

Warburg's Mask: A Study in Idolatry

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Art historians have long studied Aby Warburg's 1923 lecture about his visit to the Pueblos of northern New Mexico between December 1895 and May 1896.¹ Indeed, it has become rather too much studied, not only by historians of art, but also by other intellectual historians, especially in the last decade.² Much of the literature on it is repetitious; almost all of it is uncritical. It has been idolatrized as a pioneering example of the crossover between art history and anthropology. But anthropologists know it much less well, if at all. At least some of the lecture's contemporary intellectual cachet lies in the high irony of its central psychodrama. Warburg delivered it in order to prove to his doctors that he was of sound enough mind to be released from Ludwig Binswanger's sanatorium in Kreuzlingen, and it shows him wrestling with his own inner demons as he seeks to account for the demonic yet salvific status of the snake in Hopi culture. It was the final, belated summation of the continuities he had always sought (but had long suppressed)³ between the culture of the Pueblo peoples and that of the Italian Renaissance.

"Das ist ein altes Buch zu blättern /Athen-Oraibi alles Vettern" (It is an old story: Athens-Oraibi, all kin) was the motto he placed at the beginning of the manuscript of his lecture, overtly alluding to the lines from *Faust*, Part II: "Das ist ein altes Buch zu blättern /Von Harz bis Hellas alles Vettern." Warburg had used the couplet three years earlier in his essay "Pagan-Antique Prophecy in Words and Images in the Age of Luther,"⁴ but at that point it was German primitiveness which he set alongside classical culture. Now, from the mists of his memory, he reclaimed native America, where a supposedly primitive culture, relatively untouched by civilization (but disappearing fast), provided him with evidence of the wildness at the core of civilization. Warburg's focus was on the meaning of the snake in both cultures and on the ways in which he believed outward movement expressed inner emotion in the figures of the dance.

Although the central example of Warburg's lecture was the Hopi snake dance, few commentators on this piece have noted or attached any significance to the fact that he never actually saw it. The closest he came was the Hemis kachina dance, which he saw at Oraibi on May 1, 1896.⁵ Warburg's lecture offers a lesson in some of the dangers that lie at the intersection of art history and anthropol-

ogy—as well as an inspiration. It requires a reading that is less hagiographical and more cautious than usual. Indeed, it sounds a bell of warning to all those who would seek to draw out the lessons of allegedly primitive cultures (however well preserved they may seem to be) for modern culture—or even for its roots.

Warburg, of course, schizoid from the beginning, needed support for his sense of the demonic that lies at the roots of the classical, for the irrational at the base of the rational—and yet he never came to terms with his quest. It was all too unsettling; and so, in all his thinking, he kept the demonic and irrational at bay by clinging to his belief in the cultural and epistemological authority of the logical and the rational. But at least it was a clinging, not simply an assertion, as so often in the hands of his Anglo-Saxon epigones; at least he acknowledged the storm and darkness of the irrational in his failed navigation toward the light of reason. In this paper I shall have much to say that is critical about Warburg's now over-rated and much misunderstood journey to the Southwest in 1895–96. In the end, his retrospective analysis of it was reactionary, not progressive. But it was indeed courageous, as he teetered on the brink of acknowledging the logic of unreason, the failures of science, and the truth at the heart of the demonic. And where is the modern anthropologist or art historian who has yet given the dances of the Pueblos their due? There has been little progress since the days of Warburg and of Fewkes. Kachina dolls have become collectibles, but the secrets of the kachinas of the dance remain. What, we must still ask ourselves, does it really mean to put on a mask or to collect a name? Names, like masks, seem mere substitutes for what really lies beneath them; but of course they are not. The issue is whether the ethnographer has the skill to understand the full freight of both names and masks—whether as images or as their own, much more fraught, reality.

In an earlier article on this subject, I dealt with three main themes: (1) the consequences of Warburg's failure to notice the intense social struggle being played out at Oraibi at the very time of his visit there in 1895, (2) his desperation to find a kind of originary and universal primitive culture in which to embed some of his favorite themes and obsessions, and (3) his rejection of his own Judaism in favor of finding Arcadia elsewhere.⁶ Here, at the intersection of art history and anthropology, I want to examine some of the insults of photography, the perils of museology, and the freight of laughter.

When Warburg went to the land of the Hopi to observe their ceremonies and to look for parallels between a surviving primitive culture (as he felt Pueblo Indian culture to be) and the wild roots of classical culture in the West, there was already

one white man there who had access to those ceremonies, and who could act as guide and intermediary. This is how one young Hopi remembered that intermediary:

The land was very dry, the crops suffered, and even the Snake Dance failed to bring much rain. We tried to discover the reason for our plight, and remembered the Rev. Voth, who had stolen so many of our ceremonial secrets and had even carried off sacred images and altars to equip a museum and become a rich man. When he had worked here in my boyhood, the Hopi were afraid of him and dared not lay their hands on him or any other missionary, lest they be jailed by the Whites. During the ceremonies this wicked man would force his way into the kiva and write down everything that he saw. He wore shoes with solid heels, and when the Hopi tried to put him out of the kiva he would kick them. He came back to Oraibi on a visit and took down many more names.⁷

Don C. Talayesva's bitter denunciations of the Reverend H. C. Voth, Mennonite missionary to the Hopi between 1893 and 1902,⁸ have barely been recalled in the literature on Warburg's lecture; yet it was he who accompanied Warburg on his trip to Oraibi and Walpi in 1896, and who acted as his guide to the Hopi ceremonies. In fact, they even contemplated writing a book together on the subject, until Warburg himself came to realize the prickliness of the man.⁹ Talayesva's resentment of Voth's intrusion into the Hopi ceremonies and secrets and his exploitation of the knowledge (and objects) he gathered, whether for knowledge or for material profit, was typical enough at the time.¹⁰ It reaches a high pitch in this passage. In it, Talayesva makes very clear his awareness that robbery compounds the sin of idolatry. Indeed, he concludes his diatribe against Voth with a trenchantly ironic application of the ancient and universal terms of idolatry—embodied in the Judeo-Christian interdiction against it—to a museum:

Now I was grown, educated in the Whites' school, and had no fear of this man. When I heard that he was in my mother's house I went over and told him to get out. I said, "you break the commandments of your own God. He has ordered you never to steal nor to have any other gods before him. He has told you to avoid all graven images; but you have stolen ours and set them up in your museum. This makes you a

thief and an idolator who can never go to heaven." I knew the Hopi Cloud People despised this man, and even though he was now old and wore a long beard, I had a strong desire to seize him by the collar and kick him off the mesa.¹¹

Voth is a thief and an idolator who sets up the Hopi objects he acquired in a museum,¹² the very locus, as Talayesva seems to have been perfectly aware, for the generation of new forms of secular adoration. But implicit in this shift from originary context to exhibition is a further tension, an inevitable one: either the museum has to resort to ethnography, which drains images of their sacrality by substituting labeling for experience, or it is predicated on the excitation (whether spontaneous or artificial) of aesthetics as a means of avoiding liturgy. This is not, of course, to deny that aesthetics often results in new forms of secular adoration. But aesthetics is not liturgy, and there can be no rules for esthesis except neurological ones. All else is egoism, the conservation of the self against the irruption of faith or unreason. The only way to activate the image is to attack it, but if you rip off the mask that is representation, you make it dead again. That is also the consequence of ethnographic invasion in pursuit of knowledge.

But I do not wish to make a plea in favor of magic. Enough has been written about Aby Warburg, but there is more to be said about the ways in which the essential tension that arises within every image, every representation, every mask, manifests itself in his work. His work is shot through with a fundamental paradox: on the one hand, the heroism of his epistemological pursuit of the irrationality that lies behind so many responses to images; on the other, his backing away from the consequences of the forms of primitive irrationality he identified in both Athens and Oraibi. Following teachers such as Bastian and Usener,¹³ Warburg understood the importance of examining the surviving remains of primitive cultures in the world as a means of gaining a comparative understanding of the irrationality that lies beneath the symbolic forms of Western civilization and science; but in his personal commitment to those forms and his fear of losing control of himself, he was unable to see the primitive cultures he examined for what they were in themselves. And of course the only primitive culture he really attempted to examine—before forgetting about it for thirty years, until his own madness returned—was the culture of the Pueblo Indians, the culture of the Red Indians, which he idolized in his youth as a form of resistance to the despised Jewish culture of his forebears.¹⁴ Instead of himself acknowledging and trying to understand the roots of the Jewish

fear of graven images, that fear which gives images their due, he turned away from it to embrace the iconophilia of the Renaissance, which veiled its fears in *Pathosformeln*—something that Warburg, like Nietzsche, intuited, but about which, unlike Nietzsche, he could not be ironic. He could not understand the laughter that underlies the madness, could not risk acknowledging the relevance of the maenadic laughter that accompanies the drunken dance.

But let us return to the Reverend Voth, "who," as Talayesva put it, "had stolen so many of our ceremonial secrets and had even carried off sacred images and altars to equip a museum and become a rich man." It was Voth who introduced Warburg to the Hopi, when he went to New Mexico in the spring of 1896, and it was he who gained permission, if permission it can be called, for Warburg to photograph the Hopi and thus join him in draining their images of their souls and their secrets.

In 1923 Warburg wrote of Voth: "Through years of contact with the Indians he won their trust, and he paid as little heed as possible to his own missionary tasks. He studied the Indians, bought up their products, and developed a hefty business in the trading of these objects. As a result of the extraordinary measure of confidence he enjoyed, it was possible to photograph them during their dances, something that their fear of being photographed would otherwise never have allowed."¹⁵ But this is too kind to Voth. As we know from several Hopi accounts of Voth's activities on the mesas, he was much resented for forcing his way into the sacred kivas and for revealing the secrets of their ceremonies in his still-standard ethnographic accounts of these ceremonies.¹⁶ Indeed, the Hopi resistance to having their rituals photographed was not so much fear as a resistance to allowing the secrets to be revealed to others, to the Western heathen, so to speak.¹⁷

At least Warburg recognized Voth's financial motives and the link between revelation and capitalism early on. In his journal entry for May 1, the day on which he saw the Hemis kachina dance, he wrote: "Stomach upset. In the morning I saw the Hemis Katchina. Picturesque impression. In the afternoon the clowns. Very obscene. I bargained with Voth. Basest greed comes out. Praying, bargaining, feeding the calf, fetching water, visiting the Indians. The most vulgar egotistical interest, but the most astute and best observer of Indian ceremonies."¹⁸

In Voth, the greedy missionary ethnographer about whom Warburg was clearly ambivalent, knowledge and betrayal went hand in hand. But what about those transgressive photographs? Two days later Warburg wrote with staggering indifference to what he was doing: "The Indians do not like to be photographed. I photographed the albino girl. . . . the children in Oraibi will be forced to attend

school."¹⁹ And he took his photographs, sometimes showing himself or an inspector leering at a handsome or pretty Indian.²⁰

It never seems to have crossed Warburg's mind how much he might have offended the Hopi themselves. Despite his own reservations about Voth's character, he needed him. In fact, Voth had been recommended to him by the incomparable James Mooney, and it was thanks to Voth's influential position in the Oraibi pueblo that Warburg was able to enter the kiva on the eve of the dance. As his letters to Voth reveal, Warburg owed him all the understanding he had of the ritual and of the costumes the Hopi wore; indeed, in 1896, one year after his return to Germany, he suggested to Voth that they publish an illustrated edition of the photographs of the dance, with texts by Voth on the snake ritual, and by Warburg on the Hemis kachina dance.²¹ Of course, Voth was too egoistical to want to share publication with the perhaps equally egoistical young Warburg, and the proposal came to naught.

But there can be no question that in his trespass on the secrets of the kachinas, in his denial of the true symbolism of the masks worn by the dancers, Warburg was utterly complicit with the brutal invasions of the Reverend Voth. It is hard to escape the conclusion that, at this point at any rate, Warburg did not really know what he was doing, and that in his 1923 lecture he tried to justify his interest in the rites of the Hopi in terms of his desperation to make sense of the gnawing presence of Alexandria in Athens, of the Asian and the oriental that periodically invade Western classicism, logic, mathematics, and reason. At the heart of the problem lies the mystery of images.

In 1929–30, Fritz Saxl wrote: "What Warburg owed to America was that he learned to look at European history with the eyes of an anthropologist. The early Renaissance had found its models in pagan antiquity; and in order to gain an insight into classical paganism, the historian can do no better than to go to a pagan country."²² Thus begins the idolatry of Warburg the anthropologist. It has persisted until our own day. Already in 1970 Gombrich had written that "more has been published in English on this episode in Warburg's life than on any other aspect of his life,"²³ while by 1986 he could comment that "this stream of publication is unlikely to break off soon."²⁴ This was prophetic: in the last few years the stream of articles has swelled into a torrent. Yet in all of this there is barely a critical word, barely a hint of the ways in which Warburg, compelled by his own inner demons to find parallels for the *Pathosformeln* of the Renaissance in the dance of the Hopi and to seek the roots of the ways in which inner emotion was expressed by outward movement in Western art, misunderstood the nature and function of both the Hopi snake dance and the kachina masks.

Indeed, there is little in Warburg's diary of his trip to the Southwest to suggest much of an effort to understand the Hopi context of the snake dances and kachina. There is an undeniable intellectual curiosity about his earnest preparations for his trip, and his consultation of the literature on the subject of the ancient Anasazi and the modern Pueblo ceremonies in the libraries of the east was certainly diligent,²⁵ but his diaries reveal the disappointingly frivolous and spoiled side of Warburg, as he commented endlessly on the pretty girls he met and on the good looks of the Indians (often versus the unattractiveness of his coreligionists).²⁶ It is true that the diaries begin to reveal his sense, clarified in the famous lecture, of how and why the snake, as a living symbol of lightning, formed the center of a ceremony intended to produce rain. Already then, he seems to have been set on demonstrating, as he put it in his 1923 lecture, the "pervasiveness of myth and magical practice amongst primitive humanity."²⁷ But this is hardly a deep insight, and it surely did not require a trip to the Southwest—a trip to one of the last remaining remnants of paganism in the modern world, as he regarded it—to confirm this.

It is certainly the case that the Kreuzlingen lecture yields great insights into the psychology of the relationship between inner emotion and outward movement, and into the seminal relationship between the rational and the irrational in Western art forms. There is something infinitely poignant about Warburg's realization, following his stay in the sanatorium, of the essential tragedy underlying man's relationship with myth and symbol. Warburg's theory is that man needs symbols to enable contemplation, but at the same time they betoken a rupture from direct contact with nature itself—except that the snake, malevolent demon from the underworld, is itself a symbol of lightning. So first came direct contact with symbols offered by nature itself; then came the self-willed severance from nature in the creation of the distancing symbol, the critical stand-in for reality: from lightning to the living snake, to pictures of snakes, or even kachinas.

For Warburg the passage was "from a symbolism whose efficacy proceeds directly from the body and the hand to one that unfolds only in thought."²⁸ You can only be in tune with your nature, as it were, if you have direct contact with it; but you need the distance afforded by symbolism for logic, mathematics, culture, contemplation. Civilization contains within it the seeds of its own destruction, since the final stage is the direct annexation of nature, by electricity, telegraph, and telephone, which, as he put it, destroyed the distance necessary for contemplation, devotion, and reflection. Telephonic and wireless communication destroys the symbolic activation of the forces of nature.²⁹ It leaps across the abyss between symbol and its referent.

But in his diary there is very little of either this, or, more significantly, of his sense of the tragedy entailed by Western man's detachment from nature, and then his overcoming of it by violent means, by the modern equivalent of lightning, electricity.³⁰ The diary generally contains very little more than the musings of an extraordinarily intelligent but seemingly insensitive twenty-seven year old. Perhaps scared by what he had begun to intuit, Warburg rid himself almost as quickly as he could of the objects he had acquired from the Indians themselves, from Voth, from Keam, and above all from the Jewish dealers in Santa Fe, John Gold and Abraham Spielberg.³¹ Already, in January 1896, he wrote to his parents from Santa Fe announcing that he would "shortly send a whole lot of Indian pots, clothes, and tools to Hamburg. Please unpack them and have a large glass cabinet made by Knock—like those in an ethnography museum."³² A large glass cabinet for those powerful kachina masks, for the lovely pots made by Nampeyo, the genius of the Hopi Renaissance, then working in Oraibi and never once mentioned by Warburg!³³ For it was Nampeyo who turned to the classical motifs of Anasazi art, the art of her forebears, and revived them in her marvelous work. He returned to Hamburg, and between 1898 and 1902 simply gave them away to the Museum für Völkerkunde there. Nobody even knows where they all are now.³⁴

Perhaps we cannot blame Warburg for playing the good ethnographer, for turning his objects over for study in a museum, just as many had done before and have continued to do since. But what can we know of the context of Hopi art and artifacts in a museum? At least with Christian altarpieces we have in our bones the Mass and the mystery of the Incarnation, which lies at the basis of all Christian use of images. But nothing remains of the Hopi mysteries—nothing—and so we are reduced to esthesis, empathy, formal analysis. They are the very opposite of mysteries in which the Incarnation is implicit. Snakes are not lightning made flesh, not even demons made flesh, as Warburg thought. They are indeed just symbols in the remotest of senses (though natural symbols). They live on their own, not as incarnations of anything else.

But to say all this is not to make any simple Benjaminian claim for the loss of aura that accompanies the wrenching of art objects from their ritual and liturgical contexts. Though correct enough, that would be too easy.

By now American Indians' fierce determination not to lose ritual objects to museums has become widely known (if scarcely respected); so too have their demands for the restitution of such objects to their lands and tribes. There are few more troubling and sadder places in Manhattan than the Museum of the American

Indian now in the old U.S. Customhouse—of all places. In it the fundamental tension between good ethnography and the claims of aesthetic pleasure is stripped bare. For although the immediate context of the production of contemporary objects is roughly provided, and hints dropped of the traditions from which they stem, the assumption is one of universal esthesis, one beyond context, as it were. The old museum on 157th Street was a truly ethnographic collection, though down at the heels and shabby, and shameful because of the fact that the riches stolen from the tribes were kept for many years in giant warehouses in the Bronx. But now, in the echoing empty spaces of the customhouse, an even more pathetic remnant of those collections is on display. Why pathetic? Because the Native Americans on the board of the museum know that no kachina could ever regain its native force in an ethnographic museum, not just because it there becomes no more and no less than an ethnographic object, but because it ought never to be there, and that even with the most accurate account of its ceremonial context—as supplied by writers like Voth—its power and aura are diminished once its secrets are revealed.

The mask must remain a mask, not just an object. And so the only commentaries that accompany most of the exhibits now are aesthetic ones, provided by contemporary Indian artists. Ethnography can never reveal the true meaning of tribal objects; they can only be seen as pieces of art or liturgy. At least with esthesis, some pleasure remains, and some force in that pleasure.

So what were Warburg's mistakes? Certainly he tried his best, as much as any rich and spoiled young *Gelehrter* from Hamburg might have. But what he failed to appreciate fully were the profound differences—not the similarities—between the allegedly pagan roots of classical culture and the allegedly primitive aspects of Hopi culture.³⁵ Before returning to them, it is worth noting one aspect of Warburg's research into the Pueblos that has been completely neglected in the abundant literature on this topic.

Perhaps blinded by his need to resolve the antinomies in the art of the past and come to terms with the tensions it manifested in the exchange between classicism and barbarism, West and East, and the rational and the irrational, Warburg failed to take the slightest note of the contemporary struggles of the Hopi. They were being played out right before his eyes, and yet there is nothing in his notes to suggest even a minimal awareness of them.³⁶ These struggles might have at least made him more sensitive to the meaning of the kachinas. For at the very time of Warburg's visit, old Oraibi was riven by a terrible struggle between the so-called Friendly and Hostile factions.³⁷



Fig. 2. Aby Warburg wearing a Hemis kachina mask, Oraibi, Arizona, May 1896. Warburg Institute Archive, London

ing the dances, that they were intended to hide the face of the person who wore them. Exactly this may also be deduced from the well-known kachina dolls given to Hopi children to accustom them to the faces and names of the gods who so frequently appeared in the dances. Did Warburg forget that the power of the image resides in the fact that the image is always a substitute for reality, however much it might be mistaken for reality itself? The mask stands for the power of all art because of the fact that it is not intended to reveal the face beneath, that it is meant to

conserve the secret of the force that lies within it. By showing himself in this way, as a kachina mask atop a man in full Western dress, Warburg trivializes the Hopi mysteries, stripping them of their secrets and reducing them, in a moment of frivolity, to colorful exotica.

But back to the snake. Philippe Alain Michaud correctly noted that “the serpent ritual is a complex knot binding together a number of themes elaborated by Warburg—from the representation of transitory movements which he observed from 1893 in Florentine art, which he also identified both in Botticelli’s nymphs with the windswept hair and drapery and in the 1589 Florentine intermezzi whose outlines Rossi described as a series of serpentine forms.”⁴¹ But then the usual idolatry takes over, in two forms. Michaud goes to elaborate lengths to demonstrate the similarity between the Apollonian and Dionysian episodes in the Florentine intermezzi of 1589 and the allegedly similar moments in the snake dances. Conveniently, the furies in the intermezzi have snakes woven into their hair; but while the snakes in the Hopi ceremonies come from the earth and are returned to it, they do not stand for the underworld in any sense that we understand that place.

Moreover, perhaps because of Warburg’s own interest in Nietzsche, Michaud cites the compelling moment when Zarathustra sees a snake slipping into the mouth of a sleeping shepherd:

And truly I had never seen the like of what I then saw. I saw a young shepherd writhing, choking, convulsed, his face distorted, and a heavy black snake was hanging out of his mouth. Had I ever seen so much disgust and pallid horror on a face? Then the snake crawled into his throat—and there it had bitten itself fast. My hands tugged and tugged at the snake—in vain! They could not tug the snake out of the shepherd’s throat. Then a voice cried from me: Bite! Bite its head off! Bite!—thus a voice cried from me, my horror, my hate, my disgust, my pity, all my good and evil cried out of me with a single cry. . . . The shepherd, however, bit as my cry had advised him: he bit with a good bite. He spat far away the snake’s head—and sprang up. No longer a shepherd, no longer a man—a transformed being surrounded with light, laughing. Never yet had any man laughed as he laughed.⁴²

This is all very vivid, and deeply Nietzschean, especially in the irony of the biter bit and the laughter that ensues; but it is completely irrelevant to the case of the Hopi snake dance. What can Michaud have been thinking of, except to further idolatry Warburg by recalling his supposed Nietzschean roots? In the Pueblo dances there is no writhing, choking, shaking, nor convulsion; only deliberateness. There is no disgust, no pallid horror; and while the Hopi dancers do indeed take the snakes into their mouths, just as Nietzsche’s shepherd, there is absolutely no biting—because there is no evil. The testimony is clear: “Soon they were dancing with big live snakes in their hands and between their teeth. Some snakes wriggled and stuck out their tongues but others were quiet. My grandfather said later that dancers with the best hearts had the quietest snakes.”⁴³ And again: “It would have been better for me to become a member of the Snake society when I was a boy, because snakes never bite young boys whose minds are strong and who have not slept with a woman. I had noticed the good behavior of snakes held in the mouths of small boys, and now I wondered if I were pure enough for that work.”⁴⁴ Once more, one notes the collocation of sexual abstinence and the beneficence of snakes—snakes who are not symbols, but reality: “That same year a man was bitten by a snake in one of the dances and nearly lost his life. He must have had a very bad

The Friendlies, as their name implied, were those members of the tribe who were well-disposed or accommodating to Washington and its representatives, the Hopi who were ready to adapt to the exigencies of white teachers, land surveyors, and missionaries, all of whom were preparing the destruction of their culture and the expropriation of their land and secrets. These Friendlies were opposed by the more conservative Hostiles, who bitterly fought the forces of adaptation, modernization, and renunciation, every step of the way. This was a struggle that within a few years of Warburg's departure would lead to the virtual abandonment of Oraibi itself.³⁸

There is not a word of this in Warburg's diary, nor a hint in his famous Kreuzlingen lecture. In discussing the totems of the tribe, Warburg omitted what was most vexed about them in both ancient and in modern terms. Not only did he not refer to the struggle between the revealers and the conservers of secrets, tradition, and ways of imagemaking—a struggle abundantly documented at the time and played out before his eyes—he also elided Laocoön with a kachina.

But as anyone who has been to a snake dance (or even a Hemis kachina dance, such as Warburg himself saw) knows, there is no similarity whatsoever between Laocoön and a kachina. The ancient bacchic dances, with their frenzied maenads and their reflections in the swirling reliefs of Francesco di Giorgio and the paintings of Botticelli, may indeed have revealed inner emotion in outward movement; but there can be no parallel between those dances, Alexandrian in origin though they may have been, and the dances of the Pueblos. In the Hopi dances there are no frenzied movements, nor whirling draperies, nor hair fluttering in the wind. The Hopi dances are fundamentally unfrenzied. The steps are deliberate at every moment, somber, deep, and rooted in the earth. Wind is a rarity, flying drapes nonexistent. There are even fewer of the ululations in the snake dance than in the others. Even those are never frenzied. And there is absolutely no struggle with the snake, as there is between Apollo and Python, or as between the snakes and Laocoön and his sons, because the snake is not, for the Hopi, a demoniac force of the underworld.

Warburg's failure to understand any of this, indeed, his failure to listen as well as to look, his ultimate if unwitting disrespect for Hopi culture, it seems to me, is exemplified by the famous photographs he took. He should not have taken them, since his hosts would not have wanted him to.³⁹ It is true that many others took photographs at the time as well, from the tenacious Ben Wittick—who was repaid with death by rattlesnake for his intrusion on the Hopi ceremonies⁴⁰—to the excellent A.C. Vroman and the brilliant but superficial Edward Curtis. It is also true that some of the photographs he (or possibly an assistant) took have a certain ethno-

graphic value, and are indeed better than many other ethnographic images at the time. But there is something slightly repellent about images such as the famous one showing himself standing rather foppishly kitted out beside a good-looking half-naked Indian (fig. 1); and even more so about the picture that shows him with a kachina mask perched insultingly on the top of his head (fig. 2). A mask is not a hat. Why could he not pull down the mask and, at least momentarily, suppress his face, the sign of his own identity? Because he was afraid of losing just that, under the power of the kachina image. He surely knew that the mask§ were pulled over the head dur-

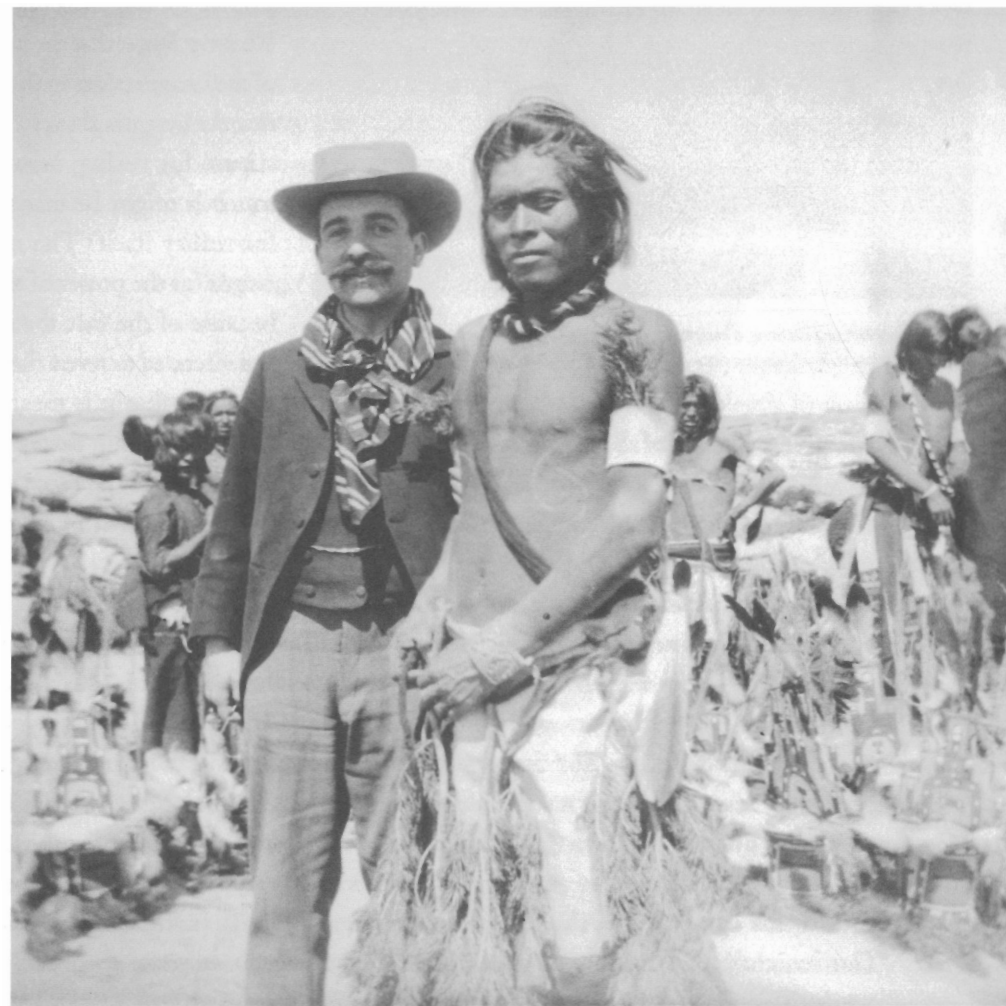


Fig. 1. Aby Warburg with an unidentified Hopi dancer, Oraibi, Arizona, May 1896. Warburg Institute Archive, London

heart. When the dancers are not pure or do not pay close attention to their business, the snakes get angry. If a dancer has slept with a woman during the ceremony, he will become sick or unable to perform, or the snake may bite him in the dance. Once a leader was bitten while hunting for snakes; and the old people tell of men who have died of snakebites when they have failed to do their duty. I decided that perhaps it was better for me to stay out."⁴⁵ The snakes are forces for good, not evil.

But there is one aspect of Zarathustra's narrative that *is* relevant, and it is the one aspect that Warburg could not appreciate. This is the ironic coda about the shepherd's laughter. As everyone knows, the most serious of the Pueblo dances always include clown figures, often in transvestite costume and often acting with obscene gestures. These rather shocked the young man from Hamburg ("In the afternoon the clowns. Very obscene.")⁴⁶ Nietzsche recognized the redemptive role of irony and laughter and the transfiguration it can bring (after all, unpuritically, the shepherd laughs because he knows he has been evil, and yet he triumphs). Warburg was confused by both: "Six figures appeared. Three almost completely naked men smeared with yellow clay, their hair wound into horn shapes, were dressed only in linen cloths. Then came three men in women's clothes. And while the chorus and its priests proceeded with their dance movements, undisturbed and with unbroken devotion, these figures launched into a thoroughly vulgar and disrespectful parody of the chorus. And no one laughed. The vulgar parody was regarded not as comic mockery, but rather as a kind of peripheral contribution by the revellers, in the effort to ensure a fruitful corn year."⁴⁷ Little could be more anthropologically vague than the notion that the "vulgar parody" of the clowns was "a kind of peripheral contribution by the revellers, in the effort to ensure a fruitful corn year." For no one who has seen the clowns in any of the Pueblo dances could doubt that their "vulgar parody," full of obscenity, was indeed regarded as "comic mockery."

The Bergsonian view of the comic is helpful here. For him, it is "that side of a person which reveals his likeness to a thing, that aspect of human events, which through its inelasticity, conveys the impression of pure mechanism, of automatism, of movement without life."⁴⁸ This may not be fully applicable to the Pueblo clowns, but the significance of the Bergsonian view is his insistence that laughter is the corrective to the automatism of the comic. "The comic expresses an individual or collective imperfection which calls for an immediate corrective. The corrective is laughter."⁴⁹ Laughter, like desire, begins as fear and ends, as Nietzsche realized, as triumph. The resistance to understanding the transformative role of

laughter is surely symptomatic of Warburg's high anxiety about the loss of self-control entailed by real laughter. What he could not bring himself to admit was that image mysteries must entail loss of self-control and the abandonment to the senses (and thus often, obscenity). It remained impossible for him to acknowledge the fact that the mask can never be peeled away, that there will never be a means of discovering the true reality behind the image. That, surely, is in the very nature of the image.

My simple point here, of course, is that images can never be reduced to mere subjects of ethnography. Warburg himself must have known this, too, but he was afraid, as we have seen, to confront it. Each ritual is different: whether the Florentine intermezzi with their struggle of Apollo and Python, their counterpositioning of soft nymphs and snake-laden furies; the deep psychomythic struggle of Laocoön, father and sons against evil; the rainbringing dance of the serpents; or the fructifying kachinas. But Warburg knew perfectly well that evil was hardly the issue in the snake dance. The notion that the snake dance could somehow reveal the ancient irruption of Alexandria into Athens, the staining but fruitful oriental into the pure Attic (remember Strzygowski would write *Orient oder Rom* just a few years later)⁵⁰ was a delusion, and a dangerous one at that. It blinded Warburg to the real significance of the snake dance and to the real troubles of the Hopi.

It all, of course, had to do with Warburg's own struggle with the remnants of what he called primitivism in Renaissance art and with the loss of distance brought about in the modern world. He intuited the irrational force of images, the force that threatened one's identity by threatening one's self-control, and yet he ended up with his *Bilderatlas*, where the images have little of their original force, and in their servitude to a curious kind of genealogical encyclopedism, all are strangely and improbably drained.⁵¹ Why has the mythomania that surrounds Warburg not grasped this yet? Either images are replete with ritual, as he seemed to know but wanted to repress, or they are drained and ineffective.

It does not take much to activate them, however. What Warburg's failed *Bilderatlas*, pathetic in its reliance on reproduction and multiplication, foretells is the etiolation of contemplation that is implicit in the modern multiplicity of images that can only be generated and made infinitely manipulable by the computer—which Warburg, schizophrenic as always, would have disdained and loved at the same time.

But at least, at bottom, before they drove him mad, Warburg knew what images of every kind really betokened. In this he was unlike many of his modern fol-

lowers who will not see the power of images, and turn them instead into the driest forms of ethnography. The tension and power at the heart of every image lie in its substitutional status. It has the full force of the fetish. It stands for reality but its force goes beyond what it represents. The mask is the image, the image the mask. The mask must be put on to make the person someone else, not himself. Warburg could not bring himself to pull that mask over his head, to become image, not reality. For this would have entailed a loss of self—just like true laughter, not tittering; just like abandonment to sensuality. It is in precisely this, the entailment of loss of self, that the true threat of images lies. We fear the sensuality of images, lest we lose ourselves. That is why, from Tertullian on, and even before, image-worship has been aligned with female seductiveness, and why his treatise on idolatry is the open parallel to his treatise against women's cosmetics. Our identity is bound up with self-control. The cornerstone of the Freudian view of culture and civilization, as much as the Warburgian and Gombrichian one, rests on just this. We cannot lose ourselves, or rather lose control of ourselves. Hence the profound masculinism that underlies antipathy to images, as W. J. T. Mitchell so eloquently set out many years ago.⁵²

The mullahs were right. The buddhas at Bamiyan were the images of the gods of infidels, so they had to be destroyed. Of course there were other motives (as iconoclasts always have), such as the need to draw attention, as some of the mullahs claimed, to the poverty of the people of Afghanistan. Ever since Eratostratos the destruction of images has served the ends of publicity well. And those giant statues could not even be placed in museums (had the mullahs wanted to), where they could perhaps be drained of their powers for the sake of other forms of idolatry. But there is more. In blasting away the giant buddhas of Bamiyan, the Taliban showed themselves to be menaced by both the inexplicable sensuality of art and its multifold attractions, which for centuries have been held in both East and West to be as wanton and as little subject to reason as the attractions of women. To the Taliban, presumably, the powers of art, like the powers of women, are frightening because they cannot be controlled, unless you blast the face off a statue or cover the face of a woman with a burka. Take off their masks, and they will, ironically, no longer be threatening.

1. The first publication of the lecture was the English translation by F. W. Mainland on the basis of a slightly doctored version of the text supplied by Gertrude Bing and Fritz Saxl, who provided the relevant notes. See Aby Warburg, "A Lecture on the Serpent Ritual," *Journal of the Warburg Institute* 2 (1939): 277–92. This edition of the text must now be replaced by the excellent one supplied by Raulff on the basis of the manuscripts in the Warburg Institute library (Aby Warburg, *Schlangenritual. Ein Reisebericht*, ed. with afterword by U. Raulff [Berlin: Wagenbach, 1988]) and the English translation by Steinberg, Aby Warburg, *Images from the Region of the Pueblo Indians of North America*, trans. with an interpretive essay by Michael P. Steinberg (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1995). Both Raulff and Steinberg offer first-rate if sometimes tendentious commentaries on Warburg's lecture, with generous references to the now vast literature on Warburg's lecture and his visit to New Mexico. For Warburg's diary (that is, his *Ricordi* of his visit) along with a group of useful studies, see Benedetta Cestelli Guidi and Nicholas Mann, eds., *Photographs at the Frontier: Aby Warburg in America 1895–1896* (London: Warburg Institute, 1998).
2. Already in 1986, Gombrich provided a lengthy "Additional Bibliography" to his 1970 edition of the lecture, and predicted that the stream of articles on the subject would rapidly grow further (Ernst H. Gombrich, *Aby Warburg: An Intellectual Biography* [1970; repr., Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1986], x, vii)—which it did, almost immediately. See, for example, among many others, Kurt W. Forster, "Die Hamburg-Amerika-Linie, oder: Warburgs Kulturwissenschaft zwischen den Kontinenten," in *Aby Warburg. Akten des internationalen Symposions Hamburg 1990*, ed. Horst Bredekamp, Michael Diers, and Charlotte Schoell-Glass (Weinheim: VCH, Acta Humaniora, 1991), 11–37; Claudia Naber, "Pompeji in Neu-Mexico: Aby Warburgs amerikanische Reise," *Freibeuter* 38 (1988): 88–97; Warburg, *Images from the Region*; Ulrich Raulff, "Nachwort," in Warburg, *Schlangenritual*, 61–94 (the best commentator so far on the ethnographic context of Warburg's interest in the Pueblo); Philippe-Alain Michaud, *Aby Warburg et l'image en mouvement. Suivi de Aby Warburg: Souvenirs d'un voyage en pays Pueblo, 1923; Projet de voyage en Amérique, 1927. Deux textes inédits traduits par Sibylle Muller*, preface by Georges Didi-Hubermann (Paris: Macula, 1998), and Georges Didi-Hubermann, "Notre Dibbouk. Aby Warburg dans l'autre temps de l'histoire," *La part de l'oeil*, Dossier Problème de la *Kunstwissenschaft* 15–16 (1999–2000): 219–35, especially p. 230 note 59, for a few more comments within the context of Warburg's work as a whole. See now also the important article, Carlo Severi, "Warburg anthropologue ou le déchiffrement d'une utopie. De la biologie des images à l'anthropologie de la mémoire," *L'Homme* 161 (2003): 61–112, for the broader context of Warburg's interest in and investigations into the Hopi. I offer a corrective to the generally uncritical view of Warburg's trip to New Mexico and of his analysis of the significance of the Pueblo dances, and of the Hopi snake dance in particular in David Freedberg, "Pathos a Oraibi: Ciò che Warburg non vide," in *Lo sguardo di Giano. Aby Warburg fra tempo e memoria*, ed. Claudia Cieri Via and Pietro Montani (Turin: Nino Aragno, 2004).

3. For examples of repression and self-censorship of this material, see Freedberg, "Pathos a Oraibi," beginning with his letter to James Mooney of 1907 (Anne-Marie Meyer, "Aby Warburg in his Early Correspondence," *American Scholar* 57 [summer 1988]: 445–52, letter cited on p. 450), in which he expresses his regret that because of his research on the Renaissance, he no longer had the time to treat the reports of the Bureau of American Ethnology, up to his final judgments on his thinking on the topic of the dances as *Schlangequatsch* (Warburg, *Images from the Region*, 97) and as "formlos und philologisch schlecht fundiert" (Raulff, "Nachwort," 60; cf. also the immensely self-critical remarks about this lecture cited by Gombrich, 226–27).
4. Published as "Heidnisch-antike Weissagung in Wort und Bild zu Luthers Zeiten," *Sitzungsberichte der Heidelberger Akademie der Wissenschaften, Philosophisch-historische Klasse*, Jahrgang 1920, no. 26 (Heidelberg, 1920).
5. For the date on which Warburg saw the dance, see the entry for 1 May 1896 in his *Ricordi*, as cited in Cestelli Guidi and Mann, *Photographs at the Frontier*, 155 ("Stomach upset. In the morning I saw the Hemis Kachina. Picturesque impression. In the afternoon the clowns. Very obscene.").
6. Freedberg, "Pathos a Oraibi," and James Mooney, *The Ghost-Dance Religion and the Sioux Outbreak of 1890*, Bison Book Edition, with Introduction by Raymond J. De Mallie (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1991). Originally published as part 2 of the fourteenth annual report of the American Bureau of Ethnology, 1892–93: (Washington, D.C.: Government Printing Office, 1896), 653–1124.
7. Don C. Talayesva, Sun Chief, *The Autobiography of a Hopi Indian*, ed. Leo W. Simmons (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1942), 252.
8. For a balanced yet not uncritical view of Voth, see Fred Eggan, "H. R. Voth, Ethnologist," in Barton Wright, *Hopi Material Culture: Artifacts gathered by H. R. Voth in the Fred Harvey Collection* (Flagstaff, Ariz.: Northland Press, 1979), 1–7.
9. I have not, unfortunately, had the opportunity of examining Warburg's correspondence with Voth preserved in the Warburg Institute Archives, but for a selection, see Benedetta Cestelli Guidi, "Retracing Aby Warburg's American Journey through his Photographs," in Cestelli Guidi and Mann, *Photographs at the Frontier*, 28–47; see also note 17 below.
10. See Eggan, "H. R. Voth," but especially Peter M. Whiteley, *Deliberate Acts: Changing Hopi Culture through the Oraibi Split* (Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1988), 83–86, with a selection of contemporary views.
11. Talayesva, *Autobiography*, 252.
12. On some of these objects, see the useful catalogue in Barton Wright, *Hopi Material Culture: Artifacts Gathered by H. R. Voth in the Fred Harvey Collection* (Flagstaff, Ariz.: Northland Press, 1979).
13. As so often, it was Gombrich who most clearly set out Warburg's indebtedness to Bastian and his ideas, as well as that of the neglected figure of Tito Vignoli; cf. Gombrich, *Aby Warburg*, 89–90 and 285–87. See also Raulff, "Nachwort," 73–75, and Warburg, *Images from the Region*, 60. Warburg fol-

lowed Usener's courses in Bonn in 1886–87. The topic of Warburg's relationship with the anthropological and anthropologico-historical thought of his time has been much discussed (by Gombrich, *Aby Warburg*; Roland Kany, *Mnemosyne als Programm. Geschichte, Erinnerung und die Andacht zum Unbedeutenden im Werk von Usener, Warburg und Benjamin* [Tübingen: Niemeyer, 1987]; Maria Michela Sassi, "Dalla Scienza delle Religioni di Usener ad Aby Warburg," in *Aspetti di Hermann Usener Filologo della Religione*, ed. G. Arrighetti et al., preface by Arnaldo Momigliano [Pisa: Giardini, 1982], 65–91; Severi, "Warburg anthropologue," and many others), and it is not my aim here to enter into any discussion of the relationship of his own thinking with that of figures such as Wilhelm Wundt and Lucien Lévy-Bruhl or with anthropologizing and psychologizing art historians who attracted him, such as August Schmarsow. See now also Didi-Hubermann, "Notre *Dibbouk*," 232 and notes 68 and 69, as well as several of Didi-Hubermann's other studies of Warburg.

14. The issue of Warburg's relations with his own Jewishness has, of course, been much discussed, but the implications of his rejection of his Judaism and his consequent romanticization of the Red Indians have not—yet they are explicit in passages such as that cited by Gombrich, *Aby Warburg*, 20. See also Freedberg, "Pathos a Oraibi," on his rejection of the idea of any form of Jewish Arcadia in favor of the primitive and romantic Indian one. The full problem of these relations has been massively avoided in the vast literature on Warburg. It is not that the problem of Warburg's sense of and resistance to his own Jewishness has not been discussed (especially when it comes to the Renaissance): see, for example, the sensible but trenchant words by Anne-Marie Meyer "Exactly what was the relation between Warburg's research on paganism in the Renaissance and his meditations and fears about Judaism (and Jews) remains of course the problem" (Meyer, "Aby Warburg," 452). Among the many works attempting to set out the issues, see Christa Maria Lerm, "Das jüdische Erbe bei Aby Warburg," *Menora, Jahrbuch für deutsch-jüdische Geschichte* (1994): 143–71, and the words by Raulff attacking Steinberg in Cestelli Guidi and Mann, *Photographs at the Frontier*, 67. But not even Steinberg saw the directness of the link between Warburg's rejection of his Jewishness and his clear misunderstandings of Pueblo culture.

15. Warburg, *Images from the Region*, 110–11, translating from the *Notizen zum Kreuzlinger Vortrag* compiled by Warburg and now in the Warburg Institute Archives.

16. For his studies on Hopi subjects, see the following by H. R. Voth: "The Oraibi Soyal Ceremony," *Field Columbian Museum Publication* 55, *Anthropological Series* III, no. 1 (1901); "The Oraibi Powamu Ceremony," *Field Columbian Museum Publication* 61, *Anthropological Series* III, no. 2 (1901); "The Mishongnovi Ceremonies of the Snake and Antelope Fraternities," *Field Columbian Museum Anthropological Series* III, no. 3 (1903); "The Oraibi Summer Snake Ceremony," *Field Columbian Museum Publication* 83, *Anthropological Series* III, no. 4 (1903); "The Oraibi Oáqöl Ceremony," *Field Columbian Museum Publication* 84, *Anthropological Series* VI, no. 1 (1903); "The Traditions of the Hopi," *Field Columbian Museum Publication* 96, *Anthropological Series* VIII (1905); "The Oraibi

- Marau Ceremony," *Field Museum of Natural History, Publication 156, Anthropological Series XI*, no. 1 (1912). For indications of the resentment he aroused, see the passages from Talayesva, *Autobiography*, 251–52; but see further, 311 and 344 where Voth is reviled for having revealed the secrets of the Soyal ceremony, as well as Whiteley, *Deliberate Acts*, especially 83–86, and Eggan, "H.R. Voth."
17. Luke Lyon, "History of Prohibition of Photography of Southwestern Indian Ceremonies," in *Reflections: Papers on Southwestern Cultural History in Honor of Charles H. Lange*, Papers of the Archaeological Society of New Mexico, no. 14 (Santa Fe: Ancient City Press, 1988), 256, for a number of other possible reasons for Pueblo resistance to photography, but it is clear, from any number of reports and accounts that one of the main causes of resentment—beyond the old fear of shadow-catching—was precisely the concern with the divulgence of ritual and ceremonial secrets.
18. Cestelli Guidi and Mann, 155.
19. Ibid. For recent discussions of the much-discussed Pueblo resistance to photography, see now Lyon, "History of Prohibition"; James C. Faris, *Navajo and Photography: A Critical History of the Representation of an American People* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1996); and Leah Dilworth, *Imagining Indians in the Southwest: Persistent Visions of a Primitive Past* (Washington and London: Smithsonian Institution Press, 1992), 72 and 119–20. Both Lyon and Dilworth note that resistance grew only gradually, since from 1870 to c. 1910, there were far fewer formal restrictions on photography than later on. But resentment—and some fear—was there from the beginning. Film was just as suspect, and Lyon, "History of Prohibition," 241–42, tells the story of how Victor Miller of Pathe was chased across the Hopi Navajo reservation one night in 1913 by the sympathetic Leo Crane, the resident Indian agent, in order to capture Miller's film of the Walpi snake dance ceremony (Miller had failed to sign an agreement that he would only use the film for purposes of research and private enjoyment). I am grateful to Albert Narath for drawing this example to my attention in an unpublished paper entitled "Two Pocket Kodaks Slung from My Belt: Photography and Its Prohibition at the Pueblo," 2003.
20. See, for example, the revealing—and slightly unpleasant—photos reproduced in Cestelli Guidi and Mann, *Photographs at the Frontier*, 96 and 97, plates 27 and 28.
21. Cestelli Guidi, "Retracing Aby Warburg's American Journey," 42, with references to their letters of 2 October (Warburg to Voth) and 30 November (Voth to Warburg) preserved in the Warburg Institute Archives.
22. As in Fritz Saxl, "Warburg's Visit to New Mexico," in *Lectures* (London: Warburg Institute, 1957), 1:325.
23. As in Gombrich, *Aby Warburg*, 90.
24. Ibid., vii.
25. Much recorded and commented upon; see, for example, ibid., 88; Naber, "Pompeji in Neu-Mexico," 90–91; Warburg, *Images from the Region*, 61–62; Cestelli Guidi and Mann, *Photographs at the Frontier*, 30–31; as well as Freedberg, "Pathos a Oraibi."

26. Warburg's *Ricordi* contain a number of remarks commenting on the looks of the young women he encountered on his travels in the West, along the lines "pretty face," "lively and self-assured." But one's sense of unease grows when we read his comments on a Thanksgiving Day party he attended in Colorado Springs in 1895 a few days before he went to Mesa Verde. He likes Dr. Bill's pretty daughter and "ladylike" English wife; he comments on three other "pretty girls," to which he adds a self-reproachful emphasis "Aby!"; and then continues: "I only notice here that I do not like Jews. The type is a mystery to me and is here without background and overtones" (25 November 1895, Cestelli Guidi and Mann, *Photographs at the Frontier*, 150). When, on the other hand, he sees two Navajo Indians for the first time a few days later, he comments: "A beautiful chap. Strong features with vivid emotions" (3 December 1895, ibid., 151).
27. Warburg, *Images from the Region*, 38. Along with several other significant sentences, this one too was omitted by Saxl and Bing in their original edition of Warburg's lecture (Warburg, "A Lecture on the Serpent Ritual"). Cf. also "In what ways can we perceive essential character traits of primitive pagan humanity?," Warburg, *Images from the Region*, 2.
28. Ibid., 49.
29. See ibid., 54: "Telegram and telephone destroy the cosmos. Mythical and symbolic thinking strive to form spiritual bonds between humanity and the surrounding world, shaping distance into the space required for devotion and reflection ["reason" in Mainland's 1939 translation edited by Saxl and Bing; cf. Warburg, "A Lecture on a Serpent Ritual," 292]: the distance undone by the instantaneous electric connection."
30. Warburg, *Images from the Region*, 53–54.
31. A great deal remains to be written about the role of the early Jewish dealers in the Southwest, such as Gold and Spielberg, and the dissemination of knowledge about the Pueblos—perhaps even beginning with the now near-mythical figure of Solomon Bibo at Acoma pueblo. See Edwin L. Wade, "The Ethnic Art Market in the American Southwest 1880–1890," in *Objects and Others: Essays on Museums and Material Culture*, ed. George W. Stocking (Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 1985), 167–91, for a broad description of the history of the art market in the Southwest, with much interesting material on topics raised in the present paper.
32. Cited by Cestelli Guidi, "Retracing Aby Warburg's American Journey," 46, from a letter from Warburg to his parents of 31 January 1896, in the Warburg Institute Archives.
33. Although, as noted by Severi, "Warburg anthropologue," 68, in the entries in his journal for 23 and 24 April 1895, he recorded that he had read the catalogue of Hopi and other pottery that Alexander M. Stephen had compiled for Keam and that remained unpublished until 1994 (Alex Patterson, *Hopi Pottery Symbols*. Illustrated by Alexander M. Stephen, William Henry Holmes, and Alex Patterson [Based on *Pottery of Tusayan*, catalogue of the Keam Collection, unpublished manuscript dated 29 December 1890] [Boulder, Colo.: Johnson Books, 1994]). Salvatore Settis, "Kunstgeschichte als ver-

gleichende Kulturwissenschaft: Aby Warburg, die Pueblo-Indianer und das Nachleben der Antike," in *Künstlerischen Austausch/Artistic Exchange*, Akten des XXVIII. Internationalen Kongresses für Kunstgeschichte Berlin, 1992, ed. Thomas Gaetgens (Berlin: Akademie Verlag, 1993), 1: 139–58 (147–48), also comments on the importance of Nampeyo's work and justly cites Jesse Walter Fewkes, *Designs on Prehistoric Hopi Pottery* (New York: Dover, 1973), 36 and 177, as well as Ruth Bunzel, *The Pueblo Potter: A Study of Creative Imagination in Primitive Art* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1929), 55–56, 88.

34. But see Cestelli Guidi, "Retracing Aby Warburg's American Journey," 46–47, for a useful overview of the fate of Warburg's objects and the useful bibliographic references on these pages. See also the important material and analysis in Settis, "Kunstgeschichte als vergleichende Kulturwissenschaft," and the pages in the *Jahrbuch der Hamburgischen Wissenschaftlichen Anstalten* 19 (1901) (Hamburg, 1902), CX–CXVII (Warburg's gift to the Museum für Völkerkunde in Hamburg).

35. See Freedberg, "Pathos a Oraibi," for the ways he failed to appreciate these differences and how he turned difference into similarity.

36. Compare, for example, the passionate and understanding description of the origins of the dispute and of the implications of the school in Keam's Canyon, where Warburg had his famous drawings of lightning made; see the letter from Fewkes to Mrs. Hemenway of 2 July 1891 (already!), reproduced in Edwin L. Wade and Lea S. McChesney, *America's Great Lost Expedition: The Thomas Keam Collection of Hopi Pottery from the Second Hemenway Expedition, 1890–1894*, exh. cat. (Phoenix: The Heard Museum, 1980), 5–6.

37. See especially the good summary in Whiteley, *Deliberate Acts* (with excellent further bibliography and many contemporary testimonies, such as the letter from Fewkes to Mrs. Hemenway cited in the previous note).

38. Old Oraibi is now in ruins. For government harassment of the "Hostile" faction from 1891 on, culminating in the 1893 arrest of a group of Hostiles and their imprisonment in Fort Wingate, and of a much larger group in Alcatraz in 1894–95, see *ibid.*, 70–91. By 1906, social order at Oraibi had become so fraught that it led to what has been called the "Oraibi split." On this, see *ibid.*, 106–18, and Mischa Titiev, *Old Oraibi: A Study of the Hopi Indians of Third Mesa. Peabody Museum of American Archaeology and Ethnology Papers* 2, no. 1 (1944). Following the split of 1906, many of the Friendlies had already left, and more Hostiles were run-marched out of town then settled in the newly established village of Bacavi. Other members of the old community settled in nearby Hotevilla.

39. For a good summary of Pueblo resistance to photography, see Lyon, "History of Prohibition." But for examples, see also William Webb and Robert A. Weinstein, *Dwellers at the Source: Southwestern Indian Photographs of A. C. Vroman, 1895–1904* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1987), 14.

40. Wittick photographed the Walpi snake dances from the 1880s until his death by snakebite in 1903. See Lyon, "History of Prohibition," 245, and Webb and Weinstein's appreciative but justly criti-

cal book on the photographs of A. C. Vroman (Webb and Weinstein, *Dwellers at the Source*, 13–14 ["he has not been initiated! Death will come to him from the fangs of our little brothers!"]).

41. Michaud, *Aby Warburg*, 62. The reference to Botticelli's nymphs is, of course, to Warburg's famous dissertation of 1893 on Botticelli's *Birth of Venus* and *Spring* (*Sandro Botticelli's "Geburt der Venus" und "Frühling": Eine Untersuchung über die Vorstellungen von der antike in der italienische Frührenaissance* [Hamburg and Leipzig: Leopold Voss, 1893]), while that to the Florentine intermezzi of 1589 is to his famous article on the intermezzi composed in Florence in 1589 for the wedding of Ferdinand I, Grand Duke of Tuscany, and Catherine de Médici's niece, Christine of Lorraine (the article appeared in an Italian translation by A. Giorgetti as "I costumi teatrali per gli intermezzi del 1589: I disegni di Bernardo Buontalenti e il libro di conti di Emilio de' Cavalieri," in *Atti dell'Accademia del R. Istituto musicale di Firenze, 1895, Commemorazione della Riforma Melodrammatica* [1895], 133–46). It was here, as everyone now knows, that Warburg first evinced his interest in the significance of Apollo's struggle with the great snake Python, the world of the demons, and the descent into the underworld. The reference to Rossi is to Bastiano de' Rossi, who described the intermezzi at the wedding celebrations, and whose 1589 *Descrizione dell'Apparato, e degl'Intermedi* Warburg extracted in his article.

42. Friedrich Nietzsche, "Of the Vision and the Riddle," in *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, trans. R. J. Hollingdale (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1975), 179–80.

43. Talayeva, *Autobiography*, 42.

44. *Ibid.*, 251.

45. *Ibid.*, 251–52.

46. Cestelli Guidi and Mann, *Photographs at the Frontier*, 155; cf. also above.

47. Warburg, *Images from the Region*, 34.

48. Henri Bergson, *Laughter* (1900), trans. and ed. by Wylie Sypher, in Wylie Sypher, *Comedy* (Baltimore and London: The Johns Hopkins University Press, 1980).

49. *Ibid.*

50. Josef Strzygowski, *Orient oder Rom. Beiträge zur Geschichte der spätantiken und frühchristlichen Kunst* (Leipzig: J. C. Hinrich'sche Buchhandlung, 1901).

51. Now available as *Der Bilderatlas MNEMOSYNE*, ed. Martin Warnke with Claudia Brink (Berlin: Akademie Verlag, 2000) (originally *Aby Warburg. Gesammelte Schriften. Studienausgabe*, ed. Horst Bredekamp et al., 2.1, part 2).

52. W. J. T. Mitchell, *Iconology: Image, Text, Ideology* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1987), esp. 112–16.