

The Florence Pietà fascinates me for many reasons. Among these were not only his mournful self-portrait as Nicodemus, but the accentuated counterthrust of a hand holding up Christ's left shoulder to which the Deposition by del Ducca in our own collection bears a close resemblance. Another point of particular interest to me is the outward-turned left hand of the sagging Christ. I have never seen it remarked upon, but this anatomic presentation strikingly recalls the outward-turned right hand of the Christ child in Michelangelo's Madonna del Scala. I was struck, upon seeing both literally within hours of each other, by this similarity in the Christ of the Madonna and Child of his earliest years and the Christ of his old age in the Deposition Pietà in Florence. What remarkable things man's mind does. The statement of the relaxation of the Christ child in sleep is reflected in its wrist and out-turned right hand, and, more than half a century later, it is a recalled "echo" in the out-turned left hand of the "dead" Christ. It was only later I noted that, almost 500 years before Michelangelo, the Greek theologian Simon Metaphrastes first described Mary holding the dead Christ, saying, "You have often slept on my lap the sleep of infancy, but now you sleep in my lap the slumber of death."

Then one confronts Michelangelo's last Pietà, the Milan Pietà, which that fine book, the remarkable photographic document by David Finn with text by Frederick Hartt records as "The final testament of one of history's greatest spirits." In the last week of his life, in February 1564, Michelangelo was working on this sculpture, which was ultimately acquired in 1952 by the city of Milan. There had been a first version, much of which had been carried close to completion in the last decade of his life, but the master rejected it and began to carve a new version. And so in his last opus, set forth by the broad grooves of his *subbia,* the two-toothed tracks of his *calcagnolo* and the finer lines of his *gradina,* one finds the lifelong signatures of a master together with his terminal conflict and final frustration in his search for perfection. Thus, in its ultimate unfulfilled state, it is of a piece with one of his unfinished sonnets, noted by Hartt:

"Lady, as to remove one sets / In stone Alpine and hard / A living figure / Which grows greater where the stone dissolves; / Thus are some good works, / For the soul which also trembles, / The covering of one's own flesh conceals / With its uncouth, rude and hard bark. / You only can strip it from around me, / For in me there is neither will nor strength."

Hartt says that "The wreckage of the surrounding stone bears the marks of the sculptor's tool and of his torment."

I see in them an ultimate statement that no matter how much we learn, there is still more to be learned; no matter how much we do, there is still more to do; no matter how much we achieve, there is still more to be achieved. The recognition that perfection, seemingly attainable in our youth, will never be reached is a state of man which differentiates him from all other living organisms. The genius of the genu homo sapiens is to always seek a new state, a new perfection.

I think these thoughts as I see in my mind's eye the rough chisel marks on a sculpture actually of the time of Christ, the beauty of a creation encompassed in one of my Han stone reliefs, and directly before me, as I write these lines, I look at similar marks of a chisel, whereby stone, alabaster, has been converted into a sculpture of beauty by a child of my own.

January 14, 1981

Erin and the Arts

At the opening in Dublin of the exhibition of the Arthur M. Sackler Collection of Chinese Paintings, Dr. Sackler, International Publisher of Medical Tribune, *was present. On this occasion, the Irish Government honored Dr. Sackler as the first recipient of its ROSC gold medal, an award for major contributions to the arts. ROSC is an Irish word meaning "the poetry of vision." At the official state dinner during the celebrations, Dr Sackler delivered the following address:*

I AM PRIVILEGED to be here tonight. I should tell you that I have been closer to your land than to any other spot on earth, I've scoured it for kindling, pan fried delicious my newly caught fish on an open fire before a pitched pup tent wherein I slept on the bosom of Erin's land. It was a memorable experience, in fact, it was the only camping trip I ever took. Thus, I can attest to your many beauties not least of which is your rugged west coast, which for me rivals the splendor of the north shore of Crete, and the striking cliffs of California.

History has linked me to Ireland in other ways. At the time when Columbus sailed east from Spain, my forebears went west, settling in what had been the region of the Celts, in central Europe. They did not meet your ancestors, a miss of much more than millennium. I have had better fortune. I've been able to work in my chosen field of medicine, with your compatriots in a great Irish metropolis—the City of New York. There, as a student, I came to admire Irish beauty, not just in physiognomy, but in its languge, its literature and especially its theatre. Ireland has done well in geniuses per million, particularly in literature, what with Jonathan Swift, Oliver Goldsmith, Edmund Burke, and such writers as George Bernard Shaw, John Synge, Sean O'Casey, Oscar Wilde and James Joyce.

My admiration for some of the unusual attributes of the Irish people has led me to prepare my nonencyclopedic resume of Eire. It is an Emerald Isle, its fertile soil and special climate due only in part to the Atlantic and its Gulf Stream. In greater measure they result from the sunny disposition and warm-heartedness of its inhabitants. Ireland's fauna attest to certain other qualities: you are free of reptiles, thanks, of course, to St. Patrick. More remarkable is the conspicuous absence of nightingales; this I attribute to the Darwinian principle of survival based on the competition between species. The nightingale was embarrassed. It departed this land when it found that its song could not compete with the beauties of Irish speech. And, even today, as American scientists probe for an understanding of the speech of dolphins, your western shores teem with these highly intelligent mammals seeking to learn the beauty of the Irish language.

As to the Bronze Age, you may know that bronzes are a major medium of my interests. I have therefore long appreciated the achievements of your early metallurgists. They produced their classic horn-shaped trumpets by the cire perdue process some centuries before its use in China. These trumpets were so unique that they became one of your early, highly valued exports. On the other hand, no one has trumpeted the remarkable megaliths dotting your countryside and, therefore, few have heard of these noble monuments, even as virtually everyone has heard of Stonehenge.

I must also say that the renowned, prophetic vision of your seers, so fruitful in other areas, gave out in regard to one particular field. Ireland was selling gold and gold ornaments from the alluvial gravels of County Wicklow much too soon. Gold prices did not reach the legendary market level of over 800 dollars per ounce until almost four thousand years later Then again, on the other hand, I salute the prophetic vision, the Druid-like prescience in the naming of one of your most beautiful rivers—Shannon—clearly an honor to our ministers plenipotentiary, the charming couple, Ambassador and Mrs. Shannon.

I cannot resist commenting on the fact that at a time when the Romans had conquered all of Europe and a neighboring isle and occupied them for 400 years, they had the good sense not to attack this land, a demonstration of the intelligence and foresight that made possible history's pax Romana.

Time is too short to pay full tribute to the Ireland which nurtured the light of scholarship in the Dark Ages, when as a refuge for students and teachers, it became the Isle of Saints and Scholars, extending its warm Irish hospitality, including free board and tuition to those who came to learn and teach. And then from Ireland fertile seeds of learning were disseminated to other lands.

Time is also too short to pay proper tribute to the Ireland of the great illuminations such as the Book of Kells, or discuss the possible relationships of your arts to the animal and Viking art styles.

Over the years the world has learned to appreciate that Ireland's greatest gift to many nations has been its greatest treasures, its people, who, wherever they have gone in the world, have brought with them the lilt of their language, the laughter and poetry of their spirit. We owe so much to an island so small in space and number, yet so great and grand in heart and mind.

Many thanks for the joys you have given both of us these days and the honor you have bestowed upon me this night.

April 22, 1981

On Fingerprints of the Artist

I WAS ASSSIGNED by the editor-in-chief to cover an exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Its title is "Fingerprints of the Artist, European Terra Cottas from the Arthur M. Sackler Collection." This time, in the interest of staff discipline, I didn't duck the assignment. So here goes.

The roots of the arts and sciences are closely linked in history and in our time. Prehistorically, the shaman, or medicine man, reinforced his herbal and other modalities with psychotherapeutic incantations. His magic utilized paintings in the caves and sculpture in ritual masks. I have never forgotten the impact upon me of the arts of the Magdalenian period during my "exploration" of the caves of the Dordogne and those of Altamira. And historically one cannot think of the Renaissance without recognizing the interdependence of science and the arts—from the physical beauty of Galileo's telescope to the scientific veracity of Leonardo's dissections and drawings.

Michelangelo's paintings in the Sistine Chapel and, closer to our day, Rodin's sculpture, both celebrate the intellectual renaissance of man through his physical glorification.

For me, the arts and sciences are closely linked, and this is true not just for me alone. Dr Gachet's relationship to Van Gogh is brilliantly memoralized. The relationship of men of medicine of this century to the arts are reflected in such collections as the 19th- and 20th-century treasures of the Barnes Foundation, the notable collection of European paintings of Dr Armand Hammer, and, in Chinese art and antiquity, the collection of Dr Paul Singer As for the European terra cottas presently at the Metropolitan Museum, they represent a departure for a collector who had moved from the aesthetic achievements of the West to those of Asia and the Near East. These terra cottas represent, in a sense, a return to an occidental expression of man's aesthetics. In his words:

> *"With terra cottas I found I was going back, perhaps, to what I have called an ultimate expression of the neuromotor, the tactile and depth perspective experiences of man; to their expression in the plastic and spatial arts—the joy of the child squishing mud through its fingers, at first maybe 'aimlessly' but sensually, then purposefully, ultimately constructively. I have since wondered whether in the plastic arts of the terra cottas the biologic adage of 'ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny' was not paralleled in that a developing individual recapitulates what may have been the multimillennial experience of his forebears in the creative process related to clay, a process whose artifacts today, thousands of years later, provide us with such objects of aesthetic joy as the striking neolithic pots of China, the beautiful sculptures of the goddesses of Anatolia and the fertility figures of Iran.*
>
> *"I always wanted to experience as close as one can, at first hand if possible, the creative impulse which moves a master. In the field of Oriental art I had savoured the emotional impact as the genius of Tao-chi committed brush to paper, as a man had moulded a camel in wet clay and with what must have been the stub of a brush, fashioned in a thrice the hair on the back of a camel's neck. That relationship of master to medium was, I felt, lost in the later ceramics of the Orient, the porcelains of the Ming and Ching periods, as the discipline of technique seemed to cool the heat and spontaneity of emotional expression. In Western art I had felt that even more so. Despite the beauties of the masterpieces in bronze and marble, I had felt that these two media either imposed too much upon the creative process or had interposed too often between the creator and me, as viewer.*
>
> *"I believe that terra cotta encourages the fullest primacy of the master over the medium, that in terra cotta sculpture the creative impulse of spatial art is permitted more direct expression, freer from the restrictions of technique and technology imposed by rigid or unyielding stone or molten bronze."*

The exhibition of European Terra Cotta Sculptures presently at the Metropolitan in New York ranges over five centuries and, while it includes many of the great names of European sculpture—Algardi, Clodion, Carpeaux and Rodin—its greater meaning relates to its exposition not only of the range of techniques and textures of the highly versatile medium, but also the differentials in development of the spontaneous expression of sculptures of different periods and different nations over time. It begins with some very powerful pieces which were originally part of early Renaissance altar pieces in Padua and then introduces us to the Baroque, the Italian, French and Flemish models. An Algardi modello of St. John the Baptist is presented next to a completed, glorious gilt bronze of St. John Baptizing Christ. A group of modern masters constitute, in a sense, the terminal point of the show—Arturo Martini (the teacher of Marino Marini), Gauguin, Maillol and Rodin.

It is hoped that the viewers will have the same experience as the collector who said of the terra cottas, "They speak to me with an immediacy undimmed by time, with an intimacy unrestricted by technology, and with a personality as distinctive as what I see them to be—as individual as the fingerprints of the artist."

June 10, 1981

Art and Medicine at the Brooklyn

LITTLE DID I REALIZE how "comforting" and literally true I would find the exhibition entitled "The Realist Tradition." Imagine my delight in encountering such "old friends" as Courbet, Millet, Caillebotte, Degas and, more astonishing, Velpeau and Claude Bernard. It is to Claude Bernard that I am indebted for the foundations of my biomedical philosophy and to Velpeau for having saved me from open surgery on a humerus badly fractured in a skiing accident. Thus, for me, "The Realist Tradition" was very real indeed.

The exhibition which I saw at the Brooklyn Museum this spring was brought together at the initiative of the Cleveland Museum. Its director, Sherman Lee, wrote an excellent foreword to Gabriel Weisberg's fine catalogue celebrating a "heroic" opus—the exhibition itself. Hilton Kramer of the *New York Times* commented that it was "an exhibition that serves the interest of history more than it serves the interests of art." So be it. But, I think physicians will find it interesting from both perspectives.

I was fascinated to learn from Weisberg's observations that it may have been Emile Zola who "persuaded his close friend, Lhermitte to read Bernard's *Introduction to the Study of Experimental Medicine.*" And it was in the 1880s that Léon Lhermitte was commissioned to do a series of large paintings for the Sorbonne, one of which was to be dedicated to Claude Bernard. Lhermitte's work and Feyen-Perrin's "The Anatomy Lesson of Doctor Velpeau" constitute graphic testaments to the scientific history of their day

Considering Zola's social orientation and his interest in science as well as in the arts, I found his attack in the mid-1880s on several of the "realists" rather surprising, particularly so in view of his recognition of the genius of his friend Edouard Manet and his encouragement of Lhermitte to study Bernard.

At the show, there was an exquisite painting of a peasant woman by Villon, which echoed some of the strengths of Manet, one of my favorites of the 19th century Of course, much in the realist tradition is outdated. Most of its oeuvre does not appeal to me. But one cannot neglect the indebtedness to this period of Manet, Degas, Fantin-Latour and many who followed. The roots of one of the most dazzling periods in the history of art sprang from the soil of the realist tradition and, needless to say, its blooms and flowers are more colorful than the earth that nourished them. Some may say, "Well, you only found about two dozen paintings exciting; that's only 10% of the total exhibition." True, but for me the show went beyond the presentation of the known, the expected and the celebrated. It was also a significant retrospective and a renewal of a relationship with a number of "friends" of the last century

A native of the borough, I often went to the Brooklyn Museum as a youngster I have, therefore, warm recollections of the museum's past as well as a vision of its future greatness. In many areas, the Brooklyn's collections are incomparable. The glory of its Egyptian and Middle East art are now being matched by exciting new ventures, such as its magnificent showing of the great Nubian Art exhibition and by critical retrospectives, such as one of a favorite of mine, the American painter Milton Avery

In the Brooklyn's permanent collection, the superb Peruvian textiles are but a part of one of the best pre-Columbian collections in the country, bringing together some of the greatest material of the Aztec and Mayan civilizations. The Brooklyn's American decorative arts is one of the finest collections, ranking close to the holdings of the Metropolitan in New York and Winterthur, just outside Wilmington. The Brooklyn presently has the only major presentation of Indian sculpture on exhibition in the New York area.

The chairmanship of Robert A. Levinson and the directorship of Michael Botwinick have already yielded many fruits, some of which are readily visible in the redone galleries and the new exhibitions, and in plans for the years ahead.

June 24, 1981

Opera

I DIDN'T KNOW what we were starting when we launched "Seen and/or Heard," but we are finding out very fast. The following excerpts from a letter from one of our great cancer researchers speaks for itself.

> "Congratulations on the new opera column in *Medical Tribune.* I think it is a wonderful idea and I hope the column will appear regularly I particularly enjoyed the positive view expressed about Carlo Bergonzi. In my opinion he is the greatest Italian tenor in the post–World War II era. He has always combined dramatic size with a perfect lyric style. Unfortunately the leading tenors of today rely too much on their beauty of voice and ignore many of the subtleties of phrasing. The only exception to this is Domingo. I have an extensive collection of live *Ballo* tapes, including eleven different Saturday Met broadcasts. The best performance of Ricardo I own in this collection is the 1966 broadcast of Bergonzi teamed with Leontyne Price. Other wonderful Riccardos include Richard Tucker's 1955 performance, when he was at his peak, along with Zinka Milanov, and Jussi Bjoerling in 1940, also with Milanov. These broadcasts enable you to hear the singers 'live' without the artificiality of the recording studio. Neither of Bergonzi's two recordings of *Ballo* are as good as his live performances. The London recording under Solti with Nilsson is marred by an overwhelming orchestra while the RCA recording under Leinsdorf, with Price, has a dead recorded quality to it. The best recorded Riccardos are DiStefano (with Callas) and Gigli. Live performances of DiStefano in this role exist from a 1957 La Scala performance, but by this time the strain in his top notes was evident as a result of his move into the dramatic repertory.
>
> "As you can see the column has stimulated me and I look forward to more."

In addition to the above, the writer, Dr Stephan K. Carter, remarked upon the "beautiful vocal instruments of certain leading tenors" who, he said, were "pushing" their voices into dramatic roles which do not suit them, and he raised a question as to whether they were repeating the mistakes that shortened the career of Giuseppe DiStefano. He proposed, "The better model to follow would be that of Alfredo Kraus, who has never attempted to push his gorgeous lyric voice and so is still going strong today "

How small the world is. Last year I had the good fortune and the fun to be with DiStefano in Verona. There, after a post-performance dinner, we went home with DiStefano and Bonicolli serenading us in full voice at two A.M. in the streets where Romeo met with Juliet.

Since then, I have had the unique pleasure of spending a number of evenings with DiStefano and can only say that I don't know which was greater, his voice, which has been called "unique since Caruso," or his charm and wit. Everyone said that DiStefano shortened his career by singing "all out." It was my impression that DiStefano enjoys his life by living it "all out."

At a number of Richard Tucker Memorial Concerts we have also been able to enjoy Domingo and Pavarotti and Price as well as being able to spend a number of nights with Bergonzi.

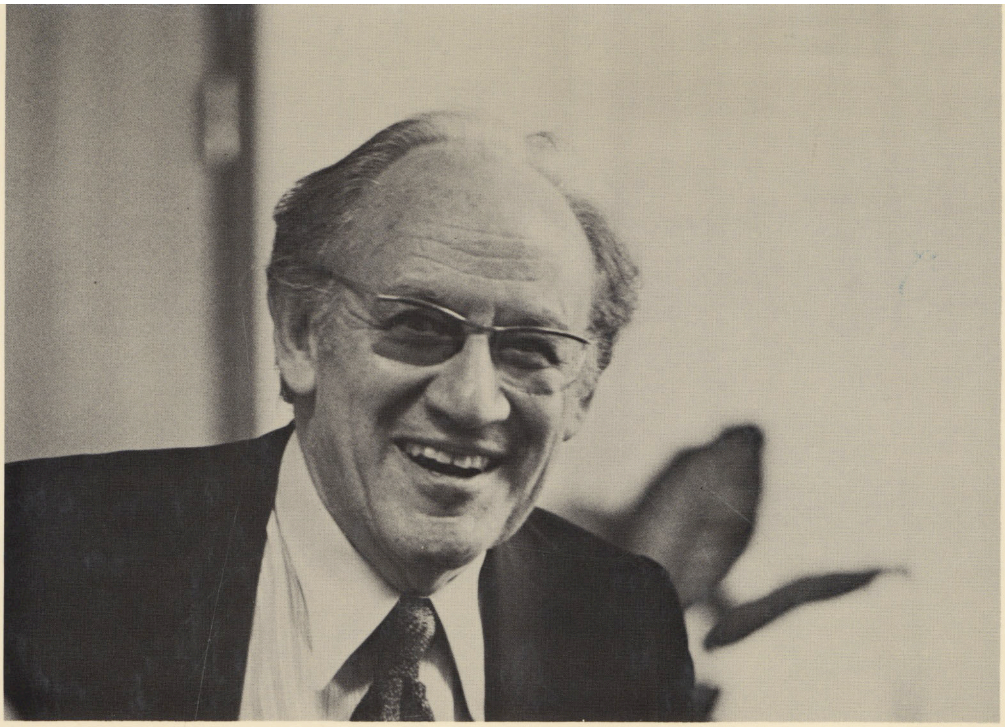
I must say that the joy of the music of these great artists, including "Jackie" Horne, Sherrill Milnes and Joan Sutherland, is reinforced by their beauty not just as artists but as individuals as well.

If you have never met an opera buff, then perhaps I can convey something about this special species. I had once heard a marvelous definition which a father gave his daughter The little lady had asked, "Daddy, what is love?" and the father answered, "It is what I feel for you." In respect to opera, if you want a definition of what is "passion," then I can say "passion is what the aficionados—opera buffs—feel about opera." I have seen it in the streets outside the stage door of opera houses in Milan, Munich, Paris, London, San Juan, San Francisco and New York. It appears to afflict all walks of life from the little known to such lights in their own rights as our friends Danny Kaye, Tony Randall and, yes, Dr Steve Carter, too.

P.S. DEAR DOCTOR:

If you, too, are an opera buff, don't try to contain your passion. Write away and send it on to us.

Cordially,
A.M.S.



About the Author

Arthur M. Sackler enjoys a multi-dimensional career as a psychiatric researcher, International Medical Publisher, and as one of the foremost collectors of art in the world. Dr. Sackler is a native New Yorker and graduate of New York University Medical School. In 1944 he became a researcher in psychiatry at Creedmoor State Hospital, and he served as Research Director of the Creedmoor Institute of Psychobiological Studies from 1949 to 1954.

Dr. Sackler edited the *Journal of Clinical and Experimental Psychobiology* from 1950 to 1962, and in 1960 he founded, and became the first editor of *Medical Tribune.* Dr. Sackler was Senior Research Associate in Anthropology at Columbia University in 1967, and in 1976 he co-founded with Linus Pauling and Roger Williams, the Foundation for Nutritional Advancement.

Dr. Sackler travels extensively In 1981 he made a trip to the Peoples Republic of China where he served as Vice-Chairman of the First International Conference on Nutrition, at Tianjin.

In a 1983 *New York Times* profile, Dr. Sackler said, ''Art and science are two sides of the same coin. Science is a discipline pursued with passion, art is a passion pursued with discipline. At pursuing both, I've had a lot of fun.''