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Aida's flutes

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After years spent reflecting on Western imperial practices, critic Edward Said wrote that Giuseppe Verdi's *Aida* is 'a kind of curatorial art', a work

> whose rigorous and unbending frame recall[s], with relentless mortuary logic, a precise historical moment and a specifically dated aesthetic form, an imperial spectacle designed to alienate and impress an almost exclusively European audience.[1]

With this statement Said succinctly dispatched *Aida* to the realm of the dead, marking it for museum exhibition. But his suggestion of the mortuary, it is important to note, does not run against received wisdom. Verdi's opera for Cairo is perhaps the most often performed work in the world, but connoisseurs have long noted a disturbing deadness about it. Filippo Filippi, who covered the opera's première for the Milanese newspaper *La perseveranza*, first remarked on its 'archaeological elements' fit for photography and bibliographic memoir.[2] And Ernst Reyer, his colleague engaged by the Parisian *Journal des Débats*, hinted at a subterranean morbidity when he wrote that in *Aida* Verdi had placed the 'statue in the orchestra but left the pedestal on stage'.[3] Since 1871 there has been little talk of ancient fragments and singing statues, but the critical unease remains. It is explicit, for instance, in Joseph Kerman's unguarded comment, that 'there is a curious falsity about *Aida*, which is quite unlike Verdi'.[4]

This falsity, Said has argued, is but the symptom of a larger cultural affliction. It points to the same 'affective neutrality' and lack of human sympathy that plagued all nineteenth-century colonial enterprises. Hence, 'the embarrassment about *Aida* is not that it is *about* but *of* imperial domination'.[5] Said's statement is amply supported by the opera's imperial genealogy, which he relates meticulously. *Aida*, the brain-child of Auguste Mariette, lies close to Egyptology, a discipline predicated on impersonal methods of collection, description and cataloguing. Thus, its curatorial feel, and the impression, often belaboured in the critical literature, that the work breathes the fabulous but stifling atmosphere of an antiques depot. Yet, Said's 'mortuary logic' also unwittingly points beyond the silent galleries of the museum and the intellectual rigours of archaeological conjecture. The notion of the mortuary speaks specifically to dead remains and the art of disposing of lifeless bodies. In short, Egyptian mummies. There are, of course, no sarcophagi and actual living-dead in *Aida*. But lesser symbols of Egyptian death, the obligatory pyramids,

[1] Edward W. Said, 'The Empire at Work: Verdi's *Aida*', in *Culture and Imperialism* (New York, 1993), 111–32, here 130.
[2] Filippo Filippi, *La perseveranza* (27 December 1871).
[3] Ernest Reyer, *Journal des Débats* (31 December 1871).
[4] Joseph Kerman, *Opera as Drama* (New York, 1956), 130; discussed in Said, 'The Empire at Work', 113.
[5] Said, 114.

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tombs, and references to Isis and the *Book of the Dead* abound on stage. More than mere notations of an operatic brush with Egyptology, these could be symptoms of Egyptomania.

Does *Aida* partake of a contemporary obsession with ancient Egypt as a portal into the fantastic? Ernst Reyer's comment about the 'statue in the orchestra' suggests as much. The Mozartean image is the closest operatic thing to the mummy, the dead shell that threatens an unexpected return to life, movement and sound. This is a hint that the fabulous thrills promised by the unopened lid of the sarcophagus – dead silences, impenetrable darkness, mysterious breaths, decaying flesh and pulverized debris, and the very spooky pleasures of unwrapping and peering into the unknown – may not be far from *Aida*. The suggestion touches on an unexplored thread connecting the darkest recesses of ancient Egyptian death by the Nile to Romantic opera and Verdi's work for Cairo. The mummy haunts *Aida* by way of the flute, an instrument occasionally found among ancient Egyptian remains and one that has long pressed against Western notions of voice and musical expression. Flutes, real and imaginary, are daunting instruments in the opera and, in the spirit of Egyptomania, precious for what they conceal: those decaying archaeological remains, organological contrivances, gory details of human anatomy and gloomy acoustic inventions discussed in this essay.

Egyptomania

Egyptomania, a morbid curiosity about ancient forms of Egyptian death, is an old affliction, known already to classical Greece. Herodotus is only the most famous of ancient writers to indulge in spooky tales of deadly reanimation.[6] But a widespread European fascination with mummies and ancient death by the Nile took off only after Napoleon's campaigns in Egypt. Egyptology may be an invention of the nineteenth century, an essential part of a well-defined colonial project to claim for Europe the territories and peoples of Egypt, but its endgame was always beyond reason. The discipline's dream, nurtured by even the most sensible and dull of Egyptologists, is, after all, an impossible find, described by Slavoj Žižek as 'to discover the secrets of the Egyptians knowing that these were secret to the Egyptians themselves'.[7] Hints of the chimera are everywhere. They can be found, for instance, in Sir Gardner Wilkinson's widely read *Modern Egypt and Thebes* of 1843. For the benefit of travellers and curious readers back home, even the circumspect Wilkinson spices up his description of the Memnon colossus of Thebes with references to ancient tales about its ability to speak. He invokes the ancient authority of Strabo, Juvenal and Damis who wrote that 'sound was uttered when the sun touched its lips'.[8] Wilkinson's discussion of this envoiced statue has a teasing quality about it. He enthrals the reader with suggestions of fabulous sound resembling the

[6] See, for instance, his recounting of the tale of Rhampsinitus, the Egyptian king who descends into the realm of the dead to play dice with Isis. Herodotus, *History*, trans. David Greene (Chicago, 1987), 184–5.
[7] Slavoj Žižek, *The Plague of Fantasies* (London, 1997), 103.
[8] Sir Gardner Wilkinson, *Modern Egypt and Thebes* vol. II (London, 1843), 159.

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'breaking of a harp-string, or a metallic ring' only to conclude, flatly, that it 'was the priests, no doubt, who contrived the sound of the statue'. The proof: 'in [its] lap is a stone, which on being struck emits a metallic sound that might still be used to deceive a visitor'.[9]

Wilkinson, the sunny rationalist, remains composed before death. But Egypt is notorious for turning the most lucid of men into spooked milquetoasts. By the Pyramids even the sharp-witted Gustave Flaubert played the credulous Roman. In the afternoon of 7 December 1849 Flaubert and his friend Maxime du Camp were storming through the desert of Giza on horseback when they saw the great Sphinx slowly emerge from the horizon. 'It grew and grew, coming out of the earth like a rising dog'.[10] The two friends approached the statue with trepidation. Flaubert was struck by the 'terrifying look' that the statue set upon him and his friend. 'Maxime', he wrote, 'turned quite pale and I was terrified that the head would turn and struggled to control my emotion'.

By the time Flaubert and du Camp found themselves transfixed by the Sphinx there was little need to travel to Egypt for a good scare. Courtesy of unscrupulous explorers and kleptomaniac colonial functionaries, by mid-century even those unwilling or unable to visit the ancient burial sites by the Nile were able to inspect their contents in hometown museums and private collections.[11] Auguste Mariette, for instance, encountered his first mummy-case well before he considered becoming an Egyptologist, in his father's mayoral office in Boulogne.[12] But even when removed from their original sites, Egyptian artefacts never truly became mere pieces of romantic bric à brac. The surreal lure of the mummy continued to agitate romantic visions of the East, making its debut in the genres of the fantastic: in narrative as well as in lantern shows, panoramas and early cinema.

Théophile Gautier's *The Foot of the Mummy* is an early example.[13] Gautier's story begins with a young man's routine visit to an antique dealer in search of a new decorative piece. On a whim he acquires an old embalmed foot to set upon his desk only to later discover in the intimacy of his study that even the most perfectly dead mummy-foot does not make a reliable paperweight. The foot, mysteriously perfumed, insists on speaking and moving about the room, laying open a series of questions about mortality, technology and the preservation of life. This frantic foot is an object so disconcerting that the young hero ultimately desists of its possession and allows it to join the footless ghost of an ancient princess. His generosity prompts an incredible event: the mysterious reconnection of the dead body-part to a phantom form. The moment points to the secret of the mummy, its awful ability to link the material and the ghostly, and to place the phantasmatic within reach of the palpable. Gautier shies away from the gruesome details involved in the juncture between the bodily and the ghostly, leaving out of his story all anatomical and metaphysical technicalities. And the same sort of protective ignorance underlies

[9] Wilkinson, 161.
[10] Gustave Flaubert, *Voyage en Egypte*, ed. Pierre-Marc de Biasi (Paris, 1991), 208.
[11] See Brian Fagan, *The Rape of the Nile* (New York, 1975); discussed in Said, 120.
[12] Auguste Mariette, *Monuments of Upper Egypt*, trans. Alphonse Mariette (Boston, 1890), 19–20.
[13] Théophile Gautier, *Oeuvres* (Paris, 1995), 655–66.

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other contemporary incursions into Egyptian death. As Antonia Lant explains, Egyptian artefacts of death were found to be persuasive images of the 'dead and absent' in all varieties of nineteenth-century visual culture, precisely because these technologies of illusion hide the apparatus of visual projection, leaving us free to wonder.[14]

It is thus not surprising that the lure of Egypt in opera should also activate a preoccupation with the boundaries between life and death. *Aida*'s stout monumentality harbours a paradoxical anxiety of resurrection traceable to the sensible prose of its creators. To begin with, the respectable Mariette went about the business of writing Aida's scenario like an ancient magician, using the operatic stage as a resurrecting fold. Most famously, he carved out the opera's grandest show of human animation – the triumphal march – from a scene engraved into the tomb of Ramses III, bringing dead Egyptians out of a millennial stone-fixed immobility.[15] And he did not spare efforts to bring his fantasy to life, meticulously putting together costumes and decors, keeping the production under strict personal control, and, in his most unguarded moments, claiming outright ownership of the project.[16] Mariette's passion was matched only by his final disillusionment with the opera when his dream of uncanny animation proved unrealizable, doomed, at his own admission, by nineteenth-century moustaches and the general inability of opera singers to play dead.[17] He lamented to Paul Drahnet that

> A king may be quite handsome in granite with an enormous crown on his head. But when it comes to dressing one of flesh and bone and making him walk and sing . . . that becomes embarrassing and, it is to be feared, makes people laugh.[18]

Mariette well knew that the mystique of ancient Egypt could quickly dissolve into sceptical laughter. But even as he feared for the work's première, he was never to know that the joke on *Aida* had already been cracked. Giuseppe Verdi never made a secret of his indifference for Egyptian matters and even as he signed on to the *Aida* project he quipped that he would not accompany the opera to Cairo for fear of 'being mummified'.[19] Yet the avowed sceptic was soon to fall under the spell of ancient Egypt. During the summer of 1870 Verdi read through Herodotus' *Histories* and Fétis's *Histoire de la musique* while making earnest enquiries about ancient rituals, instruments and chants. On his behalf Giulio Ricordi solicited a full historical report on the region from an historian friend. Predictably, the document came complete with a description of life after death, the function of mummies and thoughts on the

[14] Lant, 'The Curse of the Pharaoh or How Cinema contracted Egyptomania', *October*, 59 (1992), 87–112.
[15] Jean-Marcel Humbert, '*Aida*, de l'archéologie à l'égyptomanie', in *Aida. L'Avant-Scène Opéra*, 4, 2nd edn (2001), 13.
[16] '*Aida*', he wrote in July 1871, 'is, in effect, the product of my work. I am the one who convinced the Viceroy to order its presentation; *Aida* is a creation of my brain', in Hans Busch, *Verdi's 'Aida': The History of an Opera in Letters and Documents* (Minneapolis, 1978), 186.
[17] Letter to Paul Draneht (30 August 1871); in Busch, 208.
[18] Letter of 15 July 1870; in Busch, 33.
[19] Letter to Giuseppe Piroli (16 July 1870); in Busch, 34.

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transmigration of souls.[20] Ultimately, the composer's interest turned towards the fantastic. In the privacy of his library he dabbled in the Mysteries of Isis, taking a special interest in its clues to the world of the dead. To Ricordi he noted 'that would be a separate subject – but what a subject and what a spectacle!'[21]

Like everyone touched by Egyptomania, Verdi took a keen interest in one particular piece of archaeological debris. He was intrigued by François Fétis's description of an ancient Egyptian flute preserved at the Florence museum, and even travelled to see the exhibit. But the visit was a disaster, and the sight of the flute a traumatic event recalled, with great bitterness, some eight years later:

> So did the GRRReat Fétis, the ultimate authority for all musicians . . . I detest this big charlatan, not because he spoke so badly about me, but because he made me run to the Egyptian museum in Florence one day (you remember? We went together) to examine an antique flute, by which, in his *History of Music*, he pretends to have found the system of ancient Egyptian music . . . a system equal to ours, except for the tonality of the instrument!!! Son of a bitch! That flute is but a pipe with four holes like those our shepherds have. That's the way to make history![22]

Verdi's rant makes it clear that there was never much love lost between himself and the Belgian musicologist. Yet, as much contempt as Verdi might have felt for Fétis's scholarly method, he certainly hated what he saw in Florence. He was offended by the notion that Egyptian flutes might have been merely rudimentary, their music prosaic. Ultimately, his frustration comes all too close to that felt at the sight of an unwrapped mummy. Like the ugly, shrivelled corpse found whenever the protective cotton layers have been removed, the 'pipe with four holes' is the real object. But the object exposed overthrows the fantasy: it declares the old civilization drab and quite dead, the tantalizing afterlife of the pharaohs a silly illusion easily undone, as Mariette once feared, by mockery. In this sense, Verdi's rage is a stubborn affirmation of the Egyptological chimera. Significantly, his disavowal of the 'pipe with four holes' also produced a compensatory object: a new, very loud hyper-flute.

This hyper-flute is an operatic first cousin to Gautier's odorous, animated mummy foot. Its enhanced effect of acoustic presence (Verdi insisted that the new instrument was to sound as loud as ten or twelve ordinary ones) is just the answer to the peripatetic existence of the dead foot.[23] But, much like Gautier's foot, Verdi's new flute was literally not to be of this world. To the composer's dismay, the project was never brought to successful completion, bogged down by unsolvable organological problems.[24] Thus, Verdi's attempt at magic failed miserably in the real world. But the notion of the hyper-flute did survive in *Aida*'s music, in some unusual intimations of acoustic resuscitation. Before listening to these we would do

[20] 'Information on Egyptian Antiquity, by an Unknown Scholar'; Document VI in Busch, 475–82.
[21] Letter of 31 July 1870; in Busch, 40.
[22] Letter to Opprandino Arrivabene (8 February 1878); in Busch, 409.
[23] Letter to Giulio Ricordi (14 October 1871); in Busch, 238.
[24] See Verdi's correspondence with Giulio Ricordi on the matter in Busch, 235, 236, 238, 242, 244, 245, 247.

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well to consider the history behind their association with the fantastic. What is *in* a flute?

Flutes, dead or alive

One way of thinking about the flute is as prosthesis, an artificial replacement of a body part. In Greek myth, the flute's ancestor, the *aulos*, is described as precisely that: a constructed replacement for the Gorgon's throat. In the myth, Athena slaughters the Gorgon but is struck, at the moment of death, by her victim's shrill wails. Intrigued, she fashions an artificial replacement for the throat of the deceased enemy and teaches herself to use it so as to reproduce the monster's lament. For a while her performing career becomes all-absorbing. The obsessed goddess refuses even to heed the satyr Marsyas warning that 'these ways do not become you. Take up your weapons, put down the flute and compose your features'.[25] But one day Athena accidentally glimpses her reflection on the surface of a river, pipe-in-mouth, her faced distorted, ugly, a Gorgon look-alike. Now she knows that the instrument has become her external throat, forcing her body to shape-shift around it. The realization that she (the inventor, the performer) has unwittingly succumbed to the pressure of a simple object is too much to bear. Horrified, she casts it away.

Athena's misadventure with the flute inaugurates a historical scandal. There is, first of all, the social outrage. The sight of the female mouth applied closely to the long phallic tube has long made social legislators recoil in horror.[26] And no one ever forgot the mythic close cousin to Athena's musical invention: Pan's musical pipes, horrible reminders of the faun's lechery and brutality. To Plato, flute performance touched on the sociopathic. He distrusted the instrument's melodic versatility and the ease with which it expressed even those modes and affects harmful to the republic.[27] He was also appalled by its method of sound production: blowing into the tube foreclosed verbal discourse. Freed from the masculine word, the instrument seemed to indulge a dangerous musicality akin to female speech. Nobody is more like the flutist, Plato points out in his *Laws*, than the mother who sings lullabies to calm her child, enthralling the little listener with the same debauched pleasures the flute regularly delivers to the bacchantes.[28] And the flute's association with Dionysian worship suggests a further danger: metamorphosis. The suspicion that the instrument may be somehow implicated in the god's notorious ability to shape-shift at will between the beautiful figure of a woman and that of a monstrous old man is never far from early philosophical horror. Aristotle made much of the alarming process of physical and mental transformation the flute pressed unto Athena. He stressed that it was by playing that the goddess had turned

[25] Jean-Pierre Vernant, *Mortals and Immortals: Collected Essays* (Princeton, 1991), 125.
[26] The 'scandal' is mentioned in Richard Leppert, *The Sight of Sound: Music, Representation, and the History of the Body* (Berkeley, 1993), 67; and Freia Hoffmann, *Instrument und Körper. Die musizierende Frau in der bürgerlichen Kultur* (Frankfurt am Main and Leipzig, 1991), 208.
[27] For a discussion of Plato's writings on the flute see Mladen Dolar, 'The Object Voice', in *Gaze and Voice as Love Objects*, ed. Slavoj Žižek and Renata Salecl (Durham, 1996), 19.
[28] Vernant, 127.

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ugly and dumb, like a Gorgon.[29] And flutists appear as stupid as mothers, babbling meaningless sound at their pitch level. The same anxiety about metamorphosis reappears obliquely in some later weddings of the flute and the female voice. As Carolyn Abbate reminds us about the *Magic Flute*, the flute-inflected vocalisms of the Queen of the Night go hand in hand with a liberating metamorphic freedom.[30]

Metamorphosis implies magic. But Athena's story insists that what the flute accomplishes is not wondrous, only the effect of technology. And technology, seen from the viewpoint of the myth, is a suspicious domain. Athena may be able to construct a nice artificial substitute for the lost throat of the Gorgon, but she cannot keep it under control. This is not because the object harbours a secret wish for domination. Nor simply because Athena is a woman and thus, according to the essentialist dictum, a slave to her body. At stake in Athena's metamorphosis is the sudden and frightful awareness that there are no clear boundaries between nature (all the blood and guts pulsating with life inside herself) and artifice (the mechanism she has fashioned). Athena's ability to reproduce the voice of the Gorgon by playing the flute debunks the traditional notion of voice as a direct 'access to an unalloyed presence, an origin untarnished by externality'.[31] But if the voice can also be reproduced through artificial means, what produces it within ourselves?

Athena's flute invites a new look into notions of vocal production. The prosthesis that pushes the body into ugly metamorphosis presses the possibility that the subject hides an undiscovered mechanism beneath the impenetrable mass of entangled muscles and nerves. It is this mechanical contraption enclosed in organic matter that produces our utterances and shapes our bodies. Thus to return to her original physical shape, Athena simply goes back to the use of her own throat. In this sense, the myth merely captures a truth known empirically to all with an interest in human anatomy. The disturbing symbiosis between life-breath and mechanical action has long been a central motif in medical discourses about the voice. Aristotle and Galen are among the first doctors to define the voice as a flute-like instrument.[32] And despite some modern challenges to their anatomical model, the wind-instrument analogy retained strong currency in scientific circles into the nineteenth century.[33] Thus, physicist Jean-Baptiste Biot (1774–1862) and the surgeon François Magendie (1783–1855) proposed a similarity between the voice and the clarinet, while Félix Savart (1791–1841), a trained surgeon who wrote extensively about sound production and the vocal mechanics of humans and birds, described the vocal system as a hyper-flute, a conical tube composed of the larynx, the back and front of the mouth, capable of elaborate 'jeux d'orgue'.[34] To the

[29] Vernant, 126.
[30] Carolyn Abbate, *In Search of Opera* (Princeton, 2001), 94.
[31] Dolar, 16.
[32] Nicolas Philibert Adelon, 'Voix', in *Dictionnaire de Médecine*, vol. XXI (Paris, 1828), 388.
[33] Physicist Denis Dodart (1634–1707) likened the voice to a brass instrument, and anatomist Antoine Ferrein (1693–1796), known for his tinkering with vocal chords at the dissection table, made a strong pitch for a violin analogy.
[34] See 'Savart, Félix', *Biographie Universelle ancienne et moderne: histoire par ordre alphabétique de la vie Publique et privée de tous les hommes*, vol. XXXVIII (Paris, 1863), 104–5. On Savart's thesis of vocal mechanism, see Adelon, 395.

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doctors (regardless of their pet theory concerning the inner workings of the mouth and throat) the voice was a purely mechanical phenomenon, activated even in a post-mortem state. To make a dead man cry, pathologist P. N. Gerdy noted in 1849, it is enough to press the cadaver's lips and blow. His voice will sound only higher and duskier.[35] This post-mortem voice is sexless, a sound that recalls the proverbial high range of the flute. It also shares an unobserved affinity with the singing voice. The article 'Voix' in the 1821 *Dictionnaire de Médecine* notes that even though no one to date has been able to construct speaking automata, singing automata sound eerily like their living models.[36]

Thus, the body at the dissection table provides the doctors with the means to explore a puzzle dear to the Romantics: the more intelligence and control one puts into voice emission, the more it sounds like the product of a mechanism. While the singer's vocal efforts offer our ears what seem to be the vibration of the inanimate, the lifeless flute infused with the air of human lungs sounds out like a living voice. The first is a living being that evokes the absence of life; the second is a dead object that insists on its presence. In both the location of the subject remains de-centred, occupying the prosthetic space that links the mouth and the (artificial) throat. Seen from the viewpoint of nineteenth-century medical discourse, Athena's nightmare had been there all along, within us.

Not surprisingly, the surgeon's insight found currency also in musical circles. Hector Berlioz's discussion of the flute in his *Grand Traité d'instrumentation et orchestration modernes* (1843), for instance, contains disturbing hints of death. In the *Traité* the flute seems efficient but dull, producing 'medium and high tones' with 'no especially characteristic expression', 'suitable for the most varied melodies and accents'.[37] And Berlioz reminds us that the instrument's potential to 'do all' signals an inherent emptiness, and 'one might, therefore, assume that the flute is an instrument almost devoid of expression and that it may be used anywhere and for any purpose'.[38] The pragmatic statement puts at bay more unsettling (and better known) retellings of the flute's powers. The tale of Hameln, for instance, has long been a paradigmatic example of flute-centred disquiet. Athanasius Kircher once thought it sufficiently suggestive for inclusion in his *Musurgia Universalis* (1650).[39] The story of the foreign piper who delivers the city of Hameln of rats for a fee, contains a serious warning against flutists and their instruments. Flute music may seem harmless enough, but its powers are beyond human comprehension. So the

[35] Gerdy, 'Voix', *Dictionnaire de medécine usuelle*, vol. II (Paris, 1849), 980.

[36] Adelon distinguishes between the speaking voice, too complex for mechanical reproduction, and the singing voice, which he believes can be imitated by a mechanism. Thus he imagines singing as the product of mechanical action. However, Adelon's confidence in contemporary technology notwithstanding, machines capable of exactly mimicking the singing voice never saw the light of day. For a discussion of the pitfalls of singing and speaking automata see Abbate (n. 30), 200–2.

[37] *Grand Traité d'instrumentation et d'orchestration modernes* (Paris, 1843); trans. Theodore Front as *Treatise on Instrumentation* (New York, 1948), 228.

[38] Berlioz, 228.

[39] Athanasius Kircher, *Musurgia Universalis sive Ars magna consoni et dissoni*, facs. edn. (New York, 1970 [1650]), II, 232–3.

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musician who kills the rats but is denied his reward takes cruel revenge on the town by taking away all of its children. Kircher once wondered about the source of the flute's magic. What musical powers so bewitched rodents and little children? But the musical pipe is also troubling on another account.

The instrument that takes away wild animals and darling infants is an irresistibly powerful voice. But a voice, even an instrumental one, that betrays no subjective will – that obscures the cruel designs of its player – is a frightful thing. This inexpressive flute that does not reflect a living soul points towards a void, perhaps towards death. The implication of the lifeless is what connects the fantastic tale to Berlioz's practical notes on instrumentation. Reflecting on a flute sound 'devoid of expression', he contemplates the possibility that the flutist, unlike the lamenting clarinettist, or the soulful violinist, routinely plays dead. Or is it that we simply cannot hear well enough to notice the vibrating voice? At the end of his argument, Berlioz listens more closely only to find traces of a lamenting voice, buried, for instance, in the D minor tones of Gluck's *Alceste* (1776). And he goes on to discuss, in unusually poetic terms, a similar turn in Orfeo's 'Pantomime des ombres heureuses' in Act II of *Orphée et Euridice*. Here:

> Gluck's melody is conceived in such a way that the flute can follow every impulse of this eternal grief, still imbued with the passions of earthly life. The voice starts almost inaudible, seemingly afraid to be overheard; then it sighs softly and rises to the expression of reproach, of deep pain, to the cry of a heart torn by incurable wounds; gradually it sinks back into a plaint, a sigh and the sorrowful murmur of a resigned soul.[40]

Berlioz's aural discovery is tinged by classical allusion, or the memory of a long lost voice – that of the Wailing Gorgon. The flute, the prosthetic instrument, brings us closest to resurrection.

Archaeological debris

Verdi's new flute could be thought of as an exercise in acoustic resuscitation. The composer's instructions to Ricordi concerning the instrument's sonic profile were nothing if not precise. He asked for an 'instrument which has notes that are fuller and louder than those of the ordinary flute'.[41] There is something reassuringly operatic in this insistence on sheer volume. The new flute that 'sings' so loudly bears witness to a general operatic obsession with acoustic amplification, a phenomenon that, as Carolyn Abbate explains, is at the heart of the genre's suasive powers.[42] Abbate sees the dream of infinite volume as a 'recurring ground zero' in opera, but she nevertheless distinguishes Richard Wagner's accomplishments in this area. Wagner, she argues, is 'the poet *par excellence* of impossible mechanics', and a master at producing futuristic acoustic effects and faking technological impossibilities.[43] Verdi might have agreed. Certainly, his hyper-flute chimera coincides with a sudden

[40] Berlioz, 228.
[41] Letter of 15 October 1871; in Busch, 242.
[42] Abbate, 28–9.
[43] Abbate, 29–36.

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enthusiasm for the German's concept of the invisible orchestra.[44] Acknowledging Wagner's ideas just before *Aida*'s première, Verdi called for isolating the orchestra ('which is part of the fictitious world') from the 'whistling and applauding crowd'. He also suggestively decried the 'indecent' sight of the 'tops of the harps, the necks of the double basses, and the baton of the conductor all up in the air' during performance.

Verdi's commitment to the hyper-flute takes on new meaning within this imaginary context of musical disembodiment. In *Aida* invisible music does not nod towards a controlling omnipresence doling out clues to the drama's unfolding. The flute in the orchestra that 'sings' as loudly as the prima donna brings us back to Reyer's strange comment that in *Aida* the 'statue has been placed in the orchestra'. The musical statue (let us briefly imagine the dead Commendatore as he should really appear, uninhabited by a living bass) is a dreadful phenomenon: an object carved in stone capable of human eloquence. Such things, when not safely explained away as ghostly incarnations (as in Søren Kierkegaard's straightforward reading of Donna Anna's dead father) or unveiled *à la* Wilkinson as mischievous trickery, are woeful.[45] They are akin to the mummy and thus perhaps better kept out of sight, buried in a sarcophagus or the secret pit of the orchestra. In *Aida*, the loud flute tucked away down under reproduces both the material deadness and decay of the mummy and its unimaginable gasps at life.

In some instances, such as the priestesses' dance in the temple of Vulcan (Act I, scene 2), the flutes' music simply strays from vocal mimesis. The dance, billed in the plot as a ritual exercise in Radames's consecration, is the first of the opera's ballets. The scene exhibits a large, exotically clad female *corps de ballet*, and for this reason it is often dismissed as trivial, a mere display of visual and musical Orientalia.[46] Edward Said is among those with little patience for the dance's pleasures, which he sees as supporting an aestheticized imperial order.[47] And Said is quite right, as far as visual and melodic motives go. Flattened supertonics and bodily contortions are purely ornamental gestures, inexpressive codes that satisfy a vague curiosity for things other. But the dance, outwardly a *divertissement* bearing little connection to the drama, is less ornamental than *about* ornament. Its beautiful coolness and precise indifference exudes Egyptian death. The specific mortuary implications of the piece are made explicit in the plot only in the final scene, when Aida and Radames, now buried alive, overhear the same flute music once played during the hero's consecration. Here, death and the flute are finally set side by side, but even in Act I, where there is still no question of failing vital signs, the dance unfolds a process

[44] Letter to Giulio Ricordi (10 July 1871); in Busch, 183.

[45] See Søren Kierkegaard, *Either/Or: A Fragment of Life*, trans. Allastair Hannay (London, 1992), 116. Sir Gardner Wilkinson's unveiling of acoustic trickery in Thebes offers us the opposite materialist perspective on the singing statue.

[46] Paul Robinson, 'Is *Aida* an Orientalist Opera?' *this journal*, 5 (1993), 137.

[47] He writes, with a nod to Leila Kinneg and Zeynep Çelik ('Ethnography and Exhibitionism at the *Exposition Universelle*', *Assemblages*, 13 [1990], 39–55): 'these displays of feminine eroticism *à l'orientale* "articulated power relations and revealed a desire to enhance supremacy through representation" '; Said, 121–2.

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of dissolution. Verdi's annotations for the 1872 production of *Aida* insisted on two visual points: the dance should be preceded by the absolute immobility of the dancers and choristers, and the scene should conclude with the display of a gigantic fan.[48] Bodies frozen in place suggest the stone-like immobility of dead Egyptians. A stationary fan provides a visual simile for stagnant air. The two images of lifelessness are frames to the dance's moment of physical excitement. The first prefaces physical movement with the suggestion of the inanimate, the second concludes acoustic vibration with an image of atmospheric stillness.
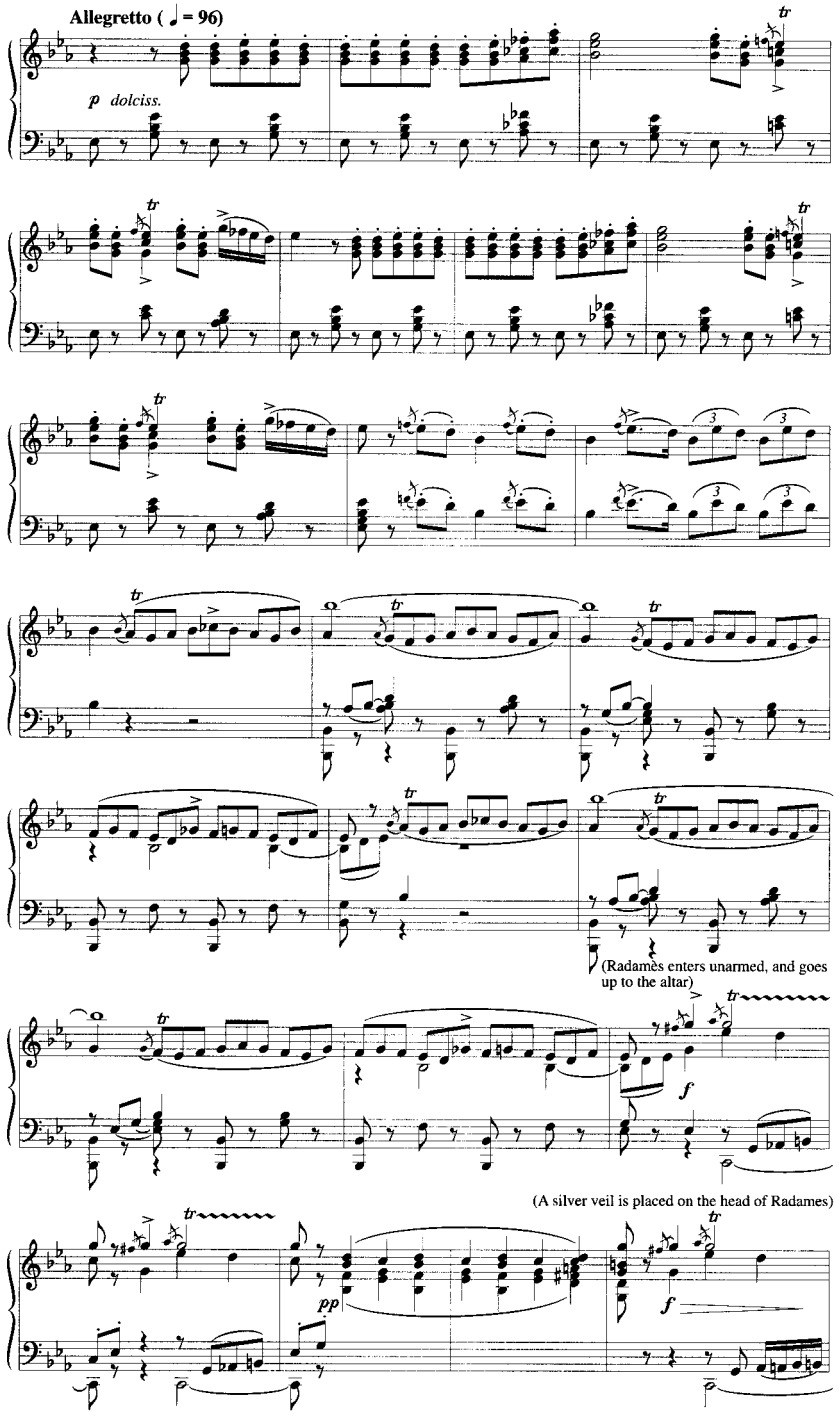
Between these two bookends, the music for the ballet remains peculiarly vacant. The piece, led by a flute trio, describes a conventional ternary form, patterned in a series of self-contained, symmetrical musical periods. In the first section, a high-pitched, cheerfully inexpressive chordal staccato is followed by a contrasting legato phrase tracing melodic contortions at the lower octave. Then Radames, veiled, approaches the altar during a contrasting C minor episode coloured with 'deft modal touches in the French manner'.[49] The ballet concludes with a straightforward recapitulation of the two initial motives (see Ex. 1). The piece conforms strictly to established generic conventions, and this is the point. The chiselled, unperturbed musical themes of the ballet are heard as distinct events, elements of an abstract design that could very easily be a full-fledged text as indecipherable as hieroglyphs. Here, musical patterns and repetition suggest a solid artefact, something akin to a nice find. But towards its end the music veers into a more troubled path of archaeological fantasy. The flute-led dance has no clear end. It literally crumbles into fragments, and ultimately dissolves into acoustic exhaustion as the flute's low E♭ peters off into silence. This is a musical object that unexpectedly falls apart right before our ears, just as stone engravings dissolve into sand when they prove too fragile for archaeological handling in modern fantasies of Egyptological loss.

One can only imagine how the dance would have sounded played by Verdi's hyper-flute. Verdi's Gulliver instruments would have seemed oddly *there* in our operatic Lilliput, as large breaths of life articulating mechanically a smooth musical surface that ultimately dissipates into nothingness. This raises the question about the mummy: does the dead object come alive by the sheer force of acoustic amplification, or is the impression of life effected by musical loudness defeated by emotional lack?

[48] Verdi's production annotations read as follows: 'Throughout this Scene of the Invocation, absolute immobility must be maintained by the Priests as well as the Priestesses-ballerinas. *All* must listen to the religious chant that comes from offstage. All are turned toward and facing the God Vulcan. Only on the last bar of the third *Invocation*, the ballerinas put their fans on the tripods and prepare to begin *the sacred dance* to the sound of the three flutes in the orchestra. Radames enters a few bars before the refrain of the *motive*. The dance ends in such a way that the ballerinas are again grouped around the four tripods. When the choruses unites on the *ff* of the music, the ballerinas take their fans and quietly move to the rear, for the final grouping. On everybody's last *forte Immenso Ftá* the ballerinas around the altar raise their fans, forming what appears to be a single enormous fan' (Busch, 519).
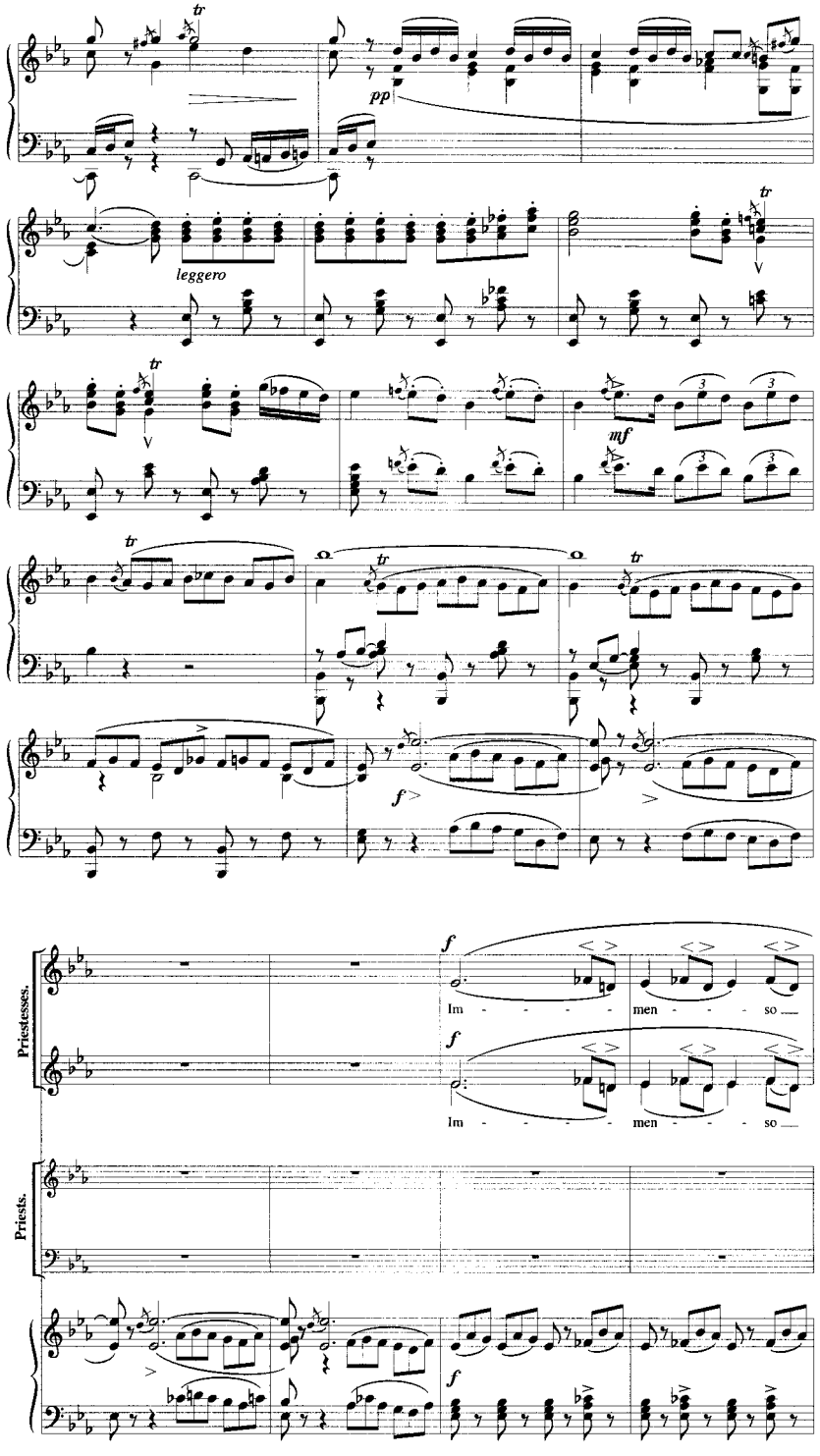
[49] Julian Budden, *The Operas of Verdi*, 3 vols., rev. edn. (Oxford, 1981; repr. 1992), III, 203.

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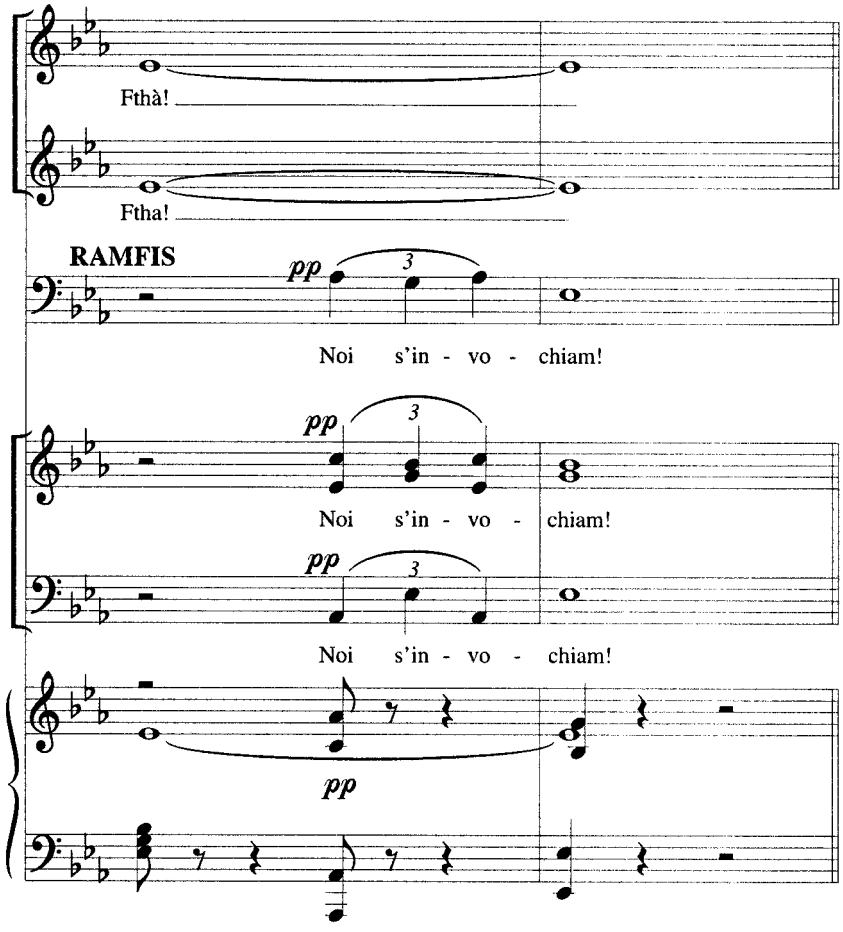


Ex. 1: Dance of the Priestesses (Act I, scene 2).

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Ex. 1 *continued.*

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Ex. 1 *conclusion.*

Mummies

The flutes, and their shadow hyper-flutes, give rise to another haunting moment of perceptual misalignment in Act III, just as Aida steps on stage. Famously, Aida's entrances are musical. The Ethiopian princess is different from most Verdian heroines in that she walks about with a theme. This sort of behaviour has long sounded critical alarm bells. The suspicion of a specific Verdian turn towards the compositional world of French and/or German grand opera in *Aida* is an old one, dating back to its première and Reyer's contention that 'to deny that Verdi has been influenced by Gounod, Meyerbeer and Richard Wagner is like denying light to the sun'.[50] The comment, reiterated with few variations in subsequent reviews of the opera, appalled Verdi. For most of the later critics, however, it rings true. Much of the recent debate regarding compositional influence in *Aida* concerns the opera's recurring themes, music that, in the words of Joseph Kerman, is 'sung or played

[50] Budden, III, 192.

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when the group, person, or idea is strongly in evidence, like a sonorous or "hermeneutic" extension of its physical or psychological presence'.[51] This is a common melodramatic device, used extensively by Giacomo Meyerbeer (among many others) in the 1830s but which by the 1870s seemed already old hat. Not surprisingly, its deployment in *Aida* has invited some intense re-examinations of the composer's intentions, not to say aptitudes. Depending on the historical lens donned by the analyst, the recurring themes have unveiled a complacent Meyerbeerian, a timid Wagnerian or a cryptic other purpose. In fact, Verdi's use of the device is anything but naive, evading easy answers. Aida's theme, for instance, gives rise to some advanced motivic work in the Amneris–Aida duet of Act II. This show of compositional sophistication points well beyond the mere appropriation of an old-fashioned device. And yet, despite the unquestionable evidence of Verdi's brilliance, the fact is that Aida's theme 'recurs largely intact, without significant internal development'.[52] This purposeful thematic constancy, which so openly taunts musicology's routine dependence on notions of stylistic development and originality as a means to historical judgement, remains an irritating grain in the literature.

Aida's music begins as a classical *chant d'orchestre*, a melody that doubles the stage entrances of the heroine.[53] Music that mimes physical movement is common in *grand opéra*, a genre that, as Mary Ann Smart points out, places an 'extreme emphasis on staging' and 'on the display of bodies'.[54] The heroine's body inscribed in the sonorous fabric of the opera reinforces the generic collapse of the visual and the musical. The sigh-like ascending chromatic figures and minute descending motives in minor that trace each of her steps and gestures are traditional acoustic metonyms of pain and suffering lament. Wieland Wagner was surely *hearing* Aida when he set her 'cowering in the background' in his legendary 1961 production.[55] To 'cower' is precisely what her music does, with subtle emotional nuances underscored through orchestration. As Smart describes in some detail, the career of Aida's theme traces a particular melodramatic trajectory of physical substance turned to thought. The heroine's identifying theme, at first 'purely orchestral and almost purely physical' passes from the lamenting clarinet to the doleful bassoon and settles in the singer's throat just as the character reveals the source of her cares: Radames, 'l'amor mio'. For a moment, at the end of Act I and again in the following Amneris–Aida duet in Act II, the heroine's theme, taken up by the voice, behaves almost like a leitmotif, nodding towards Wagnerian symbolism.[56] However, Verdi's flirt with leitmotivic technique is short-lived, and Aida's final entrance in the third act bluntly defies

[51] Joseph Kerman, 'Verdi's Use of Recurring Themes', in *Write All These Down: Essays on Music* (Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1994), 274–87, here 275.
[52] Roger Parker 'Motives and Recurring Themes in *Aida*', in *Analyzing Opera: Verdi and Wagner*, ed. Roger Parker and Carolyn Abbate (Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1989), 222–38, here 238.
[53] For an engaging discussion of the melodramatic functions of Aida's theme see Mary Ann Smart, 'Ulterior Motives: Verdi's Recurring Themes Revisited', in *Siren Songs: Representations of Gender and Sexuality in Opera*, ed. Mary Ann Smart (Princeton, 2000), 135–159, here 138–9, 145–8.
[54] Smart, 136.
[55] Said, 112.
[56] Smart, 146.

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earlier melodramatic and symbolic considerations. Once Aida's body moved synchronously with her music, but in the third act the music comes first; the body appears only later. The estrangement of the melody from its old physical source is provocative, and surrounded by a constellation of eerie motives.

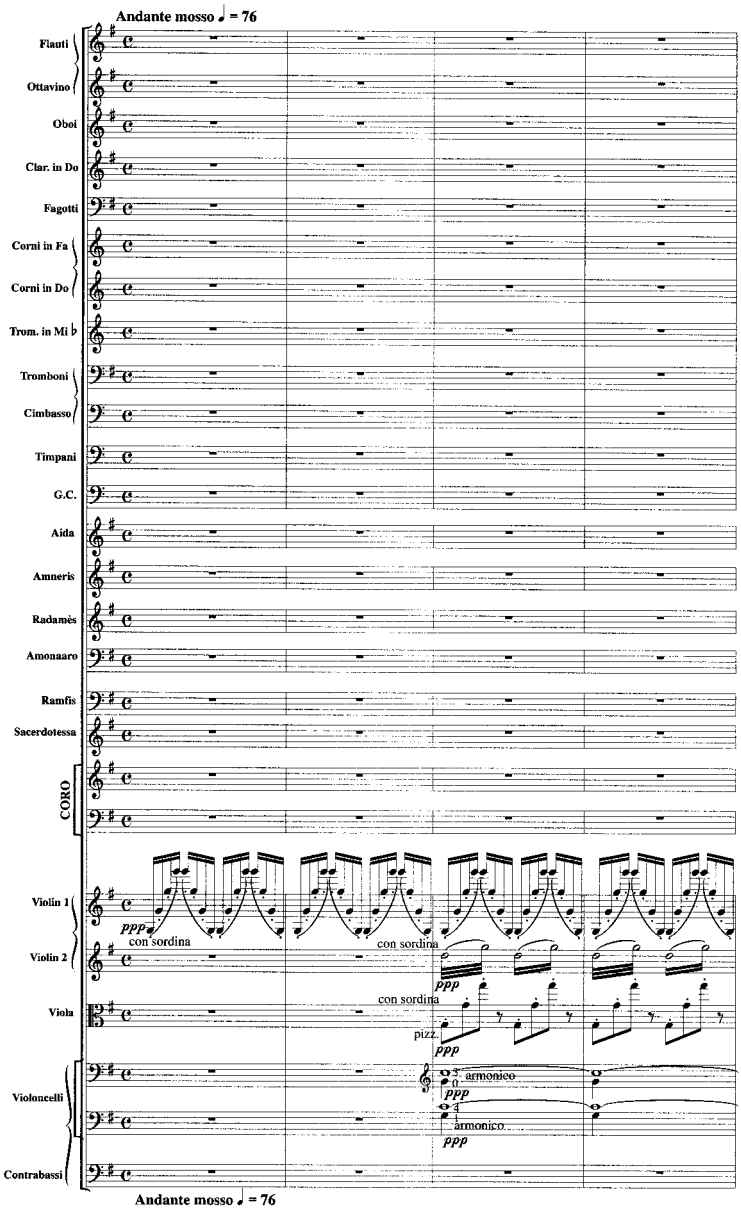
First, there is the matter of the hyper-flute. Act III opens on a desolate nocturnal scene, feebly lit by moonlight, where 'palm trees grow among granite rocks. At the top of the rocks stands the temple of Isis, half hidden by the branches'.[57] With an eye on the shadowed visual marvels, critics such as Julian Budden and Edward Said have long hailed the *Introduzione* as a feat of *couleur locale*, in Said's words a 'tonal picture that sustains the quiet scene painting of the act's opening'.[58] The scene, however, is empty beyond the darkened granite blocks, palm trees, temple and river, and so what exactly the 'tonal picture sustains' is the question. Budden dreams of a 'tropical night' and Fabrizio Della Seta of a 'mysterious otherworld', whereas Said settles for an 'antique Orient'.[59] The pictorial turn of the critics glosses over an odd wrinkle in the performance: the impression of sound that escapes music-grammatical sense. Indeed, the act begins not with melody, harmony or rhythm but with a hyper-resonance, a G pizzicato in a four-octave span by muted violins (Ex. 2). The strings' sustained tone recalls ancient descriptions of mysterious acoustic signs, such as the metallic tone reportedly uttered by the Memnon colossus 'when the sun touched its lips'. In the first few bars the hyper-resonance thickens and gains material substance, filled by arpeggiated Gs in the muted violas and a D–G tremolo in the second violins, and toppled by a soaring flute-like G resonance produced by a partial harmonic in the cello.

This altered acoustic effect brings the ear back to the realm of Verdi's Egyptian fable: to the fabulous domain of the loud and unfeasible hyper-flutes.[60] For a while the resonant high wall just stands there, immobile, until finally a real flute takes over the high G, traces the descending fourth of the G–D tremolo and progressively brings about a musical metamorphosis. In the flute, a melody emerges slowly and haphazardly, adding trills and ornamental groups to the arpeggios, wavering between the major and minor modes, seemingly unaware of the most basic rules of melodic composition. The instrument acts like a generic vocal mechanism trying out gradually more complex exercises, wresting organized sound out of a bare and lifeless resonance. This has little to do with landscape, but much to do with a recurrent Egyptomaniac dream of revivification. Still, this musical image of resuscitation is but the first of a series of signs mediating between life and death.

After the resonance follows a musical incantation directed at Isis: 'O tu chi sei d'Osiri, madre immortale e sposa' [Oh you, immortal mother and wife of Osiris]. Isis, as Verdi and Mariette well knew, is not just another goddess of love. She is the protagonist of the Book of the Dead, the once-lover of Osiris who brought him back from the lifeless beyond. Her ability to give life is the fundamental inspiration

[57] 'Production Book by Giulio Ricordi'; 'Document XII' in Busch, 596.
[58] Budden, III, 234; Said, 122.
[59] Fabrizio Della Seta, '"O cieli azzurri": Exoticism and Dramatic Discourse in *Aida*', *this journal*, 3 (1991), 56.
[60] I am thankful to Katherine Bergeron for this thought.
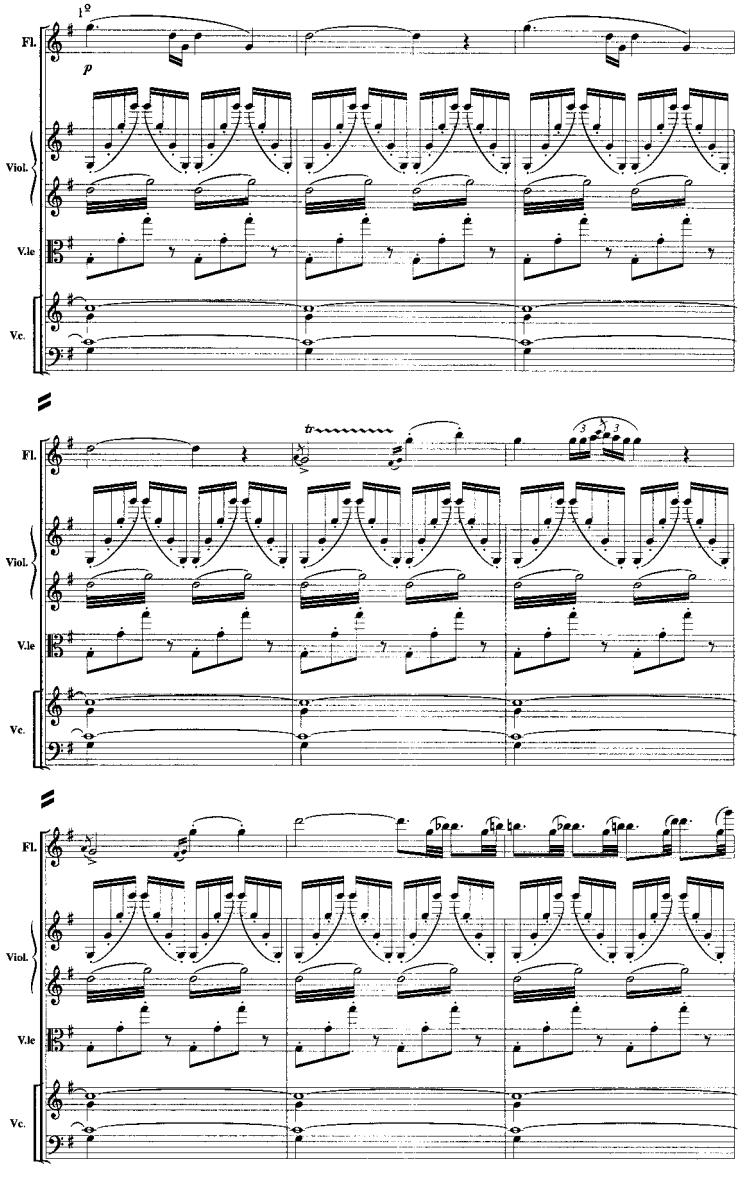
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Ex. 2: *Introduzione* (Act III).

of the Egyptian's mortuary culture, and the reason why ugly dead mummies seem so wondrous. The incantation adds to the previous musical image of *creatio ex nihilo*. Unseen priests and priestesses sing over the same ethereal harmonic G and their unison builds on melodic motives and ornaments first tried out by the flute. Thus, a distinct 'voice' circulates between the invisible flute and throats. But this ethereal flow of musical intelligence also continuously threatens to dissolve into silence. Each phrase sung by the priests ends with a diminuendo, and the priestess'

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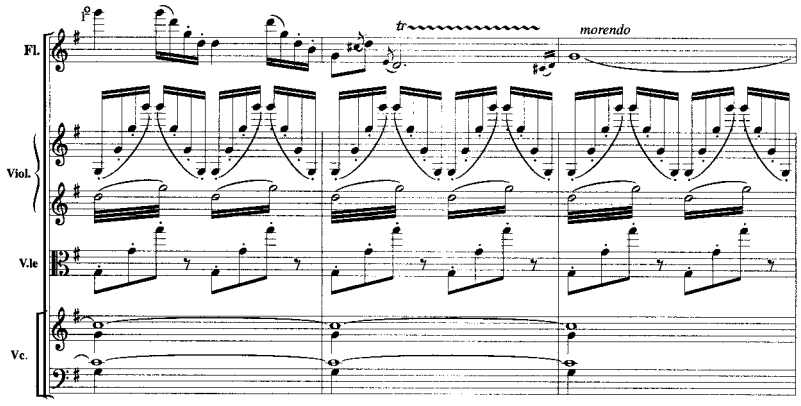


Ex. 2 *continued.*

desperate invocation 'soccorri a noi' [assist us] finishes in a long decaying G, fading out just as the flute had before the invocation. Radames, Amneris, and their companions appear, only to slowly vanish in the darkness of the temple of Isis, 'absorbed in the night'.[61] From afar, the sounds of divine invocation continue to be heard, now in an overflow of acoustic mysteries. The plucked G tones, the lofty

[61] Pierluigi Petrobelli, 'Music in the Theatre (Apropos of *Aida*, Act III)', in *Music in the Theatre: Essays on Verdi and Other Composers* (Princeton, 1994), 113–26, here 119.

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Ex. 2 *conclusion*.
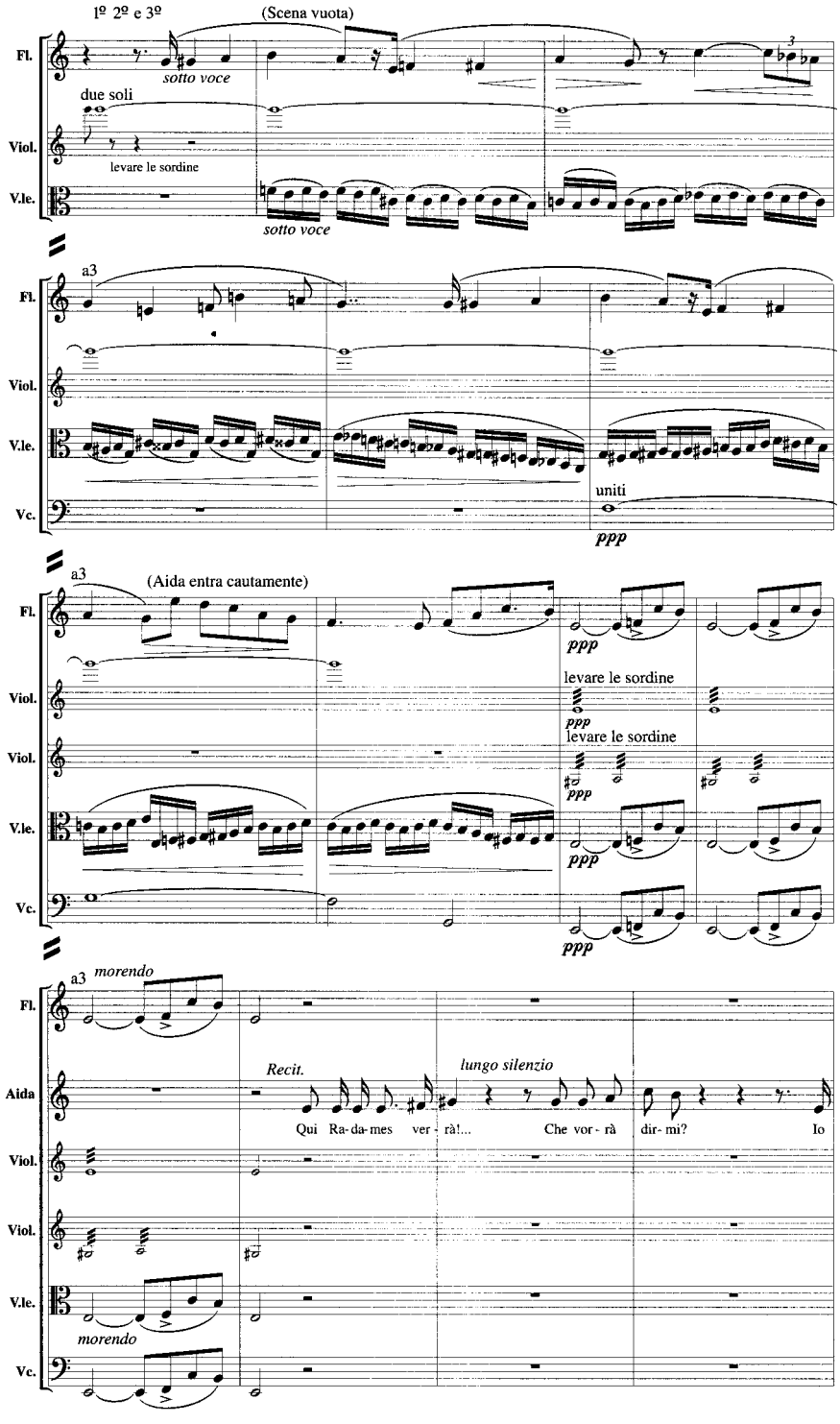
flute-like harmonic, the flute's vocal exercises and the sung invocation return simultaneously, as sonic traces of a transcendental beyond.

There is, however, a material remnant. After the incantation, Aida's identifying theme sounds for the first time in the three flutes, over a soft countermelody in the violas and an ethereally high G in the violin (see Ex. 3). The strings' accompaniment is a diaphanous veil that softens the theme's previous suggestion of physicality. Despite this musical overlay, the listener obeys a Pavlovian reflex. Acts I and II have trained us to hear the music – the painful chromatic ascents, the sighs – as a representation of emotional and bodily trauma. In the third act, one still hears the psychosomatic knots but sees nobody. The notion that embodied sound now exists detached from its original source is purposefully underscored in the autograph score where Aida is directed to enter only towards the end of the restatement of her theme. She should begin her slow entrance only with the cello's first E, and advance slowly to the centre stage over the next three bars.[62] Thus, the music comes first and the heroine's body eventually appears, too late to seem other than mute. Aida's music, liberated from its earlier physical source, acquires a new-found freedom. But the state of disembodiment has troublesome acoustic consequences, resulting in some perplexing sonic debris. The melody, now a free floating object, progressively loses formal coherence. It breaks into fragments, repeated echoes that peter off in a lonely low E, an acoustic signal that dissipates in the night. The formal de-composition recalls the dance in Act I, reminding the listener of other immobile bodies, briefly animated by music, and of the perils of musical autonomy. Aida's music is an object that simply will not hold together in a state of disembodiment. Thus, it literally falls apart before our ears, slipping down under into the orchestra's primordial resonance.

What remains is frightful. As Aida's body falls silent, her physical and vocal paroxysms linger on as acoustic resonance produced by flutes. From the viewpoint

[62] Verdi wrote the stage direction 'Entra cautamente Aida, coperta da un velo' [Aida enters cautiously, covered by a veil] over the cello's first E and he stretched the written direction over the following D–G–E cello line. I am grateful to Roger Parker and Gabriele Dotto for confirmation on this point.

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Ex. 3: Aida's entrance (Act III, scene 2).

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of the doctors – those who, like Galen or Savart braved the bloody mess of the dissection table to ponder the mechanical underpinnings of vocal production – it involves a very small step: human lungs still blow, the mouth still holds, only the natural throat has been substituted by a prosthetic replacement. There is, of course, a measure of expressive and acoustic decay involved in the translocation. The flutes' performance of Aida's music foregrounds the mechanics of sound production previously hidden within the singer's throat. The flutter in the artificial pipe tinges the heroine's music with the lifeless. But if, like Berlioz, we listen more carefully to the flute's middle register we can still hear Aida's voice, the suggestion of her movements and words. Aida in the flute is a Gorgonic voice, faint yet still there. This is the voice of one who has passed away, even though her body remains.

And the moment evokes still other ghosts. The juxtaposition of Aida's dead voice and living body in Act III traces a slightly older but in its time very famous moment of 'voice survival' in opera. This is the last scene in Meyerbeer's *L'Africaine* (1865). *L'Africaine* ends with a poetic suicide, a dark heroine killed by the deadly vapours of a poisonous tree. Like Aida, Meyerbeer's heroine enters preceded by a striking *chant d'orchestre*. This piece, repeatedly singled out for applause and repetition by the composer's adoring publics throughout Europe, was an alto melody strangely 'sung' in unison by the strings, clarinets and bassoons purposefully melded into a single voice (see Ex. 4). In 1865, audiences heard in it a striking and rather uncanny presence. Speculations as to the voice's origins singled out the death tree, an enigmatic ghost, perhaps even the deceased Meyerbeer. The disembodied sound was heard as signalling the presence of a radical Otherness, floating freely around the stage, sentient and yet bodiless.[63]
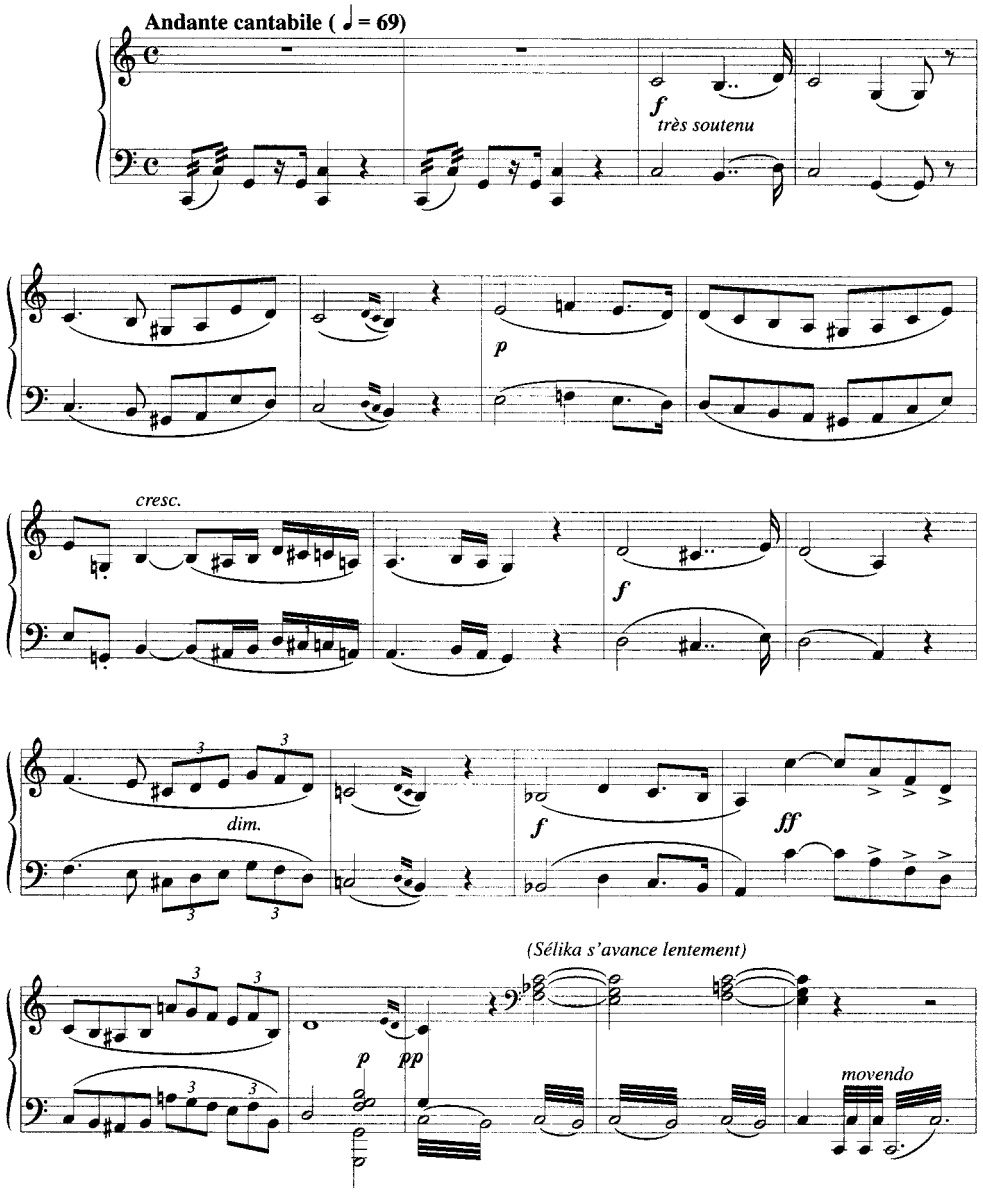
Giuseppe Verdi was necessarily aware of Meyerbeer's famed 'sixteen bars'. They were discussed in nearly every newspaper that covered *L'Africaine*'s Parisian debut. And the conductor Angelo Mariani, who visited the French capital in 1865, sent him an emphatic review of the opera. He judged the work harshly, writing that it was 'musically speaking, a poor thing', and adding that

> for the rest, those sixteen bars in unison, that they always have to repeat, in the last scene of the fifth act, are truly stupid as a composition and that's the only thing that is moderately well played, for being a *unison* passage for the stringed instruments, which are good, especially those ten violoncellos, reinforced by the clarinets and bassoons, it produced a fine effect. When you see the passage of sixteen bars, to which *all the papers* have given such importance, you will laugh. It is really a case of wishing to make famous what is in reality mediocre in the extreme. By God! It seems to me that in Paris very little is needed to make an effect.[64]

Mariani's blunt reproach is striking in light of his subsequent passionate championship of *L'Africaine* in Italy. He conducted the opera in Bologna a few months later, sending local audiences into paroxysms of approval over the same *chant*

[63] See Gabriela Gomes da Cruz, 'Giacomo Meyerbeer and the End of Grand Opera', Ph.D. diss., Princeton University (1999), 334–6.
[64] Frank Walker, *The Man Verdi: A Biography*, 330.

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Ex. 4: *L'Africaine:* Sélika's entrance (Act V, scene 2).

d'orchestre.[65] In this light, the conductor's disapproval appears less than sincere, purposefully tailored to flatter Verdi the disgruntled rival. And yet, Mariani had a point. Despite the 'fine effect' of its peculiar orchestration, the melodic unison is strikingly plodding, indeed downright ugly. But while more generous critics would ascribe this ugliness to dramatic necessity – the melody is after all an acoustic image of death – Mariani simply dismisses it as 'truly stupid'. In this manner, he bluntly

[65] Walker, 330.

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conflated the representation of death with old age and creative exhaustion, painting Meyerbeer's face on the Grim Reaper. Purposefully or not, the remark is redolent of the wicked nickname – 'the mummy' – by which the German composer had long been known within Verdi's family circle.[66]

The same tale of Meyerbeerian decay is finally contained in *Aida*'s third act. The Ethiopian girl's split double-entrance, once as transfigured voice and once as living body, repeats the musical and stage concept of Meyerbeer's work. But in this case model composition serves a covert funeral exercise. *L'Africaine*, Meyerbeer, and the nearly defunct French *grand opéra* are the operatic mummies unceremoniously tucked under the mortuary placidity of *Aida*'s third act. Here, for one brief moment, a sonic form takes on the function of a beautiful sarcophagus, wherein the remains of a previous era can be safely ensconced and left for dead.

Haunting opera

In this final sense, Verdi's work casts a distinct glance into its grand operatic past. But its grimmest implications lie in the future. The historical awkwardness of *Aida*, its unapologetic celebration of the material and the embodied in an operatic age otherwise occupied with the quest for ineffable meanings and transcendental essences, has long taunted modern critics. Yet, despite its old fashioned monumentality, *Aida* also flirts with the metaphysical and its most notorious operatic symptom: musical disembodiment. In the 1870s this was an adventurous incursion and for Verdi not altogether a sunny enterprise. In the Egyptian opera, sound that soars unfettered by a visible acoustic source evades common Wagnerian ontologies of music as vehicle of an invisible omnipresence, and leaves a bitter taste. Aida's final musical apparition points towards the last stage of life's decadence, suggesting that heroines too feeble or cowardly to embrace opera's embodied pleasures simply disintegrate and disappear into thin air. Here Verdi stares at the notion of musical disembodiment from below, from the viewpoint of the *souffleur* well schooled in the excess materiality of the performance network. From this materialist vantage point, so alien to the upper reaches of romantic metaphysical reverie, Aida's bodiless music does not seem to fly into the ethereal spheres above but to fall into the nether world beneath. And its settling down in the orchestra underneath the stage is scandalous, alluding to some gruesome mythic scenes: the dismemberment of a singer, the gory extraction of the vocal mechanism from a living body, and the burial of a throat that is still singing. Aida's flutes, decaying remnants of opera's glorious gorge, stink of death.

The human costs of opera's surrender to philosophy's metaphysical flight could not be more thoroughly spelled out. And yet, Verdi was also mesmerized by the implications of this submission. He, who so rashly ignored *Lohengrin*'s pull towards the infinite and disparaged its ponderous slowness and sustained long notes as nothing more than fatuous exaggeration, also dreamt in *Aida* of marvellous sonic

[66] Mary Jane Phillips-Matz, *Verdi: A Biography* (Oxford, 1993), 326.

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apparitions.[67] By way of his imaginary hyper-flutes, he finally retraced the path, described earlier by Gautier, that begins with the inspection of ancient bric à brac and ends with the encounter of a ghost *manqué* longing for reattachment to the physical world.

[67] The marginal notes Verdi made in his score of *Lohengrin* after attending a performance in Bologna in 1871 are cited in Busch, 252 n. 1.

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