THE RAPE OF THE SABINE WOMEN

By Prof. Paul S. Cutter

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Preface

Moscow, February 18, 2007.

Dear Johnny,*

When creation meets in the twain – Man and his Maker!

I have gotta' take You on a tour of Villa Borghese in Rome; it's two sculptures, particularly the latter (Rape of Proserpina), which have fired my imagination to write about the Renaissance artists finding god in their search for self-identity, i.e. recreating the human body on canvas and in marble as a living "thing" in the image of god...just as God had become alive in firing the loin of Adam, to create babies or vice versa, with the "creative act" on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican (Michelangelo), as the procreative model of this Man on Earth, biogenics replete!

Daphne's flesh is so real, translucent, the marble breathing, as my heart always pounded such beats of elation, the connoisseur and admirer I had been all my life of the female body... I have never-ever seen such perfection by an artist carved in marble resembling human flesh!..

Fig. 1-2. Apollo and Daphne, and Rape of Proserpina.

The male fingers biting into the Proserpine buttocks flesh make it so real that an admiring male viewer feels a twitch in his loin, while Daphne's translucent transformation into the tree before the amorous attack of her suitor makes the moment all the more urgent to accomplish the rape before the fire in the member hits the hardcore timber... tsk? tsk!
The Rape of the Sabine Women (1579–1583) is a sculpture by Giambologna. It depicts three figures (a man lifting a woman into the air while a second man crouches) and was carved from a single block of marble. Originally intended as nothing more than a demonstration of the artist's ability to create a complex sculptural group, its subject matter, the mythical rape of the Sabines, had to be invented after Francesco de' Medici, the Grand Duke of Florence decreed that it be put on public display in the Loggia dei Lanzi on Piazza della Signoria. True to mannerist overstylized and often, overinclusive, efforts, the statue is dynamic panoply of emotions, poses, and viewpoints. When contrasted with either the serene single-viewpoint statuary of the nearby David of Michelangelo (finished nearly 80 years before), this statue shows the infusing tenor of motion that leads towards Baroque, but the tight, uncomfortable, verticality imposed by the author's virtuous self-restriction to a single virgin block, lacks the dynamic diagonality that a sculptor like Bernini will achieve forty years later with the Rape of Proserpine by Apollo and of Daphne by Pluto (in my opinion, the more important sculpture), both at the Galleria Borghese.

The proposed site for the sculpture, opposite Benvenuto Cellini's statue of Perseus, prompted some to suggest that the group should illustrate a theme related to the former work, such as the rape of Andromeda by Phineus. The respective rapes of Proserpina and Helen were also mooted as possible themes. It was eventually decided that the sculpture was of one of the Sabine virgins being abducted by the Romans in an episode from the early history of Latium.

The work is signed OPVS IOANNIS BOLONII FLANDRI MDLXXXII (The work of Giovanni Bologna of Flanders, 1582). An early preparatory bronze featuring only two figures is in the Museo Nazionale di Capodimonte in Naples. Giambologna then revised the scheme, this time with a third figure, in two wax models now in the Victoria and Albert Museum, London. The artist's full-scale gesso for the finished sculpture, executed in 1582, is on display at the Accademia Gallery in Florence.

GIAMBOLONA

The bronze statue in the Rijksmuseum (back cover) is a small copy of a famous marble statue in Florence. This was the work of a Southern Netherlandish artist, Jean Bologna, known in Italy as Giambologna. He worked in Florence at the court of Cosimo I, Grand Duke of Tuscany. Around 1582 he carved this marble statue, which received a place of honor in the Loggia dei Lanzi, a roofed gallery in the centre of town. It is considered the highpoint of his career.

Fig. 4. Rape of the Sabine Women, original, Florence; the large sculpture in the Loggia is a copy, the original is in safe-keeping at the Academy.
Fig. 5. The bronze statue is from the Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam, and reproduction of smaller classical statues for sale.

However, Johnny, what this act of "rape" did lastingly—and adversely—to the Human Condition is beyond the comprehension of man then as it is today, i.e. it legitimized hegemony and dominance of one man over another, irrespective of sex, racial color, material wealth, and quality of life itself, but most damaging to the intellect of the Hominid: We were never equal again!

Matriarchy, which had been dominant for the first 6000 years of our – be it semi-primitive existence -- gave way to Patriarchy, male chauvinism, murder, rape, aggression, greed, conquest, exploitation and perennial conflict without resolution, characterizing our behavioral way of life ever since—ever since Romulus (see fig. 53, Poussin, p. 45 of this text), King of the Romans (753 BC–716 BC) legitimized the invidious act of aggression against our mothers and sisters of this manly Worldwide – Patriarchy, the rule of law over the weaker sex by the Male species, of course, the override over both men and women, the animal kingdom and planetary meridians, remaining in turmoil to this very day.

In fact, Pax Americana, the present day self-assumed leader (and ruler) of this contemporary World of ours is an avowed extension of Pax Romana, and that aggressive act and dominance of one man over others, yes: ever since! Indeed, for the past 3,000 years the Hominid "male" has behaved exactly like Romulus's entourage in their empowered act over the weaker—and, hence—submissive sex, the weak and meek of this world, especially in the pathos of the WesternCiv, since we were endowed over here on the continent with the monopoly of the creative act, technological wherewithal, so-called 'social progress' and therefrom, eventually and unfortunately - the Manifest Destiny doctrine (1845).

And, therefrom, Johnny, my ol' friend, our behavioral norms and values of the Barbarian in our midst, the Anglo-Saxon, the Germanic sub-breed of man occupying the northwestern crescent of the European continent, the British Isles, and its former commonwealth dominions in the Americas, etc.

Your friend, prof. P.S. Cutter.
PS. John Oeltman (above) is a close friend and profiled architect in Santa Barbara, CA… While I was in Moscow for a year (2006-2007), supervising the translation of my Cold War trilogy, the Russian language edition, I communicated almost daily with Johnny, on all sorts of subject matter of mutual interest, from art and politics to civilization survival and decline, i.e. including the ongoing demise on the financial markets, which I had predicted 26 years ago last month, hence we were both aware of it and worried about my long-range forecast, especially the change of guard at the White House… Even though, we were unaware at the time, how CHANGE, by the 'darkie' – Obama – would shake the nation to the roots, YET I had often written how the "social fabric" was "ripping apart" even though we didn't see it, 'cause we were not supposed to see it, OK.

Whenever I took a break from the MS copy work, editing and aligning the translation from four different professional young women on the project, who were often more interested in being writers than translators, which made my job even more difficult, Johnny and I would comment back-and-forth on the Net on subjects from the art of war and perennial conflict of among men as an inescapable act of the Human Condition, the subjects would range from the plight of the Sabine Women and their role in improving the Roman genetic bloodline to the then ongoing primaries Stateside...

This is a very difficult time for the sociopolitical situation at home in California and throughout the nation, with the continuing disaster on the financial markets: banks closing with the federal government as the caretaker de-evaluation of real estate property, rising energy and food-chain costs, unemployment, and general decline in the standard of living and quality of life… Empire-building is a difficult task to accomplish with Jeffersonian democracy run amuck – out of content, hence short of steam for any visible, viable, and realistic recovery...

Consequently, and, finally, with the interruption of the food-chain production, distribution and logistics generally we may very soon suffer the consequences of AD476, the Fall of Rome, repeated in the disintegration of the American worldwide infrastructure, globalization and integration ironically enforced by the United States of America and its continental allies.

- Prof. Paul S. Cutter, July 15, 2008

PPS. There's much more of an allegory in this graphic narrative than the average reader may realize, but the astute will get the point, clairvoyantly, I hope, so read on!

**The Sabine Women:** Considering the Origins...

It is said the Sabines came from ancient Greece to the Apennine Peninsula, which has led me to believe that it was one of the 180 Asian clans or white tribes that fought in the Battle of Troy, nor am I sure yet that the other participants were all as white as the Caucasian Trojans, I mean all the Asian tribes partaking in that heroic battle of 3,200 years ago… The women could have survived the battle, indeed, Dr. Francis Conte, Dean of History at the French University of Sorbonne (Paris, 1986), in his 3-volume seminal study claims the origin of the Amazon Women to be Slavic, i.e. Russian… It is possible that a tribe of these women survived the ages and the Gothic carnage (rape of blond Slavic women) by the original Germanic barbarians descending on Eastern Kazakhstan savannah some 30 millennia ago in the Seven Rivers region of Central Asia – ”Semirechie”: having lost all their men to the advancing, marauding ancestors of the modern Germans, i.e. they might have joined the Trojans in the struggle to control the trading Isthmus on the Eurasian "twain" or maybe they developed into a race of fighting women of some other Oriental whites, who died in the battle, after losing their men in the Battle of Troy. . .

There is a symbiosis between the Amazons and the Sabines, while we still continue the struggle to identify the origin of the ancient Romans, we think the Sabines were in fact the same Amazons, arriving along with Aeneas in central Italy…

I tend to place the horizontal Roman race in the Atlas Mountains of Northern Africa, probably progeny of the original Atlanteans if they came from Plato's mythical island out in the Atlantic Ocean (from the Azores Archipelago), as well as the original Egyptians before the bloodstream was flooded by the Sudanese Negroid tint or colored racial traits, including the pharaonic families…
The Rape of the Sabine Women by Giambologna

The tribe of the Sabines (Latin Sabini - singular Sabinus) was an Italic tribe of ancient Italy. Their language belonged to the Sabellic subgroup of Italic languages and was akin to Oscan and Umbrian. More evidence points to the language of the Sabines having been Greek, as the Sabines originally came from Greece, in fact, from Anatolian Greece (today's Turkey), where Greek mythology has located the prolific breed of robust, tall and exotic women, who were superb archers cutting off the left breast for easier release of the bow and arrow in their role of warrior women.

Their original territory is on the Apennine Peninsula, straddling the modern regions of Lazio, Umbria, and Abruzzo, known as Sabinium in Latin. To this day, it bears the ancient tribe's name and is known as Sabina in Italian.

Within the modern region of Lazio (or Latium), Sabina constitutes a sub-region, situated North-East of Rome, around Rieti.

The ancient Sabines were in Latium before Rome was founded. The legend says that Romans abducted Sabine women to populate the newly built town, resulting in conflict which ended only by the women throwing themselves and their children between the armies of their fathers and their husbands. The kidnapping (see the topics in encyclopaedias and other histories: The Rape of the Sabine Women) is a common motif in art; the women ending the war is a less frequent but still reappearing motif but which is an amusing one I have illustrated on the following pages.

More realistic studies found many relationships between the two peoples, especially regarding religion and mythology. In fact, many Sabine deities and cults developed in Rome, and many areas of the town (like the Quirinale) were once Sabine centers. Moreover, I have ascertained they and their captors might shared a common territories and, of course, battlefields.

In the 1954 MGM movie musical Seven Brides for Seven Brothers, the main character, a backwoodsman named Adam, encourages his six younger brothers to kidnap the women they love, citing the story of the Sabine women. All seven brothers sing a song called "Sobbing' Women" (their mispronunciation of "Sabine") as they prepare to abduct their future wives. Of the remaining Sabine women, Rachel spends her time drinking Jaegermeister, Jenny shops for baby clothes and Isabel performs the OK Go dance upon request.

The subject was treated, among others, by the following famous artists:

- Giambologna (Giovanni da Bolgona, 1524-1608)
- Nicolas Poussin
- Peter Paul Rubens
- Jacques-Louis David
- Pablo Picasso

The term "rape" in this context means "abduction" (from the Latin rapere). It refers to an event supposed to have occurred in the early history of Rome, shortly after its foundation by Romulus and a group of mostly male followers. Seeking wives in order to found families, the Romans negotiated with the pre-existing population of the area, the Sabines. The Sabines refused to allow their women to marry the Romans, fearing the emergence of a rival culture. Faced with the extinction of their community, the Romans planned to abduct Sabine women. Romulus invited Sabine families to a festival of Neptune Equester. At the meeting he gave a signal, at which the Romans grabbed the Sabine women and fought off the Sabine men—in keeping with the Amazons which played secondary if any roles in their lives, if they were not indeed the very
same lot of women folk? The indignant abductees were implored by Romulus to accept Roman husbands. According to Livy, he spoke to them each in person “and pointed out to them that it was all owing to the pride of their parents in denying right of intermarriage to their neighbors. They would live in honorable wedlock, and share all their property and civil rights, and - dearest of all to human nature - would be the mothers of freemen.”

The women married Roman men, but the Sabines went to war with the Romans. The conflict was eventually resolved when the women, who now had children by their Roman husbands, intervened in a battle to reconcile the warring parties.

They went boldly into the midst of the flying missiles with disheveled hair and rent garments. Running across the space between the two armies they tried to stop any further fighting, calming the excited passions by appealing to their fathers in the one army and their husbands in the other not to bring upon themselves a curse by staining their hands with the blood of a father-in-law or a son-in-law, nor upon their posterity the taint of parricide. "If," they cried, "you are weary of these ties of kindred, these marriage-bonds, then turn your anger upon us; it is we who are the cause of the war, it is we who have wounded and slain our husbands and fathers. Better for us to perish rather than live without one or the other of you, as widows or as orphans." [Livy]

During the Renaissance the subject was popular as a story symbolizing the central importance of marriage for the continuity of family life, creating viable families and vertical cultures. As such it was regularly depicted on cassone. Several important examples of the subject include:

The sculpture by Giambologna (1579–1583) that was reinterpreted as expressing this theme depicts three figures (a man lifting a woman into the air while a second man crouches) and was carved from a single block of marble. Originally intended as nothing more than a demonstration of the artist's ability to create a complex sculptural group, its subject matter, the mythical rape of the Sabines, had to be invented after Francesco-I de' Medici, Grand Duke of Tuscany, decreed that it be put on public display in the Loggia dei Lanzi at Piazza della Signoria.

True to mannerist densely-packed, intertwined figural compositions and ambitious over-inclusive efforts, the statue renders dynamic panoply of emotions, in poses that offer multiple view-points. When contrasted with the serene single-viewpoint pose of the nearby Michelangelo's David, finished nearly 80 years before, this statue is infused with the dynamics that lead towards Baroque, but the tight, uncomfortable, verticality—self-imposed by the author's virtuosic restriction to a composition that could be carved from a single block of marble—lacks the diagonal thrusts that Giovanni Lorenzo Bernini (1598-1680) would achieve forty years later with his Rape of Proserpine and Apollo and Daphne, both at the Galleria Borghese, Rome. I have never-ever experienced neither nor after the Bernard Beren-son's tactile values concept in art as I have in fact in tenderly touching the feminine curvatures struck in Carrera marble by this incredible sculptor – Bernini! [With permission, I might add, which was not always the case as we the Greeks roamed in Chauvinistic conquest of the American campuses of the 1950s.]

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*Allegory of Music* by Filippino Lippi. Tempera on panel, 61 × 51 cm, c. 1500. The “Allegory of Music” is a popular theme in painting; in this example, Lippi uses symbols popular during the High Renaissance, many of which refer to Greek mythology… Please, note: a metaphor appeals to the imagination, while this analogy of mine cries out to reason and logic, emphatically: Pax Americana, the Roman 'copy cat' is irreversibly moribund beyond every saving grace!…
Despite this author's overt criticism of the Anglo-Saxon 'ruling elite' sociopolitical behavior, lack of wisdom, morality and rational behavior in their domestic and foreign policy, particularly the American progeny in the far-off West, as a still viable and active representative of Patriarchy (though I'm much more conscious of our chauvinistic excesses, therefore all this verbiage), I have enjoyed this art form caused by the aggressive act of my kind… Maybe, after all, that there is some truth in Rousseau's noble savage concept, despite our ignobility, the male's overt sexual drive does make babies, improves the genetic cesspool (so the Western anthropologists and geneticists claim, even though I don't trust their monopolized academic prowess), and propagates our human race towards destiny whatever it holds in store for us mortals, for there must be reason for our existence, leaning more on the cliché to be than not to be!, in spite of ourselves. In other words, one way or another:

*We shall overcome!* Joan (Baez). Thanks for your belief in mankind, hence I'm still a believer in our mission "to be"…, in a shiny Cosmic Future.
Fig. 7. Florence, January 6, 2008. I revisited Piazza Signoria in Florence, Italy, on this day; my wife Helen was in tow...

In this photo I look bald, because a Catalonian hair stylist kept cutting off my hair (including my lip and ear). I was bleeding like a stuck pig until I was bald, while at the same time styling Helen's hair, with the same gusto, for the New Year's Eve party, dinner and show, a flamenco dance opera at the Catalonian National Theater in Barcelona, Spain. Anyway, my hair (what there is of it?) is now growing back, while my wife will have to wait at least four months before it recovers its usual thickness and long length, tsk? Tsk!
Fig. 8. Above Ljena stands under Michelangelo’s David, the King of the Jews, one millennium B.C., who faced Goliath, the giant, with a slingshot, and slayed the behemoth, which speaks well of the meek & weak of the Bible, those myriad of insignificant folk, the massive Humanoid protoplasm of this pale-blue planet of ours, who shall inherit – the Earth.

David by Michelangelo, the original statue is in the Academy, but we never got there for Ljena to see the real impregnation of veins and muscles by the famous creative act of Michelangelo, blood running through the hero’s biogenic system, as well as muscle tensile in the body... Moreover, it was drizzling, hence the rain drops on the lens of my digital camera.
Fig. 9. Ponte Vecchio, one of the most famous bridges in the world within whose parameters was created a whole Universe, for at least half a millennium. I'm here with my bride Ljena, behind us (to the right of the frame) is a glimpse of the Michelangelo designed and built bridge across the Arno, a bridge that incredible artist struck in gold, its form and structural-seismic and aesthetic features to be copied thereafter by thousands of bridges all over the planetary meridians, almost like Helen of Troy, it became a symbol of the times, just as that wayward lady l launched a thousand ships to be recovered by the rightful host, only to be revered ever since…

Fig. 10. The night was already setting, when this photo was taken years ago, and again on this rainy night as Ljena sent me an SMS text message to meet her on the bridge (result of photo taken on that very night, above); there used be a little café at the very apex or middle of the bridge, where I had hope to have a cup of coffee wit my spouse, but commercial activity is such on the bridge, including jewelry and kiosk type of shops catering with trinkets to the tourists we have to across the river and along the right side to have our cup of Italian espresso coffee.
Fig. 11-12. Dali's stalwart Iron Lady exhibited in the famous artist's private museum in Barcelona, at the moment, I swear, reminded me of Margaret Thatcher, but for the voluptuous buttocks (the next frame), the ol' UK Premier had a rear like a floor board…
Fig. 13. The British ongoing policies and international posturing are as defunct as they were in 1949, when the vast empire collapsed under the weight of its own 'colonial' contradictions… People like Mrs. Thatcher were just leftovers from the old mid 20th century defunct and inapplicable politics and policies amiss that one wonders why and how they seem to continue with a non-existent profile? It's time to bury such colonial and exploiting geopolitical systems – we now live in a Brave New World with different ideas and responsibilities to the Human Condition.
Fig. 14. Ljena solo in front of the revered Mona Lisa Leonardo da Vinci portrait in the Louvre, Paris. Despite the massive tourism lined up to get a glimpse and photo of the famous lady, perhaps the most popular in all the world – Mona Lisa – Helen and I managed somehow to move the crowds back to get these close-ups. The painting now has a full wall all to itself, while years past it had been hanging free as is (when I in fact touched it – the tactile values touch clichéd by Bernard Berenson, the Jewish Diaspora American from Boston, whose family emigrated from Vitebsk, Belarus century before last, when they became Boston Catholics), then moved to the long hall behind and recessed into the wall with a protective glass cover, and finally now awarded a private wall hung flat on it with bullet proof glass or plastic, or so we were told by the museum staff... My thought was that it was computer-generated copy, but, then, I may be wrong.
> An INSET…

Leonardo da Vinci . . .

Fig. 15. Leonardo da Vinci, *Mona Lisa* (detail of the hand on the famous painting); the ol’ master's preoccupation with the hands of married women and at that with unbuttoning of her bosom garment, we cannot help but to wonder whether the ol’ codger-painter with this sketch might not have signaled his own private rape of the Sabine Women be the subject married? tsk? tsk!

Fig. 16. Her famous smile has inspired almost every possible interpretation, and yet it may not express a particular emotion at all. Perhaps it denotes an attempt to disguise feelings that would otherwise seem too obvious by presenting a balance between different emotional extremes. If so, it is a sign of emotional and physical restraint, like her hands, whose pose suggests a state at once relaxed and concentrated.
Fig. 17. I took this super photo; Ljena sat across from me at the New Year's Eve celebration in Barcelona, Spain, Dec. 31 '07 – Jan. 1, 2008.

NOTE: I take it all back for castigating Ljena in shopping all the time for clothing & footwear and not going to the museums. However, I did take her once - to the Salvador Dali permanent museum in Barcelona, but that's it: she missed all the other museums, such as Picasso 3,600 works in Barcelona, the incredible Uffizi Renaissance Museum in Florence (but for last minute photos in the Uffizi courtyard and Piazza Signoria photos), the vertical creative, intellectual, and cultural center of the Universe for 5 centuries, culminating with the Renaissance. We were just stretched out to sequester time for culture and the arts; there were much more important matters to do, i.e. search for garments & footwear… However, to my personal pleasure and ’me lady's vertical cultural uplift, on the very next visit to France (Paris, March 2008), the Louvre and the d'Orsay museums were diligently studied by my spouse, OK. Moreover, the ELEN Art commercial art gallery of our own ownership is just about to open in Old Town – Budva, Montenegro, with Ljena in charge, so…
Fig. 18. Modesty had become a Roman virtue, despite the imperial orgies; there's a fig leaf under my hat covering the lady's intimacies. After all Piazza Signoria was already deep into Christian morality and prissiness, presaging Protestant puritanism.
Fig. 19. The plaza in front of the chaste lady is the City Council palace on Signoria Square, where Savonarola’s body was burnt at the stake, Indian style, shortly after he was hanged up in the Vecchio tower. He should have known better than to piss off the Pope, tsk? tsk!
RAP E

of Women has fired our imagination and
occupied the creative act for millennia on end...

Fig. 20. Rape of the Sabine Women (1574-82), by Giambologna, Loggia dei Lanzi, Piazza Signoria, Florence, Italy. This unique sculpture, please notice, is all the way to the right of the Loggia Loggia...

We were there again on April 28th 2008, but again it was raining in Florence.
Fig. 21. Posterior view of the “chaste lady” at the entrance to the Vecchio City Hall of Florence; in the forefront is Perseus (having cut-off Medusa’s head), over in the back of the Loggia dei Lanzi is Giambologna famous sculpture – Rape of the Sabine Women by the Romans (see below). I wrote this for my friend architect, John Oeltman, of Santa Barbara, California… I was taking a break from the supervision of translations of my Cold War magnum opus (OPEN SPACES—Conflict & Resolution, 3 volumes, 3462 pages, illustrated).
Fig. 22. The open exhibit space (above) is the famous Loggia dei Lanzi (constructed between 1376-82) on the Piazza della Signoria in Florence; Michelangelo's copy "David" is in the forefront left, and father in Ercole e Caco by Baccio Bandinelli, etc.

Fig. 23. Hanging and burning of Girolamo Savonarola in Piazza della Signoria in Florence in 1498. Anonymous painting from 1498, in the Museo di San Marco, Florence.
Fig. 24. The author, yours truly – PSC, pondering over the lessons of history, for those who don't remember the past shall never survive the ages, therefrom the constant rise and fall of civilization, even though WesternCiv, I truly believe, has had the most successful rise, surely in the field of science & technology, if not in vertical reach for the cosmic heights, i.e. we're bound to become a space-faring civilization, which is our Destiny!
Over the years I have probably visited Italy dozens of times, more than any other country in the world, because historically and culturally, hereditarily in the sense of intrinsic intellectual or vertical values gained from Rome and Renaissance Italy offer perhaps more than any other country in the world, even more than the ancient Greeks who started it all – the cultural uplift I keep speaking of... On two occasions I resided in the Florence area for a period of more than 8 months, doing research on my academic subject of "political control of the arts under totalitarianism," where the artist has been historically under pressure to create works of art for the state, church, and wealthy patron not always in the form and content his own sense of reality, creativity and rationality dictates... Here on this famous city square, shadowed by the Vecchio tower (where Savonarola was hanged), I keep thinking of the aggressive Jesuit monk, and Roger Borgia, the controversial Catholic Pope, in the face-off of functional autonomy, be it the church or the state, with the artist perennially in the middle, where the creative act suffers... Of course, the "genius" slips through the net of control of taste and political necessity to write his own history of civilization, the only true historian of the ages: it's the mason, sculptor, painter, now even the film-maker, who override the writer and poet, though one Homer wrote two works of poetry, which gave birth to vertical intellectuality, despite his handicap: if it was... surely his vision of the ages ought to be the guiding light of modern man, because everything worthwhile came of the Battle of Troy and the Odyssey, the creative act replete!

Fig. 25. Michelangelo created the colossal statue of David (center); it's one of the most renowned works of the Renaissance. Copy standing in the original location of David, in front of the Palazzo Vecchio, Ljena stands out on the square to the left, where the sports auto show is displayed for the public.

Palazzo Vecchio was the residence of the Signoria during the 15th century and later reconstructed by Vasari when, in 1540; Cosimo I de' Medici moved into the palace with his family. In 1865, when Florence was the capital of the kingdom of Italy it became the seat of United Italy's government from 1865-71, and housed the Chamber of Deputies (the Senate sat next door in the Uffizi). It was to return to its original function as the seat of the City Council in 1872.
Fig. 26. The Vecchio Palace tower is a dominating fixture of Florence; this is the landmark I keep seeing in the wee hours of the morning as we arrived downtown Florence with Ljena behind the wheel, while Gordana was driving through the city, running into one-way streets, we were unable to reach the tower and nearby hotels I once knew very well…

However, as luck will have it, we did park nearby within a few hundreds yards of the Duomo and Piazza Signoria… A suggestion for future travelers: take a taxi downtown, it's much cheaper, certainly vis a vis hotels and on one's nerves, ok.

Think of it:

Why does a controversial non-celibacy practitioner—if not diabolical—Pope Alexander VI (Borgia) and almost as notorious and destructive Jesuit monk Savonarola appear at the same time at sociopolitical loggerheads in a very progressive Florence at the end of the 15th century? Are there forces of good & evil that must go together in an age of rebirth of civilization – the incredible Risorgimento or Renaissance?!

Is there a message in it or a musical underscore of the communist dialectic in Chaikovsky’s 1812 Overture crescendo?!
Fig. 28. I’m standing right in the middle of Ponte Vecchio, where there was once a small outside café, a perfect meeting spot for all friends coming in from abroad, just like the Drugstore café on Champs Elysee in Paris. The Uffizi wing is directly behind me, while in the below panoramic frame Ponte Vecchio is visible in the forefront, the Michelangelo bridge in the background.

Fig. 29. A plaque commemorates the site of Savonarola’s execution in the Piazza della Signoria, Florence.

On May 13, 1497, the rigorous monk Savonarola was excommunicated by Pope Alexander VI (Borgia), and in 1498, Alexander demanded his arrest and execution. On April 8, a crowd attacked the Convent of San Marco; a bloody struggle ensued, during which several of Savonarola’s guards and religious supporters were killed: he surrendered along with Fra Domenico da Pescia and Fra Silvestro, his two closest associates. Savonarola was faced with charges of heresy, false prophecies, sedition, and many other crimes, labeled religious errors by the Pope, who was in fact guilty of similar if not much worse crimes. Lucrezia Borgia was his illegitimate daughter among many other children.
Fig. 30. Piazza della Signoria, Flemish born artist Giovanni Stradano, *La festa degli Omaggi* in Piazza della Signoria, Palazzo Vecchio, Sala di Gualdrada, 16th century print. Stradanus (Stradano) worked with Francesco Salviati in the decoration of the Vatican Belvedere. He returned to Florence and worked in the Palazzo Vecchio and the villa of Poggio a Caiano. He was one of the artists involved in the Studiolo of Francesco I (1567-1577), to which he contributed two paintings including *The Alchemist's Studio*.

Fig. 31. Bernardo Bellotto detto "il Canaletto", *La Piazza della Signoria a Firenze*, ca. 1742. Olio su tela, 61 x 90 cm. Musée di Belle Art, Budapest.
"Wow!"

Said my wife Helen (Ljena) as she came into full view of some of the works under the Loggia at Piazza della Signoria. We came down from the hotel up by the Duomo, the central cathedral, when she turned the corner and saw the Loggia. There it was The Rape of the Sabine Women (1583) and behind that, Hercules fighting the centaur Nessus (1599). Both are by the Flemish artist Jean de Boulogne, known as Giambologna.

The Piazza itself is very ideally amidst the Palazzo Vecchio and Uffizi Gallery. As you stand in the square, there are tons of tourists that roam about the place throughout all hours of the day and night. Sit and have a leisurely lunch on the Piazza while you people watch. After lunch, do the touristy thing and visit the Palazzo Vecchio. As you face the Palazzo Vecchio, there are a few things to note as you are looking. To the far left, examine Giambologna's equestrian statue of Grand Duke Cosimo I de' Medici. As your eyes roam to the right, settle them on to the Fontana del Nettuno or Neptune's Fountain by Ammannati. Although it represents a tribute to Cosimo's naval feats, it has been the object of many a ridicule. It is also known by the Florentines as il Biancone or "Big Whitey." In the front of the Palazzo Vecchio, you will find several copies of prominent sculptures. This area is referred to as the arringheria. On it you can find Donatello's Marzocco, Donatello's Judith Beheading Holofernes, Michaelangelo's David, and Bandinelli's Heracles. As you pass your eyes around to the right, you will find the area of what I dub as the touchable sculptures, the essence of Bernard Berenson's tactile values replete. This area is known as the Loggia dei Lanzi or the Loggia di Orcagna or the Loggia della Signoria. Lanzi refers to the Swiss guard of Lancers that Cosimo had stationed there at one time. Orcagna refers to Andrea di Cione di Arcangelo (c. 1308 – 1368), a Florentine painter, sculptor, and architect, who designed the Loggia dei Lanzi. He was a student of Andrea Pisano as well as Giotto di Bondone, his younger brothers Jacopo di Cione and Nardo di Cione were also artists.

Of course, Signoria is named after the Piazza. Underneath the Loggia, you can find Cellini's Perseus and Giambologna's Rape of the Sabines. Since these are replicas, it isn't taboo to make copies as long as they are true, and the original ones are in-tact and can be seen need be. For example, I have known Davinci's "Mona Lisa" for many years, and even touched the painting back in the early 1960s (the back was matter, so I didn't get a chance to touch back of the canvas, an ol' quirk of mine. When my daughter Natela was at the University of Sorbonne, back in the 1980s, I often stopped by the Louvre and took one more look at ol' Lisa. It used to hand in the long hall, where the museum eventually tunneled in and had the famous painting tucked inside the tunnel with bulletproof glass. Now it's just behind a fenced in area, hanging on a wall all to itself and flat against it. I am almost convinced it's a fake, a copy, even though the museum personnel denied it!
PIAZZA SIGNORIA . . . to recapitulate . . . Helen and I were again in the Piazza on April 28th 2008 en route to Alicante, Spain, however true to form it was raining again, though we arrived on a late sunny afternoon from Bari, the 27th of April, the Orthodox Easter Day, but failed to take advantage of the late sunlight thinking we would do it in the morning...

Fig. 33. Piazza della Signoria, as it was known back in the 15th century; David is visible in the background, the piazza is to his left... Here, Jerome Savonarola was hung up in the tower, and then burnt at the stake on the square about where Ljena is admiring the sports car. Known as Girolamo Savonarola (September 21, 1452 – May 23, 1498), he was a Dominican priest and leader of Florence from 1494 - 1498, when he was executed for exigent religious reform, anti-Renaissance preaching, book burning, and destruction of what he considered immoral art. He vehemently preached against the moral corruption of the Catholic clergy, and his main opponent was Pope Alexander VI. He is sometimes seen as a precursor of Martin Luther and the Protestant Reformation... Roderic Borgia, who was Pope from 1492 to 1503, is the most controversial of the secular popes of the Renaissance and one whose surname became a byword for the debased standards of the papacy of that era. He was born at Xativa, Valencia, Spain, hence a Spaniard. Lucrezia Borgia was the daughter of Pope Alexander VI - Borgia; her father, the Pope, gave her an opulent wedding at the Vatican Palace. I have written about the good lady; she got a bad deal cause of her notorious father, the Pope, but history will have its way when creating femme fatale, which is not always the truth.
Fig. 34. Full view of the Piazza from the Loggia dei Lanzi terrace. The impressive 14th century Palazzo Vecchio is still preeminent with its crenellated tower. It is the focal point of the origin and of the history of the Florentine Republic and still maintains its reputation as the political hub of the city. It is the meeting place of Florentines as well as the numerous tourists. The square is also shared with the Loggia della Signoria, the Uffizi Gallery, the Palace of the Tribunale della Mercanzia (1359) (now the Bureau of Agriculture), and the Uguccioni Palace (16th century), with a facade probably by Raphael. Located in front of the Palazzo Vecchio is the Palace of the Assicurazioni Generali (1871, built in Renaissance style).

Fig. 35. Benvenuto Cellini's statue, Perseus With the Head of Medusa in The Loggia dei Lanzi Gallery on the edge of the Piazza della Signoria. Considered the best dull bronze state ever made!

[I have a photo of Ljena with the exotic statue, both of us mesmerized and in creative communion with it, but don't seem to be able to locate the CD.]
Fig. 36. The statues at the entrance of the Palazzo Vecchio in the Piazza Signoria: the 'modesty' Romanesque statue the author covers with the cap (the leaf, slightly visible, if the reader takes a closer look) is at the very entrance, first statue is by Bartolomeo Brandini, *Hercules and Cacus*, 1543; next is Michelangelo's David (the original is being kept at the Academy of Fine Arts); Bartolomeo Ammannati, Fountain of Neptune (1594); the statue is of Cosimo I, the bronze horseman in the very back.

Fig. 37. Equestrian statue by Giambologna of Cosimo Medici-I, Piazza della Signoria, Florence. Cosimo I de' Medici (June 12, 1519 – April 21, 1574) was Duke of Florence from 1537 to 1574, reigning as the first Grand Duke of Tuscany from 1569.

Celini, Giambologna, Ammannati, Michelangelo's "David" stood here originally before being placed in the Academia. In the Loggia dei Lanzi stands one of the best bronzes in the world, i.e. Celini's "Perseus & Medusa". A statue of Perseus holding aloft the head of Medusa in his hand. Celini made the statue after Cosimo-I said it was impossible for a life size bronze to be made. It took Celini 10 years to make the statue which cost the artist the roof of his house, which caught fire as he stoked the furnace to melt the bronze metal into shape of the famous horseman! Giambologna's "Rape of the Sabine" women completed after a bet was made that the marble used would be unable to stand the pressure of such a delicate statue. Ammannati's "Fountain of Neptune," which is a center piece in the piazza, made Michelangelo comment that Ammannati had ruined a block of good marble; in other words it was worthless aesthetically. Of course, Giambologna also cast the bronze of Cosimo-I seated on his steed in the middle of the piazza.
Fig. 38. Triptolemos sits in the winged chariot drawn by serpents and accepts moisture given by Persephone, tondo of a red-figure cup by the Aberdeen Painter (Louvre Museum, Paris). TRIPTO-LEMOS was a demi-god of the Eleusinian mysteries who presided over the sowing of grain-seed and the milling of wheat. His name means "He who Pounds the Husks." The artist was an ancient Greek vase painter, belonging to the Attic red-figure style. He was active in Athens between 490 and 470 BC.

[Triptolemos was also a lost play of Sophocles written in 468 BC. According to tradition, it was his first play. He entered it in the Festival of Dionysius for that year.]
A FOOTNOTE to the READER: I don't know WHY this specific topic keeps me enthralled with the aspect of human behavior and use of force against the weaker sex, and why it gives me, the observer, a certain cultural if not intellectual uplift to keep scratching the surface of historical fodder scattered over the centuries from battlefield to grain field, from country to continent, from century to millennia as I keep tracing the event to discover why we men are aggressive not only with women but other men, women and children, at war with nations, races, creeds and religions... What is there within our psyche that excites to rape, abduct and take what is not ours?

In the next frame the muscle-toned mythical god Pluto is after Proserpina, admittedly after the feminine favor, that instant of catharsis and loin 'coded' biogenic release within the womb of our partner, which carries a message and omen of extension of our kind into the next generation of man on this lonesome planet Earth... There must be a better reason for our existence than progenital mission in life... What awaits us at the other end of this civilizing tunnel of existence?

By no means am I the first to wonder what destiny holds in store for the Hominid on this pale blue planet of ours? At least for the women, the pure or godly ones, it was virginity, chastity and purity for their sisterhood – motherhood, while we men or males were never given a more earthly and lasting mission to see the fruits of our labor, but to be the warrior, bread winner and progenitor?
Why not for once give us the right to look beyond the veil, and not only take Omar Khayyam's word for it? The clever Persian poet, astronomer, mathematician, philosopher, and tent maker of the mid-12th century had sent his soul behind the curtain of life, and when it returned it said:

**A Rubaiyat** (بایهای ربهای) *Khayyám* (1048-1131):

I sent my soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell:
   And by and by my Soul return'd to me,
   And answer'd: "I myself am Heav'n and Hell:"

Heav'n but the vision of fulfill'd Desire.
And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire,
   Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves,
   So late emerged from, shall soon expire.

We are no other than a moving row
Of Magic shadow-shapes that come and go
   Round with the Sun-illuminated Lantern held
In Midnight by the Master of the Show;

But helpless pieces of the game He plays
   Upon the chequer-board of nights and days;
Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,
   And one by one in the Closet lays.

There was a door to which I found no key:
There was a veil past which I could not see:
   Some little talk awhile of me and thee
   There seemed—and then no more of the and me.

Then to the rolling Heaven itself I cried,
Asking, "What lamp had destiny to guide
   "Her little children stumbling in the dark?"
And—"A blind understanding!" heaven replied.

Let us make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into dust descend;
Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,
San Wine sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End!

Then to this earthen Bowl did I adjourn
My Lip the secret Well of Life to learn:
And Lip to Lip it murmur'd — "While you live,
"Drink!—for once dead you shall never return."

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all the Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all thy Tears wash out a Word of it.
Fig. 40. Pluto’s muscular intentions are obvious…
Fig. 41. Front view of Bernini's famous sculpture of Proserpina's rape by Pluto, Villa Borgheze.
Fig. 42-45 ... The squeeze firming up on the victim's feminine curves and midships, flesh showing the pressure.
The pliability of Proserpina's exotic flesh is only obvious for the connoisseur…
Bernini's sculpture, *Rape of the Sabine Women*, is visible prominently in the background of the main exhibit hallway of the Villa Borghese, central Rome.

Fig. 46. This pose suggests obvious struggle by the heroine.
Fig. 47. Notice the way the fingers sink into the "flesh," surely unique in the history art, as far as I know: the marble translucent as if it were real human flesh of a lucky female, despite the tearful connotation below...
Fig. 48. Close up of Proserpina's face. Notice the detail of her tears – is it fear or ecstasy?
Fig. 49. Dafne is turning into a tree (above), Apollo losing the battle, while the suitor's fingers are still pressing against her abdomen before it turns into hardcore and his masculinity to cotton wood lint dimensions. . .

Fig. 50. Apollo is much more tender with his subject.
Rape of the Sabine . . .

Fig. 51. The "Rape of the Sabine Women" by Giambologna. However this sculptor lacked the Bernini translucence and transcendence, the living, throbbing marble flesh...
Fig. 52. It is striking that no woman artist, to my knowledge, produced a "heroic" rape image during the Renaissance or Baroque periods. But Artemisia Gentileschi did paint images of sexual violence, such as those of Susannah, which, Mary Garrard has demonstrated, constructed Susannah quite differently from those by contemporary male artists. Expressing a subversive voice, the artist sympathized with the victim, and movingly depicted her vulnerability and the anguish of sexual violence. Inverting the usual reading of such legends, she refused to show Susannah as a seductress or an object of sexual desire. . .

Below, as expected, the author of Guernica, of the 1930's Spanish Civil War, depicted Sabines as his kind of carnage. It seems to have been the behavioral norm all along, visited on our partner in life, or ever since 'paternal' matriarchy gave up the ghost some 6 millennia ago, when the female kicked the male out of the cave to fend for the family welfare in the "open spaces," the "state of nature" (Hobbes), while she cared for the young in the confines and safety of the cavernous world; offering her cleavage as the source of bait (sex) for the promiscuous male and built-in intent to extend his kind (the human race), forever seeking to bury his phallus in all that 'cleavity' wherever he could find it, while the divisive female carried the progeny in her womb and raised the family; when in fact male chauvinism gained its social footage or upper hand to rule over the (un)godly world, and the female became the 'weaker sex' we speak of nowadays, whom we men capture, pamper, chase about and adore irrespective of the built-in feminine opposition and aggressiveness against the male and his dominance drive to rule over his woman and over the Big Wide World in the "state of state" such as it is, eh!
ORIGIN of the ROMANS . . .

NOW a historical realization: It was the alteration and irrational behavior between Pope Borgia and the Jesuit monk Savonarola at the end of the 15th century Florence, where Renaissance civility and order had reached a high level of class achievement of vertical intellectual mobility, hence their vengeful face-off was puzzling? Reaching across the centuries the brutality of the Nazi Luftwaffe in the prosecution of the Civil War in Spain (1936-39), memorialized in Picasso's paintings, where his chop-chop style of the famous Guernica painting (1937) also reflected in his 1962 rendition of the Sabine rape—all of that suddenly downed on me 'deductively' that we had the nit of the Romans origin tracing back to Asia. In the seductive act against the Sabine women—it could only have come from the Orient, the character of the Germanic race behavioral traits and ferocity in human relations remaining intact. Plus the obvious similarity with and geopolitical crossover of the Amazon warrior women and as self-assertive and perhaps as celibate Sabines...

Bingo! We not only have the origin but the Romans horizontal intellectual mobility (as opposed to vertical) so evident in both Pax Romana and Pax Americana, i.e. I had already solved the puzzle of origin of the northwestern European crescent German and now the Apennine Roman; they are both of Oriental origin, though the racial cosmetics need more researched terra firma. There were white Asian tribes on the Trojan battlefield alongside yellow races. Were the Romans white or yellow, even mulatto gaining cosmetic advantage in raping women en route to Rome, including the Sabine, is something that needs more research, etc.

The Homeric story about the Trojan warrior Aeneas surviving the carnage at Troy, carried out father Anchises on his back, son Ascanias and wife in tow (father and spouse died en route), the virile Aeneas leads the Trojans to settle in the land of Latium, where he courts Lavinia, the daughter of king Latinus. Thereby in Latium he became the blood line for the founders of Rome, the twins Romulus and Remus, raised by the she wolf, the mythical story well known to at least the Western reader. For ages we have been aware of the Roman predilection for mythology, used in time as a cover-up for the lowly origin in Asia. This places both the continental Germans and the Romans as primitive tribes geopolitically, along with the Amazons/Sabines at the same point of convergence in Troy, though the main Germanic tribes immigrative thrust was over the Northern Urals into Scandinavia (Gothland) and down into the Black Forests of Germany at the beginning of the Christian Era, its 5th column terminally raping Rome by 475 AD, while planetary meridians are now under equal siege by the same Grand Assimilator of the Ages – the Oriental barbarian German, Goth, Protestant or high-tech American, it's still the same overriding genetic verve over modern man.

The other instance and more viable historical note, Aeneas had an extensive family tree. His wet-nurse was Caieta, and he is the father of Ascanius with Creusa, and of Silvius with Lavinia. The former, also known as Iulus (or Julius), founded Alba Longa and was the first in a long series of kings. According to the mythology outlined by Virgil in the Aeneid, Romulus and Remus were both descendants of Aeneas through their mother Rhea Silvia, making Aeneas progenitor of the Roman people. Some early sources call him their father or grandfather, but considering the commonly accepted dates of the fall of Troy (1184 BC) and the founding of Rome (753 BC), spanning some 431 years this assertion seems unlikely. The Julian family of Rome, most notably Julius Caesar and Augustus, traced their lineage to Ascanius and Aeneas, thus to the goddess Venus. Through the Julians, the Palemonids also make this claim. Not surprisingly, with a penchant for legitimization of their seamy origin from the flatlands of the River Ganges (a good smokescreen was useful), the legendary kings of Britain also trace their family through a grandson of Aeneas, Brutus, which is nothing unusual for an astute observer to accept in view of empire-builders that their "brutal" behavior is endemic in acquiring, raping and administering the empire (one 4th of the planetary meridians) or that they had a stabbing ancestor such as the latter-day Brutus, Caesar's adopted son, inheritor of his vast wealth and, of course, killer of his famous benefactor, be it belatedly in the assassin act, i.e. the 26th stab into the Emperor's already slain body.
Fig. 54. *Aeneas flees burning Troy*, Federico Barocci, 1598, Villa Borghese, Rome. The hero Aeneas was already known to Greco-Roman legend and myth, having been a character in the *Iliad*; Virgil took the disconnected tales of Aeneas' wanderings, his vague association with the foundation of Rome and a personage of no fixed characteristics other than a scrupulous piety, and fashioned this into a compelling founding myth or nationalist epic that at once tied Rome to the legends of Troy, glorified traditional Roman virtues and legitimized the Julio-Claudian dynasty as descendants of the founders, heroes and gods of Rome and Troy.

Another view of the famous sculpture keeps the image alive for the reader...
Fig. 55. Nicolas Poussin (French, 1594–1665). The Abduction of the Sabine Women, execute by the artist in 1635. Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Romulus, the Roman King, is above the scene in the red robe with spear in hand, supervising the rape (abduction) before, in time; he became the actual arbiter, the ladies succumbing to the will of the Romans.

Fig. 56. Nicolas Poussin The Rape of the Sabine Women, c. 1637-38, oil on canvas, h. 1.59 m; W. 2.06 m; Louis XIV collection (purchased 1685). Painted for Cardinal Luigi Omodei. The subject, taken from Plutarch's Life of Romulus, illustrates the moment when the Romans seize the Sabine women in order to take them for their wives. Poussin painted an initial version of this composition circa 1635 (New York, Metropolitan Museum of Art).
Fig. 57. Jacques-Louis David (Paris, 1748-Brussels, 1825), *The Intervention of the Sabine Women*, (1799), depicts Titus Tatius at the left. Oil on canvas, H. 3.85 m; L. 5.22 m; purchased 1819, on display in Louvre Museum, Paris. [Signed and dated bottom left, bottom left, 1799.]

Rotating views only emphasize the truly exotic ‘intertwine’ of the bodies.
Fig. 58. David’s revealing close-ups, above and below…

Fig. 59. The author of this illustrated essay (yours truly) was just at the Louvre Museum in Paris and placed my imprint on real-time intelligence, i.e. posing in front of this famous painting for my wife Helen – March 7, 2008.
Fig. 60. The Intervention of the Sabine Women (detail), 1799, Oil on canvas; Musée du Louvre, Paris.
Fig. 61. A close-up of a motherly Sabine (below), attending to her children. David was much more precise than Renoir in his female mammalian prowess…

An adult male admirer of this creative act could only wish to be in diapers again, tsk? tsk!
Fig. 62. Luca Giordano, *The Rape of the Sabine Women*, (c.1672-74), oil on canvas 257.2 h x 314.6 w cm, Naples, Italy; this work is on long term loan at the National Gallery of Victoria, Melbourne, Australia.

Fig. 63. Il Sodoma (1477 - 1549), *The Rape of the Sabine Women* (1506-07), oil on panel, 76 x 170 cm, Galleria Nazionale d'Arte Antica, Rome. Italian Mannerist painter, Sienese school; his real name - Giovanni Antonio Bazzi, who painted in a manner that superimposed the High Renaissance style of early 16th-century Rome onto the traditions of the provincial Sienese school; he spent the bulk of his professional life in Siena, with two periods in Rome.
Fig. 64. This copy of Vincenzo de’Rossi’s "The Rape of Proserpina" on a pedestal in The Ring of the Parterre faces the Garden Front of Cliveden House: A Bronze Group of the Rape of Proserpina at Cliveden House in Buckinghamshire. Cliveden (pronounced CLIV-d'n) is a mansion in Buckinghamshire, England overlooking the River Thames. The house is listed in the book 1,000 Places To See Before You Die, and was the scene of many influential meetings under the ownership of Waldorf Astor, 2nd Viscount Astor.

CLEVEDON, a parish in the hundred of Portbury, in the county of Somerset, 11 miles W. of Bristol. It is a railway station of the Great Western line, and is resorted to in summer as a pleasant watering-place. The town is situated on the cliffs at the mouth of the river Severn, commanding a fine view of the channel. It was called Clevedun by the Saxons, from the cliff (cleave) terminating at this point in a valley (dun). It contains a lecture-hall, public baths, numerous hotels and boarding-houses, and is well lighted with gas . . .

Interestingly enough, the subject of the famous rape preoccupies man in modern, our own times.
Fig. 65. *Jupiter and Io* (c. 1531) typifies the unabashed eroticism, radiance, and cool, pearly colors associated with Correggio's best work; yet, it's still in the raping syndrome of women as it came alive in the art of the Renaissance…
Girolamo del Pacchia created a complex panorama to fill this long and narrow panel, whose dimensions reflect its original function as part of a marriage chest, or cassone, containing a bride's household linens. Inspired by Domenico Beccafumi, Girolamo employed delicate color and the traditional Sienese grace of line to beautify the violent subject. The intertwined limbs and intense emotion conveyed by exaggerated gestures reflect Mannerist ideals, Girolamo added the rounded forms and drama of Raphael's Roman decorations.

Artists often painted the rape of the Sabines, an important incident in the legendary history of Rome. After founding Rome, Romulus solved the problem of a lack of women by inviting the Sabines, an ancient Italian people, to a festival. During the celebrations, the young Romans drove away the men and carried off the women.

The Rape of the Sabine Women is a mythological event from just after the founding of Rome. The young city of Rome had granted citizenship to criminals and lawless persons to grow quickly, and was therefore winning the wars against its neighbors, but a lack of women made it clear that the greatness of the city would vane in a generation or two due to lack of male offspring.

The neighboring town scorned at Roman requests to marry their women, but accepted an invitation to a huge religious celebration in honor of Neptune. In the middle of the party, the Romans rushed in and abducted the Sabine women, who were the forced to marry their rapists.

The Sabines were horrified at this open breach of the rules of hospitality, and went home to prepare for war. When they later returned in arms to take back their women by force, the Sabine women had reconciled with their now husbands, and stopped the commencing battle before it started by placing themselves in-between the two battle-ready groups.

**Note:** In a long overdue historical project by this writer on the origin of the proto-Slavs (still in progress, which I plan to pursue after completing the historical volume on monotheism), who descended from the Dasht-i-Cavir Plateau of central Iran dropping down into the Central Asia savannah of "Semirechie" or Seven Rivers region of Eastern Kazakhstan, about 50 millennia ago, which became the first Hydraulic Society of 'socializing' modern man long before the Cro-Magnon overtures were forced upon us by German-origin physical and cultural anthropology; these settlers were eventually attacked by marauding barbarian ancestors of the Germanic tribes trekking on the Mongolian pony across Central Asia some 35,000 years ago in fact "raping" the Slavic women of the region, the first viable agrarian society of semi-civilized humans and, thereby, gaining some of the Caucasian facial cosmetics and other physical features of this prehistoric race of white humanoids.
Plutarch (‘Lives’ II, 14 and 19) relates that the Sabine tribe were invited to games in Rome; at a given signal from their king, Romulus, the Romans carried off the women. The background shows the later episode when the Sabines attacked the Romans and were defeated. The Romans and Sabines fight in the background beyond the rail that separates the audience from the games. The abduction is set before classical architecture, but the women wear 17th-century Flemish dress. Peter Paul Rubens was born in Siegen in Germany, but from the age of 10 he lived and went to school in Antwerp. His first job, at the age of 13, was as court page to a countess. It was a prestigious position for a young man but Rubens found it stifling. He wanted to become a painter. In around 1592 and now aged about 14, he left his place at court and began training as an artist in Antwerp. Rubens served as an apprentice under three artists in Antwerp, the most important being Otto van Veen, one of the most successful and scholarly painters in the city. In 1598 Rubens qualified as a Master painter of the Antwerp Guild. He could now practice as an artist in his own right. Even before he set out for Italy, Rubens was copying Italian works (or at least prints taken from Italian works). This detail from ‘The Battle of the Amazons’ (below) shows him borrowing details of horses and figures in battle from Leonardo de Vinci. The motif of plunging, biting horses was to recur in many of his early works.
Amazon woman rider, who were brave women warriors of Greek mythology. Medieval and Renaissance authors credit the Amazons with the invention of the battle-axe. This is probably related to the Sagaris, an axe-like weapon associated with both Amazons and Scythian tribes by Greek authors (see also Aleksandrovo kurgan, Russia)... The word Amazon is of unknown origin, however a folk etymology popped up which explains the word as being a derivative of the preface "a-", meaning "without", followed by "mazos", meaning "breast". This folk etymology was supported by the mythology of the ancients that Amazons cut off one breast to facilitate archery. However, I think this is most likely a story designed by the ancients to discourage women from taking up archery. This speculation is supported by even the most casual observation of modern day female archers who are more than capable of using the bow with all breasts intact. Amazons are first depicted in art in the 8th century, perhaps a little earlier than in writing in Aethiopis attributed to Arctinus of Miletus.

Historically, Amazons were portrayed as beautiful women in Amazonomachies, which was an artform showing battles between the Amazons and Greeks. Amazons were trained to use all weapons and especially in single combat, evidently the No. 1 weapon of the modern day femme fatale - sex - used only in the instance of reproduction, consumed without passion and enjoyment in the act, thereafter the male progenitor was promptly killed... However, they were honorable, courageous, brave, and represented rebellion against sexism. Their tales spread quickly and soon stories of the Amazons were everywhere, including Africa, Asia, Europe, South America (the Amazon River was renamed after the female warriors), and North America in the mid-1900s with the comic book of TV hero, Wonder Woman, the most modern version, with Linda Carter, the Wonder Bread Woman, etc.
As I finish the translations of the operational biography or History of the Cold War and the children's story book publications, I'm going back to the religious book on MONOTHEISM for the British publisher; but, then, 'ell there are so many other fascinating topics such as the RAPE of the SABINES, which could historically and significantly connect to the original Amazons, and opposition and protest by victimized women in the aggressive conjugal rights practiced by the trekking Goth, the myth resurfacing in 8th century BC Rome.

Indeed, if the Romans trace their origin to the Trojans: Aeneas, the Trojan hero and son of Aphrodite and Anchises, who supposedly escaped from the fall of Troy to Carthage, a Phonecian commercial city on the northern coast of Africa, where he lived with Dido; however, at the gods' command he deserted her and went to Italy, where he founded Lavinium, the legendary parent city of Rome. Virgil's Aeneid tells Aeneas' story to glorify the Emperor Augustus, reputedly his descendant), as retold by Herodotus in the Iliad.

Consequently, tracing this thread, then we do have the lost Asian or Oriental ancestry of the Romans, solving the search for their origin and later imperial drive, hence, resolving the horizontal intellectual mobility puzzle by this race of man, evidently inherited by the Pax Romana cavalcade of dominance and rape by the Anglo-Saxons, or at least their contemporary American-British brethren, wherefrom Pax Americana on the verge of its own decline imitating the Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire (Gibbons), well-deserved by these aggrandizing, totalitarian, terrorist and moribund multi-national states, or at least as far as this writer is concerned, predicted for the fall of the American Penal Landscape amalgam of 50 states, i.e. by the end of 2,008.
In a way, as a fraternity rat I was involved in some of those rites at the University of Iowa: there was an inordinate drive to screw everything worth-while on two legs, as taught by our Germanic senior DU Fraternity brotherhood… Christ, how I’d like to chase down some of those aggressive behavioral norms now, then administered to the new generations of Greeks in the American fraternity and sorority system from the Book of Goth. I think of it now as aggressive preconjugal rights of rape as transmitted by the barbarian Romans of Oriental origin inherited by the trekking, still uncivilized Goth… surely adopted by the military academies and fraternities, i.e. the plebes system by which the new inductee is terrorized by the senior brotherhood or sisterhood to remember in physical pain and mental anguish what it took to get there, to join the modern, aggressive barbarian brotherhood, the competition-prone elite, which bombs today single-handedly the worldly meridians, of course, the British Mother Lode alongside… But, perhaps I’m too late to treat genetics & aggression within that race anymore—other academic writing duties call first. Moreover, it was documented to some extent in my 1999 volume-- Gestalt Hegemony…

PS. The magnum-opus manuscript on the Cold War was delivered to the Moscow publisher the summer of 2007, this writer returning home to the Montenegro shortly thereafter. On my return I was accompanied by a GASPROM agent friend-businessman wooing NIS, the Serbian refineries amalgam, for another foreign takeover of the disintegrating Serbian economy. Perhaps the Russians can make the difference… though the aggrandizing communist nouvelle riche and as money-hungry as our American carpet-baggers of yesteryear, and even more so today's Anglo-Saxons, wherefrom all the bombing sprees by the UK-USA modern barbarian high-tech tandem trespassing all over the international meridians, etc.

Copyright © April 19, 2007 by Prof. Paul S. Cutter, written in Moscow right after the Holidays, re-edited in the last few days, here in my study at St. Stefan; this is how I relax sometimes by writing such clichés, upgrading the historical ramblings of mine as I get ready to re-launch another major writing project, the historical volume on monotheism, OK Johnny: I think this is a much much better version of the same topic, better written and illustrated than the last copy you got, therefore print and read this one and let me have your thoughts on the subject, eh! [Note, the Romulus helmet, the cloak of chivalry and Masonic background of the Germanic and barbarian continental forefathers…all the simbology & cryptology is there… Yes, we have passed the fail-safe point of no return; we’re like the Etruscans, death-bound, though they know it, We Americans or Anglo-Saxons are too pedestrian to see the writing on the wall…

The Lyrics to the USMA fight song:

On Brave Old Army Team
The Army team's the pride and dream
Of every heart in gray.
The Army line you'll ever find
A terror in the fray;
And when the team is fighting
for the Black and Gray and Gold,
We're always near with song and cheer
And this is the tale we're told:
The Army team (Band and whistle)
Rah Rah Rah (cannon shot)
On, brave old Army team,
On to the fray:
Fight on to victory,
For that's the fearless Army way.
Lyrics. . .

When Johnny comes marching home

When Johnny comes marching home again,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We’ll give him a hearty welcome then
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The men will cheer and the boys will shout
The ladies they will all turn out
And we’ll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home.

The old church bell will peal with joy
Hurrah! Hurrah!
To welcome home our darling boy,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The village lads and lassies say
With roses they will strew the way,
And we’ll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home.

Get ready for the Jubilee,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We’ll give the hero three times three,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The laurel wreath is ready now
To place upon his loyal brow
And we’ll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home.

Let love and friendship on that day,
Hurrah, hurrah!
Their choicest pleasures then display,
Hurrah, hurrah!
And let each one perform some part,
To fill with joy the warrior’s heart,
And we’ll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home.

NOTE: This is the kind of poetry and song, the nuts and bolts of patriotism and professional esprit d’ corps, which made us gentlemen and officers of the corps, committed to "mission accomplished," and nothing less – performance!
That's why we went to Nam, and Guam, and San Juan Hill, and Mt. Sirabachi, and up one 'elluva lot of hills, most of which I climbed never stepping out of the Siberian bunker, which turned out to be much more arduous research work than traipsing all over these famous hilltops of the American military lore….

**THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC, UPDATE . . .**

**Lyrics**

Mine eyes have seen the orgy of the launching of the Sword;
He is searching out the hoardings where the stranger's wealth is stored;
He hath loosed his fateful lightnings, and with woe and death has scored;
His lust is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the Eastern dews and damps;
I have read his doomful mission by the dim and flaring lamps—
His night is marching on.

I have read his bandit gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my pretensions, so with you my wrath shall deal;
Let the faithless son of Freedom crush the patriot with his heel;
Lo, Greed is marching on!"

We have legalized the strumpet and are guarding her retreat;*
Greed is seeking out commercial souls before his judgment seat;
O, be swift, ye clods, to answer him! be jubilant my feet!
Our god is marching on!

In a sordid slime harmonious Greed was born in yonder ditch,
With a longing in his bosom—and for others' goods an itch.
As Christ died to make men holy, let men die to make us rich—
Our god is marching on.

* NOTE: In Manila the Government

**PS.** Who would have guessed then that the 1648 Japanese diplomatic proclamation and Charter of Eminent Domain, or hand on its Pacific "sphere of influence," would cause the Perl Harbor, 300 years later, the December 7, 1941 preemptive attack on the American Naval Fleet in the Pacific or, indeed, the 1901 Mark Twain's parody, that we would "imperialize" and "aggrandize" the Philippines? Nowadays WE Americans call it "globalization" policy of moribund dimensions destroying the 111-year old First American Democratic Republic legacy of the good ol' sleepy USA, from 1787-1898, when the "democratic prairie nation-state" gave up the ghost in favor of imperialism and worldwide dominance under the fraudulent pretense of "isolationism"! Actually, it was propounded in 1845, with the annexation of Mexico and the birth of Manifest Destiny expansionist and dominance doctrine 'to be damned' by which we have lost our way, heading into perennial Conflict & Resolution waters of no return!
The Battle Hymn of the Republic, Updated (otherwise known as The Battle Hymn of the Republic (Brought Down to Date)) was written in 1901 by Mark Twain, the dean of American Arts and Letters then, as a parody of American imperialism, in the wake of the Philippine-American War. It is written in the same tune and cadence as the original Battle Hymn of the Republic.

A recording was made by the Chad Mitchell Trio as "The Battle Hymn of the Republic Brought Down to Date". The lyrics were slightly modified and the verse about prostitution, excised.

LYRICS . . .

As originally published 1862 in The Atlantic Monthly
Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

(Chorus)

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.
I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps,  
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;  
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:  
His day is marching on.  
Chorus

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:  
"As ye deal with my condemners, so with you my grace shall deal;  
Let the Hero, born of woman; crush the serpent with His heel,  
Since God is marching on."
Chorus

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;  
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat:  
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!  
Our God is marching on.  
Chorus

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,  
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:  
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,  
While God is marching on.  
Chorus

He is coming like the glory of the morning on the wave,  
He is Wisdom to the mighty, He is Succour to the brave,  
So the world shall be His footstool, and the soul of Time His slave,  
Our God is marching on.  
Chorus

Notes: The clause "let us die to make men free" is the most explicit reference to the Union soldiers and the fight to end slavery. In later years, when this song was sung in a non-military environment, this line was sometimes changed to "let us live to make men free". The sixth verse is often omitted. Also, a common variant changes "soul of Time" to "soul of wrong", and "succour" to "honor".

Blood on the Risers

"Blood on the Risers" is an American paratrooper song from World War II. It is sung by both the United States 82nd Airborne Division and the United States 101st Airborne Division. This song has been featured on the television miniseries Band of Brothers and the video game Brothers in Arms. Sung to the tune of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic", the song tells of the final jump of a paratrooper whose parachute does not work. This results in him falling to his death.

Members of the United States military who attend the United States Army Airborne School at Fort Benning, Georgia or Fort Bragg, North Carolina are often required to memorize the lyrics as part of their initiation.
PARACHUTE SONG OF WORLD WAR II

Is everybody happy said the sergeant looking up
Our hero feebly answered "Yes" and then they hooked him up,
He jumped into the slipstream, and he twisted twenty times,
And he ain't going to jump no more.

Chorus
Glory glory what a hell of a way to die,
When your hanging from your braces and you don't know how to fly,
Glory glory what a hell of a way to die,
And he ain't going to jump no more.

He counted loud, he counted long and waited for the shock,
He felt the wind, he felt the air, he felt that awful drop,
He pulled his lines, the silk came down and wrapped around his legs
And he ain't going to jump no more.

Chorus
The days he lived and loved and laughed kept running through his mind,
He thought about the medics and wondered what they would find,
He thought about the girl back home, the one he left behind.
And he ain't going to jump no more.

Chorus
The lines all wrapped around his neck, the D rings broke his dome,
His lift webs wrapped themselves in knots around each skinny bone,
His canopy became his shroud as he hurtled to the ground,
And he ain't going to jump no more.

Chorus
The ambulance was on the spot, the jeeps were running wild,
The medics, they clapped their hands and rolled their sleeves and smiled,
For it had been a week or more, since last a chute had failed,
And he ain't going to jump no more.

Chorus
He hit the ground, the sound was "splat", the blood went spurting high,
His pals were heard to say "Oh what a lovely way to die",
They rolled him up still in his 'chute, and poured him from his boots,
And he ain't going to jump no more.

Chorus
There was blood upon his lift webs, there was blood upon his chute,
Blood that came a trickling from his paratrooper boots,
And there he lay like jelly in the welter of his gore,
And he ain't going to jump no more.

Chorus
Note: A mixture of patriotism and humanism, aggression and dominance, and racism permeates these sometimes excellent, creative lines; however, it's still an aggressive, barbarian form, by a barbarian race of man… YET, in my youth and even in maturity years in life, such as the paratrooper's son, even the Hymn of the Republic, made me gooey all over again, forgetting the by mentally-imbedded criticism of the totalitarian system now running head-on into conflict & decay of WesternCiv… What shall replace the Western man on the world stage of human affairs, the reader's guess is as good as mine: nothing can save the race anymore: we have overstepped all the bounds of humanity and humility and grace…

It's time to go, to get off the horse, let the joystick go, you flyboys out there, and your sico Overlords! Our National Security ends at the 3 – 12 mile-limit, or it will be the end of good ol' USofA, the Jeffersonian democracy - caput! Is it possible that ol' Tom had 3,000 Black slaves at Monticello? He sure did!!!

YET, there's something to our in-grained inability to stop rape generally, something within the male's psychosomatic make-up to be aggressive, i.e., we were raping Proserpina on these Greek vases 800 BC, I guess for sex or replication, and now (in the 3rd millennium of Our Lord) the oil fields of Mesopotamia for energy resources or, 'who knows… maybe for the Hell of it?!

John Brown's Body

Fig. 70. Sheet music, including "the famous John Brown's song", 1862

To the tune: Brothers, will you meet me.

John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave;
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave;
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave;
His soul's marching on!

Chorus:

Glory, halle—hallelujah! Glory, halle—hallelujah!
Glory, halle—hallelujah! his soul's marching on!

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord!
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord!
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord!
His soul's marching on!

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back!
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back!
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back!
His soul's marching on!
His pet lambs will meet him on the way;
His pet lambs will meet him on the way;
His pet lambs will meet him on the way;
They go marching on!

They will hang Jeff. Davis to a sour apple tree!
They will hang Jeff. Davis to a sour apple tree!
They will hang Jeff. Davis to a sour apple tree!
As they march along!

Now, three rousing cheers for the Union;
Now, three rousing cheers for the Union;
Now, three rousing cheers for the Union;
As we are marching on!

Fig. 72. Rev. William Weston Patton (19 October 1821, New York City - 1889), was president of Howard University, a fierce abolitionist and one of the contributors to the words of John Brown's Body. He was the son of Rev. William Patton and the grandson of Anglo-Irish Congregationalist immigrant and Revolutionary War Major Robert Patton. His Inaugural Address as President of Howard University, delivered October 9, 1877, is a classic and a lesson – how a social form can run astray, teach aggression and dominance, and racism... Indeed, Albert Einstein said: “Americans, your biggest single problem is racism...,” in 1955, a year prior to his death... I agree, however, there are many too many other ills to reconcile the moribund pathos of this barbarian sub-race of man, already disqualified to live among us much less to run the world, such as it is, such as they have made it, despite long dead honorable sons of the breed such as was this university President, and a few other vertical men of yesteryear, as Mark Twain and, of course, President John F. Kennedy, whom I knew once...

Patton took an earnest part in the anti-slavery movement, and was chairman of the committee that presented to President Lincoln, 13 September, 1862, the memorial from Chicago asking him to issue a proclamation of emancipation. He was vice-president of the Northwestern sanitary commission during the American Civil War, and as such repeatedly visited the eastern and western armies, publishing several pamphlets, reports. In 1886 he went, on behalf of the freedmen, to Europe, where, and in the Orient, he remained nearly a year.

John Brown's Body

In October 1861 Patton wrote new lyrics to the battle song John Brown's Body. These were published in the Chicago Tribune on December 16, 1861. Even more than the previous words the new words glorify the violent acts of the abolitionist John Brown and his followers. The third verse directly refers to the attack on the armory in Harpers Ferry, West Virginia. Verse four compares John Brown to John the Baptist.

He captured Harper's Ferry, with his nineteen men so few,
And frightened "Old Virginny" till she trembled thru and thru:
They hung him for a traitor, themselves the traitor crew,
But his soul is marching on.

John Brown was John the Baptist of the Christ we are to see,
Christ who of the bondmen shall the Liberator be,
And soon thruout the Sunny South the slaves shall all be free,
For his soul is marching on.
These themes were further refined two months later by Julia Ward Howe; her version came to be known as The Battle Hymn of the Republic. Where Patton only wrote "of the Christ we are to see", Howe testified that her eyes had already "seen the glory of the coming of the Lord".

Patton graduated at the New York University in 1839 and at the Union theological seminary in 1842. After taking charge of a Congregational church in Boston, Massachusetts, for three years, he became pastor of one in Hartford, Connecticut, in 1846, and in Chicago, Illinois, in 1857. He received the degree of D.D. from DePauw University, Indiana, in 1864, and that of LL.D. from the New York University in 1882. From 1867 till 1872 he was editor of The Advance in that city, and during 1874 he was lecturer on modern skepticism at Oberlin, Ohio, and Chicago theological seminaries. From 1877 to 1889 he was president of Howard University, Washington, D.C., filling the chair of natural theology and evidences of Christianity in its theological department.

Patton is the author of The Young Man (Hartford, 1847); republished as The Young Man's Friend, (Auburn, New York, 1850); Conscience and Law (New York, 1850); Slavery and Infidelity (Cincinnati, 1856); Spiritual Victory (Boston, 1874); and Prayer and Its Remarkable Answers (Chicago, 1875).

Fig. 73-74. Salvador Dali's Profile of Time surrealism commentary, if you wish, on the perils of the Cold War: The fail-safe point of no return - 2,008!

The messengers: Salvador Dali and Eugene Burdick
Fig. 75. *Amazonomachia*: fight between Greek warriors and Amazons-cub Sabine in Rome. Marble, sarcophagus panel, ca. 160–170 CE. Served as basin for the Tigris fountain.

Fig. 76. The *Farnese Atlas*, a 2nd century Roman copy of a Hellenistic work (Naples). The original is thought to have been cut perhaps in Milletus as early as the 6th century BC. When I speak of *vertical intellectual mobility* I refer to ancient Greeks, other ancients such as Egyptians (who unfortunately had no 'expressive' written language, yet if we think about it – bequeathed to us monumental art creations), Renaissance artists, and the like.

However, the Romans who were in the engineering, civil engineering (roads, buildings, discoverers of cement/concrete), and you name it, lacked in wisdom, virtuosic intellectual abilities?

Was it really that difficult to realize that ancient Greeks knew that the Earth was circular despite such obvious sculptures? In closer review of its literature and the creative act in general, much less philosophy, the Romans were as flat as their world—that same Pax Romana we Americans are now imitating with Pax Americana.

No wonder we make war, create sociopolitical mayhem, rape, conquer, and murder others, it seems, for the hell of it… The genetic cesspool we leaned on to improve our cosmetics, borrowed from other races, particularly the Caucasian Whites, it still has done very little for our lasting cultural uplift and social tranquility, indeed, the ability to enhance not to dominate the Human Condition!

Evidently the Oriental Goth remains a White Man's burden, now East and West, North and South!
Fig. 77. Aeneas carrying Anchises, black-figured oinochoe, ca. 520-510 BC, Greek pottery, Louvre, Paris, France.

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The bronze statue in the Rijksmuseum (Amsterdam) is a small copy of a Giambologna's famous marble statue in Florence. A man lifts a young woman high above his head. She appears to screaming and struggling for all her worth to get free of his hold. Desperately she stretches out her arms; her eyes are wide open with fear. The attacker stands over a hunched up, older man, raising his hand to protect his face. The soft, smooth body of the woman contrasts with the hard, muscular body of her abductor. This spiraling group of figures was cast after a mid sixteenth-century marble statue by the sculptor Giambologna. The original is much larger than the bronze.
[a bonus ft. note on:]

NOTE: I wrote these clichés for my 11-year-old granddaughter, Itana (named after the Greek god Itanos), the story of the founding of Rome, while the Sabine episode was sent to my dear friend, John Oeltman of Santa Barbara, California; these observations of destiny & recall (as I continue the historical saga of my physical and academic trek through the Open Spaces) were composed on a whim after my return from the Holidays vacation with my wife Helen in Dubai, settling back down in Moscow to finish the translation yokemanship and control of the text performed by 4 lady translators of my magnum-opus OPEN SAPCES—Conflict & Resolution, a history of the Cold War I once shepherd in Siberia and Central Asia for the U.S. Government!
Fig. 1. With Ljena, in the artificial Central Park area of Dubai. >>> Please, notice the map of Africa, drawn on her mishaps and hind quarters . . . rest of the world depicted on the other side, which completes the worldly meridians and the 300 off-shore artificial islands built by the developers and sold at the profitable price of $30 million dollars each...

Fig. 2. Romulus & Remus, the orphaned twins, suckled by a she-wolf; thought to be the descendants of Aeneas, a Trojan Prince who survived the Battle of Troy; later as grown men the brothers became the founders of Rome, but Remus was later killed by his brother Romulus, after a long rivalry between the siblings.
Fig. 3. Itani, your Grandpa became a suckling of the camel in the City Park of Dubai, mimicking the mythological Roman twins, tsk? tsk! The woman is Seka Martinovich, a Montenegrin Lady Impresario….

The Capitoline she-wolf with the boys Romulus and Remus. Museo Nuovo in the Palazzo dei Conservatori, Rome Italy. The sculpture is by the famous sculptor Canova, during the Renaissance.

Romulus was born 771 BC at Alba Longa; died in 717 BC; his successor was Numa Pompilius; father was the immortal god Mars; mother, goddess Rhea Silvia.

The Capitoline Wolf, a 6th-century BC Etruscan bronze, holds a place of honor in the museum; the suckling twins were added during the Renaissance to adapt the statue to the legend of Romulus and Remus. The exact date of Romulus and Remus's birth is unknown. Some writers, including those from Plutarch, say that Romulus was 54 years old at his death in 717 BC. If true, then Romulus and Remus would have been born sometime in the year 771 BC, and have begun the founding of Rome at the age of 18. The mythic theme of twins is deep-seated in Mediterranean mythology: compare Castor and Polydeuces (the Dioscuri) of Greece, and Amphion and Zethus of Thebes.

Romulus not only created the Roman Legions and the Roman Senate, but also added citizens to his new city by abducting the women of the neighboring Sabine tribes, which resulted in the mixture of the Sabines and Romans into one people, thereby improving the genetic cesspool; something the perfidy-ridden mindset of the barbarian Goths did, the prehistoric fathers of the Germanic race, occupying the northwestern crescent of Western Europe, giving rise to the Anglo-Saxon sub-race of man, originating from the flatlands of the Indian river Ganges (hence, the Goth was of the yellow NOT white race of man!), initially raping the white race of Slavic women in the Semirechie region of Eastern Kazakhstan en route to northwestern Europe, arriving on the continent long after the ancient Slavs populated Central, Eastern and Southern Europe… However, Romulus would become ancient Rome's greatest conqueror, adding large amounts of territory and people to the dominion of Rome. After his death, Romulus was deified as the god Quirinus, the divine persona of the Roman people. He is now regarded as a mythological figure, and his name a back-formation from the name Rome, which may ultimately derive from a word for "river". Some scholars, notably Andrea Carandini believe in the historicity of Romulus, in part because of the 1988 discovery of the Murus Romuli on the north slope of the Palatine Hill in Rome.

Romulus and Remus are among the most famous feral children in mythology and fiction of the Western Civilization! In fact, we the Americans and our Mother Lode Great Britain, yes We claim the inheritance of Pax Romana, the Roman Empire or, if you wish, the dominance of the Greco-Roman civilization per se! Moreover, Itani, your grandpa has written a great deal about that racial subject not in the best interest of the Anglo-Saxon Imperative!