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HORIZON

WINTER, 1966 · VOLUME VIII, NUMBER 1

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Death and Taxes

A rare conjunction of talents brings to this issue of HORIZON a unique archaeological report on one of the most poignant episodes of Jewish history—the mass self-destruction of the Zealots following their heroic but futile defense of the desert fortress at Masada against the overpowering forces of Rome in A.D. 73. The author of our account and the man directing the dig at Masada, Yigael Yadin, is no stranger to warfare in that part of the world. He is the author of *The Art of Warfare in Biblical Lands*, among other books dealing with his archaeological work and the Dead Sea Scrolls. Beyond that, although he is at present Professor of Archaeology at Hebrew University, at the age of thirty-three General Yadin, as Chief of Staff of the Israeli army, played a vital role in his country's war of independence. His own successful campaigns in 1948 covered many battle sites of Biblical times, and as a military leader he insisted that his officers study the Bible and archaeology in their line of duty. As a field archaeologist he attacks problems with milit techniques and equipment and trains and dire his dedicated international staff with milit discipline and efficiency. His Masada "campaig has been a brilliant conquest over a dark phase history.

UPI

Yigael Yadin

To enable us to illustrate General Yadin's st effectively, Eliot Elisofon undertook to pho graph the site especially for HORIZON, both fr the air and at ground level, as well as some of significant finds that have been made the Mr. Elisofon is himself no stranger to wa in various parts of the world. As a photographer during World War II he covered the first landings in North Africa, the entire Tunisian campaign, and from the vantage of a vessel loaded with aerial bombs, the transatlantic crossing of a convoy to Europe. As a matter of fact, M Elisofon is a stranger in virtually no part of t world. There are few far places on earth, fr The Mountains of the Moon to the South Se

Eliot Elisofon

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HORIZON

A Magazine of the Arts

WINTER, 1966 · VOLUME VIII, NUMBER 1

rom Hollywood to Tokyo, that have not yielded rilliant stories to his camera. It was on his way ack from Israel that he spied and recorded the urious and touching "doll show" that we picture n pages 16 and 17.

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ew men have spoken more eloquently on the roblem of taxes than Edmund Burke. "To tax nd to please, no more than to love and to be ise," he remarked in his famous address to arliament in 1774, "is not given to men." evertheless, latter-day Americans, fully repre-nted as they now are in the halls of govern-ent, have some reason to find satisfaction in eir own tax laws. As Jerome Rubin points out n the pages immediately following, the phe-omenal growth of public art collections in this ountry has corresponded very closely with the nposition of certain taxes over the past genera-on or so. The point might be made that during ose years the government, through such mea-ires, has been—indirectly, somewhat unwit-ngly, but in effect—a lavish patron of the arts. here is some irony here since this is a role hich, in any more overt and direct form, our ederal government has until recently (except in e extremes of the Depression) been very re-ctant to assume. THE EDITORS

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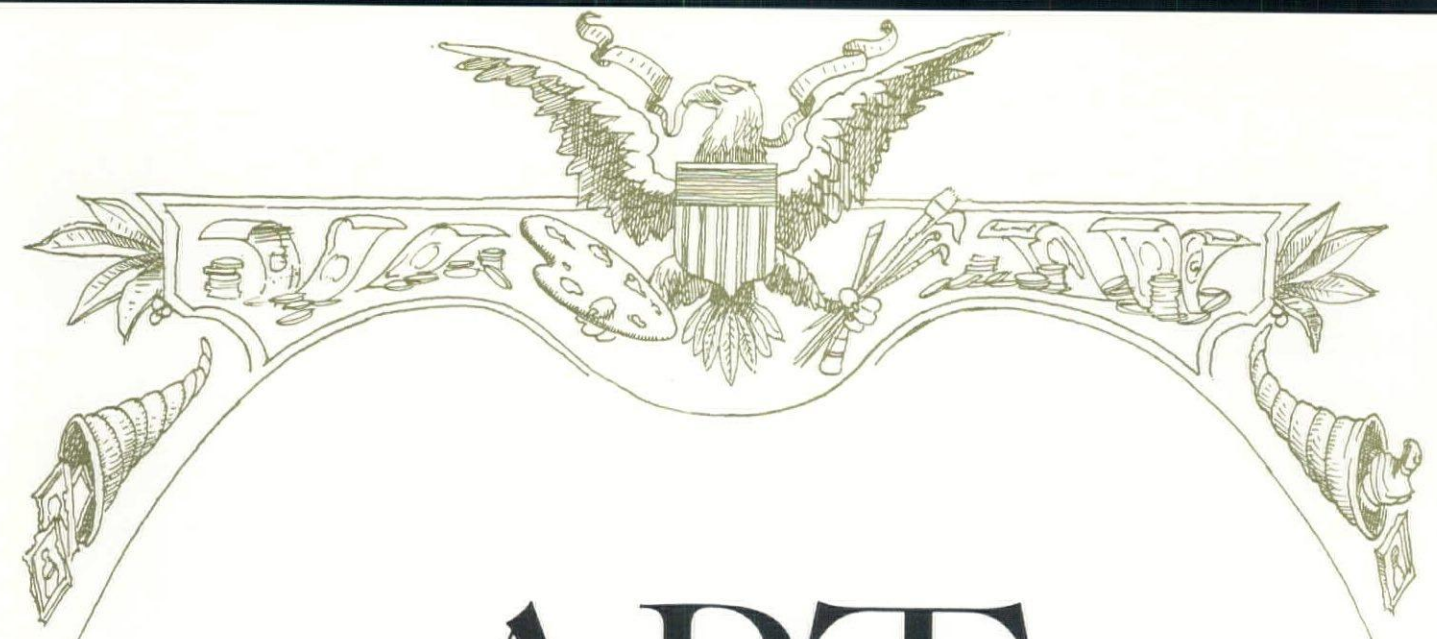
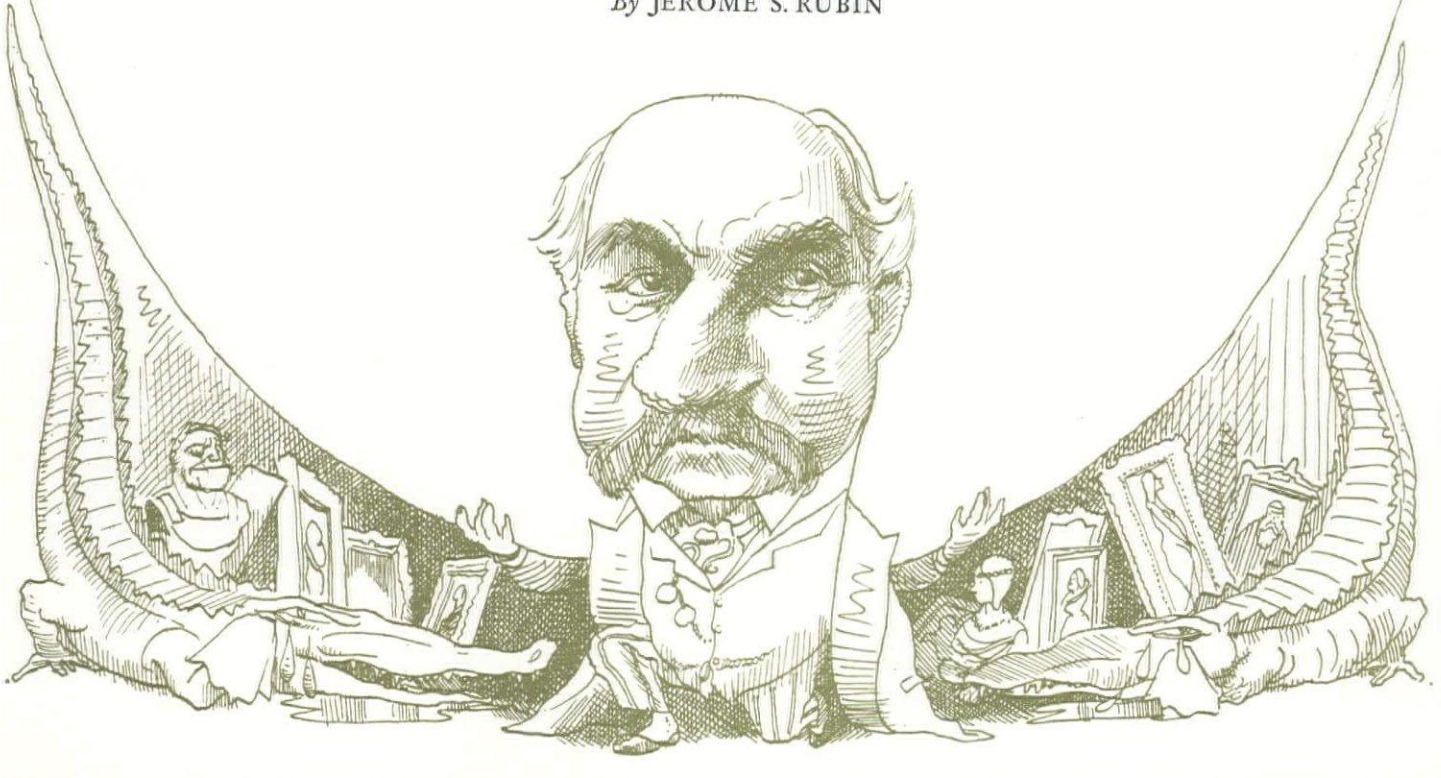
THE GOLDEN HORN — *Photographs by Ara Güler* — 76

COVER: When this searching study of a young woman was painted, about 1455, the art of secular portraiture in northern Europe was scarcely a generation old. Yet within that short span a genius like Rogier van der Weyden had developed a mature style, capable of interpreting the subtle contradictions in his strong-willed and sensuous-looking sitter. Historians suppose her to be the illegitimate daughter of Philip the Good, whose Burgundian court, withdrawn to Flanders, helped to nurture the great revolution in Flemish art discussed by John Canaday on pages 84–95. The painting, just 14 inches high, is one of the jewels of the Mellon Collection, whose disposition in the National Gallery is chronicled in "Art and Taxes," beginning on page 4.



ART and TAXES

By JEROME S. RUBIN



The great private art collections of the past have almost all "gone public." Such titans as Morgan, Altman, and Frick could afford to be generous to the nation's museums. With a proper regard for the Collector of Internal Revenue, today's wealthy art patrons cannot afford not to be

ALINARI

Bid by Christ to "render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's," Masaccio's Peter cheerfully hands a gold coin to the tax collector, a duty which subsequent generations have found less pleasurable and more expensive.

The year of the Medici fiscal reform in Florence, 1427, in which the unprecedented income tax known as the *catasto* was imposed, Felice Brancacci, a member of the party opposing the Medici, commissioned a series of frescoes by the brilliant young Masaccio. One of the paintings, *The Tribute Money*, which is among the great works of Western art and still adorns the Brancacci Chapel in Florence, depicts Christ's own payment of the tribute money (Matthew XVII: 24–27). Notwithstanding Brancacci's opposition to the *catasto*, the painting served as a lofty reminder to the citizens of Florence that even in the days when the Son of God walked the earth it was the duty of all citizens to meet their responsibilities to the tax collector.

In the United States in the twentieth century, the Commissioner of Internal Revenue is not often depicted as a handsome personage with the grace of a Roman athlete, as Masaccio portrayed his tax collector (see left). Irrespective, however, of what opinion the art collector may have of the tax collector as a thing of beauty, in recent years the art collector has had to keep the tax collector increasingly in mind. Indeed, the very nature of art collecting in the United States has reflected the various changes in the tax laws and rates through the years.

The great private collections in America, unlike those in Europe, were not the inherited results of centuries of selective accumulation, but were created in a few years, or decades at most, usually out of capital that had been amassed almost as quickly. The adoption of the Sixteenth Amendment in 1913, permitting the imposition of a Federal tax on income, was the first shock wave of the social and economic earthquake which from that time on made it increasingly difficult for private persons to amass

BY DAVID LEVINE

baronial collections of either capital or works of art.

For this and other reasons 1913 was a year of cataclysm in the world of art. On February 17 the tradition-shattering Armory Show opened on Lexington Avenue in New York City, with lawyer-collector John Quinn as counsel to the sponsoring committee, and modern European art suddenly came to America. On March 31 the colossus of the international art world, Pierpont Morgan, died. To avoid an anticipated increase of English death duties, he had just before his death shipped his collection from England to the United States. It was the greatest assemblage of art ever amassed by a private individual. The mammoth job of packing and shipping the collection in three hundred and fifty-one packing cases had taken a full year, and upon his death the scramble that ensued among dealers, collectors, and museum directors was unprecedented in the modern history of art. On October 3, largely as the result of the efforts of Quinn, the tariff laws were revised to permit the free entry of original paintings and sculpture. The impact of the concatenation of these events was staggering.

In the end, although it was not foreseen at the time, the adoption of the Sixteenth Amendment proved to have the most far-reaching effects of all. The Federal income tax began on March 1, 1913, with very low rates, was increased by successive Revenue Acts until 1918, was decreased by successive Revenue Acts from 1921 until 1932, and then was increased again by successive Revenue Acts, reaching its peak in the 1944 Act. In that watershed year of 1913, when the dollar was worth far more than it is today, Benjamin Altman paid almost a quarter of a million dollars for Rembrandt's glorious *Toilet of Bathsheba*, now owned by the Metropolitan Museum; Henry Clay Frick paid more than a quarter of a million for a Rembrandt portrait of a merchant and commissioned the architectural firm of Carrère & Hastings to build his Fifth Avenue town house, where the Rembrandt resides in good company; and Arabella Huntington paid more than $400,000 for Velázquez's portrait of the Duke of Olivares, which hangs in the Huntington Library in San Marino, California.

In that year a prosperous resident of these United States with a taxable income of one million dollars had to pay the tax collector about $60,000 in Federal income tax. A somewhat less fortunate but nevertheless well-fixed fellow citizen with a taxable income of $200,000 had to pay only a bit more than $7,500. Their counterparts in the peak year of 1944, on the other hand, had to pay Federal income taxes of almost $915,000 on taxable income of one million, and of almost $163,000 on taxable income of $200,000. With minor exceptions, during the entire postwar period of 1945 through 1963 the tax rates varied from 20 per cent on taxable incomes of less than $2,000 to 91 per cent of that portion of income in excess of $200,000. Now, thanks to the 1964 Act, the rates run from a minimum of 14 to a maximum of 70 per cent.

Even if the rich taxpayer, with the aid of a resourceful accountant, a creative tax lawyer, and an indulgent Congress given to creating so-called "loopholes," can achieve a comfortable *détente* with the income tax, he must nonetheless face the inevitable: upon his death he must make his peace with the tax collector as well as with the Almighty. The Federal government has levied death taxes of various types intermittently since 1798, but the present Federal tax on transfers of property at death dates from 1916. The rates, initially graduated to a maximum of 10 per cent, were increased to a maximum of 25 per cent during World War I. After several intervening changes, both up and down, the rates were again raised, in 1932 (to a maximum of 45 per cent) and then again in 1934, 1935, and 1941. Although there have been many important changes in the Federal estate tax law and regulations since 1941, the rates of tax have remained essentially unchanged since that year, and estates are now subject to tax at rates ranging from a minimum of 3 per cent to a maximum of 77 per cent on that portion of the taxable estate in excess of $10 million.

Having safely spirited his mountains of treasure out of the clutches of the English tax collector, Pierpont Morgan was able to leave an estate in 1913 of $128 million, including works of art conservatively valued at $60 million, without the payment of even one cent of Federal estate tax (although about $3 million was paid by his heirs in New York State inheritance taxes). Today, the combined Federal and New York State taxes on an estate of the same size would be more than $100 million.

Nor can the rich taxpayer outwit the tax collector and with impunity transfer his property to his family or friends while he is still alive. The gift tax, adopted in 1924 and repealed two years later, was restored in 1932 and since then has remained an integral part of the Federal tax structure. Since 1932 gift tax rates have consistently been three-fourths of estate tax rates.

The combined effects of the income tax, which limits the accumulation of wealth, and of estate and gift taxes, which limit its transfer to the private objects of the taxpayer's affection, have been to sharply inhibit the private collecting of art on the grand scale in the United States. Other factors and influences aside, there has been a striking parallel between the rise of the role of the tax collector and the decline of the great private art collector in the United States. By the early 1940's, when the impact of taxes began to be significant (as noted, the rates of the original income tax of 1913 and the estate tax of 1916 were refreshingly modest), an extraordinary preponderance of the truly great American collections had either been completed or were in the course of completion.

Long before his death in 1931, the Baltimore railroad magnate Henry Walters had assembled a remarkable collection of more than 22,000 works of art through such audacious purchases as his acquisition in 1902, for a million dollars, of the Don Marcello Massarenti collection of early Italian art—which he brought home in a specially chartered transatlantic ship. At Fenway Court in Boston's Back Bay fens, Isabella Stewart Gardner lived from 1902 to 1924 in perfect harmony with the unique environment which she had created for herself,* surrounded by her remarkable treasures, many of which Bernard Berenson had guided her to purchase. Among them were a Simone Martini altarpiece, Botticelli's *Chigi Madonna*, Raphael's *Portrait of Tommaso Inghirami*, Piero della Francesca's *Hercules* fresco, and Titian's *Rape of Europa*.

Henry Clay Frick—who had attracted Duveen's attention at the sensational Yerkes sale in 1910 by paying more than $150,000 for a Frans Hals portrait—in 1915 spent $1,250,000 for the fabulous Fragonard panels which had cost Pierpont Morgan $310,000 in 1898. The highly knowledgeable lawyer-collector John G. Johnson, whose clients included Frick, Morgan, Widener, and Havemeyer, calculated in March, 1917, that Frick had for several years been spending between two and four million dollars annually on purchases of art.

Benjamin Altman, like Morgan, gave the finishing touches to his collection before his death in 1913. The twelve Rembrandts in his sumptuous assemblage are now jewels in the crown of the Metropolitan Museum of Art —jewels which perhaps have never shone so brightly as since 1961, when the Metropolitan paid $2,300,000 to acquire another Rembrandt, *Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer*. In the winter of 1909 Altman had bought three of his dozen Rembrandts for approximately $750,000. Another Rembrandt admirer was P. A. B. Widener, who in 1911 purchased *The Mill* for what his fellow Philadelphian John G. Johnson called the "awful" sum of $500,000. The Argyrol king, Albert C. Barnes —whose father had worked at the city slaughter house in Philadelphia at the same time as P. A. B. Widener, before Widener went on to better things—began in 1906 to amass his impressive collection of modern French paintings, which by 1961 was estimated to be worth at least $100 million.

In San Marino, California, Henry E. Huntington formed a distinguished collection of paintings and one of the greatest libraries in the world. In 1911 he acquired the Church Collection of Americana and early English literature for one million dollars. Ten years later he bought Gainsborough's *Blue Boy* (which Mrs. Gardner had long coveted) for $750,000—the highest price paid for one painting up to that time. In this purchase he was encouraged by the enthusiasm of his wife, Arabella (the widow of his uncle, Collis Huntington), whom he married in 1913. She had already demonstrated her flair for fine pictures by assembling a collection including works by Van der Weyden, Bellini, Hals, and Velázquez, as well as Rembrandt's *Aristotle*, which was later relinquished and which was to cause as great a sensation in the

* See "Mrs. Gardner's Palace of Paintings" (July, 1959, HORIZON).

H. E. Huntington, J. E. Widener, Frick, Mellon: "The felicitous union of public benefaction and private tax saving"

1961 art market as the *Blue Boy* had forty years before.

By 1944, when the income tax reached its peak, the process was practically complete; with relatively few exceptions, the age of great private collecting was ended. The collections of certain members of the Rockefeller family, of Mrs. Albert Lasker, of Judge Irwin Untermyer, and of a number of other discerning American collectors are magnificent, but perhaps the only private collection in the United States today which can stand comparison with those of the pre-Sixteenth Amendment giants is that of Robert Lehman—and its foundations were laid long before the years of high taxes: the superb Italian and Flemish paintings of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, which are the glory of the collection (pages 10–11), were acquired between 1914 and 1920.

The difficulty of accumulating capital or transmitting it to the next generation is, however, but half the story. The corollary of the eclipse of the private collector has been the refulgence of the public collector; the spectacular growth of museums and other public collections in the United States, especially over the past three decades, is also demonstrably linked to the brooding omnipresence of the tax collector.

"The lack of any public disclosure by Mellon of his plans . . ."

The provisions of the tax law that have been centrally responsible for the growth of public collections are the charitable contribution deduction under the income tax and the charitable exemption under the estate and gift taxes—the tax collector's twin goads to the eleemosynary instincts of the American taxpayer. Ever since the Revenue Act of 1917, Congress has seen fit to permit the deduction from taxable income—subject to certain limitations—of contributions to Federal, state, or local governments "for exclusively public purposes," and to organizations created within this country and "operated exclusively for religious, charitable, scientific, literary, or educational purposes." The parallel provisions in the estate and gift tax laws, which exempt from taxation transfers to such organizations, have been part of those laws for as long as they have been in effect.

This is not to suggest that altruism in the fine arts was invented by the Internal Revenue Code. While Arabella's son, Archer M. Huntington, continued to collect privately on a monumental scale, in 1904 he founded the Hispanic Society Library and Museum, which he then filled with the glories of Spain. Charles L. Freer's collection of Oriental art was accepted by the Smithsonian in 1906, and Altman left his Rembrandts and other magnificent treasures to the Metropolitan Museum upon his death in 1913. But the tax burden imposed on the very rich and their ability to lighten this burden by benefiting the public have strongly reinforced this native generosity. While the degrees of tax necessity or motivation, and of unalloyed altruism, may have been different in each case, the record is clear.

A staggering share of Morgan's hoard was given to the Metropolitan Museum in 1917 by his son, albeit in furtherance of his father's expressed wishes. The Morgan Library itself became public in 1924, as did Mrs. Gardner's Italian palace in Boston. Abby Aldrich Rockefeller and others founded the Museum of Modern Art in 1929, and that museum has been helped to grow to its present position through additional Rockefeller generosity. Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney's Museum of American Art was founded in 1930, and the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum in 1937. Henry Clay Frick's elegant town house became a public museum in 1935, and Henry E. Huntington's breathtaking house in San Marino became the public Huntington Library in 1928. Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer, whose successive will codicils increased her generosity to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, left 1,972 works of art of high quality to the museum on her death in 1929. Henry Walters bequeathed to the public his collection and a museum to house it in 1931. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., gave the Cloisters to the Metropolitan

in 1938 to house exhibits of medieval art and paid for substantial additions in subsequent years. Jules Bache's old masters were given to the Metropolitan in 1949. In 1964 Huntington Hartford made his contribution to American culture by opening the Gallery of Modern Art.

Albert Barnes established his controversial foundation in 1922, although it was not until 1961, after considerable litigation, that the collection became reasonably accessible to the public. Lois Forer, the Deputy Attorney General of Pennsylvania who in 1958 began the legal action that helped to open the collection to the public, wrote of Barnes's gift and the foundation's subsequent activities: "It has been estimated that the total taxes without penalties would have been in excess of thirty million dollars if all of these transactions had been taxable."* The foundation created in 1929 by another Pennsylvania boy who made good, Samuel H. Kress, has on the contrary never been accused of concealing its treasures from the public. In addition to giving the National Gallery of Art 375 paintings, 92 pieces of sculpture, and more than 1,300 medals, plaquettes, and small bronzes, the Kress Foundation has made substantial donations to the Metropolitan Museum, the Philadelphia Museum, and eighteen regional museums from Atlanta to Honolulu, in what has probably been the most systematic giveaway program in the history of art.

The very origins of the National Gallery of Art, one of the most splendid repositories of works of art in the world, directly involved a brush with the tax collector, and the story illustrates, in rich Renaissance colors, the felicitous union of public benefaction and private tax saving. In 1934 the Commissioner of Internal Revenue determined a deficiency in Andrew W. Mellon's income tax for the year 1931 in the amount of $1,319,080.90 plus a 50 per cent fraud penalty. Mellon, who had been Secretary of the Treasury during the tax year in question—he had held the office from March, 1921, to February, 1932—and had been Ambassador to the Court of St. James during the last year of Hoover's tenure, filed a petition with the Board of Tax Appeals demanding a redetermination of the deficiency, denying fraud, and claiming an overpayment of $139,045.17. Stung to the quick, the Commissioner answered Mellon's petition by asserting an increased deficiency in the amount of $2,059,507.49 plus a 50 per cent penalty, or a total of $3,089,261.24.

Mellon's assertion of overpayment was based on his having neglected, in his 1931 income tax return, to claim a charitable contribution deduction on account of a gift of five paintings to the A. W. Mellon Educational and Charitable Trust, which he had created a few months before. Mellon asserted that the trust was to be only the temporary owner of the paintings, for he had conceived the idea of establishing, for the benefit and enjoyment of the American people, a national art gallery in Washington to which he would give his own collection and to which other works of art might later be contributed by himself and other high-minded persons. The five paintings in question had been among the treasures of the Hermitage in Leningrad and had been purchased by Mellon from the Soviet government for $3,247,695. The most expensive was Raphael's *Alba Madonna*, which cost $1,166,400; the least expensive was a *Crucifixion* by Perugino, which cost $195,615; the others were Titian's *Venus with a Mirror*, costing $544,320, Jan van Eyck's *Annunciation*, totaling $503,010, and Botticelli's *Adoration of the Magi*, which cost $838,350.

The lack of any public disclosure by Mellon of his plans, the fact that the paintings were stored in a specially fitted room at the Corcoran Gallery of Art to which Mellon in his own right, and not the trust, held the key, and the remarkable circumstance of Mellon's having neglected to claim the deduction led the government to contend that "the gifts were not bona fide and were not completed by delivery"; that Mellon had "never parted with dominion over the paintings; that enjoyment has never inured to the people of the United States; and that at the time of the hearing [Mellon] had not caused plans to be drawn or made any commitment to build or endow a gallery in Washington, or elsewhere." The Board of Tax Appeals was, however, strongly influenced by the colorful testimony of Lord Duveen, who told the Board how Mellon had outlined to him his ideas concerning the gallery and its probable position on the Mall in Washington and how Duveen had introduced Mellon to John Russell Pope, the well-known architect, with the idea of having Pope design the gallery. The Board held the gift to be valid and permitted the deduction claimed by Mellon. Ultimately, John Russell Pope did design an imposing neo-classic building of Tennessee marble, which was completed in 1941 not far from "the obelisk near the pond" (as Duveen characterized the Washington Monument at the hearing).

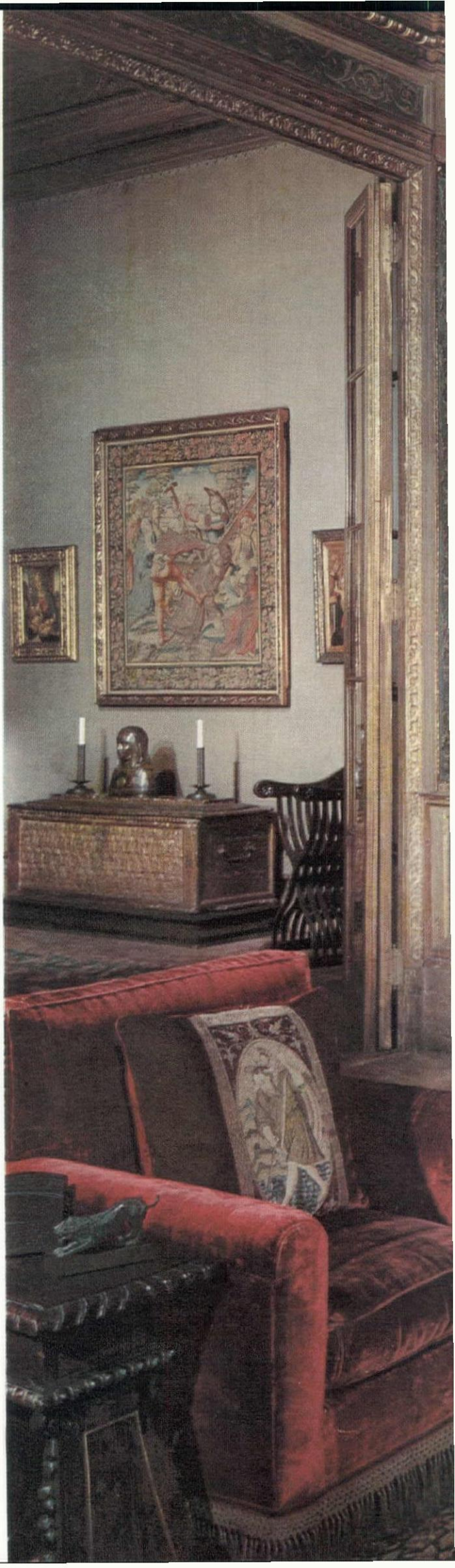
In 1932 Mellon contributed to the trust an additional 19 paintings which had cost him $6,065,400; at the very end of 1934 he contributed 45 more, which had cost him $8,903,465; and a couple of years thereafter he acquired for the National Gallery-to-be, in the largest transaction in the history of art, 42 paintings and sculptures from Duveen for $21 million. In March of 1937 President Roosevelt and the Congress formally accepted Mellon's "wonderful offer" to build the National Gallery, to furnish it with his entire collection, and to provide it with an endowment fund of $5 million.

The National Gallery, having first seen the light of day in a bout between tax collector and art collector, has grown and prospered at the continuing expense of the tax collector. Speaking of Mellon in its decision in his

* I quote from Mrs. Forer's article on the Barnes Foundation in the Spring, 1964, issue of HORIZON.

famous tax case, the Board of Tax Appeals stated: "The paintings owned by the petitioner in 1930 and supplemented by purchases in 1931, in the opinion of experts, constituted the finest private collection in the world and were superior to any museum collection in the United States. The collection was composed of masterpieces of Botticelli, Raphael, Titian, Perugino, Holbein, Düurer [*sic*], Jan van Eyck, Velázquez, Van Dyck, Rubens, Rembrandt, Frans Hals, Hobbema, Cuyp, Gainsborough, Raeburn, Romney, Turner, Constable, and other noted artists. Many of the paintings represented the outstanding work of the Old Masters created during the greatest periods of their careers."

Whether Mellon's collection in 1931 was in fact "superior to any museum collection in the United States" is a matter of opinion on which experts will differ, but it is inconceivable that any private collection today could be favorably compared with the collection of the Metropolitan Museum or of the National Gallery itself. A host of other private collectors and art patrons has followed in Mellon's footsteps in contributing to the National Gallery. The most notable additions have been the Kress gifts, which began in 1939 and ultimately provided more than one-third of the works of art now on view in the gallery; the Joseph E. Widener gift in 1942; the gift of the Lessing J. Rosenwald Collection in 1943 (more than doubled by subsequent additions); and the Chester Dale bequest in 1962. Today, only a quarter of a century after it opened its doors to the public, the National Gallery houses one of the most extraordinary collections of masterpieces to be seen anywhere.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The last of America's great private collections was begun around 1910 by Philip and Robert Lehman, two generations of a noted New York banking family. The extraordinary rooms at right, embellished by three centuries of Italian and Flemish paintings and tapestries, Renaissance furniture, majolica, and rare Oriental rugs, represent just a narrow sampling of the broad, informed taste of the father and son who lived here. Since the elder Lehman's death in 1947, the five-story town house has been somewhat altered to fit its new role as a private repository of art. Robert Lehman, preferring the company of French impressionists and their successors, has furnished his own apartment mainly with major works by Renoir, Cézanne, and Degas.

The highly vaunted ingenuity of the American people has nowhere shown itself to better advantage than in its response to the Internal Revenue Code; in its application to the charitable contribution deduction it has met its own high standards. The creative hands of the art collector and his tax advisors have on occasion sculptured the charitable contribution deduction into a work of art surpassing in originality the picture or object which was the subject of the gift. While the intricacies are beyond the scope of this article, it is illuminating to examine some of the standard patterns of the eleemosynary behavior of the well-informed art collector.

A gift of tangible property, such as a work of art, is deductible in the amount of the fair market value of the property at the time of the gift, irrespective of how much the donor may have paid for the property. Moreover, the donor is not taxed on any increase in value. The postwar bull market in the art world, itself feeding on the tax laws, has thus opened up extraordinary opportunities for the high-bracket taxpayer. A gift to a museum of a Degas drawing bought before World War II for $1,000 and worth $20,000 in 1963 would have netted the 80 per-cent-bracket taxpayer a deduction of $20,000 and therefore a tax saving of $16,000, whereas the sale of the same drawing to another collector at a price of $20,000 would have resulted in a capital gain tax of $4,750 and cash in hand of only $15,250. (These figures reflect Federal taxes only; state income taxes would also have taken their toll, thus making the charitable gift still more attractive.) Clearly, under these circumstances it is more rewarding to give than to sell; in responding to his sense of altruism and high purpose, the astute collector has been able to benefit not only his soul but his bank account.

While the results in a typical case are hardly as dramatic as in the example given above, there can, however, be too much of a good thing. Except under certain extraordinary circumstances, the Internal Revenue Code limits the deductibility of charitable contributions to 20 per cent of the taxpayer's adjusted gross income (essentially, gross income less business deductions), with (since 1954) an additional 10 per cent if the gifts are made to certain classes of beneficiaries (before 1964, churches, schools, and hospitals). Prior to the 1964 Act, any charitable contribution in excess of these limits was irretrievably lost, so that museums have often found themselves receiving fractional gifts or gifts on the installment plan. A collector fortunate enough to have had an adjusted gross income of $100,000 and to have bought a Signac seascape for $4,000 in postwar Paris which appreciated in value to $60,000 would have received a deduction of only $20,000 on the donation of the painting to his local art museum. However, by drawing up a suitable legal instrument providing for a gift of one-third of the painting annually to the museum in each of three successive years, the collector's good fortune would have been complete; he would have received a deduction of $20,000 in each of the three years. Unlike the baby who was the subject of Solomon's wisdom, the Signac that was the subject of its donor's sagacity would not be threatened with actual physical division; the tax lawyer has an ample variety of techniques available to accomplish a division of legal title. The taxpayer, if he had wished, might have limited his gift to the museum to only a one-third interest. Under this arrangement the painting would reside at the museum for four months a year and would stay with the taxpayer for the other eight; upon the sale or other disposition of the painting, the proceeds would be divided in the same proportion.

Another device which has proved useful in dealing with the deductibility limitation (although this has not been its principal use) has been the bargain sale. If the same sharp-eyed fellow who bought the Signac seascape for $4,000 had later, his horizons broadened, bought a Canaletto lagoon scene for $45,000 which increased in value to $65,000, he could sell it to his local museum at his acquisition cost, thus making a fully deductible gift of $20,000 without resorting to the installment method.

There have been a number of cases, more often involving colleges than museums, in which a taxpayer has been able to provide for his old age by transferring a valuable work of art to a charitable organization upon an agreement that he should receive a stipulated annuity for life. The taxpayer is permitted a deduction to the extent of the excess of the value of the work of art transferred over the value of the annuity at the time of the transfer. Consider, for example, a sixty-five-year-old male taxpayer who wishes to augment his income by $10,000 a year and who is fortunate enough to own a Bonnard nude worth $150,000. Computed under the Income Tax Regulations and certain Revenue Rulings, a promise by a charitable organization to pay a sixty-five-year-old male $10,000 a year for the rest of his life is worth $114,690. Thus, if the taxpayer were to denude himself of the Bonnard by transferring it to his university's art museum upon the university's promise to pay him a lifetime annuity of $10,000, he would have made a deductible contribution of $35,310 in the year of the transfer.

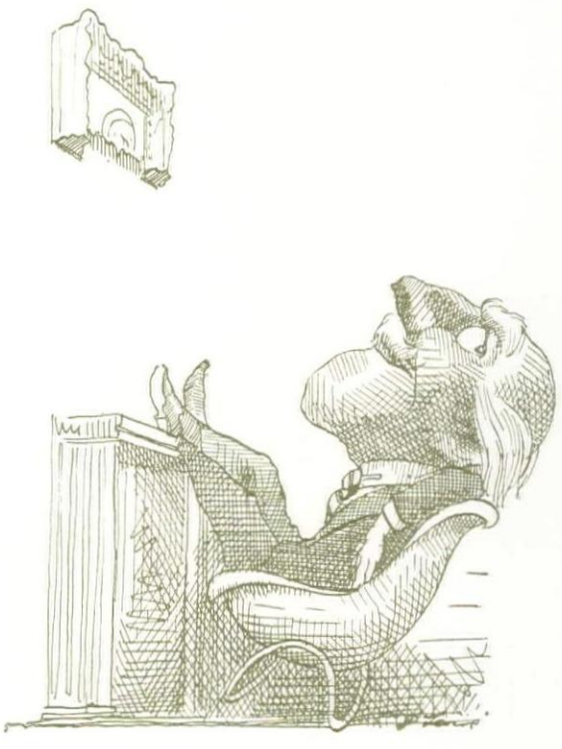
Under the Revenue Act of 1964, certain new classes of beneficiaries became eligible for the additional 10 percent deduction, and museums deriving their support "from a governmental unit . . . or from direct or indirect contributions from the general public"—that is, practically all public museums—are now in the favored group. Another helpful change effected by the 1964 Act was the excess charitable contribution carryover provi-

sion—under which a taxpayer who has made donations of more than 30 per cent in one year may, under certain circumstances, carry forward and deduct the excess in the five succeeding taxable years. Both of these changes have reduced the incidence of the installment gift and have made it easier for the art collector to indulge his charitable urges.

A less welcome change in the 1964 Act was the elimination of a deduction for the gift of a remainder interest in tangible personal property. Such a deduction cannot now be taken until all intervening interests in the property have expired or are held by persons independent of the taxpayer. Previously, a wealthy art collector who wished to defeat the tax collector simultaneously on two fronts—the income tax and the estate tax—could make a gift of a work of art to a museum while retaining possession of the work of art during his life, and could take a current income tax deduction of the value of the remainder interest given to the museum. This value was readily ascertainable through the use of tables appearing in the Estate Tax Regulations, based upon actuarial life expectancies and the assumption that money in hand is worth only three and a half per cent a year in interest. If, for example, a sixty-year-old taxpayer had in 1963 been in the 80 per cent income tax bracket and had an estate in the 50 per cent bracket, he could have made a charitable gift of the remainder interest in a Hobbema landscape worth $40,000 and taken an income tax deduction of $24,128 in the year of the gift (under the Regulations, a remainder interest at age sixty is worth 60.321 per cent of the whole), and he would thus have enjoyed a tax saving of $19,302 without parting with the picture. The tranquil fields and woods of Holland would have continued to soothe the taxpayer in his declining years, and the picture would on his death be delivered to the object of his bounty with his estate freed of a $20,000 estate tax obligation. Tax reformers had felt for a long while that this was carrying things a bit too far, and Congress in its infinite wisdom removed this weapon from the tax lawyer's arsenal when it passed the 1964 Act.

The 1964 Act also imposed certain restrictions on the applicability of one of the most attractive features of the Internal Revenue Code to a high-bracket taxpayer with a systematic program of philanthropy: the provision which permits a taxpayer whose income tax and charitable contributions in the current year and in eight of the preceding ten years have together exceeded 90 per cent of his taxable income, to take an unlimited deduction for charitable contributions in the current year. For a very wealthy taxpayer, this unlimited deduction may mean complete freedom from income tax during the year in question. This provision is believed to have been introduced in the Revenue Act of 1924 by Senator James Couzens of Michigan for the benefit of an order of nuns who, by their vows, were compelled to turn their income over to the church, but its blessings have been most important to the very rich. Samuel H. Kress, for example, took advantage of it in bestowing his munificence on the National Gallery and a multitude of other museums across the country from 1936 through 1948.

A work of art, unlike a share of Eastman Kodak common, a color television set, or a bushel of wheat, is generally a unique object with no readily ascertainable, objectively verifiable, standard of "fair market value," and it has usually been in the area of valuation that the tax collector and the art collector have clashed. In determining the tax on an estate, the Commissioner of Internal Revenue may value a Raeburn portrait at $15,000; the executor, on the other hand, may feel that, fashion having passed this Scottish painter by, the portrait is worth no more than $5,000. In claiming a charitable deduction of $10,000 for an Alma-Tadema given to his university's newly formed art gallery, the proud alumnus may find the Commissioner more than willing to accept the fact that



"Museums have often found themselves receiving fractional gifts"

fashions change, and asserting that a deduction of only $1,000 will be permitted.

Valuation problems often involve the works of young or unknown painters rather than changes in fashion. Hilla Rebay, for many years a trustee of the Guggenheim Foundation and the Guggenheim Museum's first director, donated eight non-objective paintings, painted by herself, to Arizona State College, Milwaukee-Downer College, and the Emma Willard School during the years 1955 through 1959—and claimed a total of $169,000 in deductions. The Commissioner of Internal Revenue noted that the only painting ever sold by Miss Rebay was bought by a business associate of her lawyer in the spring of 1962 for $15,000; he also noted that this obliging purchaser was neither an art collector nor an art expert, that he had never bought a non-objective painting before, and had never before paid more than $50 for a painting of any kind. The commissioner argued that the total fair market value of the donated paintings was only $7,000. After hearing the testimony of four experts at the trial, the Tax Court, in February, 1963, permitted a deduction to Miss Rebay of $2,300 more than the Commissioner had asserted—a total of $9,300 as compared with her own valuation of $169,000.

The art market is simply too vast, too complex, too subjective, not to lead to honest differences of opinion, among laymen and experts alike, on the questions of valuation posed by the tax laws. But it is not these honest differences that have disturbed the Treasury Department; the difficulty, occasionally the impossibility, of objective valuation has led to a myriad of abuses. In an attempt to tighten things up, the regulations were revised in 1964 to impose, with respect to deductions of contributions of items of property and in particular those having a value of more than $200, a stricter and more detailed set of substantiation requirements.

While the buying, selling, and collecting of art, like most other human activities, is engaged in by many honest people, the art world has a rich historical tradition of chicanery and intrigue, and the opportunities for profiting at the government's expense were not long overlooked. Indeed, so great have the opportunities been that, especially in recent years, many persons with little or no interest in, or feeling for, works of art have passionately embraced "Art" and have acquired and cheerfully disposed of paintings and objects primarily for tax advantages. The prearranged purchase and overvalued gift, the switched invoice, and other unsavory tricks of the dishonest have not, however, had a major impact on the quality of the most important public collections in the United States, and the stream of fine works of art continues to flow into these repositories from the ever-dwindling private collections.

The charitable contribution deduction is limited to gifts to organizations in the United States and its possessions, and comparable inducements are not found in the tax systems of most other countries. (Indeed, while the imposition of an income tax is now almost universal, the systematic payment of such a tax is not a highly significant element in the economic life of most other nations; the efficient and orderly collection of personal income tax is unusual even in Europe, aside from Scandinavia and the United Kingdom.) These facts, coupled with the economic pre-eminence of the United States, have permitted the public collections of this country to grow at a rate unrivaled elsewhere. In his introduction to the catalogue of the exhibition of Robert Lehman's collection at the Musée de l'Orangerie in Paris in 1957, Charles Sterling, curator of paintings and drawings at the Louvre, wrote that "such great private collections are inevitably acquired by museums, especially in the United States where the sincere generosity of the individual donor is strongly encouraged by wise laws."

The shadow of the tax collector has not merely influenced the shift from private to public collecting; it has also changed the nature of private collecting. Many an important private collection today is accumulated with an ultimate public disposition in mind and reflects the transitoriness of its private abode. Often, too, collections regarded as private are only apparently so, for they are owned by those other creatures of our tax system, private charitable foundations.

An ironic tribute to the tax collector was paid by the ghost of Lord Duveen in 1964 when the Norton Simon Foundation of Fullerton, California (incorporated in 1952 for general charitable purposes and since 1963 devoted primarily to the purchase and loan of works of art for exhibition to the general public without charge), acquired all the assets of the firm of Duveen Brothers for $15 million. When the shadow of the tax collector lay but lightly on the land, Duveen's flamboyant salesmanship had helped to build such great private collections as those of Morgan, Frick, the Huntingtons, P. A. B. Widener, and Mellon. As Duveen played his role in the formation and enlargement of the National Gallery's collection, so the Norton Simon Foundation today is a principal benefactor of the Los Angeles County Art Museum—which, when it opened in April, 1965, was the largest art museum built in the United States since the completion of the National Gallery in 1941. The Norton Simon Foundation's works of art, which have been acquired in the course of the past decade, are on loan not only in the Los Angeles County Art Museum (where they constitute one-quarter of the works on exhibition) but also at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Wadsworth Atheneum, the Worcester Museum of Fine Arts, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and the National Gallery itself—where Rembrandt's

portrait of his son Titus went on exhibition in May, 1965, after its purchase two months earlier by the Foundation at a stormy auction at Christie's in London for $2,234,000.

But the nature of private collecting itself has perhaps been most affected by quite a different aspect of the tax system—the preferential treatment of capital gains. A basic tenet of Federal income taxation has been that it is a tax on income and not on capital, so that gains on the sale or exchange of capital assets which are not, like dealers' inventories, sold in the ordinary course of trade are, subject to certain conditions, taxed at one-half the taxpayer's ordinary rate of tax, and in no event higher than 25 per cent. In a rising market, works of art have thus lent themselves admirably to speculation and have led to the formation of hastily accumulated and often as hastily sold portfolios of art objects. Leaping from one fad to another, capitalizing on every trend and subtrend, the postwar investor-collector has been able, with the right timing, to buy Action painting cheap and sell it dear, to jump in and out of Pop with the same agility, and finally to hop into the dazzling world of Op.

This phenomenon has not been limited to the United States; the recent imposition in the United Kingdom of a tax on capital gains (until this year, capital gains in the United Kingdom were not taxed at all!) caused a widely reported furor in the London art market. Another interesting incentive to art collecting in Britain was provided by the Finance Act of 1956, under which the taxing authorities may accept any work of art which the Treasury finds "pre-eminent for its aesthetic merit or historical value," in payment of death duties.

While the British income tax does not offer anything equivalent to the charitable contribution deduction in the United States, there is a somewhat hedged-in equivalent of our estate tax exemption for charitable bequests of works of art, which under some circumstances may be even more attractive than the exemption is here. Estate duty in its present form in the United Kingdom was imposed by the Finance Act of 1894, and contributed to the breaking up of some of the ancient English collections which ultimately made their way across the Atlantic and into the hands of American millionaires.

Masaccio's celebrated masterpiece *The Tribute Money* is a fresco and therefore relatively difficult to remove from the wall in the Brancacci Chapel of which it is an integral part. If its mobility were not thus impeded, it might very well have been transported to a noble English country house during those centuries when the English were brightening their sceptr'd isle with the glories of the Italian Renaissance, and then, in the great exodus of works of art from Britain to the United States during the Morgan era, it might very well have gone on to the New World. Had that happened, it would almost surely have succumbed by now to the pressures of the Internal Revenue Code, and it would be on exhibit, its message triumphant, in an American museum—perhaps even in that other imposing tribute to the tax collector, the National Gallery of Art.

Jerome S. Rubin, who is a member of the New York bar, is professionally as well as philosophically concerned with the impact of the law and taxes on the arts. He is presently at work on a book on the subject.

"To buy Action painting cheap and sell it dear, to jump in and out of Pop with the same agility . . ."

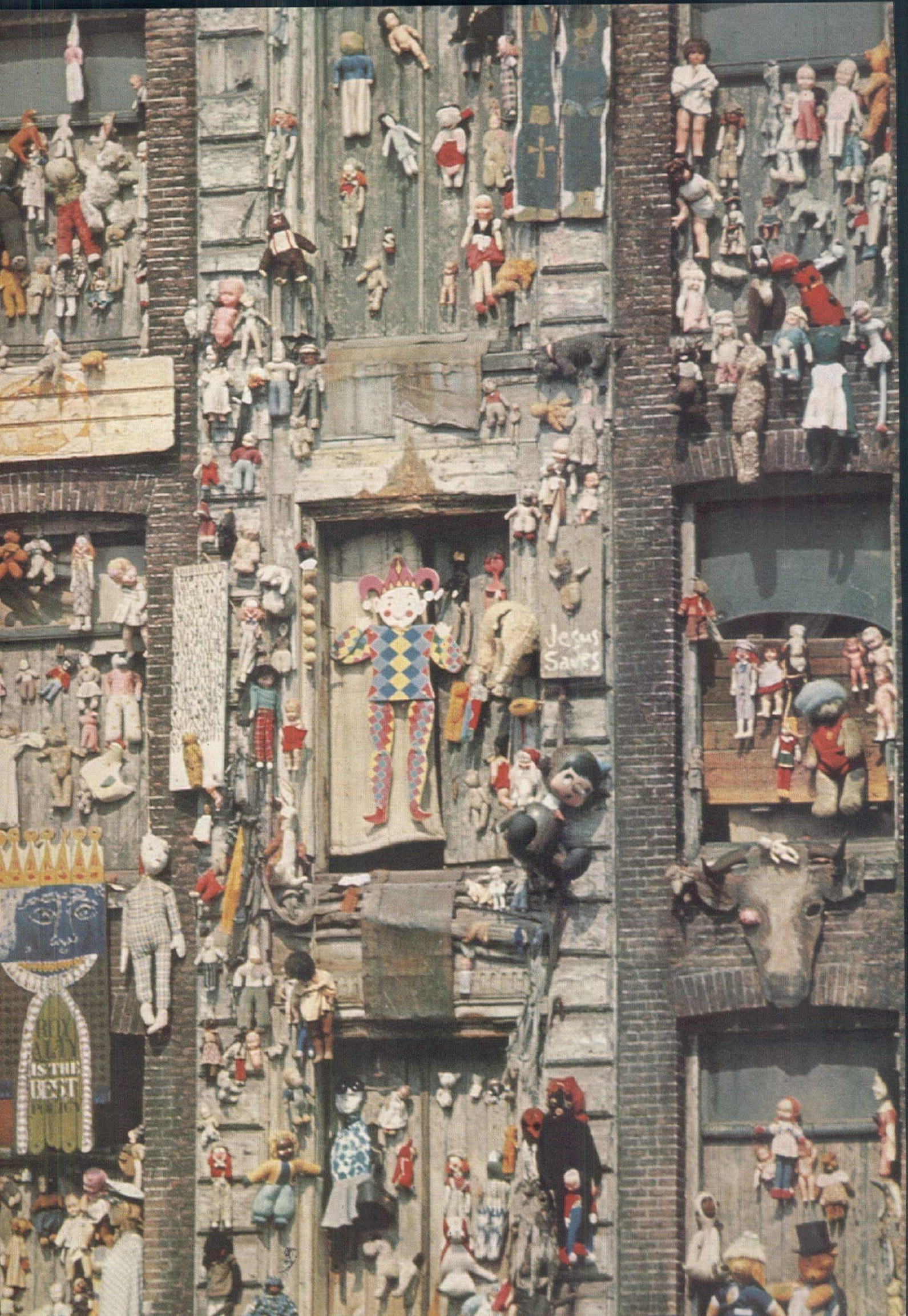
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELIOT ELISOFON EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE NOTED

How to Protest in Dutch

Protesting the demolition of venerable old buildings is becoming one of the more popular outdoor sports. Marching up and down with hortatory placards is the way Americans usually play the game, but they might well take note of the more decorative (if equally ineffectual) mode of complaint recently devised in Amsterdam—dolls. The thickly populated façade shown on these pages belonged to an eighteenth-century warehouse on Amsterdam's Waterloo Square, which used to be the center of a large Jewish community before the Nazis killed most of its inhabitants. One survivor was Pieter de Jong, a ragman who lived in the warehouse. Upon learning that his dwelling was to be razed to make room for a new town hall, he thought up his protest speciality. Word soon got around, and others who did not wish to see the old quarter altered sent an army of dolls to Mr. de Jong. An American pop artist who calls himself Victor 4 and lives on a barge in a nearby canal sent along four of his works, which account for such English slogans among the dolls as "Royalty is the best policy" and the more relevant "Jesus Saves."

The demolition squad arrived in spite of it all, and the dolls had to be evacuated (see right). Progress, or whatever it is called, will not be impeded. But Protest, for a brief time, held the fort in a most original way.

GUUS KOENDERS


Jesus
Saves
IS THE
BEST

One of the
most spectacular
archaeological
digs of recent years
has explored the
craggy stronghold
beside the
Dead Sea, where Zealots
killed themselves
rather than
surrender to Rome

Masada

By YIGAEL YADIN

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR HORIZON BY ELIOT ELISOFON

The ruins of King Herod's luxurious Hanging Palace, perched at the edge of the rock-fort of Masada, overlook the barren shores of the Dead Sea more than a thousand feet below.

Introduction

One of antiquity's most terrible wars erupted in the year A.D. 66, when the Jews, goaded past endurance by decades of misrule and inspired by hopes for the coming of the Messiah, rebelled against Rome. Despite overwhelming odds and immense loss of life, they continued fighting for seven years. The rebellion had been seething for almost a century. Roman taxation was harsh and the imperial procurators continually offended the religious sensibilities of the Jews. Time after time, in the years before the war, riots broke out when the Romans marched into the holy city of Jerusalem bearing their eagle standards—graven images that were worshiped by the legionaries.

The Jews had almost no chance to win, and to their contemporaries the rebellion seemed an act of madness. The rebels imagined that they could block Roman shipping in the Mediterranean, but that hope proved illusory. They thought that the Jews scattered throughout the Roman Empire would rise in rebellion to aid them; there were indeed riots between Jews and Gentiles in Alexandria and Damascus, but they were quickly subdued. They hoped that the Parthians, the only power strong enough to rival Rome, might invade Palestine to aid them; but the Parthians failed to move. Finally, the Jews expected God to intercede on their behalf, to send his Messiah to overthrow the Roman Empire and set up his own kingdom in its place. That hope proved to be illusory as well.

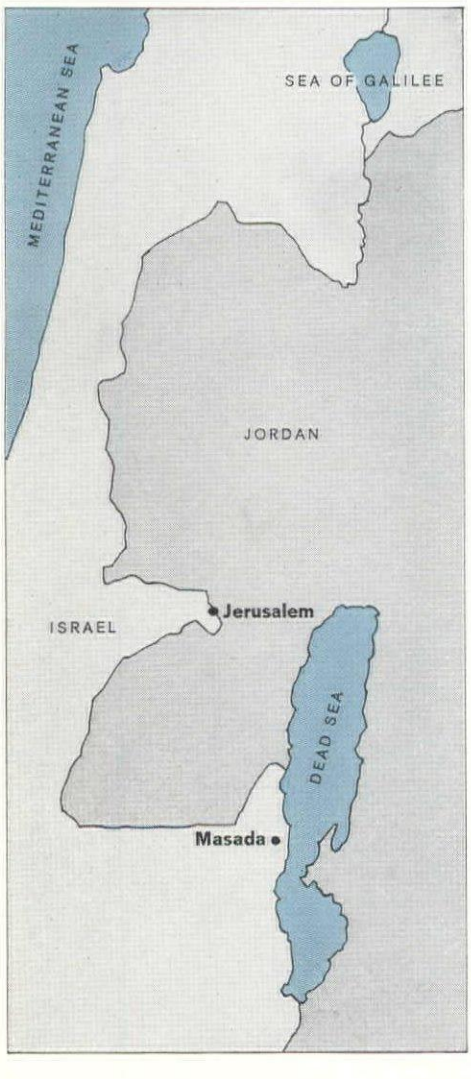
For hundreds of years the dream of the advent of a Messiah had entranced Jewish minds. Only a part of the nation believed that his coming and the end of the world were imminent, but they carried the rest of the people along with them —although occasionally a calmer voice, such as that of the Jewish general Josephus, who later wrote a history of the great rebellion, called down scorn on the fanatics. Some of the Jews awaiting the end of the world—like the Essenes, the people of the Dead Sea Scrolls—withdrew in order to prepare themselves for the time when the great battle between the forces of good and evil would erupt, signaling the beginning of the end. Others followed the preacher John the Baptist, who called on them to "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand," or listened to Jesus of Nazareth, who preached the same message in Galilee and in Jerusalem. Still others, a few years after Jesus' execution, followed a prophet named Theudas to the banks of the Jordan, carrying all their riches, expecting the river to part so that they could walk across it to God's kingdom. Some took to the hills of Galilee and harried the Romans and their Jewish puppet rulers in any way they could, to hasten the end of the old order. The authorities met this agitation with force. Year after year, expeditions were dispatched into the Galilee hills to flush the rebels from their hideouts. John and Theudas were beheaded and Jesus was crucified, for any talk about the end of the world was interpreted by the Romans —and by most of the populace as well—as a call to rebellion.

When the rebellion finally did break out, the Jews fought fanatically. It took four years for the Romans to reconquer Jerusalem; the city was finally captured and all but destroyed in the spring of A.D. 70 after a terrible six-month siege. But the Zealots still refused to surrender and sought refuge in desert fortresses. Masada, an almost inaccessible rock rising above the western shore of the Dead Sea, was the last of these strongholds to be captured. In the winter of A.D. 73, its besieged defenders at last understood that further resistance was useless; instead of surrendering, hundreds of them killed themselves, their wives, and their children.

Excavations recently completed at Masada by the Israeli archaeologist and former army commander Yigael Yadin have unearthed evidence of the Zealots' last stand there, and the remains of a luxurious palace that Herod the Great had constructed on the site a century earlier. On the following pages, Professor Yadin's report on the dig is presented, accompanied by Josephus's account of Herod's palace and Masada's fall, and by photographs of the site taken especially for HORIZON by Eliot Elisofon.

N. K.

Masada lies southeast of Jerusalem in the wilderness of Judah.



Light streams down on one of the expedition's members as he inspects a cistern at the southern tip of Masada. With a capacity of about eighty thousand gallons, the cistern was one of several that had been excavated from solid rock by Herod's engineers.

For the past two winters, soldiers of the Israeli army, members of *kibbutzim,* high-school students, and thousands of individual volunteers from twenty-eight countries labored with a near mystic sense of devotion to uncover the remains of Masada, the Judean desert rock-fort towering above the Dead Sea. What attracted them? What prompted us, the archaeologists, to tackle this gigantic task? Why has Masada caught the imagination of many a scholar and layman for the last century?

The rock of Masada, with a sheer drop of about thirteen hundred feet to the western shore of the Dead Sea, is a place of awe-inspiring and majestic beauty. It is the site on which Herod the Great erected some of his most daring buildings, thus turning it into a potential refuge against Cleopatra of Egypt. It is also the scene of one of the most dramatic episodes in human history, where nine hundred and sixty Zealot defenders preferred to kill themselves rather than surrender to the Romans.

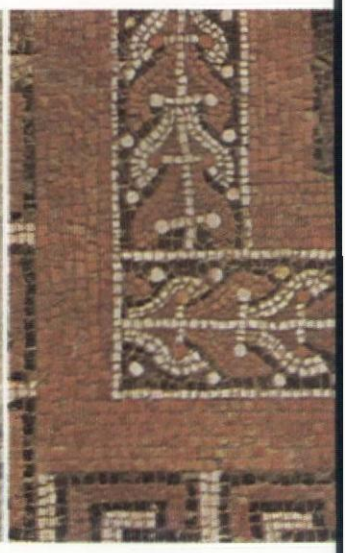
Our only source of information about its past is the writings of Josephus Flavius, the Jewish historian who was himself one of the commanders in the great revolt against Rome. That rebellion, which broke out in A.D. 66, ended tragically and heroically in A.D. 73 at Masada—which was practically the only fort to hold out against the Romans after the destruction of Jerusalem three years earlier.

The Roman siege camps and walls, and the earthen assault rampart thrown against Masada's western side, are still intact —a solemn testimony to the determination and skill of the Roman general Silva and his Tenth Legion. It was near Silva's main camp on the western side that we pitched our own camp in October, 1963. We had to be satisfied with an inferior site since Silva had had first choice, and he had chosen well. Water, food, and equipment for our expedition had to be brought over long distances, through roadless desert terrain. Cable ferries had to be built for lifting equipment to the top of Masada. To these difficult conditions was added an uncommonly hard winter, with heavy rains and storms which wrecked our camp more than once. There was some compensation, however, in being able to witness rare waterfalls from the neighboring heights. In ancient times falls like these had fed Herod's great reservoirs, hewn out of solid rock at the bottom of the western cliff. From there the water was carried by pack animals and slaves to the top, where another set of gigantic reservoirs was cut. Herod's water project in itself is testimony to the ingenuity of a great builder.

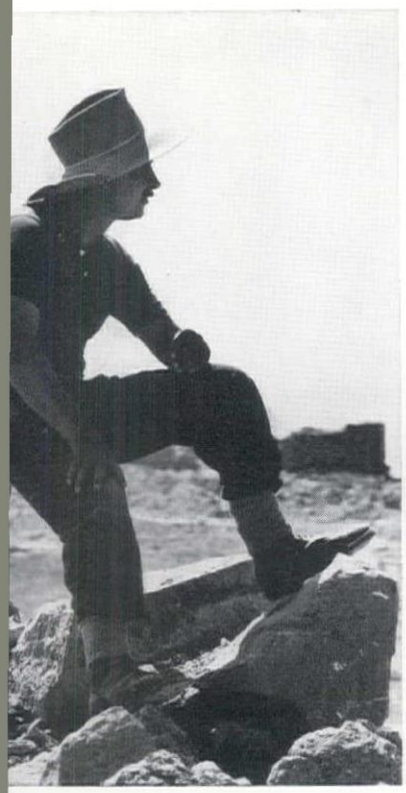
When we climbed to the top of Masada, either from the east, along the so-called "snake path," or from the west, by a less steep approach, the uniqueness of Herod's building activity became even more evident. Huge piles of stones confronted us, each covering the remains of enormous palaces, storerooms, barracks, and fortifications.

From minute descriptions by Josephus, their presence was known to the travelers, explorers, and archaeologists who were drawn to the site after its rediscovery by Edward Robinson, an American, more than a century ago. However, it was only after the emergence of the state of Israel in 1948 that more became known of Masada, through the amateur researches of young Israelis. Then, in 1955 and 1956, a small archaeological expedition took soundings on the top of the rock which showed that the excavation of Masada would require a large-scale expedition encamped on the site for a protracted period.

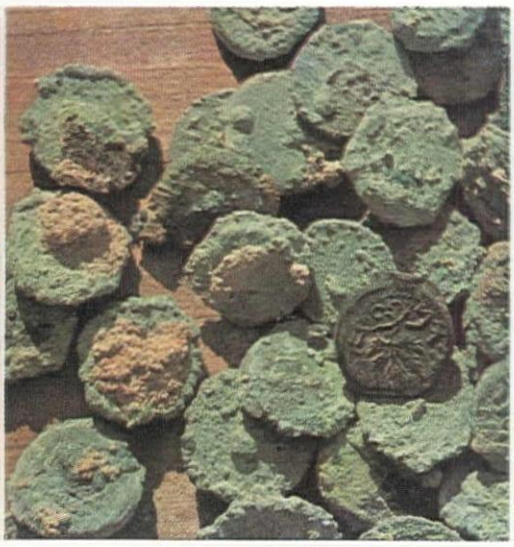
It fell to me to direct this archaeological enterprise, which was conducted on behalf of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, the Israel Exploration Society, and the Israel Governmental Department of Antiquities, and sponsored by the British weekly *The Observer,* the Wolfson Foundation, and by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sacher and Mr. Terence Kennedy and the late Mrs. Kennedy of London.

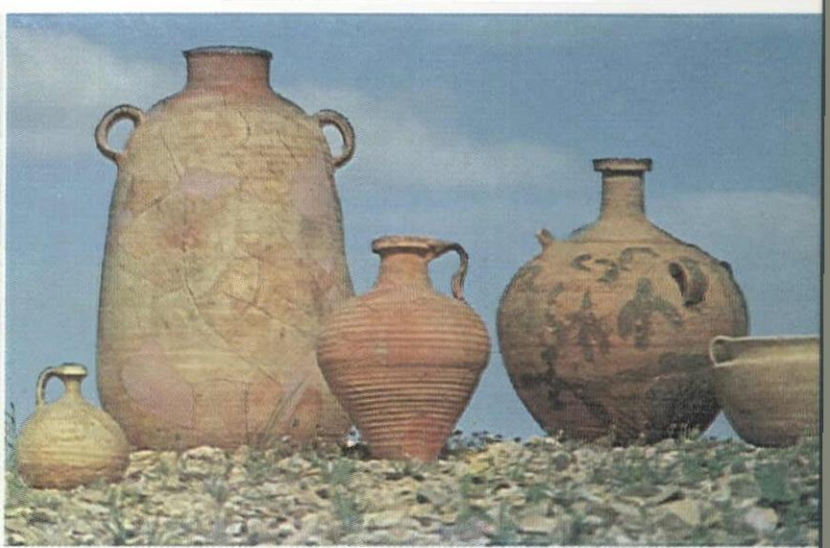


The Masada excavations were perhaps the biggest archaeological enterprise ever attempted in the Holy Land, and their yield has been enormous. We undertook two campaigns—seven months in 1963–64 and four months in



Wearing combat boots and wide-brimmed army hat, General Yadin (left) sits on a shooting stick and supervises operations. Above, two members of his staff dig at the edge of the cliff, with the Dead Sea far below them. The women at right are seen cleaning and sorting some of the thousands of shards that were discovered at the site. Those which fitted together were reassembled at the expedition's workshop beneath Masada. At the bottom of the page, a young English volunteer is shown piecing together a large jar used for storage in antiquity.





Among the expedition's finds were (from left to right): a Corinthian capital from the Hanging Palace; a fragment of a Nabataean dish; a large mosaic from the Western Palace (seen here in detail); coins of the second and third year of the revolt; and numerous jugs, storage jars, and cooking pots of various sizes.

Corinthian columns adorned the lower terrace of the Hanging Palace. Each was formed from sandstone drums which were fluted and then clamped together to reach the desired height. Masada's palaces were in the Hellenistic style, which in antiquity was as international and as trite as skyscraper architecture is today. Herod had to depart from standard models in one way, however. In accordance with Jewish law his buildings contained no representation of the human figure. Instead, their mosaics were confined to pictures of fruit and geometric designs.

1964–65—and by the first of May, 1965, we had excavated almost all of the entire built-up area of Masada. A small section was intentionally left unexcavated in order to give future visitors a "before and after" impression.

The most spectacular building on Masada was Herod's three-tiered villa-palace (hitherto accessible only by stakes and rope ladders, but now reached by a staircase installed for us by the Israeli army). This is the palace described in detail by Josephus. However, the ambiguity of his reference to its location led scholars in the past to identify it with a large building on the western edge of Masada. But this identification does not fit Josephus's description, for this

structure lay within the ramparts, it did not incline "towards the north," and it lacked other described features, notably an elaborate rock-cut staircase leading from the bottom to the top floor. Now, thanks to the amateur explorers from the *kibbutzim*, the villa-palace has been correctly located on the northern bluff of the rock. Its position, twelve hundred feet above the Dead Sea, is the only one on Masada which enjoys constant shade and shelter from the searing desert winds.

The difficult and painstaking excavation of this Hanging Palace revealed the remains of a rectangular building on the upper terrace, with a magnificent semicircular porch built out to the very edge of the cliff. These were the living quarters; the rooms were adorned with wall paintings and had simple black and white mosaic floors. The middle terrace, some sixty feet below, boasted a circular pavilion and colonnade. But the *pièce de résistance* of the villa was the bottom terrace, another forty feet lower down. It was the best-preserved section of the building, with wall paintings and a double colonnade surrounding a square area. Some of the frescoes show a naïve attempt to imitate marble and precious stones, yet they are well executed in a style that was popular throughout the Roman Empire at that time.

The villa-palace was completely covered with a thick

TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 28

The Account of Josephus

Josephus: an eighteenth-century portrait

The Great Fortress

"A rock with a very large perimeter and lofty all the way along is on every side broken off by deep ravines. Their bottom is out of sight, and from it rise sheer cliffs on which no animal can get a foothold except in two places where the rock can with great difficulty be climbed. One of these paths comes from the Dead Sea to the east, the other from the west—an easier route. They call the first one the Snake, with reference to its narrowness and constant windings: it is broken as it rounds the projecting cliffs and often turns back on itself, then lengthening out again a little at a time manages to make some trifling advance. Walking along it is like balancing on a tightrope. The least slip means death; for on either side yawns an abyss so terrifying that it could make the boldest tremble. After an agonizing march of three and a half miles the summit is reached, which does not narrow to a sharp point but is a sort of elevated plateau. On this the high priest Jonathan first built a fortress and named it Masada: later King Herod devoted great care to the improvement of the place. The entire summit, measuring three quarters of a mile around, he enclosed within a limestone wall 18 feet high and 12 wide, in which he erected 37 towers 75 feet high: from these one could pass through a ring of chambers right round the inside of the wall. For the plateau was of rich soil more workable than any plain, and the king reserved it for cultivation, so that if ever there was a shortage of food from without this should not injure those who had entrusted their safety to these ramparts. He built a palace, too, on the western slope, below the fortifications on the crest and inclining in a northerly direction. The palace wall was of great height and strongly built, with 90-foot towers at the four corners. The design of the apartments within, the colonnades and bathrooms, was varied and magnificent, the supporting pillars cut from a single block in every case, the partition walls and floors of the rooms paved with stones of many hues. At every spot where people lived, whether on the plateau, round the palace, or before the wall, he had cut out in the rock numbers of great tanks to hold water, ensuring a supply as great as where spring water can be used. A sunken road led from the palace to the hilltop, invisible from outside. Nor was it easy for an enemy to use even the visible roads: the eastern one, as already explained, was by nature unusable; the western was guarded by a large fort at its narrowest point, at least 500 yards from the crest. To pass this was impossible, to capture it by no means easy, while it had been made difficult even for innocent travelers to get away. So strong had the fortress's defenses against enemy attack been made both by nature and by human effort."

The Siege of Masada

'Against Eleazar and the Sicarii who with him held Masada came the Roman general at the head of his forces. He at once subdued the whole area, and stationing garrisons at strategic points threw a wall right round the fortress so that none of the besieged should find it easy to escape, and posted sentries. He established his own headquarters at a place that seemed most opportune for directing the siege, where the rocks on which the fortress stood were linked to the mountain near by, though it was an awkward position for bringing up necessary supplies. For not only was food brought from a distance at the cost of painful toil for the Jews detailed for the task; even drinking water had to be fetched to the camp as the neighborhood possessed no spring. These preliminary dispositions completed, Silva began the siege operations, which called for great skill and immense exertions in view of the strength of the fortress . . .

As he had now finished the projected exterior wall encircling the whole position, to make absolutely

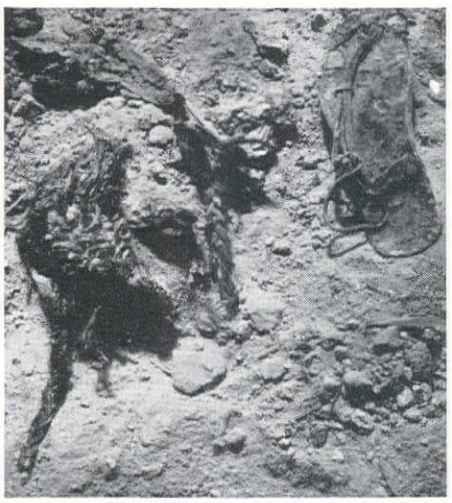
Quotes are from *The Jewish War* by Josephus, translated by G. A. Williamson, Penguin Books, © G. A. Williamson 1959.

sure that no one slipped out, the Roman commander actively prosecuted the siege, though he had found only one place where it was possible to construct platforms. Behind the tower that guarded the road leading from the west to the palace and the ridge was a rocky projection, quite wide enough and running out a long way, but 450 feet below the level of Masada: it was called the White Cliff. So climbing up and taking possession of this, Silva ordered the troops to heap earth on it. They worked with a will and with ample manpower, and soon a solid platform had been raised to a height of 300 feet. As however this did not seem either strong or big enough to carry the engines, they built on top of it a pier composed of great stones fitted together, 75 feet wide and the same height. . . . Further, a tower was erected 90 feet high and covered all over with iron plates: on this the Romans mounted a number of quick-loaders and stone-throwers which pelted the defenders, driving them from the battlements and forcing them to keep under cover. Silva had had a great Ram constructed: now by his orders it was swung continuously against the wall till at long last a breach was made and a small section collapsed.

Inside however the Sicarii had lost no time in building a second wall, which even the engines were likely to find a tougher proposition: it was pliant and capable of absorbing the impetus of the blows . . ."

The Mass Suicide

". . . full of uncontrollable enthusiasm [the Zealots] made haste to do the deed. As if possessed they rushed off, everyone anxious to be quicker than the next man, and regarding it as proof positive of manliness and wisdom not to be found among the last: so irresistible a desire had seized them to slaughter their wives, their little ones, and themselves. It might have been thought that as they approached their task their determination would have weakened; but they clung resolutely to the purpose they had formed . . . at the very moment when with streaming eyes they embraced and caressed their wives, and taking their children in their arms pressed upon them the last, lingering kisses, hands other than their own seemed to assist them and they carried out their purpose, the thought of the agonies they would suffer at the hands of the enemy consoling them for the necessity of killing them. In the end not a man failed to carry out his terrible resolve, but one and all disposed of their entire families, victims of cruel necessity



Excavators found remains of the sandals and skull and braids of a Zealot woman.

who with their own hands murdered their wives and children and felt it to be the lightest of evils!

Unable to endure any longer the horror of what they had done, and thinking they would be wronging the dead if they outlived them a moment longer, they quickly made one heap of all they possessed and set it on fire; and when ten of them had been chosen by lot to be the executioners of the rest, every man lay down beside his wife and children where they lay, flung his arms round them, and exposed his throat to those who must perform the painful office. These unflinchingly slaughtered them all, then agreed on the same rule for each other, so that the one who drew the lot should kill the nine and last of all himself: such perfect confidence they all had in each other that neither in doing nor in suffering would one differ from another. So finally the nine presented their throats, and the one man left till last first surveyed the serried ranks of the dead, in case amidst all the slaughter someone was still left in need of his hand; then finding that all had been dispatched set the palace blazing fiercely, and summoning all his strength drove his sword right through his body and fell dead by the side of his family. Thus these men died supposing that they had left no living soul to fall into the hands of the Romans; but an old woman escaped, along with another who was related to Eleazar, in intelligence and education superior to most women, and five little children. They had hidden in the conduits that brought drinking water underground while the rest were intent upon the suicide pact. These numbered 960, women and children included. The tragedy was enacted on the 15th of April.

Expecting further resistance, the Romans armed themselves at dawn and with gangways bridged the gap between platform and ramparts, then made their assault. Seeing no enemy, but dreadful solitude on every side, fire within, and silence, they were at a loss to guess what had happened. At last, as if giving the signal for a volley, they shouted, in the hope that some of those inside would show themselves. The noise came to the ears of the women, who emerged from the conduits and gave the Romans a detailed account of what had happened, the second of them providing a lucid report of Eleazar's speech and the action that had followed. They found it difficult to believe her and were skeptical of such astounding resolution; but they attempted to extinguish the blaze and quickly cut a way through to the inside of the palace. When they came upon the rows of dead bodies, they did not exult over them as enemies but admired the nobility of their resolve, and the way in which so many had shown, in carrying it out without a tremor, an utter contempt of death."

TEXT CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

layer of ashes. It was amid the ashes and debris of the lower terrace that we found gruesome evidence of the fate of the Jewish defenders—coins of the Jewish revolt against the Romans, arrows, and hundreds of silver-plated scales of armor. Lying among these articles were the skeletal remains of a man, a woman, and a youth; dark brown plaits were still attached to the female skull. Nearby were her sandals. Could these be the remains of the family described by Josephus? ". . . and the one man left till last, first surveyed the serried ranks of the dead, in case amidst all the slaughter someone was still left in need of his hand; then, finding that all had been dispatched set the palace blazing fiercely, and summoning all his strength drove his sword right through his body and fell dead by the side of his family."

Just south of the Hanging Palace are the ruins of a large complex of buildings consisting of long, narrow halls. These were the famous storerooms built by Herod and described by Josephus. We found the floors littered with huge piles of debris, mostly stone from the walls and roofs, which had collapsed when the Zealots burned their stores before the mass suicide.

Prior to digging, we resolved to clear the debris, in a novel way. We used the stones to reconstruct the walls, and only then did we proceed to excavate the accumulation of earth and ashes reaching a depth of about five feet. We excavated and reconstructed twelve of the seventeen storerooms, and their contents proved most enlightening.

We found hundreds of jars containing remnants of food, each food item kept in a separate room. Some of the jars were made in Herod's time, but they had been reused almost a century later, by the Jewish defenders, who replenished them and affixed labels describing their contents in Aramaic and Hebrew. These short inscriptions are of the utmost importance to the history of Hebrew script, since they are dated absolutely between A.D. 66 and 73.

The inscriptions also taught us something of the defenders' way of life. Many of them indicate that the contents of the jars were tithes set aside for the Levites and priests, thus showing how scrupulously the defenders followed the laws of Moses, even under the hard conditions of Masada. This could also be seen from the religious buildings added by the Zealots, which we will come to shortly.

A great surprise awaited us as we started digging near the storerooms. When we enlarged our excavations, we suddenly came across a classic Roman-style public bath, which turned out to be the largest of its kind ever found in that part of the world and surely the best preserved, with all its installations and lavish adornments still intact. The walls of the hot, tepid, and changing rooms were covered with frescoes, and the floors were beautifully tiled. Also well preserved were clay pipes designed for the circulation of hot air, and numerous small pillars on which the floor of the hot room rested. The cold room, with its water-tight plaster, was in such good condition that it can hold water even to this day. The bath had an enormous colonnaded courtyard, the floor of which—discovered toward the end of the second season—was covered with mosaics similar to those of the upper terrace of the Hanging Palace. I might add here that one of the most striking features of this water-thirsty fort was its numerous water installations, not the least of which was a public swimming pool with all its fittings.

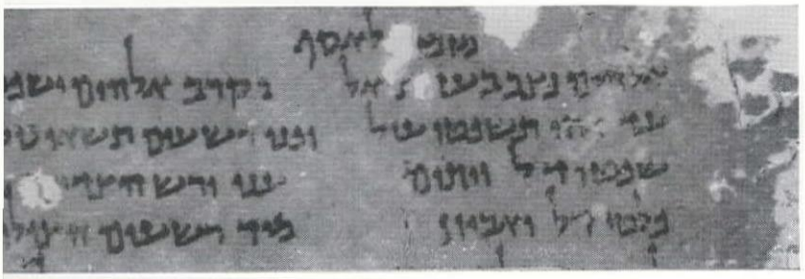
The largest building on Masada was the Western Palace, Herod's principal royal residence, complete with throne room, reception halls, service quarters, workshops, and huge storerooms. This building, thirteen hundred feet square, was thoroughly excavated, and the efforts of almost a year's hard work by hundreds of volunteers yielded a rich harvest of finds. Here we discovered two multicolored mosaics, exquisitely executed with representations of fruit and geometrical designs to avoid giving offense to Herod's Jewish subjects. These mosaics are perhaps the finest ever found in Israel, and are certainly the most ancient.

This building, too, was covered with a thick layer of ashes, in which we found hundreds of coins of the revolt bearing the inscription "For the freedom of Zion." We discovered four small palaces nearby—all more or less alike—which must have been built for Herod's family.

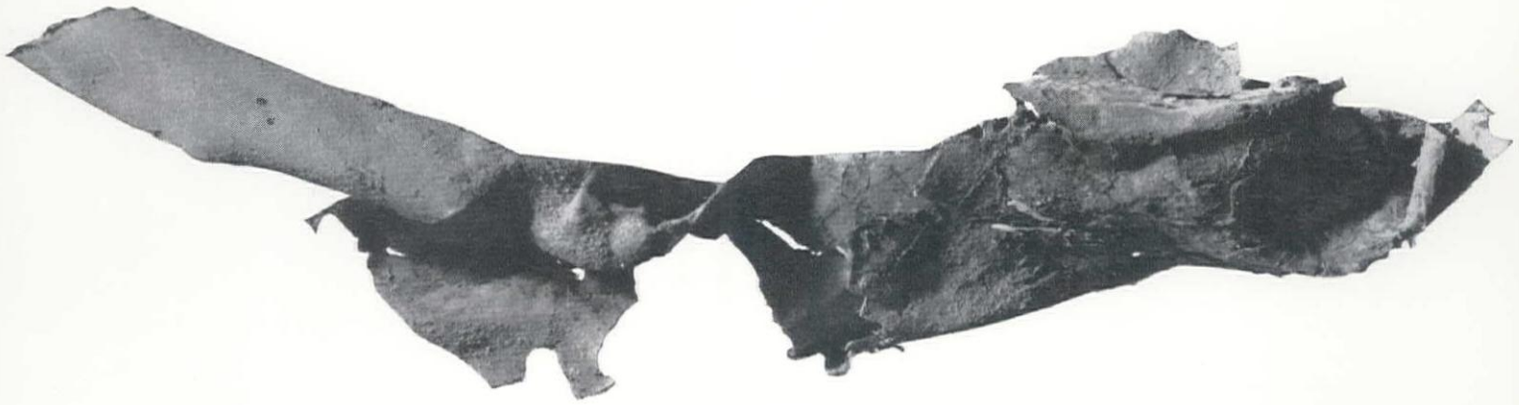
But the greatest and most important finds were made in the excavation of the chambers of the fortress casemate wall which encircles the top of Masada for thirteen hundred yards. The Zealots had used these chambers as living quarters, and here we found large quantities of domestic utensils, as well as items made of perishable materials, like mats, shoes, and clothing. In the corners of some of the rooms we found small heaps of dead embers, and the remains of sandals, mirrors, and other items—mute witnesses to another scene that Josephus records: ". . . they quickly made one heap of all they possessed and set it on fire."

Some of these rooms contained great stones that the besieged had collected to roll down on the enemy, as well as hundreds of the stone balls that had been fired into the fortress from Roman catapults. These chambers—and the other poor dwellings added by the Zealots inside the fort—also yielded numerous bronze and silver coins, including seventy-two rare silver shekels and half-shekels inscribed, "Jerusalem the Holy—Shekel of Israel"; some of them were of the year 5—the last coins to be struck before the fall of the Temple, and very rare indeed. All in all, some four thousand coins were found, the biggest corpus of Jewish and Roman coins of the first century A.D. ever to be found in excavations.

As a contribution to the history of religious architecture, the most interesting buildings uncovered were a synagogue, two ritual baths, and a religious schoolroom—all added by the Zealots to the Herodian buildings. They confirm the fact that the defenders of Masada were highly observant of religious laws, for these three things are vital to a Jewish religious community. The most important of the lot, from the archaeological viewpoint, is the synagogue. Abutting on the northwestern wall of the fortress, it is a rectangular hall



"Arise O God, judge the earth." This line from the Eighty-second Psalm might have served as a rallying cry for the defenders of Masada, who were eagerly awaiting the end of the world and the Last Judgment. One of the scrolls found on the rock was the Book of Psalms; a passage from it—the beginning of Psalm 82—is shown at left. Above it is a copy of the Apocryphal Book of Ecclesiasticus as it was first discovered by the excavators. A fragment of one of the Dead Sea Scrolls is seen below. Its presence at Masada proves that the Dead Sea Scrolls really are ancient and not medieval as some scholars had supposed, and suggests that Essenes fought with the Zealots against Rome.



with two rows of columns and mud benches all around. It is oriented toward Jerusalem, with its entrance in the opposite direction. In the last phase of the dig, we found beneath the floor two Biblical scrolls—of Ezekiel and Deuteronomy—to confirm the identification of the building as a synagogue.

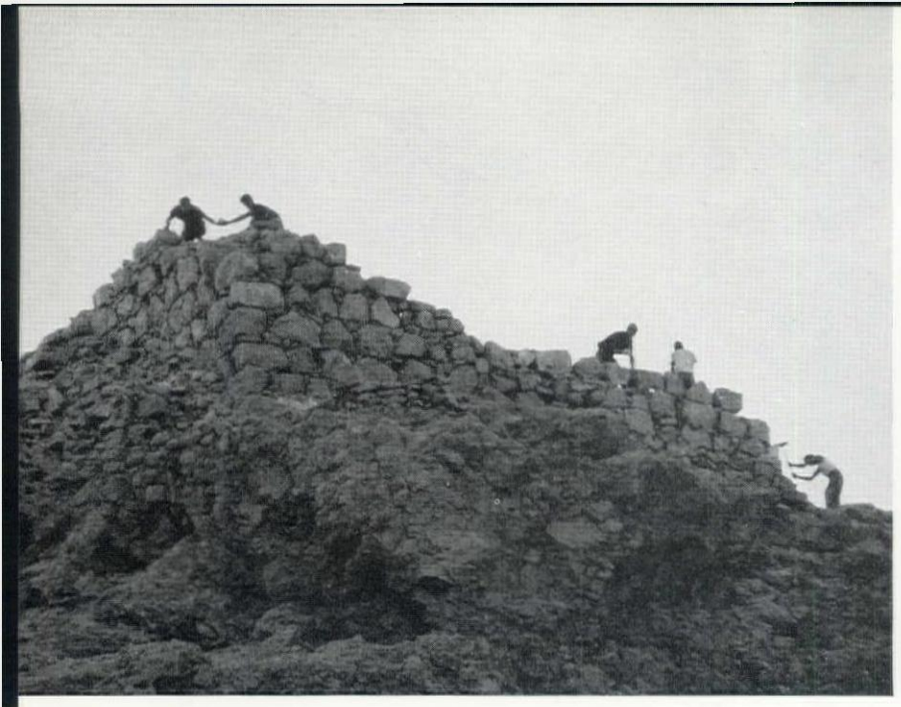
This is not only the earliest synagogue known, but it is the only one to survive from the period when the Temple of Jerusalem was still standing. Moreover, the original Herodian structure on this site was probably also a synagogue, with a different plan: a hall with columns on three sides, and an antechamber.

Of the ritual baths, the first was found in a casemate in the southeastern section of the wall, and the second in the courtyard of a large administrative building uncovered just west of the storeroom complex. Both are identical in plan and construction, with three basins, or baths, one of which was supplied by rain water as required by Jewish religious law. These, too, are the only surviving ritual baths from the Second Temple period, and their discovery has created quite a stir among the rabbis of Israel and the Diaspora.

The schoolroom was one of the last important finds before the excavations ended. It was located south of the Western Palace and consists of a long hall with benches on three sides and one in the center.

Our most exciting prize was, of course, the parchment scrolls that were discovered. They were fourteen in number—Biblical and post-Biblical and the first to be found outside caves and in proper stratigraphical context, which automatically dates them before the destruction of Masada in A.D. 73. They include the books of Genesis, Leviticus, Deuteronomy, Psalms, and Ezekiel, and in text and spelling they are identical with the traditional Hebrew Bible. We also found on one fragment a portion of the long-lost Hebrew original of the Book of Jubilees, one of the most important books of the Pseudepigrapha, which had been preserved only in Ethiopic, Greek, and Latin manuscripts but which was suspected to have been written originally in Hebrew. The book was of great interest to the Dead Sea Scroll sect; similar fragments were found at Qumran, a few miles to the north, where the sect had a large settlement.

Another major find was a first-century B.C. copy of the lost Hebrew original of Ecclesiasticus ("The Wisdom of



An aerial view of the excavated fortress (opposite) shows the Hanging Palace, with ruins of its circular pavilions in the foreground. At the top of the photograph, rectangular storerooms can be seen. Above is a closer view of the pavilion on the middle terrace. At left volunteers work on Masada's western wall.

Ben-Sira"), one of the most important books of the Apocrypha. Perhaps the most astonishing of our finds, however, and definitely the most important, was a portion of a scroll identical with one of the Dead Sea Scroll fragments from Qumran; it consisted of liturgies associated with the Heavenly Sabbath Sacrifices which the sect believed were celebrated in heaven as they were on earth. Since the Masada Dead Sea Scroll portion can be clearly dated as no later than the second half of the first century A.D., it conclusively disproves the views of a very small minority of scholars who maintain either that the Dead Sea Scrolls are not genuine or that they date only from medieval times.

On the other hand a new and heated debate has already begun among some scholars: those few who maintain that the Qumranites were a sect of Zealots have seized upon this as confirmation of their theory. However, there are very strong reasons for the generally accepted conclusion (with which I tend to agree) that the Dead Sea Scroll sect should be identified with the Essenes; and so another explanation must be sought for our Masada find. The one that commends itself to me at present is that this scroll reached Masada with one of the Essene groups who fought together with the Zealots and took refuge with them on the rock. In fact Josephus mentions, among the area commanders of the revolt, a certain John the Essene. It is hardly conceivable that only one Essene joined the revolt and became a commander on a very important front. If this view is accepted, it shows that the revolt was not exclusively inspired by the Zealots, a fact which Josephus stresses, too.

In addition to the scrolls, we discovered no fewer than seven hundred ostraca—potsherds bearing inscriptions—which will be the object of fruitful future study. Among these the most important group, and definitely the most intriguing, consists of eleven small shards, each bearing a different name or nickname, all written by the same hand. The most surprising of these is the one bearing the name "Ben Yair," who may well be the very Zealot commander mentioned by Josephus. Could this group of ostraca refer to the ten or so surviving men who drew lots to determine which among them would remain alive to kill the others, as Josephus records? This is a tempting interpretation.

The finds of the Masada expedition are of immense importance to archaeologists, historians, numismatists, scroll researchers, Talmudic scholars, and philologists.

We were able to clarify the nature of the architecture, art, and stratigraphy of all of Masada's buildings, from Herod's time down to the Byzantine period (of the latter, a small chapel and several monks' cells remain at Masada). We uncovered magnificent first-century mosaics, the earliest ever found in Israel; we brought to light the buildings of the Zealots and their companions, and gruesome evidence of their last stand; we found rare coins of the period of the Jewish revolt; we discovered extremely precious documents, including the scrolls. Finally, we have been able to re-create the pattern of life atop this rock through its various periods of occupation, which were decisive in the history of Judaism and Christianity.

Our excavations are over. We archaeologists now face the less romantic and very arduous task of examining, studying, and assessing the thousands of shards, of deciphering the inscriptions, elucidating the scrolls, completing the stratigraphical plans, and evaluating all our data, both from the archaeological and the historical viewpoint. When this material is classified and published, it will, I hope, present a scientific and spiritual reconstruction of the Masada that was.

As important as the discoveries are, Masada will remain for all of us primarily a symbol of those who prefer death to spiritual and physical bondage.

Light in a Thousand Dark Places

He may be neglected as a novelist and superseded as a prophet of science—but in his time H. G. Wells lit beacons where other men merely struck matches

He was Herbert George Wells, but his friends never called him either Herbert or George but always "H.G." He was born in 1866 and died in 1946, a few weeks before his eightieth birthday. A smallish, plumpish man, with a nondescript kind of moustache, his appearance seemed entirely commonplace until you took a good hard look at him. He had an odd voice, a sort of rusty squeak, that made him intolerable as a public speaker but added an individual flavor to his talk, which was copious, wide-ranging, frank, humorous, and illuminated, like a landscape under summer lightning, by a cheerful malice that was never—or hardly ever—mean or vindictive. Unlike most writers, he was enormously good company. He could be impatient and testy, irascible and quarrelsome, but he had a great store of affection. Moreover, though a famous man, one of the giants, he was completely free from the affectation and pomposity that afflict so many distinguished literary men. He might be aggressively dogmatic, but he met you openly and candidly and was ready if necessary to argue for hours, never hoarding his time and energy, and always, until his very last ailing years, full of life and devilment. He was that rare creature —a lovable man of genius.

It is my belief that genius cannot be explained. It is an x-factor added to heredity and environment. But these can nearly always explain the direction and form that genius takes. Certainly with Wells we have to take note of his early background before we can fully understand him. He was born at Bromley, which is in Kent and only about a dozen miles from London. His father was a professional cricketer who also kept a small shop. His mother moved in the elaborate hierarchy of the Victorian upper-class domestic service, being first a lady's maid and later arriving at the top as a housekeeper.

After leaving grammar school, Wells was apprenticed to a draper and then moved to a chemist's shop, the rather more restricted British equivalent of the drugstore. But a scholarship to the Royal College of Science took him out of shops forever, except in memory and imagination, and he was able to study biology under the great Huxley. In 1888 he took his B.Sc. degree and became an instructor. Three years later he married a cousin, but they separated after two years and were later divorced, enabling him to marry one of his pupils, Catherine Robbins, with whom he had been living. And this marriage—on the whole a happy one, in spite of Wells's rather notorious infidelities —lasted until her death in 1927. Here I must add that Wells was not another Frank Harris, forever bent on sexual conquest. Like many great writers, Wells was a deeply divided man. In one half of his nature he was a responsible, devoted, affectionate family man. In the other half, greedy for experience and fascinated by the lover-mistress relationship, he could not help falling in love again and again, and he made little attempt to conceal the splendid fact. No doubt he made some women, exceptional women too, very unhappy; but he also brought them great happiness, so that they remembered him to the end with loving-kindness.

Toward the middle of the 1890's, Wells began writing reviews, articles, stories. He was not consciously starting a literary career. He was a science instructor. But an illness forced him out of teaching; he had to earn a living; and so he turned to writing. As early as 1895, when not yet thirty, he produced that little masterpiece,

Against a backdrop of skyscraper images, H. G. Wells posed during the filming of his futuristic novel The Shape of Things to Come *in 1935. He was then almost seventy years old.*

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

RIGHT: FROM *H. G. Wells* BY GEOFFREY WEST, 1930
FROM *The Spectator*, LONDON, 1931

Max Beerbohm did several caricatures of Wells, one of which pictures him as an armchair prophet "foreseeing things." Wells himself drew the little Martian—all brain, apparently —in a friend's copy of the tale The War of the Worlds.

The Time Machine; and within the next six years he had written *The Invisible Man*, *The War of the Worlds*, *The First Men in the Moon*, and a number of highly original short stories. Now it is worth remembering here that in the 1890's most literary men were very literary indeed, superfine writers, aesthetes, self-conscious stylists, writing more and more carefully about less and less. The tough-minded young Wells, coming from behind the shop counters and then from the Royal College of Science, refused to regard himself as yet another of these fastidious men of letters. He was no literary man; he was a scientist who discovered he had a happy knack of telling tales, unusual tales in which he made some use of his scientific training and outlook (but nobody called them "science fiction" then). Though now a professional writer, and one who was increasingly successful, he was still at heart what he had been when his health broke down—a science instructor.

This is the paradox of Wells. He was a man of literary genius—and of that I am certain—who never even saw himself enjoying a literary career. He was an artist in spite of himself. Even during the early years of this century, when he was writing his best novels and had an immense reputation, he was never primarily concerned with the creation of literature. And when, much later, solemn young critics dismissed him as an artist who had failed his art, he shrugged them away because he never thought of himself and his work in terms of art at all. He saw himself as a scientist, a social and political critic, an educator, who happened to like writing novels and welcomed the readers and the royalties they brought him. What was closer to his heart than his novels was his non-fiction—critical and prophetic—from *Anticipations* in 1901 to *The Fate of Homo Sapiens* in 1939.

There was, indeed, a curious prophetic streak in Wells, especially during the period that ended with the outbreak of the First World War. For example, in his story *When the Sleeper Wakes*, first published in 1899, there are some astonishing previsions of the vast cities of today —or tomorrow. Again, Wells was writing about military aircraft and tanks before any army had used them. Even if his claims to being a scientific sociologist are not allowed, he must at least be considered an inspired guesser with genuine flashes of insight into the future. We might almost say he made a few fast if brief trips in his own time machine.

These books, in which he was, so to speak, thinking aloud, educating himself as well as others as he went along, cover half a century. Naturally his outlook and his opinions changed. But there were certain broad ideas that haunted him from first to last. He believed that our society was a dangerous muddle and a disgusting mess because it was bedeviled by irrationality. What we needed was a world government directed by men with a scientific training and outlook. In his earlier books he played with the idea, not unlike Plato's, of a special and disinterested ruling class, an elite of trained and dedicated persons, a new and scientific samurai. Later he suggested that such a class already existed. This may be seen in the concluding section of his *Outline of History*, first published in 1920 and then—because it was a world best seller—brought out in many revised editions:

> The attainment of the world state may be impeded and may be opposed today by many apparently vast forces; but it has, urging it on, a much more powerful force, that of the free and growing common intelligence of mankind. Today there is in the world a small but increasing number of men—historians, archaeologists, ethnologists, economists, sociologists, psychologists, educationists, and the like—who are doing for human institutions that same task of creative analysis which the scientific men of the seventeenth and eighteenth century did for the materials and mechanism of human life; and just as these latter, almost unaware of what they were doing, made telegraphy, swift transit on sea and land, flying, and a thousand hitherto impossible things possible, so the former may be doing more than the world suspects, or than they themselves suspect, to clear up and make plain the thing to do and the way to do it, in the greater and more urgent human affairs.

In this one short passage there is the vital substance of almost all of Wells's later works of social and political criticism, works in which he tended to become increasingly impatient and angry.

He became impatient and angry because human irrationality refused to vanish at his command. Organized and traditional religion, the blind drive of nationalism (impossible to ignore in the First World War), men's feeling for the past—these remained, no matter how

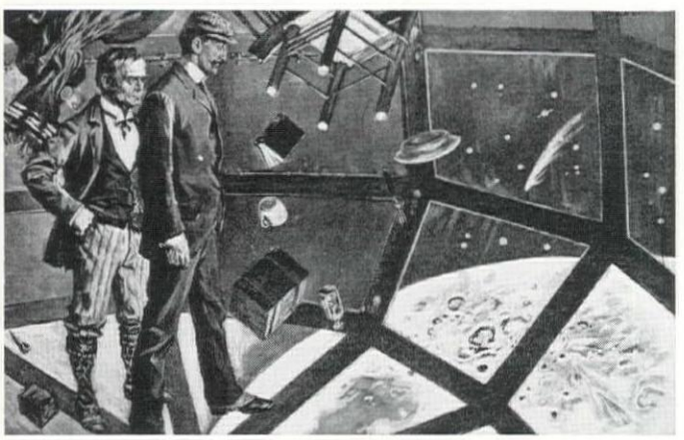
sharply he denounced them. And if the politicians ignored him, it was because they knew that politics "is the art of the possible" and that irrational motives in human affairs simply cannot be brushed aside. The bitter irony of the situation was that Wells himself, when he was not determinedly playing the role of the scientific social philosopher, assuming a lofty detachment that was foreign to his real nature, knew all this as well as they did. He was no cold, logic-chopping observer and commentator. He was a warmly imaginative, humorous, sympathetic man, aware of his own weaknesses as well as of other men's. He knew that while in print he seemed to expect all the two thousand million people in the world to begin feeling and thinking alike, in life he was capable of wrecking a committee of six by angrily refusing to budge from his own standpoint. If he had ever found himself in Utopia, he would have jeered at and denounced at once all its frozen perfections. In this he was as deeply divided as he was in his emotional life.

This division may be found quite early in his storytelling, in *The War of the Worlds*, written in 1897. What may be considered as fault in this fine story, when it is considered strictly as a narrative, comes from a deep-hidden conflict within its author. In the earlier chapters, describing the arrival and coolly rational methods of the Martians, it is clear where his sympathies lie. Our disorder and muddle are to be at the mercy of superior intelligences. But then the story changes, as the other and less conscious half of Wells begins to take over. As I have already said elsewhere, in an introduction to a recent special edition of the book, "in the fury and heat of creation, certain unconscious elements in Wells's mind were released. The Martians symbolize what might happen if rational organization, science and technology, were developed to a degree where all broad fellow-feeling, all compassion, all sense of higher values were left behind. (And this makes it, seventy years later, a topical tale.) This symbolism appears to me to explain, and perhaps excuse, what is an obvious blemish in the tale—namely Wells's idea of the Martians finding nourishment only in direct supplies of fresh blood. This is surely too crude; we cannot believe that creatures supposedly so intelligent would have allowed themselves to depend on the blood of utterly alien species on another planet. But this vampire suggestion is effective on another level. We are made to feel that brain without heart, science and technology released from human feeling, might drain us of blood. Here, we might say, one half of Wells is warning us against the other half."

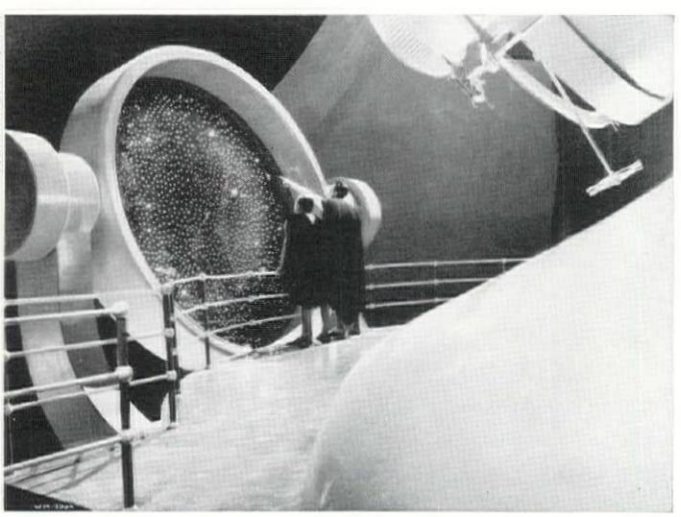
To write that introduction, I reread *The War of the Worlds* after an interval of many years, during which science fiction had become a recognized and widely popular genre. Scientific discovery and our technological triumphs have given contemporary writers a jumping-off platform, already almost out in space, that the young Wells of 1897 could not command. Nevertheless, he is easily their master. If you want science fiction at its best, then the early H. G. Wells is your man. Nobody has beaten him yet. One reason is that even here he is a novelist, not only describing scientific wonders and menaces but also giving us people, not cardboard figures but real people in whom we can believe. Also, because he is working in imaginative depth, there is a genuine symbolism in the tales—as we discover in *The War of the Worlds*. (And add to the list *The Time Machine*, *The Island of Doctor Moreau*, *The Invisible Man*, *The Food of the Gods*, *When the Sleeper Wakes*, *In the Days of the Comet*, *The First Men in the Moon*, and the collected short stories.) Now there are signs that after years of comparative neglect, with science fiction in every bookstall, the early masterpieces of H. G. Wells are taking their rightful place in critical estimation. And how surprised he would have been, in his last sad days, twenty years ago, if somebody even more prophetic than he had ever been had confidently predicted this resurrection of his earliest reputation!

His emergence as a novelist proper belongs to the period between the turn of the century and the end of its first decade, when he was able to enjoy, as few novelists have been able to do since, critical esteem and great popularity. *Kipps: The Story of a Simple Soul* was published in 1905, *Tono-Bungay* in 1909, *The History of Mr. Polly* in 1910, and though he wrote a number of readable novels later, those three were not only the most popular but also the best of his fiction. (The biggest fuss was over *Ann Veronica*, chiefly because its references to sex were considered shocking in 1909, though the book seems sedate enough now. Actually it contained some autobiographical elements, which may be one reason why it is not one of his best novels.) Though there are some notable exceptions, Cervantes, for example, most good novelists reach their peak round about their forties, and this was when Wells produced *Kipps*, *Tono-Bungay*, and *Mr. Polly*, which represent his most personal and lasting contribution to the English novel. He stands or falls by them. And I think he stands.

These three are what are broadly known as "sociological novels." This means that they are extroverted rather than introverted, concerned with the outer rather than with the inner worlds of their leading characters. And, unless you belong to a very narrow school of criticism or follow literary fashion blindly, they are none the worse for that. Wells is as much entitled to his particular approach to the novel as Joyce, Lawrence, and Virginia Woolf are to theirs. He is as original and individual as they are, and at least as successful in what he attempts to do. If he satisfies us as a creator—and I think



In The First Men in the Moon *a scientist and a businessman-turned-adventurer travel to the moon in a roomy spaceship (above). After their arrival, the scientist is kept in captivity by intelligent moon creatures called Selenites (top).*



CULVER PICTURES, INC.

This is a scene from the movie entitled Things to Come, *made in 1935, in which a future utopia arising out of the chaos of "a nice little destructive war about 1940" is described.*

he does here, though not in his later novels—then there is no reason why he should not also present himself as a sharp critic of the society he is describing. If we take prose fiction as a whole, down the centuries, we find that it has been most satisfying and enduring when it has created vital and memorable characters, has related such characters to a definite society, and has finally contrived to make that society itself the chief character. Novelists need not be "sociological" or social critics, but when they are not, I suggest, they seem to be working against the grain of the novel itself. And it should be remembered here that during the last forty years or so, much influential criticism, creating literary fashions, has been the work of men not primarily interested in the novel itself, men writing about fiction when they would rather be writing about poetry, psychology, or philosophy. *Kipps*, *Tono-Bungay*, and *Mr. Polly* may possibly have vanished from many of the lecture rooms of Eng. Lit. departments, but sensible readers all over the world still enjoy them for what they are—novels of originality and enduring vitality.

Kipps and *Mr. Polly* succeed because they offer us two central figures, belonging essentially to the depressed end of the Edwardian lower middle class, who are touching, absurd, but not entirely unheroic in their own fashion (Mr. Polly more than Kipps), and quite sharply and memorably individual. Once we have made their acquaintance we can never forget them. (And if any supercilious critic imagines that it is easy to create such figures, then, I say, let him try—and he can count his readers not by the hundreds but by the millions; one reason for the decline of fiction nowadays is the absence in it of such figures). Sheer creative vitality brought the two sides of Wells together in these two novels, giving us both the broadly humorous and sympathetic man and the sharp-eyed critical and scientific observer. They are both there, too, in *Tono-Bungay*, a longer and far more ambitious novel that contains no characters as triumphantly memorable as Kipps or Mr. Polly but takes a far wider grasp of human affairs and attempts a panoramic view of society. If I were forced to offer one Wells novel —and only one—as a kind of tasting sample of his fiction, I would be filled with rage and sorrow at having to pass over *Kipps* and *Mr. Polly*, yet I would be compelled to choose *Tono-Bungay* because of its size and range and its complete presentation of its author—prejudices, whims, and all.

In 1911 Wells published *The New Machiavelli*, which made a great stir, partly because it was politically up-to-the-minute and contained some rather malicious portraits of the people he had known in the Fabian Society. But considered simply as fiction, it marks the beginning of a long decline. This was not because Wells's creative powers were failing—after all, he was only in his middle forties—but because, in my opinion, he arrived at a wrong

decision. He decided—and quite deliberately, ready to defend his attitude—that as a novelist he must be the exact opposite of Henry James, with whom he quarreled. He was a journalist, he declared, not an artist. He would use the novel as a kind of general receptacle for anything he wanted to offer the public—opinions of all kinds, satire and social criticism, thinly disguised pieces of autobiography, portraits of people he liked or disliked. It is too easy to accuse him, as has often been done, of turning his novels into "messages" and propaganda. This was nothing new: these elements had been there ever since *The Time Machine*. What was new and damaging was this semi-journalistic rag bag idea of the novel. It did not give him time to digest his material, to absorb it so that he could then re-create it. He sacrificed himself to a bad formula. After all, it is novelists and not journalists who write good novels.

I am not saying his later fiction is all worthless and dead. It is never without flashes of the old creative power, the sense of a character and a scene, the broad humor and sharp observation. Anybody who is curious about the England of the World War I period should read his *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* and *Joan and Peter*. And later, when in fact he was well into his fifties, he suddenly struck a rich seam which gave us *Christina Alberta's Father* (1925), the most ambitious and best of his later novels, almost a return to his old form; and, in 1934, his *Experiment in Autobiography*, long and not always well ordered but wonderfully good in its account of his youth.

But earlier, during the ten years following the end of the war, most of his energy, time, and temper (often in short supply) was expended on the huge trilogy that began with *The Outline of History*, unreliable but tremendously alive, and continued with *The Science of Life* (in which he collaborated with his son and with Julian Huxley) and *The Work, Wealth, and Happiness of Mankind*, devoted to economics and social sciences. With these he may be said to have begun a new career: he became a world educator.

I doubt if even now this is fully understood in Britain and America, where criticism, during the twenties and thirties, too often regarded Wells as an old-fashioned novelist to be shrugged away and ignored. But outside the English-speaking countries, and largely outside Western Europe, H. G. Wells became the man whose word was light in a thousand dark places. The rebellious young man in Asia, the dissatisfied young woman in Africa, turned to him as a teacher, counsellor, and friend. Across whole continents he was regarded as the inspired and unwearying challenger of mental squalor and superstition, ignorance and fear. Experts might pick holes in *The Outline of History* and the rest, but there were innumerable places, far and wide, where he arrived as the missionary of a world civilization. Prejudiced and prickly he might be, too confident in his rationalism, overenthusiastic about the possibilities of scientific world management; but he lit beacons where other men merely struck matches. Yellow and brown and black men turned to him because he thought in terms of our whole species. He might disagree and quarrel with all sorts of men, but he was, as Robert Lynd once wrote, "in love with the human race. It is one of the rarest of passions. It is a passion of which not even all imaginative men are capable." And this passion had not entirely gone when, near to death himself and projecting his own dissolution upon the universe, he sadly and confusedly wrote *Mind at the End of its Tether*. The news might now be bad news, but he was still trying to share it with us, still trying to report the Adventure of Man.

On Friday, August 16, 1946, I had to attend an all-day, full-dress rehearsal of a comedy of mine that I was directing. It could not possibly be postponed. But in the early afternoon I was also taking charge of the funeral service of H. G. Wells at Golders Green Crematorium. So after the first act, when I had given the actors my notes, I hurried into a car to Golders Green. There, among other things, I said this:

"Of course, he could be prickly, rather intolerant, easily exasperated, but there was not a single streak of hard pride in his nature. When he was angry, it was because he knew, far better than we did, that life need not be a sordid, greedy scramble; and when he was impatient it was because he knew there were glorious gifts of body, mind, and spirit only just beyond our present reach. And always the greatness was there; the immense range of his mind, the astonishing fountains of ideas, the devastating or illuminating judgment, and the unwearying sympathy with us all, of every color and race, in our bewilderment, despair, and hope. He was a world-famous figure, the great prophet of our time, but always, from first to last, one of our friends, who only asked to talk with us truthfully, eagerly, and vividly. At his worst he never diminished and hurt us. And at his best he made us feel, as he did, that we live on a star . . ."

And then I had to hurry back to the Scala Theatre to watch and take notes on the second and third acts of my comedy. I thought then—how H.G. would have been amused at this crazy mixture, how he would have laughed! And now, believing that we do not go out like a snuffed candle, I suspect that he probably did.

J. B. Priestley is well known in England and abroad as a novelist, playwright, and literary critic. He is equally famous as a social critic, as dedicated as his friend H. G. Wells, but somewhat less optimistic about mankind's ability to deal with the problems of a scientific age.

Fighter

Tennis Player

Businessman

Sitting Down

Unlike many modern sculptors, William King rejoices in the human figure as a subject. The witty caricatures that people these pages are made of stiffened burlap on aluminum frames. The results may be long and lean departures from the "form divine," but their exaggerations emphatically illustrate *la comédie humaine*. King types his figures with keen observation and unambiguous humor. Father, confronting his refractory teen-age son, is the epitome of parental resolution; the one female here shown has a recognizable—and understandable—hesitation in making her appearance; and so on. A gathering of Kings is a familiar small world of fun.

Mo

A Gathering of Kings

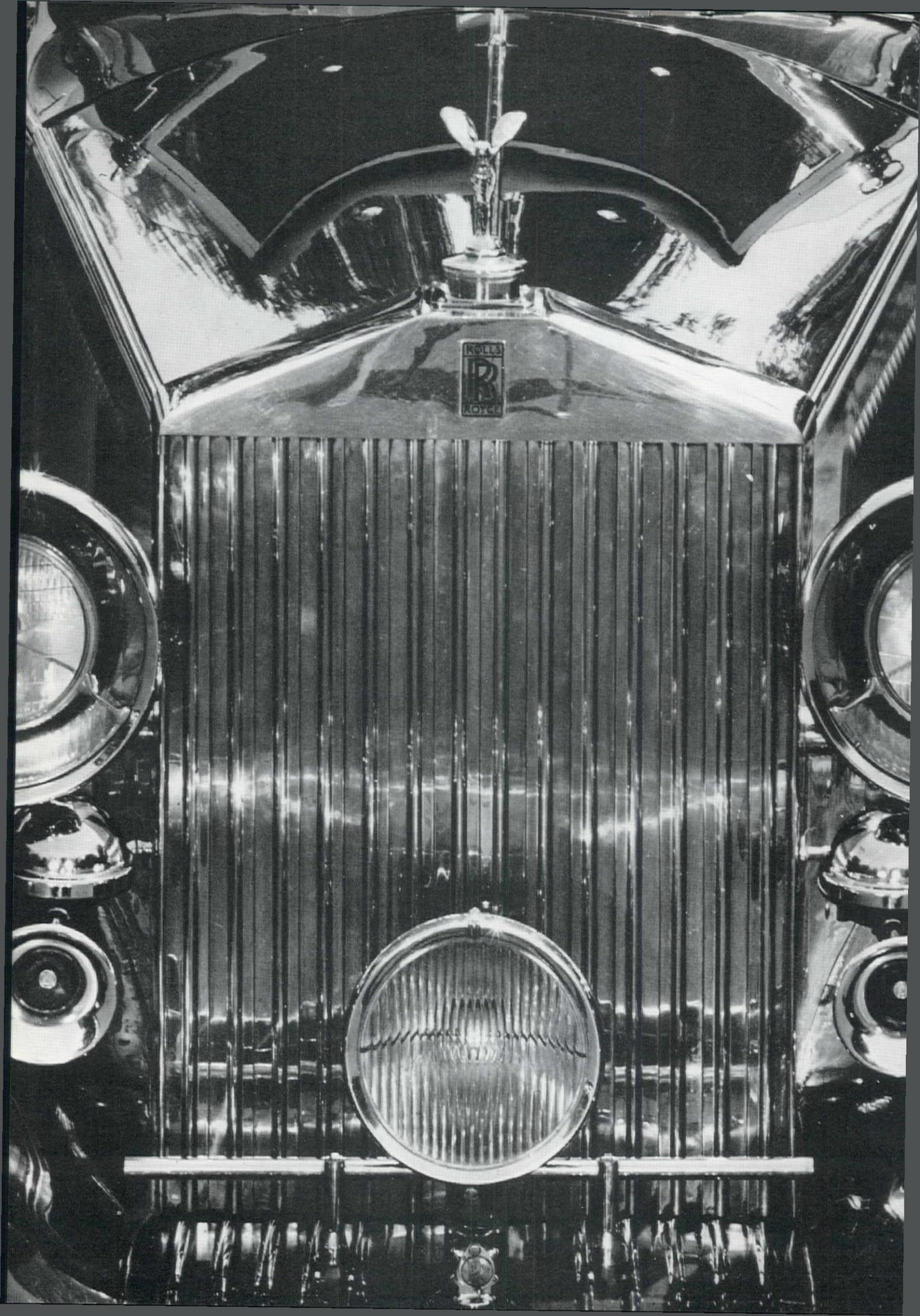
Irish Poet

"I made it myself"

"I don't want any Father"

Father

OS: JOHN F. WAGGAMAN, PETER A. JULEY & SON;
TESY TERRY DINTENFASS, INC., N.Y.;
nessman COLL. MR. & MRS. DAVID PINCUS, PHILA.


ROLLS
ROYCE

By LUCIUS BEEBE

THE ROLLS MYSTIQUE

It is exemplified by the man who

sat through Lawrence of Arabia *six times*

—not to see the stars, but the cars

When, full of years and honors, Sir Winston Churchill at last joined the majority, his funeral, widely reported to have been self-planned long in advance, lacked no devising of the pomps and hearsed solemnities available to a commoner. Ancient accolades crowned his last appearance, all the world paid homage to a legend of personal grandeur and valor unparalleled in our times, and the presence of Royalty was tribute to an English institution who had joined the immortals.

It is doubtful whether, in his last appearance, Churchill himself planned to share the honors with anyone, but a contingency that could not be foreseen obtruded another venerable English institution into the news dispatches. Nor was it one which, had he been able to do so, Churchill himself would have resented, for almost nobody resents Rolls-Royce.

Newspaper readers everywhere, who had followed the funeral in its every aspect, learned that, while returning from the ceremony, the Duke of Gloucester contrived to run his Rolls-Royce into the ditch in the township of Eton Socon about fifty miles north of London. The Duke, an uncle of Queen Elizabeth and eighth in line for the throne of England, was accompanied by a modest entourage of his Duchess, his valet, and his chauffeur.

It had long been the Duke's practice to have his chauffeur drive him to state and official functions and for the elderly nobleman to take the wheel himself on the way home. As a result of failing to make a turn the ducal car went into the ditch, hospitalizing the Duchess with a broken arm and concussion, breaking the arm of the valet, and severely shaking up the chauffeur. The Duke himself was discharged from the local emergency ward with a badly skinned nose.

The mishap landed on the front pages of the press, where it flattered both aspects of this Rolls-Royce saga, involving as it did an owner-driven car in which the owner-driver was heir to a title that has thrown a long shadow in English annals since the Plantagenets.

The press followed closely the Duchess of Gloucester's fortunes in the hospital at Bedford; each day bulletins, none of them failing to mention the ducal Rolls-Royce, apprised the newspaper readers on two continents of the progress of her recovery. On February 8, 1965, a United Press dispatch recorded that she had been discharged from her suite at Bedford and had gone home. (In one of the family's spare Rolls-Royces; the car involved in the accident was still undergoing repairs.)

That it was a Rolls-Royce driven by a royal duke is not altogether fortuitous. The Rolls-Royce is almost inevitably a property of the well placed of the world. A duke in the driver's seat was a subtle symbol of the times: in the E. Phillips Oppenheim era the ducal flunkies would have been out front while the Duke and his Duchess rode the West of England cloth cushions behind a glass partition; in the late Noël Coward era of British social stratification, it was appropriate for even an elderly duke to be at the controls.

In its way the Duke of Gloucester's mishap is a social

The unchanging bonnet and radiator grille topped by the "flying lady" mascot have distinguished the Rolls-Royce for more than fifty years. Above is the original model for mascot.

footnote to the period in which it took place. Aristocracy is in transition, but the Rolls-Royce is a constant.

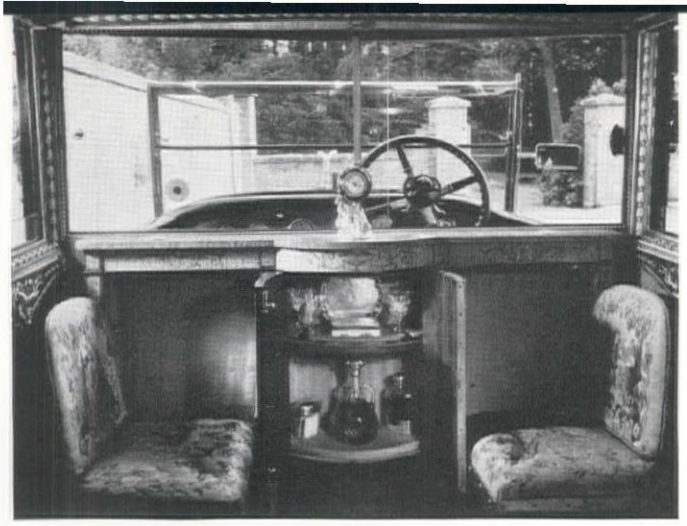
For six decades the Rolls-Royce has been perhaps the most durable as well as refulgent status symbol of the age that, if it did not invent upward mobility, at least gave it a lexicon all its own. Other standards of costliness and achievement obtained when Rolls-Royces came into being in 1904: ocean-going steam yachts of eye-popping dimensions and magnificence; stables which might well contain a hundred horses and where twenty-five types of carriage was an irreducible minimum; private railroad cars; titled sons-in-law; Fifth Avenue and Nob Hill addresses; private galleries of old masters; membership in the U.S. Senate; and invitations to dinner at the Vanderbilt cottages at Newport.

As indexes of affluence, most of these have passed into the discard or suffered such mutations as to be unrecognizable. Yachting is a preoccupation of shopkeepers and mechanics. Ownership of private Pullman cars has shrunk to the point where their operation constitutes perhaps the most exclusive of all clubs of the well-to-do. The Silver Senators from Nevada and Montana are only a memory. And no single Vanderbilt survives with a Bellevue Avenue address at Newport.

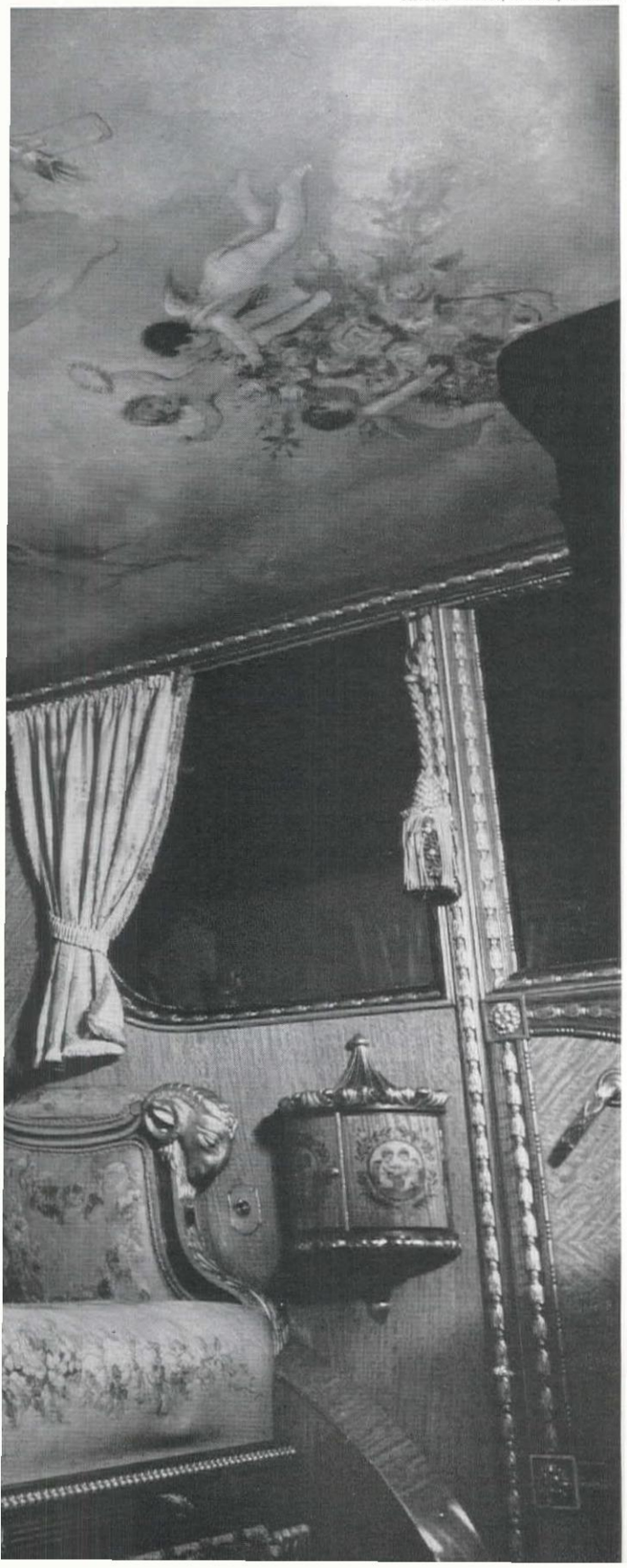
But the Rolls-Royce is still a hallmark of personal distinction, a certification that its owner or occupant is one of the microscopic fraction of one per cent of the population with the taste to drive "The Best Car in the World," and the resources to finance the good taste. So great, in fact, are the snob association of the Rolls-Royce name and the haughty connotations of ownership, that the management has in recent years been at pains to abate the aura of exaltedness surrounding the car in the general awareness. Rolls-Royce Ltd. could have saved its breath and spared its pains, for its product obstinately refuses to participate in egalitarian promotion. It remains an artifact that its proprietors have been unable to downgrade or invest with republican attributes. Rolls-Royces may well be owner-driven, as expensive advertising pointed out, but the campaign was self-defeating. It simply served to elevate the owner-driver to a new pinnacle of enviable aloofness.

The Rolls-Royce in its every aspect is subject to the superlative. The long-established slogan "The Best Car in the World" set the pace. It has also, by and large and with the exception of a handful of other marques created with the sole aim of challenging its supremacy, been the most costly car and the one adaptable to the most expensive amenities of comfort and ostentation. Too, it enjoys the largest single bibliography of formal books, which occupy several feet of bookshelf space, while its casual mention in public prints is inexhaustible. So far, unlike "pullman" and "ritz," it has not become generic in the language, but this may well lie in the future. Most of all,

Commissioned by a connoisseur of antique French furniture as a present to his wife, this Phantom I model has an interior of courtly elegance. The sofa and auxiliary seats are upholstered in tapestry that required nine months to make at Aubusson. All the metal fittings are gilded, and the ceiling was painted by a French artist especially brought to England to decorate the car. It was used for ten years after it was finished in 1927, and now it is part of the Stanley Sears collection in Sussex.



THOMAS PHOTOS, OXFORD, ENGLAND



the Rolls-Royce enjoys such prestige that even its comparison with other makes of automobiles is unthinkable.

Rolls-Royce partisans, in moments of excessive tolerance, will concede the existence of other luxury cars, especially if—like Hispano-Suiza, Minerva, Isotta-Fraschini, Duesenberg, and Mercer—they have disappeared from the competitive scene. But outside the world of Rolls-Royce and Bentley (which is no more than a Rolls-Royce with a different radiator grille) the automotive age is nothing but a backdrop for the starred performer. To the truly conditioned Rolls mentality, other makes of cars are not a convenient index or standard for comparison. They don't exist. No better example of the Rolls philosophy suggests itself than the *concours d'élégance*, which is held annually at Del Monte Lodge on Monterey Peninsula and is the apex of San Francisco society's suburban season. Other competitors in the *concours* are classified by age, price, nationality, and the conventional identifications usual in these stylish affairs. Rolls-Royces and Bentleys are in a separate class all by themselves and are located at suitable remove from even the most lordly vintage Pierce-Arrows, Cords, and Cadillacs. They can only compete with themselves.

In the six decades that Rolls-Royces have been produced, first at Manchester, then at Derby, later at Crewe (and briefly in Springfield, Massachusetts), a number of explanations have been advanced for the mystique which surrounds them. One is their comparative scarcity. Figures are not available over the entire life span of the company, but in the first fifty years of its existence only 25,000 cars were produced altogether, a figure which assumes perspective when viewed in the light of the production of 30,000 cars in Detroit in a single week of March, 1965.

Another explanation is Rolls-Royce's cautious approach to change and uncompromising refusal to downgrade its product from the pinnacle of operational excellence the car achieved in the lifetimes of the two men whose names it bears, the Honorable Charles Stewart Rolls and Sir Frederick Henry Royce. The radiator shell, bonnet outline, and Spirit of Ecstasy mascot on the radiator cap are essentially what they were half a century ago. A policy of making minor changes in successive models, such as four headlights instead of two, with an eye to aping the American practice of a new model every year, failed to have notable success. It only succeeded in putting a premium on the value and esteem of the older cars, and Rolls-Royce owners and *aficionados* laughed heartily at the idea of driving an up-to-the-minute model. Their intransigence was well founded. Tradition holds that a Rolls-Royce is just getting nicely broken in when the odometer shows it has gone 75,000 miles.

The attitude of Rolls-Royce's tradition-oriented clien-

Colonel T. E. Lawrence at the wheel of an armored Rolls-Royce in 1918. He later wrote: "A Rolls in the desert was above rubies."

tele, and one which causes anguish at the home offices in Conduit Street, London, was expressed by a commentator in the automotive columns of the San Francisco *Chronicle* at the time of the ill-fated appearance of the four-headlight heresy. "Most Rolls-Royce owners and potential owners couldn't care less about modernity or the utilitarian aspects of the lighting system in Rolls-Royce products," it read. "Most of them wouldn't be upset if the manufacturer reverted to the acetylene headlights of fifty years ago, and there is a school of traditionalists who, if it were practicable, would prefer to have their nocturnal progress lit by link boys."

Although the firm has made a determined effort since the mid-1950's to tone down the "chauffeurs and baronial halls" in the car's collective image, the Rolls-Royce has remained over the years and the decades primarily a car for heads of state, towering social grandees, and the upper-bracket very rich of the world. In 1958 the New York advertising firm of Ogilvy, Benson & Mather was commissioned to show Rolls-Royce in the context of American life—presumably being driven to cookouts by housewives in curlers—and while the concept did indeed dramatically increase the sale of Rolls-Royces and Bentleys in the United States, it did absolutely nothing to diminish the ineffable splendor traditionally associated with the cars.

Long after the rest of the world's car manufacturers assumed that all but a fraction of their products would be owner driven, Rolls-Royce both factually and by implication assumed that owners of its cars would have limitless resources of servants to drive and to maintain their automobiles. The management adopted a very high tone with its patrons, and a handbook of comparatively recent years directed the unfailing manual lubrication of thirty points in the mechanism every 500 miles, eighty-four points at every 1,000 miles, and twenty-nine at every 2,000 miles, not to mention routine overhauling and adjustments, checking of filters, tappets, and spark plugs, and the periodical removal of wheels for greasing. This sort of thing presupposed Rolls-Royce ownership by people for whom the servant problem simply did not exist, and the assumption was flattering to people who not only drove their own cars but emptied the ash trays as well. Rolls-Royce found itself elevated far above the estate of a merely elegant and well-appointed agency of personal transport, into an article of faith and a way of life itself.

One of the first Rolls-Royces, a ten horsepower, two-cylinder open model of 1905, sold for about $1,300. Today it is possible to purchase a Rolls-Royce in a price range from $19,000 to $26,000 with conventional fittings and the standard amenities of de luxe transport. As with private Pullmans, the sums that can be expended on special effects and interior décor are almost without limit. These additions run from jeweled traveling clocks for the dashboard to individually controlled air conditioning, sun roofs, built-in bars, and telephonic communication between passengers and driver. In the late twenties a dealer in rare period furnishings saw no reason why his Rolls-Royce, a Phantom I brougham model with coachwork by Clark of Wolverhampton, should not be as luxuriously furnished as his home, and had the interior upholstered with tapestry woven at Aubusson (see pages 42–43), the cost of the fabric alone coming to $3,000 in a time of gold currency. Mrs. Harrison McK. Twombly's favorite limousine contained a gold and emerald built-in vanity by Cartier valued at $10,000. Solid-silver drinking tools, Abercrombie & Fitch picnic baskets, and Baccarat glasses in the bar are a commonplace. Gold-plated motors in the James Bond tradition were never a matter of record, but gold-washed radiator shells and mascots have been executed, one such job by Mappin & Webb, the London goldsmiths and silversmiths, coming to $4,000 in weight of metal alone.

The most expensive car ever seen in California, and one which can be compared only to Andrew Mellon's $40,000 car built exclusively of products of the Mellon enterprises or to Sir Bernard Docker's $35,000 gold-plated Daimler, was shown at the Pebble Beach *concours d'élégance* at Del Monte Lodge in 1961. It was a Phantom V model Rolls-Royce owned by Martin Martyn of Beverly Hills which had cost its owner $54,000. The body was designed by Osmond Francis Rivers, a celebrated craftsman who had for many years been chief body designer for the house of Hooper and architect of many of the cars used by the British royal family. The two-tone black and beige body was fabricated by the Paris firm of Henri Chapron, one of the last great bespoke body builders still in business. It required more than a year to build; to supervise the work, three trips to the Continent were made by Rivers and four from the United States by Mrs. Martyn. A working bar was furnished with drinking tools from Van Cleef & Arpels and glasses and decanters by Baccarat. There was an air-conditioned humidor for cigars, three-band radio reception controllable from each seat, individual armrests, and a locked compartment for

the owners' binoculars and parasol on race days. "It has an English soul and a French body," said Mrs. Martyn, dusting its already immaculate bonnet with a small dust-cloth of matched mink skins. Unknown to the owners at the time was the fact that, before they took delivery on the car in Paris, the workmen who had labored over it had had a private christening party of their own and sent the car into the world wreathed with roses and formally christened with champagne. Some of them had wept to see it leave their shop.

Perhaps the most radiant of all chapters in the saga of Rolls-Royces concerns Mrs. Twombly, whose death in 1952 at the age of ninety-eight put a final period, according to Cleveland Amory, to Newport's era of elegance. Mrs. Twombly's memory is still green in the upper brackets of New York Society for her determined effort in 1935 to attend the California wedding of her grandson to Flobelle Fairbanks, a niece of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.

Already in her eighties, Mrs. Twombly was forbidden to fly. The family private Pullman car had long since been discarded, and Mrs. Twombly would not toy with the idea of renting one from the New York Central, let alone ride in a public train. Driving the distance from Newport to the church was the only solution, although it was fraught with the ever-present dangers of the Great Plains and possible accidents of violence in the howling wilderness west of St. Louis. The James boys, she understood, were no longer in operating condition, but who knew about others—the Daltons, for instance? And there was always the chance of hostile Indians. If they recognized her she would be held for ransom, a most inconvenient possibility.

Finally a solution presented itself. For three thousand miles going west and an equal distance coming back, the grandchild of Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, dressed as her personal maid, rode in the front seat next to the chauffeur in one of the Twombly Rolls-Royces, while for an equal time and distance Mrs. Twombly's maid, dressed as Mrs. Twombly, rode in lonely state in the back seat. It was a triumph of ingenuity and determination which the Commodore himself would have applauded.

Like all Vanderbilts, Mrs. Twombly rode in sometimes seedy but inevitably grand Rolls-Royces which she kept *en suite* at Florham, her incredible estate near Convent, New Jersey, to match her mood and attire of the moment. John Mason Brown recalls being present one Sunday morning when, returned from church, Mrs. Twombly was holding court, receiving her guests in the foyer under the sculptured likenesses of twelve Roman Caesars. "She stepped out of her violet Rolls-Royce," said Brown, "and swept inside wearing a violet hat, violet gloves, and carrying a bunch of violets. It was unforgettable. I even remember where I was standing. It was inviolate, too—right beside Caligula."

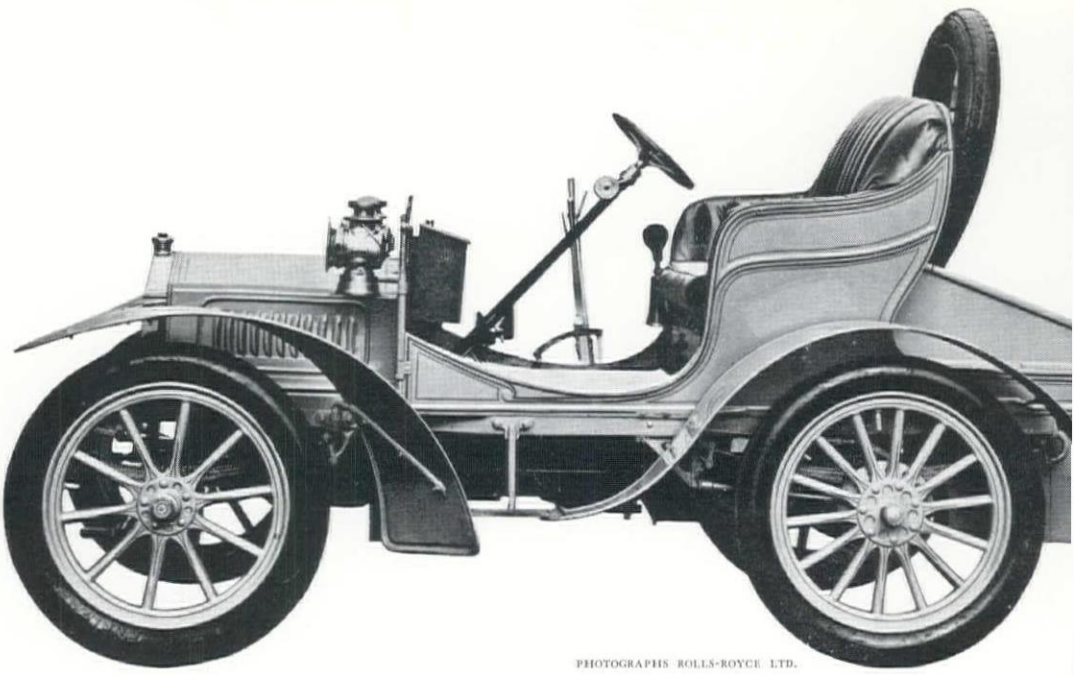
Even allowing for the circumstance that the Rolls-Royce is in provable fact "The Best Car in the World," an article of faith which you may challenge only at your peril, the viability of the folklore and legend of Rolls-Royces is in itself an extraordinary manifestation and well worth the attention of students of popular thought and the growth of ideas. It has not been accomplished by advertising because, until very recently in the American press and coated-paper periodicals, Rolls-Royce did not advertise much. And yet this arresting aspect of the Rolls-Royce legend has hardly ever been the subject of published comment, and finds no place in the sober, factual, and usually technical treatises devoted to the history of the car and its achievements.

What other make of motorcar, for example, has followers so devoted that they are banded together in closest confraternity, as are the members of the Rolls-Royce Owners' Club with its own insignia, identification, club jewelry, and house organ, called *The Flying Lady?* The Rolls-Royce Owners may not have their own hatbands, but they do have their own evening jewelry, in the form of complete sets of studs and links in enamel and rubies in the likeness of the Rolls radiator and flying mascot.

Nor does it seem probable that any other artifact of human devising commands the organized and militant loyalty of followers as dedicated as are The Faithful of Rolls-Royce-Bentley. One may point to the by-no-means-unique example of a buff who, when it was showing as a first-run film in San Francisco, attended no fewer than six showings of *Lawrence of Arabia* in its almost unendurable entirety for the sole purpose of viewing the sequences, totaling possibly a minute and a half, that featured the Rolls-Royce as a military vehicle of desert warfare. He then wrote letters of denunciation to the local newspaper critics for featuring the actors in their reviews instead of the Rolls-Royces.

The legend is even reflected in court decisions, as in a recent case in Nevada where the lawyer for an accused who had been apprehended for car stealing tried to plead guilty to petty larceny. The court, on being informed that the car had been a Rolls-Royce, immediately ruled it a case of grand theft.

But it is in the great body of Rolls-Royce anecdote, lying in the misty realm between fact and fiction and partaking of both, that the greatest opportunity lies for some specially imaginative student of national mores. He would of a certainty run down the hoariest of all Rolls canards, that of the mythical owner of a Silver Wraith who, while adventuring in Upper Assam, or darkest Nigeria (the locality varies with the telling), chanced to break a rear axle which was promptly replaced by airlift



The 1905 two-seater model (right) designed by Henry Royce was the smoothest-running machine of its day. A reputation for quality and comfort was soon firmly enough established for the company to claim that it offered "the best car in the world."

PHOTOGRAPHS ROLLS-ROYCE LTD.

after overcoming almost insuperable difficulties of logistics. When asked for a bill, Rolls-Royce reputedly disclaimed all knowledge of the business on the grounds that since Rolls-Royce rear axles never break, it couldn't have happened.

There was also the Rolls ordered from the most expensive of carriage builders, Hooper of London, by Nubar Gulbenkian, the shipping magnate and archmagnifico who wanted his car built to simulate a London taxi, a type of conveyance for which he cherished an abiding affection. When it was completed at a cost of $27,000, he pointed out the advantage of its short wheelbase to a friend, with the remark "It can turn on a sixpence"—and, as an afterthought, added, "whatever that may be."

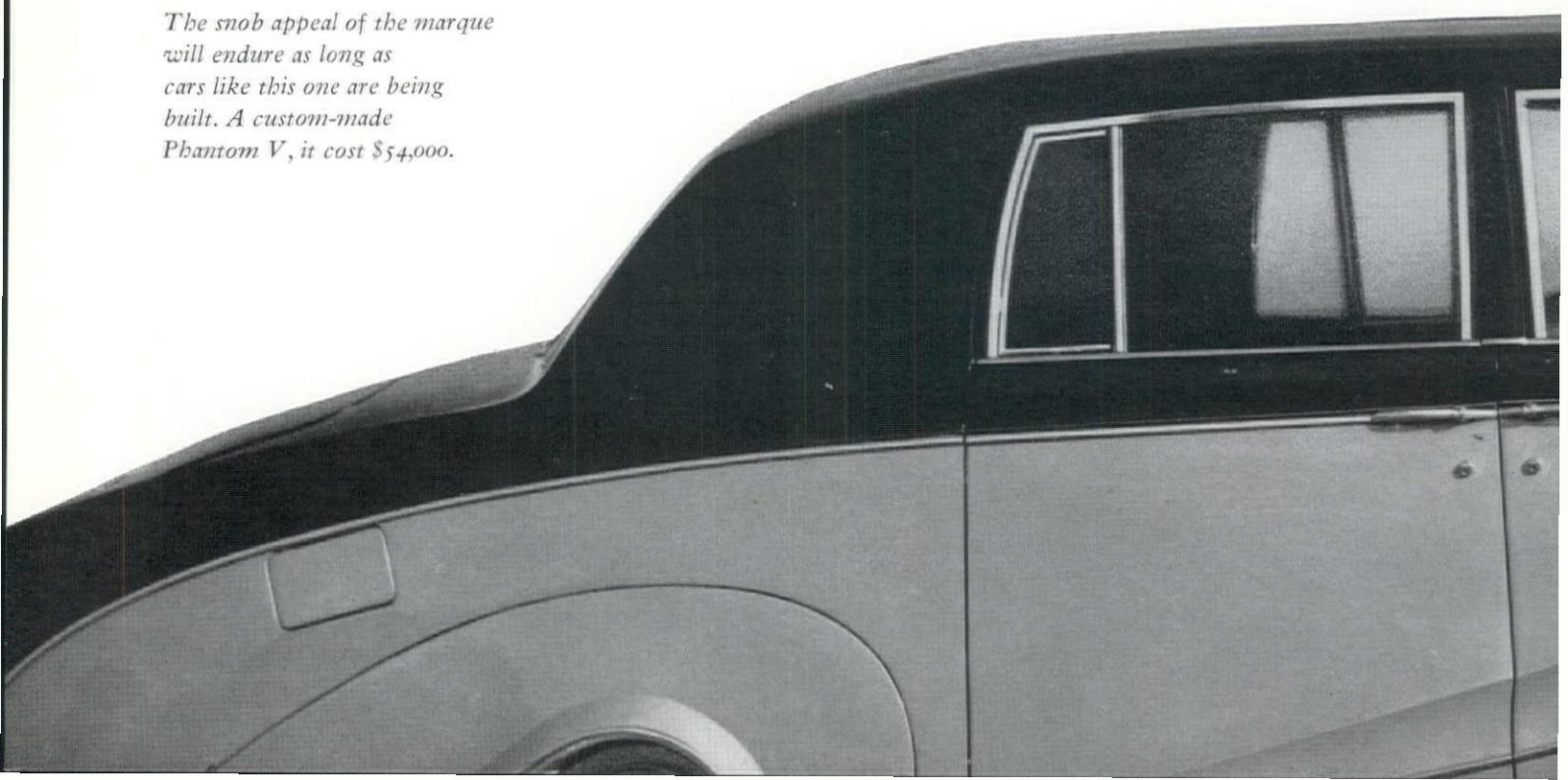
Then there was the much respected Australian customer who warmed hearts in Conduit Street, London, with orders for several new coupés each year and who was popularly imagined to be a well-placed banker, merchant, or other hereditary nabob, until the fatal year when he changed his order from coupé models to full-scale limousines with a glass partition installed between front and back seats. His explanation? "The damned sheep lick the back of my neck when riding in the coupé!"

In general terms and as a rule, Rolls-Royce owners are not the sort who go to jail. Either they are not the criminal type, or, if given to skirmishes with the law, are of an intelligence and social estate that allows them to evade its consequences at least in any such drastic manner.

It is easy to speculate that, had he been a practitioner of opera-cloak larceny a decade or two later, the ineffable Raffles would have escaped from the scenes of his depradations against society in a Silver Ghost, smoking his inevitable Sullivan & Powell's Sub Rosa cigarettes while lolling on Thrupp & Maberly cushions instead of riding on an 1891 bicycle.

The same may putatively be said of various characters in the Sherlock Holmes saga. Except that they had their setting in a London of growlers and hansom cabs, it may confidently be supposed that Professor Moriarity would have ridden in a sinister, all-black limousine, and that the infamous Colonel Sebastian Moran would have been driven to his final rendezvous in a gaslit Baker Street in a

The snob appeal of the marque will endure as long as cars like this one are being built. A custom-made Phantom V, it cost $54,000.



coupé de ville with sufficient clearance for his opera hat.

The high interior construction of Rolls-Royce by most bodymakers and especially for heads of state and giants of finance was, of course, largely predicated on the wearing of high silk hats by their occupants, and was retained as a vestigial heritage from the past in an age when silk hats were less universal than they once had been. In *Portugal and Madeira* Sacheverell Sitwell recalls an anecdote that is to the point. "The writer remembers meeting a certain Indian potentate at a luncheon party. The host said to him, 'May I ask why you have had your new fleet of Rolls-Royces built with such high roofs?' The Maharajah replied, 'Oh! I don't know. I might want to wear an aigrette.' "

Mrs. Potter Palmer, the wife of Chicago's celebrated hotelier and in her own right a determined woman who for decades was the almost unopposed arbiter of Chicago's Gold Coast, like many other American fashionables found herself trapped in Paris at the outbreak of World War I. As the German approach through northern France made the fall of the city appear inevitable and the government fled to Bordeaux, chaos and panic reigned in the corridors of the Ritz. Mrs. Palmer's natural temperament inclined her to remain in her suite and, if necessary, give the German General von Kluck a piece of her mind when he arrived—a possibility that so alarmed Myron Herrick, the American Ambassador, that he urged her to abandon the project forthwith and helped the Palmer chauffeur round up enough gasoline to get the Palmer Rolls-Royce as far as the dockside at Cherbourg.

Here the *Paris* promised to be the last boat out of France before its conquest, and even though refugees were sleeping in the smoking room and the men's hammam, the Palmer influence and the Palmer money, both of which were practically illimitable, got Mrs. Palmer, her maid, and her chauffeur aboard in tolerable comfort. The car stood abandoned on the pier.

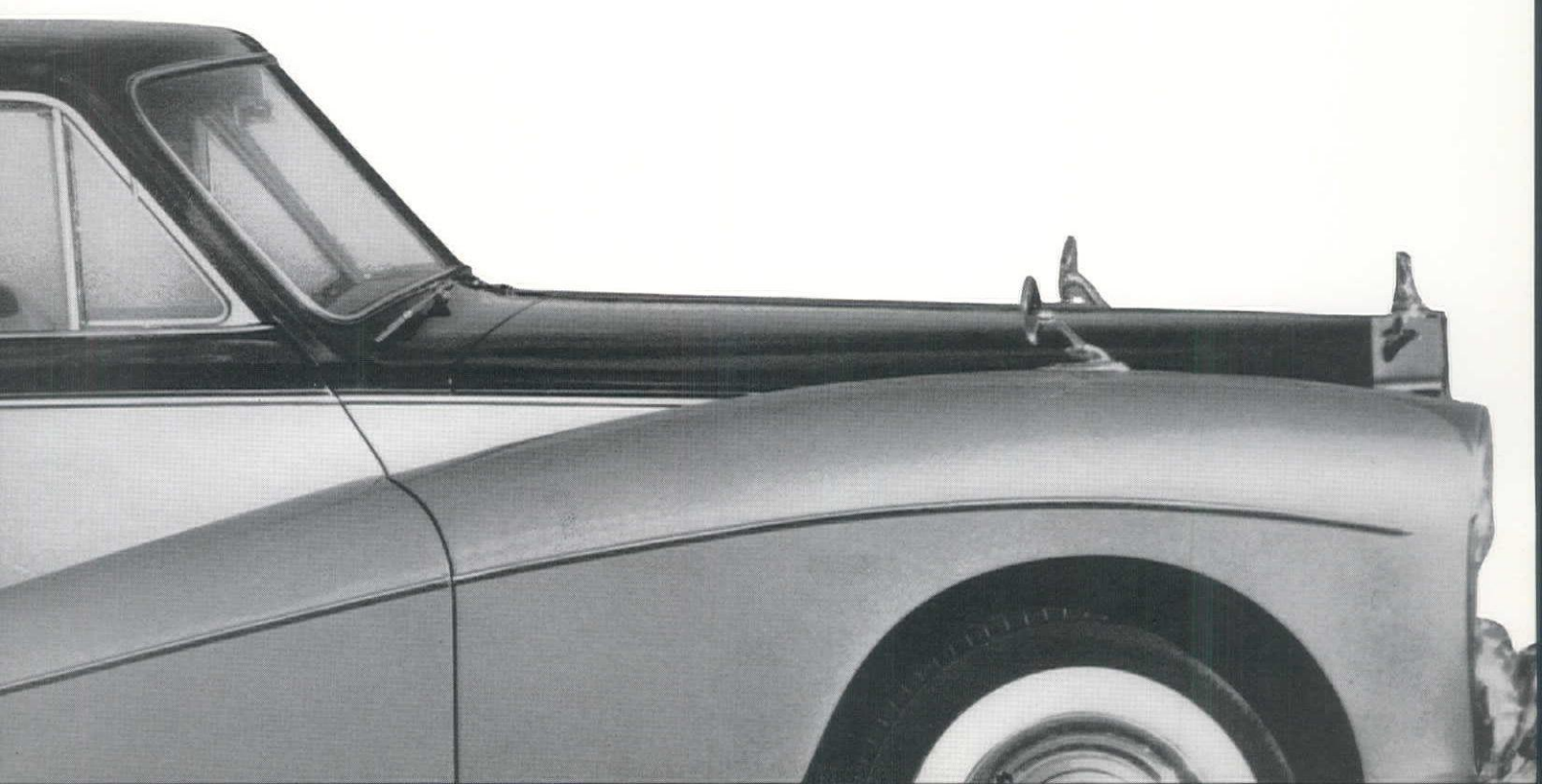
"But the Rolls-Royce, madame?"

"Leave it," was the imperious command. "Some peasant may want it."

One of the most charming of all Rolls-Royce legends, and one that crops up with fine international impartiality in a vast variety of locales, is that of the long-disused Silver Ghost which for twenty—aye, perhaps thirty—years has lain disused and neglected in some forgotten repository. Usually it has been removed from circulation by family litigation, a series of calamitous lawsuits down the decades which have immobilized it along with the family jewels and the contents of the wine cellar until at long last resolved by a high court. In one case a Rolls-Royce of aristocratic pedigree and great value had been walled up in a family castle at the time the Germans invaded Holland during the Second World War. Or, still again, it was zealously protected by the Polish underground in an obscure suburb of Warsaw. In less romantic redactions of the saga, it had simply been neglected by owners too callous or too obtuse who had wandered off after strange gods and other makes of cars while the priceless example of Rolls craftsmanship and Hooper bodybuilding gathered dust in a neglected outhouse or farmstead.

Then comes the day of resurrection. A chance discovery identifies the car as a rare vintage model in great request among collectors—possibly it is unique, the only known example of a particular style of coachwork. The hero of this valuable discovery has a tendency to be the teller of the story himself. It is seldom at greater remove from firsthand than a cousin or brother-in-law, who, in a casual moment, learns of the existence of the despised relic and, knowing its true value to be above rubies, purchases it for a song.

Invariably the fortunate acquisitor is anxious to get the car off the premises before the original owners get the news that they have parted with a treasure for a pittance and renege on the deal. The purchaser calls for petrol, knocks out the blocks on which the car has been resting



these dusty decades, adjusts the ignition, and with no further servicing, turns over the motor, throws it into gear, and is off.

Light the fire, kick the tire, etc.

The account seldom reckons with such details as a long-dead storage battery or deflated tires, or if it does, they are dealt with in the most casual and cavalier manner, matters that only a churl would think to mention.

Students of Rolls-Royce folklore have pinpointed this story in settings as widely separated as Warsaw, an ancestral castle in Dublin (this one usually dates from the Troubles of Easter Week, 1916), a forbidding grotto in the Carpathians, and just outside Bangor, Maine. Its charm is that of the discovery of sunken treasure or found money, combined with the larcenous instincts of the fortunate finder which incline him to defraud the owners, just a little bit anyway.

Now and then this chapter in the Rolls-Royce legend can be heard from the lips or pen of a master raconteur with an eye for probability and with telling effect. Many amateurs of Rolls folklore regard its telling and significant piecing together as one of the supreme tests which set apart mere filling-station gossip from the great artistry of weaving folk legend. Like all stories of recovered hidden treasure, it is an anecdote whose enchantment derives from a sufficient number of authentic treasure troves to lend it probability. Many indeed have been the neglected motors, chassis, and sometime intact cars salvaged from oblivion by perceptive prospectors of junk heaps and country garages, such as Alton Walker of California; and, months and many thousands of dollars later, they have won awards at the *concours d'élégance*, but few of them were actually discovered walled up in the hunting lodges of forgotten viceroys of Ireland, and none were driven away with a merry blast of the horn after lying disused anywhere from one to three decades. Hundreds of man hours and much money, patience, and love went into reclaiming them.

Most durable of all Rolls-Royce legends are those which, like James Thurber's celebrated war between men and women, reflect the basic animosity between Rolls-Royce Ltd. and its infatuated customers. Rolls-Royce has always enjoyed a seller's market and has thus been in the enviable position of being able to pick and choose its customers—as some believe, through the agency of an admissions committee of almost insufferably elevated standards. Certain it is that the company has been grieved when Rolls-Royces have appeared in commercial services as grocers' vans, taxicabs, and hearses, although there is no evidence that the firm ever actually bought up such offensive parodies at profiteers' prices.

Always on the defensive by reason of the insignificance of its product's horsepower when compared to that of American automobiles, a difference which had its origins in the former British policy of levying car taxes on horsepower rather than cost, Conduit Street has resolutely refused to divulge the horsepower of its successive models over the years even under the most determined pressure. The influential American patron who importuned the chairman of the Board of Rolls-Royce with cables invoking every inducement to reveal the brake horsepower of a Phantom III engine is supposed to have received the laconic reply "Sufficient."

An item of the Rolls-Royce creed holds that the firm's business motto, reversing the conventional commercial philosophy in such matters, is "The customer is always wrong." Certainly Conduit Street's resistance to innovation, particularly to color schemes felt to be inauspicious in a Rolls-Royce, has often been impervious to the most formidable pressure. The patronage of Daimler as the official car of Buckingham Palace in the reign of the late Queen Mary of England is popularly believed to have had its origins in Rolls-Royce's firm refusal to include a built-in toilet in one of her bespoke cars.

What better memorial to the most aloof and patrician of all commercial enterprises in modern times could there be than the anecdote of the purchaser of a new Rolls who was reluctant to return it to the factory for the checkup and servicing required by contract of all customers in older days and who found himself, gently but firmly, without a motor? "I went home and wrote one hundred times 'You must not argue with Rolls-Royce! You must not argue . . .' "

Or the claim of the factory executive who, when asked by a brash interviewer how Rolls-Royce managed to cover up its mistakes, received the haughty answer: "Rolls-Royce never makes mistakes and those we do make we make beautifully!"

The literature of motordom is not yet as ample or as well accredited with the names of great writers as that of coaching, even though the theme of Michael Arlen's monumental best seller of the 1920's, *The Green Hat*, revolved around an Alfonso XIII model Hispano-Suiza, and another contemporary man of letters, Pierre Frondaie, wrote a novel entitled *L'homme à l'Hispano*.

When the definitive work about Rolls-Royce is written, be it fiction or fact, it is safe to say it will not neglect a passing salute to Joshua Cosden of oil fame, who insisted that, on the richly ornate dashboard of his Park Ward Rolls-Royce convertible, all the operational switches be identified by raised gold letters in Old English Type.

Lucius Beebe, widely known as an arbiter elegantiarum, *is the sometime owner of six Rolls-Royces (currently, a Silver Cloud III). This article will appear in expanded form in Mr. Beebe's new book*, The Big Spenders, *to be published in February by Doubleday & Company, Inc.*

A THRENODY

By Phyllis McGinley

The new Rolls-Royce is designed to be *owner driven.* No chauffeur required.

—From an advertisement in The New Yorker.

Grandeur, farewell.
Farewell, pomp, glory, wealth's indulgent voice.
Tyre turned to dust in time. Great Carthage fell.
And owner-driven is the new Rolls-Royce.

Behold it, democratic front to back;
Nimble when traffic pinches;
Steered, braked by power; briefer than Cadillac
By eighteen inches;
Humming at sixty with an eerie purr
But needing no chauffeur.

What does it signify if radiator
(Altered but once, and that in '33,
When, at Sir Henry's death, or a little later,
The red RR was re-
Placed by a less conspicuous ebony)
Keeps still its ancient shape? What matter whether
The seats no minion now will ever use
Come padded in eight hides of English leather—
Enough for one hundred and twenty-eight pairs of shoes?
That the paint glistens and the brasses shine
More lustreful than hope?
That engineers have listened for axle-whine
With a stethoscope?

Splendor decays, despite the walnut table
Sliding from under the dash. Who now will stow
The wicker hampers away? For ladies in sable,
Who'll spread the cloth, uncork the Veuve Clicquot?
Who'll clean
The optional-special espresso coffee machine,
From folding bed whip off the cover of baize, or
Guard the electric razor?

Who but the owner-driver, squinting ahead
Through the marvellous glass, fretting when lights are red,
Studying on his lap
The cryptic, cross-marked, wife-defeating map?
He, it is he,
Tooling toward Cambridge, say (or Yale or Colgate),
On football afternoons, must nervously
Fumble for change at the tollgate,
Curse the careering drivers, of both genders,
Whose rods are hot,
Fear for his fourteen-times-enamelled fenders,
Search out the parking lot,
Remember the chains of winter, wrench the round wheel
Against the arrogant trucks, nor ever feel
Less mortal than man in Minx or Oldsmobile.

No one remains to touch a decorous forelock
Or fold a monogrammed blanket over the knees.
Gone the chauffeur—gone like Merlin the Warlock
And the unmourned chemise.
Gone newsboy's Grail, all that is rich and choice
And suave as David Niven.
Grandeur, a long farewell. The new Rolls-Royce
Is owner-driven.

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"*The loudest noise in* this *Rolls-Royce doesn't come from the electric clock.*"

Drawing by Stevenson; © 1958 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

THE NEW AMBASSADORS

Henry James took to Europe his delicate sensibilities and Hemingway took his lusty appetites; today's expatriate takes his briefcase and suburbia with him

By WILLIAM MARCHANT

A few weeks before the last American Presidential election a head line in the European edition of the New York Herald Tribune, *newspaper read religiously by a great majority of Americans resi dent in Europe, let it be known that three million United States citi zens were eligible to vote in spite of their official residence in som far-flung part of the globe. To most of them—or us—the figur seemed a wild exaggeration, an unnecessary and even embarrassin statistic, as if one had just been told that the membership of th exclusive club one had been permitted to join was, in fact, six time larger than advertised. True, the telltale "r" and the dead-giveawa "a" were increasingly to be heard everywhere from the supermarke in Glasgow to the haberdashery in Gibraltar, but few American until the* Tribune *came right out with it, knew how many of thei countrymen had elected to live away from home. The figure made seem like an exodus rather than a trend.*

BLAKE HAMPTON

The American émigré movement to Europe had its beginnings in the rose and gray candlelit years at the middle of the last century, when there was nobody to understand its humors or chart its progress. Not, that is, until Henry James arrived on the scene and took upon himself the role of critic and interpreter, noting the symptoms and the etiology of expatriation from the New World. The innocent abroad had engaged the attention of Hawthorne and Mark Twain, but it was for James to mine the subject and develop it into the unifying theme of his life's work.

At first he was the "sentimental"—afterward the "analytic"—tourist, and one of a distinguished and glittering galaxy of American visitors, many, like himself, of New England origins: the sculptors William Wetmore Story and Harriet Hosmer; William Dean Howells, Lincoln's consular appointment at Venice; and, later, Bernard Berenson—travelers who, like Mark Twain describing himself as being "of Hartford, Connecticut, and Settignano," had a way of settling in and establishing residence by the simplest means, that of having letter paper printed with two addresses, one American and one foreign. There were nonentities, too, heiresses to manufacturing fortunes, mindless darlings under the tutelage of the inevitable maiden aunt, in serious pursuit of a titled, but Protestant, marriage, and art historians—evidently as ubiquitous then as now—respectfully cataloguing and annotating the extant work of Sansovino or Longhena and developing a taste for wine with their boarding-house meals. James watched them carefully, and we see them through his eyes: the Sargent family as the gypsying Moreens in his story *The Pupil*; and Francis Boott of Newport, later of Bellosguardo, who, with his daughter Lizzie, sat for Gilbert and Pansy Osmond in *The Portrait of a Lady*.

In James's fiction some of the émigrés appeared unattractive, though the majority of them were protagonists, and there are not many accounts of hurt feelings or somebody's shock of recognition at finding an unflattering likeness in print. He sees them through their follies, and even their gaucheries, in a kindly way and with sympathy, reserving his shafts of criticism for the Europeans and their shibboleths. His Continental friends found James's prose particularly rough going ("And how is that nice Mr. James?" asked a Parisian hostess of Edith Wharton. "Is he keeping up with his writing? It is too difficult for me to follow"), and it is likely that they did not recognize themselves as his models, under the sheer weight of his convoluted sentences. Their doors remained open to him, in any case, as they did for each new Yankee arrival, so long as his *congés* were as good as his letters of introduction. They were usually ready to offer the newcomer supper, and succor if need be, and a fistful of letters to other hosts in other capitals or country houses. The Yankees, in their turn, were flattered and beguiled and wrote home ecstatically, and their numbers multiplied like so many dandelions, until at the end of the last century a younger crop of literary and artistic hopefuls and their title-seeking sisters stretched across Europe in a fulmination that got them dismissed as "tourists" by their countrymen who had already been there for decades. Henry's brother William, who had been in Europe too many times to count, crossed the Atlantic again in 1892 to receive an honorary doctorate at Padua, and, seeing the invaders in such large numbers everywhere he looked, concluded that, after all, Americans were better off where they came from. There wasn't much "vitality" abroad; Italy was shabby and decadent, its influence upon the vigorous youngsters from home was unhealthy. But for his brother Henry it was then still a country brushed with charm and magic and courted by its devoted American lovers, those "old-time victims of Italy."

One of these, a very early and willing sacrifice to Rome, had been the English-born Thomas Cole, founder of the Hudson River School and father of American landscape painting. To one of his many academic views of the Roman sunset, painted in the 1830's, he gave the name *The Dream of Arcadia*. It was a rubric that would come to have a special meaning, a vogue-phrase meant to express all there was to be known about Americans who had successfully prolonged the Grand Tour into a lifelong visit. In turn-of-the-century transatlantic correspondence the word "Arcadia" is used almost pejoratively to mean a too-familiar summer resort that one returns to habitually because there is no place else to go. And a resort was certainly what the major European capitals, from May to September, were turning out to be; the term "tourist trade" appeared in the London *Telegraph* as early as 1884.

The summer visitors did not go unremarked in James's fiction; they were "night moths" and "fleeting creatures" and, like all such visitants of the air, would be gone again by morning. Privately, he expressed much harsher opinions of them, feelings that were to be extended later on to the expatriates themselves. It is still possible nowadays to encounter quite elderly people, who, when young, knew James in his last years. They knew him to be pink, bloated, elegant, infuriating. They reproduce his famous stammer impeccably with only minor variations in speed, and agree, to a man, that you could not accurately determine whether he was for a thing or against it. Even the simplest greeting, it seems, when delivered from his sedan chair on the Thames Embankment, circa 1910, was apt to sound like, "It may, if one can truly judge from the promising appearance of it, be a good—not to say fine—morning." In *A Backward Glance* Mrs. Wharton records that on a certain motoring excursion he needed a hundred words or more to ask a passerby the way to Windsor Great Park, and the late Miss Caroline Sinkler of Philadelphia said that she

once watched him eat a lamb chop whose excellence he was still attempting to articulate long after the dessert course had appeared. That he did not equivocate, or stammer, on the subject of Americans abroad was a favorite recollection of the American humorist Gelett Burgess, who encountered James, after not seeing him for many years, at a London dinner party shortly before the outbreak of World War I. James spent what seemed to Burgess an eternity in trying to establish precisely where it was that Burgess then made his home. Fatigued by the social necessity of appearing to ignore the famous stammering, and not really caring whether his answer would infuriate the master or not, Burgess replied vaguely, "Oh, in the United States of America." At this, without halting at a single consonant, James delivered himself of a scatological epithet for his native land that, even by our current standards, is unprintable, and added that for proof of his view of the U.S.A. one had only to know its expatriates. Shortly afterward, according to Burgess, James succumbed to a digestive surprise and asked permission to leave the table.

It might be possible to credit the anecdote more to Burgess's sense of fun and irreverence (for James to use billingsgate in fine company seems shockingly out of character) than to his exactness of memory, if it were not for another, similar tale supplied by an octogenarian lady, a Yugoslav national known as Mme Henderson-Gomez, whose own memories of James confirmed the attitude suggested by Burgess. Mme Gomez had a graceful facility with spoken English, diving into complex sentences like a swimmer taking to the Channel, with faint intakes of breath to mark a passing semicolon; her vocabulary was prodigious. Her mother, an Englishwoman whose neighbor James had been when he lived at Rye, had prudently saved his letters, and they were still intact in a drawer at Dubrovnik, where Mme Gomez made her summer home. She had known Edith Wharton, who used to visit James at Rye, and had met and liked other Americans—Otto Kahn and Mabel Dodge among them—but James had repeatedly warned her off Americans who lived abroad. They were the—she searched for the word—"effluvia" of the earth, the waste product of a nation and no better than what they had left behind them. "Of course," she explained, "he used very coarse language, very foul words, gutter argot, really, and never stammered once, not once, when speaking of them!"

The testimony, hearsay and thus inadmissible as evidence, belongs to that period when James was making his steady progress toward the exalted state of being an Englishman. His own dream of Arcadia had long since been revealed as an insubstantial fancy: the world was at war. Van Wyck Brooks, in a history of the Americans who were magnetized by Italy (in its way, a factual supplement to James's fiction), writes that before 1914 ". . . Italy was still the Arcadia that it was for Poussin . . . and perhaps especially for those who crossed the ocean from a land where Arcadia could only be a dream." The title of this work, *The Dream of Arcadia*, was a happy inspiration. Gone with a high, modern wind are the days when a "classical" education produced a society in America that knew by heart, before ever catching sight of them, the beauties of antiquity and of the Renaissance; and Brooks laments the victory over nineteenth-century Yankee culture that has been achieved by contemporary ridicule and ignorance. The year 1914 certainly placed an indelible full stop to any number of things, but it—and the four years that followed—amounted to no more than a parenthesis in the history of American expatriation. It was more like a musical rest before a *vivace* movement, and even a popular song of the period expressed a certain nervousness about how to insure the soldier boys' return to rural life once they had seen the capital of France.

There was no single reporter to observe it (James died in 1916), but it was now France and not Italy that was claiming victims: the Steins, Gertrude and Leo, assiduously buying up the Fauves; Hemingway, whose moveable feast it was to become; Maria Jolas from Kentucky, Joyce's great friend; Fitzgerald (off and on); Sylvia Beach, who opened a bookstore; and Caresse Crosby, who brought out a magazine. Man Ray came to live and paint. There was an American hospital in Paris and an American newspaper. The city of light was the cultural capital of the world, and if it was not Arcadia, there were plenty of satyrs and nymphs about to help satisfy a need never overtly expressed by the émigrés of earlier generations: it was permissive. Experimentation was the fashion. Strong drink was taboo in the land of the free, and Main Street, according to Sinclair Lewis, was a dreary thoroughfare. Whereas, in the old days, the discovery of a Tiepolo ceiling where none was previously thought to exist had been sufficient to induce the average traveler to cross the Atlantic once more, now an informed sense of the past was the province of art historians only. A stronger magnet for most was a volume of nearly undecipherable pornography which, though called *Ulysses*, required a somewhat different kind of "classical" education for the fullest comprehension—its attraction all the more powerful because its importation was forbidden by the U.S. customs.

A discernible feeling of boredom with America and a hastily considered distrust of its proper place in the world is implicit in many of the home-thoughts-from-abroad of the time. From Italy, Santayana wrote of the Boston where he grew up that there was "no food for the senses" there (he was to hide away in a Roman convent throughout World War II on a very spartan diet of beans and polenta). Berenson, too, spoke slightingly of the United States, while staking out squatter's rights to Florence and the surrounding hills, making, in Alan Pryce-Jones's words, "like other great American expatriates of the time, an effective contribution to an ideal League of Nations . . . one of those who took Europe in stride without ever losing the sense of being American."

That sense of being American was soon to be challenged dramatically. In 1939 some unofficial census of the American colony in Paris placed its membership at nine thousand; there were not ocean liners enough to accommodate the mad scramble of those who wanted to go home. Even the great cognomen Talleyrand did not much avail the Duchess of that name, who, American by birth, waited too long, hemmed and hawed, hastily packed a dozen Vuitton trunks, and demanded passage for herself and

maid on the next westbound Cunarder. Told that the ship was already overbooked, she pounded the desk of a shipping company official and invoked the stars and stripes. "Now, once and for all," she said, "I am Anna *Gould*!"

The American embassies in Europe no longer maintain careful figures about their nationals and where they live or who they are. An official at the American embassy in London explains that formerly it was essential to keep an exact record in case of emergency but that nowadays if such an emergency arose, "everybody would get it," and, he thinks, the question of evacuating United States citizens to safety is really "academic." He is a bit reluctant to reveal what numbers the embassy consular service does know about; the estimate for all of the United Kingdom (but exclusive of the Channel Islands, he assures me) is about 50,000 U.S. nationals who are permanent residents. He was surprised to learn that in Chelsea, a central borough of London, the municipal government estimates that in a population of 55,000 nearly one fifth of these, if not United States citizens, are at least American born. There is no early census of, say, the year 1910, when James was characterizing his countrymen as noxious exports, with which this figure might be compared. The Home Office, which oversees matters of immigration for Her Majesty's government, will not release its own count of nonmilitary Americans within its jurisdiction but unofficially reckons the total to be well over a hundred thousand. In France about half of that would be a safe assessment, according to French government sources. The figure is not much smaller for Spain and West Germany, and in Italy, where a statistic may mean anything, every city of an appreciable size has its own vocal and clannish American colony, each with its own baseball team.

It is, on the face of it, inconceivable that Americans in such vast numbers should all be painters or novelists or historians of the arts, or even modern-day counterparts of James's characters; yet a miscellany of today's expatriates bears some up-to-date resemblance to the Jamesian archtypes: idlers who live on unearned income and find in Switzerland an ideal tax haven; pensioners and elderly couples whose retirement funds, in Spain, can be made to stretch much further than they would at home; impecunious drifters propelled from one resort to another in search of the patronage and hospitality of sympathetic countrymen.

Rich suitors of European culture and Old World sophistication still exist, but they are well along in years for the most part, not very decorative reminders of the past; the émigrés of the 1960's are a new species entirely, lured overseas by practical considerations of opportunity, education, and advancement. They are not, as so many of their forebears were, in flight from Philistia, but rather in search of a society that, though with different, often picturesque, customs and a foreign language, approximates suburbia back home. The Paris daily *Le Monde* recently conducted a casual survey of well-known literary Americans—Mary McCarthy, James Baldwin, Frederic Prokosch, and James Jones, among others—who had adopted Paris as their home, and concluded from their answers that a process of *embourgeoisement* is seriously at work among them and their friends. The American artist or writer of this generation, it appears, has forsaken the cafés and the corduroys and is apt to work hard for a living, at UNESCO, perhaps, or for *Time*, or the *Herald Tribune*, or as a market researcher for one of the French manufacturers. His writing or painting, if done at all, is done on weekends. His concerns are those of the average bourgeois in the United States: taxes and housing and where to park the car and the cost of a family holiday.

Yet the majority of those Americans in Europe who were eligible to vote in the last Presidential election—and a vigorous campaign was conducted by both major political parties to seek them out—are not a part of the bourgeoisie, nor are they artists, students, or academicians. The term "working class" is imprecise and conjures up images of sweat, hardship, axle grease, and green metal lunch boxes, but it is useful to distinguish the active, six-day-a-week working citizen of the U.S.A. now living in Europe from both the landowning, high-salaried American executives with large capital investments in European enterprise and the social snobs and educated drones who have expatriated themselves for the charm, or merely the fun, of it. The working-class expatriate is the man or woman who is employed in Europe or who owns and operates a modest business—in electronics, engineering, cost accounting, market analysis, traffic control; in any field where American efficiency or expertise is acknowledged to be superior, there has been an invasion of an émigré working force. On the managerial level, too, they are welcomed: a leading French dry-goods retailer employs thirty Americans in key positions throughout France, as buyers and advertising men and marketing consultants; one of the national banks of Italy has three American vice-presidents distributed among its branches in the cities of the north; in one of London's top public-relations firms the English employees are outnumbered by Yankees two to one.

With the proliferation, in the past decade, of the small, low-priced automobile and the resulting congestion of the winding, ancient streets in the major cities of the Continent, municipal authorities have turned to the New World for help, and it has been forthcoming. In the industrial cities of England, in Leeds, Leicester, and Birmingham, wherever bottlenecks of traffic are caused by on-street parking, there are Americans in the process of setting the problem aright, constructing multistoried carparks or tunneling beneath the High Street, establishing pedestrian-only promenades, dealing quickly, drastically, efficiently, with the wilderness of vehicles. As the cities decentralize and shopping centers grow like weeds in the suburbs, American know-how is employed to lay out the supermarket, design the bowling alley, compress into the smallest available space the do-it-yourself laundry. If a principle of self-service has been introduced, or a speedy, economical way of doing things has captured the public's fancy, an American is almost certain to be behind it: operating the five-minute carwash, the diaper service, the delicatessen that is open for business on Sundays. The "Americanization" of Western Europe, that sour complaint of the seasoned traveler

who wistfully recalls what it all was like before the war, has in fact been brought about largely by Americans themselves.

For Europeans, the effect has been dramatic. The habits of centuries change seemingly overnight. The economy of entire communities is revolutionized. Energetically, yet with care and a certain patience, the outsiders bring to bear an influence on the civilization they move in on. The Italian housewife, for example, acting out a centuries-old ritual, used to shop early each morning for her daily needs—three eggs, two onions, four ounces of meat, a tiny pellet of soap—and nothing more. With the coming of the supermarket and adequate low-cost refrigeration (and the ever-present example of U.S. Army wives) she now wisely markets twice a week with a retinue of *bambini* to trundle home the purchases; in the urban centers she carefully hoards premium stamps. Where once a concern for personal hygiene as a prevention of illness was regarded as un-Mediterranean, hence foreign and even dangerous, queues now form at clinics (many of them instituted through funds raised by American officers' wives with the assistance of the United Nations) for anti-polio injections or flu vaccine. Volunteer nurses' aides have subtly but emphatically brought about a modernization of hospital technique, especially in France. An American soft-drink manufacturer built a gymnasium *cum* social club for juvenile malcontents in one of Rome's most depressed suburbs, taking hundreds of potential petty criminals off the streets. A somnolent, charming town, Vicenza, situated some forty miles from Venice, existed in a state of fixed lethargy until the U.S. Air Force moved in with ten thousand men to set up a strategic air base there. Within the year two thousand new houses were under construction nearby, as wives and children crossed the Atlantic and needed roofs over their heads. A new cinema was opened, then a second. Butchers were taught to cut a T-bone steak, to grind beef, to weigh a veal chop without the kidney. Sour cream, sold in miniature pyramids of waxed paper was, after a year of cajoling and argument, profitably produced and smartly taken up by the Vicenzans as an interesting substitute for *ricotta*. Two demobilized captains opened an automatic laundry; others, coming up for retirement, started modest businesses addressed to the military population—only to find the natives their most loyal customers. A committee was formed to arrange for the planting of a crop of sweet corn. The children became bilingual. Today, Vincenza is still the masterpiece of the architect Palladio, sleepy and arcaded, frescoed and decorated with fanciful ornamentation: skittish maidens, amused dwarfs, and drowsy lions. But it is also a modern community of civic-minded, responsible Italians living in harmony with their foreign-born neighbors, many of whom plan to spend the rest of their lives there.

Wherever American military bases have been established, in Spain, in West Germany, in Italy, the surrounding society has benefited—materially, at least. Older, well-to-do conservatives, members of the local establishment, might like to see the Yankees go home, for their superior buying power has sent the prices of consumer goods skyrocketing and has skimmed off the cream of the domestic servant crop with tempting, higher wages. But on the fringes of the military operations small industries have sprung up and the building trades flourish. Discharged servicemen and their families, however, account for only a small proportion of Europe's American residents. Great numbers of innocents from every corner of the U.S.A. now make their homes and livelihoods abroad. It was no dream of Arcadia that led to their extravagation, and many of them, unlike the "classically" educated snobs from New England in Van Wyck Brooks's history, had only the most tentative knowledge of the Continent before they arrived. "I get off the ship at Genoa," I was told in New York some years ago by an American actress who now lives abroad, "and fly to Geneva, where I change to a train for Switzerland." A young advertising man from Chicago, flush with a surprise inheritance, made his first Atlantic crossing five years ago, entrained for Venice from Milan, keeping careful watch as each station was reached; he neither spoke nor read Italian but knew that the word for Venice was spelled quite another way in that language. Forty miles from his destination, at Vicenza, he left the train and wandered about for hours looking for the Grand Canal. Three years later his fluency in Italian won him an editorial position with one of the important Milanese publishing houses. In much the same way the Air Force wives at Vicenza, many of whom never completed high school, lived among the town's architectural splendors for a year or so before one of them broke the ice and announced that she had discovered that "one fellow designed and built all of the houses I like best here." From there it was but a hop, skip, and a jump to a collection of funds for the restoration of a disused Palladian villa. It is pleasant to contemplate what Henry James might have made of the cake sale or the old clothes' auction that brought in the money to clean and restore a ceiling presumed to be by Tiepolo.

Elsewhere, notably in England, the practical, materialistic Yankee far from home base assimilates the new environment by degrees, at first questions the origins and history of things tentatively, as if he were not at all sure that it was good manners to do so, and only later immerses himself, as in a new hobby, in what interests him. A man from San Francisco who advises hotel corporations about proposed building sites in England and on the Continent spends as much time as he can spare in the reading room of the British Museum, poring over documents and letters and deeds, hoping to establish for all time that Nell Gwyn had no connection with Christopher Wren's magnificent hospital for the military pensioners, a building he especially cherishes. A noted New York attorney who represents the interests of at least two of the dynamic European-based Hollywood motion-picture magnates has become, in the sixth decade of his life, a knowledgeable enthusiast of Georgian and Regency furniture, and visits the antiquaries in the Portobello Road each Saturday, looking for signatures as if he were scanning a legal document. Formerly, he explains, all he hoped for in a chair was true comfort.

Assimilated émigrés like these, and thousands of others of every size and description, have helped to change the traditional

image of the rough-diamond Yankee—Mark Twain's "innocent abroad"—so that Europeans now make a fine distinction between the camera-laden tourist with his itinerary that includes thirteen cities in twenty-one days and the quiet, soft-spoken, urbane resident who is making progress with their language.

More important, perhaps, the Americans themselves have reexamined their reason for living away from home. If they enjoy a "diet for the senses," they do not usually offer it as a primary reason, although one retired U.S. Air Force colonel has a romantic motivation: "Living away from all that competitive nonsense," he told me, "or just living in Europe, period, is like being in love for the first time." Others, putting aside their initial complaints about the coffee, the lavatory paper, or the fiction that central heating could ever be a reality abroad, make studied assessments of their situation. Mothers are heard to conclude that the children are better off, better educated, and cause fewer anxious moments. Fathers look at the exchequer and tick off the advantages enjoyed by their families on a net income that would be decidedly substandard in the U.S.A.; the most frequently extolled advantage appears to be a full-time resident servant. Tax benefits, and the chance to build an adequate capital reserve, are an important consideration for many expatriates. A belated awakening to the political realities of life is common among them, too, especially for those who have lived in close proximity to the kind of abject poverty still to be found in, for instance, Spain. In denouncing the fascist ghosts that still haunt regional politics in West Germany and Italy, they find criticism extending to the stateside state of things. They speak of "materialism" and a "catchpenny life" and a civilization on the decline, and interest themselves more in the daily affairs of the United States now than ever they did when they lived within its territorial limits. A rally sponsored by the London committee of Americans Abroad for Johnson was held in Trafalgar Square shortly before the election; its avowed purpose was to stimulate interest in American politics among the everyday, traditionally disinterested Londoner. In Paris, Goldwater supporters staged a parade in the Boulevard Haussmann; bringing up the rear was an elderly elephant bedizened with a banner reading: "*Eau d'Or.*"

The earlier ambassadors were the source material for some of the best writing ever done by Americans. Daisy Miller is a living, breathing, infuriating minx; Isabel Archer so thoroughly misunderstands her circumstances that one would like to give her a good shaking; Fitzgerald's Riviera scenes throw his Americans into a sharp contrast with their environment that was not often achieved in his other work. In Hemingway, in Mrs. Wharton, in Sinclair Lewis's *Dodsworth*, the brainless, spoiled Grand Tourists sat for a gallery of stunning portraits, drawn impeccably to the life; today's American colony would consign the lot to the *Salon des Refusés*. A huge constellation of mid-century Americans in Europe are ripe for their own portraitist; a cast of hundreds of thousands waits for the writer who, like James, can devote his life's work to the pursuit of their nature, their contradictions, their sentiments, and, above all, their rejection of home. Statistics being what they are, it is not unsafe to predict that among their numbers is a major American literary talent with a good novel on a new subject. We can use all three.

William Marchant, an American who now makes his home in London, is the author of the successful play and movie of a few years ago, The Desk Set. *He has also written a novel and travel articles.*

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James Parton
Publisher

In this idealized portrait from a posthumous edition of his penetrating Maximes, *François, Duc de La Rochefoucauld, is the very image of the* grand seigneur *that he never quite became in life. The sword and book are symbols of his dual career.*

THE MAKING OF A CYNIC

A shy, sensitive boy who was a bridegroom at fourteen, a colonel at fifteen, and for much of his life thereafter a courtier, in the end became France's most acerbic critic of human folly and frailty

I mount the steps and ring the bell, turning
Wearily, as one would turn to nod good-bye to Rochefoucauld,
If the street were time and he at the end of the street. . . .

So wrote young T. S. Eliot, weary, disillusioned, walking the sad street of time through the Boston waste land in company with his disillusioned elder. One may be fairly sure it was drizzling.

Eliot's companion in gloom was the Duc de La Rochefoucauld, seventeenth-century French moralist, soldier, intriguer against the government of Cardinal Richelieu, and lover of three of the most remarkable women of the century: the Duchesse de Chevreuse, the Duchesse de Longueville, and Mme de La Fayette. He is commonly tagged as La Rochefoucauld the Cynic.

What is a cynic like? Do great loves end in cynicism, or does cynicism aid one in becoming a great lover? How does one get to be a cynic? Let us examine the case of François de La Rochefoucauld, Prince de Marcillac.

He was born to greatness, of an ancient and mighty family. His blood was presumed to be only a slightly lighter blue than that of the Princes of the Blood (in those days blood types were distinguished by inherited rank). The marks of his noble caste were pride, honor, courage, courtesy—and cruelty, rapacity, and contempt for common men, which can readily become contempt for all humanity. But some few bear hard the burden of aristocracy. They torture themselves in secret; they question their own eminence.

Young François was shy and sensitive, introspective, a dreamer. The scenery of his land of dreams was provided by the pastoral novels of his time, wherein beribboned shepherds endlessly flute their hopeless love to queenly shepherdesses, inexorably chaste. He knew Honoré d'Urfé's *Astrée* almost by heart, and all his life he read and reread it, even when he became a misanthropic gouty old man. We can no longer dwell in the dreamland of *Astrée*; no living mortal, I suspect, has finished its 5,216 pages.

François was married at fourteen, for financial and dynastic reasons. He went to the wars almost immediately, and within a year was commissioned a colonel, commanding the Auvergne regiment. The realities both of marriage and of war no doubt jarred his dreams of love and heroism.

When that everlasting war, which we call the Thirty Years' War, fell into a lull, François and his bride made their court in Paris. The king, Louis XIII, was a poor creature, with a hundred valet's virtues, people said, and not a single master's virtue. He left all the kingdom's business to his mighty minister, Cardinal Richelieu.* His own business, to get the queen a son, he postponed until twenty-two years after his marriage.

The queen was Anne of Austria, daughter of Philip III, king of Spain. She was of her husband's age, and twelve years older than our François. She was tall, very white and blonde, full-figured and full-breasted, and had beautiful hands of which she was very proud. Her inseparable companion was the Duchesse de Chevreuse. The Duchesse possessed "a powerful beauty," records Cardinal Richelieu, who wooed her in vain. Others were more fortunate, at least in a way. She was forever organizing conspiracies against the government, with her lovers as leaders. The conspiracies were always discovered and the lovers either jailed or

*See "For the Glory of France" by C. V. Wedgwood (HORIZON, Summer, 1965).

By MORRIS BISHOP

La Rochefoucauld's love life reads like an earthier version of his favorite novel, Astrée, *a romantic tale of a world dominated by women and the interminable pursuit of their favors. Unlike those of the book's characters, our hero's motives rarely began or ended in innocence. The ladies shown herewith were objects of his attention.*

MUSEE DE VERSAILLES — GIRAUDON; BOTTOM: BIBLIOTHEQUE NATIONALE — GIRAUDON

Duchesse de Chevreuse

LOUVRE — GIRAUDON

Marquise de Sablé

Mme de La Fayette

MUSEE CHANTILLY — GIRAUDON

Duchesse de Longueville

executed. People compared her to the horse of Sejus, which carried all its riders to disaster.

François adored and pitied the lovely, neglected queen. He was admitted to her intimacy and (it is universally presumed) to the alarming favors of the Duchesse de Chevreuse. He made dizzy plans to abduct the queen, to carry her off to Belgium. He was involved in the machinations of the Duchesse. When she was banished to a château in Touraine, he served as courier between her and the queen, bearing innocent-looking letters with treason between the lines in invisible ink.

It was arranged, during a certain crisis, that the queen should warn Mme de Chevreuse if an order were issued for her imprisonment. If the queen should succeed in allaying suspicion, she would send her friend a Book of Hours bound in green. But if all were lost, she would send a red-bound book, and Mme de Chevreuse must immediately flee the kingdom.

At the height of the crisis the queen was rudely interrogated by Richelieu, but she faced down her inquisitor and kept her friend's secrets intact. She ordered a faithful maid of honor to send the Duchesse a Book of Hours symbolically bound. Green, stay quiet; red, escape. But wait a bit; was it not the other way round? Repeat it a dozen times and the words become a colored blur. At any rate the queen or the maid of honor or Mme de Chevreuse made a mistake, and the recipient of the message took it to be: Flee for your life!

The Duchesse rubbed her face with soot and brick dust, donned a blond male wig and a musketeer's jacket, breeches and jack boots, and set forth with two menservants for the Spanish border. They galloped a hundred miles in twelve hours, to Ruffec, between Poitiers and Angoulême. The horses were done in, and the Duchesse's tender flesh, unused to the chafe of breeches, bloodied the saddle.

Now François was in his château at Verteuil, only three miles from Ruffec. When he received the Duchesse's message that she was at hand, his first impulse was to conduct her into Spain himself. Then he thought better of it and sent his coach, horses, and manservant instead. After many splendid adventures she got safely over the Pyrenees, only to find that she might better have stayed at home.

This episode marks a stage in La Rochefoucauld's develop-

ment. He acted sensibly, prudently; but prudence, he later reflected, can never assure us of success. Céladon, the hero of *Astrée*, would not have been prudent; he would have sprung to his lady's side. The world is teaching La Rochefoucauld, giving him lessons in its meaner values, lessons in the avoidance of folly. But, as he himself was later to say, whoever lives without folly is not so wise as he thinks.

Richelieu died in December, 1642, and the king five months later. The queen began to rule as regent for her four-year-old son, Louis XIV. All the malcontents hurried to court to receive rewards for their fidelity to the queen. But fidelity is a ware that depreciates with time, as La Rochefoucauld himself might have remarked. The way to the queen was barred by her counselor, Cardinal Mazarin, a supple, oily Sicilian nobody. He was probably the queen's lover and possibly her husband (for, though a cardinal, he was not a priest).

The nobles, disappointed in their vision of high posts, grants, and honors, broke up into factions, hostile to Mazarin and to each other. The women were in the thick of the intrigues, for in France politics and love have always been the best of bedfellows.

La Rochefoucauld threw in his lot with the party of the Prince de Condé, a Prince of the Blood, a cousin of the king. For advantage, or at least partly for advantage, he proposed to seduce Condé's sister, the Duchesse de Longueville. She was very beautiful, tall, with turquoise eyes and delicate ash-blonde hair framing her face in rippling curls. Her air of indolence disguised her steely purpose—to exalt her house and herself—while her freedoms disguised an inward austerity. At her first ball she had worn a hair shirt under her bodice; in her old age she retreated into a morose Jansenism. She was an extraordinary woman in a world of extraordinary women. La Rochefoucauld made her his conquest; and, as so often happens, he himself fell subject to the conquered. *Vae victis*, to be sure, but also *vae victoribus*.

There is no question that he loved the Duchesse de Longueville, his Anne-Geneviève, ardently, devotedly, knowing the range of love from joy to agony. Later he could look back cynically, for, as he says, there are few who, having once ceased to love, are not ashamed of having loved. His disappointments, his failures, even his successes, led him further along the road of disillusion.

He served his love and his lady's family interests through the Wars of the Fronde. These were three civil wars lasting from 1648 to 1652. They represented the last organized effort of the French nobles and the bourgeoisie to gain power at the expense of the monarchy. They are immensely confused and confusing, with a half-dozen parties in the field, with constant defections from one side to another as leaders yielded to the temptations of money, pride, and love. All were pursuing self-interest, but it was seldom quite clear, even to them, where their interests lay.

The Fronde was rich in picturesque incident. At the beginning of 1649, the Duchesse de Longueville's party was wooing the somewhat reluctant burghers of Paris. She conceived a master stroke. Big with La Rochefoucauld's child, she chose to spend her confinement in the bourgeois center, the Hôtel de Ville. She triumphantly produced a son, who spent a good portion of his first hours being held up to the window. He was named Charles-Paris by his godfather, the Provost of Paris Merchants. (But the child's father had to stand in the background and crane his neck in order to see the christening of his son.) The sentimental heart of Paris was deeply moved, while the Duchesse continued to intrigue from her bed.

There was another wonderful scene involving La Rochefoucauld, in the Palais de Justice, where the Parlement met. Two parties were at odds—that of Bishop Coadjutor de Retz, a pistol-packing prelate, later cardinal, and that of the Prince de Condé, seconded by our La Rochefoucauld. Retz's gentlemen held the doorways and stairheads; against them La Rochefoucauld disposed his men strategically. As the Councilors of the Parlement trembled under their ermine-furred red robes, Condé and Retz defied each other. Swords flashed out and the President of the Parlement ordered the great hall cleared. The rival leaders bowed. In a confused moment Retz took alarm at a cluster of enemies; he moved to join his men in an adjacent chamber. But let La Rochefoucauld tell his own story:

> At his [the Bishop Coadjutor's] sight the men of his party drew their swords without knowing the reason, and the friends of Monsieur le Prince did the same. Everyone ranged himself according to the party he served, and in a moment the two bands were separated only by the length of their swords, although not one made a thrust or discharged a pistol. The Coadjutor, seeing so much disorder, recognized his peril, and to

escape it tried to return to the great hall; but on arriving at the door of the hall by which he had emerged, he found that I had taken possession of it. He tried hard to open it, but as only one side of it opened and this I held, I shut it on the Coadjutor as he was re-entering in such a way that it caught him with his head on the side of the Ushers' Chamber and his body in the great hall.

Thus La Rochefoucauld held the great double door, with Retz's distorted face pilloried a few inches from his own. He fastened the catch which held the two halves of the door ajar and shouted to his partisans beyond the door to reach for their daggers and stab the bishop while he was held fast.

However, no one quite liked to be the first to stab his bishop in the back. The gentlemen looked to Condé for orders; he gave no sign. A member of the Parlement cast his cloak about Retz. Another pounced on La Rochefoucauld from behind. Retz was released and orders were shouted to sheathe all swords. Retz faced about and humbly begged the Parlement's pardon for the scandalous scene provoked by his enemies. All the honors of the engagement were his. As he swept out of the hall La Rochefoucauld was seething with anger and ready to challenge him to a duel. "Be calm, my friend *La Franchise*," called out Retz in carrying tones. "You are a coward and I am a priest. There will be no duel between us."

La Rochefoucauld had made a spiritual as well as a tactical error. He had misjudged others' minds; in his excitement he had not sensed his fellows' reluctance to assassinate a pinioned prelate. He had not been knightly; he had been grotesque, as the very position of his intended victim was grotesque. He had been ridiculous; and, as he says, ridiculousness dishonors more than does dishonor.

The Fronde ended with the battle of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, when Condé stormed in vain the walls of Paris. La Rochefoucauld fought savagely until he was hit full in the face by a musket bullet, which nearly blinded him. Condé retreated and soon took service with Spain to fight against his fatherland. The Duchesse de Longueville was driven back to her husband, to live with him in mutual hate and sullen lethargy. La Rochefoucauld was rusticated to his château at Verteuil. He had lost nearly everything: most of his property and most of his eyesight, the Duchesse de Longueville, his self-esteem, the esteem of others, and his esteem of them.

Brooding over his disappointments, he wrote his memoirs. They are a justification of his conduct, of course, but as he wrote he was forced to reflect on the justification of his justifications. Though we admit our faults, he says, we are not entirely frank. We admit them in order to repair by our sincerity the harm they do us in other men's minds. But sincerity is no easy matter, for in a large measure, it consists of our desire to talk about ourselves and to display our defects in the way we want to present them. And the fact is we would rather say evil about ourselves than not talk of ourselves at all.

He had lived in a noble world of falsity. Though he had seen outward evidence of virtue, fidelity, courage, and generosity, mostly he had seen vanity, avarice, folly, futility, and weakness. And even virtue is seldom pure: "Virtue would not go far if vanity did not keep it company." Our souls are stained; they are defective from birth. "The defects of the soul are like the body's wounds; whatever care we may take to cure them, the scars remain forever, and they are always in danger of opening again." There is not much use talking of our qualities of spirit; they are commanded by circumstances, by the body. "Strength and weakness of mind are ill named. They are in fact only the good or evil disposition of the body's organs."

Looking into his own character, he recognized, as did Retz and other acute observers, his disastrous flaw: a paralyzing irresolution. He thought too much; he could see too many sides of a question. He did not possess the happy motor reflexes of the man of action. In a pinch, as in the scene of the bishop's entrapment in the Palais de Justice doors, he dared to follow his impulse, and his impulse betrayed him. He was not made to rule; he was made to look at the world and at himself, and to find his own little parcel of truth.

A few years later he began to venture back to Paris for long visits. Gouty and half-blind, he seemed harmless to Cardinal Mazarin, who was then comfortable in the seat of power. The court was barred to La Rochefoucauld, but he had no desire to resume the wearisome trade of the courtier. "One is nearly always bored in the presence of people with whom it is not permitted to be bored."

He was far happier in the literary salons of Paris. Of these the most congenial, and the most important to us, was that of Mme de Sablé. She had been amorous in youth, but time had brought repentance. (Or, as La Rochefoucauld put it, "when vices quit us, we flatter ourselves with the belief that it is we who are quitting them.") She became a fervent Jansenist without losing her passion for literature and for *la haute cuisine*. She was plump, pink, and overfed ("a fat turkey," said a contemporary), and lived in perpetual terror of infection. She bought a house adjoining the Jansenist headquarters of Port-Royal de Paris, made a private bridge to the upper level of the convent chapel, and built there a tiny tribune where she could hear mass without fear of contagion from the holy but unsanitary nuns. She compounded her own remedies, including powdered viper, which La Rochefoucauld found excellent. He applauded also her soups, jams, and marmalades. He brooded over a dinner whereat she had served a *potage aux carottes*, a *ragoût de mouton*, and a *chapon aux pruneaux*; he asked for her recipes for *eau de noix* and for *mille-fleurs*. Well, when love and ambition are at an end, a stout stomach is our best friend.

Mme de Sablé's salon was a peerless assembly of noble bluestockings, including the Duchesse de Longueville, and of men of letters, of whom the greatest was the great Pascal. One had to pass a summary medical inspection by the porter at her door, who intrepidly excluded any cougher or sniffler. Within reigned a high intellectual tone, with special concern for the resolution of moral problems. A favorite game was the confection of maxims. A habitué would present an observation on human behavior in epigrammatic form. The others would first applaud and then criticize, questioning the maxim's truth and novelty, suggesting alternative phrasings, working and reworking the thought in the direction of sharpness and conciseness. But let us postpone for a moment the examination of the maxims.

A first authorized edition of La Rochefoucauld's *Réflexions, ou sentences et maximes morales* appeared in 1665. It had a considerable success, of *estime*, *scandale*, and *librairie*. The supreme tribute was paid by dear Mme de La Fayette; its perusal gave her a three-month attack of liver trouble.

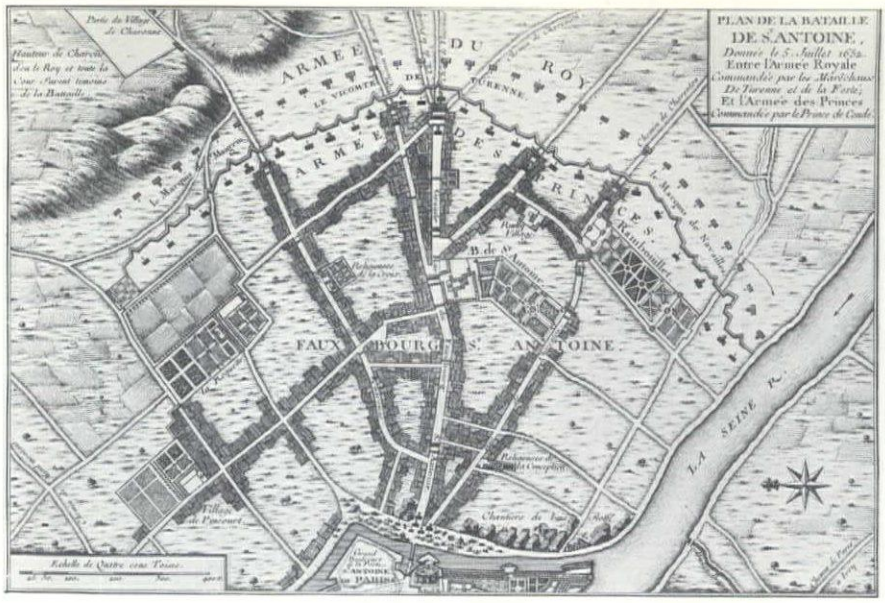
Marie-Madeleine Pioche de La Vergne, Comtesse de La Fayette, was a member of the minor nobility, but was related by marriage to greater nobles. She was poor among the rich and had to make her way and establish her two sons by shifts and devices, even by a little mild espionage. (There were so few ways for a lady to make money!) She had had an unusual education for a woman; she was definitely an intellectual and had published a novelette anonymously.

When Mme de La Fayette read La Rochefoucauld's *Maximes*, she wrote to Mme de Sablé, "Ah, Madame, what corruption one must have in mind and heart to be able to imagine all that!" Despite her touch of liver, she conceived a mission: to prove to this disillusioned cynic that a really good woman could support every trial of ill health and ill fortune and retain her reasoned faith in goodness and virtue.

Goodness and virtue do not exclude astuteness. Mme de La Fayette made friends with the son of La Rochefoucauld and the Duchesse de Longueville, now a handsome youth of sixteen. She used him as a lure to draw his father to her little house. Before long the Duc de La Rochefoucauld found himself comfortably installed in an easy chair by Mme de La Fayette's hearth fire. It was discovered that both loved, a little ashamedly, the pastoral novel *Astrée*. During endless happy hours she would read aloud the interminable adventures of the sighing swains and timorous, obdurate nymphs. It is a curious picture of the intimate life of a cynic, as though H. L. Mencken were to solace himself with *Little Women*.

The two gave themselves to literature. Mme de La Fayette produced, among several novels, *La Princesse de Clèves*, the first realistic psychological novel in French, the ancestor of perhaps half a million others. It is still required reading in every survey course in French literature. La Rochefoucauld had a share in it, though no one knows how far the collaboration extended. A contemporary lady wrote: "M. de La Rochefoucauld and Mme de La Fayette have done a novel on the gallantries of the court of Henri II which is said to be admirably well written. They are no longer of an age to do anything else together."

Few know how to be old, La Rochefoucauld confesses. He was ridden by gout, tortured by ennui. He sought strange diversions, such as raising white mice in cages. He remarked that one of the greatest secrets of life is to know how to be bored, for boredom,



BIBLIOTHEQUE NATIONALE—PHOTO BULLOZ

The Wars of the Fronde and La Rochefoucauld's political ambitions ended simultaneously with the crushing of the Prince de Condé's forces beneath the walls of Paris on a July day in 1652. The battle was joined in a southeast suburb (see map), where twelve thousand of the king's men attacked an exhausted force of six thousand rebels. Although depicted in the contemporary engraving above as a lethargic skirmish, it was a fierce and bloody battle. Before the Prince could persuade the disenchanted Parisians to open the Porte Saint-Antoine and give his troops refuge within the city, La Rochefoucauld had been severely wounded on the barricades and the army of the Frondeurs decimated.

if pushed to a certain point, serves to distract us. The best of his diversions was the composition and revision of his *Maximes*. He was amused by playing the role of moralist. Old men, he said, love to give good precepts, to console themselves for being no longer in a position to give bad examples.

He died, with relief, in 1680, at the age of sixty-six.

A maxim is an observation on behavior, abstracted and generalized, laid to the account of humanity at large and expressed with the utmost concision. A perfect maxim is compounded with careful art; it requires a discovery of the only exact words, and sound structure of thought, and verbal harmony, rhythm, and balance. Its brevity is the product of long labor. It is the great achievement of the literary miniaturist.

Let us take as an example the maxim just quoted: "Old men love to give good precepts, to console themselves for being no longer in a position to give bad examples"—"*Les vieillards aiment à donner de bons préceptes, pour se consoler de n'être plus en état de donner de mauvais exemples.*" The starting point was no doubt an observed fact. Perhaps Cardinal de Retz, who came occasionally to gossip with his old enemy, pronounced himself sagely and La Rochefoucauld was reminded of the evil examples lavished by Retz as a dissolute bishop coadjutor. Or perhaps he needed only to reflect on the discord between his own wise words and his youthful folly. His new-found wisdom, he thought, was not the product of moral elevation but of physiology. The breakdown of the tissues fortifies our high principles; our thought hardens with our arteries. He generalizes the statement; not "Naughty old Retz is always laying down the law," not "I find myself, strangely, giving moral lessons," but "Old men love to give . . ." Love to give what? Tenets, dogmas, maxims, propositions, doctrines, formulas, principles, advice, counsel, recommendations, admonitions, injunctions, directions? On the whole, "precepts," both for sense and sound. Put in two emotion verbs, "love" and "console." Balance the two parts of the sentence, but not too obviously. The first part is (in French) a perfect twelve-syllable Alexandrine with a feminine ending. Can we shorten the second part to read: "to console themselves for no longer giving bad examples"? No; the thought would not be complete. Shall the translator say "no longer being" or "being no longer"? I think "being no longer" makes a better rhythm. Each of the maxim's phrases concludes with the essential word: "precepts, examples." There is a fine bang at the end; the point of the whole is clear only with the last word.

Though the genesis of a maxim is regularly an observation on life, the development may vary widely. Some of La Rochefoucauld's observations turn into mere witty sallies, plays on words. Others are casts at clouded truth. And some rise to become revelations of our spirit and our fate.

Here are some to be classified as witty sallies, *boutades*: "Why do we have enough memory to recall the smallest details of what has happened to us, and not enough to remember how many times we have told them to the same person?" Or this: "The reason that lovers and their ladies are not bored at being together is that they are always talking of themselves." Or this eleven-word capsule: "The refusal of praise is a desire to be praised twice." Or finally: "In first passions, women love the lover; in later ones, they love love." This is essentially verbalism, enforced by the repetition of significant syllables: *aiment–amant–aiment–amour*. But it is of course something more. It may even be a truth.

Here are some casts at clouded truths: "We are never so happy or so unhappy as we imagine." We can expand it to read: "The fantasies of the mind dominate what we fondly call our emotions. We are proud of our capacity for feeling; we like to think of our vast despairs, our blinding bliss; thus we make ourselves interesting to ourselves and to others. But in truth we are incapable of such frenzies; we are sluggish self-deceivers. Our great emotions are falsities, self-deceptions, pitiful glorifications of our ability to feel." One may expand further to make an entire novel. But it is all there, again in eleven words: "We are never so happy or so unhappy as we imagine."

"It is more shameful to distrust one's friends than to be deceived by them." Then true friendship exists; it is noble; it does not admit the possibility of deception. The way of honor is to be true to friendship, even if friendship should cheat. The maxim is not cynical at all; it is the expression of a high ideal.

"Most men's gratitude is merely a secret desire to receive greater benefits." "Our envy always lasts longer than the good fortune of those we envy." "Hypocrisy is a homage that vice renders to virtue." "In the adversity of our best friends we al-

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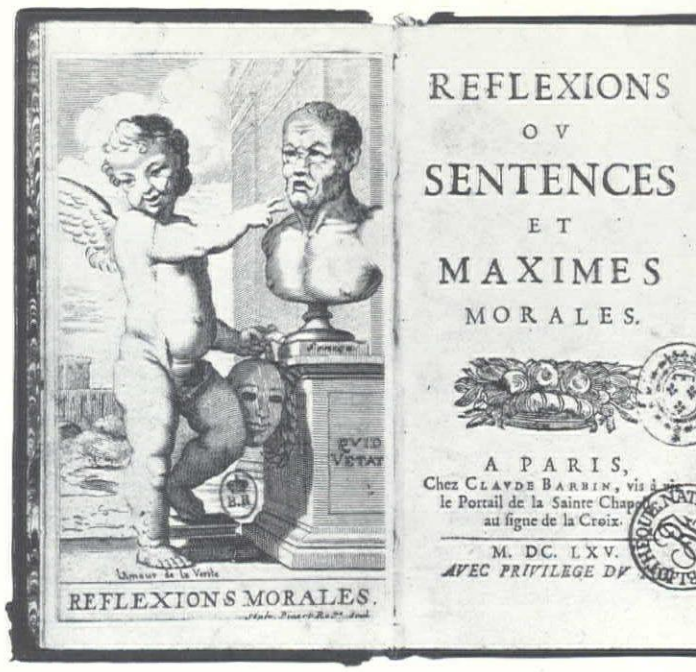


The first authorized edition of the Maximes *appeared in Paris in 1665. Its allegorical frontispiece is a conventional salute to two heroes of the Age of Reason, Truth and Seneca, but the aphorisms which follow are intensely personal expressions of cynicism and melancholy. Retired as a soldier for thirteen years, La Rochefoucauld had turned to verbal swordplay on the battlefields of Paris's most celebrated salons, where the exchange of bon mots was a contest for experts. With the help of this select audience, he refined and amended his famous maxims in four succeeding editions, the last and standard version appearing in 1678, two years before his death.*

ways find something that does not entirely displease us." Are these allegations true? They are challenges; we must test them and accept or reject them according to our experience of ourselves and of the world.

And some of the maxims are more than challenges; they are revelations, telling us something we had not known or had not realized. "Folly pursues us at all stages of life. If a man seems wise, it is merely because his follies are suited to his age and fortune." "Jealousy is always born with love, but does not always die with it." And these penetrating words: "Weak people cannot be sincere."

I sit quiet and pretend I am La Rochefoucauld. I try to reflect upon my experience of life. *Experientia docet*, they say—experience teaches. No doubt; but what exactly has it taught? I am nonplused; I perceive no lesson ready to hand. But I perceive the glimmer of a maxim: "Experience teaches; we cannot remember just what." Perhaps I too can play La Rochefoucauld's game.

Asking myself what in fact experience has taught, I cast my mind backward. Memory presents me with a boy's distressful wonder about whether he really exists in a real world, or if he is an illusion within an illusion. I recall youth's dreadful, clumsy experiments, its plunges into danger and folly, its escapes, maimed and lacerated. And I pronounce: "Many a man has lost his life to prove to himself that he existed."

I have not produced maxims worthy of La Rochefoucauld, but I think I have penetrated somewhat his mind and explored somewhat the heart of a cynic. La Rochefoucauld's work is commonly taken as the expression of mocking disillusion. It is that, of course, but it is something more. For one who has lived in illusion, disillusion is an agony. La Rochefoucauld's maxims are not perverse reversals of accepted values, done by formula, nor are they abstract generalizations on human behavior. They are confessions; they are recognitions of an idealist's defeat by the world. They are the list of injuries done to his ideal. They are a cry of pain that the world is what it is.

The heart of a cynic is a broken heart.

Morris Bishop has written a full-scale study of his hero in The Life and Adventures of La Rochefoucauld. *His most recent article for* HORIZON *was "Dante's Pilgrimage" in the Summer, 1965, issue.*

Some Maxims of La Rochefoucauld

The steadfastness of the wise is but the art of keeping their agitation locked in their hearts.

If we had no faults we should not find so much enjoyment in seeing faults in others.

If we were without pride we should not object to pride in others.

Our promises are made in proportion to our hopes, but kept in proportion to our fears.

Truth does not do as much good in the world as the semblance of truth does evil.

Where love is, no disguise can hide it for long; where it is not, none can simulate it.

You can find women who have never had a love affair, but seldom women who have had only one.

In most men love of justice is only fear of suffering injustice.

Social life would not last long if men were not taken in by each other.

When we resist our passions it is more on account of their weakness than our strength.

Some people would never have fallen in love if they had never heard of love.

One of the reasons why so few people are to be found who seem sensible and pleasant in conversation is that almost everybody is thinking about what he wants to say himself rather than about answering clearly what is being said to him. The more clever and polite think it enough simply to put on an attentive expression, while all the time you can see in their eyes and train of thought that they are far removed from what you are saying and anxious to get back to what they want to say. They ought, on the contrary, to reflect that such keenness to please oneself is a bad way of pleasing or persuading others, and that to listen well and answer to the point is one of the most perfect qualities one can have in conversation.

The glory of great men must always be measured against the means they have used to acquire it.

It is easier to appear worthy of positions one does not occupy than of those one does.

Repentance is not so much regret for the evil we have done as fear of the evil that may befall us as a result.

What often prevents our giving ourselves up to a single vice is that we have several.

Perfect valor consists in doing without witnesses what one would be capable of doing before the world at large.

Nobody deserves to be praised for goodness unless he is strong enough to be bad, for any other goodness is usually merely inertia or lack of will-power.

Supreme cleverness is knowledge of the real value of things.

We make a mistake if we believe that only the violent passions like ambition and love can subdue the others. Laziness, for all her languor, is nevertheless often mistress: she permeates every aim and action in life and imperceptibly eats away and destroys passions and virtues alike.

Absence lessens moderate passions and intensifies great ones, as the wind blows out a candle but fans up a fire.

Whatever good we are told about ourselves, we learn nothing new.

We often forgive those who bore us, but we cannot forgive those who find us boring.

There are few sensible people, we find, except those who share our opinions.

A feeling of confidence does more for conversation than wit.

We freely forgive in our friends those faults which do not affect us.

Little is needed to make a wise man happy, but nothing can content a fool. That is why nearly all men are miserable.

When you cannot find your peace in yourself it is useless to look for it elsewhere.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD'S *Maxims*, PENGUIN BOOKS LTD, GREAT BRITAIN; TRANSLATION © L. W. TANCOCK, 1959

Philip II of Spain spent his life preparing for his death. In anticipation of that sad event, he built a vast monastery to provide a tomb for his body and prayers for his soul

BRADLEY SMITH

THE KING'S PRAYER FACTORY

By H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

The Escorial stands on the harsh Castilian plain a few miles from Madrid. Opposite: A portrait of its builder as an old man

Philip II of Spain was a great, an insatiable, builder: he suffered, it has been said, from "the disease of the stone." But none of his buildings is so famous as the Escorial, or to give it its correct title—El Escorial ("the Slag-heap") is simply the hamlet which it dominates—"the Royal Monastery of San Lorenzo of the Escorial." Contemporaries, when they saw it rising, a gaunt, gray, square barrack of a building, half monastery, half prison, on the side of the wintry Sierra de Guadarrama, called it "the Eighth Wonder of the World." It was a Versailles of the sixteenth century, the outrageously personal monument of the greatest king in Christendom. But in character it is very different from Versailles, that straightforward expression of human vanity and magnificent ostentation. For Philip II was not a straightforward character. Historians have simplified him, but he was infinitely complex. And nowhere do we see his complexity more clearly than in this strange edifice into which he poured his personality, like some sensitive marine creature slowly creating, by intimate secretion and gradual incrustation, its protective shell. Even today, time and change have not altogether depersonalized it. Though stripped of a large proportion of its original fittings, as a tourist-frequented state museum it still retains something of its original character: the character of that enigmatic monarch who, by chance, nearly succeeded in domi-

A detail of a painting that hangs outside King Philip's chambers in the Escorial shows Spanish troops assaulting the French fortress of Ham; this was one of the battles of the victorious St. Quentin campaign, which inspired the king to build the Escorial.

nating and re-Catholicizing the Christian world.

Because it is so strange, we cannot approach it suddenly. It will not do to go straight from Madrid and see it all at once, staring bleakly down at us from the mountainside. That is to be overawed by it as historians have too easily been overawed by its founder. To understand it we should start where he started; and that means, here as everywhere, to start with his father, the man before whom, all his life, Philip bowed in genuine, almost repressive, humility: "*el Emperador, mi padre y mi señor*," the Emperor Charles V.

For in 1555 Charles V, King of Spain and Holy Roman Emperor, abdicated all his huge burdens and multiple crowns. Prematurely old, worn out with constant travel and constant wars, he withdrew from northern Europe and spent the last months of his life in a monastery in central Spain. It was the monastery of Yuste, a monastery of the Hieronymites, the purely Spanish order which, by then, had become the grandest and richest of all orders in Spain. There the ex-emperor lived, constant *a misa y a mesa*, at mass and at mess, filling his time with macabre devotions and gigantic meals. Every now and then he would suddenly forget his abdication, suspend his clock-making and organ playing, and burst into political activity. One day, surrounded by monks and wrapped in an anticipatory winding sheet, he would solemnly conduct his own funeral service; on another, oblivious of mortality, he would remember ancient grievances and declare war on France and the pope.

Before seeing the Escorial, it is a good thing to see Yuste, for Yuste in a sense is the germ of the Escorial. The situation, the atmosphere, is far different. Yuste is a little monastery of charming simplicity, set down in delightful, undulating, watered country rich with olives and vines and shaded by oaks and sweet chestnut trees. It is a whole world away from the grotesque size, bleak outlook, and bare granitic mass of the Escorial. Nevertheless, the basis of the Escorial is already there. From Yuste, Philip borrowed details, workmen, ideas. Moreover, it was from Yuste, in a sense, that the motive for the new foundation came. Yuste was the modest convent in which the emperor sought to bury himself alive: the Escorial was the gigantic mausoleum in which his son planned to bury him dead.

The idea came to Philip when he was fighting his father's war in northern France. On August 10, 1557, the day of the Feast of Saint Lawrence, his general, Philibert of Savoy, won the great battle of St. Quentin. If Philip had had the courage or the cash, he might have marched on and taken Paris. Lacking both, he decided to stay where he was and give thanks to God and Saint Lawrence. So great a victory, he felt, called for a great commemorative church. But before he could even plan the church,

FROM *Les estampes y el sumario de el Escorial*, EDITORIAL TECNOS, MADRID, 1954

An early engraving shows the monastery's gridiron plan; it honors Saint Lawrence, who was roasted to death on a grate.

fresh news was brought from Spain. The emperor had died at Yuste, bequeathing to his son not only the disposal of his body but also the care of his soul. In Philip's devout, punctilious mind a whole series of obligations converged, and he decided, with one great gesture, to discharge them all. He would combine a church to God and Saint Lawrence, in gratitude for the victory, with a tomb for his father's body and a battery of monks to pray for his father's soul.

Yes, a battery of monks. Philip always did things on a grand scale. It was not that he had large ideas. Fundamentally he was a weak man, and he lacked self-confidence. His father might carry easily a dozen crowns, or travel ceaselessly over a vast empire, or speak fluently a dozen languages, or fight personally in innumerable battles. But Philip had no such energy. He preferred to sit still; he could speak only Spanish; and he directed his battles from afar, on paper, relying for success less on his own exertions than on a guarantee of divine support. Fortunately, he felt, that guarantee could always be secured. All that he had to do was never to deviate from religious orthodoxy, always to offer God more prayers, greater sacrifices, and bigger churches than his rivals. And since he was the richest king in Christendom, what was more simple than to outbid all rivals? So when it came to saving his father's soul, he did not hesitate. His father, in his youth, had patronized reform; in his age he had compromised, however reluctantly, with heresy. But all that could be wiped away if only the bribe to God was big enough. So, when Philip planned his commemorative church, it was not to be a modest convent like Yuste. It was to be a vast factory of devotion, insured against all the accidents of time. Huge inalienable revenues must maintain forever an army of monks capable of sending up, in perpetuity, an absolutely irresistible volume of prayer.

So Philip decided; and having decided, he plunged himself eagerly into the details. The monastery, of course, must be a Hieronymite monastery, like Yuste. But where was it to be? As always with Philip, the choice was personal, slow, and based on the minute examination of evidence. As soon as he returned from Flanders to Spain, he set up a commission to help him choose a site. The commission was typically comprehensive: it included architects, master builders, physicians, even philosophers.

Seated in his ingenious lounge chair (above), which could be adjusted to form a bed, Philip eased the pain of his gout. From the Escorial bedroom (below), where he spent his last days, the king could see mass performed in the monastery church.

BRADLEY SMITH; ABOVE: FROM *Philipp II* BY LUDWIG PFANDL, VERLAG CALLWEY, MUNICH, 1938

The site, Philip said, must be salubrious but not sybaritic it must be solitary, ascetic, elevating to the soul. It mus also be within reach of Madrid, the new town whicl Philip had personally chosen to be the capital of Spain Hitherto the kings of Spain had ruled from various cities from Toledo, the capital of the Church, from Burgos, the center of industry, or from Granada, newly conquered from the Moors. It was only Philip II—could only be Philip II—who would ignore these historic cities and build, in a grim waterless plateau, a new capital recommended only by the virtue of its central location.

In the end all of Philip's conditions were satisfied. After several false starts the commission reported that it had found a site. The king inspected and approved. The Hieronymite monks were told to approve it, too. In fact they did not like it at all. The weather was thoroughly disagreeable: terrible storms constantly swept the sierra clear evidence (they said) of demonic presences. But their protests were unavailing. The Most Catholic king who tyrannized over squealing, wriggling popes, was not going to be deflected by a few monks. He summoned his architect, discussed the plans, fetched monks from another monastery, and installed himself personally in the neighborhood. It was not very comfortable—Escorial was a miserable village—but if the monks lived among the peasants, the king lived little better in the parsonage. However, he was determined to see his orders carried out. The monastery was to be his monastery, in every detail, and the monks *his* monks. He worked with them prayed with them, dominated them. Even when he was absent in Madrid or Lisbon, his hand was felt. He was the sole paymaster; he called the tune. To the monks he was far closer than God or Saint Lawrence: he was "our holy founder," "the King Don Philip, second of that name, our Founder and Lord."

The work of building the Escorial began in 1563. The shell was completed in twenty-one years, but the interior occupied Philip all his life. The first architect was Juan Bautista de Toledo, an otherwise forgotten pupil of Michelangelo. To him is due the somewhat grim outer form of the building. The second, Juan de Herrera, was a far abler man, a pupil of the Italian architect Vignola. Herrera was to become the greatest of all Spanish architects; in his hands the architecture of the Renaissance acquired a sheer, peninsular severity appropriate to Philip's austere court. He came to Philip from Yuste, and the Escorial was his first great work. But Philip gave no freedom even to the best of his architects. An amateur of all the arts, he knew his mind in architecture, too. He examined every plan and rejected many. He did not like Juan Bautista de Toledo's plan for the church, which was to stand in the center of a rectangular complex; he solicited no fewer than twenty-two other plans, including one from Palladio, and rejected them all. Finally, he left i

up to Herrera, though Herrera still had to treat Philip as a fellow architect. On one occasion, on his way to Lisbon, Philip stopped at Merida and there, with Herrera, spent several days deducing architectural theories from the Roman remains. On another, he ordered the plan of the Escorial to be changed. He had decided to double the number of monks, and that would require an extra story. The extra story was put on by the master of the works, Antonio de Villacastin, who had also come from Yuste and had added a wing to that monastery for the personal residence of Charles V.

In every aspect, the Escorial *was* Philip. Every side of his character is reflected in it. The site, on the wooded side of the sierra, reflects his love of the country, of solitude, and especially of woods and streams. He planned the afforestation of the Guadarrama, planted the slopes below the monastery with elms brought from England (he had been king of England),* and forbade under heavy penalties the cutting of trees. The gardens, laid out for him by Fray Marcos de Cardona, the monk who had designed the emperor's garden at Yuste, remind us of another taste: that possessive love of wild flowers, of roses and orange blossoms, and of the song of the nightingale, which fills his private letters to his little daughters and sheds a sudden shaft of soft, sweet light on his dark character. We remember, too, that he was an amateur of botany, and that he sent the botanist Francisco Hernández to Mexico to study the plants of the New World. And then there was the library, one of the world's great libraries; for Philip, if not a scholar, was a bibliophile, a lover of rare bindings. Thirty thousand books and more than four thousand manuscripts were collected for him by his librarian, the humanist scholar Benito Arias Montano, editor of the Antwerp Polyglot Bible, who scoured the book market of Flanders for his master. Most of the books are still there, just as he placed them, with their backs to the wall and their titles written across the edges of the leaves. Arias's portrait is there, too, but it does not dominate the library. That is dominated by Philip himself, painted by Pantoja de la Cruz, the most revealing portrait that exists of the fabulous "spider of the Escorial," the fussy, beady-eyed, devout, narrow king.

Finally, there are the pictures. For Philip, like his father, was a great patron of artists, and, like his grandson Philip IV, he was a painter himself. He lived on free, almost equal, terms with the painters he employed. Titian, his father's court painter, was to him *amado nuestro*, and to the end of his long life the painter corresponded with him; Philip's other court painters, the Fleming Anthonis Mor, and the Spaniard Alonso Sánchez Coello, who succeeded him, were also pressed for contributions for this tremendous building, and the Spanish governors and ambassadors in Italy were bombarded with demands for painters and decorators, some of whom settled permanently in Spain. Only El Greco, the greatest of all immigrant painters, failed with Philip. The king commissioned from him a painting of Saint Maurice and the Theban Legion, for an altar in the Escorial; but when it was delivered, he rejected it, relegating it to a less noble place. Meanwhile he was buying up masterpieces, particularly in Flanders, whence many a great canvas, snatched from the fury of the Calvinist iconoclasts, was sent to cover those empty walls. Among them Philip had a particular taste for Hieronymus Bosch, that most bizarre of all Flemish painters. In his own personal apartments, close by Herrera's great domed church, he could refresh himself at will either by gazing on the high altar through the carefully placed oblique slit in his bedroom wall (another device adapted from Yuste) or by meditating upon the enigmatic paintings of Bosch, crowded with grim machinery, monstrous sensual figures, and gleeful devils frisking around them in lurid, devouring flames.

For as time passed, Philip himself came to live in the Escorial. Every year, for the whole summer and for all the great feasts of the Church, he dragged thither his reluctant court, and from the foot of that mountain, as he said, he governed "half the world with two inches of paper." He did not govern it very well, and there was much more than two inches of paper. Indeed, his despairing officials knew him as *el rey papelero*, the paper king, and a contemporary has described his routine at the Escorial with his secretaries constantly at work and two princesses standing by to dry the ink with sand. The Escorial was not a palace in any ordinary sense of the word. It had not been designed as a royal residence. At most, Philip had turned it into a bureau, an office. But essentially it remained what it was meant to be: a monastery in which the king had made an apartment for himself, as his father had done at Yuste; a great manufactory of prayer in which he too could participate, sitting as a monk among "his monks"; a monastery; and also a tomb.

As a monastery, the Escorial was always under its founder's eye. The king oversaw every detail of its business. Always fascinated by death and disease, he devised elaborate rules for the hospital and the dispensary. He attended classes and examinations in the theological seminary. For his devotions, he had a stall in the fine *coro alto*, carved out of seven kinds of wood, high above the church. Because he was so constantly at the Escorial, and found the air so refreshing and elevating, it was there that his most important decisions were made, and there also that he learned of their effect.

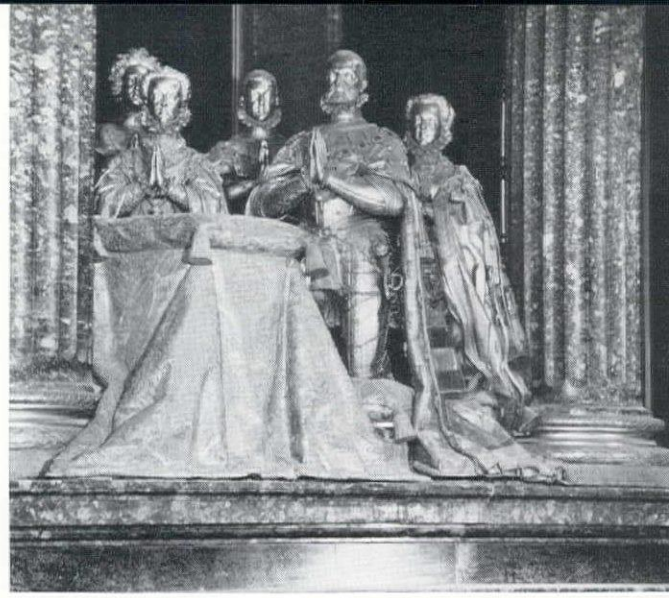
In 1571 an official arrived from Madrid with the greatest news of the reign. It was the victory of Lepanto, the most famous victory of Christendom over the Turks, won by the king's bastard half-brother, Don John of Austria. The king was told as he sat in his stall, singing vespers

* 1554–1558, during the period of his marriage to Henry VIII's daughter, Mary Tudor ("Bloody Mary"), who was the second of Philip's four wives.

with his monks. No flicker of emotion crossed that impassive face. Only when vespers were over did he quietly order a *Te Deum*. Seventeen years later it was at the Escorial again that he decided to launch the great armada against England and finally destroy heresy in the north. In such an enterprise the Escorial itself had to play its part. The great prayer factory had to step up its output. All over Spain Philip ordered the prayer wheels to whizz, faster and louder than ever; night and day, rosters of religious were to keep them going; and at the central office itself procession after procession of monks and nuns, penitents and flagellants, with crosses, candles, and whips, passed before the royal eyes in order that God might be pleased and finally chastise his enemies. But when the news of disaster came back to the Escorial, the king, once again, showed no emotion. He had never claimed, he said, to rule the tempest; he thanked God who had given him such resources that he could easily send another armada out to sea; all in all, it might have been much worse—doubtless would have been worse but for all those prayers and processions, which he now officially called off.

If Philip was a monk in his monastery, he never forgot that the prime purpose of that monastery was to serve not the living but the dead. It had been founded as a sepulchre for the emperor and all the royal family, and the monks themselves were only fed and fattened that they might, by their litanies, abbreviate the stay of the royal family in purgatory. To fulfill this purpose, the first necessity was to gather in the family corpses. In 1571 Philip announced that the building was ready to receive them. In 1574 they were received. Their reception was, in a sense, the official opening of the Escorial.

It was a strange, spectacular ceremony. Philip, whose mind loved to dwell equally on detail and on death, planned every stage of it himself. No less than eight royal corpses were to rise from their several graves and travel, with sepulchral slowness and endless religious ceremony, over the wide melancholy plateau of Spain. There was the corpse of the emperor, brought from Yuste to this more magnificent variant of Yuste. There was the corpse of the Empress Isabella, his wife, and of the Infante Don Fernando, his second son, brought from the far south, from the chapel royal of Granada. There was the corpse of the queen, Doña Juana, the emperor's mother, brought from the north, from Tordesillas, where she had spent most of her life, a certified lunatic. No doubt it was from her that both the emperor and his son had acquired their macabre tastes: for in her brief personal reign she had traveled from place to place with her husband's coffin, bringing out the corpse and burning candles around it in her bedroom every night. There was the corpse of Doña Leonora, the emperor's sister, queen of France, brought from the west, from Talaveruela on the borders of Portugal; and there were the corpses of Mary of Hungary that "sporting dowager," the emperor's sister, and of hi third son, the Infante Don Juan, and of Philip's own firs wife, Doña Maria of Portugal, who all came south fron their tombs in Valladolid. So from north and south an west the three funeral processions, led by bishops an swollen with monks, clergy, royal officials and all thei retinues, horses, and mules, brought the heavily drape catafalques through deferentially mourning villages t converge on the Escorial where, in a terrible tempest—that demonic wind of the Escorial which seemed s ominous to the monks—they were finally deposited in th plain subterranean vault which Philip had prepared fo them.



Philip's sepulchre was adorned with gilded effigies of pious family group—the king, three of his wives, and his so

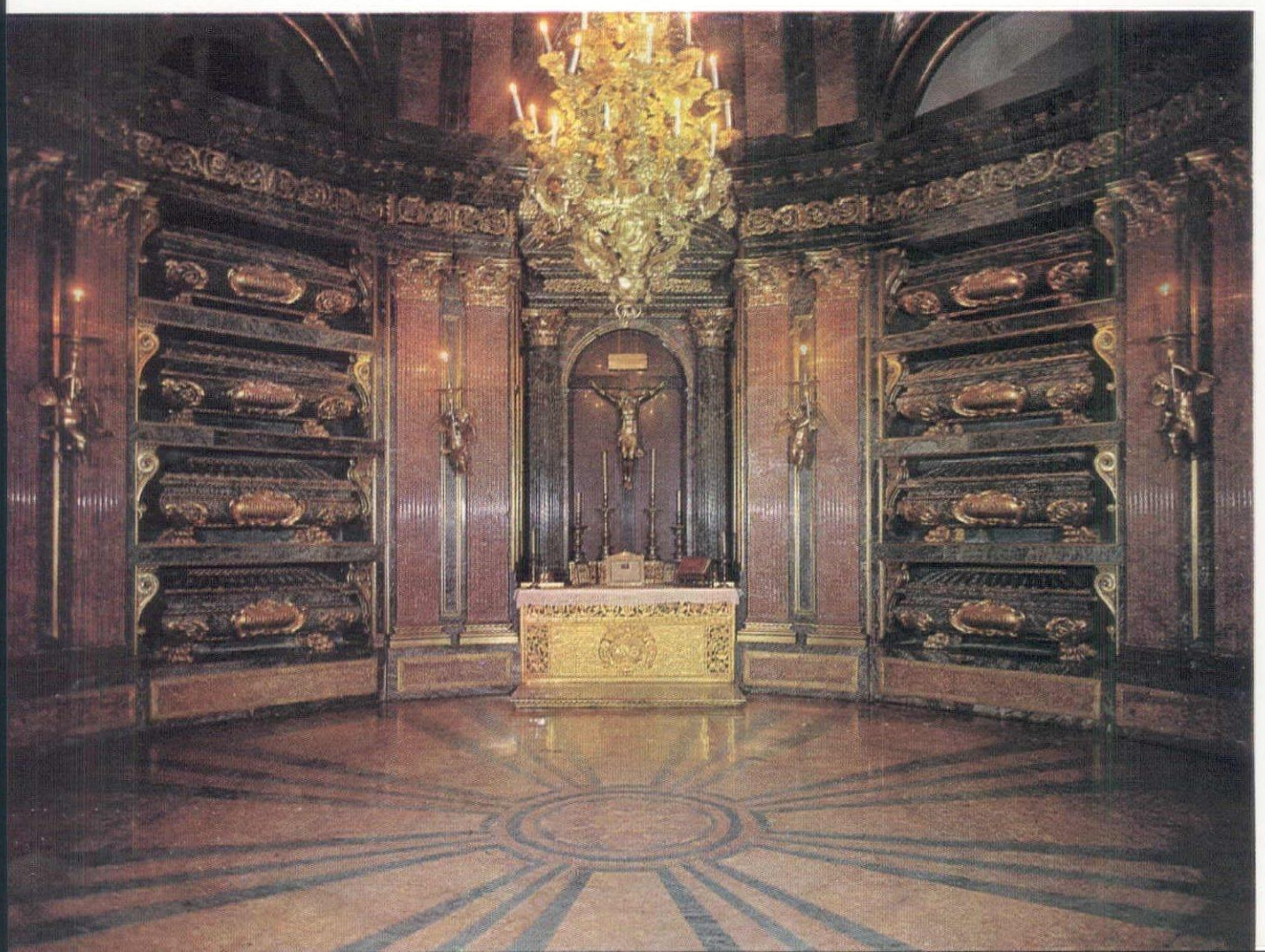
The monks now had something visible to pray for They also needed something visible to pray to or through Philip might have been a great collector of books an pictures, but he was an even greater collector of relics Indeed, he has been called a "relicomaniac." All throug his reign he sought them out. They were a necessary par of the furniture of the Escorial—and at no time did the seem more necessary than when he himself at last pre pared to join his family in the vault below it. In the las year of his life he sent out a special commission to rescu the threatened relics of northern Europe. Travelin through Germany, Poland, and Flanders, his emissarie filled four huge crates with authenticated saints' bone and returned in triumph up the Rhine, over the Alps, t Genoa, and so by sea to Barcelona, and again by land, i solemn procession, through devout assembled multitudes to Madrid and the Escorial. Philip himself, much to hi regret, could not accompany them in procession: he wa already past the power of movement; but the knowledg that the saving treasures had arrived gave him adde assurance against the great, inevitable day for which th Escorial itself, and indeed his whole life, was a conscio preparation: his own death.

All through his reign Philip had been preparing fo death. As he had secured his father's salvation, so, eve

more carefully (for he was less confident of himself), he had been securing his own. And when the time came, his preparations, he felt, were complete. His reign might not have been very successful in the temporal field, but at least he had omitted no religious precaution, made no concession to heresy. Moreover, unlike his father, he did not have to rely on his heir to insure his soul: he had done it himself. Already, when founding the Escorial, he had made provision for himself as for his father. Later, in his last will, he increased the premium. On the day of his death, and for nine days thereafter, he laid down, there were to be special masses by all the clergy at the place of his death and wherever his body should pass, and, of course, at the Escorial; "and further, I order that as soon as possible, in the monasteries of the observant friars, wherever my executors shall think it may be done most devoutly, thirty thousand masses shall be said for the repose of my soul . . ." "Thirty thousand masses, all at once and as soon as possible!" exclaims a modern historian; "was ever such violence done to Heaven!" But to Philip it was just his last shut-out bid, to make quite sure. He was a millionaire: he could do it; and it enabled him to face a long, painful, and hideous death with incredible stoicism and serenity.

Physically his was indeed a terrible death. For three years it had been closing in upon him. When he made his last journey to the Escorial he was already immobile with gout, wasted to a skeleton, swollen with dropsy, and tormented by suppurating sores. His courtiers (who hated the place anyway) begged him not to go, but in vain; the Escorial, Philip said, was his tomb, and he would go thither to bury himself. And thither he was taken, slowly, infinitely slowly, by circuitous routes to soften the jolting of his litter. It took six days to cover those twenty miles. On arrival he was carried all around the monastery, to inspect for the last time the library and the church, and handle the books and the relics. Then he retreated to his little room for seven weeks of protracted agony, irremovable, untouchable through pain, perpetually conscious, stuck to his bed by suppuration and filth from whose stench even his servants and doctors fled. Only Philip himself, that fastidious, sensitive spirit, rose superior to his own degrading agony. Serene, courteous, considerate, he astonished the few bold spirits who came to bring him religious consolation, to accept yet another pious donation, or to read spiritual books. He also gave instructions for his own burial. He was to be buried in a coffin made of exotic wood from the Indies, which he himself had chosen fourteen years before from the wreck of a Portuguese carrack in Lisbon harbor. The carrack was called *The Five Wounds of Christ*, and from that wood Philip had ordered the crucifix above the high altar of the Escorial. Now there was enough left over to ensure that even in his coffin Philip would be in constant,

The royal pantheon is an octagonal room containing the tombs of Philip II, Charles V, and many of their successors. In the wall here are still a few empty sarcophagi, prepared to receive royal bodies should the Spanish monarchy be re-established.



if indirect, touch with the holiest part of his most personal foundation, the Escorial.

With the death of Philip II, the Escorial soon declined. It was his own monument, and it only retained its importance while he lived to sustain it. After his death the monks remained, as rich as ever, singing their litanies for the souls of "los Austrias," the Habsburg princes; but the princes themselves hardly came thither except to be buried. Philip III enriched both the tomb and the library: he replaced his father's plain vault with an elaborate octagonal burial chamber of gold and marble, approached by a jasper-lined stairway, and he added three thousand Arabic volumes, the loot of a Moorish king, to the library; but he sold many of his father's pictures, and held his court far away in Valladolid. Philip IV lived in Madrid, in the new palace of Buen Retiro, very different in its gaiety and pleasure from the austere convent on the northern sierra. In his later years, the holy nun who directed his conscience and his policy urged him (happily, in vain) to burn the profane pictures which his grandfather had placed in the Escorial. (A century later, Charles III wished to do the same but was outmaneuvered by his major-domo.) The French Bourbon kings of the eighteenth century, despising their Habsburg predecessors and their works, had no use for the grim old palace. Philip V would not even be buried in it; and for his summer residence he built, in the same sierra, the rival palace of La Granja, "a sensual, theatrical French château," as the English traveler Richard Ford called it; "the antithesis of the proud, gloomy Escorial, on which it turns its back." Charles IV, at the end of the eighteenth century, sought to inhabit the Escorial again, but not in the meager apartments of the founder: he made a new suite of rooms, higher and more airy, and filled them with gay tapestries and paintings by the young Goya.

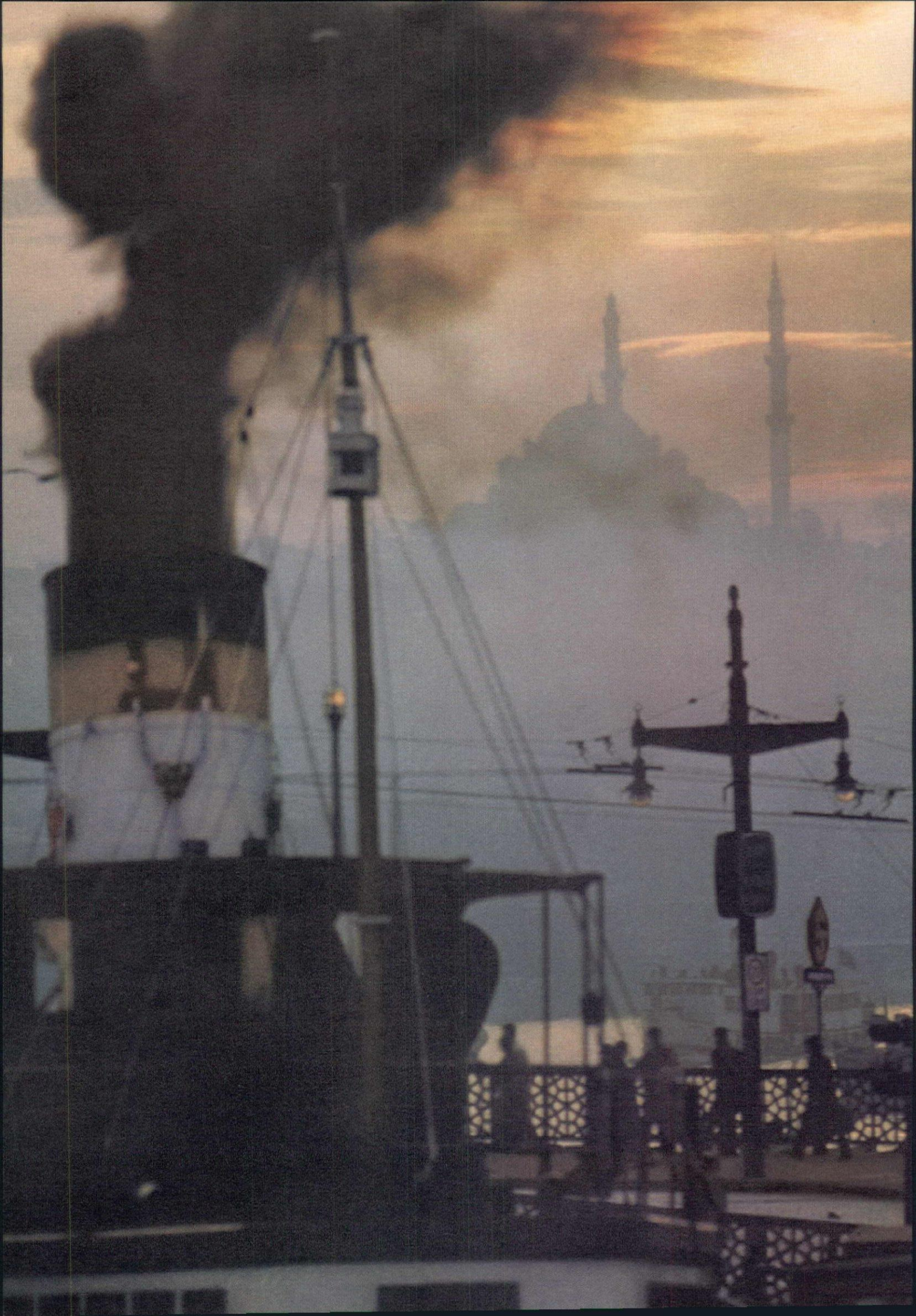
That was the last brief flicker of independent life, for already the French Revolution was threatening everywhere the Old Regime. Its rulers, their palaces and their monuments, would go down; and when the Bastille, Versailles, and St. Denis had been violated, what hope was there for the Escorial which, in Spain, combined the aspects of all three? Besides, to Frenchmen, the Escorial had an added significance: it was the monument of their own defeat. So Napoleon's soldiers, when they reached it, gave it no mercy. There (as also at Yuste) they broke up the furniture of religion, scattered the saints' bones, looted or destroyed the works of art, carried away the gold and silver. When all was over, when Joseph Bonaparte, the usurping king of Spain, had been expelled and the Bourbons had returned, some attempt at reparation was made. Ferdinand VII sought to restore the palace in which he had been born. But it was slow work and events moved too swiftly for him. In the 1830's, in Spain as in France, the revolution returned; and this time, being a native movement, its work was final.

In 1837, by a series of great acts, the liberal government of Mendizábal effectively dissolved, at long last, all the overgrown, parasitic monasteries of Spain. Once again, throughout the country, altarpieces were taken down, art treasures were sold; and many a devout, ennobled family in Spain today enjoys the lands and pictures cheaply purchased in those giddy times. To the Escorial this secularization was particularly fatal. In five years, it is said, the structure of that great building, exposed to hurricanes and winter snows, suffered more damage than in all the previous two hundred and fifty years of its history. Of Philip II's pictures alone, four hundred are now missing from the Escorial. Not all of them, of course, disappeared at that time, nor have they necessarily been lost: some of them have found their way to the Prado, some into private hands. But that was the great dispersal, which eclipsed all earlier losses. Moreover, by an irony of history, the authentic Spanish character of the Escorial, which might have preserved it, sharpened its fate. For although the physical ruin was stayed, and although the monks soon returned to the rest of Spain, its former owners did not and could not return thither. The monastic order to which Philip II had entrusted the care of his soul in perpetuity was itself extinct.

The Hieronymites were a purely Spanish order, the only exclusive Spanish order, and in 1837 this fact proved their undoing. Other orders, despoiled and driven from Spain, could retreat to foreign houses or foreign headquarters and there await a change of fortune at home. But the Hieronymites had no basis or resources outside Spain, and so, when they were dissolved in Spain, they had no refuge. The thread of their history was cut: they were extinguished. Today, it is true, they have been revived. After a century of extinction, the warming favor of General Franco has hatched them out afresh from the soil of Spain. They are creeping back to some of their old haunts. They are back in Seville, back again in Yuste. But how could a new order take over and reanimate the vast, lifeless apparatus of the Escorial? In changed times it has suffered the fate of all those overambitious enterprises by which temporarily powerful kings have sought to enslave the future to the preservation of their memory or the salvation of their souls. It has become a giant, empty fossil of itself, which tourists visit because it is so huge, so bizarre, so spectacular—and because the visit can now be combined with that of General Franco's rival Escorial in the same sierra, the *Valle de los Caidos:* the vast, cavernous church and mausoleum for the dead of *his* victory in the Civil War.

H. R. Trevor-Roper, Oxford's eminent Regius Professor of Modern History, contributes frequently to HORIZON.

A celestial globe stands at one end of the Escorial's great library. The ceiling long room is decorated with representations of the liberal arts. On the wall at can be seen the full-length portrait of Philip II which is reproduced on p



The Golden Horn

Istanbul's harbor is actually a short inlet of the Bosporus, but men have always found it glamorous enough to deserve a resounding name of its own

Photographs by ARA GÜLER

Why Golden? Why *Horn*? For it is simply an arm of the sea, a seven-mile ribbon of water going nowhere, that cuts through Istanbul—dividing old Stamboul (and older Byzantium) on the south from the drab Europeanized quarters of Pera and Galata on the north. Its indigo waters are deep, cold, tideless, and, alas, abominably polluted. But since ancient times it has provided a safe anchorage for ships; its shores have been a magnet for commerce; and, from its depths, great catches of fish have been drawn—hordes of flashing silver if not of gold. Here men have become rich. Hence "Golden." And to the Byzantines and the Turks, its shape—although it appears erratic and meandering on modern maps—suggested the curve of a stag's horn. Thus "Horn." At its upper end it splinters into a number of little streams, dreamily called "The Sweet Waters of Europe" and once dreamily furbished with palaces, kiosks, small wooden bridges, gardens, orchards, and willows. No more. Today, where herons once nested among the plane trees, barracks, oil tanks, and wharves crowd the shore. The dream is over, but it does not matter. What makes the Golden Horn one of the world's great sights is not its turbid waters and its squalid banks, but the peerless skyline of Stamboul, its hills crowned by its mosques—the vast domes like upturned kettledrums punctuated by the pencil-sharp silhouettes of the minarets. Thus Yeni Çami looms through the fog and smoke (opposite), backed—when the mist clears—by the similar shape of the Bayazit Mosque (right). Beneath these noble outlines, today, as for centuries past, goods from the world at large move back and forth in an endless, crowded procession (overleaf) between the muck of the water's edge and the markets on higher ground.

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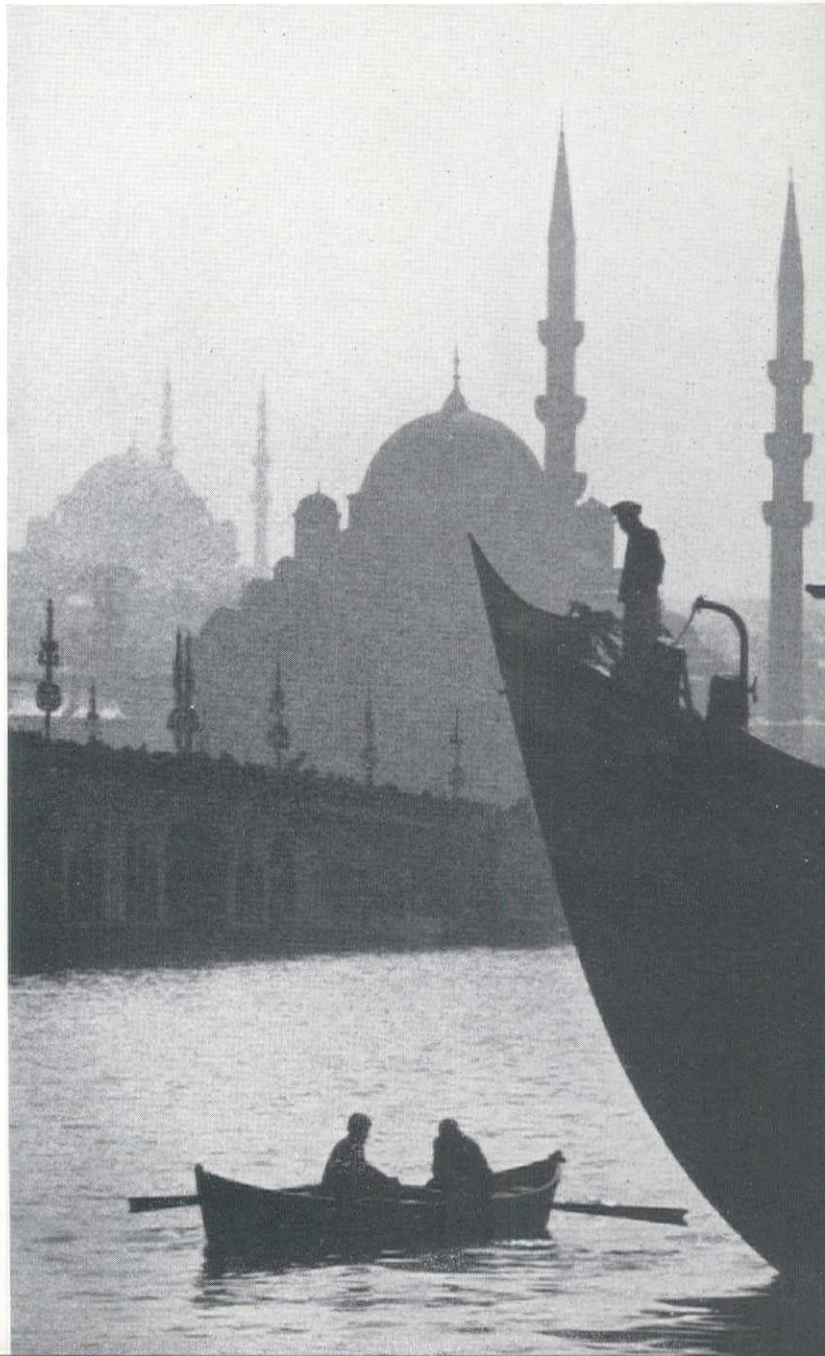

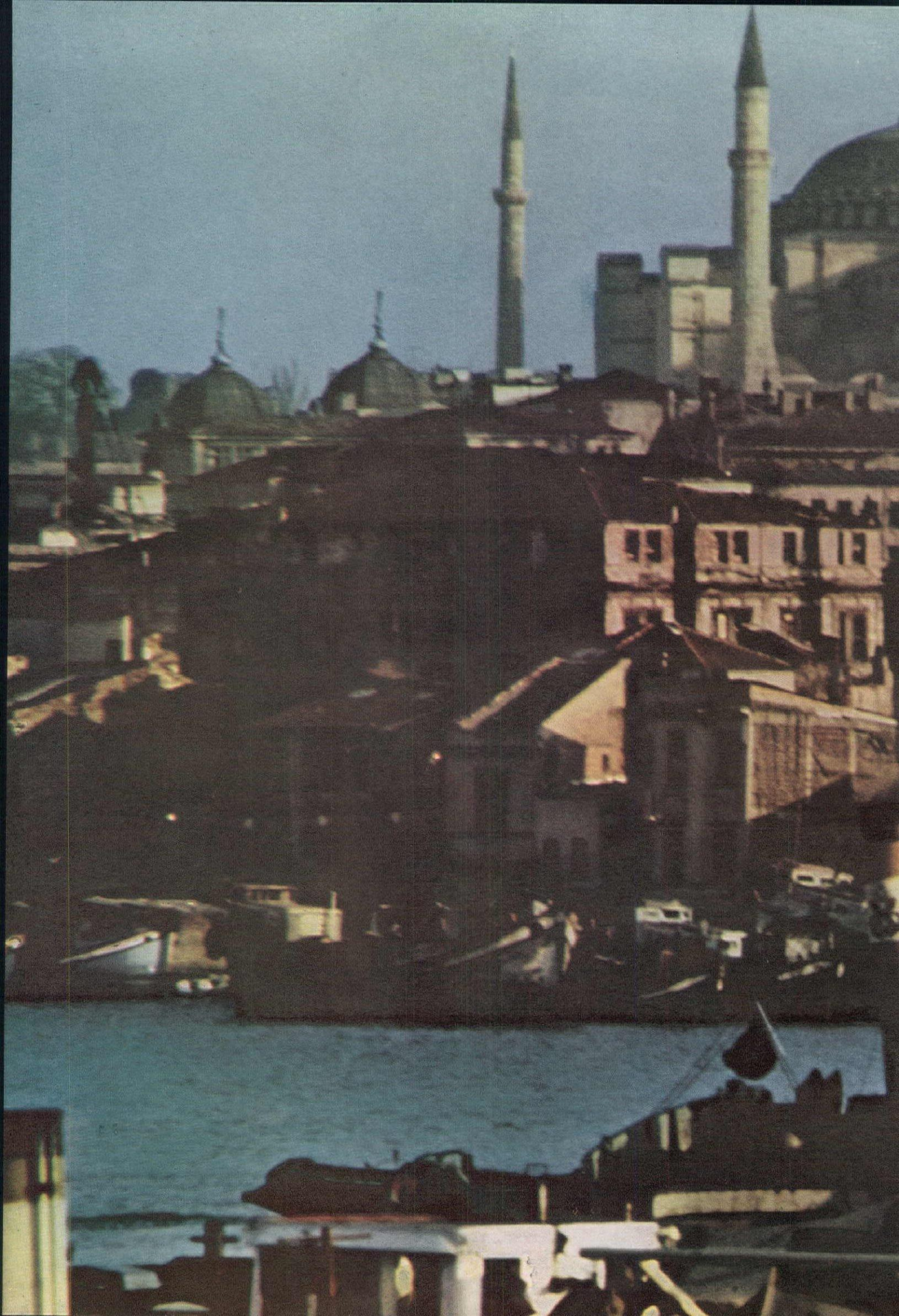

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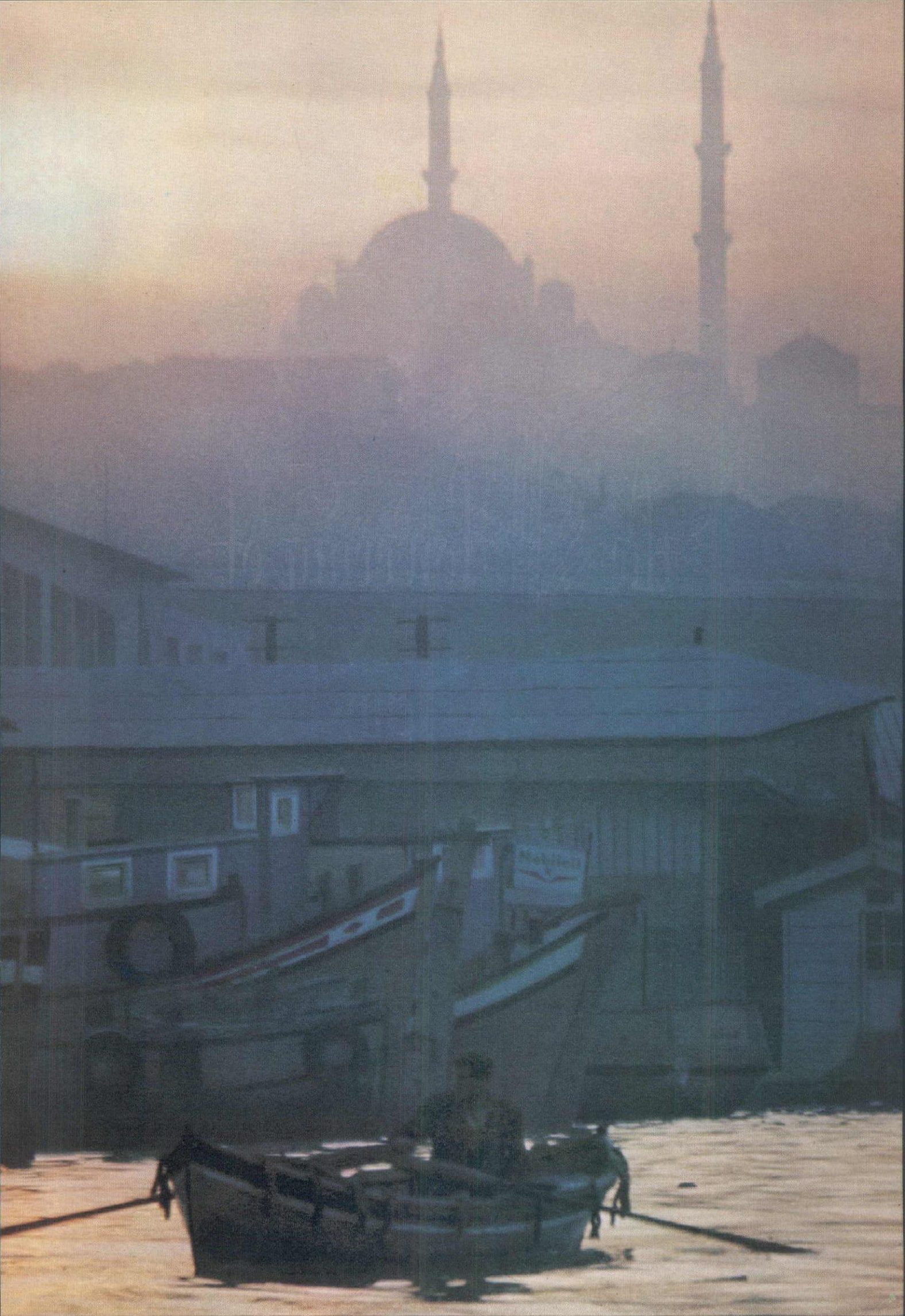
Istanbul—Constantinople—is a city without a center. But the Golden Horn is its heart, taking the place of plazas and avenues. Spreading out on either side of the bustling waterway, the ancient city looks always toward its seven hills. On the crest of the first of these looms the massive outline of Hagia Sophia (preceding two pages)—the Great Church of the Byzantines, much altered by time and man and nature. The often abused fabric of this structure—once a church, then a mosque, and now a museum—is symbolic of the great, ramshackle city. Whatever history could do to it, Constantinople has endured. More boats than ever swarm the waters of the Golden Horn (below) and jostle for parking space along its shores (below right); and rising from the hills above, the timeless domes stand guardian over the passing scene of one of the world's most colorful ports.



The Flowering of Flemish Art

Within a single generation early in the fifteenth century, three Flemish artists gave final, consummate expression to the Gothic spirit

By JOHN CANADAY

For anyone trying to tell the history of art as a continuous development, the fifteenth century always appears as a slight embarrassment. Up until then the story can be followed along a reasonably straight path, but with the year 1400 the narrator comes upon a bifurcation. The stylistic and ideational split between the art of Italy and that of the north may not be as wide as it seems, but it is nevertheless too wide to straddle gracefully.

While the Renaissance flared up and spread like a grass fire in Italy, a triumvirate of Flemish artists brought medieval painting to its apogee. The birth dates of these three—the Master of Flémalle, Jan van Eyck, and Rogier van der Weyden—occurred within a period of less than twenty years and can be averaged out to the year 1388. This is the same year, granting a few uncertainties, as the average birth date of Donatello, Masaccio, and Brunelleschi, the epochal Florentine triumvirate of sculptor-painter-architect. Yet, as the initiators of Renaissance art, the Italians divided the Age of Faith from modern times, and it is easier to think of them as men who followed the Flemish masters by a century than as their contemporaries. In spite of re-evaluations and indisputable demonstrations showing that northern and southern Europe in the fifteenth century were closely allied intellectually, we still have to combat a tendency to regard the art of the north as a beautiful medieval tag-end, a last gasp rather than a consummation.

As a matter of fact, there was a great deal of give and take between north and south, with more influence flowing down from the innovational "Gothic" north to the innovational "Renaissance" south than in the other direction. The very term "Renaissance" is a misnomer, or at least an exaggeration. As the established label for the early Italian development, it has had a great deal to do with the persistence of an old idea that once placed even the Gothic cathedral, that most luminous expression of logic and revelation, within something miscalled the Dark Ages. "Redirection" would be a better term than "Renaissance," which holds only in *quattrocento* Italy, if anywhere, and even there holds only with special reference to enthusiasms that brought about a resuscitation of the forms of classical antiquity. Art and learning hardly needed to be reborn, especially in the north where they had been flourishing for centuries.

If the art of the north seems to have remained Gothic in spirit during the first seventy-five years of the Renaissance adventure, this was not a matter of ignorance or incapacity on the part of the artists; it was a matter of stylistic choice. Rogier van der Weyden, the youngest of the Flemish triumvirate, made the choice most deliberately.

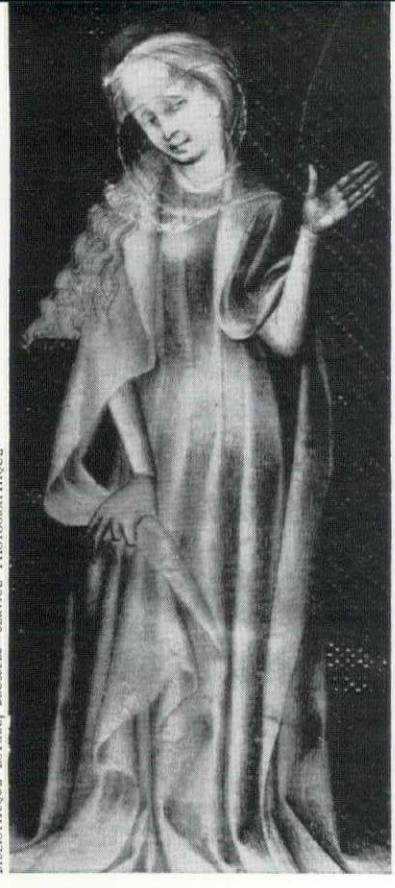
The triumph of Flemish genius, so sudden, came in part as the result of a French disaster—the Battle of Agincourt in 1415. (At this time Rogier was fifteen or sixteen years old.) Until then the most alert and talented young Netherlandish artists had been lured away from home by Paris, Bourges, and Dijon, the seats of the great schools of manuscript illumination and of the wealthiest feudal patrons. But with Agincourt, and Philip the Good's withdrawal of his sumptuous court from Burgundy to Flanders shortly thereafter, expatriation lost its point. The best commissions could be found at home.

This geographical shift would have been of no importance had it not involved more than the simple transplantation of the centers of production. What was important was that talent changed its direction of expression in response to locale, and the locale was now bourgeois rather than princely. In France the artists had naturally been drawn into the hyperrefined brilliance and sweet sophistications of that courtly manner called the International Style. But now, in addition to serving a weakened aristocracy, the artists found patrons among the bankers and merchants who had become the true rulers of the wealthiest society in Europe. A degree of healthy homeliness became a tolerable ingredient of painting in this tough-minded, practical society.

But this is a bit of an exaggeration in both directions. The new society was not homely. If it was bourgeois, it was not provincial. Representatives of the great banking and merchandising firms went back and forth across all Europe, and foreign houses maintained their commercial ambassadors in the Low Countries. This was cosmopolitanism of a new kind, and was so conducive to growth, variety, and experiment that any suspicion of provincialism might better be attached to the preciously cultivated, closed society of the feudal courts.

In harmony with the aristocratic milieu that was the point of reference for the International Style, heaven had come to be visualized as a princely court with the Virgin as its queen. The events leading up to her coronation were depicted with much the air of a series of vignettes summarizing the high spots of an unusually brilliant social season. Despite this the Virgin seldom took on a regal air in the painting of the Franco-Flemish masters. Rather, she was presented as an entrancing chatelaine, more suggestive of fashionable dalliance than of majesty either earthly or heavenly (see page 86). For the audience of the International Style this conception was perfect, but for an audience of burghers the role had to be recast and the action placed in a new setting.

The transformation had been effected within ten years or so after Agincourt—the picture's date is uncertain—by the Master of Flémalle in his Mérode Altarpiece, where, in the central panel (see page 87), the Virgin is shown for the first time as a girl of the people and the Annunciation is represented as taking place in an intimate domestic interior filled with all the possessions dear to a



BIBLIOTHÈQUE ROYALE, BRUSSELS—SERVICE PHOTOGRAPHIQUE

In northern Europe in the late fourteenth and early fifteenth centuries not even the Virgin Mary could escape the influence of such glittering taste makers as the Paris and Burgundian courts. Innumerable manuscripts of the period portray her as a cosmopolitan, even coquettish, queen of exaggerated line and elegant gesture. She is seen here in a detail of the Crucifixion from a Parisian missal, about 1410.

In his Mérode Altarpiece the Master of Flémalle depicted the Annunciation taking place in a fully furbished domestic interior. He attempted to give this bourgeois setting a believable sense of three-dimensional space and, at the same time, to observe the medieval tradition of painting as decoration of a flat surface. His perspective is marked by such exaggerated foreshortenings that, in effect, it flattens out the scene into a pattern of separate elements; and his use of hard undiluted light from more than one source emphasizes the sharp silhouettes of objects rather than their natural appearance to the eye. However, in his meticulous rendering of detail, his clear definition of form and texture, and his method of suggesting depth and distance he initiated a trend in realism that characterized Flemish painting for scores of years to come.

good burgher's heart. The artist's obvious primary interest is in the things of this world, and his first delight is in displaying his technical mastery in the reproduction of the shapes and textures of objects. The event is miraculous on the face of it, but even the presence of an angel in broad daylight among the accoutrements of daily living is not sufficient to give an air of miracle to this charming inventory of household effects. "Charming" remains a legitimate adjective: what the new staging has lost in elegance it has not gained in passion.

But passion was not the painter's objective, and as a painter of religious subjects, the Master of Flémalle was content to develop his theme through the use of symbols as a form of literary exposition, leaving aside any creative emotional interpretation, a method acceptable to his contemporaries and more apparent to them than to us. The lilies in the jug, for instance, symbolize Mary's purity; their white petals enclose a golden heart representing Christ in her womb; the seven rays of light that enter through one of the circular windows represent the seven gifts of the Holy Spirit; the polished vessel at the upper left symbolizes Mary as "the vessel most clean." The extinguished candle on the table, its wick still smoking, is a bit of a puzzler. Perhaps, lit, it symbolized the Divine Light, and its extinguishment at the moment of the Annunciation meant that God, in the person of man, had become flesh.

Probably every object in the picture has a symbolic meaning, supplying by association the emotional context that the twentieth century expects an artist to create through form and color. Since his symbolism is often abstruse, the Master of Flémalle, about whom we know little, may have been a very learned man. (He was probably the same man as the painter Robert Campin, but this remains a scholarly dispute.) Certainly his fascination with the world for its own sake, as a visual phenomenon, allies him with the shift in the balance of power that determined the character of the Renaissance—an increasing faith in tangible values at the expense of mystical ones.

So baldly stated, this implies a baldly mundane art, and there are spots in the art of Jan van Eyck which, out of context, could seem to be just that. But the exploratory vigor of the new mercantile society did more than bring artists down to earth: it made innovators of them. Jan van Eyck's Adam and Eve from the Ghent Altarpiece (see pages 88–89), only a bit under life size, were daring as the first large nudes in northern panel painting and are startling even today in their explicit description of two individuals whose acceptance of public undress is remarkable for its placidity. There is hardly any effort toward idealization beyond the selection of well-formed models. (The Adam, at least, must have been posed by an individual whose appearance was closely reproduced.) The argument has been proposed that this literalism is not unimaginative but is rather a form of piety; since the figures refer to God's having "created man in his own image," the artist would have been presumptuous if he had beautified the normal appearance of the human form. It would have been like suggesting improvements to the Creator.

But normal appearances as the basis of expression fascinated Van Eyck more than idealistic modifications,

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, THE CLOISTERS COLLECTION, PURCHASE

to a degree that makes the realism of the Master of Flémalle (an only slightly older contemporary) seem almost rudimentary. Working first, it appears, with his brother Hubert, and then independently after Hubert's death, Van Eyck perfected the techniques of perspective —and, more important, of oil painting—that were begun by the Master of Flémalle. These were techniques demanded by the new taste for a realistic art. Oil offered a wider and subtler range of color than earlier mediums did, as well as the opportunity to achieve the uninterrupted gradations required for realistically describing the direction and quality of light.

Until the fifteenth century (and into it), panel paintings were executed in tempera, an emulsion of pigment and egg adaptable to fine detail and brilliant color but held to a middle range between darks and lights. Very dark colors tend to deaden in tempera; very light ones become bleached and characterless. The exact methods employed by the Master of Flémalle and perfected by the Van Eycks are not known, but they began with a tempera underpainting that was then developed with glazes of transparent oils or with alternate microscopic layers of opaque and transparent color. Any color could be tremendously enhanced in brilliance; muted colors retained their life; darks could go down to black of an intense richness; lights could go up to white without growing chalky. And gradations from tone to tone could be as smooth as the flow of light itself across flat or curved surfaces.

In control of this technique, a skilled painter could imitate the appearance of anything. But this is no virtue in itself; rather the reverse. Jan van Eyck, of all artists, is the one who proves that turning to the world need not mean reduction to the commonplace, and of all his paintings, the double portrait of Giovanni Arnolfini and his bride, Jeanne Cenami (see page 91), is the one that proves it most decisively. Detail by detail, as a series of staggering technical exercises in the reproduction of the colors and textures and shapes of mundane objects, the picture is inexhaustibly astonishing. In its entirety it is something more, a declaration that the world is not a series of accidents or a random collection of objects but a meaningful unity—the habitat of man, but so perfectly ordered that it must exist only as the manifestation of some ultimate logic, whether earthly or divine.

The various objects in the Arnolfini picture, like those in the Master of Flémalle's *Annunciation*, are symbols, this time connected with the sacrament of marriage. The two pattens at the lower left refer to the Biblical command "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground," thus identifying the bridal chamber with the sacrament. The single candle burning in the chandelier is the all-seeing eye of God and may also refer to the candle required at the

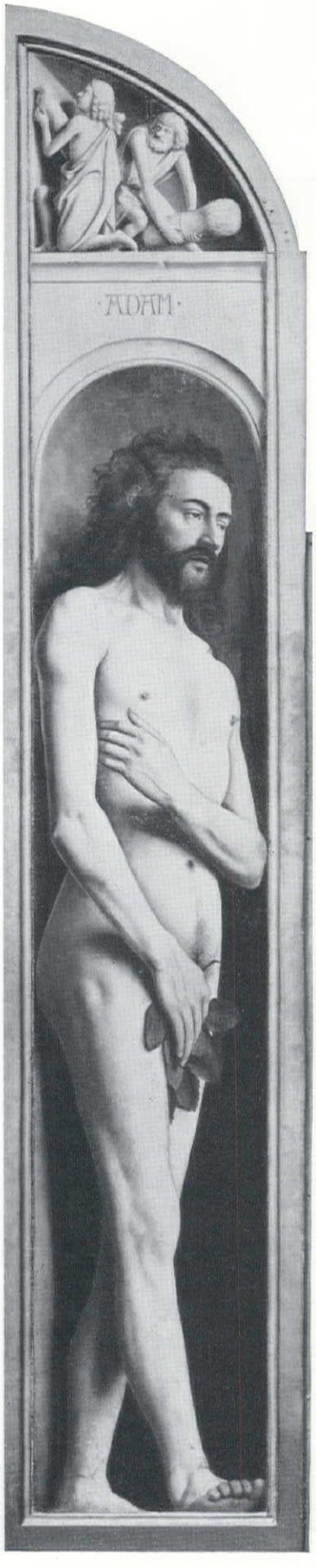


PHOTO ELTLE ZOLTZ

Jan van Eyck went far be
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commitment to obser
reality. His Adam and
two end panels of the G
Altarpiece, reveal a new
preciation of the human
and they are presented
an advanced understa
of perspective and ligh
Adam, once the symbo
Original Sin, bowed by sh
stands erect in his niche
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Eve, though still recalli
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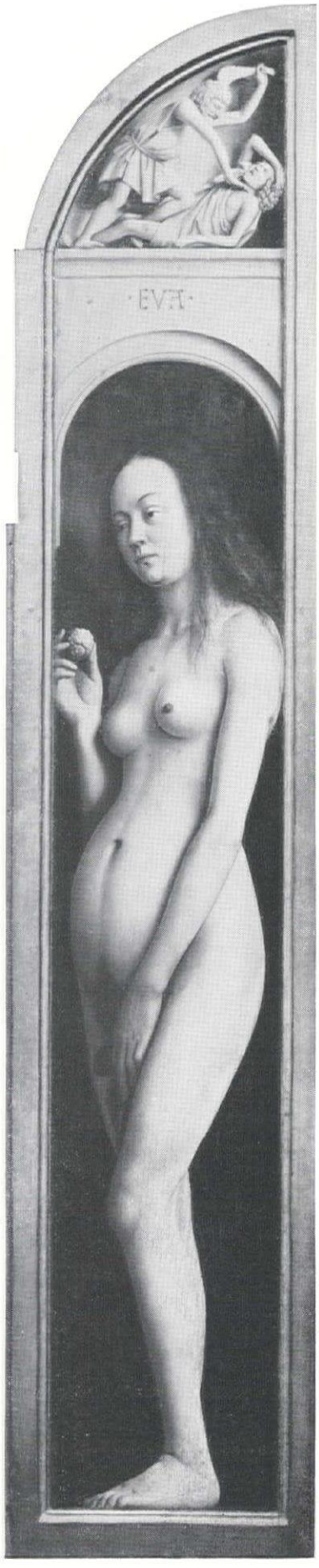


ly reality. As the altar- is displayed, the bases of niches are approximately e level—a point of view rtist had in mind in reveal- he under side of Adam's cting foot. The twenty- l polyptych, part of which sually credited to Jan's ve brother Hubert, was nissioned by a Ghent ber for a chapel in the edral of St. Bavo and was pleted in 1432. Threatened centuries by religious es, avaricious prelates, and ccession of wars, it was red to Ghent in 1945. The takes as its main theme Adoration of the Lamb, Christ's sacrificial death.

taking of an oath (the husband's right hand is so raised). The little dog, appealing as a household pet, is the medieval symbol of fidelity, the paramount marital virtue, and the carved figure on the chair near the bed is Saint Margaret, the patron saint of childbirth. The convex mirror in which the painter reflects the entire scene (see detail, page 90), combining reflected images as an ultimate display of his control of light of any character or intensity, is a symbol of truth and purity.

Yet none of this symbolism explains the extraordinary impression that the picture makes on us—an impression of absolute calm that is yet instinct with life. The totality of the picture can be called the greatest symbol of all: here, in a specific sense, is a "habitat of man perfectly ordered." But the logic is the artist's, created by the invention and description of the interrelationships of the objects that occupy the defined space of a small room, all unified by a dulcet flow of light.

Nothing like this had ever been seen before, and for that matter nothing quite like it has been seen since. The craftsmanship of realism at such a level becomes a form of genius in itself. The paint and the objects represented by it have no separate existences; they are fused into a new identity in which reality and illusion are inseparable, yet are neither the one nor the other. Perspective, as a systematic distortion paralleling the action of the eye—which is all perspective is, mechanically—becomes a form of expression in its identity with coherent, continuous space.

To emphasize this point, the rather choppy space of the Master of Flémalle's *Annunciation* can be used for contrast, although we are putting that admirable painting at an unfair disadvantage. This choppiness has a great deal to do with the picture's basic character as a somewhat bookish catalogue of symbols. We are looking down into the room, for the most part. We look down at the table top and down at the floor from an eye level that would have to be several feet above the ceiling. Yet we also look up at the ceiling. We look head-on at the back wall and head-on at the faces of the angel and the Virgin; if these were in the same perspective as the table, we would see much of the tops of the heads. We look straight-on at the end of the bench at the right, yet we also look down onto its seat and sideways at its length. Without regard for true perspective the various elements of the composition have their separate and insistent outlines. The picture thus becomes an enumeration of objects independently conceived rather than an amalgam of objects that, bound together spatially, might fuse ideologically. As it is, their combination seems arbitrary, although one by one they are directed toward the same explanatory end.

The *Annunciation* must be absorbed detail by detail

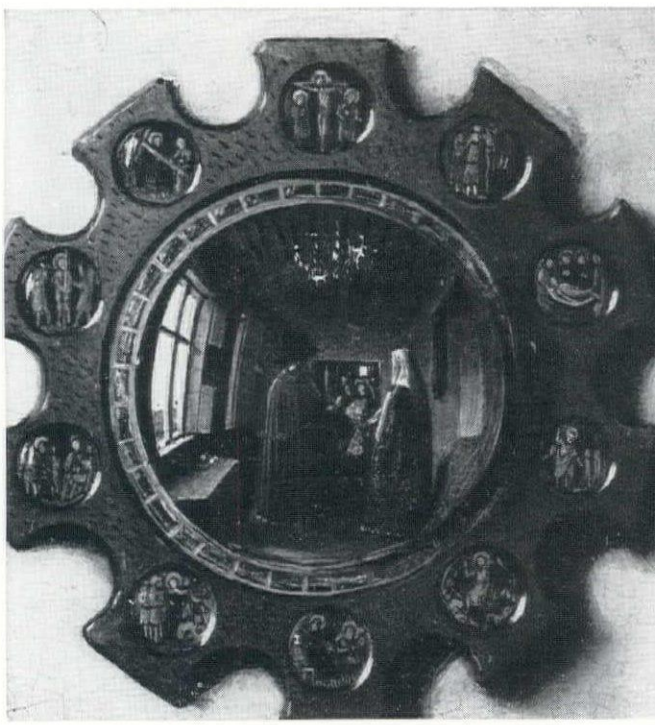
before we comprehend its total message. The Arnolfini picture, on the contrary, absorbs us so immediately and so completely into its warm, grave, and quiet world that the examination of its details is only an accessory pleasure—if so great a pleasure can be described as accessory to anything.

The textures of metal, glass, and wood, of velvet and linen, of the fur of the little dog, all accepting the light to reveal their own natures; the consistency of this light's flow from its sources (one window seen, and one unseen in the foreground beyond the picture frame but revealed by the fall of light on the floor and on the bridal couple); the continuity of the space as we look into the picture, and the unquestionable truth with which each object assumes its distance from the eye and its proper relationship to the other objects in the painted room—all this description of light, space, and solid volumes unifies the picture in ways that are explicable technically even if they are all but superhuman in technical execution. We have already said that at this level craftsmanship becomes genius, but the picture is also held together by the unanalyzable factor of the artist's sensitivity to psychological unity.

Giovanni Arnolfini, a representative of Italian commercial interests, commissioned the picture as a memento of his marriage (some time after the event), and also as a form of wedding certificate, with Jan van Eyck's signature as legal witness inscribed on the wall over the mirror. We must assume that artist and patron were more than casual acquaintances; the portraits are much more than sets of features reproduced with the accuracy of a technical genius's eye and hand. They exist as complete beings, an individual man and an individual woman whose tender relationship to one another is fully expressed without any sentimental intrusion. The symbols, rather than being grafted onto the picture, are both an integral enrichment of a mood and a declaration, established by the painting as an independent pictorial expression.

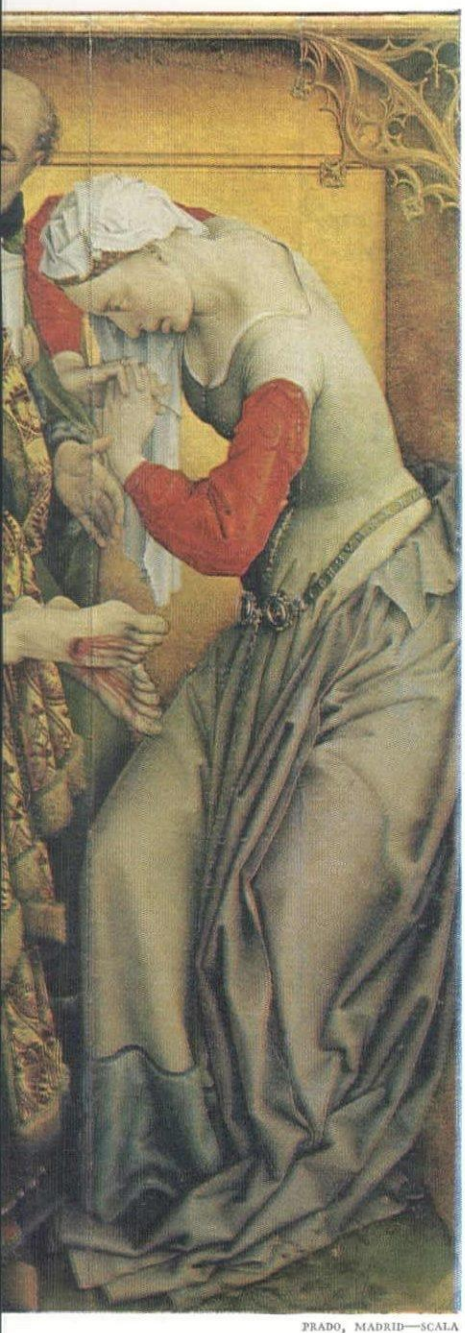
The work of Jan van Eyck, with its balanced, reserved, and dignified realism, is usually considered the summary expression of Flemish genius. His complete Flemishness (along with his unapproachable technical perfection) may explain why his art was less easily assimilated by other painters than Rogier van der Weyden's. Rogier changed the course of northern painting, and affected the course of painting in Spain and Italy as well, with a picture completed shortly before the Arnolfini portraits.

We must remember that the pictures we have been considering, and the one we are going to consider now—Rogier's *Descent from the Cross* (pages 92–93)—were painted within the same decade, a comment on the exploratory variety of Flemish art. The Master of Flémalle's *Annunciation* seems to have been painted between 1425 and 1428. At the other end of the decade,



Two years after Jan van Eyck had completed his great alta piece at Ghent, he was commissioned by Giovanni Arnolfi a Lucchese merchant in Bruges, to paint this extraordina double portrait of himself and his new wife. (Van Eyck unique skill at portraiture was already well known; in 14 Philip the Good had sent him to the Portuguese court to loo over Princess Isabella, the duke's mail-order bride, and send back a good likeness.) The Arnolfini work records th solemn exchange of wedding vows with as much definition a business contract, and Van Eyck's signature, prominent displayed on the rear wall, is often cited as evidence that acted as witness—perhaps one of the onlookers whose ima is reflected in the convex mirror just beneath the inscriptio The mirror itself and other details add up to a comple Christian rebus that symbolizes the sacrament of marriag

is Descent from the Cross *Rogier van der yden declared early in his career that the tive potential of painting would be his ie concern. He has deliberately rejected conventional Calvary landscape, and re- d the scene to a shallow, crowded stage. istic props like the ladder are not per- ed to intrude upon this moment of intense tual stress. The arrangement of figures, ng in rhythmic patterns across the panel's ace, owes much to Gothic sculpture and, pt for the death's-head at Saint John's symbolic objects play no part. The work commissioned by the Crossbowmen's d for a chapel in Louvain about 1432 and equently purchased for the Spanish court.*



PRADO, MADRID—SCALA

Jan van Eyck's signature as witness-painter of the Arnolfini marriage is accompanied by the date 1434. Two years earlier he had completed the Ghent Altarpiece with its Adam and Eve, and at about the same time, 1432–33, Rogier was painting *The Descent from the Cross.*

A glance at *The Descent from the Cross* is enough to explain its impact on artists of any country and, for that matter, of any time. Within a few years it was known all over Europe through copies. For generations it affected painting, graphic arts, and sculpture at all levels, sometimes because the artists knew the original, and sometimes because its motifs had become so widely adopted that even folk artists who might never have heard of Rogier were producing naïve variations of the figures that he had invested with such passion and elegance.

Passion and elegance, on the face of it, make uneasy companions. The greater the elegance, the more likely it is to act as an inhibiting shell, giving pleasure but rejecting the full expression of passion as an excessive indulgence and hence a demonstration of lamentable taste. Or, the more intense the passion, the more likely it is to break up a polished surface and disrupt a graceful pattern, since the niceties of taste become inconsequential before the force of emotion. In art, elegance usually wins out, since an elegant manner is something that can be learned while the capacity for passionate expression is God-given, and not given to everyone.

No conflict, no contradiction, no paradox, and no compromise is involved when we speak of the passion and elegance of *The Descent from the Cross.* Indeed, we cannot say that it is passionate and elegant in equal parts. It is wholly both; the two wholes are coexistent and interdependent. One must be physically blind not to respond to the painting's visual opulence, spiritually dead to remain unaffected by its emotional intensity, and in some way schizoid to divide the total experience into its component parts.

The truism that art allows for multiple forms of perfection is certainly demonstrated by both the Arnolfini portraits and *The Descent from the Cross.* It would be hard to find two pictures so different that were painted at so nearly the same moment and within a few miles of one another by artists who worked from the same technical and social experience. To some historians the contrast has made Rogier seem "anti-Eyckian" in his rejection of perfected innovations in favor of a return to the Gothicisms of the Master of Flémalle. And it is true that Rogier rejected the rather placid, objective realism of the Van Eyck who painted the Adam and Eve. But when he looked backward to the outmoded manner of the Master of Flémalle, with his distinctly outlined components, Rogier was re-examining it because he discovered that it held undeveloped expressive potential. He wanted

to combine the consistency of Van Eyck, that harmonious fusion of every element of a painting, with linear pattern as an abstraction of emotion.

Line as a structural and expressive device is the first key to Rogier's style, just as the accurate simulation of visual phenomena is the elementary key to Jan van Eyck's—where line, as line, hardly exists. Jan may respond to the folds of a robe or to the ruffled edge of Jeanne Cenami's headdress and make the most of a pattern that is offered ready for use, but he is not an inventor of line. He does not think in terms of line: line for him is a natural optical fact that occurs incidentally if inevitably as the visual boundary of an object in nature seen from a certain viewpoint. In painting, this boundary takes the form of a separation between one area of color and the next, and while this may be a line in the most inclusive definition of the word, it is not a created or manipulated one. Any concept of line except as a natural visual boundary would be in opposition to Jan's concept of volumes in space, since (as artists know) pure line exists on a plane and linear emphasis demands as a corollary some flattening of the third dimension.

Rogier's recognition of this corollary is apparent if we compare the deep spatial stage of the Arnolfini portraits with the arbitrarily shallow one of the *Descent*. In the latter the figures are in two planes along what would be only a narrow ledge, against an uncompromising flat golden wall instead of against the landscape that, of course, would have been demanded by any realistic version of the scene. By any realistic analysis the participants are so tightly interlocked within this flattened box that they could not move, could hardly assume another position of arm or foot. And yet the impression is one of movement. It is Jan's art that is static; Rogier's figures are united by the steady, slowly eddying and winding flow of line across the picture, paralleled by the emotional current traveling from figure to figure that fuses reverence, in the presence of the mystical drama, with the nearly intolerable anguish of human tragedy.

Rogier, if for a moment he can be regarded as a pure stylist, is an unexcelled master designer. The Magdalen at the far right of the *Descent* is one of the most exquisitely costumed and patterned figures in the entire lexicon of art. In her curious stance it could seem that the far arm is raised as an inventive artifice to add a fillip to a purely decorative conception. But we cannot for more than a moment regard this Magdalen as purely decorative, or Rogier as a pure stylist. The arm is raised to correspond with the planar scheme and to serve the further structural function of creating a curve from waist to elbow, a curve that establishes one side of the arching movement running across the composition. But the most powerful effect of this near distortion is emotional. The taut, strained, almost spastic suggestion, makes of a limb an abstraction of grief so intense that it would verge on hysteria if every line in the pattern were not held under Rogier's consistent discipline.

It should be apparent by now that Rogier was anything but a reactionary—that he was even a modern artist in one of our contemporary senses of the word. It is true that he returned to a linear draftsmanship, or rather evolved a linear style from the Gothic manner of the Master of Flémalle; it is true that his flat golden background and his organization of space in shallow planes against this background goes even farther into the past, to the Byzantine tradition; it is true also that the painting's resemblance to a carved, gilded, and polychromed altarpiece is not coincidental but is directly related to Rogier's interest in such sculpture. But any archaisms or derivations are on the surface. What Rogier has done is to shift the focus of art from a lenslike dependence on outer appearance to the psychological revelation of man's inner life.

And what has happened to the symbols? Except for the skull and the bone—conventionally obligatory in the iconography of the Crucifixion and introduced in the *Descent* so inconspicuously as to suggest that their inclusion was a concession on the part of the artist—there are none. Exposition by symbols as a form of literary reference has been replaced by abstract emotive devices peculiar to the art of painting. The constant reappearance of the word "abstract" in any discussion of Rogier's art is in itself a statement of his modernism, and even the apparent archaisms are a part of his revolution. His linearism we have already seen in this way, but his compression of space is equally a form of abstract expression. The concentration of the figures—there are ten of them—within acutely defined limitations is as powerful a factor as any in the whole of the picture's intensity. To imagine anything happening beyond its confines is impossible; we are held within a psychological world that is complete in itself, where nothing exists except the pathos of a single perpetual moment.

By exercising a kind of aesthetic X-ray we can see something of the way Rogier created *The Descent from the Cross*. We can trace the structure of interrelated forms and lines that are the picture's skeleton and muscles, and the structure of the emotional interplay between the dramatis personae that is its nervous system. Such an exercise can be rewarding, since a knowledge of the way a thing works increases our pleasure in watching it work, and with some paintings this mechanistic analysis is the main pleasure. But the final miracle of *The Descent from the Cross*, as of the human organism, is that the co-ordination of all its parts, a co-ordination so complex as to seem miraculous in itself, yields a synthesis which is greater than the sum of its physical elements. As a material object constructed by a master of pictorial engi

neering, *The Descent from the Cross* has a beauty rivaled by hundreds of other works of art—not to mention bridges, locomotives, and rocket gantries—but as a materialization of mystical passion released through human emotion, it is one of a relative handful of masterpieces among the tens of thousands of works of art in which men have tried to explore, with temerity or with humility, our worthiness as participants in a divine drama.

Rogier was not one of those geniuses whose thought and art, like Leonardo's, flow from sources so inexplicable that their dependence on recognizable antecedents becomes negligible. And nothing in his meditative, carefully organized, and meticulously executed paintings has that quality of autonomous revelation that is called "inspired." Everything that is known about Rogier has led Erwin Panofsky to say that he "represents, perhaps even more paradigmatically than Jan van Eyck, the novel type of bourgeois genius." He lived quietly, applying himself as laboriously to his work as if he had been a master carpenter instead of a celebrated public figure. He married in his middle twenties and for the remaining forty years of his life maintained the respectable position of a devoted husband and father and a good citizen who was generous in his charities and solicitous for the welfare of the community. The one exceptional event was his pilgrimage to Italy in the Holy Year of 1450. He died on June 18, 1464.

But if his life was quiet, it was full of honors. He was successful from the first, and by the time he was thirty-five, the honors, plus material rewards, had accumulated impressively. There is a record of his investing a considerable sum in Tournai securities on October 20, 1435, and it was probably at about the same time that the city fathers of Brussels endowed him with the title of City Painter, an honor significantly following upon the completion of *The Descent from the Cross* and apparently created for Rogier since there is no previous record of such a post. For that matter there is no record of Rogier's appointment, and the date 1435 is presumptive. But there is no uncertainty about a verifying resolution that was put on record the following year, declaring that the position of City Painter, a lifetime appointment, should remain empty after Rogier's death. If the city fathers were guessing that Rogier's pre-eminence was of a kind never likely to be rivaled, they were not far wrong.

This is the seventh in a series about great artists by John Canaday, art editor of The New York Times.

For further reading: Erwin Panofsky's scholarly and eminently readable Early Netherlandish Painting (*Harvard University Press, Cambridge, 1958*) *in two volumes; and Jacques Lassaigne's* Flemish Painting: The Century of Van Eyck (*Skira, Geneva, 1957*).

HISTORICHES MUSEUM, BERNE

The Flemish painter, always a keen observer of the world he painted, often cast himself in the role of spectator within a composition, as if to underscore his own participation in the actual event. In this detail from a fifteenth-century tapestry made after Rogier van der Weyden's murals for the Brussels Town Hall, the painter represents himself among those witnessing a miracle. Though the much-admired originals were destroyed by fire during the French siege two and a half centuries later, this woven copy preserves the searching, sensuous gaze which must have informed Rogier's Flemish eye.

The Flemish Eye

A portfolio of details from Flemish paintings

All that is needed to appreciate Flemish painting, Michelangelo once observed, are two eyes and an interest in facts. He was alluding to the intense realism, the extreme precision, and the illusionistic impression of light and atmosphere with which the artists of Flanders re-created the world about them on their relatively small painted panels. "Their painting is of stuffs," Michelangelo remarked, "bricks and mortar, the grass of the fields, the shadow of trees, and bridges and rivers, which they call landscapes, and little figures here and there." He disparaged those studied efforts "to deceive the eye"; they were alien to the spirit of Italian art and, thus, a deviation from the highest principles of painting.

Yet the work of the Van Eycks, the Master of Flémalle, Rogier, and their Flemish contemporaries and followers of the next several generations was celebrated in Italy, as elsewhere in Europe. Some critics and connoisseurs of the time considered it among the finest achievements of the age. It did, in fact, represent a pictorial revolution, a conquest of the visible world, that showed men a new way of seeing—as most great art does; and the consummate fidelity to the detailed natural appearance of things that Michelangelo disparaged seemed to many a vital element of the Flemish genius. Half a millennium later it remains a source of visual enchantment such as we may find in no other school of painting.

Viewing those early Flemish panels in detail is like walking through a Gothic looking glass and entering a miniature world where the realities of everyday life in the late Middle Ages seem magically conserved. It is a world peopled by substantial beings who exist in space, who are revealed in natural light, and who are clothed in, and surrounded by, the accoutrements of their ample lives. The attributes of tangible substances are presented with almost hallucinatory vividness—the texture of fine cloth, the soft luster of fur, the glitter of brocades, the sheen of polished woodwork, the gleaming reflections in copper and brass, the bright radiance of jewels and precious metals, and the utter limpidity of crystal and fine glass. It is all there "to deceive the eye," to evoke a sense of the immediate presence of people and things.

On the following pages, in color gravure, we reproduce details, indicated on the accompanying black and white illustrations, from a half-dozen representative examples of such Flemish painting. As a few of these reveal with special emphasis, there is something beyond mere photographic exactitude involved here. In a manner no camera could duplicate, the smallest item of the foreground and the "little figures here and there" of the distant panorama may be simultaneously realized with equal clarity on a single panel. It is rather as if we were viewing the scene with a microscope and a telescope at one and the same time.

The Legend of Saint Eligius and Saint Godeberta, from which the detail opposite was taken, was painted in 1449 by Petrus Christus, a follower of Rogier, as though it were a contemporary event. Eligius was in fact a seventh-century bishop of Noyon who, because he had been a practicing goldsmith, became a patron saint of metalworkers. The picture depicts the visit to Eligius of Godeberta, the daughter of a Merovingian king, and her fiancé to purchase weddin rings. While the fiancé looks on wit justifiable apprehension, the saintly smit with his scales in one hand holds in th fingers of the other his own bishop's ring which he plans to slip on Godeberta' finger, thus wedding her to Christ an the Church. The painting was commis sioned by the goldsmiths' guild of Ant werp, a jeweled symbol of which th wary fiancé wears about his neck.

1,6

In another section of the same pane (detail number 6) the artist provides visual catalogue of the paraphernalia tha might have been found in a fifteenth century goldsmith's shop. Devils' teet mounted in gold hang on the wall abov a branch of coral; both were treasure as amulets in the Middle Ages. A silver gilt buckle hangs from the shelf over necklace of translucent beads. Slabs o crystal and of porphyry, a leather pouch ful of pearls, a box of gold rings, and crystal goblet are arrayed among othe precious objects on the ledge below.

TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 10

Other paintings from which the details are taken are reproduced on page 10

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

PRADO, MADRID

The townscape reproduced in the second detail occupies a space barely two and a half inches wide in the actual painting, *The Virgin and Child before a Fire Screen*, painted sometime before 1430 by the Master of Flémalle—or, rather, Robert Campin, if they are not one and the same. Campin, in any case, was the dean of Tournai painters in the early decades of the fifteenth century and maintained a large workshop there, where Rogier served an apprenticeship. Even on such a minuscule scale the artist provides a remarkably detailed image of a typical Flemish town with its narrow streets dotted with passers-by, loitering inhabitants, and busy workmen, its half-timbered and step-gabled shops and houses, and its Gothic cathedral overlooking the surrounding countryside. Within the room the Virgin's head is centered on a circular wicker fire screen

3 THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

which thus does double duty as her halo.

In the following countryscape (detail number 3), taken from Joachim Patinir's *Rest on the Flight to Egypt*, once again a religious legend is given a "modern" Flemish setting. Born a century or so after Campin, Patinir became a master of the Antwerp painters' guild in 1515. The section here excerpted from his picture illustrates a delightful episode in the story of the flight. As the Holy Family paused by a field being sowed with grain, it is told, Mary instructed the foremost peasant, "If men come asking for us, please say 'none passed since I sowed this grain.'" By morning the golden grain had miraculously grown tall, and the overjoyed peasants set at it with their sickles. When Herod's soldiers arrived in pursuit of the infant Jesus, the peasant truthfully answered as Mary had

4 LOUVRE

told him to, and the Romans turned back.

Some moral precept or satirical intent may underlie Quentin Massys's *The Money Changer and His Wife*, half of which is here reproduced in color (detail number 4); but it remains for us a completely realistic genre picture of a woman distracted from her open Book of Hours by the delicate balance of golden coins in her husband's scales. The height of illusion is reached in the convex mirror on the table, reminiscent of the wall mirror in the *Arnolfini Marriage*, which reflects the presence of a third person in the room and a view through a casement to the outside world. Massys was a friend of Erasmus and of Patinir, with whom he sometimes collaborated.

Tommaso Portinari, a representative of the Medici interests in Bruges, commissioned Hugo van der Goes of Ghent to paint a triptych-altarpiece, of which *The Adoration of the Shepherds* is the central panel. The floral still life in the foreground (detail number 5) is rich in medieval symbolism. A scarlet lily in the faïence *albarello* represents the blood of the Passion; the three irises recall the sword that pierces the heart of the *mater dolorosa*. In the glass vessel, columbine,

5 PETER ADELBERG—EUROPEAN ART COLOR SLIDE CO. UFFIZI, FLORENCE

the flower of melancholy and sorrow, symbolizes the Sorrows of the Virgin. The sheaf of grain behind the flowers refers to ideas associated with Christ's birthplace. The name Bethlehem (meaning "House of Bread") was connected with the phrase from the Gospel of John, "I am the bread which came down from heaven." Thus one small detail summarizes the whole life of Christ.

7 NELSON GALLERY-ATKINS MUSEUM (NELSON FUND), KANSAS CITY

In his *Virgin and Child* (detail number 7, opposite) Petrus Christus represents the holy couple in a bourgeois Flemish bedroom, a setting in which he creates a sense of space and depth by subtle gradations of color and variations in the play of light on textured and polished surfaces as much as by geometric perspective. We are artfully drawn within the picture's frame into a room that, in turn, invites us through its open windows and doorways into the distant reaches of the world outside. This sense of continuous spatial depth is emphasized by the figure of Joseph entering the house from the garden in the far background. M.B.D.

THE ROAD TO SURVIVAL IN EUROPE

"I was swinging into the road," he said, "and saw to my horror a car coming up on my left. I spotted an American license plate and realized instantly that he did not know the European rule about priority for cars coming in from the right. But in front of me was a 73 plate, and Chambéry drivers, as you know, move like *escargots*, so I could not brake. I had to accelerate, but a car was coming in the opposite direction. It was, thank heaven, a GB, so I accelerated and swerved. He had to swerve too, and he swore, which was only right and proper, but if he had been a German, I would not be here talking to you now. . . ."

This fragment of conversation I overheard at a Paris cocktail party a while back. Although parts of it may sound like gibberish, it will mean a great deal more to you if you have had a few days in Europe behind the steering wheel. You will be in a different world, one that has to be experienced to be believed, and understood if you would reach old age.

In the first place, the attitude of a European toward his car is very different from that of an American toward his. The American takes his automobile for granted; it is a device for getting him from here to there. To the European a car is a source of wonder, a subject for endless discussion, an emotional experience.

This is true everywhere, from John o'Groat's to the toe of Italy, County Galway to Checkpoint Charlie and beyond. The less bellicose the European is in matters of war—as, say, the Italian and the Portuguese—the more swashbuckling he is at the wheel of a car.

In recent years, since the great explosion of tourism, a new reflex has become necessary for the driver in Europe if he is to survive: instant license-plate spotting.

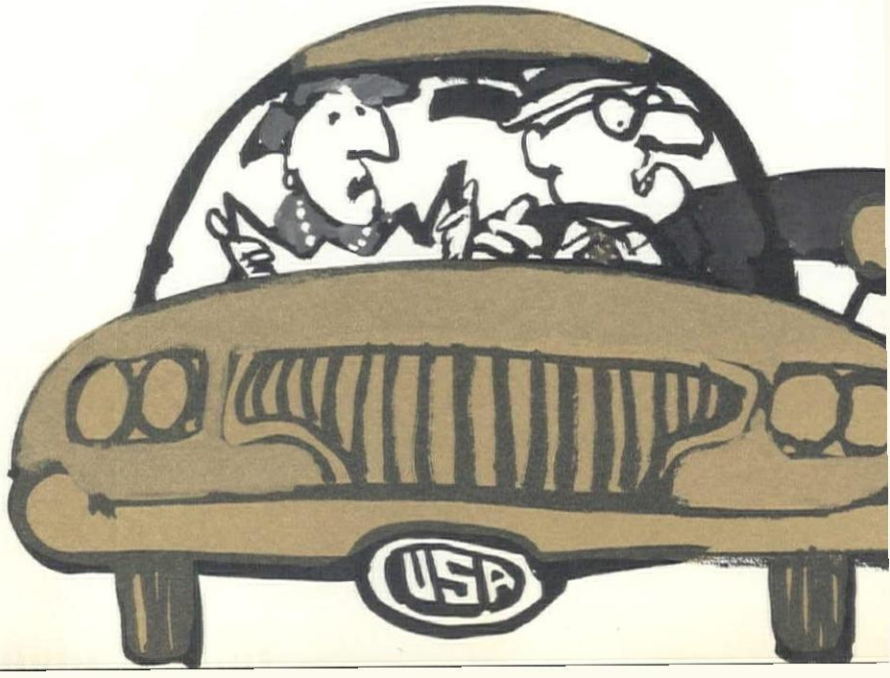
He knows that a car bearing a white license plate with red letters is being driven by a Belgian even if it is not bearing the standard letter B. He can tell the difference between a West German and a Swedish license plate, even though they are both white with black letters, and he can recognize them, reversed, in his mirror as well. He knows that L means Luxembourg and CH Switzerland—Confédération Helvétique.

It is a game—like Russian roulette. It can, and does, make the difference between life and death on crowded, narrow roads without speed limits, among drivers who consider the act of being overtaken a mortal affront to their pride. Here is an example: suppose I am at the wheel of my car and I see a blind corner some few hundred yards ahead. I am driving fast, and am considering whether it is safe to pass a car just ahead of me. If the car has a British license plate, I know I can pass safely. The Englishman drives prudently and, reading my intention, will wave me on or, if he sees something ahead, will caution me to stay back. A German driver will accelerate, just to see if I am chicken. A Belgian driver will also accelerate, but at the same time edge out into the middle of the road, interested to know if I am prepared to kill myself. On the other hand, if I were an Italian (which I am in part, but not for the purpose of this article), I would send them to the Devil and pass them anyway.

The best drivers are the Italians. There are some who say they are the worst, but these are merely jealous. It is necessary, however, to distinguish between Italian and Italian, to note in the mirror where the car behind you is from (I say "behind" advisedly; an Italian car always seems to be snarling impatiently on your tail or to be a puff of dust in the distance ahead). MI on the license plate means Milan, Fi means Florence (Firenze), Vz means Venice (Venezia). The Milanese drive like businessmen in a hurry to meet their mistresses, which they often are. The Turinese (To) drive as though their reflexes are instinctively tuned to their rev count and gear ratio, which they may be, Turin being the Detroit of Italy. The Florentines like to think they drive the way Michelangelo sculpted, and the Neapolitans (Na) and the Romans (Roma) carry speed to the point of raving lunacy.

At the other end of the spectrum are the Belgians. These, by general agreement, are the worst drivers in Europe. The Belgians have never been required to take a driving test or to have a license, and as a result have rarely mastered more than the rudiments of the art. They favor fat, out-of-style American cars with tail fins. Hand signals they have never heard of. Embarrassed by Belgium's appalling reputation on the roads, the government recently changed the situation; just last year a law was passed requiring drivers to take a test, which should improve the Belgian driving image in the next twenty years or so.

American and Canadian drivers rate high. The American, as I have said, is a car-bred animal who has lived in automobiles all his life. He is fast, but not given to last-second hunches. This enviable reputation, however, does not extend to American servicemen stationed in Europe, most of whom have special red license plates on their cars. The road-wise European avoids the



:rviceman-driver because he tends to be on holiday with a wife ho is not really enjoying it, too many children, and too much ıggage, so that his temper and nerves are in tatters (Europeans rive with their families too, but buoyed up by the sensual pleasre of driving, they keep their children under better control).

The British are excellent drivers, too good for their family ars, which are often too slow for their talents. When they switch ɔ faster models, such as MG's or Jaguars, they become transɔrmed. A common experience is to find yourself swerving to the ide of the road as sports cars with GB plates howl past in the lip stream of the Italians.

The Paris driver is a quick-witted, wily fellow. The Place de 'Etoile in rush hour is the place to test any driver. As with Italans, however, it is necessary to distinguish between French lrivers. It is not sufficient to know that Parisians carry the numɔer 75 on their license plates; you should also know that 38 neans Grenoble, 13 Marseilles, 06 the Riviera, and so on, each ɔne involving special hazards which have to be recognized.

The Grenoblois is tough and independent and does not like ɔeing pushed around. (He was one of the first to resist the Gernans during the occupation.) But his temperament, though vorthy in many respects, makes him an unpredictable and surly oad-user, and a manic Klaxon-pusher.

The Marseillais is a true child of the Midi. If you are folowing a car with a 13 license plate, you may hear loud laughter ınd song and see an empty *pastis* bottle fly out of the window.

The Riviera driver, the 06, may belong to one of two cateɡories, both of them bad. The peasant, the carnation grower and ;mall farmer, has never truly understood the shift from the ıorse to the automobile, and he handles his car as if it might ;uddenly turn mean and bite him. If it stalls, he is inclined, in ıis frustration, to kick it. The other category is the Riviera ;ocialite, usually female, who is so busily engaged in a recitation ɔf scabrous gossip that she scarcely looks at the road at all, and weaves from side to side keeping time with her gesticulations. She is saved by what seems to be a kind of divinely inspired dead 'eckoning. I recall being in the passenger seat next to a Riviera ıcquaintance when she swept, without slowing, out of a side road ɔnto the Route Nationale 7, the most lethal highway in France.

"Don't you think," I asked, when the pounding of my heart ;ubsided, "that you might have looked to see whether there was other traffic on the road?" "Quite safe," she replied. "It is ten past twelve. Everybody stops for lunch at noon. And did I tell you about Jean and Hélène . . . ?"

Swiss plates pose a problem, particularly if they are GE (Geneva) or VD (Vaud) plates, because the driver might well be an expatriate American, Englishman, or Swede dodging taxes. The same applies to the baby-blue license plates of Monaco. In fact they are often interchangeable: Monégasque today and Swiss tomorrow, depending upon whether de Gaulle is being nice or nasty to Rainier. The Swedes are fast and reckless. Perhaps because the regulations against driving after drinking are so strict at home, they often drive drunk when they are abroad.

The Spaniard scarcely exists as a driving phenomenon. This is because the country is poor and the tax on imported cars may be as high as 95 per cent. As a result, the letter E (España) is something of a collector's item. German drivers are better than the Belgians only because it is impossible to be worse. Traveling abroad (which all Germans seem to do all the time), they are slow, but generally polite. On home highways they change completely. Their driving manners are the worst in Europe, and their accident rate is the highest. This generalization, however, does not usually apply to the Porsche driver. He belongs (he feels) to a special club, and it brings out the best in him.

Two races of wild drivers that, mercifully, are not often seen on European roads are the Portuguese and the Russians. Driving in either Lisbon or Moscow can be an exciting adventure in living dangerously. Muscovites, for example, sneer in the faces of the militia who are supposed to direct traffic, and treat stop lights with contempt.

If all this has caused you to think again about taking your car to Europe, I hasten to reassure. Do it, but bear in mind that you will not be driving for yourself alone but for half a dozen assorted nationalities who find the battle of the roads more enjoyable than the shooting wars they used to indulge in. You might not be able to tell one from another at first, but they will spot you immediately and take evasive action accordingly. The chances are good that you will survive. Happy driving. *Bonne chance. Gute Reise. Buon viaggio. Lycka till!*

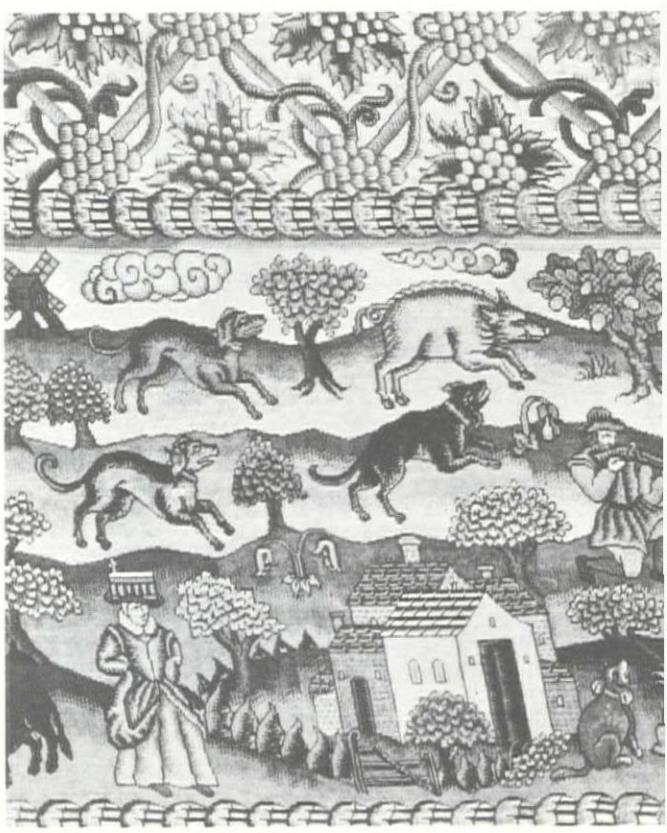
Geoffrey Bocca is a dedicated driver, writer, photographer, stamp collector, and—by his own account—a connoisseur of bad cuisine.

By GEOFFREY BOCCA

THE VERY PEARL OF THE REALM

England's gayest palace might yet be standing if the king's retired mistress had held better cards

When Henry built Nonsuch he surrounded it with a huge gam was hundreds of acres in extent), which he stocked with a deer. It also abounded with hares, foxes, pheasants, partridges,



By MARY CABLE

Whenever Henry VIII acquired something new in the way of a luxury, he was apt to wonder whether Francis I of France had one like it—or, Gadzooks, more of the same or better. He had met Francis only once, at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, but he had heard a great deal about all the fine things Francis had, and especially about his château, Chambord, which was the talk of Europe. In 1538 Henry started to build himself a pleasure palace that would outdo Chambord, that would, in fact, outdo any palace in the world; and the name of this palace, therefore, would be Nonsuch.

Henry had already renovated and improved a number of his palaces, and they were all brimming with expensive tapestries, gold plate, and jewels, as well as clothes made of silks and cloth of gold. But Nonsuch was the first palace that he had built from the ground up, and he intended that it should look as sumptuous on the outside as anything he might put into it. For the site, he chose the pleasant hunting country of Surrey—just twelve miles from the center of London and nearer than that to his principal residence, Hampton Court. On the spot that seemed to him ideal for his palace there happened to be a village. No matter—remove it. Several houses, a church, and a thirteenth-century churchyard were knocked down and Henry's palace begun, the drains disturbing the graves of long-dead medieval yeomen.

The plan of the palace was arrived at by a number of anonymous builders—not architects, as we know them—working under the thumb of the king. These builders were probably Englishmen, but the decorators and embellishers of the palace were mostly Italians, some of whom had lately been in the employ of King Francis. An Italian named Toto del Nunziata, who had been in England for years and was a notable designer of stage sets and masks, probably took a hand at Nonsuch, too. The palace must have looked, in fact, more like a stage set than a dwelling.

The appearance of palaces in sixteenth-century England was in a state of transition; the time was past when it was prudent to fortify one's residence, and yet an important house without battlements looked queer to the sixteenth-century eye. The solution was to apply battlements as ornament, and accordingly Nonsuch was supplied with fantastic polygonal five-story towers made of gilded wood. As fortifications, of course, they would have been totally useless: they had delicate mullioned windows all around their upper stories, and their roofs were merry with carved heraldic beasts and banner-shaped vanes of painted metal. When the wind blew, the vanes made a pleasant, harplike sound, reminding the more erudite courtiers of Chaucer's lines:

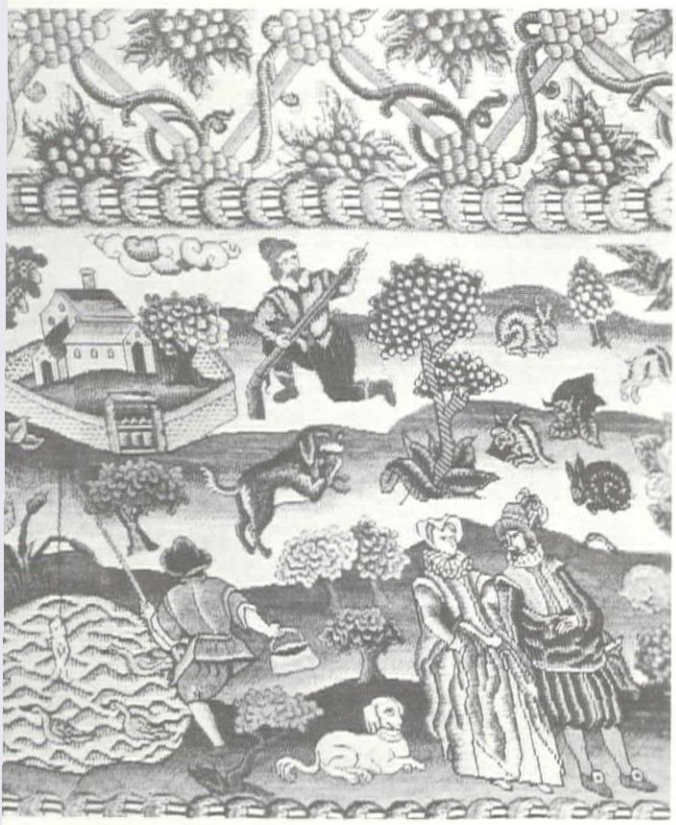
> *Alofte the towers and golden fanes goode*
> *Did with the wynde make full swete armony.*

The usual medieval castle had an outer and inner court, and Nonsuch followed this plan, the layout being in the shape of a squared-off B. The lower part of the B was the outer court, with the entrance gate at the bottom. Here were such facilities as the

STAATLICHE GRAPHISCHE SAMMLUNG, MUNICH

This drawing of Henry VIII in middle life is attributed to Holbein

led with trout. Hunting was, in fact, the favorite pastime of the and the grounds at Nonsuch must often have presented just such spectacle as is shown on the embroidered Tudor tablecloth below.



COURTESY OF THE VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

buttery, the wine cellar, the laundries, and the privies. In the upper rooms were accommodations for those who held minor official positions—the Cupbearer, the Almoner, the Carver, the Sewer, the Groom Porter, and so on. There were a great many of these people, and the Outer Court must have been congested and very lively. (A sixteenth-century visitor from Spain remarked that English palaces were bigger than Spanish ones, but more crowded.) Adding to the cheerful din was a multiple echo that the builders had contrived in the arches of the entrance gate. Due to certain artfully placed cavities and holes, trumpets and shouts repeated not only once but four or five times.

The walls of this court were castlelike in that they were made of large blocks of white freestone, some of it from monasteries that Henry had lately pulled down. But after the English workmen had heaved these into place, the Italian artists arrived and embellished every inch with stucco bas-reliefs depicting stories of Roman and Greek mythology. The stucco was made of fine earth and rye dough. Three life-sized Roman emperors modeled in this concoction looked down from above the gate that led to the Inner Court.

Of the Inner Court it may indeed be said that there has been None Such, before or since. Its walls were wooden, closely covered with scales of carved and gilded slate. The effect this gave was armorlike, and on a sunny day it all glittered and shone like some glorious dragon. Eight steps led from Outer to Inner Court by way of a three-story gatehouse that was topped by a tremendous clock. The apartments of the king and his chief courtiers looked into the court, in the middle of which a giant stone griffin spewed forth a gushing fountain. Around the Inner Court (that is, around one half of the B) were the privy gardens, while before the main entrance of the palace were a bowling green and a well-stocked deer park.

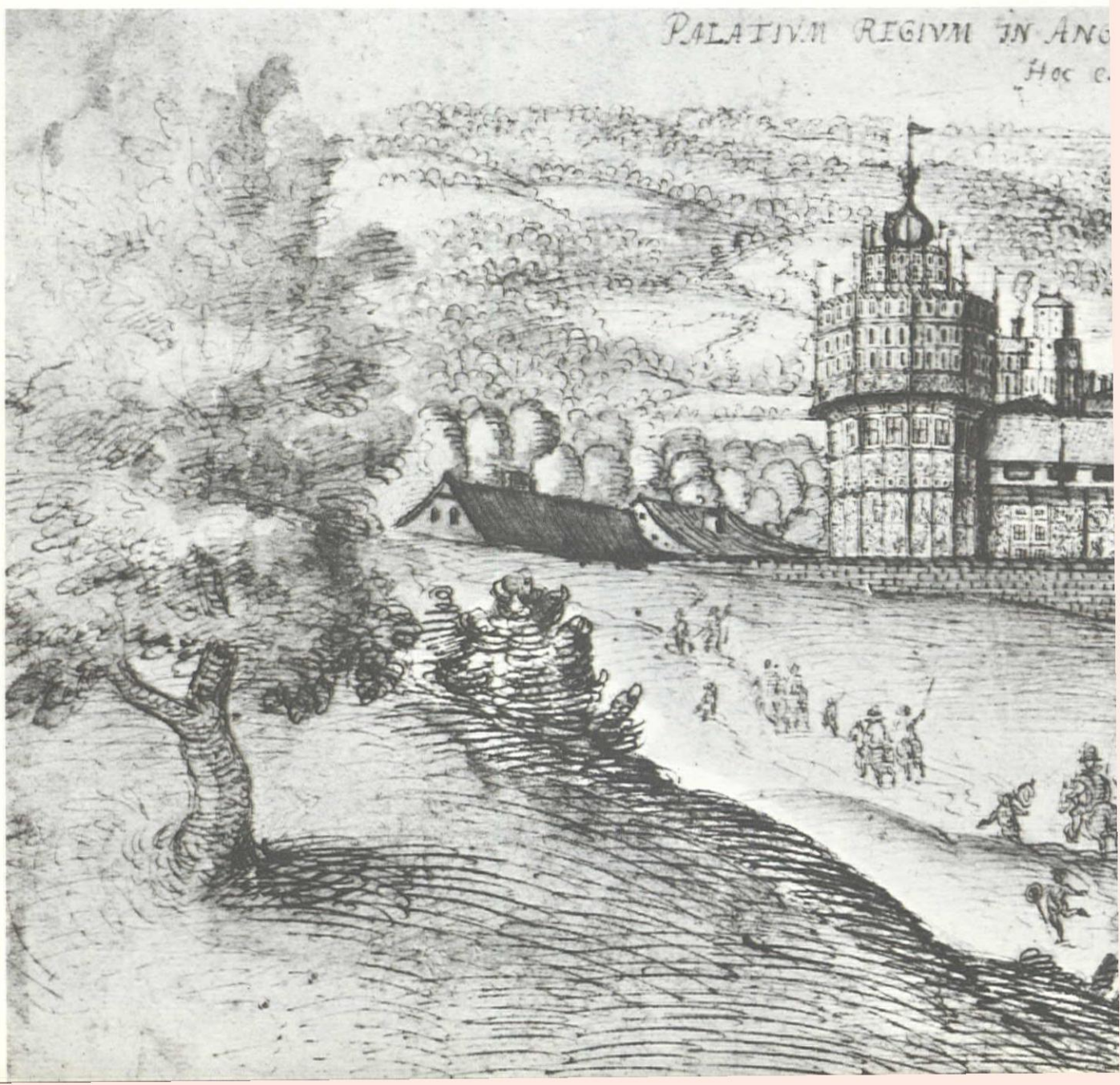
The construction of Nonsuch proceeded at full speed, often continuing through the night. Nevertheless it was years in the building, and when Henry died, in 1547, it was still not quite finished. It was a frivolous place, and the next two rulers of England were anything but frivolous: young King Edward was too frail and worried, and Queen Mary too preoccupied with her stern purposes. Mary never went to Nonsuch, but, recognizing that it was known all over Europe as something very special indeed, she used it as a sort of guesthouse for visiting dignitaries and often sent important or favored persons a little present of venison from the palace's deer park. Still, after several years, she apparently felt that she did not need a piece of property like this, and sold it, in return for four other manors and a small cash payment, to Henry Fitzalan, twelfth Earl of Arundel.

When Henry VIII died, the palace had been placed in the care of one Sir Thomas Cawarden. Sir Thomas also bore the titles of "Master of the Revels" (*Magistrum iocorum revelorum et mascorum nostrorum*) and "Keeper of the Tents, Hales, and Toyles." All this meant that he kept track of a large collection of costumes and stage sets, as well as of the tents that had to be put

up whenever the court was in residence at Nonsuch, there being not nearly enough room in the palace itself for the retinue that followed the Crown. He also oversaw the deer park and kept the household inventories. Many of his bills, accounts, and business letters still exist—the English are remarkable for preserving the fine print of history. These documents reveal that Cawarden was a Protestant and that five times, during Mary's eight-year reign, he was indicted for this crime. Unfortunately they do not tell us how he always managed to get off. They also reveal that when Lord Arundel attempted to take possession of his new property, Cawarden proved reluctant to leave, and that "during the nut and apple gathering season of 1557" force of arms had to be used to push him off the premises. What became of him after that we must live without knowing; he is one of those bit players that one wishes had had more lines.

Lord Arundel was a widower and a handsome, cultivated, ambitious man. After Queen Mary died, he became one of the many whose name was mentioned as a possible husband for Queen Elizabeth. In the first summer of her reign, 1559, the young

Guards and courtiers escort Queen Elizabeth to Nonsuch in the drawing below, which shows the south face of thi building. The queen, who seems to be imperiously point way from her plumed coach, "liked well of Nonsuch a

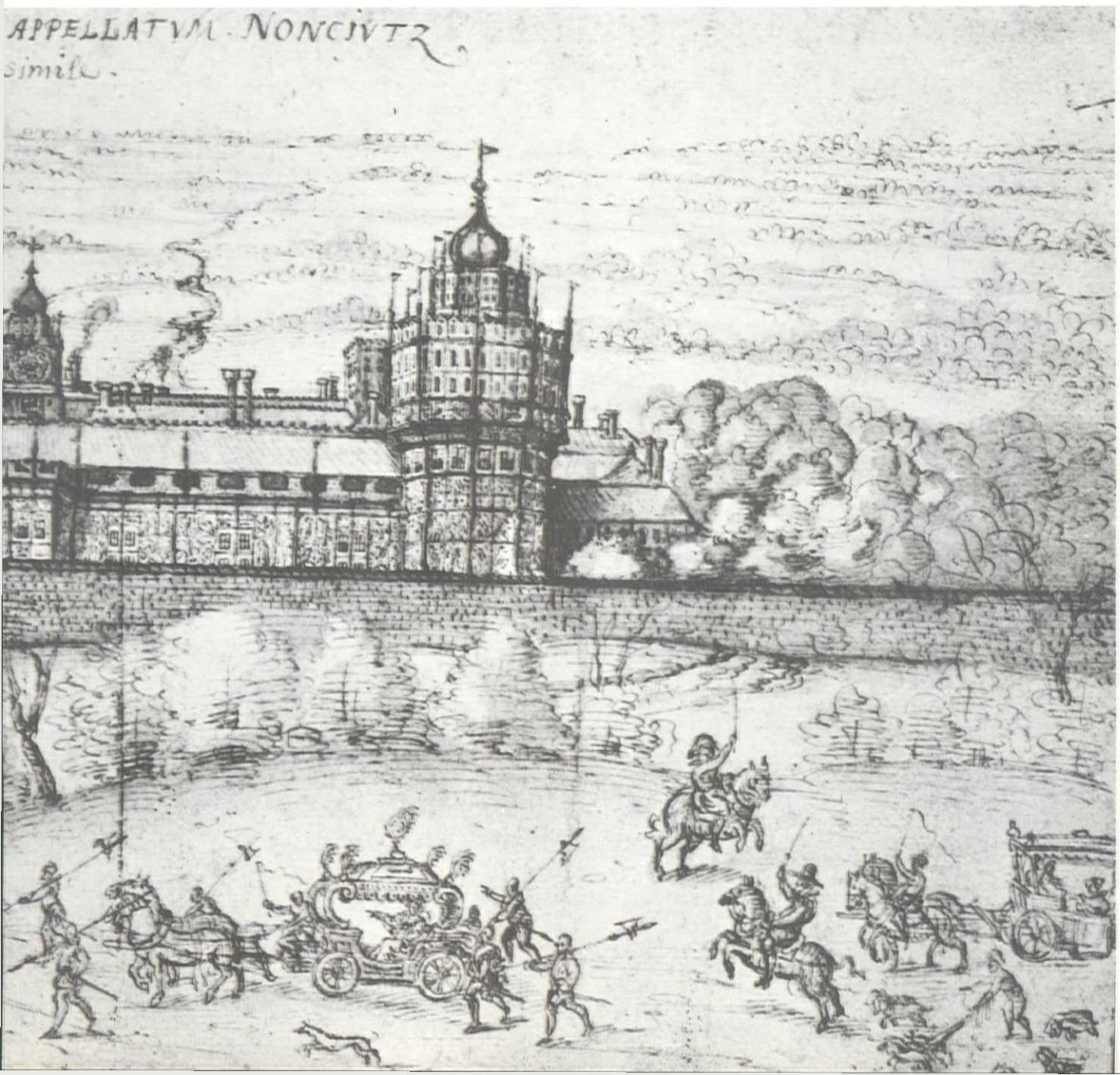


queen made a royal progress to Nonsuch, where Arundel provided her with six days of nonstop entertainment and revelry. Elizabeth thanked him graciously, accepting also as a token of his esteem a "cubard of gilt platt," but Arundel never got any nearer to the throne. Six months later he sent in a bill for his expenses.

Elizabeth was very fond of Nonsuch. (A contemporary noted, "Her Majesty is returned again to Nonsuch, which of all places she likes best.") On one occasion she arrived without warning, while Lord Arundel was away in Italy. She wrote to him that she had "visited your house at Nonesuche. Where we had dyvers wayes very good contentation. And did so well ayre every parte of your house, as at your comming we thinke you shall fynde it seasonable for you." Years later, in 1591, she bought it from Arundel's heir and, until her death in 1603, spent several weeks of each year there.

The gardens, inspired by Italian gardens of the period, were among the pleasantest in England. There were a hundred and forty fruit trees, a maze, and an outdoor bath flowing with health-

pped there during her elaborate progresses about the his drawing is one of the few extant representations of ce, and was made in 1568 by a visiting Flemish artist, efnagel, who had trouble spelling "Nonsuch" in Latin.



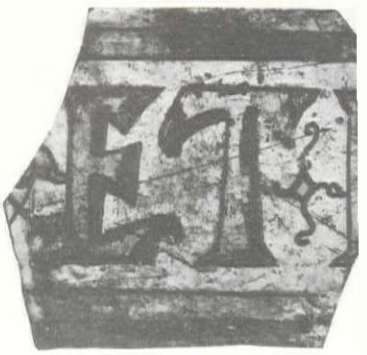
BY PERMISSION OF THE TRUSTEES OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM

giving waters from a spring, wherein the courtiers liked to bathe. There were many statues and fountains, Greek and Roman in inspiration, and an obelisk that, when passers-by happened to trip a secret spring, suddenly ejected streams of water and gave them an unexpected drenching. The park was full of deer, so many that the queen could sit in a pavilion and point to the one that she wanted the hounds to bring down. And for parties on long, warm summer evenings she could repair to the banqueting house, which stood atop a little rise in the park and overlooked the palace and its grounds.

Elizabeth was at Nonsuch in September, 1599, when Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, returned from the wars in Ireland, where he had disobeyed orders, and galloped down from London to see the queen before news of his behavior could reach her through his enemies. Their meeting is one of the dramatic encounters of English history and has often been described. Counting on his charm and the queen's affection for him to extricate him from a bad situation, Essex burst into Her Majesty's private apartments, having ridden all night, and found her not yet dressed—an old, vain woman caught without her wig and make-up. It could not have done his case any good. The queen received him with a rather ominous calm, listened briefly, raised him from his knees, and told him to come back later when he had changed out of his muddy clothes. Later was too late, as Essex knew. By that time the full story of his folly in Ireland had been told to the queen, and it started him along the road to the scaffold.

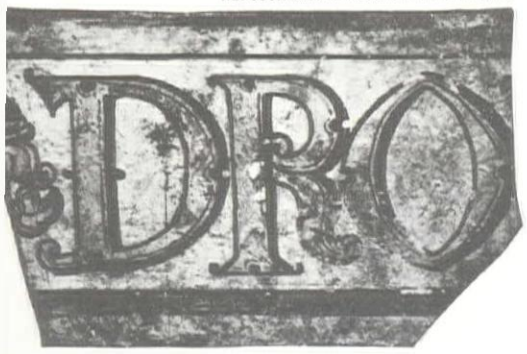
We can picture exactly what Nonsuch was like on that September day in 1599 because, just five days previously, a Swiss traveler, one Thomas Platter, had visited it and recorded many of the little details we would like to know. The palace, he wrote, was set in a broad green meadow, and all round it were tents, round or long, housing much of the court. "We ordered our coachman to draw up on the meadow and alighted, and by way of a long grassy avenue enclosed by wooden palings, made our way to the Royal Palace . . ." Platter and his party were ushered through the Outer and Inner courts and into the Royal Presence Chamber. This was hung with fine tapestries, and the floor strewn with straw or hay, covered by Turkish carpets where Her Majesty was to step. Surrounded by ladies-in-waiting, guards, and courtiers, the queen, "very straight and erect," sat on a low seat covered in red damask and gold, with a canopy above her head. She wore white satin with gold embroidery, and on her head "a whole bird of paradise as a panache" studded with jewels. She also wore huge round pearls and several glittering rings on her gloved hands. It was Sunday, and a preacher was standing before her delivering a sermon. ". . . she listened, not for long however, for since it was very warm and late and many people were assembled, she called one of the knights to come to her and commanded him while he knelt before her to sign to the preacher to draw to a close, as the time was going on . . ."

Then she withdrew, and the visitors were invited to watch



After Nonsuch was torn down at the end of the se century, bits and pieces of it either got buried or to embellish other houses. The three painted canv directly above, now in Losely Park at Guildfor

NONSUCH PALACE EXCAVATION COMMITTEE



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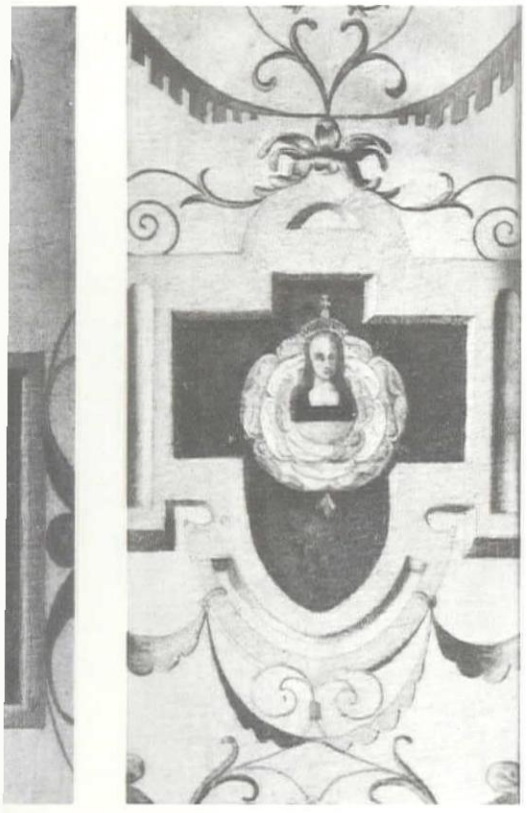


have come from Nonsuch. The panel at the left enry VIII's initials. At the top are fragments of glass decorated with the royal motto, "Dieu et mon *They were found during the excavations in 1960.*

lunch being served. Guardsmen wearing red tabards with the queen's arms embroidered in gold on the back carried in tables and trestles. After that forty more guardsmen entered, each bearing a dish. A lady-in-waiting cut a portion from each offering ("large joints of beef, all kinds of game, pastries and tarts") and gave it to the guard who had carried the dish. Then the dishes were sent in to the queen, accompanied by flagons of wine and beer, while musicians played to the empty table. After this, Platter and his friends were taken back to the tents and given a lunch of their own, for which they must have been extremely hungry.

After Elizabeth died, Nonsuch began a long, slow decay. James I called it "a lavish place of nonsense," and gave it to his unbeloved wife, Anne of Denmark, who seldom went there. Charles I did not care for it; times and tastes had changed, and Nonsuch, with its circusy, merry, preposterous atmosphere, was out of style. Its exuberant stucco decoration and its gorgeous, glittering scales were as unfashionable as Victorian gingerbread was a few years ago. "The very pearl of the realm," a sixteenth-century writer had called it; there had even been a "school of Nonsuch" in architecture, in furniture, and in elaborate interior carvings, such as chimney pieces. But now, in the seventeenth century, the old place was generally dismissed as a monstrosity.

Oddly enough, the sobersided Cromwellians liked it. After the execution of Charles I and the establishment of the Commonwealth, appraisers were sent down to see if the palace had any practical use. The resulting Parliamentary Survey of 1650 shows enthusiasm beyond the call of Puritan duty. The "frontespeece" of the palace, the commissioners reported, was "railed in with strong and handsome rayles and ballasters of freestone." From the park gate to this "frontespeece" (the gate of the Outer Court) ran "two faire ranks of trees." The commissioners particularly admired the plumbing—a lead cistern in the west turret from which water was piped throughout the royal apartments. In the privy garden they noted with surprise an unfamiliar bush called "Lelack," and did not quite approve of it because it bore "noe fruit but onely a very pleasant flower." The materials of the palace were evaluated at £7020, but the commissioners emphasized that the palace was "fitt for present use" and should not "bee demolished or taken downe." Several high-ranking Puritans applied to move in, and it finally fell to Thomas Pride of Pride's Purge.

Pride lived comfortably at Nonsuch from 1652 until his death in 1658. Whether it was an easeful death has not been recorded; had he lived two years longer, he would have shared the fate of many of his fellow regicides and been hanged, drawn, and quartered.

When Charles II came to the throne, he, too, disdained Nonsuch. Perhaps it struck him as a nice old-fashioned place of retirement for an elderly lady, because he gave it to his mother, the Dowager Queen Henrietta Maria. She, however, preferred her native France. In 1665, during the Great Plague in London, the Office of the Exchequer moved hastily to Nonsuch, bag and

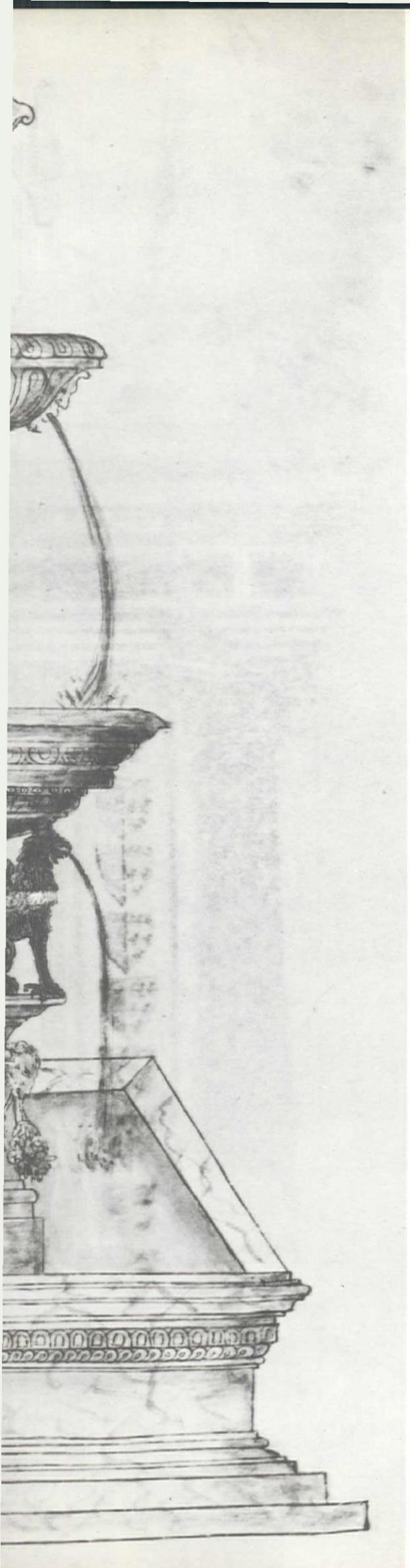
baggage, and the Surveyor General of the Victualling Office, who, as it happened, was Samuel Pepys, had several occasions to go there. "A fine place it hath heretofore been," he wrote in his diary. On one occasion he "walked into the ruined garden," where, not unpredictably, he made the acquaintance of a young girl, "a plain little girle, to sing very finely by the eare only, but a fine way of singing, and if I come ever to lacke a girle again I shall think of getting her."

The other great English diarist of the seventeenth century, John Evelyn, visited Nonsuch in January, 1666, and wrote "I supped in None-such house . . . and tooke an exact view of the plaster statues, and bass-relievos inserted twixt the timbers and puncheons of the outside walls of the Court . . . admire I did much how it had lasted so well and intire as since the time of Henry VIII, exposed as they are to the aire; and pitty it is they are not taken out and preserved in some dry place; a gallerie would become them. There are some mezzo-relievos as big as the life, and the storie is of the heathen Gods . . . the Palace consists of two courts, of which the first is of stone, castlelike . . . the other of timber, a Gothic fabric, but these walls incomparably beautified." He also noted that "scales of slate . . . preserved it from rotting like a coate of armour."

When the Exchequer moved to Nonsuch, all sorts of overdue repairs were pushed forward—new slates for the roof, new window panes, and so on. As in many a superannuated mansion of our day, humble office clerks now found themselves working in surroundings of decayed splendor. In the vast rooms thin partitions were thrown up to make offices; and instead of the notes of lute and lyre and hunting horn, the principal sound was the scratching of quill pens. When the Plague was over, the Exchequer went back to Westminster, but returned again, even more precipitously than before, when the Great Fire of London broke out (September 2, 1666) and again remained for several months.

After the death of Henrietta Maria, in 1669, the king decided to give Nonsuch to one of his mistresses, Barbara Villiers, Countess of Castlemaine. Barbara had been his mistress for a number of years; his eye was roving, and the gift of Nonsuch was in the nature of a divorce settlement. At the same time he also made her Countess of Southampton and Duchess of Cleveland, as well as Baroness of Nonsuch. Her eldest son by the king (she had had three royal bastards) and his male heirs were to inherit the property and titles. Various revenues came with all this which would have taken care of her handsomely had she not been fatally fond of gambling. An antiquated country house in constant need of repair was the last thing to interest her. She moved to Paris, where the gaming tables sat late and the stakes were high, and she ignored Nonsuch, which for a number of years had been under the official care of the Earl of Berkeley. Then, one disastrous evening in 1679, she lost £20,000 and all her jewelry. Hard-pressed for cash, she decided to tear down Nonsuch and

A large white marble fountain supported by griffins "spewing water with great violence" stood in the Inner Court. Reproduced here is a 1590 drawing of it.



LUMLEY INVENTORY, COLL. EARL OF SCARBROUGH; PHOTO COURTESY NONSUCH PALACE EXCAVATION COMMITTEE

sell every stick of it for whatever she could get. The Earl of Berkeley, however, behaving curiously like Sir Thomas Cawarden a hundred years before, now threw countless obstacles, legal and physical, in the way of the Duchess's emissaries when they came to pull down the palace and "dispark" the park. He managed to frustrate the Duchess for nearly ten years, on one occasion fending off an armed sally by one of her royal sons, the Duke of Grafton. Then, quite suddenly—there must have been behind-the-scenes forces at work—Berkeley accepted the arrears salary that was due him and moved meekly out. In a short time there were only ruins where "the very pearl of the realm" had stood, and farmers' teams were plowing in the disparked park.

What became of all the rubble? The Duchess soon found that there was not much sale for this sort of thing and abandoned it to any comer. Berkeley took some of the plaster reliefs, some building stone, and various odds and ends to use at his new and elegant manor, Durdans; some painted panels, still to be seen at Losely Park near Guildford (see pages 112–113), are believed to come from Nonsuch, and so are a few chests and chimney pieces of extravagant design which are scattered here and there; lead was melted down; and stone and timber turned up for years after in the walls of the villages roundabout. An eighteenth-century writer, extolling the attractions of the health spa of Epsom, remarked that the houses had been "beautified by the owners to the utmost of their ability, to which the ruins of Nonsuch Palace have contributed not a little."

Within a century, astonishing as it seems, the palace had disappeared so completely that no one could even say where it had stood. The park was all farm land and not so much as a stone remained above ground. Then, in 1959, the British Ministry of Works decided to excavate the site; and it took resolute delving into old records to determine the proper place to dig. An army of the Ministry's workmen, students, and amateur archaeologists supervised by professionals laid bare the foundations of the palace, as well as the earlier foundations of the village and church that Henry VIII had toppled to make room for his palace. Besides a wealth of broken sixteenth-century pottery and glass, and parts of the famous stucco bas-reliefs, there also came to light two thirteenth-century skeletons.

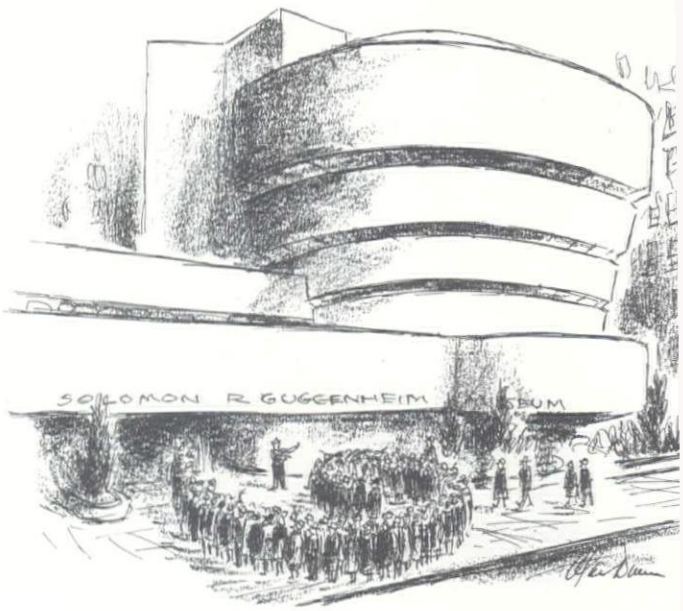
For three months of that summer the foundations lay exposed to view; then, because of the difficulty and expense of preserving them, they were covered up again. The finds were taken away and catalogued and the site handed back to the farmers who own it. Now that the voices of courtiers and workmen, kings and queens and archaeology buffs, all have died away, the skeletons, reinterred, have resumed the sleep that Henry interrupted.

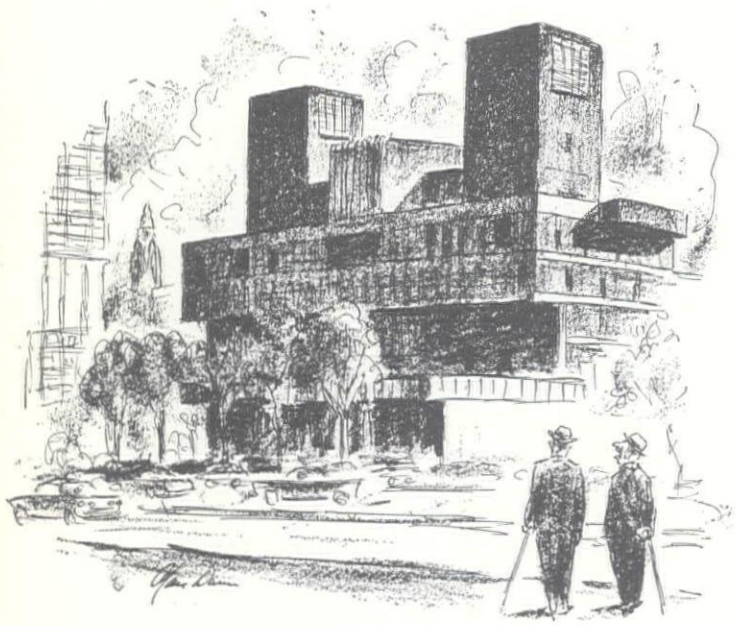
Mary Cable has written a number of articles for HORIZON *about the world's great palaces and pleasure domes. The most recent, on the Vanderbilt "cottages" at Newport, appears in the Autumn, 1965, issue. The Viking Press is collecting the entire series into a book, to be called* Dream Castles *and to be published this spring.*

Cracks on the Façade

Drawings by ALAN DUNN

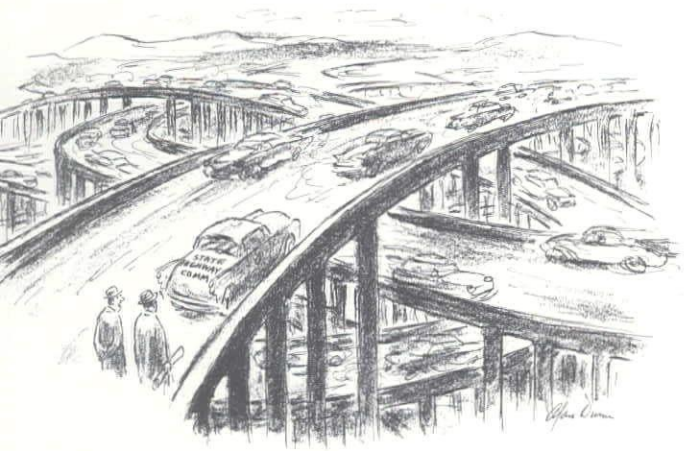
Though Alan Dunn is principally known as a regular cartoonist for *The New Yorker*, to readers of the venerable *Architectural Record* he is their gadfly in residence. For almost thirty years now, Dunn has been given this monthly safe conduct into the inner sanctums of a profession not generally noted for its amenability to lay criticism. His gentle, knowledgeable swipes are nevertheless received with excellent good humor, probably because no one could fail to recognize his underlying—and eagerly admitted—respect for good architecture. Dunn's review of favorite foibles includes the profession's fondness for sesquipedalian jargon, the form-function fixations of certain well-known architects, the shakiness of modern construction materials, and the ever uncoöperative client who persists in asking about costs and closet space when presented with the Grand Design. A selection of some favorites from the *Record* appears on this and the following four pages. Dunn's concluding comment on Urban Renewal—which often appears to be a scheme for Urban Removal—was drawn especially for HORIZON.



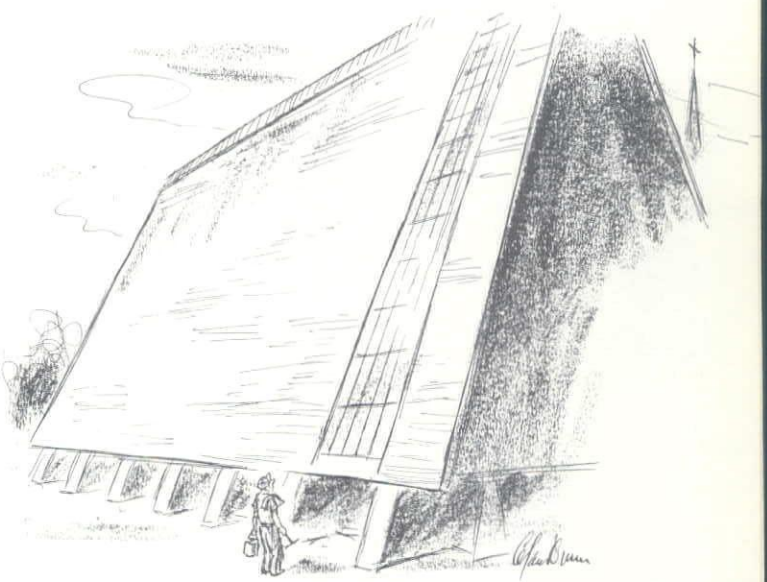


"I feel a little silly calling it 'the old alma mater.' "

"So, the more rational the structure, the more irrational the mural. Do I make myself clear?"



"You solved the Urban Center transportation problem perfectly, but, by the way, whatever became of the Urban Center?"

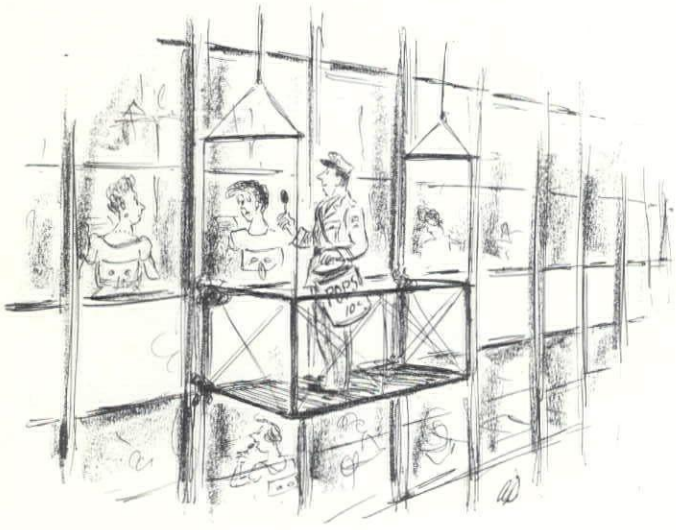


"The way they build partitions nowadays I'll never get my work done."

"Children!"

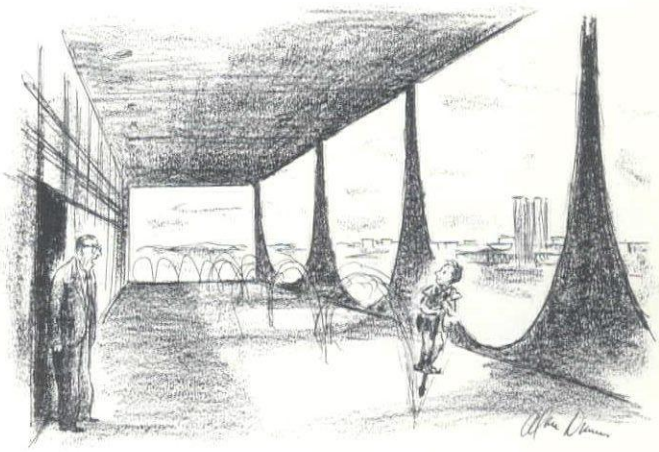
"There isn't a damn thing we can do—they claim it's Pop Architecture!"

"An antique! A real find! A genuine late-twenties Butterfly Roof!"

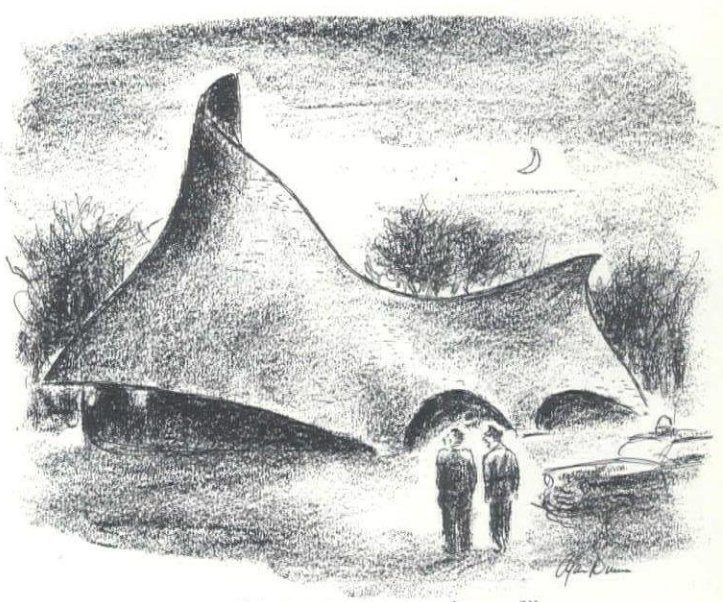


"You just can't talk to such people—I design her a synclastic shell in a space-matter continuum notable for the topological way it stated space in continuous relatedness and what do you think she wants?—*closet space!*"

"You and your 'sense of insecurity'!"



"Can't you think of other ways of having fun?"



"Are you *sure* you saw it move?"