

**PREHISTORIC CAVE ART  
IN NORTHERN SPAIN  
ASTURIAS**

Arte Prehistórico en cuevas  
del Norte de España  
Asturias

**Magín Berenguer**

Introduction by Fredo Arias de la Canal

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IN NORTHERN SPAIN  
ASTURIAS**

**MAGIN BERENGUER**

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH  
by HENRY HINDS

INTRODUCTION by FREDO ARIAS DE LA CANAL

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INTRODUCTION

by

FREDO ARIAS DE LA CANAL

# THE BIRTH OF LANGUAGE

## FIRST PART

Charles Darwin (1809-82), in *The Descent or Origin of Man and Selection in Relation to Sex*, Chapter VI: "On the Affinities and Genealogy of Man", provides us with his psychic image of what primitive man might have been:

"We will now look to man as he exists; and we shall, I think, be able partially to restore the structure of our early progenitors, during successive periods, but not in due order of time. This can be effected by means of the rudiments which man still retains, by the characters which occasionally make their appearance in him through reversion, and by the aid of principles of morphology and embryology. The various facts, to which I shall here allude, have been given in the previous chapters.

The early progenitors of man must have been once covered with hair, both sexes having beards; their ears were probably pointed, and capable of movement; and their bodies were provided with a tail, having the proper muscles. Their limbs and bodies were also acted on by many muscles which now only occasionally reappear, but are normally present in *Quadrumana*. At this or some earlier period, the great artery and nerve of the humerus ran through a supra-condyloid foramen. (The intestine gave forth a much larger diverticulum or caecum than that now existing.) The foot was then prehensile, judging from the condition of the great toe in the foetus; and our progenitors, no doubt, were arboreal in their habits, and frequented some warm, forest-clad land. (The males had great canine teeth, which served them as formidable weapons.) At a much earlier period the uterus was double; the excreta were voided through a cloaca; and the eye was protected by a third eyelid or nictitating membrane. At a still earlier period the progenitors of man must have been aquatic in their

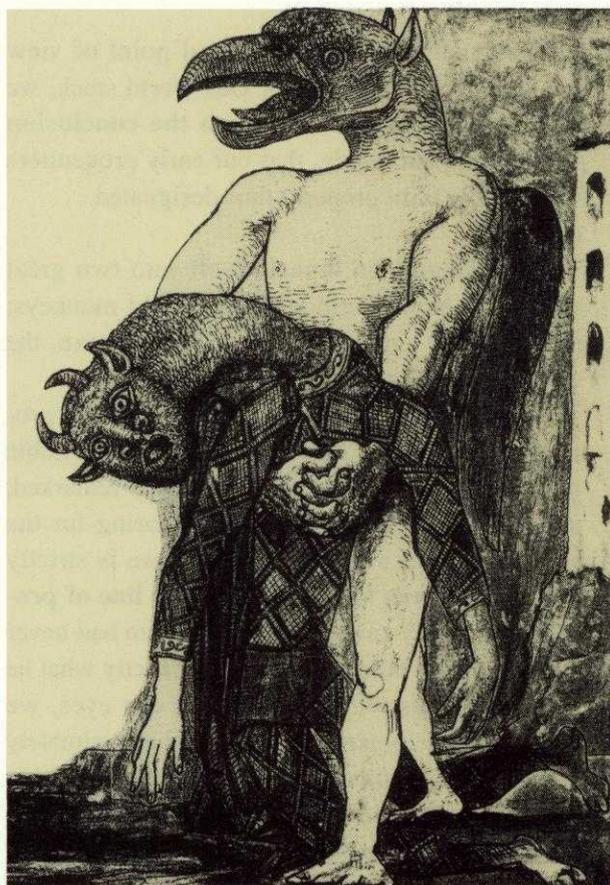


Fig. A.— Human with head of an ornithic dinosaur, holding a Minotaur's body in a Harlequin Costume, by Picasso.

Fig. A:— Humano con cabeza de dinosaurio ornítico sosteniendo el cuerpo de un minotauro con traje de arlequín, por Picasso.

habits; for morphology plainly tells us that **our lungs consist of a modified swim-bladder, which once served as a float.** The clefts on the neck of the embryo of man show where the branchiae once existed. (In the lunar or weekly recurrent periods of some of our functions we apparently still retain traces of our primordial birth-place, a shore washed by the tides.) At about this same early period the true kidneys were replaced by the corpora wolffiana. The heart existed as a simple pulsating vessel; and the chorda dorsalis

took the place of a vertebral column. These **early ancestors of man**, thus seen in the dim recesses of time, must have been as simply, or even still more simply organised than the lancelet or amphioxus.

(...)

And as man from a genealogical point of view belongs to the Catarhine or Old World stock, we must conclude, **however much the conclusion may revolt our pride**, that our early progenitors would have been properly thus designated.

(...)

The Simiadae then branched off into two great stems, the New World and Old World monkeys; and from the latter, at a remote period, **man**, the wonder and glory of the Universe, proceeded.

Thus we have given to man a pedigree of prodigious length, but not, it may be said, of noble quality. The world, as it has often been remarked, appears as if it had long been preparing for the advent of man: and this, in one sense is strictly true, for he **owes his birth to a long line of progenitors**. If any single link in this chain had never existed, man would not have been exactly what he now is. Unless we wilfully close our eyes, we may, with our present knowledge, approximately recognise our parentage; nor need we feel ashamed of it. The most humble organism is something much higher than the inorganic dust under our feet; and no one with an unbiased mind can study any living creature, however humble, without being struck with enthusiasm at its marvellous structure and properties."

Darwin offers us his theories on the development of articulated sounds that established the supremacy of man in the animal kingdom. In Chapter III, **Comparison of the Mental Powers of Man and the Lower Animals**, he stated:

**"It has been asserted that man alone is capable of progressive improvement**; that he alone makes use of tools or fire, domesticates other animals, or possesses property; that no animal has the power of abstraction, or of forming general

concepts, is self-conscious and comprehends itself; **that no animal employs language**; that **man alone has a sense of beauty**, is liable to caprice, has a feeling of gratitude, mystery, etc.; believes in God or is endowed with a conscience.

(...)

With respect to the **origin of articulate language**, after having read on the one side the highly interesting works of Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood, the Rev. F. Farrar, and Prof. Schleicher, and the celebrated lectures of Prof. Max Müller on the other side, I cannot doubt that language owes its origin to the imitation and modification of various natural sounds, the voices of other animals, and man's own instinctive cries, aided by signs and gestures. When we treat of sexual selection we shall see that primeval man, or rather **some early progenitor of man**, probably first used his voice in producing true musical cadences, (that is in singing,) as do some of the gibbon-apes at the present day; and we may conclude from a widely spread analogy, that this power would have been especially exerted during the courtship of the sexes, —would have expressed various emotions, such as love, jealousy, triumph,— and would have served as a challenge to rivals. **It is, therefore, probable that the imitation of musical cries by articulate sounds may have given rise to words expressive of various complex emotions**. The strong tendency in our nearest allies, the monkeys, in microcephalous idiots, and in the barbarous races of mankind, to imitate whatever they hear deserves notice, as bearing on the subject of imitation. Since monkeys certainly understand much that is said to them by man, and when wild, utter signal-cries of danger to their fellows; (and since fowls give distinct warnings for danger on the ground, or in the sky from hawks [both, as well as a third cry, intelligible to dogs]), may not some unusually wise ape-like animal have imitated the growl of a beast of prey, and thus told his fellow-monkeys the nature of the expected danger? This would have been **the first step in the formation of a language**.

As the voice was used more and more, the vocal organs would have been strengthened and perfected through the principle of the inherited effects of use; and this **would have reacted on the power of speech**. But the relation between the continued use of language and the development of the brain, has no doubt been far more important. The mental powers in **some early progenitor of man** must have been more highly developed than in any existing ape, before even the most imperfect form of speech could have come into use; but we may confidently believe that the continued use and advancement of this power would have reacted on the mind itself, by enabling it and encouraging it to carry on long trains of thought. **A complex train of thought can no more be carried on without the aid of words**, whether spoken or silent, than a long calculation without the use of figures or algebra. It appears, also, that even an ordinary train of thought almost requires, (or is greatly facilitated by) some form of language, for the dumb, deaf and blind girl, Laura Bridgman, was observed to use her fingers whilst dreaming. Nevertheless, a long succession of vivid and connected ideas may pass through the mind without the aid of any form of language, as we may infer from the movements of dogs during their dreams. We have, also, seen that animals are able to reason to a certain extent, manifestly without the aid of language. **The intimate connection between the brain, (as it is now developed in us,) and the faculty of speech**, is well shown by those curious cases of brain disease in which speech is specially affected, as when the power to remember substantives is lost, whilst other words can be correctly used, or where substantives of a certain class, or all except the initial letters of substantives and proper names are forgotten.

(...)

From these few and imperfect remarks I conclude that the extremely complex and regular construction of many barbarous **languages**, is no proof that they owe their origin to a **special act of creation**. Nor, as we have seen, does the faculty of

articulate speech in itself offer any insuperable objection to the belief that man has been developed from some lower form."

In Chapter II, Darwin mentions the gap separating apes and men:

"They would agree that although they are able to understand something about the perceptions or the simplest needs of other monkeys from their cries, the notion of **expressing specific ideas with certain sounds** has never passed through their heads."

In Chapter IV, **On How Man Developed From an Inferior Form:**

"**Man** in the rudest state in which he now exists is the most dominant animal that has ever appeared on this earth. He has spread more widely than any other organised form: and all others have yielded before him. He manifestly owes this immense superiority to his intellectual faculties, to his social habits, which lead him to aid and defend his fellows, and to his corporeal structure. The supreme importance of these characters has been proved by the final arbitrament of the battle for life. Through his powers of intellect, **articulate language** has been evolved; and on this his wonderful advancement has mainly depended. (As Mr. Chauncey Wright remarks: "a psychological analysis of the faculty of language shows, that even the smallest proficiency in it might require more brain power than the greatest proficiency in any other direction.") He has invented and is able to use various weapons, tools, traps, etc. (with which he defends himself, kills or catches prey, and otherwise obtains food.) He has made rafts or canoes for fishing or crossing over to neighboring fertile islands. He has discovered the **art of making fire**, by which hard and stringy roots can be rendered digestible, and poisonous roots or herbs innocuous. The discovery of fire, **probably the greatest ever made by man, excepting language**, dates from before the dawn of history. These several inventions, by which man in the rudest state has become so pre-

eminent, are the direct results of the development of his powers of observation, memory, curiosity, imagination, and reason.”

In Chapter V, **Sexual Traits of Vertebrates**, he stated:

“Admission of the **principle of sexual selection** leads to the notable conclusion that the brain system not only regulates most of the current functions of the body, but that it also has directly influenced the progressive development of various bodily shapes and certain mental qualities. **Valor, perseverance and body strength and vigor, weapons of all kinds, musical or vocal organs**, magnificent colours, striping and ornamental appendages, have all been characteristics that have been acquired indirectly by one sex or the other, due to appreciation of **beauty in sound, colour or form**, and through the use of selection; powers of spirit which evidently depend upon the development of the brain system.”

Karl Jung (1875-1962) in **On the Relation of Analytical Psychology to Poetry** of his book **The Spirit in Man, Art and Literature** (1922) gives us his psychic image of the archetype and the importance that it would have the day its meaning were discovered:

“**The primordial image**, or archetype, is a figure—be it a daemon, a human being, or a process—that constantly recurs in the course of history and appears wherever creative fantasy is freely expressed. Essentially, therefore, it is a mythological figure. When we examine these images more closely, we find that they give form to countless typical experiences of our ancestors. **They are, so to speak, the psychic residua of innumerable experiences of the same type.** They present a picture of psychic life in the average, divided up and projected into the manifold figures of the mythological pantheon. But the mythological figures are themselves products of

creative fantasy and still have **to be translated into conceptual language. Only the beginnings of such a language exist, but once the necessary concepts are created they could give us an abstract, scientific understanding of the unconscious processes** that lie at the roots of the primordial images.

(...)

The impact of an archetype, whether it takes the form of immediate experience or is expressed through the spoken word, stirs us because it summons up a voice that is stronger than our own. **Whoever speaks in primordial images speaks with a thousand voices:** he enthral and overpowers, while at the same time he lifts the idea he is seeking to express out of the occasional and the transitory into the realm of the ever-enduring. He transmutes our personal destiny into the destiny of mankind.”

And in Chapter **Late Thoughts** of his autobiography **Memories, Dreams, Reflections**, confirms Darwin’s discoveries:

“Consciousness is phylogenetically and ontogenetically a secondary phenomenon. It is time this obvious fact were grasped at last. Just as the body has an anatomical prehistory of millions of years, so also does the psychic system. And just as the human body today represents in each of its parts the result of this evolution, and everywhere still shows traces of its earlier stages—so the same may be said of the psyche. Consciousness began its evolution from an animal-like state which seems to us unconscious, and the same process of differentiation is repeated in every child. The psyche of the child in its preconscious state **is anything but a tabula rasa**; it is already preformed in a recognizably individual way, and is moreover equipped with all specifically human instincts, as well as with the a priori foundations of the higher functions.”

Let us observe what the Spanish poet Miguel Hernández (1910-42), wrote to Vicente Aleixandre:

“Vicente: We who have been born poets among all men, life has made us poets near all men. We have sprung from the fountain of the guitars welcomed by the people, and every poet that dies lives in the hands of another poet, like an inheritance, **an instrument that comes rolling down from eternity from the void of our spread heart** and before ours another two will raise in the morning. Our foundation will always be the same: the earth. Our destiny is in the hands of the people. Only those honorable hands can contain the blood that the honorable poets spills vibrantly. He who dares stain those hands, those that dare dishonor that blood, are the traitors and murderers of the people and of poetry and no one will cleanse them: they shall drown in their own dirt.

Your voice and mine spring from the same source. What I miss in my own guitar, I find it in yours. Pablo Neruda and yourself have given me unforgettable poetic testimonies, and the people toward whom I extend all my roots, feeds and widens my yearnings and my strings with the warm blow of its noble movements.

We poets are the wind of the people and are born to be blown through its pores and lead its eyes and feeling toward the most beautiful heights. Today this passionate today, of life, of death, is pushing you, I and others in a forceful way towards the people. The people wait for the poets with the ear and soul laying at the foot of every century.”

Let us listen to Pablo Neruda (1904-1973):

The Word  
was born in **blood**,  
and grew in the darkness of the body, pulsing,  
and flew about the lips and mouth.  
Farther and then closer  
it still was coming yet  
**from deceased fathers and wandering races**,  
from lands that turned into **stone**,  
that got tired of their poor tribes,  
because when pain hit the road  
peoples moved on and arrived

and gathered new land and water  
to plant their word anew.

And so the heritage is this:  
this is the air that keeps us in touch  
with the buried man and with the dawn  
of new beings who are not yet born.

The air still trembles  
with the first word  
fashioned  
with panic and moan.

It emerged  
from the shadows  
and as yet there is no thunder  
still sounding with its hardware  
like that word,  
the first  
word uttered:  
perhaps it was just a whisper, a drop,  
and still its cataract keeps on falling.  
Then feeling fills the word.

It got pregnant and filled up with lives.  
All was births and sounds:  
affirmation, clarity, strength,  
negation, destruction, **death:**  
**the word asumed all the powers**  
and existence merged into essence  
in the electricity of its beauty.  
Human word, syllable, flank  
of long light and hard silver,  
legendary cup that welcomes  
the messages of **blood:**  
so it is that silence was created  
by the sum total of the human word  
**and to fail to speak is to die among beings:**  
language goes on all the way up to your hair,  
the mouth speaks without lips moving:  
suddenly the eyes become words.

I take the word and go all over it  
as if it were just a human shape,  
its lines delight me and I go bounding along  
on each and every accent of the language:  
I speak and I am and not speaking takes me  
to the end of words, to silence.

PREHISTORIC CAVE ART

I drink to the word lifting  
a crystalline cup or word,  
in it I drink  
the wine of language  
or the endless waters,  
**maternal spring of words,**  
and cup and water and wine

bring forth my song  
because the word is the origin  
and spreads life: it is **blood,**  
it is the **blood** that speaks of its substance  
and so its growth is set forth:  
**glass goes to glass, blood to blood,**  
and words give life to life.

---

## SECOND PART

We all know that when Charles Darwin (1809-82) published his **Origin of Man and Sexual Selection**, he so impressed the intellectual world of his time, that many of the fields of knowledge that flourished, were based upon the study of that ancient man who had been discovered by the English naturalist.

Karl Jung (1875-1962), in the chapter **The Language of Dreams** in his book **The Symbolic Life**, offers us an idea of his sources of inspiration. What he got from Darwin was mainly through Freud:

“My greatest adventure had been the study of Kant and Schopenhauer. The most important news of the day was the work of Charles Darwin.”

But let us hear Darwin:

“There is no more improbability in the **continued use of the mental and vocal organs leading to inherited changes** in their structure and functions, than in the case of hand-writing, which depends partly on the form of the hand and partly on the disposition of the mind; and handwriting is certainly inherited.

(...)

Habits that have been followed through many generations, tend to become inherited.

Darwin also cited the philosopher Herbert Spencer (1820-1903):

“I believe that useful experiences, organized and strengthened through all the former generations of the human race, have produced corresponding changes which by **continuous transfer and accumulation**, have become specific powers of moral intuition in us, certain emotions belonging to right or wrong behaviour, which have no apparent basis in individually useful experiences.”

The fact that the ability to articulate sounds is inherited has been reconfirmed by experiments with chimpanzees at two national parks in Tanzania. **Discover** magazine for December, 1992 says:

“A gasping cry is made up of four parts: A short introduction, smooth without any tone, followed by a series of progressively stronger gasps finally ending up in a very shrill cry which gradually fades out.

Primatologists discovered that Mahale chimpanzees gasp more rapidly than Gombe males and produce sharper cries made up of a wider frequency range.

When a chimpanzee is raised isolated from the rest, it makes the same gasping cries, showing that the basic call (to communicate with the tribe) is genetically programmed.”

Sigmund Freud (1856-1939), in **An Autobiographical Study** (1910), stated:

“Back then, Darwin’s theories, which at the time were of current interest, strongly attracted me because they promised an advance in our understanding of the world.”

In **Introduction to Psychoanalysis** (1916-17), he said:

“The crux of an affection is the repetition of some particular far reaching experience.”

In **Contributions to a Questionnaire on Reading** (1907), he considered Darwin’s **The Origin of Man** to be one of the ten most significant scientific books. In **Psychopathology of Everyday Life** (1901), he said:

“This great Darwin established the golden rule for the scientist, based on his intuition of the



Fig. B.—Relief from Ashurnasirpal II's palace at Nimrud, representing a winged human with an eagle's head.

Fig. B.—Relieve del palacio de Asurnasirpal II en Nimrud, que representa un humano alado con cabeza de águila.

role played by displeasure as a motive in forgetting.”

In **Totem and Taboo** (1912), Freud was inspired by Darwin's “primitive horde” in developing his Oedipal theory of patricide. In **Current Considerations on War and Death** (1915), he modeled his own theory on instincts on Darwin's theory:

“It would help us in this if we direct our psychological inquiry toward two other relationships with death, the first of which we may attribute to primitive or Prehistoric man, which still exists within each one of us, but which is hidden —

invisible to the conscience— in the deepest recesses of our mental activity.”

In **Introduction to Psychoanalysis** (1916), Lesson XVIII, **Fixation with Traumas. The Unconscious**, he recognized that Copernicus, Darwin and psychoanalysis had delivered the cruelest blows to human megalomania. Of Darwin, he said:

“The second blow fell when biological research destroyed the imaginary privileged place of man in creation, and proved that he was descended from the animal kingdom and its permanent animal nature.”

In **Resistance to Psychoanalysis** (1924), Freud identified himself with Darwin when faced with human incomprehension of the horrible truths that they had discovered about mankind. When he expressed his theory of Oedipal sexual desire in families, he pointed out:

“Terror of incest and a tremendous feeling of guilt are the remains of this Prehistoric era of man's existence. It could be that something very similar happened during a Prehistoric era of the human species in general, and that the beginnings of morality, religion and social order were intimately related to progress in overcoming this primitive era. For adults, Prehistory appears to be so terrible that they refuse to allow it to even be mentioned around them. They also got angry when psychoanalysis tried to penetrate the amnesia of their years of infancy.”

In Chapter V of **Sexual Characteristics of Vertebrates** of the Darwinian theory of sexual selection, taken from the selection published by the Renciensia Publishing House in Barcelona in 1876, Darwin's influence in Karl Jung's theory of archetypes may be seen:

“Since due to his ordinary habits and customs, neither a fancy nor a capability for song are of any direct use to mankind, we may place these

abilities in the most mysterious group presented. The indefinable sensation which is produced in us by **song**, and many other singular things intertwined with the effects of music, become completely explainable if we realize that musical sounds and rhythm were used by the simian-human ancestors of mankind during the mating period, in which all animals are subjected to the influence of the strongest passions. If this is really true, following the profound principle of inherited associations, **musical sounds could in some vague and indeterminate fashion, be awakening the internal emotions of a very remote age in us.** Upon recalling that some male quadrumana have vocal organs that are much more developed than the females, and that one species of anthropomorph can produce practically all the notes of an octave, the idea that **the ancestors of man may have expressed their sentiments through the production of sounds and musical cadences before having developed articulate language, does not seem to us to be so improbable.** When the singer today makes the audience feel the most vivid emotions through the modulations of his voice, he is very far from suspecting that he is employing the same means that his semi-human ancestors used to bring out the most burning passions in each other.”

Let us observe how the Mexican Enrique González Martínez felt ancestral music, in his poem **Ancient Theme:**

The echo of a strange **melody** came back to  
my mind  
emerging from I know not where, heard  
I know not when,  
a painful echo like the soft, fleeting  
cry of the afternoon as the day slips away.

Along the quiet path of my soul there  
appeared  
a mournful procession —my sobbing sorrows!  
Such an evocation!... heard I know not when,  
from that dismal mob the melody emerged.

Doesn't oblivion swallow its prey forever?  
Why, oh notes, do you come back to singe my  
ears  
and tear away the veil hiding my pain?

I slept dreaming of such ineffable delights...  
then you came up, painful melody,  
emerging I know not when, heard I know not  
where!

The Colombian Helcías Martán-Góngora in his poem **Notebook** of his book **Percussion Music**, also heard certain music:

When I wake from the longest silence,  
I read again the words written in the dream.  
¿Who guides my hands  
over the sheets of the notebook?  
Light and wind are the clues.  
Blood and sap in alternate movement.  
The **melody** of the oceanic chorus,  
I drank in the maternal breast,  
before I belonged to insomnia  
and descended with Christ to hell.  
The poor wisdom that I have  
comes from the sea, in which realm  
I am the nocturnal proclaimer.

Karl Jung, in Chapter XI of his book **Psychological Types**, follows Spencer and Darwin:

“I call the image **primordial when it possesses an archaic character.** I speak of its archaic character when the image is in striking accord with familiar mythological motifs. It then expresses material primarily derived from the collective unconscious, and indicates at the same time that the factors influencing the conscious situation of the moment are collective rather than personal. A personal image has neither an archaic character nor a collective significance, but expresses contents of the personal unconscious and a personally conditioned conscious situation.

The primordial image, elsewhere also termed **archetype**, is always collective i.e., it is at least

common to entire people or epochs. In all probability the most important mythological motifs are common to all times and races; I have, in fact, been able to demonstrate a whole series of motifs from Greek mythology in the dreams and fantasies of pure-bred Negroes suffering from mental disorders.

From the scientific, causal standpoint the primordial image can be conceived as a mnemonic deposit, an imprint which has arisen through the **condensation of countless processes of a similar kind. In this respect it is a precipitate and, therefore, a typical basic form, of certain ever-recurring psychic experiences.** As a mythological motif, it is a continually effective and recurrent expression that reawakens certain psychic experiences or else formulates them in an appropriate way.”

In the Chapter **Living in the Sacred** of **A Joseph Campbell Companion** (1991), Diane K. Osbon states:

“The mystery of Art is why one **rhythm** fixes you in esthetic arrest and another doesn’t. Music is nothing if not rhythm. Rhythm is the instrument of Art. Music is the organization, not only of rhythm, but of scale and of the notes played against each other: quarter notes, and so forth.”

The Spanish poet Mario Angel Marrodán in his poem **Look the Other Way**, of his book **A Pedestrian Around the Universe**, perceives certain sounds:

“There are verses to be seen that bring me all the **sounds of the heart** in the modulating evenings of the best times of our life, because said sounds are loquacious, which also beg for charity and grace of other hearts which are allowed so that their **rithms** can enrich ours. Debate —the poet’s ideal— guides his possible and wished for dialogue with the reader-listener who comes near and enters the earth to take root in it and to root it in us too. Deep and fertile earth, even if sometimes looks like it has no crust and dryness. In it the seeds are sowed, fields which are like fruitful pages. The harvest is made of thoughts which are strung in the string of the lived scenery while the treads left by the **vibration of the song** of Greek mythologies are enriched, **rithms which harmonize** our pilgrimage. (...) But this visible canvas in the summer evening, made like a **symphonic poem**, brings forth live coal that maintains the light that surprises the eye and **suckles the gaze**, for having known how to frame it ardently and solemnly.”

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## THIRD PART

For the last fifteen years I have been continuously publishing in *Norte Magazine* about discoveries in psychoanalysis involving highly schizophrenic poetic language; that is, language that is full of archetypes which may now be given a scientific explanation. In issue number 362, I noted the following:

“In **Foreward to Custance: “Wisdom, Madness and Folly”** (1951), Jung said:

‘I still remember vividly the great impression it made on me when I succeeded for the first time in deciphering the apparently complete nonsense of schizophrenic neologisms, which must have been infinitely easier than deciphering hieroglyphs or cuneiform inscriptions. While these give us authentic insight into the intellectual culture of ancient man—an achievement certainly not to be underestimated—deciphering of the products of insanity and of other manifestations of the unconscious unlocks the meaning of far older and more fundamental psychic processes, and opens the way to a psychic underworld or hinterland which is the matrix not only of the mental products of the past but of consciousness itself.’

Now, though it is true that Jung did discover the parallelism between morbid manifestations of the schizophrenic unconscious and those of folklore, mythology and religion, this writer discovered the oral-traumatic meaning of schizoid manifestations of poets, with which we are able to decipher the meaning of unconscious language or the protolanguage of humanity; so therefore, for the first time in history, the meaning of folklore, mythology and religion becomes intelligible, along with criminal behavior, dreams and of course, esthetic phenomena. For the readers of *Norte*, the criminal phenomena of Dahmer, the Milwaukee cannibal who was posses-

sed by the oral archetypes of devouring with their **sequel of blood, wounds, mutilation and decapitation**, are not unknown.”

By now, my perceptive readers must have noticed that poetry and art in general have already gone through their historical stage of inscrutability, mystery and ignorance. We are now going through a new age in the history of esthetic creation, in which the human being has found the road for interpreting the enigmas of art. We owe this finding or discovery to the scientific method which Darwin (1809-82) had already spoken of in Chapter VII, **The Human Races**, in his book **The Origin of Man**:

“When naturalists attempt to determine whether two or more neighboring forms should be considered as species or as varieties, they allow themselves to be guided in practice by the following considerations: the sum of the differences observed; their scope as to a small or great number of points of conformity; whether they have any physiological significance or not; but yet more important still, whether they are constant or not.”

Let us observe the constant of the archetype of decapitation, which comes from childhood oral trauma; for the desire to devour the maternal nipple becomes through projection, the unconscious desire (adaptation) for one’s nipple (head) to be devoured by the mother image. The painter of the Pyrenees compulsively depicts decapitated figures on the walls of caves and could have just as well officiated at the sacrifice in which he himself decapitated the victim. Let us look at several poems containing this archetype:

Where had the dwarf now gone? And the gateway? And the spider? And all the whispering? Had I been dreaming? Had I awoken? All at once I was standing between wild cliffs, alone, desolate in the most desolate **moonlight**.

But there a man was lying! And there! The dog, leaping, bristling, whining; then it saw me coming —then it howled again, then it cried out— had I ever heard a dog cry so for help?

And truly, I had never seen the like of what I then saw. I saw a young shepherd writhing, choking, convulsed, his face distorted; and a heavy, **black snake was hanging out of his mouth.**

Had I ever seen so much disgust and pallid horror on a face? Had he, perhaps, been asleep? **Then the snake had crawled into his throat — and there it had bitten itself fast.**

My hands tugged and tugged at the snake —in vain! they could not tug the snake out of the shepherd's throat. Then a voice cried out from me: **'Bite! Bite!'**

**'Its head off! Bite!'** —thus a voice cried from me, my horror, my hate, my disgust, my pity, all my good and evil cried out of me with a single cry.

You bold men around me! You venturers, adventurers, and those of you who have embarked with cunning sails upon undiscovered seas! You who take pleasure in riddles!

Solve me for the riddle that I saw, interpret for me the vision of the most solitary man!

For it was a vision and a premonition: what did I see in allegory? And who is it that must come one day?

Who is the shepherd into whose mouth the snake thus crawled? Who is the man into whose throat all that is heaviest, blackest will thus crawl?

The shepherd, however, bit as my cry had advised him; he bit with a good bite! **He spat far away the snake's head** —and sprang up.

No longer a shepherd, no longer a man— a transformed being, surrounded with light, laughing! Never yet on earth had any man laughed as he laughed!

O my brothers, I heard a laughter that was no human laughter —and now a thirst consumes me, a longing that is never stilled.

My longing for this laughter consumes me: oh how do I endure still to live! And how could I endure to die now!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Friedrich Nietzsche  
(1844-1900)

The twilight wanes  
and the sky has  
a color like the varied  
hues of light in mother of pearl  
**The moon bursts forth  
like a bloody and bald  
human head!**

Through the branches  
it slowly comes up  
its expression is roguish,  
mocking and wise.  
Oh, what a sarcastic,  
red, macabre  
**severed head!**

Salvador Díaz Mirón  
(1853-1928)

It was a fantastic gallop through the jungle. It was the strange vision of a frightful dream...

Over the mournful darkness of the night that enveloped the hills, **a red half-moon lifted its blade.**

**With its head stretched way out,**  
the bushiness of its tail waving in the wind,  
this mount was running, full of tragic greatness,  
galloping right through the soundless and empty  
jungle.

José Santos Chocano  
(1875-1934)

At night mother was strange and mysterious. One night I saw coming from her door a faintly luminous, indefinite figure **whose head detached itself from the neck** and floated along in front of it, in the air, **like a little moon.**

Karl Jung  
(1875-1962)

**My head** and the wind  
hang down below insomnia...  
Just like a taper the world  
looks for you around my forehead.

**My body, headless,  
flies under the moon...**

Lonesomeness in my eyes!

On my errant forehead  
your two dead hands.

Emilio Prados  
(1899-1962)

**Headless, at your feet, my dream is bleeding.**

How can I make it go up to my forehead,  
return, mechanical flower, falsehood?

Open up the portholes! Break, **moon**,  
foul dagger of the wind, for I'm choking,  
break, wound, kill that picture!

And wind up the sun, because it has melted.

Rafael Alberti  
(1902)

**Headless horseman,**

horseman who like a child searching among the chaff  
for keys just cut

seductive **snakes**, luxurious disasters,  
ships to land slowly of flesh,  
of flesh until dying just like a man dies.

(...)

Far away sings the West,  
the West that years ago my hands  
thought they could trap like the air of the **moon**;  
but **the moon is wood**, my hands melt away drop by  
drop just like tears.

Luis Cernuda  
(1902-63)

Only the seagulls and children at first communion  
can hold anything like the skin of the **full moon** in

their beaks. That is why blue does not hurt them nor  
is their blood red. I wonder why they **cut the throats  
of so many first communion children** on the ocean  
shore?

José María Hinojosa  
(1904-36)

Because of your friendly and circumspect  
perfidy and your ranting

**My throat turns to ice in the slash**

of your circumspect treason...

And I swear, by the select  
science of your trickery,  
it will go off with disdainful laughter  
to your spleen,  
when my gallant skull dies,  
**to bite you in the guts!**

Julio Herrera y Reissig  
(1875-1910)

The same as a magnolia  
your cold **little head is cut off**  
Like the big lilies around April,  
you have grown with death, in a tragic  
snowy spring.

—Everything looks smaller on you...—

Juan Ramón Jiménez  
(1881-1958)

**Softly do I show my throat  
to the executioners**

and with strange piety  
in this tragedy I smile.

Porfirio Barba Jacob  
(1883-1942)

PREHISTORIC CAVE ART

**If they had cut my throat clean through,** my pain would be the same. Actually, if life were really any different, my pain would be the same. Today I suffer from higher up. Today I am just still suffering.

César Vallejo  
(1892-1938)

It's resting on me  
Heart unknowing  
To see if I love it  
Trusting and forgetting  
Its eyelids are clouds above  
Its head slumbering in my hands  
We are there where  
Inseparable mixture  
Lively, lively  
I'm alive, it's alive  
**My head rolling in its dreams.**

Paul Eluard  
(1895-1952)

A hand on a **severed head**  
The feet  
Your forehead  
Your back a deluge  
Your landslide stomach a thigh of shimmers  
A stone that turns another that stands up and  
    slumbers standing  
An enchanted horse a bush of stone a bed of stone

César Moro  
(1903-56)

The walls of glass, memory  
discovering distances and positions,  
crafted. **Headless body of air,**  
hollow suit of the missing in the closet,  
gave my memory the motive.  
I saw the sea behind the walls. On the beach,  
my childhood and ancestors hand in hand.

Manuel Altolaguirre  
(1906-59)

Thus I sobbed about the world.

What livid light, what spectral watching emptiness,  
what absence of God on my **fallen head,**  
watched over my trembling body without limits?

**Oh, mother, mother, only in your arms do I feel  
my misery! Only at your breast, made martyr by  
my tears,**

do I give myself up, only in you do I crumble.

Vicente Aleixandre  
(1898-1984)

They are sleeping rocking and knotted up  
by the gust of watchful eyes,  
the sempervivum that are boiling in the shade,  
**the maternal seeds of punishment,**  
terrible eggs of spring  
at the end, **caves of lightning,**

there they are still awake,  
never failing, in the allied  
heart of the night, and there they wait.  
At its feet, with wounded shimmering,  
the **river of milk** goes raging by  
the jealous gully is howling,  
and it runs, runs, runs,  
surfeited with **heads from executioners,**  
through the deaf twilight  
searching for the deltas of hell amidst steep  
    canyons.

Sara de Ibáñez  
(1910-71)

**They chop the man's head off.**

On all fours, the man searches for his head.

The woman cries for the man.

The man cries

with his own head under his arm.

The woman and **decapitated man**

embrace, and touch each other.

**The woman begins to nurse the head  
of her partner.**

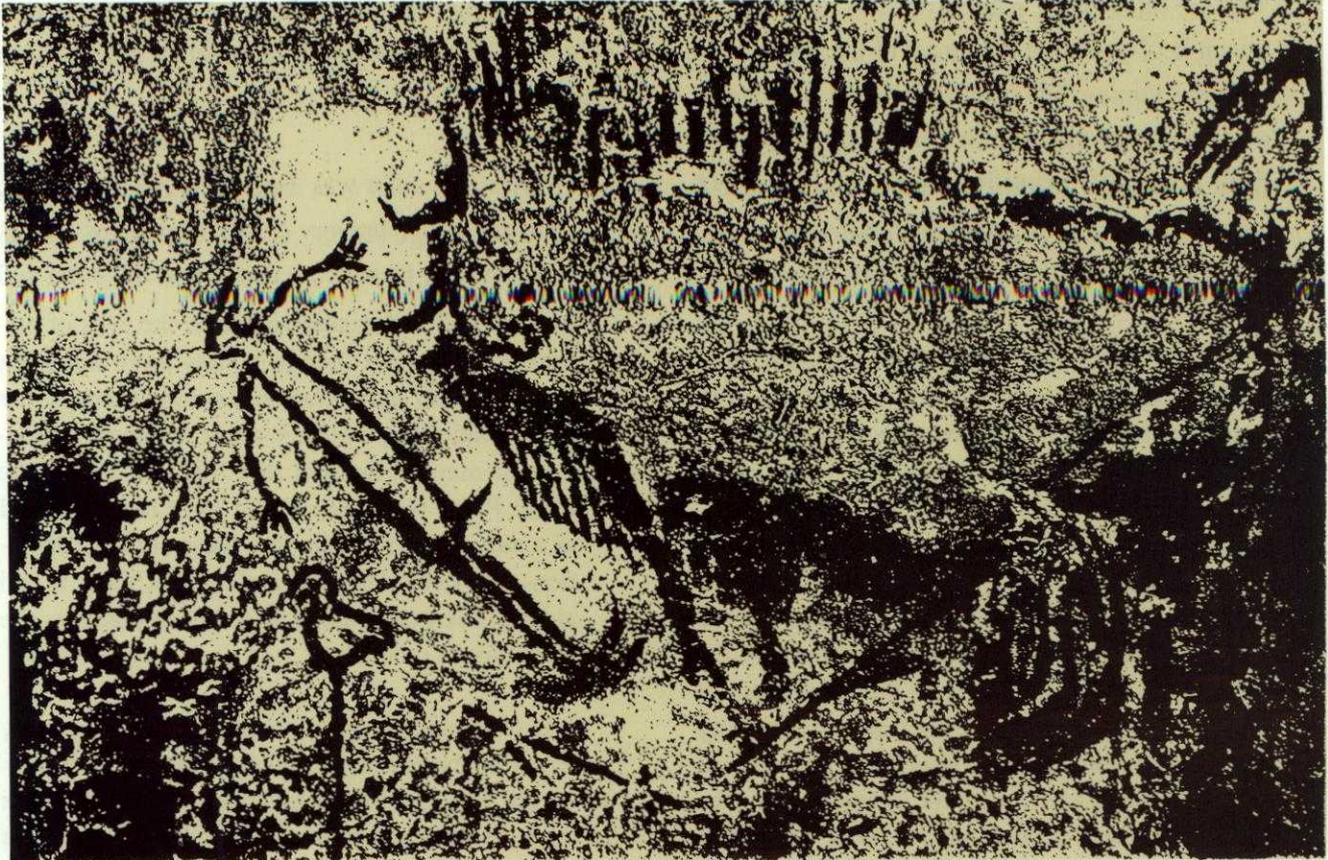


Fig. C.— Human with bird's head and erect penis before a speared bison. Lascaux.

Fig. C.— Humano con cabeza de pájaro y pene erecto ante un bisonce lanceado. Lascaux.

The body of the **headless man**  
 twitches like the tail of a lizard.  
 The mob yells deliriously.  
 The woman holds the head in her lap.  
 The master's whip whines with menace.  
 The woman and headless man  
 take a bow  
 and the Light reveals them in the center of the ring.

Manuel Silva Acevedo

The Asturian anthropologist and painter Magín Berenguer, in Chapter VIII, **The Caves of the Township of Ribadesella**, of the book we are now dealing with, observes:

“The truly amazing thing about the figures at the **Les Pedroses** cave is that with the exception of

the horse described at the beginning, all the rest have been **shown without a head**. Though they are nothing spectacular at all from the standpoint of artistic quality, they definitely are from the standpoint of these **missing heads**. Even though there are a few examples of isolated figures shown with this feature, until now the only group depiction we have is at **Les Pedroses**. This collection provides us with one of those very clear examples of richness and variety of ritual formulas within the magical —religious orientation that pervaded the development of Prehistoric Art. We do not know what these **headless** animals might have meant, but they do show us that they were a result of a situation involving new, far reaching dictates and not just any mere whim.”

Darwin established the theory of existence of primordial images:

“On the other hand, naturalists who admit to the principle of evolution (and most of the young ones are now joining this group), will not hesitate to recognize that **all human races are descended from one single primitive trunk**; whether or not they think it is useful to call them different species in order to express the breadth of their differences.”

Octavio Paz, in his poem **Head of an Angel**, from his book **Quicksand** (1949), provides us with the archetypes of blood and wounds that appear in all poetry:

...and then **the Moors were cutting off my head with a very white cutlass and a stream of blood was coming out of my neck**, that wet the ground like a red waterfall and a multitude of little red flowers sprang up from the ground and it was a miracle and then everyone was leaving and I remained alone in that field letting out blood for days and days and irrigating the flowers and it was another miracle that **the blood wouldn't stop running out until another angel would come along and put my head on again** but just imagine if in his haste he were to put it on backwards.

In Chapter V **Prehistoric Art in Asturias** of this book, Magín Berenguer mentions the compulsion of the cave artist in showing the wounds on the animals he painted:

“There are several signs along with these zoomorphic figures that I would like to emphasize, such as shapeless red spots on the surface of the bodies of some of the animals depicted, that could be interpreted as **wounds**. There are red spots with shapes appearing to be weapons, painted with a direct relationship to the surface of the bodies of the animals depicted: a lance tip pointed at the head of a wild boar; (fig. 52), a lance tip piercing a bison; an axe piercing around the left shoulder area of the large engraved bison; (fig. 62) a red heart-shaped spot on the left shoulder of the elephant (fig. 64).”

In Chapter VIII the author also gives us his opinion on the ideomorphic value of ochre in these paintings:

“Maybe this color was used for protective magic; or to encourage bravery or life, or perhaps all this together. But there is no doubt that the color red in itself had undeniable virtues in the eyes of primitive man, even though it may have not been involved with stylization, and simply perhaps due to its relationship with the **color of blood**. Therefore, it may be thought that this hall where the Great Panel was made might have been selected as a **sanctuary** much before these stylistic depictions had been designed and by that time, it had already been designated as a sacred place by the large blot of ochre.”

It is possible that our most remote ancestors may have started expressing articulate sounds to communicate the image of the archetypes that would appear to them in their dreams of anguish; that is, their nightmares. The wall paintings, and sculpture still earlier, could have predated the word. We can imagine the babbling of our cave dwelling ancestors, trying to convey the same symbols that our poets today are unconsciously repeating.

José Ortega y Gasset (1883-1955), in **Man and People** (II), provides us with a poetic genesis of language:

“But I do wish to point out that in addition to the theological doctrine that makes man a sort of divine creation, and the zoological doctrine keeping him within the normal confines of the animal world, there is a third point of view which sees man as an abnormal animal. **His abnormality would have consisted of that overabundance of images, of phantasmagorias, that started to flow from him, creating an “inner world” within him.** According to this, man would be, and by several meanings of the word, a fantastic animal. This internal richness, foreign to other animals, gave a totally

new character to the relationships and type of communications existing among them; because what was involved now was not a mere sending and receiving of useful signals about the situation around them, but a manifestation of an exuberant **intimateness** which oppressed these beings inside, disturbing, exciting and scaring them by demanding an escape to the outside, an involvement, and true companionship; that is, an attempt at interpretation. Zoological utilitarianism is not enough to show us the **birth of language**. The signal associated with something that exists or is happening outside and can be perceived is not enough; rather, it must be assumed that each one of those beings had an uncontainable need to make clear to the rest, what was boiling up hidden inside him: the **intimate fantastic world**; a lyrical need for confession. But since these things from the inside world cannot be perceived, it is not enough just to "name them". The very signal had to become an expression; that is, a signal conveying a value in itself; a meaning. Only an animal who "has a lot to say" about what is "not there" in its surroundings, can never be satisfied with a **system of signals**. Rather, he rebels against the limitation that this imposes, and this rebellion allows him to overcome it. What is curious is that this battle against a deficient means of communication to which the "invention" of language seems to be attributed, is something that continues along with it and keeps on acting with an unending series of small creations. This is how the constant battle is between the individual, the person, who wants to say all the new things that have sprung up inside him and that others do not see, and the already made language —the fruitful battle of saying and speaking."

In **Discover** magazine for July, 1990, an article **The Old Masters** by Pat Shipman was published, that says:

"Lascaux is not an ice age anomaly. Other animal paintings, many exquisitely crafted, adorn hun-

dreds of caves throughout the Dordogne and the French Pyrenees and the region known as Cantabria on the northern coast of Spain. All these images were created by the people we commonly call Cro-Magnons, who lived during the Upper Paleolithic Period, between 10,000 and 30,000 years ago, when Europe lay in the harsh grip of the Ice Age.

What did this wonderful art mean, and what does it tell us about the prehistoric humans who created it? These questions have been asked since the turn of the century, when cave paintings in Spain were first definitively attributed to Paleolithic humans. Until recently the dominant answers were based on rather sweeping **symbolic interpretations** —attempts, as it were, to read the Paleolithic psyche.

(...)

In the 1960's this view was brushed aside for a much more complex, Freudian approach that was brought into fashion by anthropologist André Leroi-Gourhan. He saw the cave paintings as a series of mythograms, or symbolic depictions, of how Paleolithic people viewed their world —a world split between things male and female. Femaleness was represented by animals such as the bison and aurochs (which were sometimes juxtaposed with human female figures in the paintings), and maleness was embodied by such animals as the horse and ibex (which, when accompanied by human figures, were shown only with males)."

Magín Berenguer in Chapter IV, **Art in the Upper Paleolithic**, mentioned something that has to do with the birth of the alphabet:

"It has been repeatedly said that Paleolithic Art was essentially **animalistic**,

(...)

But in addition to this animalistic repertoire, prehistoric man also set forth a series of messages in abstract shapes, which to date still cannot be read, or at least not in a plausible fashion, despite

the numerous attempts that have been proposed and sundry hypotheses that have been ventured. These are the so-called **signs or ideomorphs**, an appropriate designation put forth by Professor Jordá. This is because their representations are so unexplicit, and their apparently stylized shapes fail to suggest even indirectly, the animate or inanimate world around the society that put them down, with only rare exceptions. A special nomenclature has been developed for this group of abstract shapes according to the special features of these signs: tectiform, branch shaped, key shaped, grate shaped, etc., as the imaginative wanderings of the mind go along making up images to recall the ambiguous designation. But one thing is certain, which is that the code of this whole group of signs is unknown. It is a secret code whose meaning we have been unable to penetrate. If one day we were able to do so, the soul of Prehistoric man would show us the heights to which the subtlety of his rhythms and sustaining notes had taken him."

Karl Jung (1875-1962), in **Psychology and Literature** from his book **Modern Man in Search of a Soul** (1933) tells us:

"Yet, even in our midst, **the poet now and then catches sight of the figures that people the night-world** —the spirits, demons and gods. He knows that a purposiveness out-reaching human ends is the life-giving secret for man; he has a presentiment of incomprehensible happenings in the pleroma. In short, he sees something of that psychic world that strikes terror into the savage and the barbarian.

From the very first beginnings of human society onward man's efforts to give his vague intimations a binding form have left their traces. Even in the Rhodesian cliff-drawings of the **Old Stone Age** there appears, side by side with the most amazingly life-like representations of animals, an **abstract pattern** —a double cross contained in a circle. This design has turned up in every cultural region, more or

less, and we find it today not only in Christian churches, but in Tibetan monasteries as well. It is the so-called sun wheel, and as it dates from a time when no one had thought of wheels as a mechanical device, it cannot have had its source in any experience of the external world. It is rather **a symbol that stands for a psychic happening; it covers an experience of the inner world**, and is no doubt as lifelike a representation as the famous rhinoceros with the tick-birds on its back. There has never been a primitive culture that did not possess a system of secret teaching, and in many cultures this system is highly developed. The men's councils and totem-clans preserve this teaching about hidden things that lie apart from man's daytime existence— things which, from primeval times, have always constituted his most vital experiences. Knowledge about them is handed on to younger men in the rites of initiation. The mysteries of the Græco-Roman world performed the same office, and the rich mythology of antiquity is a relic of such experiences in the earliest stages of human development."

We have compared the pictorial artists of the Paleolithic with our poets so we can get closer to their psyche. In the creation of a poem, whether it be lyrical, pictorial or musical, the **conscious** part of the individual is involved, which in the case of the Cro-Magnon, was perfectly familiar with the animals he was drawing. Also involved in poetic creation, is the appearance of messages from the **unconscious** in the form of archetypes or symbols recognized by Jung and classified by me.

We can find an evident example in the following cave painting from Lascaux (fig. A) where next to the bison, we can see three archetypes that are well known to us. The bird and the lance are symbols of the aggressive maternal nipple. The human being with a bird's head and erect penis is a totemic figure created to counter the unconscious fear of the maternal breast, which is an erect gland penetrating the mouth of the helpless child.

Freud, in **Leonardo da Vinci and a Memory of his Childhood** (1910), puts down the same image appearing 15,000 years later:

“The Egyptians also worshipped a Mother Goddess, who was represented as having a **vulture’s head**, or else several heads, of which at least one was a vulture’s.

(...)

It would be interesting to enquire how it could be that the ancient Egyptians came to choose the vulture as a symbol of motherhood.

(...)

Now this **vulture-headed mother goddess** was usually represented by the Egyptians with a phallus; her body was female, as the breasts indicated, but it also had a male organ in a state of erection.

In the goddess Mut, then, we find the same combination of maternal and masculine characteristics as in Leonardo’s phantasy of the vulture.”

Freud, the same as Jung, studied mythology in order to compare it with a dream of his that he included in **The Interpretation of Dreams** (1900):

“It is dozens of years since I myself had a true anxiety dream. But I remember one from my seventh or eighth year, which I submitted to interpretation some thirty years later. It was a very vivid one, and in it I saw my beloved mother, with a peculiarly peaceful sleeping expression on her features, being carried into the room by two (or three) **people with birds’ beaks** and laid upon the bed. I awoke in tears and screaming, and interrupted my parents’ sleep.”



Fig. D.—Drawing of a cave man.

Fig. D.—Dibujo idealizado del hombre de las cavernas.

# PREHISTORIC CAVE ART

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## AUTHOR'S NOTE

This book has been thought of and written for the general public. This does not mean that the archaeologist will not gain any professional insights of unknown or orientative nature by its contents. But its abbreviated and flexible explanatory layout is directed towards that majority of people who wish to get to know the work of art by means of an approach which has human style and warmth, free from that coldness –which has overtones of dissection– so abundant in bibliographic notes, and taking into account that these tend towards the specialist's profession, a circumstance lacking in attractiveness for a public who has no link with that profession and who, nonetheless, wishes to attain a knowledge of horizons which are to a great extent unknown to it.

Another idea which has motivated this book has been this; to bring into people's private libraries, not only the specimens themselves, but also the environment in which they evolved and the peoples who made them possible, laid out in such a way that it communicates spontaneously and sincerely, free from the veils which can inhibit vision.

An important aspect which I do not wish to avoid underlining merely because of its obviousness is that of graphic illustration. For the first time and in great detail the treasure of prehistoric paintings and engravings of Asturian caves is made known, in totally faithful reproductions which, through years of work in difficult circumstances –sacrificing along the way a great part of my creative activity as a painter–, I have succeeded in bringing together the collection which I now hand over for the knowledge and enjoyment of Prehistoric Asturian Art. Let it be so.

I must mention that, before making the copies of the mural paintings and drawings, a patient task of research was first necessary, in order to correctly interpret the piece of work created by the prehistoric artist. For this reason I have added to the illustrations: “According to Magín Berenguer”, summarising what would be no doubt more illuminating but excessively long if we employed a sentence saying: “Pictorial interpretation and copy of the original by Magín Berenguer”. Nevertheless, this circumlocution is made, not to add merit to my task, but to clarify that mine is the responsibility for the content of the graphic specimens, the paternity of which I assume.

Lastly, I must also make clear that for my copies of the stone engravings, which Prehistoric man used for his purely delineative representations, I have drawn with a white line in order to make them visible. Their formation, by engraving on the hard rock surface, is highly difficult to see in its entirety in most cases, and sometimes completely impossible.

MAGIN BERENGUER

# PREHISTORIC CAVE ART IN NORTHERN SPAIN ASTURIAS

## BACKGROUND INTRODUCTION

Upon beginning this work, which will attempt to present an overview in stages of Art developed in Asturias, the first of these stages will refer to Prehistory. It will be a good idea in this endeavor to first provide some background on some of the researchers who went about building foundations to support a framework and working discipline in their initial tasks, to start discovering the prehistory of Humanity.

Gradually, an analysis of the evidence left by our ancient forefathers has been providing us with an image of them and of their living environment. Stormy polemics, full of tremendous efforts and volumes of discourses, most of which are worthless, from which a new specific trait may be culled, refined the profile and personality of this fragment of mankind lost in the remoteness of the past.

Within this lengthy list of those first dedicated researchers who were possessed by the ambition to discover the mysteries of that past, I would like to emphasize the name of Jacob Boucher de Perthes. I find myself attracted to this name (1988 was the bicentennial of his birth) as a result of my admiration for the work of this fine researcher who with clear intuition and sharp focus, provided his works with priceless worth and initiative (fig. 1).

Jacob Boucher, born in Amiens, had a dual road in his vocation; one led to the noble discipline of Literature and the other, to the equally noble discipline of Archeology. For such reason, and thanks to his duality, he was able to develop the method that made Prehistoric Archeology possible. One of his many great contributions was to provide it with a cultural system of chronology known as the Three Ages

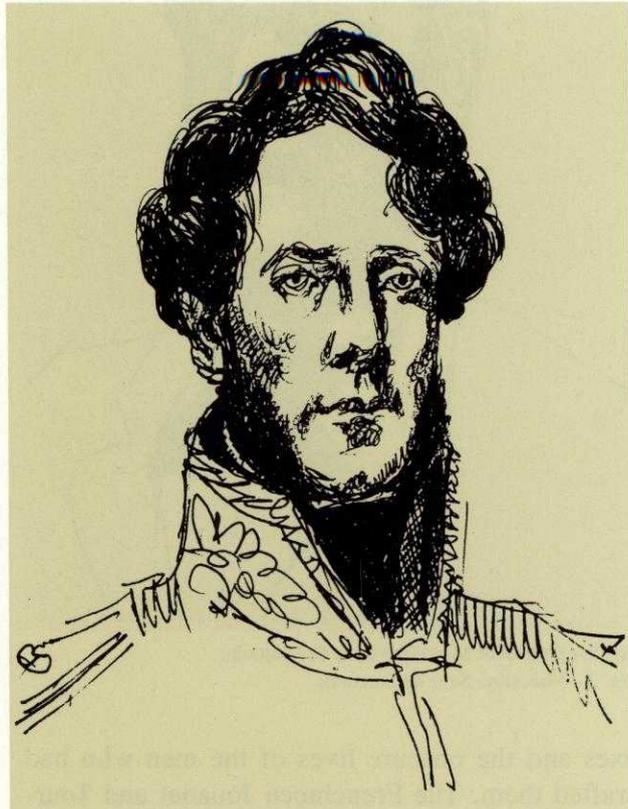


Fig. 1.—Portrait of Jacob Boucher de Perthes.

Fig. 1.— Jacobo Boucher de Perthes.

of Humanity: the Stone, Bronze and the Iron Ages.

He began his voyage to prehistory at the terraces of the Somme close to Abbeville, in a search for a connection between the present and the remote past. He unearthed stone pieces with evident signs of having been made by humans; pieces that were salvaged from layers holding the skeletal remains of animals classified as antediluvian.

There were, of course, others who came before him in researching this remote past of Humanity. By the 18th Century, the Englishmen Conyers and Frere were already analyzing flint



Fig. 2.—Portrait of Marcelino Sanz de Sautuola.  
Fig. 2.—Marcelino Sanz de Sautuola.

axes and the obscure lives of the men who had crafted them. The Frenchmen Jouanet and Tournal were also pioneers in these impassioned searches. Jouanet studied pieces found while digging in caves in Perigord; Tournal, in the Aude region back in the first quarter of the 19th Century.

In order to grasp an idea of the truth about these men of over one million years ago, it was necessary to have the imagination and sensitivity of a man of literature, and the powers of observation and methodical procedure of an archeologist, which came together in the personality of Jacob Boucher de Perthes. Because of this, he challenged official science, which had run aground on traditional theories and was rigidly and blindly respected by a society that was already being impacted by the reaction to Darwinian speculations (this he did with gallantry and good reasoning). However, all this was received with

complete disbelief and merry joking. These arrogant and outdated theories were meticulously enforced by the wise *official* and highest *pontiff* of Paleontology, Jorge Leopoldo Cristino Cuvier, who always voiced his disapproval of what he called the *inaccuracies* of J. Boucher. Nonetheless, the latter was able to make his experiences public through books with titles such as: *Antediluvian Man and His Works; Of Whom Are We the Children?* after Cuvier's death in 1846, *Antediluvian Celtic Antiquities* was published. By 1858 he had followers such as the Englishmen Falconer, a paleontologist, Lyell a geologist and Evans an archeologist. He was still able to teach ten more years until 1868 when his voice was finally silenced by death.

Many other names were to be added to the list of this Frenchman and his British followers, paving the formal road to Prehistoric research and clearing free of weeds. Yet, his voyage ended far from the finish line; for despite the progress made in the field of research, even today we can still write about the Prehistory of Mankind as that *practically unknown period*. Overall guidelines for the study of this period are still dominated by the formula that made the work of Jacob Boucher possible: observation, method, sensitivity and imagination; these last two for putting the missing parts of a puzzle with many lost or yet unknown pieces back together.

This preamble, in which we are remembering and honoring those who first illuminated the dark horizon of our Prehistory, would be incomplete if we did not include the name of an extraordinary Spaniard: Marcelino Sanz de Sautuola. He had the good fortune to discover the greatness of Prehistoric wall Art and make it known to the world. He also suffered the great misfortune of departing from this uncertain life before his discoveries were ever believed (fig. 2).

On a chilly fall morning in 1868, the same morning on which Jacob Boucher died, Modesto