CHAPTER VI
Goya

From the dynamic, lusty, and strident atmosphere of eighteenth-century England it is a leap in time as well as space to the shadows of Spain, where the dark, bitter talent of Francisco Goya was emerging.

The English Marxist critic, F. D. Klingender, has declared that the "radiant essence of Goya's genius [was] his profound optimism, faith in reason, and heroic affirmation of human dignity and freedom." The French non-Marxist art historian, Claude Roger-Marx, has written of Goya: "All the virulent and corrosive qualities implicit in the words etching, needle, biting; all the quality of blackness implicit in the word ink, combined to serve a passionate temperament obsessed with man's and woman's cruelest and darkest powers."

Both men are more or less right, even in the subjectiveness of their interpretations. Sensitive, intelligent though not intellectual, liberal, Goya's reactions to his personal crises and to the recurring crises of his divided and benighted Spain were reflected in his art. As he wavered between hope and despair, as political and personal events buoyed or disheartened him, his faith in humanity and in himself also surged and ebbed. Few artists have had their faith subjected to such strains.

The Spain of Goya's time hardly mirrored the rationality and dignity of man. It was a country of contrasts even starker than those of pre-Revolutionary France. The harsh statistics of late eighteenth-century Spain are depressingly eloquent. Half the land in Spain was owned by the nobility, who made up fifteen percent of the population. Great nobles were immune from imprisonment except by decree of the king, and—shades of the Peasants' Revolt in fourteenth-century England!—they enjoyed a monopoly of hunting and fishing. Over sixty percent of the people were peasants or landless day laborers, barely subsisting in primitive huts with little furniture and few windows. Only one in nine children had any education in a country that boasted three thousand monasteries and convents. In Madrid, a fifth of the population was maintained by charity of the church. The church owned one-sixth of the land; its revenue almost equaled that of the state. The burden of this huge church establishment was graphically portrayed in Goya's powerful drawing of a laborer bearing a monk on his back, with the caption, "You didn't know what you were carrying on your shoulders."

In general, initiative was discouraged; deadening custom ruled, and submission to authority was the dominant characteristic of Spanish society. However, the popula-
tion of Spain doubled during the eighteenth century, reflecting some economic advances and discernible improvement of sanitation and living conditions in the cities. But it was only in the closing years of the century that there was considerable increase in the number of Spaniards employed in manufacturing or industrial crafts.

The clerical forces were all-powerful. Religious observance was required, with confession and communion mandatory at least once a year. In an age when tolerance was spreading throughout most of Europe, the Spanish Inquisition endured in Spain, although it had been partially curbed under Charles III, whose relatively enlightened despotism had vainly attempted to guide Spain toward becoming a modern state. Death penalties became less frequent, but torture was still commonplace; victims could never confront accusers or even know who they were. Goya’s sketch of a victim of the Inquisition at the moment of judgment was made just before the dawn of the nineteenth century.

Both church and state instinctively reacted with apprehension to the rationalist philosophy that dominated intellectual circles in Europe. They resisted and suppressed new ideas and seemed determined to prevent Spain from joining the mainstream of European culture. The Inquisition issued new Indices in 1790 and 1805, and in 1792 censors were placed at customs houses to screen the influx of republican propaganda. The democratic spirit of inquiry was curbed but not crushed.

The corrupt reign of the dim-witted Charles IV (1788–1808) was disastrous. His domineering queen, Maria Luisa, promoted her favorite—the incompetent and grasping Manuel Godoy—from guardsman to prime minister when he was only twenty-four. The young prime minister and the royal couple paid little heed to the pleas of a loosely organized reform group of a few lawyers, aristocrats, churchmen, and officials. But it was with this group of enlightened seekers that Goya identified.

Francisco José de Goya y Lucientes was born near Saragossa in 1746, son of a gilder. He studied painting in Madrid, married his teacher’s sister, and created conventional decorations for churches in Saragossa and Madrid. He received his first major opportunity through his brother-in-law when he was commissioned in 1776 to paint cartoons for the royal tapestry. For sixteen years he executed these gay, buoyant scenes of everyday life. The emphasis, as in practically all of Goya’s work, was on people—society people and middle-class, beggars and servants, and especially his favorite majos and majas, picturesque, flamboyant avant-garde of the working class, whose style and even dress were often imitated by the more daring of the aristocracy. Some of the cartoons were charming, others witty or exuberant; all were rich in color.

They were well received and Goya rose rapidly. Commissions for portraits fol-
lowed. He became deputy director of the Academy of San Fernando in 1785 at 39; *pintor del rey* in 1786, and *pintor de cámara*, or Knight Painter, in 1789.

Goya seemed well on his way to fashionable court triumphs when a combination of events transformed a gifted but conventional court painter into a corrosive social critic, a profound if occasionally wavering seeker of truth. As André Malraux has written, "He discovered his genius the day he dared to give up pleasing others."

In 1792 the ambitious and rising Goya who participated in life so vigorously and fully was dealt a stunning, irremediable blow. A serious illness left him completely deaf. Practically cut off from communication with others, he became withdrawn, introspective, brooding, phantom-ridden. Locked within his silent world, he seems to have faced more honestly and directly the reality of the court society for which he had worked and painted.

From letters by his contemporaries and other written records, we know that Goya was most closely attached to the liberals, the rationalists, the Spanish intellectuals who, influenced by the French Encyclopaedists, were anxious to introduce modern, more democratic concepts into Spanish society and bring about elementary reforms in the political and social structure. As Jean Adhémar has pointed out, a friend and model of Goya's, Llórente, unsuccessfully advanced a proposal for reform of the Inquisition; another friend, the poet Valdès, was denounced to the Inquisition for having read forbidden books and becoming contaminated with their ideas; his closest friend, the poet Moratin, who supplied some of Goya's captions, visited France during the Revolution where he absorbed its new ideas. Whatever reservations or disillusionments Spanish intellectual liberals may have had about the French Revolution, they embraced the theories that had engendered it. The French Revolution did mean that old oppressive ways were being swept away, that drastic changes in the social fabric were being woven, and the dream of these men was that perhaps some winds of change would blow over Spain. Their bitterness against the corrupt Godoy government was compounded when in 1793 Spain declared war (a brief and futile adventure) against the French revolutionary government.

Goya's personal trial was intensified by the frustration and inevitable failure of his relationship with the Duchess of Alba. No one is certain of the exact nature of their relationship; although generations of novelists have speculated about it—and embroidered it in the telling—and scholars have explored every facet of the objective evidence, which is sparse. After the Duchess' husband died, Goya joined her at her estate at Sanlúcar. Aging, irascible, deaf, but proud and independent, he was obviously fascinated by the beautiful, spoiled, contradictory younger woman who was capable of an occasional generous impulse.
Probably he shared her bed, though he enjoyed no exclusive rights. He painted her with his name on her ring and made a book of sketches of his impressions at Sanlúcar. Some of them, fairly intimate, were later transformed into etchings for his “Caprichos.” In one, for example, the Duchess is sketched pulling up her stocking; in the “Caprichos” the female figure in the exact same pose is now a prostitute. He was both fascinated and repelled by the flirtatious, frivolous, feminine world of the Duchess and her attendants, a dichotomy he was to exhibit in his work the rest of his life.

In crisis, Goya turned from painting to etching, as he would do again and again whenever catastrophe turned him inward. Returning from Sanlúcar, he executed the series of etchings combined with aquatint called “Los Caprichos,” or caprices, from the Italian word for fantasy, capriccio. They were published in 1799, but only twelve days after publication a frightened Goya withdrew them, probably under threat of prosecution by the touchy Inquisition. In a letter written a quarter of a century later, he said that “it was because of [“Los Caprichos”] that I was accused by the ‘Santa’—an abbreviation of the full title of the Inquisition.

Goya had reason for fear. Although, like Bruegel, he disguised many of his political and social references in phantasmagoria, his double meanings were probably clear to his contemporaries. Terse captions sometimes intensify the sarcasm, at other times soften it. He later added a commentary, probably with the help of Moratín. Unfortunately, the commentary often seems to obfuscate rather than clarify the meaning, particularly when a political interpretation of an etching is possible.

A certain amount of guesswork accompanies any interpretation of the political and social satires in many of Goya’s etchings. In the face of little or no documentation, Goya specialists frequently differ, often according to their own social and political backgrounds or attitudes.

All the passions that crowded Goya’s life in those critical years between 1792 and 1797 emerge in the “Caprichos”: the phantoms that haunted his soundless world, his almost misogynic attitude toward women and his revulsion against the social mores which debased them, his anticlericalism, and his contempt for Godoy and the Spanish Court. There is a Ship of Fools quality in the “Caprichos,” but Goya is much more biting than Sebastian Brant. Like Bosch and Bruegel he was a moralist, but a very “involved” one. He observed, felt, lived what he drew. “He does not so much pity the victims as feel he is one of them,” Malraux has noted. There is compassion here for man’s failings, but there is anger at man’s meanness, too; sardonic humor as well as a black despair.

In some of his etchings there is a frightening insight into the fears and forebodings hidden in the deepest recesses of the hu
man mind, almost an obsession with horror and the macabre. He saw the monsters within, as well as man’s monstrous actions without. Long before psychoanalysis, Goya peered deeply into his own unconscious and discovered morbidity. And he probed far into his contemporaries’ depths: Witches and sorcerers become dominant in the second half of the “Caprichos”—monsters who take over men’s souls when Reason sleeps.

Folly, stupidity, greed, superstition were Goya’s general targets. Procuresses, prostitutes, marriages for money, hypocritical coquetry, the frivolity of women, the snobbery and vanity of the upper classes, the venality of lawyers and especially the parasitic behavior of monks and priests—all are denounced, upbraided, or satirized. As Goya expressed it when he announced publication of the “Caprichos,” “The artist has selected from the extravagances and follies common to all society and from the prejudices and frauds sanctioned by custom, ignorance, or interest . . . .”

At times the tone is shrill, but most of the work is executed with an exuberant zest. Goya flays with such enthusiasm that even the most ghastly creatures of his imagination have life, movement, and vitality. In these, as in many of his prints, he creates a darkened stage with two or three actors highlighted by the footlights. Aquatint is used superbly for shadowy background to heighten the drama. Here, at one sweep, Goya gained a unique position in the ranks of the world’s great etchers.

Aquatint is an etching process that enables the artist to obtain a gradation of tones. A fine film of powdered resin is sprinkled on a copper plate, which is heated to make the resin adhere. The acid attacks the plate through the porous ground, creating tiny pits. By stopping out areas with varnish during etching, the artist can create lightly or deeply etched areas which, when inked and printed, will produce a variety of tones.

The eighty plates of the “Caprichos” are divided roughly into two sections, the first mainly exploring the hypocritical mores and vices of private and social life in a society with debased values. This section also contains a dozen more directly political themes, possibly intended to confuse the censor along with the viewer.

Of the first thirty-six plates, thirteen concern prostitutes, sometimes sympathetically as when they meet their inevitable fates, but usually with contempt. This disproportion seems obsessive, and perhaps it was. The series was started after the onset of deafness which some Goya students believe was the sequel to a venereal disease. If true, his bitterness is understandable, and his hatred of Spanish society would have been intensified by his own misfortune. Critical social and political attitudes sometimes have some basis in personal tragedy; in Goya’s case, many factors combined to mold his thinking.

His cynical attitude toward courtship and marriage in this first section may also have derived in part from the frustrations
and torment of his relationship with the Duchess of Alba. She appears twice in the series, quite uncomplimentarily. In a plate which he deleted in publishing the "Caprichos," a two-faced duchess embraces the artist as her other face looks back to a second lover with whom she secretly holds hands. Its title: "Dream of Lying and Inconstancy."

In "Birds of a feather flock together," we see a favorite target of Goya’s ire—the old procuress in the background, often shown telling a rosary as her wrinkled, malicious face gloats over a sale. She appears again in

“She prays for her”—praying, as Goya added in his commentary, “that God may give her luck, keep her from harm, money-lenders, and cops.”

The prostitutes, having plucked their male victims of their feathers, are throwing them out. Then the prostitutes are themselves plucked by cat-faced judges. “Give and take,” is Goya’s wry comment. He is sympathetic when a prostitute is condemned by the Inquisition. He lashes out at the hated institution with an etching of the auto-da-fé that has become a classic, the drawing for which appears on page 99.

106. “She prays for her (Ruega por ella).” Goya. 1799. 8½x5½. Etching, burnished aquatint, drypoint, and burin. Plate No. 31 from “Los Caprichos.” Hispanic Society of America, New York.

107. “They are going off, plucked (Ya van desplumados).” Goya. 1799. 8½x5½. Etching, burnished aquatint, and drypoint. Plate No. 20 from “Los Caprichos.” Hispanic Society of America, New York.
Marriage was the biggest masquerade of all, in Goya's lexicon. "What a sacrifice!" The bride's relatives can't bear to look at the ugly old monster she is marrying—but he is rich and will support the whole family." In another, the bride's snobbish relatives expound the virtues of her ances-

try—"But who is she? He will find this out later."

Between the two sections of the "Caprichos" is a sequence of six plates whose "hero" is probably Godoy appearing in the form of an ass. He is shown applauding "not knowing what," displaying a fake ge-

108. "How they pluck her! (Qual la descañonan!)." Goya. 1799. 87/8 x 51/2 in. Etching and burnished aquatint. Plate No. 21 from "Los Caprichos." Hispanic Society of America, New York.

109. "What a sacrifice! (Que sacrifició!)." Goya. 1799. 73/8 x 51/2 in. Etching, burnished aquatint, and drypoint. Plate No. 14 from "Los Caprichos." Hispanic Society of America, New York.
nealogy, quack “doctoring” a dying man—either King Charles IV or Spain herself, and having his portrait painted—in the shape of a lion! In the final sequence, two asses (Godoy and king?) ride on the groaning backs of two citizens. Of course this sequence may simply be satirizing human vanity, but a political interpretation is not improbable.

The second half of the “Caprichos” is introduced by a haunting masterpiece that has intrigued, challenged, disturbed, and tantalized viewers for generations—“The dream of reason produces monsters.”

110. “What will be die of? (De que mal morira?).” Goya. 1799. 8½" x 5½". Etching and burnished aquatint. Plate No. 40 from “Los Caprichos.” Hispanic Society of America, New York.

111. “They cannot help it (Tu que no puedes).” Goya. 1799. 8½" x 5½". Etching and burnished aquatint. Plate No. 42 from “Los Caprichos.” Hispanic Society of America, New York.
Goya sleeps, bats and owls defile the night and an unblinking, malevolent cat exudes hostility.

This print has had as many interpretations as there are books on Goya. Its philosophical content is self-evident. "Fantasy abandoned by reason produces monsters; united with reason, she is the mother of the arts and source of their marvels," reads Goya's legend. And Goya saw superstition dominating the Spain of his time.

But, as with so many of the demon-ghosted "Caprichos" that follow, do they have social-satirical meaning as well? Is

112. "The dream of reason produces monsters (El sueño de la razón produce monstruos)." Goya, 1799. 8 3/8 x 5 1/2. Etching and aquatint. Plate No. 43 from "Los Caprichos." Hispanic Society of America, New York.

113. "There is a lot to suck (Mucho hay que chupar)." Goya, 1799. 8 3/4 x 5 1/4. Etching, burnished aquatint, and burin. Plate No. 45 from "Los Caprichos." Hispanic Society of America, New York.
there a hidden contemporary reference—beyond the fact that in an age of reason and of enlightenment, Spain had been passed by, still slumbering in a miasma of superstition?

The balance of the "Caprichos" is dominated by monsters, nightmare images, demons, witches, and sorcerers—though there are intervals of reality, as in a dream. "The sort of thing that goes on in the squalid catacombs of the human mind," wrote Aldous Huxley. Again, the witches and monsters could be fantasy expressions of the fears that haunted the stricken and depressed Goya, or they could be "coded" attacks on the superstitions that plagued man in general and the Spanish people in particular, or maybe they are symbolic figures representing more specific social conditions that offended Goya's sense of reason. Perhaps, they are the products of all three of these sources.

While bats hover, the witches suck the little children dry. Witches were "known" to prey on infants and drain the life from them. But Goya's commentary is pointed: "It

114. "No one has seen us (Nadie nos ha visto.)." Goya. 1799. 8⅜x5⅜x1⅜. Etching, burnished aquatint, and burin. Plate No. 79 from "Los Caprichos." Hispanic Society of America, New York.

115. "What a golden beak! (Que pico de oro!)." Goya. 1799. 8⅜x5⅜x1⅜. Etching, burnished aquatint, and burin. Plate No. 53 from "Los Caprichos." Hispanic Society of America, New York.
looks as if man is born into this world and lives just to have the marrow sucked out of him. So whom do the witches really represent? Court hangers-on? Monks? Nobility? In the "Caprichos," Goya impales them all.

Goya’s barbs are perhaps sharpest when directed at the clergy. He has them guzzling scalding soup early in the series and wine near the end. (In the preparatory drawing for the soup scene he wrote, “These were the men who were devouring us.”) In between, he condemns them for being fools as well as gluttons, and upbraids the superstitious for blindly worshiping the cloth.

“This is an academic session,” he says of the monks absorbing the wisdom of a golden-beaked parrot. He is equally contemptuous of the young woman and the old people kneeling before a monk’s cowl spread over the trunk and branches of a tree. And in “Eat that, you dog!” he attacks his two most prevalent abhorrences—religious fanaticism and ignorant superstition.

The “Caprichos” appear to act as a purgative, to free Goya from his personal depres-
sion. In 1799, Goya was appointed principal painter to the king. Despite his anticlericalism, he painted the frescoes of the cupola of San Antonio de la Florida. He also produced numerous portraits, painted his two Majas—naked and clothed—the extraordinary Charles IV and His Family, and many others. He made many friends in spite of his intransigence and quick temper and achieved considerable material success, with an imposing, richly furnished home, a carriage, and all the trappings of a man of means. At the same time, he jotted down in his sketchbook what he observed while walking about Madrid—beggars, cripples, everyday scenes.

In 1808, at the age of 62, Goya was faced with another deep crisis and again turned to etching. French troops had entered the country, ostensibly to share with Spain the partitioning of Portugal. Napoleon used the occasion to impose his brother Joseph on the Spanish throne. Although the ignoble Ferdinand VII, who had succeeded his father, bartered his crown and accommodated the usurper—as did most of the aristocracy, higher clergy, and bureaucracy—the people of Madrid revolted on May 2, 1808. The uprising spread, and for six years the country was the scene of barbarous cruelty and inhumanity as the Spanish people fought unrelenting guerrilla warfare against the leading army of Europe. Guerrilla onslaughts led to massive retaliation, often bloody massacres, which led in turn to ferocious counter-atrocities. Scenes reminiscent of the Thirty Years War, of the Spanish invasion of the Netherlands, and of the French rape of the Palatine were re-enacted in all their bestiality. Hunger stalked the land.

Motivations in this harsh cacophony of slaughter were indeed mixed. From the beginning, many elements sought to combine the struggle against the invaders with the struggle to free Spain from its medieval fetters. These “liberals” (this was the first use of the appellation in the political sense) actually succeeded at one point in proclaiming a constitution which called for universal suffrage and education and vested most powers in a democratically elected cortes which promptly abolished the Inquisition and the remnants of feudalism and established a graduated income tax.

At the same time, the Church, fearful of French anticlericalism, whipped the peasants into a frenzy of fanaticism, transforming the struggle for independence into a holy war against the anti-Christ and diverting efforts for social emancipation into a drive to restore the absolutism of Ferdinand.

The conservatives, or serviles, determined to restore Ferdinand’s power and their own prewar privileges, also had the backing of Wellington and the British armies, whose victories eventually guaranteed the monarch’s return in 1814—to the cheers of Madrid mobs crying “Long live our chains!”

The uprising placed Goya in a dilemma of conflicting loyalties which he never fully
resolved. Many of his friends who dreamed of reform saw in the French the means of bringing Spain into the nineteenth century. Actually, a constitution and subsequent decrees proclaimed by Joseph swept away many of the archaic institutions that were suffocating the Spanish people; nevertheless, he was attempting to govern by force, which aroused the lasting enmity of many who would otherwise have supported him.

Goya’s sympathies with the struggle against the French were paramount, even though he spent much of the war on the fringes of Joseph’s court. At the outbreak he was in Madrid, where he witnessed the uprising and the dreadful retaliation which precipitated the war and which he later immortalized in his paintings, “The Second of May” and “The Third of May.” In 1809, he was in his birthplace near Saragossa at the time of the French siege of that city and observed guerrilla warfare at first hand. (“Yo lo vi”—This I saw—and “This also,” he wrote under Plates 44 and 45.) He was again in Madrid during the famine of 1811–12, when twenty thousand Madridños died of starvation. The dream of French-led reform became a nightmare of violence and cruelty.

Goya etched the nightmare in a series, “Los Desastres de la Guerra,” the most powerful and unforgettable indictment of war in the history of art. “La Guerra” can be translated as “The War” or simply as “War.” Goya probably meant the war, as he was concerned not with war in the abstract but with the specific war he observed. In depicting the hideous terrors, he indicts man himself—the dark, bestial side of man that emerges when he wages war without quarter.

The impact of the war was shattering on a sensitive observer, and the “Disasters” is a heartbreaking lament for the suffering man is capable of inflicting on his fellowmen. There is no glory here, no pomp and circumstance, no troops marching; just stolid, almost immobile French mamelukes committing acts of bestiality on Spanish civilians, who in contrast are in vigorous motion as they die or wreak vengeance.

Women, children, and old men play their parts. The war is fought out against a starkly bare landscape frequently consisting of only a few figures against the sky. Many of the most violent scenes, especially those of attempted rape, take place under sinister arches, even more foreboding than the arches in Piranesi’s prisons. Goya seems as preoccupied here with rape as he was with prostitution in his “Caprichos.”

A fierce light burned in this irascible, ill-tempered, sensual old man—a love for the people of Spain, a hatred for those who exploited them, and a disgust when they yielded to superstition or unreasoning mob action.

There are eighty-two plates in the “Disasters.” Plates 2 to 47 show scenes of guerrilla warfare; plates 48 to 64 depict the famine of 1811–12; the final 18 plates are symbolic fantasies with political overtones. Three of the plates are known to have been etched in 1810. The first two groups were
for the most part executed, or at least sketched, when the impressions were fresh. The final group was probably etched after 1820, when a liberal government prevailed, but the series was not published until 1863.

The opening plate, "Sad presentiments of what must come to pass," is grimly prophetic. The next plate shows lightly armed peasants, torn and bleeding, hurling themselves at a wall of fixed bayonets and rifles held by French soldiers. And the brutal war begins.

It is a savage struggle, an incredible kaleidoscope of death, in brilliant etching and aquatint of black and white, of light and darkness, and often in shadow. "Yo lo vi—I saw it," says Goya, and he makes the viewer see it too—see it, feel it, live it; one weeps with him, cries out with him in anger, shouts with him for vengeance, until just as an unbearable crescendo is reached, and one cries "Stop!" Goya shifts to starving Madrid, where the agony is as real but slightly more endurable.

The uniformed French soldiers, armed with rifles, bayonets, and swords are impos-
sive as they mow down the peasants, hack them to pieces, hang them, rape their women, despoil the dead, garrote, execute hostages as "examples," set fire to villages, kill priests, and bombard a town.

There is extraordinary action in every plate. By focusing on just a few figures (there is only one "battle scene" in the series) Goya plunges the viewer into the heat of each fracas. You are "there" alongside the embattled peasants. You feel Goya's identification with them as they struggle for their lives.

Women fight heroically in the opening
scenes. One clutches her child as she thrusts a pike into a French soldier; another hurls a huge rock. A mother stabs a soldier as he tries to rape her daughter in a sequence of three unforgettable scenes where they are struggling to resist. “What courage!” Goya exclaims as the Maid of Saragossa, celebrated in Byron’s verse, fires the cannon and saves the day after all the gunners have been killed.

Peasants, led by a priest, hang other civilians—perhaps traitors, or perhaps French residents—then face firing squads in a scene reminiscent of the war’s beginning in Madrid. In plate after plate, the dead lie on deserted battlefields (“The same elsewhere”) and are dumped into ditches.

Goya overlooked few aspects of guerrilla or civil war. In two plates, mobs drag a body through the streets. He discriminates: “Mob” is his contemptuous caption for the first—perhaps the victims were innocent; but, “He deserved it,” Goya says of the second. The next plate is a scene familiar the world over in this age of indiscriminate bombing of civilians. Beams, furniture, and

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bodies of men, women, and children are flung helter-skelter after an artillery shell has crashed into their home.

For what? "Barbarism," cries Goya as he then etches a sequence unparalleled in its savagery. The French hang, garrote and quarter their victims, carve them up, and in one nightmarish plate embellish trees with torsos and severed limbs. No wonder the peasants flee. In five plates filled with

panic, horror, and occasional dignity, men, women, children, monks, nuns, and even pigs, flee the flaming villages.

In the final plate of this first section, a despairing priest collapses by the communion rail as French soldiers carry off the church’s sacred vessels.

Goya shifts from the interior of the despoiled church to the streets of starving Madrid, to scene after scene of famine, de-
spair, death. There is no action here—only an unrelieved, somber dirge, deliberately repetitious, as the starving Madrileños collapse in the streets, carry off their dead, beg for food, and starve. "Nobody could help them," Goya says as the grieving survivor stands silhouetted against the sky, the corpses of his family at his feet. In the next plate, one of his bitterest indictments of the social order, he shows that they could have been helped. "As if they were of another race" he comments as a sleek, well-dressed pair observe a starving family while a policeman keeps them safely apart.

"As if they were of another race?" Goya. 6¼x8¼. Etching, lavis, drypoint, burin, and burnisher. Plate No. 61 from "Los Desastres de la Guerra," 1863. Hispanic Society of America, New York.
In the final plate of this grouping, men are handing bodies down from the carrion cart for burial in a common grave. Goya sketches them as they are removing the lifeless but still lovely shape of a girl. At 66 he still had an eye for the shapely limb, and the saddest deaths seemed to him to be those of the young and beautiful.

The war's end and the restoration of Ferdinand led to a violent reaction that shattered the power of Spain's liberals. The prewar privileges of the aristocracy and

church were restored along with the Inquisition. Strict censorship was reestablished, and liberals of every hue were persecuted and imprisoned.

This disheartening triumph of reaction is reflected in the final sequence of the "Disasters," probably etched between 1816 and 1820. The documentary realism of the previous plates is now replaced by symbolism and allegory. The sequence opens with three plates attacking the return of a fanatical clericalism. Vampires suck on the


prostrate body of the man of Spain. "Wretched humanity, the guilt is yours," writes a fierce wolf as fettered people grovel before him. A cleric with the claws and beak of a parrot holds forth to a congregation of asses, wolves, and almost ape-like Spaniards.

"Truth is dead," is Goya's penultimate conclusion. Beautiful Truth lies dead, clerics shovel dirt, a bishop presides over the burial, officials look on, and Spanish women grieve. Typically, Truth is bare-bosomed, almost voluptuous. However, the following plate is optimistic as the priests retreat and Truth's light flowers again. Goya speculates on what would happen "If she should rise again?"

His final note is one of optimism. Truth, now a plump and matronly figure with none of her previous sexual overtones, has indeed risen and is embracing a bearded peasant, hoe in hand, surrounded by the fruits of his toil. Enrique Lafuente Ferrari's summation of Goya is the most judicious: "A pessimist where human nature is concerned, but an optimist in his belief in Progress through Reason."

During Ferdinand's oppressive reign, Goya periodically withdrew from the court to his own world, painting his friends, covering the walls of his country house (La Quinta del Sordo) with macabre and nightmarish "black paintings." He etched the "Tauromaquia," dazzling impressions of the drama of the bullring, published in 1816.

In 1819 Goya had another severe illness, and it was approximately in that period that he etched the "Disparates," or "Proverbs." Like the "Caprichos," they were created in a mood of deep pessimism and are made up of tortured, nightmarish visions. He was twenty years older now and sunk even deeper into psychological depths of retreat; the acute hallucinatory qualities are much more obscure, the topical references much more elusive, and the mood more somber. Many are Bosch-like attacks on human folly and stupidity; some are sardonic comments on women; others are enigmatic fantasies from the recesses of his mind.

Goya's pessimism was alleviated somewhat in 1820 when the liberals successfully revolted, curbed the absolutism of King Ferdinand, and proclaimed the Constitution of 1812. For three years, Spain was to emerge from the darkness.

During the closing years of Ferdinand's oppression and the early years of the liberals' liberation, Goya composed a remarkable cycle of drawings, now housed in the Prado. Captioned in his handwriting and carefully numbered, their arrangement was obviously meant to be meaningful, but the significance is elusive today. Like the "Disasters" and the "Proverbs," they were not published during his lifetime. Again, Man is his theme—suffering, superstitious, courageous Man. Backgrounds are minimal. In two moving sequences of Inquisition and prison scenes, he creates with a few masterful strokes in India or sepia ink and wash, an imperishable record of the fate that awaited
panic, horror, and occasional dignity, men, women, children, monks, nuns, and even pigs, flee the flaming villages.

In the final plate of this first section, a despairing priest collapses by the communion rail as French soldiers carry off the church’s sacred vessels.

Goya shifts from the interior of the despoiled church to the streets of starving Madrid, to scene after scene of famine, de-

spair, death. There is no action here—only an unrelieved, somber dirge, deliberately repetitious, as the starving Madrileños collapse in the streets, carry off their dead, beg for food, and starve. "Nobody could help them," Goya says as the grieving survivor stands silhouetted against the sky, the corpses of his family at his feet. In the next plate, one of his bitterest indictments of the social order, he shows that they could have been helped. "As if they were of another race" he comments as a sleek, well-dressed pair observe a starving family while a policeman keeps them safely apart.

"As if they were of another race?" Goya. 6 3/8 x 8 1/4. Etching, lavis, drypoint, burin, and burnisher. Plate No. 61 from "Los Desastres de la Guerra," 1863. Hispanic Society of America, New York.
In the final plate of this grouping, men are handing bodies down from the carrion cart for burial in a common grave. Goya sketches them as they are removing the lifeless but still lovely shape of a girl. At 66 he still had an eye for the shapely limb, and the saddest deaths seemed to him to be those of the young and beautiful.

The war’s end and the restoration of Ferdinand led to a violent reaction that shattered the power of Spain’s liberals. The prewar privileges of the aristocracy and

church were restored along with the Inquisition. Strict censorship was reestablished, and liberals of every hue were persecuted and imprisoned.

This disheartening triumph of reaction is reflected in the final sequence of the "Disasters," probably etched between 1816 and 1820. The documentary realism of the previous plates is now replaced by symbolism and allegory. The sequence opens with three plates attacking the return of a fanatical clericalism. Vampires suck on the


prostrate body of the man of Spain. "Wretched humanity, the guilt is yours," writes a fierce wolf as fettered people grovel before him. A cleric with the claws and beak of a parrot holds forth to a congregation of asses, wolves, and almost ape-like Spaniards.

"Truth is dead," is Goya's penultimate conclusion. Beautiful Truth lies dead, clerics shovel dirt, a bishop presides over the burial, officials look on, and Spanish women grieve. Typically, Truth is bare-bosomed, almost voluptuous. However, the following plate is optimistic as the priests retreat and Truth's light flowers again. Goya speculates on what would happen "If she should rise again?"

His final note is one of optimism. Truth, now a plump and matronly figure with none of her previous sexual overtones, has indeed risen and is embracing a bearded peasant, hoe in hand, surrounded by the fruits of his toil. Enrique Lafuente Ferrari's summation of Goya is the most judicious: "A pessimist where human nature is concerned, but an optimist in his belief in Progress through Reason."

During Ferdinand's oppressive reign, Goya periodically withdrew from the court to his own world, painting his friends, covering the walls of his country house (La Quinta del Sordo) with macabre and nightmarish "black paintings." He etched the "Tauromaquia," dazzling impressions of the drama of the bullring, published in 1816.

In 1819 Goya had another severe illness, and it was approximately in that period that he etched the "Disparates," or "Proverbs." Like the "Caprichos," they were created in a mood of deep pessimism and are made up of tortured, nightmarish visions. He was twenty years older now and sunk even deeper into psychological depths of retreat; the acute hallucinatory qualities are much more obscure, the topical references much more elusive, and the mood more somber. Many are Bosch-like attacks on human folly and stupidity; some are sardonic comments on women; others are enigmatic fantasies from the recesses of his mind.

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