VINTAGE

THE SNOW LEOPARD

PETER MATTHIESSEN

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About the Book

One September, writer and explorer Peter Matthiessen set out with field biologist George Schaller to journey 250 miles through the Himalayas to the Crystal Mountain on the Tibetan plateau. They wanted to study the wild blue sheep, the *bharal*, but also hoped to see the rare snow leopard, an almost mythical creature which Schaller had glimpsed on a previous visit. Matthiessen was a student of Zen Buddhism and for him this was as much an inner journey as a field trip. The resulting book is an extraordinary account of a 'true pilgrimage, a journey of the heart.'

About the Author

Peter Matthiessen was a naturalist, explorer and writer. His works of fiction include *At Play in the Fields of the Lord, Far Tortuga* and the acclaimed 'Watson Trilogy'. His explorations resulted in many fine works of non-fiction, among them *The Snow Leopard, The Cloud Forest* and *The Tree where Man was Born*. He died in 2014, aged 86.

ALSO BY PETER MATTHIESSEN

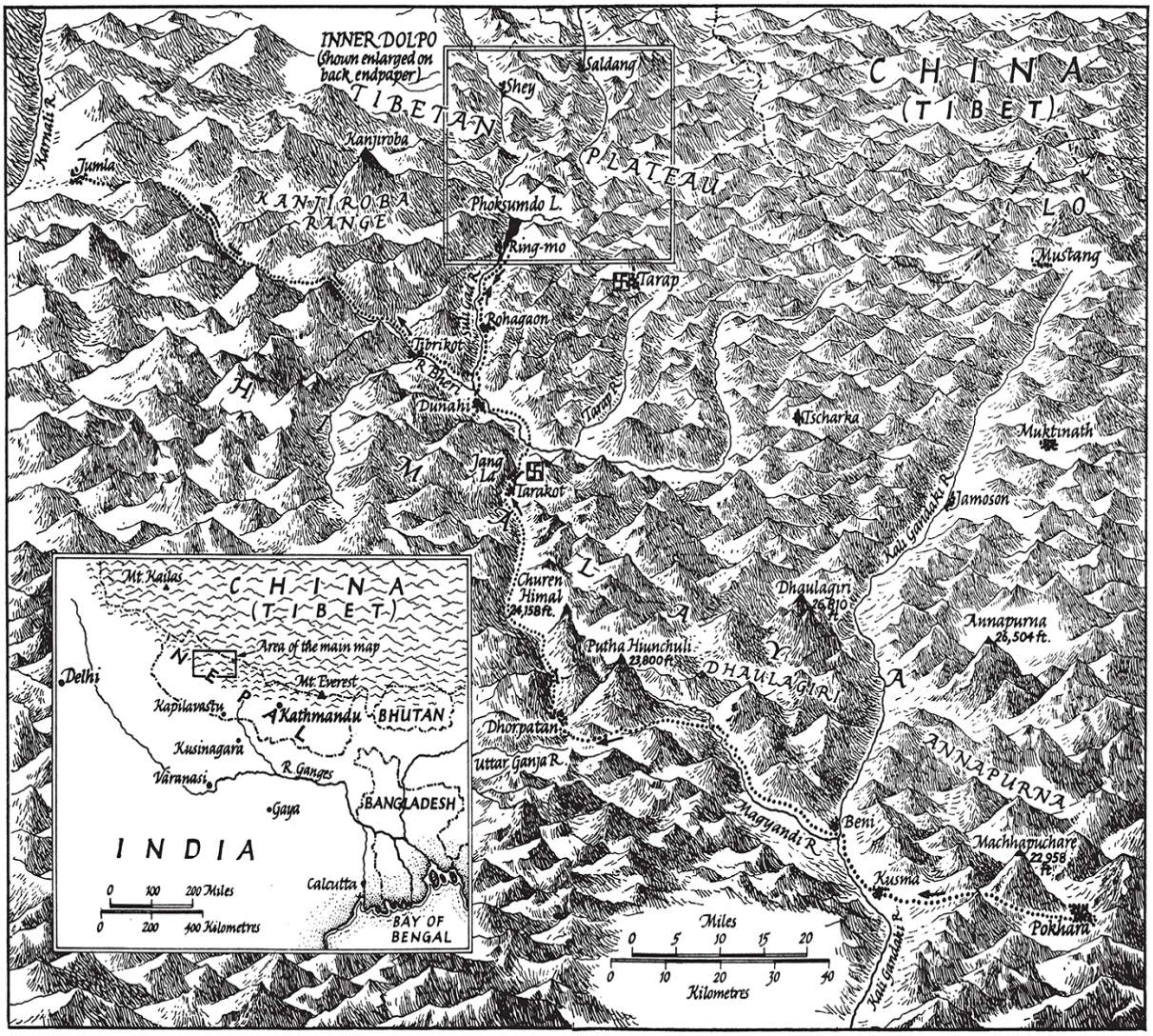
Fiction

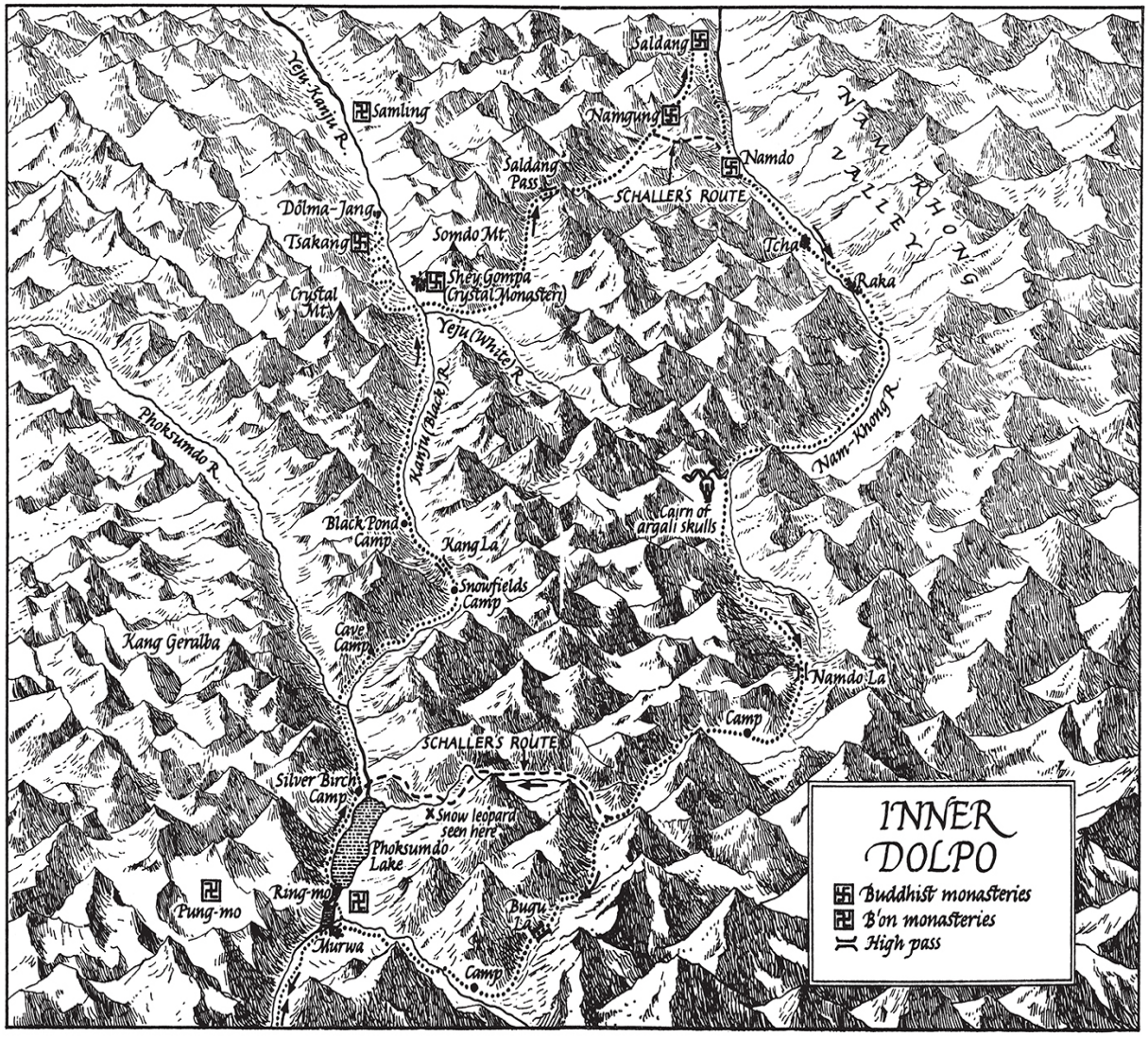
Race Rock
Partisans
Raditzer
At Play in the Fields of the Lord
Far Tortuga
On the River Styx and Other Stories
Killing Mister Watson
Lost Man's River
Bone by Bone
Shadow Country (a new rendering of the Watson trilogy)

Non-fiction

Wildlife in America
The Cloud Forest
Under the Mountain Wall
The Shorebirds of North America (*The Wild Birds*)
Sal Si Puedes
Blue Meridian
The Tree Where Man was Born
Sand Rivers
In the Spirit of Crazy Horse
Indian Country
Nine-Headed Dragon River
Men's Lives
African Silences
Shadows of Africa
Baikal
East of Lo Monthang
Tigers in the Snow

The Birds of Heaven
End of the Earth


INNER DOLPO
(Shown enlarged on back endpaper)
TIBETAN PLATEAU
CHINA (TIBET)
KANJIROBA RANGE
Karnali R.
Jumla
Kanjiroba
Saldang
Shey
Phoksumdo L.
Ring-mo
Tarap
Rohagaon
Tibrikot
R. Bheri
Dunahi
Tarap R.
Jang La
Tarakot
Mustang
Muktinath
Jamoson
Kali Gandaki R.
Ischarka
Dhaulagiri 26,810 ft.
Annapurna 26,504 ft.
Putha Hiunchuli 23,800 ft.
Chauren Himal 24,138 ft.
DHAULAGIRI
ANNAPURNA
Dhorpatan
Uttar Ganja R.
Magyandi R.
Beni
Machhapuchare 22,958 ft.
Kusma
Pokhara
Miles
Kilometres
Mt. Kailas
Area of the main map
Delhi
Mt. Everest
Kapilavastu
Kathmandu
BHUTAN
Kusinagara
Varanasi
R. Ganges
Gaya
BANGLADESH
INDIA
Calcutta
BAY OF BENGAL
100 Miles
200 Kilometres


Yeju-Kanju R.
Samling
Saldang
Namgung
Namdo
Saldang Pass
SCHALLER'S ROUTE
Dölma-Jang
Tsakang
Somdo Mt.
Shey Gompa (Crystal Monastery)
Tcha
Raka
NAMCHE BHONG
Crystal Mt.
Yeju (White) R.
Kanju (Black) R.
Phoksumdo R.
Nam-Khong R.
Black Pond Camp
Kang La
Cairn of argali skulls
Snowfields Camp
Cave Camp
Kang Geralba
Namdo La
Camp
SCHALLER'S ROUTE
Silver Birch Camp
Snow leopard seen here
Phoksumdo Lake
Ring-mo
Pung-mo
Murwa
Bugu La
Camp
INNER DOLPO
Buddhist monasteries
B'on monasteries
High pass

For
NAKAGAWA SOEN ROSHI
SHIMANO EIDO ROSHI
TAIZAN MAEZUMI ROSHI

GASSHO
in gratitude, affection,
and respect

PETER MATTHIESSEN

The Snow Leopard

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
Richard Mabey

VINTAGE BOOKS
London

Introduction

Just ten days into his odyssey to the Crystal Mountain in Nepal, Peter Matthiessen finds his physical composure already in tatters. ‘My knees and feet and back are sore, and all my gear is wet. I wear my last dry socks upside down so that the hole in the heel sits on the top of my foot; these underpants, ripped, must be worn backwards; my broken glasses’ frame is taped.’ Like a novice before an initiation he decides to strip off the rest of his worldly accoutrements. He has his hair cropped, short to the skull. He junks a heavy wristband, worn ‘latterly as an affectation.’ Lastly goes his watch, ‘as the time it tells is losing all significance.’ What aren’t jettisoned, thankfully, are his notebook and his gift for language. At this acute moment of spiritual preparation, down into words go its exact, finite, exquisitely mundane details. Holey socks. Reversed underpants. The professorial lenses held together by tape. If this is Matthiesssen’s world-turned-upside-down, its material underbelly remains mischievously alive in his words.

But he’s laying down a warning marker for the reader here. This isn’t going to be an easy trip. Don’t expect the glittering landscapes and mythic creatures of the Himalaya to become accessible by proxy, or a short walk. Don’t hope that spiritual enlightenment comes with an easy ousting of the physical. The world sticks, like tape round broken spectacles. Burdened with Western baggage we may have to strip down too, ditch the assumption that a quest has to

have an end, for instance, and that the ‘I’ of the storyteller is really the narrator.

What was Matthiessen seeking in this journey? *The Snow Leopard* is the first of his great travel journals to be as much a spiritual quest as an exploration of an exterior wilderness, and it’s significant that he wrote it when he did. His matter-of-fact explanation is that in 1972 the zoologist George Schaller (an old friend from the Serengeti wanderings recounted in *The Tree where Man was Born*, 1968) invited him to join an expedition to north-west Nepal to study the bharal, the Himalayan blue sheep. The bharal appealed to both men’s sense of the aboriginal: to the biologist Schaller as the possible ancestor of all domesticated sheep and goats; to the romantic Matthiessen as a kind of ghost from Arcadian prehistory.

But there was a more personal reason behind Matthiessen’s decision. Earlier that year his wife Deborah Love, who introduced him to Zen Buddhism, had died of cancer. He was still grieving, but, by his own spiritual standards, grieving too much. Buddhism teaches the renouncement of craving and neediness, and that the transition between life and death is just a single shift in the myriad states of universal energy. But Matthiessen hadn’t found that good karma yet, hadn’t reached such a state of unearthly detachment. Maybe up in the purifying snows of Buddhism’s heartland, he might find acceptance, and join the world here, now, as it is.

And then there was the small matter of the snow leopard, whose terrible beauty is the very stuff of human longing. Its uncompromising yellow eyes, wired into the depths of its unfathomable spirit, gaze out from the cover of innumerable editions. It is, I think, the animal I would most like to be eaten by. Schaller had mentioned that they had a good chance of seeing this electrifying creature on the Crystal Mountain, and Matthiessen felt the prospect ‘was reason enough for the entire journey.’ What was he up

to, pinning ‘this journey of the heart’ on such a remote but oh-so fleshly animal? He hints at the kind of grail the leopard represents: ‘It has pale frosty eyes and coat of pale misty grey, with black rosettes that are clouded by the depth of the rich fur . . . it is wary and elusive to a magical degree and so well camouflaged in the place it chooses to lie that one can stare straight at it and fail to see it. Even those who know the mountains rarely take it by surprise: most sightings have been made by hunters lying still near a wild herd when a snow leopard happened to be stalking.’ You truly see by not trying to see.

The snow leopard is not some kind of facile symbol; Matthiessen is too good a writer to play that kind of card. It’s a flesh-and-blood animal that he is desperate to glimpse, but also desperate to allow to remain invisible, secretly itself, untouched by his cravings. It is the tension between these two seemingly irreconcilable quests – the inquisitive naturalist, hungry for new experience, and the Buddhist novice, eager to reach *beyond* the superficialities of experience – that gives the book its charge. No wonder its appeal endures. In the 1970s, it was one of the texts in the backpacks of Westerners on the hippy trail. Later it helped inspire a new breed of field-naturalists and filmmakers to venture with humility into extreme environments. Today, in a cultural mood sceptical of both single-minded spirituality and tunnel-visioned science, it still raises challenges. We have a broken relationship with the natural world, and do not know how to heal it. Is our peculiarly human breed of consciousness – and our perpetually questioning, rationalising, disturbingly passionate and achingly nostalgic sense of ‘self’ especially – a barrier to re-engagement, or the only medium through which we can make any sense of the world outside? Matthiessen’s book, poised between a spiritual search for what might be called a common consciousness, and an

intensely personal, idiosyncratic documentary, is a fundamental handbook for this task.

It's from this confusion that I start my own expedition into *The Snow Leopard*, feeling as ill-equipped for the task as the author did for his. I'm happy to have no faith, unless an exultation in the 'endless forms' of creation counts as a faith. I like the way my sense of who I am is taped together by the ceaseless scribblings in my head, and have no wish to meditate them away. But I care about the same issues that Matthiessen does, and I'm reassured by recalling one reason for his Nepalese journey that he doesn't mention. He's a professional travel writer. This is what he does. He deliberately goes on adventures in order to tell us stories about them.

The adventure itself is arduous, but never catastrophic. By Matthiessen's standards it's also short, and he's back in New York in little more than two months. But from the outset it seems a lonely journey. The party is twenty strong, including four Sherpas and fourteen porters. But Matthiessen strides clear of them immediately. Perhaps this is the custom on these long treks, but you sense he wants to be alone with his thoughts, or at least with his perceptions. 'Hibiscus, frangipani, bougainvillea: seen under snow peaks, these tropical blossoms become the flowers of heroic landscapes.' Everything is a kind of bloom, an extrusion of the land: 'The fire-coloured dragonflies in the early autumn air, the bent backs in bright reds and yellows, the gleam on the black cattle and wheat stubble, the fresh green of the paddies and the sparkling river – over everything lies an immortal light, like transparent silver.' A few days later he spots a common sandpiper, 'it teeters and flits from boulder to black boulder, bound for warm mud margins to the south.' He'd seen this 'jaunty' bird in many other places, from Galway to

New Guinea, and is ’cheered a little when I meet it here again here.’

And we’re cheered too by this little tug at the heartstrings, this brief human admission of nostalgia. Matthiessen begins the more earnest business of interrogating his reactions and motivations according to Buddhist precepts. ‘The Universe itself is the scripture of Zen’, he writes, ‘for which religion is no more and no less than the apprehension of the infinite in every moment.’ How does this flash of affective memory weigh in Zen’s scales? As a moment of weakness, drawing Matthiessen away from the intense experience of the here and now? Or as a moment of *prajna* – a profound vision of one’s identity with universal life, past, present and future?

I’m in need of some spiritual porters at these points. I understand the words, though not always their meaning. I admire their implicit morality. But the heavy abstraction and convolutions of Buddhist theory seem to drag down the brilliance and immediacy of Matthiessen’s encounters with the physical world. Is the goal of enlightenment to see and love this world exactly as it is, or to see *through* it, to something beyond? Perhaps this is a paradox only to those of us who are not religious.

Matthiessen understands this problem and experiences it himself. This is where George Schaller helps. GS is Sancho Panza to Matthiessen’s Don Quixote. He grounds the book. He’s practical, shrewd, sometimes a little geekish. He is awesomely fit, but makes his feet bleed by walking too ferociously. He loses patience with the porters, and wants to throw one off a cliff for endlessly intoning ‘OM MANI PADME HUM.’ He hates the slowness of the expedition, and yearns for the ‘crisp air’ in the high mountains of blue sheep and snow leopard. ‘Once the data start coming in’, he says, ‘I don’t care about much else; I feel I’m justifying my existence.’ It sounds like a scientist’s version of the Zen belief in the primacy of ‘Is-ness.’

And so they proceed, the intense encounters with this immense and compelling landscape counterpointed by reflections on whether it is just an illusion. By late October they are at thirteen thousand feet. ‘Three snow pigeons pass overhead, white wings cracking in the frozen air. To the east, a peak of Dhaulagiri shimmers in a halo of sun rays, and now the sun itself bursts forth, incandescent in a sky without cloud, an ultimate blue that south over India is pale and warm, and cold deep dark in the north over Tibet – a blue bluer than blue, transparent, ringing.’ It is a world that seems more real than real, yet Matthiessen tells us of the teaching that existence is but a dream, a void, that all phenomena, including time and space ‘are mere crystallisations of mind.’ It’s a metaphysical position that sits oddly with his existential moments of enlightenment: ‘*It* is! *It* exists! All that is or was or will be ever is right here in this moment. *Now*!’

And that exclamation suddenly reminds me of another writer, Henry Thoreau. Matthiessen makes much of the similarity between Buddhist teachings, quantum physics, modern theories of consciousness, even Christianity. St Catherine’s ‘All the way to Heaven is Heaven’, he insists, ‘is the very breath of Zen.’ But those eyeball to eyeball encounters with the here and now are also the very stuff of Matthiessen’s own literary tradition. In 1855 the American poet Walt Whitman had a vision of the unity of the world, also glimpsed from a high place. In *Leaves of Grass* he wrote:

> I have no chair, nor church nor philosophy;
> I lead no man to a dinner table or library or exchange,
> But each man and each woman of you I lead upon a knoll,
> My left hand hooks you round the waist,
> My right hand points to landscapes,
> And a plain public road.

Just seven years earlier Thoreau had made his epic climb of Mount Ktaadn and made a statement about the absolute authority of the physical. It prefigures Matthiessen even in its highly stressed punctuation: 'Talk of mysteries! Think of our life in nature – daily to be shown matter, to come into contact with it – rocks, trees, wind on our cheeks! The *solid* earth! The *actual* world! The *common sense*! *Contact! Contact*!' Later, in the famous passage in *Walden* where he discusses measuring the depth of his pond, he seems to set his face against any notion of a world beyond the material: 'The greatest depth was exactly one hundred and two feet; to which may be added the five feet which it has risen since, making one hundred and seven. This is a remarkable depth for so small an area; yet not one inch of its can be spared by the imagination . . . While men believe in the infinite some ponds will be thought bottomless.' The imagination, he is suggesting, needs finitude, not abstraction, for its full flowering. Perhaps Thoreau, often included amongst the US Transcendentalists, would be more accurately described as a 'transcendental materialist'. He believed in the miraculous stuff of life, which transcends itself, so to speak, not into the realm of the supernatural but the hyper-real.

So does Peter Matthiessen in the descriptive passages of *The Snow Leopard*. The book's concluding sections, played out in the leopard's own domain, are majestic. At last he gets to see the blue sheep at close quarters, and the data coming in seems to justify his existence, too: 'I lie belly down, out of the wind, and the whole warm mountain, breathing as I breathe, seems to take me in . . . The lead female comes out of the hollow not ten yards up the hill, moving a little way eastward. Suddenly, she gets my scent and turns quickly to stare at my still form in the dust below. She does not move but simply, stands up, eyes round. In her tension, the black marks on her legs are fairly shivering; she is superb.' In a genre that is often stupefied

with an excess of metaphor it is striking how little Matthiessen relies on such devices. (And when he does they are so exactly chosen that they reverberate like an arrow hitting a target. The Himalaya is ‘as convoluted as a brain’; a lammergeier is ‘a nine-foot blade sweeping down out of the north.’) Perhaps he thinks that words themselves are already metaphors enough. But his language is direct, an unadorned outgrowth of what he is describing, an embodiment of its significance. Again I’m reminded of Thoreau, and his fantasy of what ‘natural’ writing would be like: ‘he would be a poet who could impress the winds and streams into his service, to speak for him; who nailed words to their primitive senses . . . who derived his words as often as he used them, transplanted them to his page with the earth adhering to their roots; whose words were so true and fresh and natural that they would appear to expand like buds at the approach of spring.’

Language is suspect in Buddhism, one of the layers of illusion to be transcended by meditation. It is sometimes referred to as a ‘dirty pane of glass’ between person and world. ‘The weary self of masks and screens, defences, preconceptions, and opinions,’ the author writes, ‘that, propped up by ideas and words, imagines itself to be some sort of entity . . .’ So as a materialist I am selfishly glad that Matthiessen the writer wins out over Matthiessen the spiritual explorer, and has left us this exact and luminous account of one of the most beautiful regions of the Earth, and not rejected his words as mere ciphers for a larger reality. We are a language-using species. Language is how we understand ourselves and relate to our fellows, and used with Matthiessen’s power is one of the ways we can find a kinship with the rest of creation. Maybe the great paradox of the book is that the author’s meditative discipline, his search for a purity of understanding beyond words, has led him to a supreme clarity of language.

But when it comes to the snow leopard, everybody wins. The animal is never seen, of course. There are teasing hints and signs. One bright morning on the Crystal Mountain ‘the leopard prints are fresh as petals on the trail’. Two days later, a leopard makes a scrape right across the author’s boot print. He takes it as a sign that he is not to leave. ‘It is wonderful,’ he writes, ‘how the presence of this creature draws the whole landscape to a point.’ But it fails to materialise, and in the end Matthiessen makes peace with his neediness: ‘Have you seen the snow leopard?’ ‘No, isn’t that wonderful!’ Even a materialist can take comfort in this rejection of hubris, in its acceptance of the world-as-it-is, with its own priorities, and not always the world as we want it to be. ‘Expect nothing’, a Zen priest had warned Matthiessen before he set out. In the end, wrung out by anti-climax and the effects of sudden altitude loss, he has a small revelation, more cheering than any that came from his deliberate searching: ‘I begin to smile, infused with a sense of my own foolishness, with an acceptance of the failures of this journey as well as of its wonders. I know that this transcendence will be fleeting, but while it lasts, I spring along the path as if set free; so light do I feel that I might be back in the celestial snows.’

Richard Mabey, 2010

That is at bottom the only courage that is demanded of us: to have courage for the most strange, the most singular and the most inexplicable that we may encounter. That mankind has in this sense been cowardly has done life endless harm; the experiences that are called “visions”, the whole so-called “spirit-world”, death, all those things that are so closely akin to us, have by daily parrying been so crowded out by life that the senses with which we could have grasped them are atrophied. To say nothing of God.

RAINER MARIA RILKE

PROLOGUE

IN LATE SEPTEMBER of 1973, I set out with GS on a journey to the Crystal Mountain, walking west under Annapurna and north along the Kali Gandaki River, then west and north again, around the Dhaulagiri peaks and across the Kanjiroba, two hundred and fifty miles or more to the Land of Dolpo, on the Tibetan Plateau.

GS is the zoologist George Schaller. I knew him first in 1969, in the Serengeti Plain of East Africa, where he was working on his celebrated study of the lion.[1fn1] When I saw him next, in New York City in the spring of 1972, he had started a survey of wild sheep and goats and their near relatives the goat-antelopes. He wondered if I might like to join him the following year on an expedition to northwest Nepal, near the frontier of Tibet, to study the bharal, or Himalayan blue sheep; it was his feeling, which he meant to confirm, that this strange "sheep" of remote ranges was actually less sheep than goat, and perhaps quite close to the archetypal ancestor of both. We would go in the autumn to observe the animals in rut, since the eating and sleeping that occupied them throughout the remainder of the year gave almost no clue to evolution and comparative behaviour. Near Shey Gompa, "Crystal Monastery", where the Buddhist lama had forbidden people to molest them, the bharal were said to be numerous and easily observed. And where bharal were numerous, there was bound to appear that rarest and most beautiful of the great cats, the snow leopard. GS knew of only two Westerners—he was one—who had laid eyes on the Himalayan snow leopard in the past twenty-five years; the hope of glimpsing this near-mythic beast in the snow mountains was reason enough for the entire journey.

Twelve years before, on a visit to Nepal, I had seen those astonishing snow peaks to the north; to close that

distance, to go step by step across the greatest range on earth to somewhere called the Crystal Mountain, was a true pilgrimage, a journey of the heart. Since the usurpation of Tibet by the Chinese, the Land of Dolpo, all but unknown to Westerners even today, was said to be the last enclave of pure Tibetan culture left on earth, and Tibetan culture was the last citadel of "all that present-day humanity is longing for, either because it has been lost or not yet been realized or because it is in danger of disappearing from human sight: the stability of a tradition, which has its roots not only in a historical or cultural past, but within the innermost being of man. . . ."[2] The Lama of Shey, the most reverend of all the *rinpoches*, the "precious ones", in Dolpo, had remained in seclusion when a scholar of Tibetan religions[3] reached the Crystal Monastery seventeen years ago, but surely our own luck would be better.

On the way to Nepal, I stopped at Varanasi, the holy city on the Ganges, and visited the Buddhist shrines at Bodh Gaya and Sarnath. In those monsoon days of mid-September, the brown heat of India was awesome, and after a few days on the Ganges Plain, I was glad to fly north to Kathmandu, in the green foothills of the Himalayan wall. That day was clear, and among the temple spires and tiered pagodas, black kites and red veered on the wind. The dry air at 4000 feet was a great relief from the humidity of India, but in the north the peaks were hidden by thick clouds of the monsoon, and by evening it was raining.

I found GS at the hotel. We had not met for a year or more, our last correspondence had been in midsummer, and he was relieved that I had turned up without mishap. For the next two hours we talked so intensely that I wondered later if there was anything left to speak about in the months ahead; we shall have no company but each other, and we do not know each other very well. (Of GS, I had written earlier that "he is single-minded, not easy to

know", and "a stern pragmatist, unable to muster up much grace in the face of unscientific attitudes; he takes a hard-eyed look at almost everything." He was also described as a "lean, intent young man",[4] and I find him as lean and as intent as ever.)

The rains prevailed throughout the last three days in Kathmandu. GS was desperate to get under way, not only because he loathes all cities but because winter comes early to the Himalaya, and these rains of the monsoon would bring heavy snow to the high passes between this place and our destination. (We later learned that the October rains set an all-time record.) Months before, he had applied for permission to enter Dolpo, but only now, on the final day, were permits granted. Last letters were written and sent off; there would be no mail where we were going. All excess gear and clothing were discarded, and traveller's cheques exchanged for small rupee notes by the dirty packet, since large bills have no currency among the hill peoples. With our Sherpa camp assistants, we packed tents and pots, and bargained for last-minute supplies in the Oriental rumpus of the Asan Bazaar, where in 1961 I had bought a small bronze Buddha, green with age. My wife and I were to become students of Zen Buddhism, and the green bronze Buddha from Kathmandu was the one I chose for a small altar in Deborah's room in the New York hospital where she died last year of cancer, in the winter.

In the early morning of September 26, in a hard rain, with a driver, two Sherpas, and all expedition gear, we packed ourselves into the Land-Rover that would carry us as far as Pokhara; two more Sherpas and five Tamang porters were to come next day by bus, in time for departure from Pokhara on the twenty-eighth. But all arrivals and departures were in doubt; it had rained without relent for thirty hours. In the calamitous weather, the journey was

losing all reality, and the warm smile of a pretty tourist at the hotel desk unsettled me; where did I imagine I was going, where and why?

From Kathmandu there is a road through Gorkha Country to Pokhara, in the central foothills; farther west, no roads exist at all. The road winds through steep gorges of the Trisuli River, now in torrent; dirty whitecaps filled the rapids, and the brown flood was thickened every now and again by thunderous rockslides down the walls of the ravine. Repeatedly the rocks fell on the road: the driver would wait for the slide to ease, then snake his way through the debris, while all heads peered at the boulders poised overhead. In raining mountains, a group of shrouded figures passed, bearing a corpse, and the sight aroused a dim, restless foreboding.

After midday, the rain eased, and the Land-Rover rode into Pokhara on a shaft of storm light. Next day there was humid sun and shifting southern skies, but to the north a deep tumult of swirling greys was all that could be seen of the Himalaya. At dusk, white egrets flapped across the sunken clouds, now black with rain; on earth, the dark had come. Then, four miles above these mud streets of the lowlands, at a point so high as to seem overhead, a luminous whiteness shone—the light of snows. Glaciers loomed and vanished in the greys, and the sky parted, and the snow cone of Machhapuchare glistened like a spire of a higher kingdom.

In the night, the stars convened, and the vast ghost of Machhapuchare radiated light, although there was no moon. In the shed where we lay down, behind a sort of inn, there were mosquitoes. My friend, dreaming, cried out in his sleep. Restless, I went out at daybreak and saw three peaks of Annapurna, soaring clear of low, soft clouds. This day we would depart for the north-west.

[fn1] Superior numbers refer to the Notes that begin here.

WESTWARD

Just as a white summer cloud, in harmony with heaven and earth freely floats in the blue sky from horizon to horizon following the breath of the atmosphere—in the same way the pilgrim abandons himself to the breath of the greater life that . . . leads him beyond the farthest horizons to an aim which is already present within him, though yet hidden from his sight.

LAMA GOVINDA
The Way of the White Clouds

All other creatures look down toward the earth, but man was given a face so that he might turn his eyes toward the stars and his gaze upon the sky.

OVID
Metamorphoses