of qualities" that set him apart, not those accidents he shared "with other gentlemen of his day."

27 In such sentiments Greenough showed himself in complete agreement with Canova, who had given Napoleon an entirely nude ideal body in the first decade of the century, and with an older French contemporary, David d'Angers, who modeled a fully clothed Jefferson, but never clothed Iliada and Ilius, from the mere fragment we should be able to tell that the original was of a god or hero. "The form of the nude indicates perfectly the morality of the person represented, if the artist has understood that the exterior form of the body expresses very well the moral state of the man." From this point of view nudity could not be exclusively the condition of pagan gods. The dignity of the new democratic and imperial gods—Washington and Napoleon—equally required it. And Greenough was consciously presenting Washington as the American Venus, "a conductor between God and Man." 28

That, however, placed him even beyond his identity as the Father, in which supremely human capacity Americans had come to worship him. The cult of Washington was more popular and less exalted in feeling than the religion of Beauty. Only those who belonged to the religion, like Tuckerman and Jarvis, could see the ideal beauty of Washington's nude breast. It inspired Tuckerman to prayerful verse, and Jarvis saw in it a prophecy of the future. Although Greenough had set a unique standard of excellence in this "godlike form" of the "nation's cherished 'father'" wrote Jarvis, it was unfortunately true that by 1864 American sculpture had been "seduced into the facile path of realism by the national bias to the material and practical." But a "new, strong life" was "fast coming upon us," he hopefully went on, sounding like Whitman in the preface to Leaves of Grass of nine years earlier. As Americans began to "enlarge" their lives with "great ideas and heroic deeds," they would "rise to the level of [Greenough's] sympathy and knowledge," as represented in his heroic and heroically achieved Washington. 29

ORPHEUS IN AMERICA

The sun of Art which glowed in Rome, may rise
To equal splendour in our Western skies.

—Rembrandt Peale

Apollo is the god by whose chariot the sun westward on one side of the chair in which Greenough's Jupiter-Washington sits. Yet this God of Art was to make relatively few appearances as himself in America. One of Samuel F. B. Morse's student efforts praised by Benjamin West was a Judgment of Jupiter (1815; Yale) in which the father of the gods, sitting in his Phidian pose and attended by his eagle, orders the mortal maiden Marietta to choose between her human hero Iliada and Jupiter's divine son Apollo. Apollo reverses the stance he assumes on the Belvedere, and all four figures appear to be inanimate marionette reductions of appropriate antique statues. This painting found no purchaser even in Boston. 1 Allston and Greenough, we recall, simply transformed the Apollo into Christian angels, and late in the century in Rome Franklin Simmons followed their example with his Angel of
Ovid, so that customers could choose what they wished him to execute in marble. A bas-relief of six hundred figures showing a Pesta of Ceres was also projected. All these plans reflect the direct influence of Thorwaldsen, who liked to create related works, and whose vast bas-relief of The Triumph of Alexander was considered by Crawford the “great work of modern times.” We have already seen the apprentice sculptor’s dependency on his master in Venus as Shepherdess [after Thorwaldsen] [fig. 73] and Hades and Clytemnestra [fig. 134]. An early plan to sculpt The Winds was supplanted by an Apotheosis of Washington, which in turn was abandoned for a relief illustrating Anacreon’s Ode no. 72 (1843, Boston Athenaeum). This work is nothing but a belated addition to an erotic series Thorwaldsen had created twenty years before in homage to the convivial Greek poet of bisexual love. Crawford’s figure of the aged Anacreon was copied almost directly from Thorwaldsen’s profile adaptation of an antique statue of Anacreon. But in Ode no. 72 (assembled in Moore’s translation from two fragments) the American found one in which the poet simply urges a “virgin, wild and young” to dance to the music of his lyre—a less suggestive lyric than, for example, “Love’s Night-walk” [Ode no. 3], which inspired Thorwaldsen’s rain-dampened pubescent Amor being warmed and dried by Anacreon as he pricks the old man with his dart. Moreover, the phallic thuris and capacious jug of wine that frame the lyre in both Thorwaldsen’s designs—indicating the inspirations for Anacreon’s songs—were reduced in Crawford’s work to a chastely slim pitcher [probably full of water].

Yet, even though he lacked the assurance with which Canova and Thorwaldsen, as children of the eighteenth century, had been able to celebrate Greek eroticism in white marble without jeopardizing their reputation as Christian sculptors, the uneducated Crawford’s interest in myth as integral to a sculptor’s intellectual equipment seems to have been genuine, as he read industriously in translations of the Greek poets. Of the lost or unfinished works listed by his biographers, one-third are from classical mythology [twice as many as those of Christian subjects]: Apollo, Diana, Ceres, Flora, Vesta, Psyche [in groups with Cupid, Jupiter, and a Bacchante], Cupid [several times, but never with Venus], Mercury, Hercules, Io, Euterpe, Paris, centaurs, and even a Bacchante-as-Autumn [his first life-size work] and a nymph and satyr. Of the relatively few mythological works that were finished and have survived, however, all except the fine Flora of 1853 [Newark] were completed before the Orpheus. From all this aspiration, only Orpheus emerged as an original and convincing achievement and made a personal statement.

The work was conceived after more than three years of arduous study and apprenticeship in Rome, during which time Crawford had drawn from the antique statues of the Capitoline and Vatican, from live nudes at the French Academy, and from corpses in the mortuary. His image of Orpheus entering the Underworld was executed with the passionate self-projection of someone who had written home concerning his move to Italy, “I know I am venturing much, it is what few have dared to do.” The subject was taken from the tenth book of the Metamorphoses and the fourth Georgic of Vergil, although in Charles Sumner’s promotional article, which was adapted for the official Athenaeum exhibition program, only Vergil—“the sweetest poet of antiquity”—was cited as the source, supplemented by a passage from the less-known Renaissance poet Politiano. Crawford wrote to his
sister that he showed the moment when Orpheus, having tamed the monstrous Cerberus with the music of his lyre, "makes triumphantly through the gates of hell." There was neither an antique nor a modern model for this scene; Crawford's choice was intended to be original and personal, and it was significant as a precedent both in what it included and what it avoided. The lyre—Apollo's gift—and the three-headed monster Cerberus (unfortunately comical both in his anatomy and in his music-induced sleep) together convey the allegorical theme of music's power over chaotic nature. This alone would be Orpheus's chief meaning in most later American works. The specific pose of Crawford's hero makes the work popularly appealing on even simpler grounds, since it is readily readable as a universal image that could be called Searching, without recourse to myth. Those who know the story can find further satisfaction in recognizing the lover rushing into the Underworld to recover his bride. Crawford "has presented the rare husband at the moment of entering hell," Catherine Maria Sedgwick wrote rather pointedly after viewing the statue in Rome. 2 Like most Americans after him, Crawford preferred the image of the young and hopeful Orpheus over the grief-stricken man. Canova's early Orfeo is the antithesis of Crawford's: it shows the hero in a tortured baroque twist of the torso as he realizes that his backward look has lost him Eurydice forever. Crawford's preferred moment is that of initial success and high expectation.

But Crawford was not interested simply in his theme. As we by now realize, for most so-called literary sculptors (Story being exceptional), the theme is really a means to the true end. This subject, Crawford said, was "admirably adapted to the display of every manly beauty" and would be "clear of all extravagance in the movement... as nearly as possible in the spirit of the ancient masters." In choosing a partially draped figure in motion, however, he has doubly distinguished his work from that of his modern masters, Thorwaldsen, whose idyllic figures are now so commonly used, according to foreigners in Rome, Crawford the American. The Orpheus promised that "an American may rival Phidias," said an Englishman, adding, "How such a man can emerge from your back woods into the eternal city I cannot imagine." Summer quoted such remarks at length, claiming that "the best judges" compared the Orpheus with the Apollo A Knickerbocker note in 1841 reported that Thorwaldsen "seems Crawford as his successor." When Crawford's name was born with his Orpheus, the continuity of the ancient ideal and its westward transmigration seemed assured.

Appropriate as his Orpheus was, both as aesthetic demigod nature-tamer and as gentlemanly physical type, to serve as the vehicle for transferring the Greek ideal of beauty to America, Crawford had one worry about his reception: in spite of his cloak, he was nude. Crawford hoped that the beauty of Orpheus would suffice itself the strongest argument against "the blemishes and cock'd hat taste for sculpture," for he meant his musician to be "an advocate for the beauty and purity of nature." Although he provided Orpheus with a small fig leaf, he feared the "maddening fashion" of "Sunday School mistresses" who would surely propose to make a shirt for him, just as the "old ladies" of Boston, which had offered dinners for Greenough's Chantilly Cherie. "Many a hearty laugh have I heard in Europe at the expense of these dames and their tailoring specimens." Nevertheless, he could proudly say that "old Thorwaldsen has seen it and is satisfied." And Crawford had dreamed of an even higher approval. One night, when his clay model had first taken its shape in his
studio, he wrote to his sister that he saw it lit up occasionally in the dark corner of his studio by flashes of lightning. "This intimate creation of mine" seemed to start to life, and the aspiring sculptor recalled the story of how Phidias had asked for a sign of approval for his love and saw it in the lightning. "Were we living in that age, or were we the religion of the Greeks, I too might interpret the sign in my favor."  

For the present his own age seemed adequately receptive, and the priests of its new religion of Beauty were interpreting all signs in his favor. Sumner and Greene, with an enthusiasm engendered by watching the Orpheus’s long gestation in Crawford’s Roman studio, enlisted the aid of all the classicists of Boston—Felton, Everett, Ticknor, Longfellow, Hillard, and Allston—in preparing one of the warmest welcomes a work of art ever received in America. In the spring of 1844 it was unveiled in a building especially built for it on the grounds of the Boston Athenæum, where it drew appreciative crowds. Nothing Crawford did was ever more acclaimed than this ideal image of beauty, courage, triumph, and eager expectation. In March 1858, four months after the sculptor had died famous, rich, and full of commissions, Hawthorne visited his studio in Rome and concluded that neither had he ever made anything better. Surveying all the works left behind, Hawthorne thought them mostly "common-places in marbie and plascer, such as we should not tolerate on a printed page." Among them were certain other characters of American mythology: the ludicrously histrionic and dwarfish Expedition of Adam and Eve (Boston Athenæum) and the monumental Equestrian Washington for Richmond ("a very foolish and illogical piece of work"). Hawthorne then recalled seeing the Orpheus "long ago" in Boston. Crawford’s premature death, he thought, had deprived the world of nothing of value; he had already "done his best, and done it early in life."  

"The best," however, had been gratefully heralded. Margaret Fuller was among those caught up in the preparatory publicity for the arrival of Orpheus in Boston. Evidently having seen the engraving of Crawford’s early drawing of the work in the United States Magazine and Democratic Review in May 1843 that accompanied Sumner’s erudite commentary, she meditated on its relevance for “our own day and country.” Struck by the coincidence of “the American, in his garret in Rome, making choice of this subject” while some of his countrymen “here at home” showed “such ambition to represent the character, by calling their prose and verse “Orphic sayings”–“Orphica”–she thought Orpheus must have special significance. She herself had reluctantly published Bronson Alcott’s “Orphica” in the first issue of the Dial in 1840. Nothing had subjected that journal to greater ridicule, and Fuller now plainly stated that the “Orphic” poets had not shown that musical apprehension of the progress of Nature through her ascending gradations which entitled them to use the hero’s name. In fact “their attempts are frigid, though sometimes grand, in their strain we are not warmed by the fire which fertilized the soul of Greece.” Yet Orpheus himself is still relevant: “He understood nature... He told her secrets in the form of hymns, Nature as seen in the mind of God. His soul went forth toward all things, yet could remain sternly faithful to a chosen type of excellence. Seeking what he loved, he feared not death nor hell, neither could any shape of dread daunt his faith in the power of the celestial harmony that filled his soul.”  

Orpheus was then something more than Greene’s gentleman with genius, he was a Transcendentalist. And the Transcendentalists were the avant-garde of America. “Reading” Crawford’s sculpture, Fuller felt that it, more than the “Orphica,” had caught “the state of things in this country.” It showed “the seer at the moment when he was obligated with his hand to shade his eyes,” a theme for which Fuller then composed a sonnet which begins “Each Orpheus must to the depths descend; / For only thus the Poet can be wise.” The harmonizing, unifying, solacing, and transfiguring dunes of the self-sacrificing poet-musician-lover were successfully versified, with the conclusion that “If he already sees what he must do, / Well may he shade his eyes from the far-shining view.” Fuller missed the point of the pose (Orpheus shades his eyes to see down into darkness), but she was well on her way to her own point, adapted from Sir Francis Bacon’s contrast between Ulysses and Orpheus in relation to the Sirens. The voluptuous song” of the Sirens was so enticing that Ulysses—knowing his own weakness—had had himself bound to the mast so that he might hear and understand the song without succumbing to it. “But Orpheus passed unconfected, so absorbed in singing hymns to the gods that he could not even hear those sounds of degrading enchantment.” The perfection of Man, claimed Fuller, would arrive when men, like Crawford’s Orpheus, unfailingly faced their heroic challenge and, like Bacon’s Orpheus, found in their ecstatic activity their resistance to the degradations of the flesh. Then in a brilliant (if somewhat confused) reversal Fuller found an application more particular to herself and all women: “the time is come when Eurydice is to call for an Orpheus, rather than Orpheus for Eurydice.” Claiming that the “idea of Man” had already been realized, “however imperfectly,” more than that of Woman, Fuller yet evidently meant that Eurydice could through her own development be the instrument of an even greater freedom for Man. Facing the “far-shining” view of what lay before her, Woman would come to realize her potentialities for love, courage, and self-redemptive action. She could then summon Man from his own particular Hell.  

Fuller’s highly idiosyncratic reading of Crawford’s Orpheus seems to have stirred no responses. Others were content to see him as “The eternal type of constancy,” as expressed by Dr. Parsons in his eulogy on Crawford, “The Sculptor’s Funeral”:

Keen Orpheus, with his eyes  
Fixed deep in ruddy hell,  
Seeking amid those lurid skies  
The wife he loved so well. . . .  
Thou marble husband! might there be  
More of flesh and blood like thee!

Parsons identified Crawford himself with Orpheus and declared that his body should have remained in the only place worthy of him:

Lay him with Raphael, unto whom  
Was granted Rome’s most lasting tomb;  
For many a laurel, many an ace,  
He might sleep well in the Pantheon,  
Deep in the sacred city’s womb,  
The smoke and splendor and the stir of Rome.
The clergyman Samuel Osgood, to the contrary, emphasized the Western identity of Crawford, and an American meaning for his Orpheus, when he delivered an address before the New-York Historical Society in 1875 in honor of the gift to that institution of Crawford's Indian Chief. Pointing out that the third century of the death of Michelangelo was being celebrated just as the United States prepared for its first centennial, Osgood observed that Crawford's America atop the Capitol held out a fairer promise than Michelangelo's dome of St. Peter's in Rome, and his Washington in Richmond had a fairer subject than the Medici commemorated in Michelangelo's tombs in Florence. Both Michelangelo and Raphael had made antithetical uses of their art, whereas Crawford was the ally of liberty. Now America could play the role of the Roman Daughter and "give back the tide of life to her parent" in art.

Nowhere was this more evident than in the Orpheus. Osgood recalled that in George Washington Greene's commemorative discourse upon Crawford in 1837, he had said that while serving as American consul in Rome he had thought of the Orpheus as an image of Italy itself, "looking ... into the underworld, and, like him, vainly trying to recall its cherished past, that lost Eurydice." But Crawford himself was also the American Orpheus, the emissary of the "Land of Hope" to the "Land of Memory," wishing to raise the dead in "Italy, that mausoleum of humanity." Crawford's vigorously youthful image contrasted with the "sterility" Osgood had observed in the work of the contemporary Italian Tenerani. Like Goethe, Crawford brought gothic blood to the classic ideal and thus settled "the question that sculpture is a modern art": It "allows the modern inward life to show itself with the antique strengths of form. Orpheus is a Greek and a Christian too, and he faces toward the Shades of Eucharis with limbs trained in the palaestra and with a soul illuminated by the light that is not of this world. This work is a prophecy of our coming literature as well as art." Crawford had shown that the American alternatives need not be "spindly pietism" or "muscle and materialism," but "body and soul go together." At the moment of the gold rush to the west, Crawford's Orpheus had brought "some conscious help from the land of art to give America her true beauty before the world, and to lift her above the materialism that threatened her life." 19

Whether for such reasons and with such effects or not, Orpheus continued to attract American artists over the next century, more than any other classical subject except Diana. From Rimmer and Story to the abstractions of Mary Callery [1951] and Richard Lippold [1962], at least twenty artists (including several immigrants) created over two dozen Orpheuses. During the same period Swiss, Swedish, German, Italian, and Polish sculptors, along with painters, poets, and filmmakers, were, of course, also attracted to the Orpheus theme, all with more or less seriousness and even gravitas of symbolic intent. But I have found no American severed heads of Orpheus, lying upon his lyre, such as exist in French art. American thematic emphasis, which naturally affect the treatment of this particular masculine form, are primarily three: the tamer of nature, the faithful lover, and the ecstatic musician. Consequently, works consist of nude-male-with-wild-animal or nude-male-with-female groups, or the isolated expressive figure. We may briefly consider the first two groups, and look more particularly at two of the inspired musicians, created by sculptors for whom the experience of Rome predominated over Parisian training and whose other studies of the male nude served to define their achievement of a golden mean in the Orpheus-Apollo type.

The first group really begins not with Orpheus, Apollo's son, but with Apollo's musical challenger, the audacious satyr Marsyas, whom Apollo eventually flayed alive. As painted in 1876 by Elihu Vedder in Rome (the first of three versions), the placement of himself at an angle to the Apollo classic academic ideal. That ideal had been represented by his friend Frederick Leighton's early and misbegotten The Triumph of Music [1855-56], a much-publicized heroic image of Orpheus [playing a modern violin] for which Leighton's other friends, including Robert Browning and Harriet Hosmer, had had great hopes. Vedder, in competitive contrast, created his Marsyas as an unequivocal satyr by giving him a goat's body from the waist down. He is himself half-animal.

Vedder's Marsyas, it has been suggested, 20 may have been one influence—along with Gerôme—upon the Orpheus painted in 1890 by George de Forest Brush [fig. 115]. It constituted a diversion from his French production of beautifully proportioned seminude American Indians before he turned to his next specialty as a resident of Florence, neo-Renaissance torri of his madonnalike wife and their child. Brush's Orpheus, seated upon the ground and clothed only in a laurel wreath and sandals, differs from Vedder's Marsyas in showing some loyalty to the academic ideal, yet his model has been painted with enough fidelity to make this Orpheus seem—in spite of his Roman nose—both primitive [handy different from a musical Indian] and contemporary—rather tough looking, in fact. He strums with a dreamy and rather melancholy air upon a magnificent lyre that rises from his groin, while four charmed hares gaze up into his face. One thinks of Whitman's Messiah, who was both "hankering, gross" and "mystical, nude." In any case Brush's rabbit tamer was imagined not as the carrier of civilization but simply as the mystically natural man, one version of the Transcendentalist ideal. Yet the painting also conveys the amusement of a sophisticated artist depicting a merely instinctual brute—an attitude that would be further evident three decades later in the "classical" paintings of Bryson Burroughs, including his own Young Orpheus.

Two sculptors who envisioned Orpheus as the animal charmer were not satisfied with the relatively unsculpturesque forms of bares. John Gregory and Albert T. Stewart chose leopards and panthers [or at least panther cubs]. John Gregory conceived the idea of his first Orpheus while a student at the American Academy in Rome in 1915—15. The lyricism of his several Orpheuses was initially restrained by the contingencies of geometrical design, since Gregory, like Manuphi before him, was influenced more by Archaic Greek work than by the Hellenistic icons that attracted earlier generations. By 1941 Gregory's realization of the concept had been substantially modified from the relieke work of 1918, and a more muscular, mature, and monumental Orpheus controlled the behavior of two beasts rather than one [fig. 153]. Yet the rigidity of frontal and profile composition—especially awkward in dancing panthers—remained, 21 and so far as an idea generated the form, it
was that of a circus performer dangerously nude. The Orpheus and Tiger of Albert T. Stewart, a student of Man ship's who eventually specialized in animals, is a statuette in which the musician's right-angled kneeling body merges with the ecstatically swooning couchant tiger against which he leans.24

Among those who thought of Orpheus in relation to Eurydice was Man ship himself, who turned to the theme twice, in 1927 and 1935. In 1954 he created an Or pheus alone. Like some of Gregory's versions [with equal reduction in power], Man ship's are decorative statuettes, displaying symmetrical opposition of line, not relating as narrative. Eurydice assumes the horizontal pose of a floating nadaj, her arms and head raised in what may be either supplication or farewell, while Orpheus kneels on one leg and stretches the other behind him to create a long diagonal with his raised chest. He too looks upward like a Guido Reni saint and cuts short the gesture of his strumming arm to terminate the composition in a sharp vertical that echoes the horns of the lyre on the opposite side. Incoherence of subject is again the result of Man ship's use of myth.

French-trained sculptors seem to have taken the relationship between the lovers more seriously, finding it a challenge to genuinely expressive form. It was the subject of student work by Gutton Bonglam [still far from conceiving the colossal icons for Mount Rushmore's "Shrine of Democracy"], as it was for Béla Pratt. The forcible separation of the loving pair was theatrically interpreted by the Rinehart Scholar Joseph Maxwell Miller in the neobaroque style he learned in Paris under Verlet. A life-size Orpheus and Eurydice by Nathaniel Chute—amply embellished with oak branches, squirrels, and owls—is somewhat ambiguous: Orpheus is playing his lyre while a semicircular semicircle Eurydice may be reaching for or falling back into her spectral existence.25 But Americans generally left the tragic drama of reunion and separation to the French themselves, and Rodin in particular, who not only carved Orpheus and Eurydice emerging from the earth [literally from the rock] but also dared to show Orpheus in his fatal encounter with the Muses. Coincidentally or not, immigrants to America preferred a happier Orpheus. Most notably, Jacques Lipchitz, the Paris-trained Lithuanian who came to America in 1947, called his work The Joy of Orpheus [1945], not "Orphée aux Enfers" or "Orphée Mort," like some of the fellow artists he left behind on a war-ravaged continent. Lipchitz wrote that the statuette expressed "the love of my wife," the two figures merging into the huge with grateful hands upraised.26

William Rimmer seems to have been the first American after Crawford to conceive of Orpheus as an isolated figure. Uniquely among Bostonians, he declared that Crawford's statue was "one of the worst examples of modern art," since it typically failed to enhance "all male peculiarities" in the "masculine form." Yet in the next breath Rimmer condemned Ward's Indian Hunter for emphasizing "individual peculiarities" at the expense of the "ideal generalizations" required by "high art." In 1867 a British reporter who praised Rimmer's Falling Gladiator wrote that he was then "modelling, in the classic style, a full-length figure of Orpheus [singing against the Sirens], not unlike in conception to Raffaelle's Apollo contending with Marsyas."27 This work might have demonstrated Rimmer's attempt to resolve the two equally objectionable tendencies of Crawford and Ward, but it is lost. An Orpheus, also unknown, is listed among the works of William Wetmore Story for 1883-84.
In 1885 John Talbott Donoghue, during the first of his two extended sojourns in Rome, created a wholly nude life-size figure called *The Young Sophocles Leading the Chorus after the Battle of Salamis* (Fig. 156), which survives. In form and effect an *Orpheus*, the open-mouthed Sophocles holds high the lyre which he has just strummed in an expansive gesture. The critic Charles DeKay acclaimed the work in his *Art Review* in 1887, reporting how Donoghue, after brief study in Paris, had returned to his native Chicago, where he was discovered and encouraged by the itinerant Oscar Wilde, and following more study in Paris with Falguère, had gone to Rome and created his *Sophocles* after reading E. H. Plumptre’s work on the great tragedian. DeKay, recalling that Crawford was also of Irish ancestry, asserted that Donoghue “repeats, but with greater force and far more education in art to start with,” Crawford’s American “triumphs.” Drawing a parallel between Donoghue and his subject similar to that we perceived earlier between Crawford and Orpheus, he noted that the young Sophocles is shown in his first great public performance, when the Greek nation was in ascendancy. “For the young American sculptor to pitch on Sophocles at this moment in his career showed judgment and boldness; it augured well for his future, provided he was justified in feeling within himself the power to materialize so beautiful a conception.”

Of course, all this “would be little” for a sculptor if history had not justified the nude form. Fortunately, as Winckelmann had also happily recalled, Sophocles had been the first Greek youth to perform entirely naked before the public, and what is more (DeKay observed), he had fulfilled the “ideal of beauty in a country and an age that found more to admire in the masculine than the feminine.” DeKay’s analysis of the qualities of Donoghue’s *Sophocles* remarkably parallels the remarks of those who had admired Crawford’s *Orpheus*. Just as Sophocles represented a means between the sublime nudity of Anchises and the popular polish of Euripides, so his physical development was also intermediate: “The muscular fabric is beautifully a mean between the athlete and the boy. Those arms and legs are the product of callisthenics. . . . That spare trunk belongs to youth which has not taken on the rounded muscles of manhood. . . . Nothing hides the perfection of that frame which the Greeks worshipped to the verge of folly.” It is a form “close to the ideal, yet ideal,” the symmetrical possession of a youth who won prizes for both wrestling and music. Quoting Plumptre, DeKay states that Sophocles “appeared unclothed, like a young Apollo, to be seen in all his grace and strength . . . one in whom the image of purity and modesty had not yet been defaced.” One is reminded of Sumner’s interpretation of Crawford’s *Orpheus* as a youth whose education had been equally well rounded.

Donoghue’s *Young Sophocles* won first prize at the World’s Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893, and the sculptor was invited by citizens of Boston to create a life-size portrait of their current American hero, the boxer John L. Sullivan—a type quite distinct from *Sophocles*, certainly, but a heroic athlete in both the Irish and the Roman traditions, although possibly without honors in music. In addition Donoghue created an exotically bejeweled nude *Vanus*, which fairly completed his classical credentials and indicated that by the 1890s—the period of the so-called American Renaissance in art and architecture—a sculptor could imagine that nude beauty was its own excuse for being. Yet DeKay had felt constrained to conclude his article in 1887 with the hope that the Irish-American community or others would support Donoghue in his classical bias. But they did not, and Donoghue committed suicide in Chicago in 1903 at the age of fifty, leaving behind plaster models of works never realized in marble or bronze.

The most classical and the last of all the American Orpheuses with a Roman origin was the heroic standing *Orpheus* (twenty-three feet high) completed in 1922 by Charles Henry Niehaus for the monument to Francis Scott Key at Fort McHenry (Baltimore). One of the best of the several nineteenth-century sculptors from Cincinnati, Niehaus had worked in Rome in the 1880s, when his accomplished but anachronistic life-size studies of nude athletes had excited local interest. He took the subjects not from mythology, which had previously served as some excuse (however poor) for nudity, but from realistic antique statues in Rome: a recently unearthed boxer placing the *coactus* (a protective device for the wrist) on his arm [Museo Nazionale delle Terme], and another athlete using the strigil to scrape away
oil and dirt from his thigh (Vatican). Here not even ideality of conception [as with Jupiter-Washington] could be pleaded. Only "history"—not the recent revolution-
ary history claimed for Powers's Greek Slave but simply ancient common custom-
justified a greater nudity than contemporary sports figures, even boxers, provided.
That seems to have been enough. The heavily built Scraper [Fig. 157] was displayed
amid the Roman grandeur of the 1893 exposition in Chicago, where it must have
appeared quite in its place. That both of Niehaus's athletes, in their preoccupation
with their own activities, show no self-consciousness about their calmly natural
display of superb physiques, probably helped. Their physical form is after all what
interested Niehaus and still interests all viewers, who yet need suffer no bold-faced
return of gaze, and may [if they wish] chatter about the exotic athletic artifacts, just
as they had about Harriet Hosmer's little satyrs while looking at her fauns.
The third male nude surviving from Niehaus's Roman period is a potholled Pan
who is also thoroughly absorbed—in his piping and his dancing. No beauty, and an
exotic in himself, he needed no diverting accessory. Equally intent on a totally
different activity is the colossal Driller, which Niehaus made at the turn of the
century for a monument to industry in Titusville, Pennsylvania. But this kneeling
man—no fisher boy or shepherd boy nor even a youth taking a swim, but a mature
worker driving a stake into rock—is totally nude. Only his clearly understood
status as allegory—a mode of existence that had previously permitted occasional
semimundity among gods and goddesses—makes his nakedness acceptable. Yet it
does seem to remain nakedness, not nudity, for the image of a beautiful physical
form in this sort of muscular exertion inevitably suggests absurdly dangerous ex-
posure. Men at hard labor are not athletes, singers, or gods.
All these male nudes by Niehaus—even the Pan in his mythological character—
were preparations for the Orpheus in Maryland [Fig. 158], which, however, as an
ideal figure has less muscular—but by no means effete—proportions. Choices from
over one hundred submissions to honor the author of the national anthem, Nie-
haus's Orpheus represents public acceptance of the heroic male nude as something
more than an enigmatic allegory crouching beneath a cornice. Relief in fact was
expressed that instead of another prosaic portrait of an unfamiliar figure, America
had been given a beautiful symbol of "primitive music." In a classical contrap-
posto, Orpheus plucks the lyre held on one hip and gazes outward and slightly
upward—perhaps at a banner in Aurora's early light. The Americanization of Or-
pheus was now final, eighty years after Crawford's image had sailed from Rome.
Niehaus's version is closer to his Roman athletes and American laborer than to
Crawford's Apollino and may even possess some spirit of the Pan. But—with no
Cerberus, panther, or Eurydice in sight—he could pass as an American Apollo, for
he seems to make a proud and conscious display of his Greek male beauty. He is at
least unequivocally the semidog of music, and one suspects that surely he is singing
not "The Star-Spangled Banner" but the drinking song from which Francis Scott
Key adapted it, "To Anacreon in Heaven."

**APOLLO IN BOSTON**

A year before the Apollonian Orpheus was unveiled at Fort McHenry, Apollo as
himself had appeared in the rotunda of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, not once

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Fig. 158. Charles Henry Niehaus. Orpheus and the Defenders of Bal-
timore: Francis Scott Key Monument. 1933. H: 25'. Fort McHenry Na-
tional Monument and Historic Shrine, Baltimore. Photo reprinted from
National Sculpture Society Exhibition Catalogue, 1933.