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CHAPTER 10

A Lesson in Happiness

Animals and Nostalgia in the Travel Stories of Leonhard Huizinga

Esther Op de Beek

Abstract

This chapter focuses on the function of animals in nostalgic discourse in modern Dutch travel stories, particularly those of writer Leonhard Huizinga (1903-1980). In his travelogues, Huizinga depicts himself as a misanthropic traveller who prefers the companionship of animals to that of humans. Travelling with animals reminds him of an unspoiled past. The question, both posed and answered, is to what extent the animals he describes constitute a form of nostalgia that not only serves the narrator, *or* are central to a more reflective form of nostalgia that serves the relationship between human and non-human species. In answering this question, attention is paid to Svetlana Boym's theoretical insights on nostalgia and to the dynamic tension between text and image in Huizinga's travel stories.

Keywords: Nostalgia, travel writing, animals, Dutch literature, Leonhard Huizinga

'Whoever travels with the animals, will never be alone.'[1] This is the title of a collection of travel stories by the Dutch writer Leonhard Huizinga (1906-1980) from 1977. In these stories, Huizinga, who is probably best known in the Netherlands as the author of the picaresque novel *Adriaan en Olivier* (1939), and as the son of the renowned historian Johan Huizinga and Mary Vincentia Schorer, assigns an intriguing role to animals. Huizinga depicts himself, the narrator of the stories, as someone who shies away from people and prefers to travel alone through nature with only the company of animals. The birds, monkeys, and horses he encounters, prevent him from feeling lonely and remind him of an unspoiled past. Huizinga's relations with animals seem to serve the self-image of a melancholic and nostalgic traveller who avoids the ugliness of modern life and longs for the lost paradise of his younger days.

In recent research on travel writing, much attention has been paid to the discourse of nostalgia. Many modern travel writers share a sense of displacement, a way to characterise themselves as individuals who are at home, neither in the destinations they visit, nor in the places they have left behind.[2] Political anthropologist

Leonhard Huizinga, 1945. Photograph: Piet van der Ham. Collection Anefo/Nationaal Archief.

Debbie Lisle illustrates how, at a time when there is no area left to discover, contemporary travel authors produce a nostalgic discourse to counter the structural inconvenience with this dishonourable, almost embarrassing role.[3] They are, in her words, 'belated travellers', in the sense that they arrive too late for the exotic, unexplored, or adventurous, which turns them into the worst thing imaginable, namely: tourists. Having missed the authentic experience once offered by a world that was already disappearing, they react by expressing anti-tourist attitudes and behaviour.

Up to now, no attention has been paid to the function that animals can play in both the narrative construction of a nostalgic discourse, and the experience of being 'belated'. Yet several roles are imaginable. Animals can be part of the lost world that is longed for, or part of the complicated or disappointing present that stirs a longing for the past. Their role in travel stories may serve the construction of desire. Indeed, as the other contributions to this volume make clear, they remind one of a time when horses were still a significant form of transport, when unknown areas were yet to be 'discovered' by adventurers, and animals and their environments were seen as 'exotic' – to name but a few. At the same time, they can be found and encountered in modern environments that are westernised, commercialised, and somewhat disappointing, all due to human intervention, and in which the animals themselves are not complicit. One way or another, these functions will complement those proposed by Elizabeth Leane, who in her chapter on animals in *The Research Companion to Travel Writing,* mentions – as also referred earlier in this book – the animal as quest object, as instrument of travel, and as companion.[4]

The question I want to answer in this contribution is to what extent we should think of the animals that populate nostalgic discourse in Leonhard Huizinga's travel stories as instrumental to a form of nostalgia that serves the narrator, *or* as central to a more reflective form of nostalgia that serves the relationship between human and non-human species. In answering this question, I will also consider the effect exerted by the dynamic tension between text and image in the later travel stories.

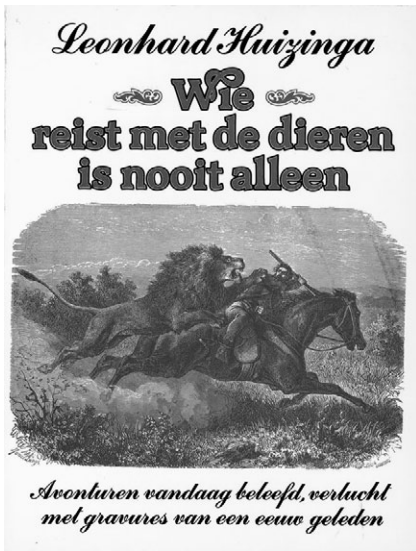
I will use Svetlana Boym's literary theoretical insights on nostalgia to answer these questions.[5] In accordance with Lisle, Boym sees nostalgia as 'a mourning

for the impossibility of mythical return, for the loss of an "enchanted world" with clear borders and values'.[6] However, where Lisle points to the intrinsic harmfulness of nostalgia as a discourse, Boym shows that nostalgia also carries a critical and empathetic potential, depending on which narrative structure that nostalgia follows. Boym elaborates this view by making a distinction between 'restorative' and 'reflective' nostalgia.[7] In this chapter, Boym's ideas of the narrative structure of 'reflective nostalgia' enable an analysis of the role of human-animal relationships in the construction of a nostalgic discourse.

In this contribution, I want to focus on two collections of stories by Leonhard Huizinga that can be regarded as fitting the category of travel writing. The first is *Marokko, het land van het dode paard* (Morocco, the land of the dead horse), published in 1972. Some stories from this collection have been reissued in the second collection to be analysed: *Wie reist met de dieren is nooit alleen* (Who travels with the animals is never alone), published five years later in 1977. As the subtitle – *Avonturen vandaag beleefd, verlucht met gravures van een eeuw geleden* (Adventures experienced today, illuminated with engravings from a century ago) – makes clear, the latter book is a rather curious work: an intriguing mix of autobiographical travel stories and engravings of adventure trips, expeditions, or hunting scenes in Africa, dating from a century earlier.

For several reasons, Huizinga's travel stories offer a perfect case study via which to explore the functions of animals in nostalgic discourse. First, these rather unknown stories are teeming with animals. This is rather exceptional for the domain of Dutch travel writing of this period, which was mostly published in popular magazines, such as the glossy magazine *Avenue* and the weekly *Elsevier*. In these more journalistically oriented travel reports, a wider range of topics – from politics and city life, to culture and local habits – is discussed, and thus the focus on animals is less decisive than in Huizinga's work.

The animals in Huizinga's stories are always involved in the reflection on, and the experience of, time and place. His work thus offers us our second opportunity, this time to complement international reflections on nostalgia in travel writing – a discourse that is characteristic of modern travelogues – with a focus on animals.[8] Huizinga published his travel texts in the 1970s, a period of increasing prosperity and leisure time, and hence of increasing mass tourism in the Netherlands. Characteristic of travel texts of this period is the depiction of both the positive aspects of travelling – how it brings new perspectives and knowledge, and gives a sense of freedom and pleasure – and the negative effects of tourism and globalisation.[9] This tension causes discomfort to journalists or travel writers, who typically regard themselves as curious, open-minded beings. They explicitly distance themselves from mass tourism or its promotion.[10] At the same time, however, these travel writers realise that, by the mere act of writing about their experiences abroad, they unavoidably contribute to



Front cover of Leonhard Huizinga, *Wie reist met de dieren is nooit alleen* (1977). Private collection.

the negative effects. This tension can be seen in all Western travel writing of this period and is often tackled with self-relativisation and self-mockery, but also with nostalgic longing.[11] In that respect, Huizinga's work seems to be typical, not only of his time, but also of modern travel writing more generally.

A third reason to choose Huizinga's texts concerns the generic peculiarity of these relatively unknown travel stories. Some are published, as previously mentioned, in an unusual combination with historical engravings. This combination arouses curiosity: How should we interpret this juxtaposition of actual travel experiences and adventurous scenes from the past? What desires, comments, or ambivalences are expressed in the combination of text and image? Last, my analysis will bring the work of Leonhard Huizinga from oblivion, and possibly nuance his image as the author of only one popular work of fiction (and its sequels), namely *Adriaan en Olivier*.

I first introduce this and other work by Huizinga. I then elaborate the theoretical perspective throughout my analysis in two phases: Initially, I analyse Lisle's conceptualisation of nostalgia in the first collection of Huizinga's travel stories. I then explore the possibility of a more reflexive nostalgia by focusing on the combination of text and images in the second collection of travel stories.

Leonhard Huizinga and his travelogues

After completing a bachelor's degree in law at the University of Leiden, Leonhard Huizinga started to travel at the age of 21. He travelled throughout Persia and the Soviet Union, worked on a farm in Morocco for half a year, and worked as a tea and rubber planter on Java, in the Dutch East Indies. In the mid-1930s, he returned to the Netherlands and started a career as a journalist and writer (both fiction and nonfiction). He worked for the newspaper *De Telegraaf* and published several books for commercial companies, such as Shell.

Huizinga owed his great popularity mainly to his book *Adriaan en Olivier*, an ironic-humorous picaresque novel.[12] Between its first publication in November 1939 and 1941, three more editions of *Adriaan en Olivier* were published, although further reprints were banned during the German occupation. Immediately after the war, the book proved increasingly popular: Three subsequent reprints, and even a jigsaw puzzle depicting the main protagonists – Adriaan en Olivier – followed. From 1963, *Adriaan and Olivier* was included in the Dutch Salamander series and was reprinted many times, followed by several (less successful) sequels.

Yet, in the more prestigious literary domain, Huizinga received little appreciation and recognition during his life, and until now, his work received little if any attention in academic circles. Notwithstanding this lack of recognition, Huizinga published a number of interesting and curious literary texts. In 1945, for instance, his diary *Zes kaarsen voor Indië* (Six candles for India) appeared. The diary, which contains a nostalgic description of the Dutch East Indies, consists of six chapters, symbolically referred to as 'candles'. The book was released by the underground magazine *Ons Volk* (Our people) during the Second World War and was commissioned and written for the Australian Overseas Information Committee. In 1952, Huizinga gained a rather large audience with his ironic history of the Dutch and their so called 'civilised' society in *Zo schreed de beschaving voort* (That is how civilisation progressed). In *Bezeten wereld* (Haunted world, 1963), Huizinga offered a travel omnibus of the art of travelling through space and time. The book ironically deals with the mores and habits of tourists. Its title resonates with a well-known quote from Leonhard Huizinga's internationally renowned father, Johan Huizinga, from 1935: 'We live in a haunted world and we know it. It would come as no surprise to anyone if madness suddenly broke out into a frenzy, leaving this poor European humanity in stupor and bewilderment, engines still running and flags still flying, but the spirit gone.'[13] Leonhard Huizinga published his *Herinneringen aan mijn vader* (Memories of my father) about his childhood in 1963.

As may have already become apparent, the selection of material for the present analysis is based on dual criteria: that the collected stories can be counted as travel writing and that they involve animals. The latter can be determined quickly in Huizinga's case, if only because as indicated in the subtitles of the two texts, they revolve around travelling with animals. However, whether all the stories in the collections chosen here can actually be called travel stories, and whether there are no other travel stories in other collections, is more difficult to answer. Generally, travel literature cannot be easily demarcated from other genres. In this context, Jonathan Raban's reflection on the genre is often quoted when he observes that travel writing is a 'notoriously raffish open house where very different genres are likely to end up in the same bed'.[14] Travel writing as a genre accommodates the private diary, the essay, the short story, the prose poem, the rough note, and polished table talk, as he argues, 'with indiscriminate hospitality'.[15] Like much travel writing,

Huizinga's travel stories are a hybrid mixture of travel accounts, autobiographical reflections, fiction, columns, and satire. Paying attention to the hybrid appearance in these two collections of Huizinga, which quite obviously meet the two criteria, helps us to chart the generic breadth of modern Dutch travel writing, and the way in which it produces nostalgic discourse.

Travelling with the animals

In the travel stories in *Marokko, het land van het dode paard*, the 'incorrigible adventurer' Huiziga, as the cover text ironically states, returns to the land of his eternal homesickness: Morocco. The stories describe that journey and his encounters with jackals, vultures, storks, and eagles, but also with various travelling companions and people along the way. The subtitle of the collection is: 'I travel with the animals'. As we will see, Huizinga explains in detail what he means by this, and makes an effort to encourage his readers to start travelling with the animals as well, which he calls 'a lesson in happiness'.[16] I first give an impression of the way in which animals are at the centre of the storyline, and then describe their role in the traveller's search for a lost time.

Both the motivation for the trip to Morocco and the direct incentive to actually leave are attributed to an animal – a horse and a blackbird respectively. The narrator explains how he is bothered by the call of a blackbird:

> Endlessly the same tune, the same haunting question that I could not understand. The repetition became an obsession for me. […] 'Tuu-de-tu-tu-do-toe-toe?…' As soon as I translated his question into sounds for the first time, the riddle was solved. Incessantly, he asked: 'Are you coming with me to Morocco?… Are you coming with me to Morocco?… Are you coming with me to…' Anyway, the answer was simple: 'No, I'm not going to Morocco. I have no money. I do not have time. I don't feel like…' That last one was a reckless observation. Don't feel like going to Morocco?… What a sad excuse!… What a dirty lie!… Wasn't it somewhere in Morocco, that my little stallion, to whom I had said goodbye 43 years ago in the green mountains of the Rif, was buried […]?[17]

This passage shows that the narrator tells himself, and his readers, that he is guided by animals and that he is able to communicate with them. Although in reality such a feat seems impossible, the ironic description of conversations such as these always embrace a certain 'unworldliness' and express a form of projection, supposed to express kinship – a theme to which I return later.

Both the atmosphere during the journey and the mood of the traveller are described by references to animals. Animals prove to be a remedy for the loneliness

that can overtake the traveller: 'The weak moments, even for the traveller who has gratefully and consciously chosen solitude, are the hours '*entre chien et loup*', when the joys of the day are over and the peace of the night has not yet conquered the world.'[18] If one travels with a group, one is subject to its corresponding slavery, Huizinga jokes – the tone of the text is generally corny – and if one travels in pairs, every situation may turn into an argument. For the narrator, travelling solo means travelling in freedom, although that freedom can be limited by the pressure of loneliness, especially when night falls:

> There is only one group of travellers – not to mention the good ones in my life – that never bores and deepens all the joys of travel: those are the animals. Whoever keeps eyes, ears and heart open for the animals while travelling will never really be lonely. Moreover, he will enjoy more deeply the things that others also see, but which are clothed for him by the animals because he has learned to LOOK. […] In fact, if one has also met the wrong human group, it need not be bothered. […] One only looks and listens to the animals around. Even between between dog and wolf [at twilight].[19]

This preference for animal over human companionship is a performative act of distinction from other human travellers. It is a strategy for presenting oneself as the anti-tourist. Modern tourism, as Tim Youngs states, is a *broadly accessible* form of leisure travel no longer based in the overt class and gender prerogatives of the 'Grand Tour'.[20] The more travel becomes available to everyone and the less it is a privilege, the greater the fear amongst travel writers that mass tourism will kill something precious. This fear leads, Young continues, to intensified efforts to distinguish themselves from tourists, both in travel practices and in travel stories:

> The tourist is an unwelcome reminder, to self-styled 'travellers', of the modern realities that dog their fleeting footsteps […]. Abroad, the tourist is the relentless representative of home, […] the so-called traveller seeks authenticity through a difference from home. The genuine is sought in a flight from modernity; from machines, money and, often, from urbanization, too. The idea is that the traveller will respect difference whereas the tourist will bring about a transformation that will diminish it.[21]

This image of the traveller applies quite literally to Huizinga's self-presentation.

The horse, mentioned in the title of Huizinga's book, is Kasjgai, who accompanied Huizinga during an earlier visit to Morocco. The narrator is afraid that a new trip will turn out to be a disappointment and doubts if he wants to go at all: Perhaps his beautiful memories should not be confronted with a modern reality and thus remain carefully intact. In terms of narrative structure, Huizinga tells the reader how the new trip to Morocco went and what memories it has evoked.

He vividly shares these memories with the reader as well, of which Kasjgai is an important ingredient. He recalls, for instance, the conversations he claims to have had with the horse about the latter's stubborn nature: '"I have not learned to trot", he told me one of the first days. This turned out to be correct […]. It didn't affect our friendship.'[22] When the young Huizinga loses his patience and slaps the horse, the narrator reflects: 'Another horse would have kicked back or gone out. Kashgai stood dead still, looked back and gently said: "To beat a defenceless horse…"'[23] The horse is thus presented as the wiser and calmer of the two, and, thus, a rather 'civilised' version of a horse. Huizinga is at least honest about his bad behaviour, revealing him not to be a totally evil person. Of course, this strategy is simply intended to relieve his (justified) feelings of guilt, as is the forgiveness by the horse.

The breakup with Kasjgai is rather painful. One morning, Huizinga finds Kashgai injured. His plan to travel to Holland with him must be cancelled; he gets another horse and has to leave Kashgai behind – something about which, even forty-three years later, the narrator still feels ashamed. He has not yet been able to forgive himself the maltreatment of his companion; he carries an old, perhaps unrepayable debt.

When the narrator shares his feeling of guilt about Kashgaj with his new (human) travel companion, Manus, the latter accuses him of digging 'old horses from the ditch' (a pun on the Dutch proverb 'don't dig up old cows from the ditch', which means about the same as 'let bygones be bygones'):

> Since you didn't go south with that stupid animal half a century ago, now you feel the urge to make it up to him by still going south. It's not as crazy as it sounds at all. There is no time in the desert. There you can imagine again that you are a young male and that your horse is not dead, or to put it differently, that you can make up for everything you have done wrong in your life…[24]

Manus stresses the superior position of the human traveller who uses animals and projects his own thoughts and sentiments on them, but he also mentions the possibility of the travel writer to create an extra-temporal world in fiction, in which debts might be repaid. Although this possibility is judged to be hypocritical by Manus, the possibility is imagined and performed in the text as well, which creates a metafictional layer in the story. Furthermore, the narrator himself also reflects on the fact that he interprets the thoughts of animals, and thus shows (self) awareness of the human ability to imagine the non-human experience, for instance in this short passage:

> For a long time, man has arrogantly reserved thinking and feeling for himself. Animals only would have 'instincts' and inherited 'behavioural patterns'. More and more researchers are coming to the conclusion that the world of thought, or what passes for it, of humans

> and animals is more similar than humans are comfortable with. The animal has one advantage over us, unless one wants to say: it is far behind us in a certain sense: it does not know the concept of death, and therefore does not know the fear of death that destroys so much human joy.[25]

In *Marokko, het land van het dode paard*, the reader is thus confronted with a rather ambivalent relationship between the narrator and the animal. It was used for the benefits of the traveller, both during the trip and, by presenting the relationship as a close friendship, in writing about it, as well as for the construction of a beneficial self-image.

Before I relate the implied superior position of the traveller – superior to animals, but also to locals and tourists – to nostalgia in Huizinga's account of his trip down memory lane, I want to elaborate upon the concept of 'restorative nostalgia'.

Nostalgia in Morocco…

In the last chapter of *The Global Politics of Contemporary Travel Writing* (2006), entitled 'Looking Back: Utopia, Nostalgia and the Myth of Historical Progress', Debbie Lisle describes how, in travel literature, a discursive construction of a foreign country is always accompanied with a discursive regulation of temporality.[26] Geographical hierarchies such as civilised-primitive, safe-dangerous, or home-away gain shape via their attendant historical dimensions. In other words, travel is not simply about attractive destinations, but also about past desires ('past-as-it-never-happened') and dreams for the future ('present-yet-to-come').[27] Lisle uses the image of the historical queue, as conceptualised by Doreen Massey, to describe how travel literature divides the world through a historical timeline that is linear, evolutionary, and progressive, placing certain destinations further back in time than others. The timeline determines which destinations are regarded to be 'developed' – which basically means that they conform to Western values – and who is eligible to write travel texts:

> It is only the most historically 'evolved' – the most sophisticated, civilized, and experienced subjects – who are able to map their own progress retroactively, and judge the progress of others through a linear, plotted history. […] this is how power operates here: space, time and identity are all mapped according to Western notions of progress and evolution – which means that Western subjects are always at the front of the queue.[28]

According to Lisle, travel literature reproduces the historical queue in the sense that writers choose their destination because it allows them to go back in time as well as far away. This is a way of escaping the inconveniences of globalisation

'into an imagined past where everyone knew their place within the hierarchies of Empire'.[29] Through the use of a nostalgic discourse, innocence can be restored and retroactively situated in the past, 'which in turn allows […] to secure a utopian future and alleviate the anxieties of the present tense'.[30] The colonial power relations that are anchored in this evolutionary model of history and that continue to have a problematic effect in the present become addressable through nostalgia, with one foot in the past and the other in the future. Nostalgia, Lisle concludes, should be thought of as escapist and by no means innocent. In this view, the discourse of nostalgia in travel literature is a disguised revival of a colonial vision, in which nostalgia transposes the inherited colonial power structures to, and hides behind, an innocent past.[31]

The restoration of a lost paradise?

Now let us look at the way in which Huizinga deals with his longing for the past in his stories. In a chapter entitled 'Vos' (Fox), Huizinga describes a trip through the mountains around Marrakesh, a trip that strongly disappoints him. The modernity of the city fills him with horror: 'The new town, artificially red as the old town is naturally red, looks like a painted part of the suburb of Paris, the old town an international clown festival of tourists.'[32] The traveller wonders whether he will return bitter and disappointed from his trip, after the disillusionment of a dream. Once he moves into the mountains, however, 'Morocco instantly becomes itself', by which he means that it suddenly fits his memories of unspoiled nature again. To his surprise, the traveller returns to 'a wild and ancient land', 'a world that is no different from two, three or five hundred years ago', where only the asphalted road could disrupt that illusion.[33] 'Here', the traveller argues, 'the redemption from all that might otherwise afflict him can be found. Here he is outside of himself and therefore more than ever himself. There is nothing that disturbs, disfigures, or distorts reality. Here, he is liberated from all fears and worries.'[34] We can clearly discern a restorative discourse of nostalgia in these fragments, in which the natural environment enables a way of escaping the inconveniences of the present.

Yet how do animals feature in this narrative? When, in the mountain scene described, a descending plane drops out of the clouds and Huizinga's idyll of the 'different world' is broken, the traveller realises – startled – that he has not paid attention to the animals surrounding him. He thinks this is a shame because they would certainly have deserved his attention. Just before he reaches Taroudant – the inhabited world – he watches a fox as it just slips away 'and disappears via the asphalt of the 20th century into gardens and wildernesses that have been there for hundreds of years, have lain unchanged for years'.[35] The traveller is grateful: 'This

makes my day. Tomorrow I will be even closer to the nostalgia of my childhood. […] That fox before Taroudant promised me so.'[36] The animal thus embodies the promise of the restoration of paradise. Watching and following the animals enables his escape to the past and the happiness of childhood memories.

This longing for a restored past, which also means escaping the discomfort that is caused by guilt (in this case, for the maltreatment of the horse, or for the effects of modernisation on the environment), is rather painfully reinforced by orientalist descriptions of people and Moroccan culture in other chapters, using the geographical hierarchy between 'primitivism' and 'civilisation' that Lisle considers part of nostalgic discourse. As Maria Boletsi points out, far from static, these are malleable categories 'meant to solidify a hierarchical opposition' that is defined by standards such as class, gender, or wealth.[37] Whenever the opposition is threatened or weakened, 'the civilizational machine can shift the defining standards of the self in order to slightly redefine the self and the barbarian without changing the terms'.[38]

To give just a few examples, when Huizinga and his companion Manus are in the desert near Tangier, the narrator remarks, with satisfaction, that the day brings nothing but emptiness: 'And so the day goes. What happens here, is that unheard miracle in the civilized world: nothing happens at all.'[39] However, Huizinga, without any reflection on his privileged situation, is then annoyed by several beggars who spoil the purity of the desert with their begging. To proclaim the emptiness of a land (or culture) is a strategy described by Mary Louise Pratt as part of the typical colonial gaze.[40] It is a strategy used by the 'civilised' modern, urban, or rich people used to describe the 'barbarian', the 'not yet modern', rural, or poor people. By presenting these differences in terms of civilisation, the narrator legitimises superiority. Furthermore, by presenting these traits as essential to the identities of self and others, and not as an effect of the unequal circumstances, he evades any responsibility for, or complicity in, those circumstances.

In another story, a young boy, a poor inhabitant of a small village, approaches the Western travellers, because he wants to sell them a bird's nest with eggs. To the narrator's reassurance, Manus sends the boy away. The narrator states that the poor inhabitants, like this boy, think of them as millionaires and adds: 'Yet there is no envy or suspicion in them, no xenophobia or envy. They are too simple and too proud for such feelings.'[41] The rest of the day, with a sense of relief, the narrator is able to spend birdwatching, which he sums up as: 'No one bothers us anymore.'[42] What we see here is the complete neglection of the superiority that is implied in the judgment of others as 'too simple and too proud'. The narrator does of course experience discomfort when he is confronted with the rather obvious inequality, however, he merely rationalises it by contributing essential traits to the inhabitants (they simply feel no envy) or by escaping the confrontation. Spotting birds, far away from tourists and people who spoil this beautiful nature, might seem an innocent

thing to do. This way of claiming innocence whilst consolidating control, however, is reminiscent of what Pratt has called the 'anti-conquest'.[43] By presenting the self as the harmless observer of others and their environment, the presence (and negative effects on those others and their environment) is legitimised. The Moroccans, the surroundings, and the animals (such as the fox) all become subservient to the traveller's desire to find happiness in an undisturbed experience of a lost past, which ironically comes about by watching animals. The fantasy of its restoration is projected on them.

Restorative and reflective nostalgia

Yet, as previously discussed, in this collection of travel stories, a metafictional level of self-reflection can also be found. Huizinga for instance also represents Manus' voice and his critique of the narrator's hypocritical gaze. Furthermore, the final section of the book, particularly the small chapter entitled 'Dear Reader', is highly self-reflexive and self-mocking ('God, he finally stops talking about himself. I still don't understand what he meant by this book').[44] Simultaneously, discomfort with the dominant human perspective is thematised, and neutralised by this self-reflection.[45] Huizinga claims that he has been trying to share a certain way of travelling with his readers, to give them an impression of 'the happiness that is continually experienced for he who travels with the animals'.[46] For himself, travelling with the animals is all about a heightened awareness of other living beings. He concludes: 'I'm bold enough to want to teach you something as common as LOOKING. Start looking at the animals next to the works of man.'[47] The tourist, Huizinga argues, can appreciate the Acropolis, but the ruin will become much more impressive if he spots a small wheatear every morning. By looking at the animals, learning about them, knowing their names and habits, life will remain an eternal journey of discovery. In other words, travelling with the animals offers a respectful solution to the drama of the modern traveller – that there are no more discoveries to be made.

Although in *Marokko, het land van het dode paard*, the exploitation of animals is not concealed, and despite the self-legitimising strategies employed, and the clear presence of a restorative discourse of nostalgia, a positive, constructive way of approaching animals and relating to nature can be discerned. Huizinga aims to offer an opportunity to discover its beauty again and again: 'the lesson in looking and listening, which means: a lesson in happiness'.[48] When it comes to the presented narrative, the 'reflexive' possibilities remain mainly at the level of metafiction and self-reflexivity.

To judge whether this self-reflective character, due to the combination of texts and engravings from the nineteenth century in the second collection, affects the

type of nostalgic discourse that is produced, I will first turn to the conceptualisation of 'reflective nostalgia' by Svetlana Boym. Like Lisle, Boym considers nostalgia a modern phenomenon: a relatively new understanding of time and space.[49] Boym also agrees with Lisle's characterisation of nostalgia as a mourning for a lost world. In the appreciation of nostalgia, however, Lisle and Boym seem to differ. Whilst Lisle points out the intrinsic harmfulness of nostalgia as a discourse, Boym shows that nostalgia also harbours a critical and empathic potential, depending on which narrative structure nostalgia follows:

> Restorative nostalgia stresses nostos (home) and attempts a transhistorical reconstruction of the lost home. Reflective nostalgia thrives on algia (the longing itself) and delays the homecoming – wistfully, ironically, desperately. [...] Restorative nostalgia does not think of itself as nostalgia, but rather as truth and tradition. Reflective nostalgia dwells on the ambivalences of human longing and belonging and does not shy away from the contradictions of modernity. Restorative nostalgia protects the absolute truth, while reflective nostalgia calls it into doubt.[50]

In terms of narrative structure, one could say that reflective nostalgia does not follow a single plot, but explores ways of inhabiting many places at once and imagining different time zones. It does not pretend, Boym argues, 'to rebuild the mythical place called home'.[51] Instead, it is ironic, inconclusive, and fragmentary: 'It reveals that longing and critical thinking are not opposed to one another, as affective memories do not absolutely withdraw one from compassion, judgment, or critical reflection.'[52]

Adventures experienced today, engravings from a century ago

As mentioned previously, the second object of analysis, *Wie reist met de dieren is nooit alleen*, is a rather remarkable publication. The book, in A4 format, with no less than 178 pages, contains 58 travel stories, some of which had been previously published. Whilst they do not form an overarching narrative, some do come from earlier collections, such as those about the trip to Morocco analysed above, in which this originally was the case. They are called 'adventures', although this appears to be an ironic description of the actual content of the stories, in some of which nothing really happens. Yet the stories are accompanied by 64 truly adventurous images, comprised mostly of nineteenth-century wood engravings of heroic scenes, albeit without captions, names of artists, or source references whatsoever.[53]

Some of these accompanying engravings can be traced back to their earlier publication in *Tour du monde*, a French weekly travel journal first published in

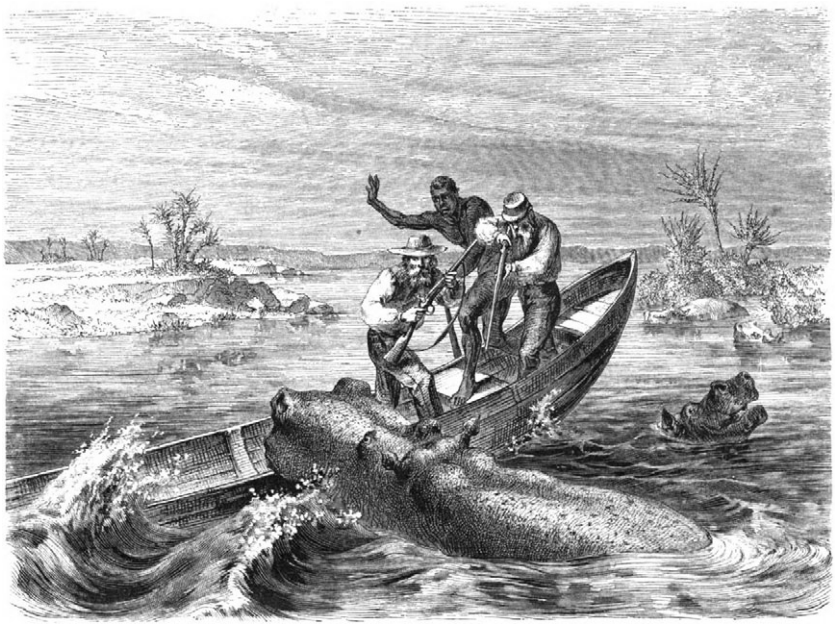
January 1860.[54] Thus, not only do they hail from a different time; they also come from a different context or medium, and were aimed at a different audience. In *Wie reist met de dieren is nooit alleen*, they have been stripped of these contexts. The bringing together of non-related stories and non-related images (from different stories) form a collage that transcends time and space boundaries.

During the nineteenth century, engravings such as these were mass produced, mostly for magazines. They could depict all kinds of objects and events, from domestic scenes to imaginary events, from everyday objects to fashion and art. In the time of their original publication, it was often not mentioned or known who made the engravings. Sometimes, the more famous illustrators are mentioned, but there were only a few well-known illustrators and woodcarvers in the nineteenth century, such as Gustave Doré, a French draftsman who illustrated the works of Lord Byron and an influential new English version of the Bible. A huge number of epigones worked after his example. Many engravings concern travelling, depicting events or objects from journeys and travel expeditions, sometimes based on drawings that were made whilst travelling, and only subsequently turned into wood or copper engravings. Whilst such representations of historical travel scenes often served the curiosity for places, cultures, and peoples, they also legitimised a colonial ideology and contain colonial tropes and stereotypes.[55]

Every travel story in *Wie reist met de dieren is nooit alleen* is accompanied by at least one illustration. The captions to the images are single sentences from the story, which are italicised in the text. The relation between the text, the captions, and the engravings seems to be completely arbitrary. In the travel story 'Dag dier' for instance, the phrase 'Hello animal' refers to bird spotting, yet the narrator knows neither the name nor the type of animal he is observing and describes his thoughts as follows:

> I try to 'identify' the animals I encounter. I want to know who I am dealing with, but I do not want to see the animal only in connection to nature. The happiness of animal observation lies there, in the open field, not in the number of species that one records truthfully or not. If I can't decide whether I am looking at a Reed Warbler or a Black-headed Reed Warbler, I'll leave it at that. I just say: 'Hello ANIMAL'.[56]

The story is accompanied by a print of an African hunting scene. It depicts the Zambesi River, in which a huge hippo attacks a seemingly fragile boat. With an alienating, ironic effect, the original inscription is omitted, and replaced by 'Hello animal' – a ridiculous comment to attribute to a scene depicting such a dangerous moment in an adventurous journey. This effect is also mentioned, and thus underlined, by the text on the rear cover of the book, which states that 'Illustration is not the right word' for the combination of text and image. Huizinga's choice was based



Ange Louis Janet, 'Chasse à l'hippopotame sur la rivière Sainte-Lucie' (Hippopotamus hunting on the St. Lucia River), in: *Le Tour du Monde* 8 (1863). Collection Wikipedia Commons.

on engravings that often have such a distant connection with the text that it has to be found in a single sentence. That sentence has been chosen in such a way that the print often stands in direct contrast to the text.[57]

The content of the stories themselves, and the role of animals within them, is comparable to those in *Marokko, het land van het dode paard,* although their narrative structure differs profoundly. In *Wie reist met de dieren is nooit alleen*, there is no overarching narrative of a search for a lost past and paying of old debts. Again, the narrator often turns away from people or urban places in order to withdraw into nature, alone with the animals. In the story 'Wadi', for instance, he travels away from the tourist crowds in Jerusalem to Wadi Amoed – a gorge with an indescribable charm. He contrasts his experience of the gorge with that of the old city and concludes: 'The strange thing is that it is precisely there [in Wadi Tamoed] that you get the feeling that you have arrived in the Old Testament paradise.'[58] Again, the traveller is filled with happiness to have found this 'unbelievable perfect' place, with rock pigeons, eagles, the Palestine Sunbird, the Smyrna Kingfisher, the Bulbul, and the king of birds, the Griffon Vulture. The accompanying wood engraving depicts a ruin of a Roman Temple (which would probably give tourists an experience of some lost ancient civilisation as well), several people, and a bird

Ange Louis Janet, 'Le Lion me heurta à l'épaule' (The lion bumped me on the shoulder), in: *Le Tour du Monde* 8 (1863). Collection Wikipedia Commons.

in the sky above the ruins. The sentence from the story that functions as its caption – 'The royal corpse-eater with a domain from India to the Black Sea and Egypt'[59] – is difficult to reconcile with the image.

A similar storyline, but an even more absurd combination with the engraving, can be found in the story entitled 'Recept' (Recipe). The narrator sets out to a quiet place near a forest, where he first has a meal alone, and then spends some time spotting animals. He watches a roe-goat, 'beautiful and unreal like a wood nymph of ancient Hellas'.[60] In the reference to the ancient civilisation, we can discern a penchant for nostalgia, which nevertheless favours nature over culture. The narrator refers to his trip as a *Dejeuner sur l'Herbe* (Lunchtime meal on the grass), an oil painting by Édouard Manet from 1863. The print accompanying this story, however, presents something quite different: In the African wilderness, a lion is devouring a human in the evening light, with bystanders who watch this 'dejeuener' in horror.

With these dramatic scenes or allusions to the greatness of the ancient civilisation, Huizinga seems to link the heroism of earlier times, particularly the nineteenth-century colonial adventures, to his own, whilst disqualifying both at the same time. However, as Tim Youngs has shown, this nineteenth-century 'heroism' too should be thought of in terms of the 'modern heroes' and the summoning of even older heroes. The growth of Empire had led to a new pantheon of explorer-heroes

– many of them explorers of Africa – and to the resurrection of earlier heroes. When Huizinga uses these prints, depicting dangerous hunting scenes, unknown tribes, or territories, simply to illustrate his (mostly jovial) trips and encounters with friendly domesticated animals, or those being watched from afar, Huizinga does not seem to advocate or romanticise a return to an earlier heroism. Instead, he creates a Chinese box structure ('droste-effect') with accumulating references to the past that draw 'heroism' or the superiority of the great discoveries into the realm of the absurd.

Animals and self-reflection

The self-presentation that emerges from the stories about the trip to Morocco – the narrator being an innocent bystander, rich and morally superior, but not as harmful and negligent as tourists – must give way in this second collection to the image of a traveller who, in comparison to the great explorers of a century earlier, feels small, fearful, or other-worldly in his rich fantasy and love for animals. Partially, this self-presentation again can be seen as a strategy of false naiveté, and the contents of the stories, which are sometimes the same as in the previous collection, still give reason to do so. Nevertheless, not only the reflections of the narrator, but also the combination of text and image, are more reflective. In *Wie reist met de dieren is nooit alleen*, Huizinga once again reflects on human-animal relationships, in the chapter 'Woord' (Word). The narrator states: 'If you look at an animal long enough, you will always end up identifying yourself with that animal.'[61] This identification, also known as anthropomorphism, seems dangerous to him, not because humans tend to animalise themselves, but because they are in danger of humanising the animal when in reality, it will never behave like them. At the same time, the narrator notices that we cannot help but use language – words sprouted from the human imagination – to characterise animals with traits such as 'pride', 'patience', or 'imperiousness'. To 'think' an understanding between the different species unavoidably evokes language. When the traveller philosophises about the instinct of birds, their urge to migrate, and his own 'lust for travel', he concludes that language can never be adequate, despite its beauty: 'I smile at the way the value of the word becomes relative, as soon as it starts wavering between man and animal.'[62]

This reflection on the relationship between human and animal goes beyond the feelings of guilt for the horse in *Marokko, het land van het dode paard*, or the fascination for birds, both originating from a form of self-interest. Here, the narrator draws our attention to a different way of looking – not only at the animals, but also at ourselves.

Conclusion

How best might we characterise the nostalgic discourse in Huizinga's travel stories, partly expressed via the interplay of text and image? As restorative, or as a more reflective form of nostalgia? Furthermore, what role do animals play?

In *Marokko, het land van het dode paard*, the narrator, Huizinga, tries to replace the present Marokko with the Marokko he remembers, thereby avoiding feelings of guilt and the ethical inconveniences of the confrontation with poverty, the negative effects of tourism, and globalisation. We can certainly relate these strategies to a restorative form of nostalgia, which Lisle considers characteristic of all modern travel writing. Animals are used to facilitate that escape, or even embody an unspoiled past. In their company, without any other humans, the narrator can imagine himself in the paradisiacal past. However, the narrator's restorative-nostalgic perspective in the first collection of stories is countered, both by the travel companion Manus and by self-mockery, which leads to a more multivocal, reflective view, yet not to a narrative structure reminiscent of reflective nostalgia.

I have argued that, in the second object of analysis, *Wie reist met de dieren is nooit alleen*, the fragmented collage and the alienating effect of the combination of text and image alludes to this more reflective form of nostalgic discourse. Animals are not only presented as friends with which to talk, as companions, or as fascinating beings to watch; they are also portrayed as dangerous and violent creatures, of whom we would be wise to be wary. This idea is also explicitly put forward in the text. In this way, beneath all the corny humour, a deeply felt, serious connection with, and respect for, nature can be discerned. In *Wie reist met de dieren is nooit alleen*, Huizinga certainly does not advocate a return to the past; he does not want anything to be restored, although he fictionalises a traveller who longs deeply for such a return. This kind of nostalgia thrives on the longing itself that will always remain part of the modern traveller; it dwells on the ambivalences of human longing and belonging, and manifests exactly as one of the contradictions of modernity. These fragmented stories, in this peculiar combination of text and image, do not follow a single plot, but explore – most explicitly in the combination with the engravings – ways of imagining different time and space zones at once.

Although the critical self-reflection of the narrator is much more profound in *Wie reist met de dieren is nooit alleen*, I think it goes too far to conclude that Huizinga's reflective nostalgic discourse, and the role animals play in it, functions in the service of a progressive politics. After all, it remains a somewhat ambivalent strategy to reposition the engravings, with the blatantly stigmatising images of animals, people, and environments. The images are both beautiful and problematic, in their dominant colonial perspective. At the time they were published, they reproduced a 'historical queue', in which the depicted areas – barbarian zones

with exotic people and animals – were seen as 'backward' from the perspective of a more 'civilised' present.[63] Nevertheless, the exceptional, clearly absurd combination of the stories and the arbitrarily chosen engravings does create an explicitly extra-temporal, critical dimension that escapes a restorative nostalgic discourse. The analysis that I performed here – to read these hybrid forms of travel writing, the nostalgic discourse travel writers use to legitimise themselves, and the way in which animals and their environments function in it – perhaps *does* encourage the kind of reflection that can contribute to a progressive politics in which our own planetary presence is critically examined.

Notes

1 Huizinga, *Wie reist met de dieren is nooit alleen*.

2 Youngs, *The Cambridge Introduction to Travel Writing*, 79.

3 Lisle uses the concept of 'discourse' to refer to 'a set of images, vocabularies and material conditions that expresses prevailing truth claims about the world and positions subjects and objects accordingly'. Lisle, *The Global Politics of Contemporary Travel Writing*, 12.

4 Leane, 'Animals', 306-307.

5 I thank the students of the Leiden University course on Dutch Travel Literature, Pien 't Hart in particular, for their explorations of the work of Debbie Lisle and Svetlana Boym.

6 Boym, *The Future of Nostalgia*, 12.

7 Boym, *The Future of Nostalgia*, 12.

8 Youngs, *The Cambridge Introduction to Travel Writing*, 60.

9 See for instance: Meeuwsen, *De betekenis van reisreportages in Avenue*; Wagenaar, *Reisverhalen in het tijdschrift Avenue*.

10 Youngs, *The Cambridge Introduction to Travel Writing*, 60.

11 Lisle, *The Global Politics*, 207.

12 Welsink, 'Adriaan en Olivier in 360 stukjes'.

13 Johan Huizinga, 'In de schaduwen van morgen', 315: 'We leven in een bezeten wereld en we weten het. Het zou voor niemand onverwacht komen, als de waanzin eensklaps uitbrak in een razernij, waaruit deze arme Europese mensheid achterbleef in verstomping en verdwazing, de motoren nog draaiende en de vlaggen nog wapperende, maar de geest geweken.'

14 As cited in Youngs, *The Cambridge Introduction to Travel Writing*, 2.

15 As cited in Youngs, *The Cambridge Introduction to Travel Writing*, 2.

16 Huizinga, *Marokko, het land van het dode paard*, 103.

17 Huizinga, *Marokko*, 9: 'Eindeloos hetzelfde deuntje, dezelfde dreinerige vraag die ik nooit versta. Die herhaling is mij een obsessie geworden. […] "Tuu-de toe tuu-doe-toe-toe?…". Zodra ik zijn vraag voor het eerst voor mijzelf in klanken had vertaald, was het raadsel opgelost. Hij vroeg zonder ophouden: "Ga je mee naar Marokko?… Ga je mee naar Marokko?… Ga je mee naar…" Enfin, het antwoord was simpel: "Nee, ik ga niet mee naar Marokko. Ik heb geen geld. Ik heb geen tijd. Ik heb geen zin…" Dat laatste was een roekeloze constatering. Geen zin om naar Marokko te gaan?… Wat een trieste uitvlucht!.. Wat een vuile leugen!… Lag niet ergens in Marokko mijn kleine hengst begraven van wie ik op de kop af 43 jaar geleden, afscheid genomen had in de groene bergen van het Rif […]?'

[18] Huizinga, *Marokko*, 15: 'De zwakke momenten ook voor de reiziger die dankbaar en bewust de eenzaamheid heeft gekozen, zijn de uren 'entre chien et loup', wanneer de vreugden van de dag achter de rug zijn en de vrede van de nacht de wereld nog niet heeft veroverd.'

[19] Huizinga, *Marokko*, 15-16: 'Er is maar één reisgezelschap – de goeden uit mijn leven niet te na gesproken – dat nooit verveelt en alle vreugden van het reizen dieper maakt: dat zijn de dieren. Wie ogen, oren en hart op reis open houdt voor de dieren, zal nooit werkelijk eenzaam zijn. Hij zal bovendien dieper genieten van de dingen die anderen ook zien, maar die voor hèm gestoffeerd worden door de dieren omdat hij heeft leren KIJKEN. […] Het is zelfs zo dat als men ook eens het verkeerde menselijke reisgezelschap heeft getroffen, daar geen last van hoeft te hebben. […] Men kijkt en luistert alleen naar de dieren rondom. Zelfs tussen hond en wolf.'

[20] Youngs, *The Cambridge Introduction*, 58.

[21] Youngs, *The Cambridge Introduction*, 58.

[22] Huizinga, *Marokko*, 94. 'Draven heb ik niet geleerd, zei hij mij tijdens een van de eerste dagen. Dat bleek juist. […] Aan onze vriendschap deed dat niks af.'

[23] Huizinga, *Marokko*, 95. 'Een ander paard zou achteruitgeslagen hebben of er tussenuit gegaan zijn. Kasjgai bleef doodstil staan, keek achterom en zei zachtjes: "Een weerloos paard te slaan…".'

[24] Huizinga, *Marokko*, 98-99: 'Omdat je een halve eeuw geleden niet met dat stomme dier naar het zuiden gegaan bent, moet je het nu goed aan hem maken door wel naar het zuiden te gaan. Het is helemaal niet zo gek als het klinkt. In de woestijn bestaat geen tijd. Daar kun je je weer verbeelden dat je een jong mannetje bent en dat je paard niet dood is, of om het nou maar eens helemaal te zeggen, dat je alles goed kunt maken wat je in je leven verkeerd het gedaan…'

[25] Huizinga, *Marokko*, 35: 'Lang is denken en voelen door de mens in zijn hoogmoed voor hemzelf gereserveerd. Dieren hadden alleen "instincten" en vererfde "gedragspatronen". Meer en meer komen de onderzoekers tot de conclusie dat de gedachtenwereld, of wat daar voor doorgaat, van mens en dier meer gelijkenis vertoont dan de mens aangenaam is. Het dier heeft één ding op ons voor, tenzij men zeggen wil: staat in een bepaald opzicht ver achter ons: het kent het begrip dood niet en daarom ook niet de angst voor de dood die zo veel menselijke vreugde vergalt.'

[26] Lisle, *The Global Politics*, 203. Note that Lisle discusses 'popular travelogues written in English' after 1975. The conclusions she draws cannot simply be applied to Huizinga's texts, but I think her remarks about nostalgia in travel literature do apply.

[27] Lisle, *The Global Politics*, 210.

[28] Lisle, *The Global Politics*, 204.

[29] Lisle, *The Global Politics*, 204.

[30] Lisle, *The Global Politics*, 208.

[31] Lisle, *The Global Politics*, 209.

[32] Huizinga, *Marokko*, 33: 'De nieuwe stad, kunstmatig rood zoals de oude stad natuurlijk rood is, lijkt een geverfd stuk voorstad van Parijs, de oude stad een internationaal clowns-festival van toeristen.'

[33] Huizinga, *Marokko*, 33.

[34] Huizinga, *Marokko*, 34: 'Hier is de verlossing van alles wat hem anders zou kunnen kwellen. Hier is hij buiten zichzelf en daardoor meer dan ooit zichzelf. Hier is niets dat stoort, ontsiert, of de werkelijkheid vervalst. Hier is de bevrijding van alle angsten en zorgen.'

[35] Huizinga, Marokko, 34.

[36] Huizinga, *Marokko*, 34: 'verdwijnt via het asfalt van de 20e eeuw weer in te tuinen en wildernissen die daar al honderden jaren onveranderd gelegen hebben.' […] 'Mijn dag is goed. Morgen zal ik nog dichter bij het heimwee van mijn jeugd zijn. […] Die vos vóór Taroudant heeft het mij beloofd.'

[37] Boletsi, *Barbarism and Its Discontents*, 67.

[38] Boletsi, *Barbarism and Its Discontents*, 67.

[39] Huizinga, *Marokko*, 55: 'En zo verloopt de dag. Er voltrekt zich dat in de beschaafde wereld ongehoorde wonder: er gebeurt helemaal niks.'

[40] Pratt, *Imperial Eyes*, 194.

[41] Huizinga, *Marokko*, 38: 'Toch is er geen afgunst of argwaan in hen, geen vreemdelingenhaat of nijd. Zij zijn te simpel en te trots voor zulke gevoelens.'

[42] Huizinga, *Marokko*, 38.

[43] Pratt, *Imperial Eyes*, 39.

[44] Huizinga, *Marokko*, 102: 'Godlof, eindelijk houdt hij eens op met over zichzelf te praten. Ik snap nog altijd niet wat hij met dit boekje heeft bedoeld.'

[45] This attitude is similar to the one Elizabeth Leane describes when she discusses Robert Louis Stevenson's relationship to his donkey: 'Similarly, the hyperbole of Stevenson's initial reduction of Modestine to a mechanical object […] can be read both as a form of self-mockery and a means of distancing – an ironic admission of his overly Cartesian attitude towards the animal that also serves as an excuse for his behaviour.' Leane, 'Animals', 312.

[46] Huizinga, *Marokko*, 102: 'het geluk dat hij die met de dieren reist, bij voortduring deelachtig wordt'.

[47] Huizinga, *Marokko*, 103: 'Ik ben zo brutaal om u iets zo gewoons te willen leren als KIJKEN. Kijken naar de dieren naast de werken van de mens.'

[48] Huizinga, *Marokko*, 103: 'de les in kijken en luisteren, hetgeen betekent: les in geluk'.

[49] Boym, *The Future of Nostalgia*, 8.

[50] Boym, *The Future of Nostalgia*, 13.

[51] Boym, *The Future of Nostalgia*, 13.

[52] Boym, *The Future of Nostalgia*, 15.

[53] The collection is dedicated to Joop van Coevorden, 'to whose helpfulness the author owes the illustrations of this book' ('aan wiens hulpvaardigheid de schrijver de illustraties van dit boek te danken heeft'). Huizinga, *Wie reist met de dieren*, 4. Although it cannot be established with certainty, it appears to relate to the owner of the later publishing company Davaco, which dominated the field of monographic publications devoted to Dutch artists for nearly forty years since 1981.

[54] The magazine also bore the name of *Le Tour du monde, journal des voyages et des voyageurs* (1895-1914). Its full subtitle was: *Nouveau journal des voyages publié par la librairie Hachette sous la direction de M. Edouard Charton et illustré par les plus célèbres artistes*.

[55] Peter Dowling, 'Truth and Art in in Nineteenth Century Graphic Journalism', 110.

[56] Huizinga, *Wie reist met de dieren*, 9-10: 'Ik doe mijn best om de dieren die ik tegenkom te "determineren". Ik wil graag weten met wie ik te doen heb, maar ik wil het dier niet alleen leren kennen in verband met de natuur. Daar ligt het geluk van de dierenwaarneming in het vrije veld, niet in het aantal soorten dat men al of niet waarheidsgetrouw noteert. Lukt het mij niet om uit te maken of ik een Rietzanger of een Zwartkoprietzanger tegenover mij heb, dan laat ik het er verder bij zitten en zeg alleen: "Dag DIER".'

[57] Huizinga, *Wie reist met de dieren*, cover: 'Leonhard Huizinga komt hier met iets geheel nieuws, een vondst. Hij heeft voor de illustratie van een groot aantal korte schetsen over dieren teruggegrepen op de magnifieke prentkunst van een eeuw geleden. Illustratie is daarbij niet het juiste woord. Huizinga's keuze is uitgegaan naar platen die dikwijls een zo verwijderd verband met de tekst hebben, dat deze in één enkel zinnetje gezocht moet worden. Dat zinnetje is zo gekozen dat de prent vaak in lijnrecht contrast staat tot de tekst.'

[58] Huizinga, *Wie reist met de dieren*, 114: 'Het vreemde is dat je juist daar [in Wadi Tamoed] het gevoel krijgt in het oudtestamentische paradijs beland te zijn.'

[59] Huizinga, *Wie reist met de dieren*, 114: 'De vorstelijke lijkenvreter met een domein van India tot de Zwarte Zee en Egypte.'

[60] Huizinga, *Wie reist met de dieren*, 136: 'schoon en onwezenlijk als een bosnimf uit het oude Hellas'.

[61] Huizinga, *Wie reist met de dieren*, 11: 'Het is altijd weer hetzelfde: als je lang genoeg naar een dier kijkt, eindig je er mee dat je je met dat dier gaat vereenzelvigen.'

[62] Huizinga, *Wie reis met de dieren*, 12: 'Ik glimlach om de betrekkelijke waarde van het woord, zodra dit aarzelt tussen mens en dier.'

[63] Lisle, *The Global Politics*, 203.

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