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HORIZON

WINTER, 1972 · VOLUME IX, NUMBER 1

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HORIZON

WINTER, 1972 · VOLUME IX, NUMBER 1

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The Instant Decade

A recent cartoon in *The New Yorker* hit off very neatly the pervasive influence of mass communication in our time. Published during the 1970 New York elections, it showed a man with a newspaper commenting to his wife: "Rockefeller must be pouring money into his campaign. I'm beginning to feel an urge to vote for him." So it is with the mass media in general. A notion of sorts takes life, feeble enough at first but usable. It passes promptly from one editorial office to the next, is picked up and used by alert advertising agencies, is "bought" by a Hollywood mogul, aped by a television producer, incorporated by dress designers and manufacturers of children's toys. Before long, the little notion is planted from sea to sea, and we incline, hardly knowing why, to "feel an urge to vote for it," to make it our own. The result, often enough, is another instant public myth.

During the past twelve months, something of this sort has been happening with the 1950's. One day, perhaps, we hear someone remark that the 1950's seemed a pleasant time in retrospect. Next we hear tell in early 1971 that boys from Yale and Princeton are "chug-a-lugging" beer again in frank imitation of the "Eisenhower era" and loudly celebrating the memory of television's defunct *Howdy Doody.* Shortly thereafter, the mass media begins bombarding the public with rosy recollections of the decade. Even President Nixon subscribes to nostalgia as a new public virtue.

A modern myth has been created right before our eyes in less than a year's time: the new myth of the 1950's—that special time, a very short time ago, when our joys were allegedly unsullied, our problems happy problems; when trust and tranquillity prevailed in the land. People begin to remember the 1950's not as they recall them but as they have been re-created for them. This is what makes the newly minted myth of the 1950's so remarkable and so modern. It is a myth about a time that half the country has lived through, a myth, as it were, about the day before yesterday. Such is the pervasive influence of the modern system of mass communication when once it gets a notion. It can even do our remembering for us.

People often say that a mass-media phenomenon such as this merely mirrors popular sentiment. This

is true, however, only in a limited way. That people today might feel nostalgic for *something* is understandable enough. We have been through trying times these past several years. The urge to look back on happier days is naturally very strong. Left to our own devices, however, we would be nostalgic about a thousand different things. After all, if everyone simply waxed nostalgic over the scenes of his own childhood, as people generally do, the country today would be nostalgic about *every* decade of the present century. Why should a man of fifty care about a *Howdy Doody* revival when the puppet gave him a headache when he was a man of thirty? Why should a man of sixty look back with nostalgia on a decade that brought him smack into middle age?

Yet pervasive influences are at work. We are *not* left to our own devices. Our nostalgic impulses do *not* flow as they will. They are not mirrored in their variety by the mass media, they are squeezed into a narrow channel by the media, and television channels at that. Nostalgic for something, we are given the 1950's suitably packed for instant consumption. Instead of falsifying the past each in his own nostalgic way and doing nobody else any harm, we have the mass media falsifying everyone's past and doing truth, at least, a disservice.

Seeing the process of mythmaking so conspicuously at work this year, HORIZON asked Thomas Meehan to report on the 1950's, to examine the new, rosy myth in the light of the unrosy reality and to try to recapture something of the atmosphere of those days before the Great Revival gets entirely out of hand. The results of Mr. Meehan's useful labors begin on page 4. Such a historical essay as his will doubtless seem premature to many, yet this very prematureness is a sign of our times and a necessity of them. When historical myths can be fabricated before the very eyes of eyewitnesses, historians can no longer afford the luxury of waiting for their judgment to ripen. By then, the rest of us may well be lost in great thickets of instant mythology. —W.K.



Meehan: 1951 and today

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COVER: The painting of *A Lady with a Pink* (the pink, a flower that can symbolize betrothal, being unseen in this detail) hangs in New York's Metropolitan Museum. It is the work of Hans Memling, whose realistic but highly refined portraits mirror fifteenth-century Flemish society. The painter included likenesses of several fellow citizens of Bruges in his huge, complex Christmas pageant *The Seven Joys of Mary,* reproduced on pages 20–21 and discussed in an accompanying article by Shirley Tomkievicz.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, THE JULES S. BACHE COLLECTION, 1949



Must We Be Nostalgic About The Fifties?

Color the decade green, the color of chlorophyll;
sprinkle with freckles, like Howdy Doody;
add a smear of red lipstick, and put it in a sack.
What do you get? An Edsel

Thinking back on the 1950's, I'm inclined to observe that no decade could have been all good that gave us Roy Cohn, the hula hoop, *Peyton Place,* Jeff Chandler, the H-bomb, *Make Room For Daddy,* Pat Boone, Mickey Spillane, the Edsel, and "How Much Is That Doggie in the Window?" Still, as a vast wave of nostalgia for the 1950's sweeps the country, an enormous number of Americans are today looking back on the decade as a shimmeringly serene and happy time. As, in short, a sort of Golden Age.

Curiously, it is those under the age of thirty who are most nostalgic—many of the young who were until recently involving themselves with marijuana, the freaked-out look, and the hard-rock music of groups like the Jefferson Airplane are turning now to such customs of the fifties as beer drinking, wearing greased-back ducktail haircuts, and doing the Slop at sock hops to the early rock-'n'-roll records of Elvis Presley, the Fleetwoods, and Bill Haley and The Comets. And when "Buffalo Bob" Smith, the one-time master of ceremonies of *Howdy Doody,* a popular children's TV program of the fifties, makes personal appearances these days on college campuses, thousands of undergraduates jam into field houses to join with him in re-creating a typical *Howdy Doody* telecast that begins as everyone stands with misty eyes to sing a singularly simple-minded song entitled "It's Howdy Doody Time."

But a feeling of nostalgia for the fifties is not entirely the province of the young. Rosemary Clooney, in a tent-sized sack dress, looking as big as a 1952 Levittown house, can nightly be seen lumbering through a TV commercial for "The Fabulous Fifties," a three-album set of LP records of the so-called great song hits of the 1950's, that is, a collection of such offerings as Patti Page singing "Tennessee Waltz," Nat "King" Cole doing "Mona Lisa," and Miss Clooney herself batting out "Come On-a My House." And this commercial has resulted in the mail-order sale of millions of records, mainly to Americans of middle age and older. They, too, seem to long for the 1950's, for the time before the Kennedy assassinations, the Vietnam war, the Black Panthers, future shock, and Spiro T. Agnew.

The vogue of nostalgia for the fifties is unique in that the young, who have traditionally been too involved in the present and the future, represent the mass of those who are caught up in it. Why? Clearly, because the young find themselves profoundly turned off by present-day society. The rage for the fifties marks the first time, however, that such a craze has sprung up for so recent a decade, an era that was, really, only yesterday. But, of course, everything happens faster nowadays in America than it used to—next year, I suppose, everyone will be looking yearningly back to the 1960's.

I myself, by the way, feel scarcely the slightest twinge of nostalgia for the fifties. In fact, thinking back on the decade tends mainly to depress me. When the fifties began, I was nineteen years old, and so by the time they'd ended I'd inexorably got to be twenty-nine. For me, the fifties were years of college (at Hamilton College, in upstate New York), of the Army (two years as a draftee at Fort Dix, New Jersey, and in Stuttgart, Germany, during which I remarkably rose through the ranks from private to private first class), and of

Who was the joke on? *President Dwight D. Eisenhower covers his mouth after laughing "too loud" during a political trip in 1954. Blandness and respectability, the ruling passions of the anxious fifties, found their reassuring embodiment in the image of Ike.*

By THOMAS MEEHAN

coming to New York City from my childhood home in a small nearby town to make a struggling start as a writer. And never once in the fifties, as far as I can recall, did I ever watch *Howdy Doody*, attend a sock hop, or dance to "Tennessee Waltz."

What I do remember most vividly about the fifties is that, as the decade began, millions of Americans were gripped by an abject fear of being blown to smithereens by the Russians. In the late summer of 1949 the Soviet Union had successfully tested its first atomic bomb, and many here had at once assumed that "the Commie rats" were planning soon to mount a sneak nuclear attack on the United States. This fear of instant annihilation caused an edgy populace to behave in all sorts of curious, irrational, and even shameful ways. The first reaction of many, for instance, was to build back-yard atomic-bomb shelters that they stocked with flashlights, bottled water, and cases of cans of Franco-American spaghetti. Furthermore, the shelter builders threateningly let it be known, they'd use machine guns to keep neighbors out when the day of nuclear attack inevitably arrived.

As a mania for building bomb shelters swept the country, a number of construction companies, sensing that a killing, as it were, was to be made out of it, went into the business of turning out prefabricated shelters, complete with such niceties as wall-to-wall carpeting. As the shelter-building mania continued throughout the decade, people began to make a thing of seeing how long they could remain in their shelters without coming out. The record was set in 1959 by Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Mininson, a pair of Miami newlyweds who, as a publicity stunt ("fallout can be fun") for a Florida bomb-shelter builder, spent a fourteen-day honeymoon sealed 12 feet underground in an 8′ by 14′ steel-and-concrete shelter. The Mininsons reported upon coming up from their honeymoon that they'd passed the time of togetherness (a key word of the fifties) by playing gin rummy, and that they had no immediate plans for divorce.

No one knows exactly how many bomb shelters were built in the United States during the fifties, but the number was certainly hundreds of thousands, most of which have been abandoned today. Not long ago, when a friend of mine rented a house in the northern suburbs of New York, his landlord led him around back to show him the location of the water pump, which turned out to be in a bunkerlike concrete structure built into the hillside behind the house. My friend, noting an old bed in the bunker, asked what the place was. "Oh, this used to be a bomb shelter," replied the landlord with a sheepish grin. "You remember—the Great Fear." And, particularly in the early fifties, there was indeed a Great Fear in the United States, an epidemic of fright that even led briefly to something of a religious revival. Anyway, the best-selling book of nonfiction in the United States in 1952, 1953, and 1954 was the Bible.

Meanwhile, other millions of Americans, perhaps subconsciously paralyzed by fear, reacted to the threat of nuclear attack by pretending that it simply didn't exist. And, as a side effect of this attitude, they tended to become extraordinarily apathetic when it came to government or politics or such social problems as poverty and racial injustice. This apathy was especially characteristic of those of us who were college students in the fifties. Known as the "Silent Generation," we spent most of our time chug-a-lugging beer, staging panty raids, and seeing how many of ourselves we could cram into a Volkswagen or an outdoor telephone booth.

More than anything else, I think, we college students of the fifties were conformists who believed absolutely in the political and social status quo. And without giving it much thought, either. It never entered our minds to get mixed up in political campaigns, to involve ourselves in causes like civil rights, or to protest against anything. We thought alike in that we didn't think at all, and we made conscious efforts to look exactly alike in our Bermudas, our crew cuts, and our scuffed white bucks. Indeed, anyone who didn't conform, and who maybe even wore *clean* white bucks (the most outrageous heresy of all), was smugly deemed by us, in the slang of the fifties, to be either a creep, a yo-yo, a banana, a weenie, or a nebbish—in short, the oddball was not only bad news but also out to lunch. Nowadays, I wear a drooping mustache and fairly long hair, but in 1952 I would rather have been found dead on the front steps of Truax Hall at Hamilton College than to have been seen about campus with a mustache or in anything but a crew cut. In the fifties, freaks were not suffered lightly at colleges or anywhere else. When we got out of college, too, and were called up by the Army, we went. Unprotestingly. Without asking any questions of anyone, even though we were the victims of the first peacetime draft in the country's history. Never in our wildest dreams did we think of burning our draft cards or cutting out to Canada.

The fear of Russian nuclear attack, which grew gradually into a form almost of nationwide paranoia during the early fifties, also led President Truman, on January 31, 1950, to order American scientists to go ahead with the construction of the hydrogen bomb. Earlier, scores of the nation's most prominent scientists, including Albert Einstein and J. Robert Oppenheimer, had urged Truman not to allow the H-bomb to be built, but counterarguments from the Pentagon, Congress, the Atomic Energy Commission, and

Survival: *A Miami couple, Melvin and Maria Mininson, pose with gin-rummy hands and two weeks' supplies for a back-yard fallout shelter. They spent their 1959 honeymoon in it as a promotion stunt for a local builder, who doubtless went on to profit from the widespread public fear of Soviet nuclear attack.*



such atomic physicists as Edward Teller persuaded Truman finally to build the bomb. But, of course, not long after the United States successfully tested its first H-bomb (on November 1, 1952), the Russians built an H-bomb of their own, and the arms race between the United States and Russia was begun in earnest.

A number of historians and political analysts believe today that America in 1950 took Russia's sword-rattling threats of world domination somewhat too literally. And that a less jittery nation might have been able to have established a *détente* with the Russians. In any event, the ever-present danger of a nuclear holocaust is a long-term legacy to the 1970's from the frightened 1950's.

Our paranoiac fear of the Russians in the fifties also led to the formulation by American statesmen of a rigidly anti-Communist foreign policy that committed us to step in to halt Communist aggression wherever it might occur in the world. Thus, in the summer of 1950, we found ourselves plunged into the Korean War, and later, of course, the same policy led us into the Vietnam war. In a way, in fact, suggest many political scientists today, almost all the major catastrophes that have befallen the United States in recent years have happened as a long-term result of our fear of the Russians in the fifties and consequent hatred of anything that had to do in the least with Communism. Certainly, our nightmarish involvement in Vietnam came about because we've been led in recent years by men whose thinking in regard to the threat of Communist world domination became rigidly set in the nervous early years of the 1950's.

Of course, the fear of nuclear attack that obsessed so many Americans during the fifties was not entirely based on fantasy, for the nation was involved in a series of international crises in Europe, the Middle East, and Asia that could well have escalated into all-out atomic war with the Russians. On an evening in the autumn of 1956, during the Suez crisis, I remember walking along Fifth Avenue in New York as a low-flying jet roared suddenly overhead and thinking immediately, THIS IS IT. And millions of others experienced such moments of absolute terror during that edgy decade.

Our dread of Communism also created a nationwide climate of fear that made it possible for a man like Senator Joseph McCarthy to become one of the most famous, feared, and politically powerful figures in the country as a result simply of accusing scores of State Department and other government employees of being Communists. McCarthy, a Republican from Wisconsin, had been a relatively obscure junior member of the Senate until the night of February 9, 1950, when he made a speech at a Republican fund-raising dinner in Wheeling, West Virginia, during which, as he waved an unidentified document in his right hand, he charged, "I have here . . . a list of 205 that were known to the Secretary of State as being members of the Communist Party and who, nevertheless, are still working and shaping policy in the State Department." The speech made front-page headlines, and McCarthy, somewhat even to his own surprise, found himself suddenly vaulted into national prominence as "a battling crusader against Communism."

In the semihysterical spring of 1950 he seemed to lose no ground with his army of supporters, even when it was revealed that the document he'd held in his hand during the Wheeling speech had contained no list of names at all. Instead, he swiftly gained further hordes of followers when he went on to make a number of speeches on the Senate floor (where, of course, he was immune from the laws against slander and libel) in which he spoke of Secretary of State Dean Acheson as the "Red Dean," called Owen J. Lattimore, a State Department expert on the Far East, "the top Russian espionage agent in the United States," and described Philip Jessup, our ambassador to the United Nations, as a preacher of "the Communist Party line." During the next four years, while accusing literally hundreds of government officials of being either Communists or Communist sympathizers, McCarthy never produced legal evidence to back up a single one of his charges. Nonetheless, he succeeded in totally destroying the public careers of men like Lattimore, John Carter Vincent, and more than a dozen others.

In the autumn of 1953, at the height of his fame, McCarthy shifted his Communist-hunting attentions from the State Department to the United States Army. Then, in November, 1953, G. David Schine, a young investigator on McCarthy's staff and the heir to a hotel fortune, was drafted, and McCarthy, together with Roy Cohn, his twenty-seven-year-old chief legal counsel and adviser, at once demanded that the Army give Schine a commission. And if the Army didn't, Cohn allegedly threatened Secretary of the Army Robert T. Stevens, McCarthy would use his powers to "wreck the Army." The Army nonetheless refused to commission Schine, and instead publicly accused McCarthy and Cohn of attempted blackmail. McCarthy countered by charging that the Army, in order to shield Communists in its ranks, was using Schine as a "hostage."

On April 22, 1954, a Senate subcommittee, whose hearings were nationally televised, met to look into all this. And for the first time—as McCarthy mercilessly bullied witnesses, slandered even several of his fellow senators, and constantly disrupted the hearings by shouting "Point of order!"—the American people got an opportunity to see what the Senator was really like.

While I was fairly apolitical in those days, I'm at least able to report that I'd been repelled by McCarthy and his tactics since he'd first come on the scene. At the time of the Army-McCarthy hearings, as the televised subcommittee sessions came to be known, I was working for a magazine in New

York while waiting to be drafted, and I remember sneaking out of the office each afternoon to a bar with a TV set. The bar, like dozens of others all over midtown Manhattan, was as jammed as if the world series was going on. For weeks, too, as the hearings continued, all that anybody talked about in that crowded bar or anywhere else in New York was McCarthy, Roy Cohn, Schine, and Secretary Stevens. At parties, I recall, people constantly got into shouting arguments about which side was telling the truth, and many apparent liberals turned out in those days to be rabid McCarthyites. And if you didn't agree with them that McCarthy was right, then you were obviously a Communist.

As the hearings went on, however, McCarthy began gradually to reveal himself as an erratic if not even slightly psychotic demagogue. And along the bar, I remember, even those who'd most ardently supported him became more appalled each day at his vindictiveness and casual disregard for the truth. Certainly, the drama that unfolded for us in those days in that bar was far more absorbing than anything that was being turned out at the time for television. As we watched stunned and rapt, McCarthy each day unwittingly further unmasked himself, and so he was finally his own worst enemy, although he got a good deal of help toward the very end from Joseph Welch, a sixty-three-year-old New England lawyer who'd been hired by the Army as a special counsel for the hearings. McCarthy particularly damaged himself when he chose to accuse Fred Fisher, a young lawyer in Welch's Boston firm, of being a Communist because Fisher had once been a member of the National Lawyers Guild, an allegedly pro-Communist organization. "Until this moment, Senator, I think I never really gauged your cruelty or your recklessness," said Welch with tears in his eyes as he replied to McCarthy's charges against Fisher. "Fred Fisher . . . is starting what looks to be a brilliant career with us. . . . Little did I dream you could be so reckless and so cruel as to do an injury to that lad . . . I fear he shall always bear a scar, needlessly inflicted by you. If it were in my power to forgive you for your reckless cruelty, I would do so. I like to think I am a gentle man, but your forgiveness will have to come from someone other than me. . . . Let us not assassinate this lad further, Senator. You've done enough. Have you no sense of decency, sir? At long last, have you left no sense of decency?"

When Welch had finished speaking, McCarthy was, in effect, himself finished. A few months later, on December 2, 1954, the Senate voted 67 to 22 to censure him for his irresponsible behavior. But the decade produced others who became politically powerful from projecting images of themselves as crusaders against Communism. Why had the United States allowed Russia to take over all of eastern Europe in the aftermath of World War II? How had Russian spies been so easily able to steal America's atomic secrets? "Traitors in the high councils of our own government have made sure that the deck is stacked on the Soviet side," asserted none other than Richard M. Nixon, who in 1950 was a junior senator from California and who was soon to be elected Vice-President of the United States.

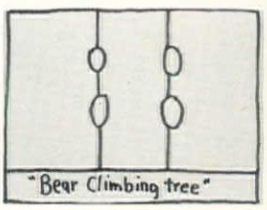
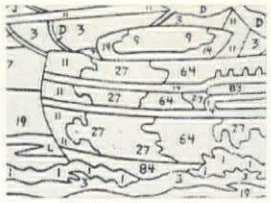
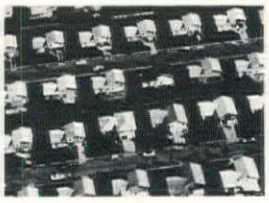
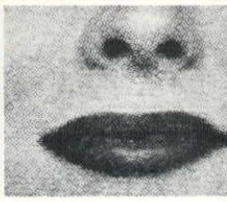
The early fifties were the heyday of the House Un-American Activities Committee and its ongoing witch hunt for Communists in the government and the arts. "Are you now or have you ever been a member of the Communist Party?" asked the committee at its hearings of hundreds of government employees, writers, artists, actors, and movie directors, including everyone from Alger Hiss to Humphrey Bogart, and many of those who refused to answer on constitutional grounds were cited for contempt of Congress and sent off to federal prison for a couple of years. And others who refused to co-operate with the committee, though perhaps not sent to jail, found themselves in disgrace and washed up in their careers. The mere fact of having been called before the committee was deemed by many to be sufficient evidence to prove that a man was a Communist.

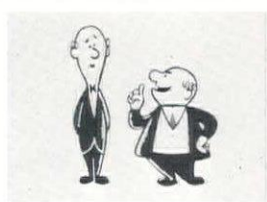
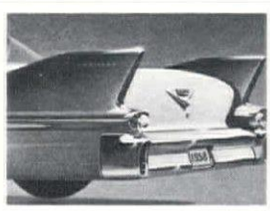
Most producers secretly kept copies in their desks of *Red Channels*, a booklet published in 1950 by a trio of former F.B.I. agents that listed 151 leading American actors, actresses, writers, musicians, directors, and others in show business who were allegedly Communists. And throughout the fifties, almost no one who was listed in *Red Channels*, a roster that read somewhat like a roll of honor of the American entertainment industry (among those listed, for example, were Arthur Miller, Lillian Hellman, Leonard Bernstein, Abe Burrows, Lee J. Cobb, Aaron Copeland, John Garfield, Lena Horne, Dorothy Parker, Edward G. Robinson, Artie Shaw, and Gypsy Rose Lee), could find any sort of work in television, radio, or the movies. And all because, according to *Red Channels*, they'd been involved in such "pro-Communist activities" as backing Henry Wallace for President in 1948, speaking out against Franco during the Spanish Civil War, and contributing money to campaigns against the poll tax in the South. In a saner time, saner men might have chucked *Red Channels* directly into the wastebasket, where it unquestionably belonged, but politically, the fifties were far from being a sane time.

Thus, hundreds were automatically presumed to be guilty rather than innocent, and guilty, too, of nothing more than holding minority political views. In short, as a result of their terror of Russia and Communism, a substantial number of Americans turned their backs totally on the basic precepts of their own Constitution, to a degree that prompted Fred J. Cook in a recent book about the era to speak of the fifties as "the nightmare decade."

As I've mentioned, our policy of containment of Communist aggression

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	1950	1951	1952	1953	1954
CRISES	 South Korea invaded	 Undeclared war with China	 Checkers: man puts bite on dog	 The Russian H-bomb	 Indochina: end as beginnin
FADS	 Flying saucer jitters	 Air-raid drills	 Male bag: panty raiders	 Droodles	 Crocketteer Arthur Fiedle
REBELS	 Gussie Moran's lace panties	 MacArthur: just fading away	 The Mau Mau	 Christine Jorgensen	 Brando: *The Wild One*
LEMONS	 *Stromboli:* bang or whimper?	 Branca, after Thomson h.r.	 3-D movies	 The Piltdown Man	 McCarthy, Schine, and Coh
CULTURE	 Jackson Pollock's drips	 Riesman's *Lonely Crowd*	 Dr. Peale's Dark Age sermon	 Painting by number	 Girl wonder Françoise Saga
COUPLES	 Liz Taylor and Nickie Hilton	 Frank Sinatra, Ava Gardner	 Liz and Michael Wilding	 Liberace and Mom	 Joe DiMaggio, Marilyn Monr
THE LOOK	 Togetherness: fraternites	 Poodle cut, skinny bow tie	 Adlai's shoe: liberal fetish	 Togetherness: the suburbs	 Lipstick: the wide red line
TV'S TOP SHOWS	 Berle: Texaco Star Theatre	 Texaco Star Theatre	 I Love Lucy	 I Love Lucy	 I Love Lucy

1955	1956	1957	1958	1959	
 Ike's heart attack	 The brink: Hungary and Suez	 Little Rock: belles, bayonets	 Mini-brinks: Quemoy, Lebanon	 The Great Kitchen Debate	CRISES
 Era's aspirin: Miltown	 Was she Bridey Murphy?	 Quiz shows: $64,000 sweat	 Hula hoop-la	 Togetherness: phone-booth cram	FADS
 James Dean	 Autherine Lucy at Alabama U.	 Orval Faubus: true grits	 Fidel Castro, guerrilla	 Pope John XXIII	REBELS
 Brando as Napoleon, *Désirée*	 Sir Anthony Eden	 McNamara's first Edsel	 Sherman Adams, vicuñaless	 The quiz show scandal	LEMONS
 Monologist Mort Sahl	 Pop idol Elvis Presley	 Beat novelist Jack Kerouac	 Classical heart throb Cliburn	 *Ben Hur:* Biblical rush hour	CULTURE
 Debbie and Eddie	 Monroe and Arthur Miller	 Mike Todd and Liz	 Harry and Burt Piel	 Eddie and Liz	COUPLES
 ermuda shorts: Madison Ave.	 High heels, pointed toes	 Cadillac fins	 The sack dress	 The Guggenheim Museum	THE LOOK
 I Love Lucy	 I Love Lucy	 The Ed Sullivan Show	 Gunsmoke	 Wagon Train	TV'S TOP SHOWS

TEXT CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

wherever it might occur led us in the summer of 1950 into the Korean War, a "police action" that lasted for slightly more than three years and resulted in the death of more than fifty thousand United States servicemen. The vast majority of the American people had little interest in the Korean War, however, for, perhaps to a degree justifiably, the fifties were a time of great selfishness in this country. As far as the average American was concerned, he'd done enough sacrificing for the national good during World War II, and he was eager now to get on with such peacetime pursuits as amassing enough money to buy a new Frazier, a house in the suburbs, and a 10" TV set.

So, in the summer of 1952, when the Republicans nominated Dwight D. Eisenhower for President and he at once promised to end the war if elected, millions of Americans, crying "I like Ike!", swung onto the Eisenhower bandwagon. The country had grown tired of Democratic rule, and besides, the Democratic candidate, Illinois's governor Adlai E. Stevenson, chanced to be an intellectual in an era of widespread distrust of intellectuals. In addition, too, many Americans were enraged at President Truman for having relieved General Douglas MacArthur of his command of our troops in Korea. Thus, with everything going for him, Eisenhower won the 1952 election in a landslide and swiftly ended the war by settling for a stalemate.

More than anyone else, Dwight D. Eisenhower was the quintessential American figure of the 1950's, and was in fact a kind of living symbol of the attitudes and style of the decade. Benevolent, paternal, though deemed by many to be rather unimaginative and something less than a brilliant thinker, Eisenhower radiated to the country from the White House a sense of old-fashioned morality, honesty, and Protestant virtue, as well as a rosy optimism about the nation's future. In a way, especially during the time that Eisenhower was President, the fifties were a peculiarly naive and innocent decade, an anachronistic throwback to pre-1929 America. Other than the problems of Russia and the spread of Communism, which Eisenhower appeared to have pretty well under control, the average American seemed to think in 1955 that the nation's only problems were to build more superhighways, to develop faster cars and planes, and to keep the Dow-Jones average on the rise. Once you could drive on eight-lane highways from New York to Los Angeles without encountering a stop light, many Americans simple-mindedly seemed to believe, the country would become all but a utopia.

Halfway through the fifties, in the summer of 1955, *Life* ran an article entitled "Nobody is Mad With Nobody," in the text of which, next to photographs of things like two-car suburban garages marked "His" and "Hers," the magazine suggested that just about everybody in the United States was absolutely delighted with himself and his way of living. After all, *Life* pointed out, the country was not only at peace but was also in a period of unprecedented prosperity—there was full employment, the stock market had recently broken through its highest 1929 levels and was still going up, and millions of Americans had more money and more material goods than ever. Nirvana, hinted *Life,* was just around the corner, and it is perhaps this halcyon mid-decade period that the young are today remembering with such feelings of nostalgia.

In 1956, as nobody continued to be mad at nobody, Eisenhower again won the Presidency in a landslide over Stevenson, and under his benign rule during the last years of the decade political and social apathy tended to grow increasingly widespread, as most of the country's real problems—like poverty, racial inequality, organized crime, juvenile delinquency, the environment, and the rapid deterioration of the cities—were either totally ignored or swept quietly under the carpet.

During his time in the White House the personal style of whoever chances to be President often seems almost mystically to become the style of much of the nation. And Eisenhower's style—old-fashioned, conservative, anti-intellectual, and hopelessly square—was certainly the style of America from 1952 to 1959. A paint-by-the-numbers rendering of the Last Supper *is* Eisenhower. And so, perhaps, is a two-toned 1958 Buick with tail fins.

While the automobiles and other consumer products of the fifties were a triumph of bad design and worse taste, so were most of the houses that Americans built and moved into during the decade. All across the country, as the home-construction industry boomed, millions of look-alike development houses were hastily put up in once-green countryside to create the characterless new suburbs of post-World War II America. In 1950, for instance, some 1,400,000 new houses were built in the United States, most of them similar to the ticky-tacky sort of thing that William Levitt was erecting by the thousands each year in Levittown, Long Island—four-room-plus-attic houses on tiny lots that, complete with refrigerator, stove, clothes washer, backyard barbecue, and a 12 1/2" TV set built into the living-room wall, sold for $7,990 apiece.

I grew up in Suffern, New York, which is a small town in Rockland County, west of the Hudson River. In the 1930's and 1940's Suffern might as well have been in the Middle West, for it was a quiet village of maple-lined streets that was surrounded for miles in every direction by woodlands, farms, and apple orchards. For a time, I remember, we lived in a house by a small, fresh-water lake called Lake Antrim,

CREDITS FOR PAGES 10–11: CRISES: 1950: NEW YORK *Post*, © 1950, N.Y. POST CORP.; 1951, 1956: *The New York Times;* 1952, 1955, 1957, 1958: UPI; 1953, 1959: WIDE WORLD; 1954: HOWARD SOCHUREK, *Life*, © TIME INC. FADS: 1950, 1951, 1952, 1954, 1956, 1957, 1958: UPI; 1953: KEN MUNOWITZ; 1955: WALLACE LABORATORIES; 1959: WIDE WORLD. REBELS: 1950, 1951, 1952, 1953, 1954, 1955, 1957, 1958: WIDE WORLD; 1959: BROWN BROS. LEMONS: 1951, 1954, 1955, 1956, 1958: UPI; 1953: THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY; 1957: FORD MOTOR CO.; 1959: NEW YORK *Post*, © 1959, N.Y. POST CORP. CULTURE: 1950: METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART; 1951, 1956, 1957, 1958: UPI; 1952: PRENTICE-HALL, INC.; 1953: CRAFTINT MANUFACTURING CO.; 1955: M. J. DAIN; 1959: METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER INC. COUPLES: 1950, 1951, 1952, 1953, 1954, 1956, 1957, 1959: UPI; 1955: WIDE WORLD; 1958: PIEL BROS. THE LOOK: 1950: LEONARD MCCOMBE, *Life*, © TIME INC.; 1952: WIDE WORLD; 1956: UPI; 1958: BROWN BROS.; 1959: SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM. TV'S TOP SHOWS: 1951–59: CULVER PICTURES (BASED ON NIELSON RATINGS THAT APPEARED IN *Advertising Age*).

and in summers my brothers and I went swimming each day in the lake and often in the evenings fished off its banks for bass and catfish. As late as 1949 Suffern, and all of Rockland County, in fact, was remote, rural, and serene—the sticks. And then came the 1950's, when the New York State Thruway was built on a route that cut Suffern in two. By the time they'd finished the Thruway, in fact, there was almost nothing left of the lake, and so the Thruway Authority big-heartedly presented Suffern with a municipal swimming pool to take its place.

Once the Thruway was opened, and Rockland County had thus become within an hour's commuting drive of New York, thousands and thousands of Levitt-style houses were put up all over the county. Today, when I on occasion go back to visit Suffern, driving along what were once two-lane country roads and are now nightmares of Esso stations, supermarkets, Dairy Queens, discount stores, and hamburger stands, I hardly recognize the place in which I grew up.

Many of those who moved out in the fifties from the cities into places like Rockland County and Levittown became curiously conservative in their outlook on politics and social problems. The new suburbanite turned his back on the blacks and others whom he'd left behind in the decaying cities. And this typically fifties attitude, which persists today, of course, created a new balance of political power in America that enabled Richard Nixon nearly to win election in 1960, Barry Goldwater to get the Republican Presidential nomination in 1964, and Nixon then to win the Presidency in 1968. Or so, at least, claim such leading political analysts as Elmo Roper and Kevin Phillips.

In the fifties not only were the automobiles and the houses ugly-looking but so indeed were most of us. In 1950, for some reason, American women began wearing their hair in an exceedingly short, tightly curled, and decidedly unflattering hairdo known as the poodle cut. And as the poodle cut was succeeded around 1955 by the Italian cut, the rage for short hair mysteriously lasted throughout the decade. With their unattractive hairdos, American women of the fifties wore equally unattractive fire-engine-red lipstick, Max Factor pancake make-up, and shapeless dresses that hung drably several inches below the knee. Dress design in the fifties, in fact, went from one disastrous look to another, as the tube dress was followed by the sack dress and then by a vogue for wearing crinoline petticoats under bell-shaped skirts.

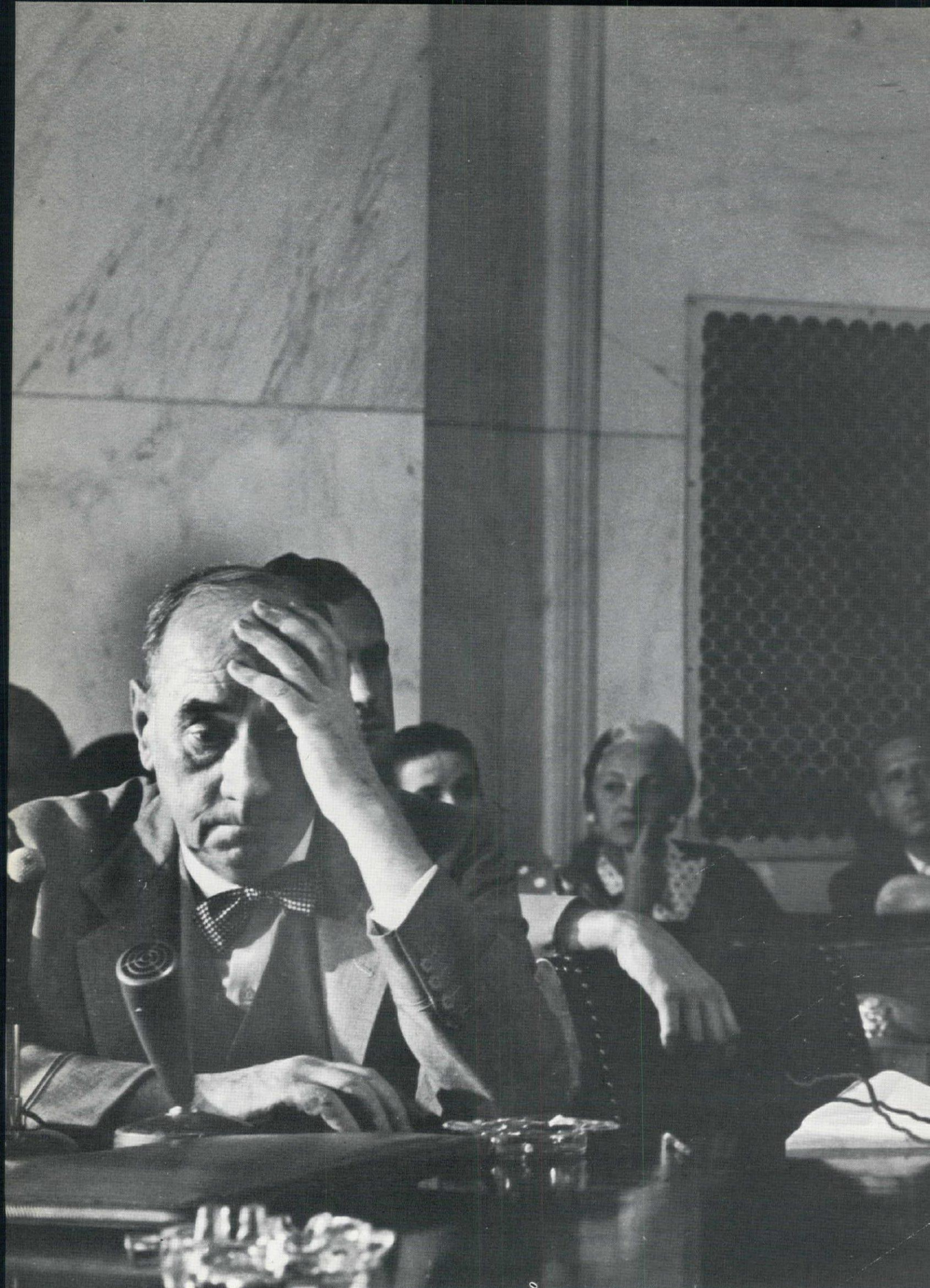
The men of the fifties wore their hair either in flat-topped crew cuts or, in the case of the younger, rebel-without-a-cause motorcycle types, in long, brilliantined sweepbacks known as ducktails. And men's clothes of the fifties were typified on the one hand by the Madison Avenue look (a conservatively-cut charcoal-gray-flannel suit worn with a skinny bow tie, a buttoned-down pink shirt, and a narrow-brimmed olive-green hat), and on the other hand by the garb of Middle Western collegians (pegged pants with wide cuffs, two-toned, padded-shoulder jackets, and Hawaiian-style sport shirts worn open at the neck).

Thus, in the way that people looked and dressed, in the cars that they drove, in the houses that they lived in, and in a myriad of other day-to-day aspects of life, the fifties were egregiously a Golden Age of kitsch. Formica in the kitchen, barbecue grills in the backyard, hula hoops, *Confidential*, Davy Crockett hats, ankle bracelets, Barbie dolls, Metrecal soups, and a plastic pink flamingo on the postage-stamp-sized suburban front lawn. The memory of it all, to lapse again into the slang of the fifties, is enough to make one want to toss one's cookies, upchuck, and barf.

When the young get nostalgic nowadays about the fifties, they become particularly misty-eyed about the popular culture of the decade, and especially about the popular music. Nonetheless, when listened to with any sort of objectivity, the popular music comes across strongly as yet another of the disasters of the decade. And this judgment holds true for both types of music that were popular in the fifties—for the banal, sweetish sound of Teresa Brewer singing "Till I Waltz Again with You" or of Patti Page warbling "Mockin' Bird Hill" as well as for the raucous rock-'n'-roll sound of Bill Haley and The Comets beating out "Rock around the Clock" or of Elvis Presley doing "All Shook Up." Rock-'n'-roll, bursting onto the scene in 1955, had some vitality and excitement to it, which is why, of course, it became so quickly popular with the teenagers of the fifties, who'd been all but slumping asleep over their phonographs while trying to listen to Perry Como singing "If." Still, most critics of rock, like Mike Jahn and Ellen Willis, agree that rock-'n'-roll music of the fifties is crude, sledge-hammer simple, and unformed when compared with the music it became in the sixties when it was taken up, refined, and transformed.

The young are also deeply nostalgic about television of the fifties, though it's difficult to understand why. Of course, the schlock culture of one's childhood tends to take on a peculiar importance as one grows older, for even the worst of it, from *Voodoo* comic books to *Space Cadet*, becomes fondly connected in memory with a youthful time of uncomplicated happiness. That is, watching a 1953 kinescope of *Howdy Doody* is as perhaps as evocative of their childhoods to some these days as Proust's bite of *madeleine* was to him. Nonetheless, let it be unequivocally stated that television of the 1950's, with a few exceptions, was absolutely awful, as most of it still is today, of course. In the early fifties, however, television was a relatively new medium, and the rigid forms into which commercial TV became set and has remained set (e.g., the family situation comedy, the western, and the detective-adventure program) evolved as the result of attitudes of the fifties—

TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 16



Confrontation of the decade: *Senator Joseph McCarthy harangues and Joseph Welch listens resignedly during the 1954 Army-McCarthy hearing*



When the soft-spoken Welch tearfully asked: "Have you no sense of decency, sir?" the watching nation applauded, and Sen. McCarthy was undone.

ROBERT H. PHILLIPS, *Life* © TIME INC.

TEXT CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

political conservatism, a fear of nonconformity, anti-intellectualism, and a rampant materialism that manifested itself in an obsession with ratings. Thus, the debasing mindlessness of much of commercial television in the 1970's is yet another long-term legacy to us from the 1950's.

I am one of that generation, young before television, who spent much of their childhoods in the dark of small-town movie theatres. In Sufern, the Lafayette Theater changed its double feature three times a week, and I turned up at the theatre whenever the show changed. In short, year after year, I saw six movies per week, or more than three hundred movies per year. Thus, by osmosis, I became and remain something of an expert on the American movie. And so I feel I can say with some authority that in the fifties, when I continued out of sheer habit to see at least four movies per week, Hollywood made some of the most positively rotten movies in its history. In fact, not even the most nostalgic of the young today have much use for them.

In the early fifties, when television began to lure millions of filmgoers away from the movie theatres, Hollywood took desperately to turning out wide-screen Technicolor epics that were intended to be so spectacular that everyone would rush from his tiny TV set back downtown to the Lafayette to see them. The result, however, was such monuments to tedium as *Quo Vadis, The Robe, The Ten Commandments, Ben Hur,* and *Alexander the Great.* Meanwhile, too, Hollywood also attempted to get TV viewers back into the theatres by experimenting with all sorts of gimmicks, like movies made in Cinerama, Smell-O-Vision, Emerge-O, and 3-D. The craze for 3-D was responsible, if for nothing else, for the filming of what was certainly the worst movie of the decade: *Bwana Devil.*

Of course, even the harshest of our film critics concede that a few good movies were made by Hollywood in the fifties, among them *On the Waterfront, From Here to Eternity, A Place in the Sun, African Queen, A Streetcar Named Desire,* and *Strangers on a Train,* but it's nonetheless generally agreed that the overall quality of the majority of Hollywood movies was far below that of earlier decades. Just as youthful fans of popular music turned away from the Perry Como sound to rock-'n'-roll, moviegoers in the fifties turned to foreign films. And a list of some of the leading Hollywood movie stars of the fifties is enough to strike a chill into the heart of *cinéastes* everywhere—Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Kim Novak, Tony Curtis, Rory Calhoun, Rock Hudson, Debra Paget, Robert Wagner, Ruth Roman, Doris Day, Tab Hunter, John Lund, Debbie Reynolds, Ann Blyth, and Keefe Brasselle.

On the other hand, the movies of the fifties also gave us Marilyn Monroe, Marlon Brando, and James Dean. Dean, who was killed in an automobile accident on September 30, 1955, at the age of twenty-four, is a particularly interesting figure of the fifties, for in films like *Rebel Without a Cause* and *East of Eden* he created a character who reflected the earliest stirrings of an emerging disaffection among the youth of America with their affluent and materialistic parents. The character was that of a confused, restless, and yet profoundly moral young man who finds himself alienated not only from his well-to-do parents but also from all of adult society, which he views as moneygrubbing, life-hating, and hypocritical. In 1955, when Dean made *Rebel Without a Cause,* the character of the teen-age boy in the film mirrored the feelings of only a relative handful of America's young, while by fifteen years later he represented the attitudes of an entire generation of youth. In short, the rebel without a cause had become a rebel with a great number of causes, and a single James Dean had mushroomed into millions of James Deans.

So, in a sense, the James Dean character might be used as an objective correlative to sum up the 1950's, for more than anything else it was a decade of beginnings and germinations, of isolated instances and tentative moments that were enormously to multiply and to expand in the 1960's and 1970's. On December 5, 1955, for example, the Negroes of Montgomery, Alabama, under the leadership of Dr. Martin Luther King, began a boycott of the city's segregated public-bus system, a seemingly local black protest against white injustice that grew in the 1960's, of course, into a massive movement throughout the country for black civil rights that in one way or another altered the lives of millions. The 1950's may thus be seen as a time of calm before the storm, a period of surface tranquillity beneath which all sorts of major problems were, like undetected cancers, left to grow insidiously.

And so, should anyone really prefer to be living back in the 1950's instead of the 1970's? I don't think so, for if nothing else, we've at least so far survived the heritage left us by the fifties. Today, I live with my wife and two small children in an old house in the woods of northwestern Connecticut, in a landscape not unlike that of my childhood in Rockland County. In a sense, I suppose, I've retreated backward into the 1930's, but on the other hand, my concerns are just about entirely those of the present and the future. And the fifties, which I'd agree finally with Fred J. Cook were a "nightmare decade," are a time that I don't choose to dwell on. Not ever again. Jo Stafford, Dick Clark, Sandra Dee, Buffalo Bob, President Eisenhower, and "Teen Angel," good-bye.

Folk culture: *Milton Berle, who emptied the nation's movie theatres every Tuesday night in the early fifties, reaches for a laugh on his top-rated* Texaco Star Theatre, *a weekly mélange of aged vaudeville stunts, hoary jokes, and pratfalls. "Uncle Miltie" satisfied supremely the prevailing hunger for all that was cozy, familiar, and safe.*





By J. H. PLU

POLITICAL PORNOGRAPH

Even ten years ago it would have been unthinkable—a picture of Queen Elizabeth II talking with the Duke of Edinburgh and, caught in a bubble above her head, an extremely salacious double entendre. This supposed exchange (like the one on the opposite page) was recently on the front cover of *Private Eye*, a semi-underground British biweekly that produces a mixture of sharp political comment, schoolboy satire, and smut: sometimes funny, always disturbing. The prime minister, the royal family, press barons, industrial magnates, and, of course, generals and admirals are treated with a scurrility that borders on libel, and sometimes is. Yet the circulation grows. Victims denounce it, and denounce the permissiveness of a society that allows it to flourish. But—and this is most important—although most men and women mildly disapprove, few are sufficiently outraged to insist on action.

This phenomenon, of course, is not peculiar to England. *Private Eye* owes a great deal to America's underground press. The shock in these papers always comes, not from the satire, but from the pornography. Indeed, pornography becomes really explosive and, I suspect, much more corrupting when it is applied to politics. Most people regard pornography as something to satisfy the prurient curiosity of the sex-starved or the deviant. However, pornography of a purely sexual nature, as the experience of Denmark seems to demonstrate, has little or no effect on society or r als. Political pornography is quite other matter, yet no one notices extent or its past results.

Hatred of institutions, hatred of garchy, hatred of despots and tyra hatred of one class for another– have found expression in a variety ways, from complex theoretical a ments to biting denunciations by ir lectuals. There can be few more sav lines than those of Shelley on George and his sons.

An old, mad, blind, despised, and dying king
Princes, the dregs of their dull race, who flow
Through public scorn— mud from a muddy spring,
Rulers who neither see, nor feel, nor know,
But leech-like to their fainting country cling.



Sexual politics, 1809, as lampooned by Thomas Rowlandson: the Duke of York's mistress secures his patronage for a long list of her "friends," who in turn paid her for the promotions thus procured.

But this was good honest critic compared with the vituperation filth that had been poured on Louis X and, more especially, on Marie An nette in the years before the Revo tion of 1789. French political porn raphy was, of course, clandestine. police did what they could to stop but they failed; for the profit was great, the demand so insatiable, t the underground routes between printers in Switzerland and the distr utors in Lyon and Paris were well ganized and protected. Packages w usually shipped under the all-embr ing code name *"livres philosophique* and, indeed, the banned books the philosophes often made up a p of the contraband.

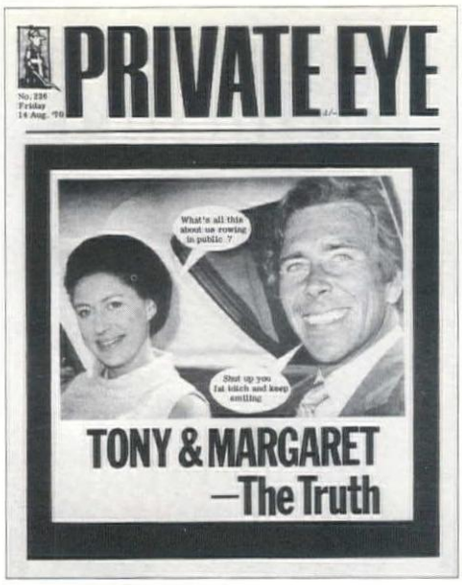
But these intellectual and philoso ical criticisms of the monarchy ne compared in number with the porn graphic novels and squibs. One of t most popular clandestine novels w *Les amours de Charlot et Toinette.* It a very explicit, very scabrous accou in which Marie Antoinette, scarc disguised at all, is portrayed as a ra paging sensualist, allowing nothing

stand in the way of her gratification. As Robert Darnton of Princeton has written, this book was far more widely read than Rousseau's *Social Contract,* and certainly had a far more powerful effect in discrediting the French monarchy. Just before the Revolution, tons of political pornography swamped the clandestine booksellers of Paris, and the chief characters of these obscene tales were always the scarcely disguised figures of the king—fumbling, impotent, cuckolded—and Marie Antoinette —insatiable, wanton.

A hundred years previously, in the reign of Louis XIV, the purveyors of such political pornography would rapidly have found themselves in the Bastille. And there would have been less of a market, too, for Louis XIV enjoyed immense respect as the symbol of the dignity and glory of France. This does not mean that Louis XIV was not a target for gossip. There is, however, a world of difference between political pornography and political smut. At Versailles in Louis's day there were plenty of dirty jokes about Mme de Maintenon, and lurid tales of his effeminate brother and his catamites. But this was only the gossip of the *couloirs,* not political pornography for the mass market.

The function of such tales is an essential one in all circles of power; they provide a release for the envy and malice of those on the fringes. These people gain a sense of being on the inside from gossiping about a senator, for example, just as a seventeenth-century provincial aristocrat felt in the know when he heard what Mme de Maintenon reportedly said to her confessor. That is political smut, but it rarely gets into print in a democratic society and never in an autocratic world.

Political pornography is far rarer in human history than political smut, and much more dangerous for the society in which it burgeons. Indeed, Louis XIV's great rival, England, was already suffering from a mild outburst—one that took more than a hundred years to eradicate. Its steady survival



Private Eye

Latter-day tattle: Alleged marital woes of royalty are publicized by a British magazine.

was guaranteed by two factors: an uncensored press exploiting an expanding market, and a widespread feeling that the institutions of government were indifferent to the needs and aspirations of most sections of society. The restoration of the monarchy in 1660 took place in a blaze of sentiment and hope, but within a few years sharp and violent criticism of Charles II and his court began to appear. Pepys himself was worried by the attacks on the promiscuity of the king's friends that he heard and read in London.

Soon, ribald manuscript poems were circulating widely; after press censorship went out in the 1690's, writers and cartoonists became bolder. And once the Hanoverians came to the throne in 1714, the attacks grew bolder yet and an ominous new note was struck—not only the court and courtiers were pilloried, but also officers of the state, the prime minister, Sir Robert Walpole, and the government itself. A popular cartoon of the 1730's depicts the unbreeched royal backside of George II descending toward the expectant face of Walpole: a mild obscenity, perhaps, by modern standards, but in the context of the eighteenth century, with its natural reverence for monarchy and aristocracy, it was shocking.

As decade followed decade the cartoons and the ballads and stories became more virulent. In the deluge of pornography, George III's minister, Lord Bute, was even depicted as the king's mother's lover. Now and again a printer was caught and punished, but most people either actively enjoyed it or remained indifferent to it. They half believed what they were told because they had ceased to revere a monarchy that led them from disaster to disaster. They had ceased to respect a Parliament that was bent more on self-indulgent place-seeking than on ending the disastrous war in America, either by winning it or by simply accepting defeat. Many people felt that the whole world of government was corrupt to the core and that all it deserved was an obscene laugh.

Most of the French felt the same way about their government in the decade before the Revolution, for political pornography represents a widening chasm between the governors and the governed. Interestingly it vanished after the Revolution of 1789; so too did it vanish in Victorian England, when a fresh identity was discovered between the institutions of government and the nation.

And now it has come back again: queen and president, prime ministers and senators, wherever we turn in the proliferating underground press, there they are—the cruelly exposed victims of political pornography. It is pointless to blame the corruption of youth, the radicalization of the intellectuals, or the permissiveness of the age. The causes go deeper. Political pornography flourishes only when the governed increasingly lose respect for the institutions of government. It is the people, the mass of the people, who choose to tolerate or remain indifferent to political pornography. Societies, not governments, are responsible for political as well as private morals. But all governments spattered with political pornography would do well to ask themselves, like parents of deviant children, where they have failed. After all, no one wanted to depict Sir Winston Churchill or Jack Kennedy with his trousers down, or Queen Victoria in bed with her gillie John Brown.



ANATOMY OF A MASTERPIECE

HANS MEMLING'S CHRISTMAS PAGEANT

This panorama of the Nativity and other momentous events is the work of a Flemish master who may have found his model in medieval stagecraft and in the pomp of the Burgundian court

By SHIRLEY TOMKIEVICZ

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS: ALTE PINAKOTHEK, MUNICH—BLAUEL



JOURNEY OF THE MAGI

A. The Magi observe the star of Bethlehem
B. They meet at the crossroads
C. They enter Jerusalem, speak with Herod
D. On the road to Bethlehem
E. Adoration of the Christ Child
F. They journey to the sea
G. Embarkation and departure

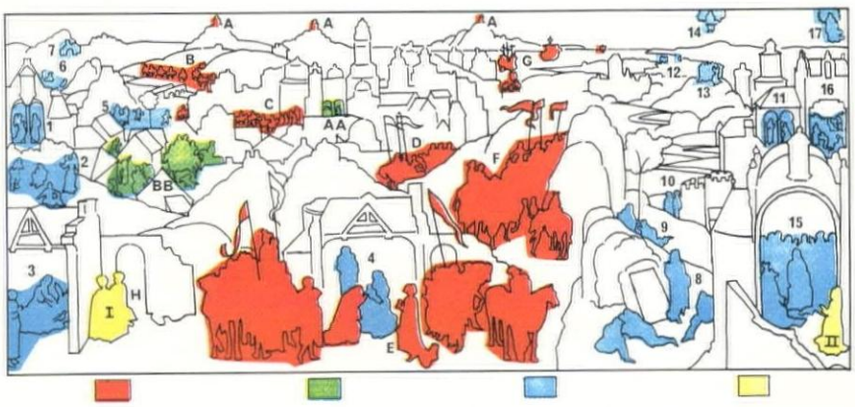
HEROD

AA. He consults his advisers
BB. He observes the Massacre of the Innocents

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF CHRIST AND THE VIRGIN

1. The Annunciation
2. Annunciation to the shepherds

THE SEVEN JOYS OF MARY



JOURNEY OF THE MAGI — HEROD — CHRIST AND THE VIRGIN — DONORS

3. The Nativity
4. Adoration of the Christ Child
5. Miracle of the wheat
6. Mary and the date palm
7. Fall of the heathen idols
8. Christ arisen
9. Christ appears to Mary Magdalen
10. The holy women
11. Christ appears to Mary
12. Christ on the Lake of Tiberias
13. Christ with the disciples at Emmaus
14. The Ascension
15. Pentecost
16. The death of Mary
17. The Assumption

THE DONORS

I. Peter Bultinc and his son
II. Dame Bultinc

The joyous and festive work reproduced on the preceding pages and seen in the details on the following pages is a pageant as much as a painting, a dramatization of holy events in a landscape that might accommodate the revelry of a Midsummer Eve. Exactly what is going on is hard to sort out at first glance. Surely it is Twelfth-night, for what can only be the Magi and the Holy Family are in the forefront of the action. Yet it must be Christmas Day as well, for to the left of the throng at center is a radiant Nativity scene, observed through a window by two men in black. What is the city that sits in mid-landscape like a crown? Jerusalem, no doubt, for such a skyline can only denote the home of kings.

It quickly becomes apparent that the space we see is not realistic, nor are the events simultaneous. The chief event depicted is the journey of the three Wise Men. It begins in the farthermost distance, with each man perched on his respective mountaintop observing a star. The three join forces in the foothills; then they appear inside the walls of Jerusalem with King Herod and continue to Bethlehem, where they play their scene and depart, winding their way down to the sea to embark for home. But there is much else besides the Magi. We see a flight into Egypt, a resurrected Christ, two annunciations, one ascension, one assumption, and assorted other miracles, all of them mingled with such everyday sights as horses drinking from a pool, boatmen plying a river, birds on the wing. No satisfactory title is known for this felicitous creation by the fifteenth-century master Hans Memling. *The Seven Joys of Mary* is traditional if inaccurate, for Mary's seven joys are specified by church tradition, and Memling has omitted a few.

Memling finished the painting in 1480, and it was hung in the Chapel of the Tanners in Notre-Dame of Bruges. It was commissioned by a wealthy member of the Tanners' Guild, Peter Bultinc, who is portrayed as the fore-



The annunciation to the shepherds



most of the two observers at the Nativity. Behind him stands his son; his wife, oddly enough, has been relegated to the opposite side of the painting and given a chained monkey for a companion. (No one knows what Memling had in mind here, but monkeys were often used as a symbol of stinginess: perhaps Dame Bultinc was reluctant to spend whatever it cost to have Memling immortalize her.)

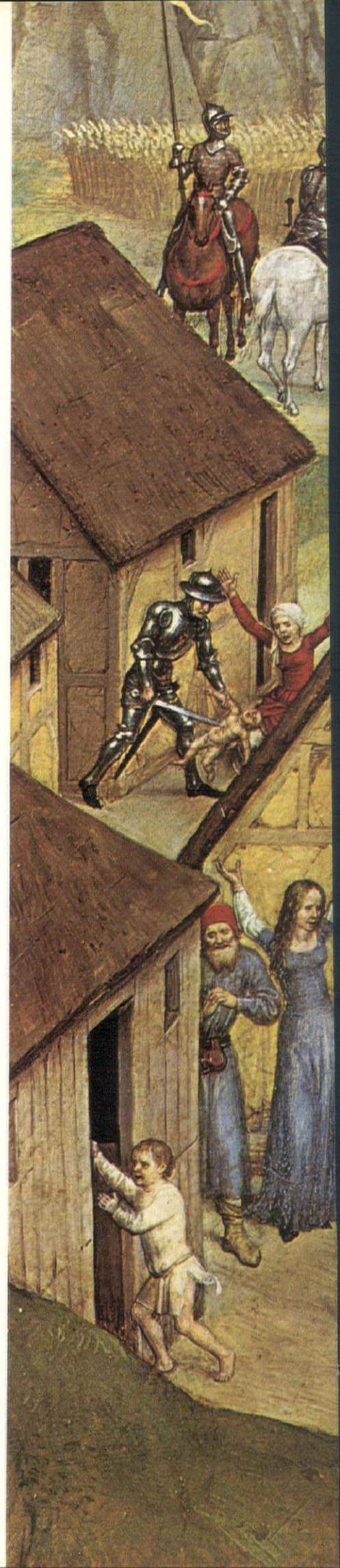
Hans Memling is one of the school of great masters known as the Flemish primitives. They are hardly primitive, except in the sense of being the first to paint with oils, and Memling himself was not even Flemish, though he did spend his productive years in Bruges. Flanders was at the time part of the duchy of Burgundy, the powerful medieval state that for a century stood between France and the Germanic kingdoms. Memling died in 1494, as Burgundy was crumbling and the high culture of medieval Flanders along with it.

Some time during this almost total eclipse the people of Bruges invented a yarn about Memling that made him out to be a profligate and libertine who had soldiered for Charles the Bold. This Charles, the last of Burgundy's independent dukes, was brutally slain in battle near Nancy in 1477, and it was said that Memling, wounded, had made his way from Nancy to Bruges and fainted on the doorstep of the Hôpital Saint-Jean. The good sisters took him in, and Memling recovered, reformed, and began to paint pious little pictures.

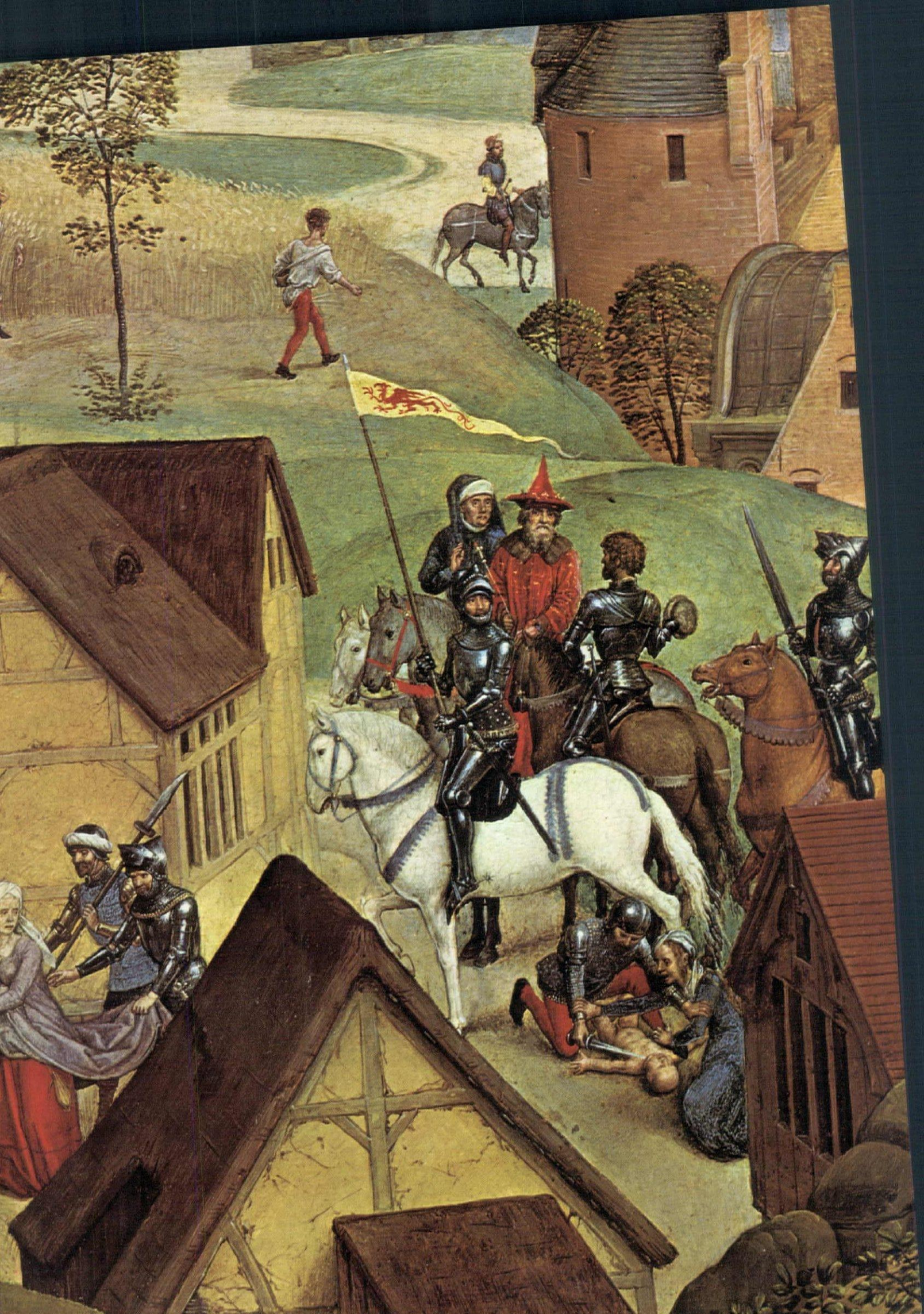
When interest in Memling revived, something more than a century ago, the truth about him, unearthed from the archives of Bruges, turned out to be rather less romantic. Memling was not Flemish but German. According to the document admitting him to citizenship in 1465, he had come from Seligenstadt on the Main, near Frankfurt, and he had arrived in Bruges not as a soldier but as a master painter. His name reappears later in the annals of Bruges. He married and had three sons. He was listed (O bittersweet!) among the 217 most heavily taxed burghers, and he bought a substantial house. Upon his death it was written of Memling that he was "the most accomplished and excellent painter of the entire Christian world."

In addition to these archival facts, certain deductions fatten the Memling biography. First, he must have lived for a time in Cologne, for the only realistic landscape he ever painted shows that city in recognizable detail. Second, since twenty-five portraits by him have survived—a phenomenal number—he was obviously much sought after, and since most of his clients were business tycoons, both foreign and domestic, we may conclude that he had an international reputation. Aside from the portraits, he painted religious subjects—as did every other painter of that era. A look at his works, even in bad reproductions, reveals one quality in common: a gentle serenity. Memling lived in a day when warfare was regarded as a godly calling and executions were a form of public entertainment; violence, as in our day, was everywhere, and was nowhere more commonplace than in art. Yet Memling had no stomach for painting martyrdoms. J. Huizinga's classic historical work *The Waning of the Middle Ages* relates that in Bruges in 1488 the city magistrates were accused of treason and tortured in the market place. According to Huizinga, who quotes an eyewitness: "The unfortunates are refused the death blow which they implore, that the people may feast again upon their torments." We are free to presume that on this occasion, Memling stayed home.

In any case, *The Seven Joys of Mary* makes it clear that Memling did not spend all his time indoors. Though the landscape is not realistic in the usual sense, neither is it totally imaginary. The hills, the boulders, the sea and setting sun, the winding roads, the carefully sectioned architecture, are all highly artificial inventions, but inventions possibly borrowed from another art form: the theatre. They function ex-



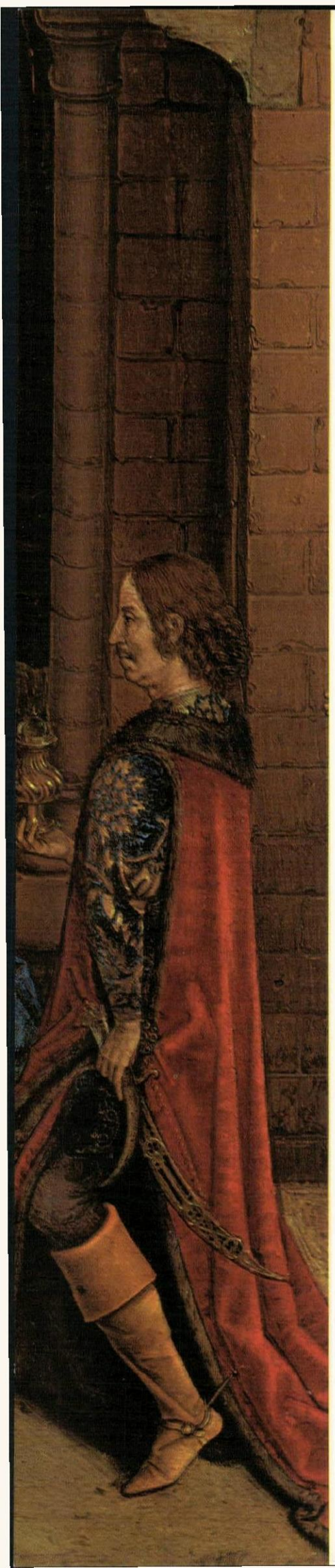
At right, Herod (wearing the pointed hat) oversees the Massacre of the Innocents.
OVERLEAF: *The Magi, preceded by three standard-bearers, ride toward Bethlehem.*











actly as a stage set might in a certain kind of drama.

The story of the Magi was, quite literally, a drama, and the "Play of the Three Kings," given first in Latin and eventually in the vernacular, was among the most widely performed of all the medieval mystery plays. We have no direct proof that Memling ever saw such a play, yet there can be little question that he knew every byway of the Magi's journey. By Memling's day, this ancient legend had been brought to its most elaborate form, and with one or two exceptions he includes every twist and turn, every complication, that a thousand years of piety had managed to invent. This venerable Christmas tale had about as much historical basis as, say, the story of King Arthur. But to explain how the tale was invented, and why Memling might have felt a special affection for it, one must go some distance back into the history of the world.

From the beginning, Christianity borrowed from the religions it displaced. No element of Christian belief bears clearer witness to this than the story of the Magi: tribute bearers, kings from afar bending the knee to the new God, as captive royalty had always had to do. The only Gospel that mentions the Magi is that of Saint Matthew; he says that *magoi* (Greek version) or *magi* (Latin) came from the East, guided by a star. He does not specify their number, but he does say they brought gold, frankincense, and myrrh to Jesus after having infuriated King Herod with inquiries about the newborn king, and that an angel advised them not to revisit Herod but to go home by another route.

The term *"magi"* was commonly recognized in the Roman world as denoting the Zoroastrian priests of Persia and the Near East. Zoroastrianism was an ancient fire-religion, the priestly duties for which included the tending of a sacred flame, usually upon a mountaintop. These priests were also sages and star-watchers, and were associated in the Roman mind with astrology. The idea that pagan priests, led by a star, should have come from afar to worship the infant Jesus was irresistible, and the tale soon found its way into popular literature and iconography.

But how many Magi were there? Since the Gospel mentioned three gifts, it was logical to imagine three gift-bringers. The earliest depictions of the Magi, stone reliefs in the Christian catacombs at Rome, do indeed show three, except for an odd one with four Magi and another with two. A third-century theologian in Alexandria, Origen, declared that the Magi were three, and this was gradually accepted by all.

As for their names—they had to have names—it is hard to say who came up with Caspar, Melchior, and Balthasar. Some scholars credit a Merovingian monk of the eighth century, others a scribe known to modern pedantry as Pseudo-Bede. But the three magical names, with their vaguely Persian resonance, were satisfying to the tongue, like Shadrach, Meshach, Abednego, and were soon adopted throughout Christendom. And over the years, the priests of Zoroaster, presumably baptised in their old age by Saint Thomas, were inexorably transformed into saints.

The legend might have quietly died out had it not been for a German ecclesiastic named Renaud de Dassel, who served the emperor Frederick Barbarossa as High Chancellor and the pope as Archbishop of Cologne. In the year 1164 Renaud not only found the relics of the Magi—all three Magi, with hide and hair intact—but brought them triumphantly to the Cologne cathedral and buried them in the reliquary where they remain to this day. Where had he found them? In Milan, which Frederick had just sacked. How had the kings come to rest in Milan? Their bodies were brought by a certain Saint Eustorgus, who got them from the emperor Constantine, whose mother, Saint Helena, had driven a hard bargain for them in the desert

Joseph, Mary, and the Christ Child receive the gifts of the Magi.

someplace. When Renaud arrived in Cologne with his relics, the whole town came out to meet him, and Cologne became the center of the Magi cult; the classic medieval tale of their wanderings even referred to them as "the Three Kings of Cologne." Memling must have read this enduringly popular tale, and if he did live a while in Cologne, he could hardly have missed the magnificent plays and processions that took place there each year on Epiphany, the Magi's feast day.

What Memling might have seen in an Epiphany play, whether in Cologne, or Bruges, or any European city, is possible to reconstruct to some extent. The mystery plays had begun even before Renaud's cool stroke in the twelfth century, possibly as early as the tenth century. The first plays were simple little tableaux performed in church and intended to beguile and inform an illiterate congregation. The Passion was probably the earliest subject. Several Magi plays have survived, and—keeping in mind the spectacle that Memling would create so many years hence—it is worthwhile to look at one of the first. According to a manuscript conserved at Limoges and dating from the eleventh century, the drama went as follows.

Three priests, costumed and crowned, each carrying a gift, enter slowly, chanting in unison (translation approximate):

O how joyful the day
When the birth of Christ is revealed to the world,
When peace is proclaimed to men—Glory in the heavens!
The sign of that recent birth gleams in the East;
The kings of the East make haste, following the guiding star,
The kings make haste and worship God in the manger.
The three kings worship him, triple is their offering.

They next present their gifts at the altar and point to the star, which hangs from a string. They are joined by a child dressed as an angel, and all four file out, singing that heaven's king is born.

This lovely exposition was repeated and embellished year after year, in church after church. Mary and Joseph were obvious additions, and, of course, the Christ Child. Then a team of midwives, cows and sheep, horses for the Magi, and an opulent entourage as well. The Magi, depicted by the early stonecarvers as triplets in stocking caps, acquired the trappings and demeanor of royalty. Each assumed an identity: one old, one in his prime, one youthful and beardless and black. Herod—a juicy part with a mad scene—was written in. (All these inventions, except for the midwives, are used by Memling, too.)

Another addition to the play was the Flight into Egypt, with its attendant miracles: the date palm bending to offer Mary its fruit; the golden idols tumbling from their pedestals at Jesus' approach; the wheat that springs up overnight. (Memling has faithfully recorded these events, if in minute scale.) And inevitably, to please the crowd, the Massacre of the Innocents—a scene also included by Memling.

When the spectacle reached these proportions, the drama could no longer be contained within a church, and the mystery plays moved outdoors. Now processions could be added, giving the local nobility a chance to take part, and leaving the spectators to run along through the streets, heckling or applauding as they pleased. In Bruges, by Memling's time, these festivities were probably not very different from any other public display—for example, the ostentatious parades held on the occasion of Charles the Bold's wedding to an English princess in 1468. Memling certainly was there, and the cavalcade, banners, and rich costumes in *The Seven Joys of Mary* are perhaps a reflection of that swaggering royal ceremony.

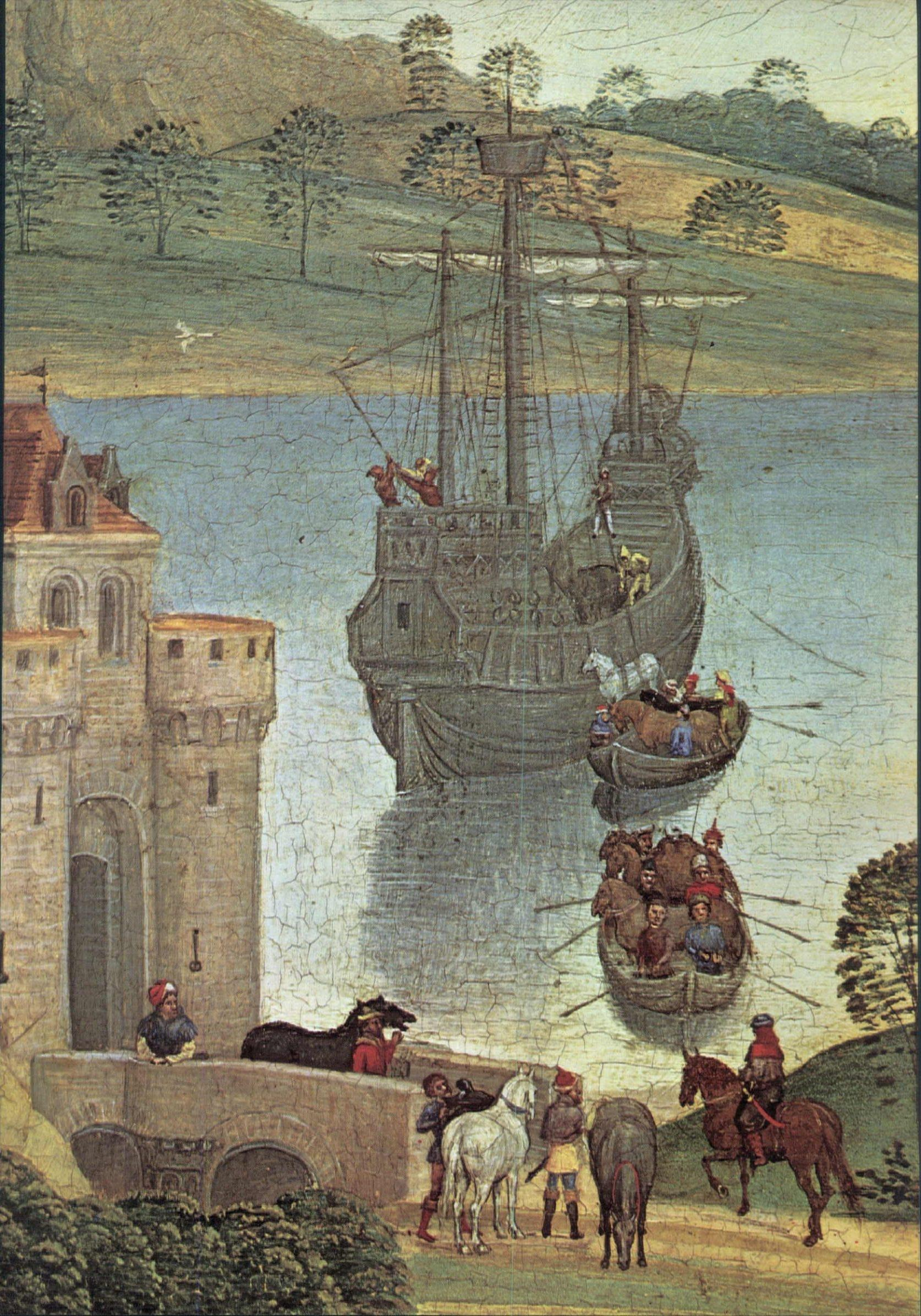
But the mystery plays were not always ambulatory. Sometimes they were held in the town square or the churchyard, with specially constructed sets. The spectators could either be seated or walk from one set to another as the action progressed. Some such plan may be what Memling has shown in *The Seven Joys of Mary*. To insist that Memling simply reproduced an Epiphany play he saw in the town square is to be overly literal: the depth of his painting is too vast, the architectural details too complex, the scenes from daily life too vivid to have been simply transposed from a theatrical set. Moreover, Memling has included scenes, like the risen Christ, that were never part of the "Three Kings" dramas. Yet the sense of theatre is there, each event occurring neatly in its own space, as though on scaffolds erected outdoors: Joseph in the Nativity scene holding a candle, as the stage Joseph did to show that it was nighttime; the stable cut away as a set would be and looking just as flimsy; the crowd at the Adoration milling around like extras.

Much has been written, especially in France, about the possible influence of liturgical drama on medieval and early Renaissance art. The evidence is almost too meager to argue about. Yet the use of our eyes, and the adding together of two and two, give us some reason to believe that Memling has shown us a sight whose splendor we can scarcely imagine for ourselves—a *Jeu des Trois Rois* of late medieval Flanders.

But we may also admire *The Seven Joys* for its virtues as Christmas art—something to be taken out each year with the Santa suit and the bank loan—or finally, for the simplicity of vision underlying its apparent complexities. For in the metaphysical sense, if not the technical, Memling *was* a primitive. I sometimes think his work may now find its best audience among children. If, in our present stage of sophistication, any genuine children still exist, here are pleasant details they might like: the colors so clear that the painting sparkles; the well-observed animals, particularly the horses; and since children are as bloodthirsty as anyone else, the massacre, but not so gory a massacre as to cause nightmares.

If any modern equivalent exists for Memling's landscape, it would not be found in painting, the church, or the theatre, but in some place where children go—a crèche scene in the open air, the Children's Zoo in Central Park, Tivoli, or perhaps even Disneyland.

Embarking their horses by means of a winch, the Magi prepare to sail home.





FRANTZ FANON:
The Prophet Scorned

Belonging in neither of his adopted countries, this theorist of revolution—dead for the past ten years—has found his audience in an unexpected quarter: America's urban ghettos



A middle-class Martinique youth, Frantz Fanon (above, right) and his brothers played in the forward line on their school soccer team in 1946.

The snapshot shows three brothers in white cotton shorts and solid-colored T-shirts, with their arms around one another and their bark-brown faces caught in the half-confident, half-defiant expression of popular high-school athletes. The year is 1946, and the brothers, Joby, Felix, and Frantz Fanon, are part of the forward line of the Saint-Pierre soccer team, on the Caribbean island of Martinique where they were born and grew up. The snapshot tells of carefree days, close family ties, an "island in the sun" upbringing. The two elder brothers followed their father into the French civil service, one as an official in the Customs Division of the Ministry of Finance, one as an engineer for the Department of Public Works. Today, they are nearing the end of successful bureaucratic careers (as is a younger brother not included in the snapshot). Frantz, the one with the deep-set eyes, high forehead, and aquiline face who is leaning at a rakish angle, broke away from the family tradition to become a prophet of the third-world revolution.

Psychiatrist turned revolutionary, Frantz Fanon speaks for the Algerian nationalist cause at a 1957 press conference in Tunis.

It is the process of radicalization that I find fascinating. Take these brothers, brought up in the same Martinican middle-class way, with parents assimilated by the colonial system, the *fonctionnaire* father and the shopkeeper mother, whose extra earnings paid for the tuition at the *lycée* in Fort-de-France. There, in classrooms decorated with photographs of Loire castles, Bordeaux vineyards, and Gothic cathedrals, the first three words they learned were: *Je suis français.* Frantz Fanon came to understand the spuriousness of this offer of membership in Western civilization, but only after having accepted it. In the first stage of his life he thought of himself as French, even as the evidence that he was not began to burrow into his mind.

At the age of nineteen he volunteered to fight for his adopted country, and landed in August, 1944, at Saint-Tropez with the Ninth Divison of the Colonial Infantry, a unit made up mainly of dark-skinned overseas Frenchmen from colonies as far-flung as Martinique and Madagascar. Mopping up toward Marseille and along the Rhône River, Fanon's unit liberated towns where the women refused to touch them, but did not mind dancing in the streets with Italian prisoners of war. Near Besançon, volunteering to bring ammunition to troops in the front line, Fanon was hit in the chest and shoulder by mortar shrapnel. He was awarded the Croix de Guerre avec Etoile de Bronze. The officer who pinned the medal on his chest was Colonel Raoul Salan, who was later to become head of the Algerian terrorist settler organization, the OAS, at a time when Fanon had become fully committed to the Algerian nationalist cause.

Fanon the war hero returned to

By SANCHE DE GRAMONT

Martinique to finish his *lycée* studies, and did well enough to win a scholarship to a French university. In 1947 he left for Lyon and medical school. There, in the comfortable, landlocked, bourgeois city whose wealth is founded on silk, he lived for five years the café-terrace, long-conversations-into-the-night, moving-from-girl-to-girl existence of the student. In 1951 he passed his medical thesis. The same year, he gave a talk on black poetry in the Lycée du Parc. The professor who had invited him was moved to high praise. "In the end," he told Fanon, "you are white." Fanon met with little overt racism in Lyon, but he learned that praise was suspect, for lurking behind it was always the implication "how amazing for a black man."

It was while a medical student that Fanon began to grasp the hoax of his upbringing. The Martinican, he realized, was a Frenchman as long as he was underpaid or unemployed, as long as the sugar cane cut there traveled to Marseille for refining, as long as only a minority had access to education. At this stage, in the midst of deciding to become a psychiatrist, Fanon did not consider commitment to a revolutionary cause. He wanted only to explain the alienation he felt at being a Negro. Out of this inquiry came his first book, *Black Skin, White Masks.*

The colonial power does much more than exploit the black man economically, Fanon wrote, it robs him of his identity. From his position of conquest, the settler imposes his culture, his language, and his customs, which he presents as superior and invites the black man to imitate. The Negro becomes poisoned by the stereotype the settler forms of him as smelly, good-natured, shiftless, and gullible. He feels locked inside a definition bounded on all sides by color. In case of achievement, it is qualified: we have a Negro who teaches history; he is quite bright.

The obviously tempting solution for the Negro is to accept the white mask the settler proffers. Across the zebra-striping of his mind surges the desire to be white. Mastering the language is one key to whiteness. People will say: "He talks like a Frenchman." (Even today, in American films dubbed in French, Negro characters are made to speak with a marked Creole accent.) Another key is the quest for white women that Eldridge Cleaver described in *Soul on Ice:* to break out of the seal of his blackness, the Negro assimilates white culture and marries a white woman.

The settler, meanwhile, having created this Caliban, fears the animal qualities with which he has invested it. The settler develops what a French sociologist quoted by Fanon calls the Prospero complex, a sum of unconscious neurotic attitudes born of fear of the man he insists is a savage. The first of these is the myth, or rather the hallucination, of the Negro's sexual potency. Fanon, who was influenced by Sartre's analysis of anti-Semitism, points out that the Negro's sexual prowess performs the same function as the Jew's acquisitiveness—it justifies hatred: "Those niggers are just waiting for the chance to jump on white women." When a Negro is lynched, he is often castrated. This mythical Negro, Fanon says, becomes "the incarnation of a genital potency beyond all moralities and prohibitions." A connective mythology springs up: "A white woman who has had a Negro lover finds it difficult to return to white men. The Negro is closer to animals. White women secretly want to be raped by a coal-black Negro."

The second symptom of the Prospero complex is the symbolic equation of black skin with evil. One descends into darkness, and rises into light. Virginity is white, truth is white, therefore its opposites must be black. Birds of prey are black. Shakespeare made Iago express his envy of Othello through the imagery of blackness. Today, psychiatrists call this "Manichaeism delirium." The colonized natives become contaminated by it. In Martinique it is still said of a worthless white man that he possesses "a nigger soul."

Having established that the white settler substitutes for the Negro's true identity a set of neurotic myths, Fanon posed the fundamental dilemma of his race. "As I begin to see that the Negro is the symbol of sin, I catch myself hating the Negro. But then I remember that I am a Negro. There are two ways out of this conflict. Either I ask others to pay no attention to my skin, or else I want them to be aware of it. I must then find value for what is bad, since I have conceded that the black man is the color of evil . . . I have only one solution: To rise above this absurd drama that others have staged around me, to reject the two terms that are equally unacceptable."

But having rejected the image that white men make of him and the white mask that they hold out for him to wear, Fanon in his first book suffers a failure of nerve. He avoids the obvious conclusion advocating revolutionary action and ends *Black Skin, White Masks* with a lyrical passage on the eventual reconciliation of blacks and whites that is badly out of key with the rest of the book. He concludes by saying: "On the field of battle, its four corners marked by the scores of Negroes hanging by their testicles, a monument is slowly being built that promises to be majestic. And, at the top of this monument, I can already see a white man and a black man *hand in hand* [Fanon's italics]." How this monument is to be erected, he does not say.

At this point Fanon could go no further, because, although he had discarded the white mask in his book, in his life he still wore it. In 1953 he received two of the rewards that came with wearing it: he married a white girl he had met in a Lyon *lycée,* Josie Dublé, and he passed the formidable *Médicat des hôpitaux psychiatriques,* the examination required in order to practice psychiatry in France. Each year, two-thirds of the candidates fail. Fanon went through forty-eight hours of written tests, followed by an oral in which he had to examine several mental pa-

tients before seven solemn white-robed professors who gave him half an hour to prepare his diagnosis. Now he was thoroughly whitewashed.

Lenin was a revolutionary at sixteen. Che Guevara and Fidel Castro led student rebellions in their university years. By comparison, Fanon had a late vocation. He became a revolutionary in his thirties, and the part that circumstances played in his conversion makes it seem almost accidental. Fanon's aim after passing his *Médicat* was to practice psychiatry outside France, preferably on the island of his birth. But there was no psychiatric hospital in Martinique. He took a temporary post in the dreary town of Pontorson, near Mont Saint Michel. Every day he checked the *Journal Officiel* for vacancies in government hospitals. When he saw an opening for a *chef de service* in Algeria, he applied, was accepted, and in November, 1953, moved to the city of Blida. There, he busied himself trying to reform a hospital headed by men with colonialist mentalities who kept native and French patients segregated and who believed in strait jackets and chains rather than therapy.

In 1956 the Algerian war, by then two years old, reached Blida and penetrated Fanon's hospital. The police arrested some of his Algerian male nurses. Next came the turn of one of Fanon's fellow doctors, a Frenchman who was tortured on suspicion of belonging to the FLN (National Liberation Front). Fanon became involved in the nationalist cause as a doctor. His pronationalist assistants secretly brought wounded FLN soldiers to his ward. Those who needed hospitalization were listed as attempted suicides. The police never guessed that an entire ward of the Blida psychiatric hospital had been converted to the treatment of nationalist wounded.

The war also changed the nature of his psychiatric work. His patients now were the torturers and the tortured: a French policeman who could not sleep because he heard imaginary screaming; an Algerian nationalist who became impotent when his wife was raped by the French; the survivor of a mass murder who developed homicidal impulses. At a time when French intellectuals were debating in their journals the existence of torture, Fanon dealt daily with its victims. It was this exposure to colonialist violence that made him decide to stop masquerading as a Frenchman. The psychiatrist became a political militant, the Frenchman became an Algerian.

At the end of 1956 Fanon wrote a letter of resignation to the Resident Minister. What was the point of practicing psychiatry, he asked, a medical technique seeking to restore man to a proper contact with his environment, in a country where the authorities were systematically repressing the population? What was the point of helping patients return to rational conduct only to release them into an irrational society? To remain in his post, said Fanon, was to collaborate with the increasing French terror in Algeria.

The government reply was not long in coming—in the form of a letter of expulsion giving him forty-eight hours to leave Algeria or face arrest. Fanon, with his wife and son, left for Lyon. Then, consistent with his new commitment, he moved to Tunis, headquarters of the Algerian nationalist government in exile, where he was put to work writing for its newspaper, *El Moudjahid* (The Combatant). Through his articles and speeches, collected in book form in 1959 under the title *Studies in a Dying Colonialism*, Fanon became the outstanding theorist of the Algerian war.

The extent of his celebrity can be measured by the number of attempts extremist French groups made to murder him. In 1959, while visiting an FLN base camp on the Moroccan-Tunisian border, Fanon's jeep was blown up by a land mine. The lower half of his body was paralyzed. He had fractured twelve vertebrae and was flown to Rome for special care. The FLN representative there was supposed to drive to the airport to meet his plane. Before he reached his car, it blew up in the street, killing two children. A time bomb in the engine had gone off prematurely. Having safely reached the hospital, Fanon spotted an item in an Italian newspaper disclosing the number of his room. He changed rooms, and that night two masked men broke into the first room and emptied their submachine guns into the empty bed. The assassination attempts were credited to the Red Hand, an organization of right-wing *colons* who carried out terrorist attacks in Europe against arms dealers supplying the FLN and FLN sympathizers.

When he had recovered, Fanon returned to Tunis and was appointed FLN ambassador to Accra. His job was to obtain arms and volunteers from black African nations sympathetic to Algeria. He went at it with his usual feverish energy and succeeded in recruiting eight hundred volunteers, but when he announced that they were ready, the FLN leadership said they were not needed. In fact, Fanon had been relegated to a second-echelon post and removed from Tunis and the center of power. The FLN, although they considered Fanon useful as a symbol of international support for their cause, always thought of him as an outsider. One FLN official I talked to in Algiers praised his contribution but added: "We really didn't know him."

What this euphemism means is that Fanon was not an Arab, not a Moslem, not an Algerian, but a black man from the West Indies. The Arabs are not without racism toward blacks. Moreover, with few exceptions, the Algerian leaders were anti-intellectual. They were either old-fashioned liberals afraid of Fanon's radicalism, like Fehrat Abbas, or barely educated men, like Krim Belkacem, who had risen to a position of command in the *djebel* (mountains) and were suspicious of people who dealt with ideas rather than the day-to-day realities of the war. For Fanon, the Algerian war was part of a wider African revolution. The Algerians, however, were only concerned

with the liberation of their own country.

They never again had to face the problem of "what to do with Fanon." In 1960 came the first signs of his illness—periods of exhaustion, loss of weight, a puffiness around the eyes. It was diagnosed as leukemia. Fanon said he had no time for illness and kept up his frenetic work schedule until he collapsed and was flown to a cancer clinic outside Moscow. There he was put on Myleran, the standard medication for granulocytic leukemia. He showed some improvement, and Russian doctors advised him to seek further treatment at the National Institute of Health in Bethesda, Maryland. But Fanon could not make up his mind to visit "the nation of lynchers." He returned to Tunis, and, knowing that the remission he enjoyed might end at any time, he finished his last and most important book, *The Wretched of the Earth.* He worked twenty hours a day, interrupting his writing to lecture to the Algerian general staff on the Tunisian border, and to meet Jean-Paul Sartre in Rome. Fanon and the French existentialist on that occasion talked for twelve solid hours. Sartre finally collapsed, and Fanon complained: "I hate people who hoard their resources."

The Wretched of the Earth is the logical sequel to *Black Skin, White Masks.* From the alienation of the colonized black man, Fanon moved to a theory of armed struggle built around four themes. The first theme is the necessity for violence. The colonized masses, says Fanon, must realize that their liberation can only be achieved by force. The colonial regime owes its legitimacy to force and only understands force. The colonized man needs force, not only to overthrow his oppressor, but to give himself an identity. Violence, according to Fanon, is a cleansing agent that frees the native from despair and inaction. Violence also helps create a national consciousness, for it leads to repression, and repression brings about the mobilization of the masses. Despite Fanon's tendency to make a cathartic virtue of violence, he is on solid ground, for history provides few examples of oppressed colonials being handed their freedom without first taking up the gun.

Fanon's next theme, however, is far less self-evident. The wretched of the title are the peasants, and Fanon believed they would rise up because they had nothing to lose. The peasant, says Fanon, thinks in terms of armed struggle, of taking the land back from the foreigner, of total sacrifice. He is capable of spontaneous uprisings because he is uncontaminated by the urban native's emulation of the settler.

In fact, however, attempts to mobilize the peasants have repeatedly failed. The peasantry of Africa and Latin America is as suspicious of outsiders as it is of the government. Learning that lesson cost Che Guevara his life. In Brazil the revolutionary movements involved in armed struggle have abandoned Guevara's rural-base-camp theory in favor of action in the largest cities. In Portuguese Guinea the revolutionary leader Amilcar Cabral has found his support not among the peasants but among the petit bourgeois, the minor civil servants, the import-export clerks, the white-collar workers, those in some way involved with the colonial regime. They were ready to be mobilized, whereas the peasants, he says, were "viscerally conservative." Fanon had not made a serious study of the peasant class in colonized countries. He jumped to the logical but false conclusion that the most deprived class is the one most likely to rebel.

Fanon's third theme is the betrayal of the masses by the native middle class, which replaces the colonial power only to caricature it. The corruption of the nationalist bourgeoisie was something he had observed at first hand as roving ambassador for the FLN in black Africa. The bourgeois caste, he says, annexes for its own profit the wealth of the country. "To them, nationalization quite simply means the transfer into native hands of those unfair advantages which are a legacy of the colonial period." After European colonialism came internal colonialism. Independence is not enough, Fanon warns: after the liberation of the territory must come the socialist revolution. But here again, history shows that the socialist revolution must come simultaneously with the liberation struggle, as it did in China, Yugoslavia, and Algeria, or not at all. In African countries, where the nationalist bourgeoisie has taken power, it has held it.

Fanon's final theme is the emergence of a new national culture through revolutionary struggle. Using Algeria as an example, he tried to show that art forms were being changed by the war. Arab storytellers, he says, replaced the formula "this all happened long ago" with "this happened somewhere else, but it could have happened here, and today." Fanon had a limitless faith in the power of revolution to change society. He predicted that the Algerian war would lead to the liberation of the Algerian woman. In the years of struggle, she had fought alongside the men and thrown off her veil. Fanon saw this as a permanent change. But once the war was over, there was a return to Islamic tradition. Wearing the veil was encouraged, and birth control discouraged. Women were forced back into their subordinate role. The mutation of Algerian society has not taken place.

When *The Wretched of the Earth* was published, Sartre wrote in an introduction: "The third world discovers itself and speaks to itself through this voice." Such has not been the case. Fanon's is a moving but isolated voice, which has given birth to no Fanonist movement in the third world today. In Africa his books are not widely read. His call for peasant revolutions and a new society cleansed of the dregs of colonialism has gone unanswered. His dream of third-world unity has turned out to be a pathetic illusion.

But prophets often find disciples they did not seek. Marx believed that Communist revolution would come in highly industrialized nations, whereas it came instead in the rural and feudal societies of Russia and China. In the

same way, the third world today is deaf to Fanon, but he has found an audience among black radicals in the United States. The ten years since his death have coincided with the rise of militant black groups deeply influenced by *The Wretched of the Earth.* The Black Panthers are Fanonists in their willingness to use violence and in their belief that they will find dignity through violence. "We become men when we have the courage to kill our oppressors," the Panthers say, echoing Fanon.

Fanon also wrote that the urban equivalent of the peasantry was the "lumpenproletariat, uprooted from their tribe and from their clan, which constitutes one of the most spontaneous and radically revolutionary forces of a colonized people." This idea, adapted to the urban ghetto, has also become Panther ideology. Cleaver talks of recruiting the "brothers and sisters on the block," and Panther leaders like Cleaver himself and Soledad brother George Jackson received their education in prison libraries and their political consciousness in cell blocks. In a peculiarly Fanonist manner, black radicals have found support among marginal elements in the cities who turn from crime to political action.

Fanon's rejection of the bourgeois nationalist parties becomes, in the Panther transplantation, a rejection of moderate black groups such as the NAACP. Like the bourgeois nationalists, the civil-rights groups are of no use to the Panthers because they come to a friendly agreement with the oppressor. They deplore violence, share many of the oppressor's values, and are willing to settle for less. Here again, Fanon has come home to roost.

The final Fanonist influence concerns the search for a national culture, which finds its analogy in "Black is Beautiful," Afro hair styles, and other emblems of nonimitation of the whites. "The abandoned pre-colonial culture," Fanon wrote, little dreaming that his words would apply to America, "becomes for the inferiorized an object of passionate attachment . . . Having formerly emigrated from his culture, the native today explores it with ardor." Having regained a cultural identity, black radicals in America repudiate white society as "Babylon," just as Fanon exhorted the colonized people of Africa to reject Europe, "where they are never done talking of Man, yet murder men everywhere they find them . . . look at them swaying between atomic and spiritual disintegration."

The split in the black radical movement between Eldridge Cleaver and Stokely Carmichael can be seen as a doctrinal quarrel between Fanonists. Carmichael took from Fanon the unity of the third world, in which he included American blacks. He refused to co-operate with American white radical groups. Cleaver, accepting alliances with white groups for tactical reasons, could quote the Fanon of *Black Skin, White Masks,* who foresaw "a white man and a black man hand in hand." Fanon's writing is rich enough and vague enough to sustain factions. Ironically, both Carmichael and Cleaver are today living in Africa.

The repetitions, ambiguities, and facile rhetoric that mar certain chapters of *The Wretched of the Earth* are due largely to the circumstances in which the book was written. A dying man finished it in a final, heroic, ten-week burst of energy. He lost thirty pounds, suffered a temporary loss of vision, and was unable to go over the proofs. Friends encouraged him to seek treatment at Bethesda. Ollie Iselin, a CIA officer working under diplomatic cover in North Africa, was sent to Tunis to offer Fanon passage to the United States. For Fanon, it was like entering the jaws of the wolf, but the choice was dying in Tunis or taking a chance on new therapy that might prolong his life. In September, 1961, he left for Washington via Rome, where he met again with Sartre. He was too weak to speak. He made gestures indicating disgust with his condition.

The CIA kept Fanon in the Dupont Plaza Hotel in Washington for eight days before turning him over to the National Institute of Health. It was their chance to question the dying man without interference. But according to a woman friend of Fanon's who was present at the sessions with Iselin, the interrogation was unprofitable, for Fanon answered every question with a lecture on Western decadence and the third world. He seemed to enjoy the duel. The delay at the hotel had made him suspicious, however, and when he was moved to the hospital, he refused to answer medical questions. A young hematologist named J. David Heywood was able to gain his trust, and he began responding to treatment. In November he felt that he had won a remission, and got out of bed. He received visitors. The first bound copies of *The Wretched of the Earth* arrived. Then came a relapse, acute anemia, comas, delirium. He imagined that the blood transfusions were a plot to make him white. "They put me in the washing machine last night," he said.

Fanon died of double pneumonia on December 6, 1961, six months before the liberation of Algeria. He was thirty-six years old. His body was flown back to Tunis with Ollie Iselin, who attended his funeral. He was laid to rest near the border town of Ghardimaou. A detachment of helmeted FLN soldiers carried his coffin into a forested section of Algeria that was under nationalist control.

Fanon was buried on the edge of Algeria. In a sense, he had always lived on the edge. He could not be French because of his color, so he became Algerian. He could not be Algerian, so he became a prophet of the third world. The third world has ignored his books, but his prophecy has found another edge.

In 1957 Sanche de Gramont fought against the Algerian rebels as a French officer in command of a Senegalese platoon—a situation that would have epitomized to Frantz Fanon the evils of colonialism. "But thanks to my Senegalese," de Gramont says, "I left Algeria in one piece."

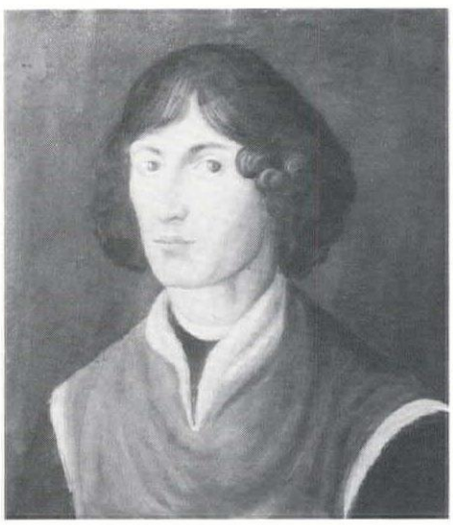

PRIMVM MOBILE
CRISTALLINE
FIRMAMENT
FIER
AER
YEARTH
WATER
CŒLIFER ATLAS

The Copernican Revolution

With priestly modesty, the canon of Frauenburg displaced man from the center of the universe

He was the only begetter of the Copernican Revolution, we say. He was the restorer of astronomy, a second Ptolemy, they said in the sixteenth century. Both statements are true, and between them they tell us as much about the difference between the scientific outlook of our day and that of his day as they do about the man they honor. And in the making of this difference, Copernicus, or rather his ideas, played a vital role.

Not that this was his intention. The only revolution he visualized was that incorporated into the title of his last great work, of which, tradition says, a copy was placed in his hands on his deathbed. *On the Revolutions of the Celestial Spheres* it was called—*De revolutionibus* it has ever since been called for convenience. Like most truly important scientific works, its greatest impact on men's minds was delayed until lesser men had worked on it; like any seminal work on physical science,



Nicolaus Copernicus, called "the incomparable astronomer" on this posthumous portrait, was immensely respected though controversial.

it was difficult, highly technical in exposition, and had an influence far beyond those who could understand it.

The basic idea was simple, and in an age when astronomy was the science whose rudiments were most widely understood by the lay public, readily comprehensible—as was the implication for astronomy if the idea was accepted. "The fool will turn the whole science of astronomy upside down," said another intellectual revolutionary, Martin Luther, not realizing that this was what astronomy required.

Copernicus did indeed turn accepted astronomy upside down by reversing the age-old theory that what we observe is what actually happens; for anyone who looks and thinks unblinded by prejudice will agree that we see the sun moving and feel the earth to be at rest, not, as Copernicus insisted, the other way around. And while Virgil's acute poetic summary of the relativity of motion—"We sail forth from the harbor, and lands and cities retire"—could be used by Copernicus to support the moving earth, it could equally be used by traditionalists to oppose it. And the latter long had the greater following.

Not that the world in which Copernicus grew up was intellectually stable; far from it. When he was born, in February, 1473, the first agitation of humanism was past, but its excitements lingered and were just beginning to be felt among astronomers. This was especially true of the central European culture of which Copernicus was to be a part. He was born in Toruń (Thorn) on the Vištula, in the plains of northern Poland, a town in territory claimed both by the Teutonic Knights, who had Christianized Prussia two centuries earlier, and by the Polish crown. The diplomatic niceties required to keep this area afloat were to exercise the mind of Copernicus in later life, since, thanks to his maternal uncle Lucas Watzelrode, bishop of Erm-

With the earth in its traditional place at the center, the universe rests on the shoulders of Atlas in a German engraving made in 1559, sixteen years after the death of Copernicus. The pre-Copernican cosmos was generally held to consist of several concentric spheres, each containing a particular heavenly body. The "cristalline firmament" designated the sphere of the fixed stars.

By MARIE BOAS HALL

land, he was to pursue an active career as an ecclesiastical administrator.

Copernicus came from solid Germanic merchant stock, but his uncle's influence—Bishop Watzelrode undertook the education of his sister's family when his brother-in-law died in 1483—ensured that he and his brother should go to the University of Cracow, founded in 1364, where the new ideas of the Renaissance were flourishing. Mathematics and astronomy, as well as classical languages and literature, were thriving, and it is tempting to assume that it was here that the young Copernicus was taught the fascination of mathematical astronomy, man's rational organization of the tangled facts of planetary motion, first systematically attempted twenty centuries earlier, in the time of Plato.

Certainly he was deeply concerned with astronomy by 1496, when he migrated to the University of Bologna. There he took the degree of M.A., prepared for his future career by attending lectures in canon, or church, law, and made his first recorded astronomical observation, to be incorporated in the future into his investigations of the motion of the moon. At Bologna Copernicus met Domenico Maria da Novara, who lectured on astronomy and taught his pupils that all was not well with that science.

Late fifteenth-century astronomy was a confused collection of systems inherited from a diverse past, with no certainty of fact or theory. Medieval astronomical theory was based on Aristotelian cosmology, Ptolemaic mathematical astronomy, and Islamic modifications of both. To the layman, like Dante, it was easy, for Aristotle sufficed, and the universe was a tidy nest of spherical boxes, with the earth at the center and the planets arranged on solid crystalline spheres ranging ever outward until one reached the sphere of the fixed stars and the *primum mobile*, the "first mover," or cause of motion. For the astronomer, who knew that simple motion on a sphere, or even a system of spheres, could not "save the appearances" or account for the observed motions of moon, sun, and planets, the intellectual position was full of distress.

The philosophical position was equally difficult. Both Platonic and Aristotelian metaphysics taught that the heavens and the region around the earth obeyed different physical laws; the heavens being perfect and unchanging, heavenly bodies possessed perfect motion—that is, uniform motion in a circle. But since shortly after the time of Aristotle, astronomers had known that the motion of the planets was too complex to be represented by a system of either circles or spheres centered on the earth.

The first suggestion was to make some circles or spheres eccentric to the earth, which solves some problems. The next was to employ the method of epicycles, the epicycle being a small circle on whose circumference lies the planet, the center of the epicycle itself lying on the circumference of a larger circle, the deferent, either centered on the earth, or eccentric to it. When epicycle and deferent rotate, a series of complex curves is obtained. (Nowadays we would express these curves algebraically, but Greek mathematics was geometric.) As if this were not enough, there was also the device of the equant point—a point that is not the earth or the center of the deferent, with respect to which the velocity of the deferent is uniform. (In fact, as Kepler was to show, the velocity of a planet is not uniform, but faster when the planet is near the sun.) All this was nominally pure circular motion, but it was not easily seen as such.

There was a literary problem for sixteenth-century astronomy as well, very important in that age of flourishing humanism. Humanistic tradition dictated the need for pure texts; the first step toward understanding was to go to the original text and make a critical edition. But Greek texts of Ptolemy were few and far between, to be found only in Rome, and the available Latin versions were suspect because they were translated from Arabic. Finally, there was the very practical problem of the calendar, clearly inaccurate by 1500, but requiring more knowledge of lunar motion and of the length of the year for rectification.

There was plenty here to exercise the mind of the young Copernicus, and it is clear that he thought long and deeply upon it. Certainly he made a number of astronomical observations. But other things occupied him as well. In 1497 his uncle had succeeded in obtaining his election as canon of Frauenburg Cathedral, one of the chapter of ecclesiastics who, independently of the bishop, ran the secular and religious affairs of the cathedral. But Copernicus was in no hurry to settle down, and preferred to stay in the intellectually exciting world of Italy. He went to Rome for the jubilee year of 1500, partly as a tourist, partly to enjoy the riches of its great libraries. He stayed in Rome for a year, supporting himself by teaching mathematics; his lectures, presumably on astronomy (often called simply mathematics at this time), were later reported to have drawn "a throng of great men and experts."

After this obviously exciting year he went back home to be installed as canon—and promptly secured leave of absence to study for another five years. This time he went to Padua, famous for law and medicine and with a distinguished tradition in astronomy as well. Here he completed his legal studies (though he actually took the degree of Doctor of Canon Law at Ferrara in 1503), here he obtained the knowledge that later permitted him to practice medicine, and here he acquired a fair knowledge of Greek, all in the best humanistic tradition.

In 1506, his leave of absence up, Copernicus returned to Frauenburg, only to have his uncle call him away to the episcopal palace at Heilsberg in the center of Ermland. Until the bishop's death in 1512 Copernicus acted as his uncle's physician and administrative assistant, helping to keep Erm-



BETTMANN ARCHIVE

In a fanciful woodcut of Copernicus's time, an astronomer, earthbound and frustrated, tries vainly to grasp the mysteries of the stars and planets.

land independent of the Teutonic Knights and the king of Poland and gaining valuable diplomatic experience. Evidently his uncle also encouraged his intellectual pursuits, for in 1509 he published a Latin translation of an obscure seventh-century Byzantine poet, dedicating the work to his uncle. This scholarly contribution also contains a laudatory poem by a friend, which speaks admiringly of the translator's classical learning and, as well, of his study of the motions of the moon and the planets.

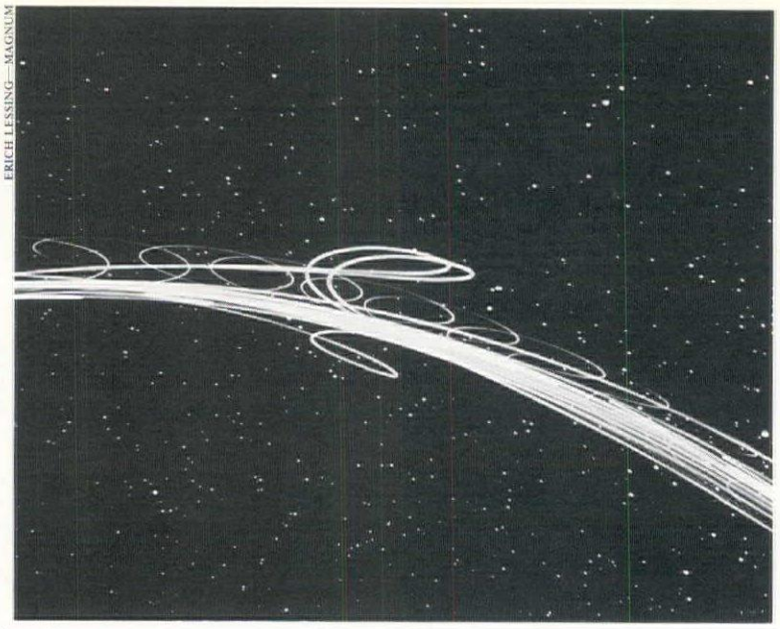
It is thus clear that his friends knew of his astronomical preoccupations, and probably it was during these years that he planned a new approach to the problem of the structure of the heavens. Certainly it was no later than this (and may have been many years earlier) that he wrote a first and tentative summary in what he called his *Commentariolus* (little commentary), a work that circulated in manuscript in a manner still common in the century after the invention of printing. Through its handwritten pages his ideas became known to a wider circle than that of his immediate friends—who, however, scattered ecclesiastics and scholars as they were, had access to a wide audience.

In the *Commentariolus* the Copernican system was not yet full-grown, and it omitted, as the author explained, "for the sake of brevity" any "mathematical demonstrations which are reserved for my larger work." But it clearly stated the defects that Copernicus felt to obtain in existing astronomical theories and proposed to remedy these by assuming (the word is that used by Copernicus) that the center of motion of the universe is the sun, not the earth. He went on to suggest that the earth rotates on its axis, thereby accounting for the rising and setting of the stars, sun, and planets, and also revolves about the sun, "like any other planet," thereby accounting for many of the observed irregularities of the motion of the other planets. Here, then, is a hypothesis that, according to its author, is "pleasing to the mind," simpler, and more uniform than any complete astronomical system proposed before.

Whatever may have been the reaction later, those who first saw the sketch of the future Copernican system evidently regarded its author with appreciation. In 1514 the Lateran Council under Pope Leo X, debating the problem of the calendar (of peculiar concern because of the difficulty and importance of fixing the date of Easter), called on astronomers to give advice; a personal plea was conveyed to Copernicus by an old acquaintance of Roman days, now the pope's chaplain. But Copernicus replied "that the lengths of the years and months and the motions of the Sun and Moon . . . have not yet been determined with sufficient exactness," although he promised to continue to investigate the matter, as indeed he did in continuing to develop his great theory.

Meanwhile he was busy with mundane affairs. His uncle's death sent him back to Frauenburg, where he was much in demand both as a medical consultant and as an administrator. From 1516 to 1521 he managed certain estates belonging to the cathedral, living at Allenstein Castle, south of Heilsberg. Here he experienced the turmoils of war, between 1519 and 1521, striving successfully to fend off both sides. He attended the meeting of the Prussian Diet in 1522, with other ecclesiastical rulers, and there presented a notable report on coinage reform.

Back in Frauenburg, in the early summer of 1524, he was led into astronomical controversy by a friend, thereby fully displaying his mastery of the techniques of mathematical and computational astronomy. The friend was a canon of the Church of Cracow and secretary to the king of Poland—like many of Copernicus's friends, a successful ecclesiastical administrator—and he had sent to Copernicus for



ERICH LESSING—MAGNUM

Early astronomers, basing calculations on the assumption of an earth-centered universe, observed planets making what appeared to be "retrograde" loops, as shown in a planetarium simulation. Astronomers attempted to explain what they saw by tortuous theories of epicycle and deferent.

comment a work on "The Motion of the Eighth Sphere" (the sphere of fixed stars) by a minor German mathematician named John Werner. The *Letter against Werner* criticizes Werner's calculations, in substance and method, and is scathing about his competence. It was an age of controversy; his mathematical friends enjoyed Copernicus's easy mastery of the subject and saw to it that the piece circulated in manuscript, as did the *Commentariolus.*

The *Letter against Werner* undoubtedly added to his reputation as an able and original astronomer, although it contains no hint of his revolutionary astronomical system. But this itself was far from unknown, and in 1533 Pope Clement VII and various cardinals listened to an exposition of the new theory. One of these cardinals, a friend, was so impressed that three years later he wrote to Copernicus to urge him to communicate the details of his system to the world.

Meanwhile, although Copernicus seems to have been very little affected by it, another revolution in thought was taking place—the Protestant revolt. It may have been Andreas Osiander, returning in 1525 from converting the Grand Master of the Teutonic Knights to Lutheranism, who spread the word in Protestant circles of the strange new theory on which the canon of Frauenburg was working. Although Osiander settled in Nuremburg in southern Germany, he may well have passed through Wittenberg, where Luther was living and where the new Protestant university was intellectually active. It is tempting to suppose that it was he who informed Luther of "the new astronomer who wants to prove that the Earth goes round, and not the heavens, the Sun and the Moon; just as if someone sitting in a moving wagon or ship were to suppose that he was at rest, and that the Earth and the trees were moving past him," as Luther described it in his "Table Talk" in 1539. Clearly, the canon of Frauenburg's plan for the reformation of astronomy was by no means the guarded secret one might imagine it to be, and clearly, too, there was as yet no intellectual barrier between Protestant and Catholic circles.

This tolerant view was to become increasingly alien in the growing violence of Reformation and Counter-Reformation Europe, but its existence among at least some of the clergy of Frauenburg perhaps explains why the ultimate publication of the entire Copernican system came to be ineluctably linked with Protestant mathematicians. In the spring of 1539, the same year in which Luther showed his surprising knowledge of the new system, a young Protestant professor of mathematics from the University of Wittenberg, Georg Joachim Rheticus, arrived unannounced at Frauenburg, seeking Copernicus and desperately eager to learn the details of his system. Copernicus received him into his household, gave him the run of his manuscripts, explained any difficulties Rheticus encountered, and granted him permission to write a short summary, which under the title *A First Account of the Books on Revolution (Narratio Prima)* was published at Danzig in 1540.

It is a breathless but fairly thorough account, nearly three times as long as Copernicus's own *Commentariolus,* and it describes not the earlier theory but Copernicus's final and considered system. Rheticus is full of respect and praise for his "teacher," as he always calls him, comparing him favorably with the greatest astronomers of past ages. After two years Rheticus returned to Wittenberg, his head filled with Copernican astronomy and in his luggage a manuscript of the trigonometric sections of Copernicus's work, which he published as a separate tract in 1542.

The departure of Rheticus, though his name was never mentioned by his

teacher, seems to have decided Copernicus, now an old man by the standards of the age, that the time had come to cease his labors and let his manuscript be made available for all to read. He gave it to Bishop Giese, who promptly sent it to Rheticus for publication under the title *De revolutionibus orbium coelestium.* Rheticus gave it for printing to a friend in Nuremburg interested in astronomy, and asked Osiander to see it through the press. Eminent churchman and devout Lutheran that he was, Osiander introduced an extra unsigned preface in which he warned those who may have heard of the author's work not to be alarmed, since the motions of the earth there described are hypothetical only. Copernicus never knew of this preface; for at least six months before his death on May 24, 1543, he was partially paralyzed and bedridden, and although he saw a copy of the finished book, it is unlikely that he was fully aware of it.

If he had been, he is not likely to have agreed with Osiander. He may have been cautious, and slow to venture into print because of "the scorn which I had to fear on account of the novelty and incongruity of my theory"—scorn that might come from the unlearned, and indeed had come from Luther and others as a result of his letting the *Commentariolus* circulate widely; yet his friends, far from hissing him off the stage, had encouraged him on every hand. Finally, reflecting that "mathematics are for mathematicians," who would understand, and that the work would be useful for the church's calendar reform, he had decided to let the long-matured book appear. All this Copernicus confided in his own preface to *De revolutionibus,* which was addressed to Pope Paul III and therefore written after 1534.

In this preface, which appeared along with Osiander's, Copernicus gave his reasons for having attempted to reform astronomy by thinking about the motion of the earth. "I should like your Holiness to know," he declares, "that I was induced to think of a method of computing the motions of the spheres by nothing else than the knowledge that mathematicians are inconsistent in these investigations." Their computations are inexact and inconsistent with their hypotheses; their mathematical devices are clumsy, and they cannot make the universe a coherent whole. Long reflection convinced Copernicus, he said, that it was not right to abandon the attempt to find a true system, and, good humanist that he was, he read the ancients "to seek out whether any of them had ever supposed that the motions of the spheres were other than those demanded by the mathematical schools." Finding that there had indeed been Greek astronomers who had taught the mobility of the earth (he does not seem to have known of late medieval speculators like Nicole Oresme and Nicholas of Cusa), he ventured, he says, to try its effect upon astronomy. And he found it offered a "sound explanation," for if the earth were taken to be in motion, then the whole universe seemed to fall into a harmonious whole, even though it was necessary to assume that this universe was far larger than had previously been thought.

How did this come about? First, by assuming the daily rotation of the earth upon its axis, he found that one motion explained many: the rising and setting of the fixed stars, of the sun, moon, and planets, were all accounted for. There was no need to assume that the sphere of fixed stars whirled around every day at immense speed, nor to postulate some extra mathematical device to account for the diurnal motions of the sun, moon, and planets. Next, by assuming that the earth was not the center of the universe but itself a moving planet, and by making all the planets revolve about the sun, the motions of the planets became simpler. For example, Mars and Jupiter have the awkward habit of appearing at some points in their orbits to move backward, contrary to their normal motion. This "retrograde motion" Copernicus correctly explained as being the result of the earth's motion. The terrestrial year is shorter than the Martian or Jovian year, and so the earth sometimes appears to overtake the so-called outer planets, those that are located beyond the sun, making it appear that these planets are moving backward.

Two points must be noted here. The first is that Copernicus differed from his predecessors in his postulation of the motion of the earth by the fact that he genuinely believed it represented physical reality. Indeed, his very belief that a knowledge of physical reality was attainable is in itself in marked contrast to the beliefs of Scholastic thinkers, who held that only Revelation, which came direct from God, gave certainty and that man could by reason attain only to possible, probable, or contingent truths. Copernicus was aware that the observations available to him, whether his own or those of others, were necessarily insufficient and probably not as accurate as they might be, and this might mean the necessity of correcting his tables and figures, but he never doubted that the aim of astronomy was to achieve a description of physical reality, of nature as it really was. Osiander's preface is therefore the absolute denial of one of Copernicus's greatest contributions to astronomy—the conviction, which his successors readily adopted, that it was the business of the astronomer to describe the motions of the planets as they really are.

The second important aspect of Copernicus's work in which he differed from his predecessors is that, far from offering a hint or a suggestion or a sketch of an astronomical system, he offered the complete system itself, in thorough and efficient detail. Only one man had done this—or even tried to do this—before, namely Ptolemy in his "great synthesis," which we know by the Latinized Arabic title *Almagest.* Here Ptolemy had set out the arguments for a geostatic universe, and then had gone on to give a mathematical exposition of the motions of the

moon, the sun, and the planets, with tables showing what the positions of these heavenly bodies ought to be in the future.

Now Copernicus produced in *De revolutionibus* a mirror image of the *Almagest:* in the first book is what he called "the general system of the universe," that is, the arguments in favor of the earth's mobility (Ptolemy's arguments for its being at rest all carefully refuted), followed, as in the *Almagest,* by a short trigonometric treatise intended to provide the more advanced mathematics to be used in later books. Then, again like the *Almagest,* Book II applies his trigonometry to various problems concerned with the apparent motions of the planets, improving on Ptolemy, and ends with a star catalogue, that of Ptolemy corrected for the passage of time. Then follows in Book III an exposition of the motions of the earth, in Book IV of the moon, and in Books V and VI of the inner and outer planets, each exposition ending with a theoretical discussion of the particular body's motion and with tables intended to show future positions.

Much of the immediate importance of Copernicus's work lies in these later books, for the methods of calculation and the tables themselves were, although imperfect, a great improvement upon earlier ones. It is clear why Erasmus Reinhold (like Rheticus, a Protestant professor of mathematics at Wittenberg) called Copernicus "a second Ptolemy." In fact, Reinhold was not a believer in the Copernican system, but he recognized the merits of the calculations and tables, and in 1551 he published the *Prutenic* (Prussian) *Tables,* based on those of Copernicus. Reinhold's printing costs were paid by Duke Albert of Prussia, whom Osiander had long before converted to Protestantism. So, curiously, the work of the Catholic Copernicus continued to be linked with Protestantism.

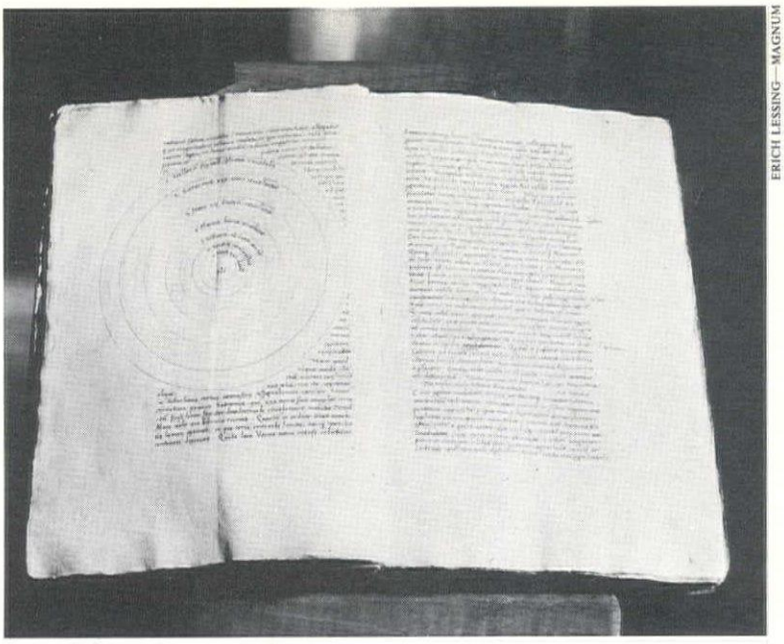
It is difficult to tell what the immediate effect of *De revolutionibus* was on the world. For on the one hand, the chief novelties—the motions of the earth and their effects—had been known by those who had read either the *Commentariolus* or the *Narratio Prima* of Rheticus, or had even heard these spoken of. And on the other hand, the *De revolutionibus* was an extremely difficult work to master. Nevertheless, it was reprinted with the *Narratio Prima* in 1566 at Basle, and it is clear that many astronomers who shrank from the implications of the Copernican system still found it useful for reference. Rather oddly to the modern mind, it was the fresh observations that struck astronomers most forcibly; these are not very numerous—Copernicus mentions only twenty-seven—nor very accurate, but they very much impressed astronomers in the decades before Tycho Brahe revolutionized observational astronomy.

Too much can be made of the reactions of poets and literary men, often speaking from hearsay. These frequently reacted like Luther, or like Du Bartas, who expressed the view in his didactic poem of 1578, *La Semaine,* that Copernicus represented the "brain-sick" generation overblown with novelty—"how absurd a jest" to suppose the earth moves, as if a passenger on a ship should think he was at rest while the shore moved away.

In England Robert Recorde in his *Castle of Knowledge* of 1556 expressed a view that must have been common among teachers of astronomy—that the Copernican system was an important one but not suitable for beginning students. For the rest of the century even Copernicans taught the old system to elementary students and the Copernican system only to advanced students. Yet one of the few vernacular translations of Book I of *De revolutionibus* was presented to the layman—by Thomas Digges, a competent mathematician and astronomer, who in revising his father's *Prognostication Everlasting* (a perpetual almanac) in 1576, added an appendix entitled *A Perfect Description of the Coelestiall Orbes.* This differs from Copernicus only in extending the sphere of fixed stars to "the palace of felicity . . . the very court of celestial angels," the theological heaven, so that the stars are no longer hung on a crystalline sphere but are scattered through an immensity of space. It is, perhaps, not entirely fortuitous that it was in England that the heretical runaway monk and pantheistic philosopher Giordano Bruno expanded his dithyramb of oneness to include the infinity of the universe and espoused Copernicanism because it was easier to adapt to infinity than the Ptolemaic universe was.

Bruno was burned at the stake in 1600, though not for accepting Copernicanism. But his death reflects the growing and bitter religious tensions of the sixteenth century, which made it more difficult for Protestants and Catholics alike to dissent from the literal truth of the Bible. Copernicus had rightly pointed out that in his time no one seriously followed Lactantius in denying the sphericity of the earth on Biblical authority, and hence, he argued, one need not reject the mobility of the earth on Biblical authority. But others were less sure, especially when they reflected upon the physical arguments that could be advanced against a moving earth: its heavy, sluggish nature, the enormous size of the Copernican universe, the belief that a stone dropped from a tower could not land at its foot if the earth were rotating.

These were the arguments that moved the Danish Lutheran Tycho Brahe, the first great observational astronomer of modern times. Tycho was no Copernican, but his own system, geocentric and geostatic, was really more revolutionary than that of Copernicus. For Tycho did more than anyone to destroy the Aristotelian heaven-earth dualism. His observations of the nova of 1572 convinced him that its appearance meant that the heavens were not perfect and unchanging; and his observations of the comet of 1577 convinced him that, since it traversed the regions where the planets lay, there were no solid, crystalline spheres to



ERICH LESSING—MAGNUM

Copernicus argued that the earth was merely one of several planets that circled the sun. The diagram of his radical simplification adorns the original manuscript of De revolutionibus, *published in the year he died, 1543.*

hold the planets in their orbits. Many Copernicans accepted his reasoning, and the Copernican system was expanded thereby.

But if there were no crystalline spheres, what kept the planets in position, and how did they move? Answers to these questions were attempted at the very end of the sixteenth century by brilliant, original scientists. William Gilbert, born three years before the publication of *De revolutionibus,* saw no difficulty in accepting at least the daily rotation of the earth, for had he not discovered that the earth was a magnet, and therefore capable of rotating on its axis? And he further postulated that magnetism was responsible for keeping the moon in its orbit—a view that was to be extended to all the planets by Kepler.

Kepler, born only in 1571, was the first since Copernicus himself to attempt a mathematical assessment of the Copernican system. Unlike Copernicus, he was driven on by a profound spirit of mysticism, curiously tempered by an equally profound belief in observation, especially when the observations were the supremely accurate ones made by Tycho Brahe. Tycho had obliterated crystalline spheres; now Kepler threw away all the computational devices of circle, epicycle, and deferent, representing the planets as moving in elliptical orbits according to certain simple mathematical laws, under a quasi-magnetic force emanating from the sun. This theory was too remote from conventional astronomy to find an immediate audience, and Kepler's work was assimilated only in the mid-seventeenth century.

The nearest approach to a proof that the Copernican system ever received before the nineteenth century came from the telescopic discoveries of Galileo, published in 1610. He observed that Venus had phases, like the moon, as it should if the Copernican system was true; that the earth was not unique in having a moon, for Jupiter had four; that the stars really were enormously far away, for they could not be resolved in a telescope, but that they were not so huge as people had thought, for they were only points of light. Galileo crowned all these wonders by announcing a firm belief in Copernicanism, to which he even tried to convert a Catholic Church increasingly alarmed by intellectual novelties. In 1631 he published his *Dialogue on the Two Chief Systems of the World,* in which he clearly, although not professedly, espoused Copernicanism. The result was a clash with the Inquisition, and Galileo was forced to abjure his astronomical beliefs. Although this made Catholic scientists cautious, it attracted much sympathy for Galileo, and many readers. These were converted by Galileo's clever arguments, and above all, by the fact that his new physics fitted in with the Copernican system as well as the old Aristotelian physics had with the Ptolemaic.

A hundred years after the publication of *De revolutionibus* Galileo died, Newton was born, and the best scientists everywhere were inclining toward Copernicanism. Even Catholics were Copernicans–for example, Pierre Gassendi, like Copernicus a cathedral canon. Only priests in orthodox orders, like the Jesuits, held out, to be won over quietly in the eighteenth century. By the time that observational proof of the Copernican system was forthcoming—in the late 1830's—even the Catholic Church had capitulated. But the effects on science and thought had been incalculable ever since Copernicus had first let those outside his immediate circle know of his truly revolutionary theory of the celestial orbs.

The editor of Nature and Nature's Laws: Documents of the Scientific Revolution *(1969), Dr. Hall teaches at London's Imperial College of Science and Technology.*



Calder Made Easy

The creator of the mobile also likes to paint gouaches—"With oils," he says, "you have to wait too long for the stuff to dry." Here are some of his most recent ones, still almost wet

"Turn left after the fifth bridge, then right," the innkeeper directed. An exaggeration, I thought; but no, the five bridges were all there, small and somewhat rickety, yet solid enough to warrant Alexander Calder the unofficial title of Seigneur des Cinq Ponts.

For the approach *was* seigneurial along that uphill winding road, with the valley growing ever larger and the sky broader. On my left an aproned woman weeded her cabbage patch, undaunted by the bastion of slate-topped glass crowning the rise and the amusement-park flags flying on the crest. These last items turned out to be a trinity of stately mobiles—orange-red and white triangles, buttercup-yellow disks, marine-blue rhomboids, and black kites, hanging from drooping metal arms like water pails from the yoke of a Chinese coolie.

Massive is the word for the house Alexander Calder has built at Saché on the river Indre, a gently flowing stream that empties into the Loire. From the back, as you approach it, the building looks like a low stone barn with a soaring gray roof. But once inside, you are overwhelmed by the sunlight flooding in through the twenty-foot-high slabs of glass; these are mounted on rollers, so that the "wall" can be opened to let in the soft Touraine breeze.

Standing up to paint, as is his custom, Calder uses a free-swinging brush and large sheets of paper. In this photograph, taken recently in his gouacherie *at his French home, he is at work on a monumental onion.*

The main room, occupying a good half of the house, is as long and high as a refectory, with huge wooden rafters holding up the vaulted roof and a table long enough to accommodate twenty Rabelaisian monks and Panurge and Pantagruel besides. The rugs, woven by Mrs. Calder, feature the strong elemental colors and designs—mustard-yellow, orange-red, Prussian blue—that her husband is so fond of. Marvelously polychromatic, too, is her *batterie de cuisine*—bright-yellow casseroles, anemone-blue saucepans, and pomegranate colanders strung along one wall. For this room is at once kitchen and pantry, council chamber and workshop, banquet hall and art gallery (two Mirós, one Fernand Léger, and several Calder mobiles drowsily suspended from a beam).

"How about some vino?" Calder suggested, shuffling across the room to collar a bottle. Age has bleached the storm-swept hair and lengthened the jowls beneath the Roman emperor's chin, but the glint in the blue eyes is as sharp and mischievous as ever. A red and gray checkered shirt covered his upper hemisphere, tucked inside a pair of faintly paint-flecked khaki trousers.

The welcoming bottle emptied, Calder drove me down into the valley in his Citroën station wagon, an ornery machine with a right door that doesn't close properly and a left window that, for the sake of balance, stubbornly refuses to open. We turned left at the entrance to the village of Saché. In 1953, when Calder's son-in-law, Jean Davidson, first introduced Sandy and Louisa Calder to this part of France, he tried to talk them into buying a mill like his own, on a tiny island in a bend of the willow-banked Indre. But Calder preferred to buy a partly timbered farmhouse abutting a sandstone cliff face that was ready-made for storing wine; they lived here until they built the new house on the hill. He also acquired a vine-draped cottage with an old tiled roof, which he now uses as a *gouacherie*—a word that can mean either the place or the product of gouache practice.

Birds were warbling in the nearby poplar grove, above the faint sound of river water, as we ducked our heads and crept into this chapel-like sanctuary. Inside, the low-ceilinged room was so dark that Calder had to switch on a light that was hanging from a whitewashed beam.

"Like to see me do a gouache?" he asked, in a low, gruff voice that he seemed to be dragging up with diffi-

By CURTIS CATE

culty from the pit of his abdomen. ("I learned to talk out of the side of my mouth and have never been quite able to correct it since," he once remarked, with customary irony, of his World War I training as an infantry "barker.") Without waiting for an answer, he took a large sheet of drawing paper, stretched it out on a linoleum-covered table, then selected a brush lying across a small forest of open paint bottles. Dipping it into one of them, he drew a bold orange-red circle, to which a moment later he added a Prussian-blue arc that extended outward from the circle like an ear. A bright-yellow disk began to blaze in another corner, next to a black eight-pointed starfish. The colors filled in, he took the rinsed brush and drew an undulating black serpent through the large red circle, then added his signature—a C cut by an inverted V so as to look like an A.

Looking at that bold expanse of orange-red, I was reminded of how, back in 1928, during one of his first stays in Paris, Calder had invested in an orange bicycle, and of how, even earlier, in New York, he had had a tweed suit made from a piece of orange cloth with a yellow stripe in it, which had caused his friends to dub him "the cantaloupe with the straw hat."

When this inspired wire-twister first started doing gouaches, many years ago, he exercised his comic genius by composing masklike heads in bold, crosshatched stripes. The gouaches I saw at Saché seem to indicate a drift away from caricatural experiment and toward simpler forms taken from nature: yellow suns spouting flames of fanglike red, fields of red and black sunflower disks, stars, spiders, crabs, and even an occasional butterfly, interspersed with black Catherine-wheel spirals, red squids, or a blue fishnet mermaid with an orange tail.

Many of these gouaches, like the ones recently sent to Aubusson, will serve as cartoons for tapestries or carpets. When I asked Calder why he preferred gouaches to oils, he gave me a characteristically laconic answer. "With oils you have to wait too long for the stuff to dry."

From the *gouacherie* we ambled across the tranquil country road and through the unlocked garden gate to the now-empty farmhouse and the one-time *remise*, or wagon shed, that serves as a glassed-in workroom for Calder's latest passion: a kind of ferrous menagerie teeming with startled does, listening antelopes, and a vigilant giraffe.

Take a piece of sheet metal, cut it into the shape of a heart, bore a couple of holes for eyes, twist up an edge or two to form ears, place it on a four-legged chassis rising to a spiky point on which the "head" can rotate, add a touch of blue paint on the "nose," two dabs of red for the ears, throw in a pinch of yellow and a generous handful of genius, and you have a tense and trembling fawn.

Just to show the novice how easy it all is, the Master picked up a scrap of unpainted steel, placed it in a vise, and began hitting the exposed area with a hammer and a blunt-end chisel. A few solid blows from those workman's hands—hands that in their time have scraped boilers, logged lumber, laid railway sleepers, changed labels on cans of applesauce, painted lifeboats, designed jewelry and children's toys, and operated a mechanical circus—a few blows and the miracle was accomplished. Loosening the vise, Calder held up his victim: bent away from the rest at a 45 degree angle, the upper part of the metal was now a nose, the lower a chin, the intervening space a mouth.

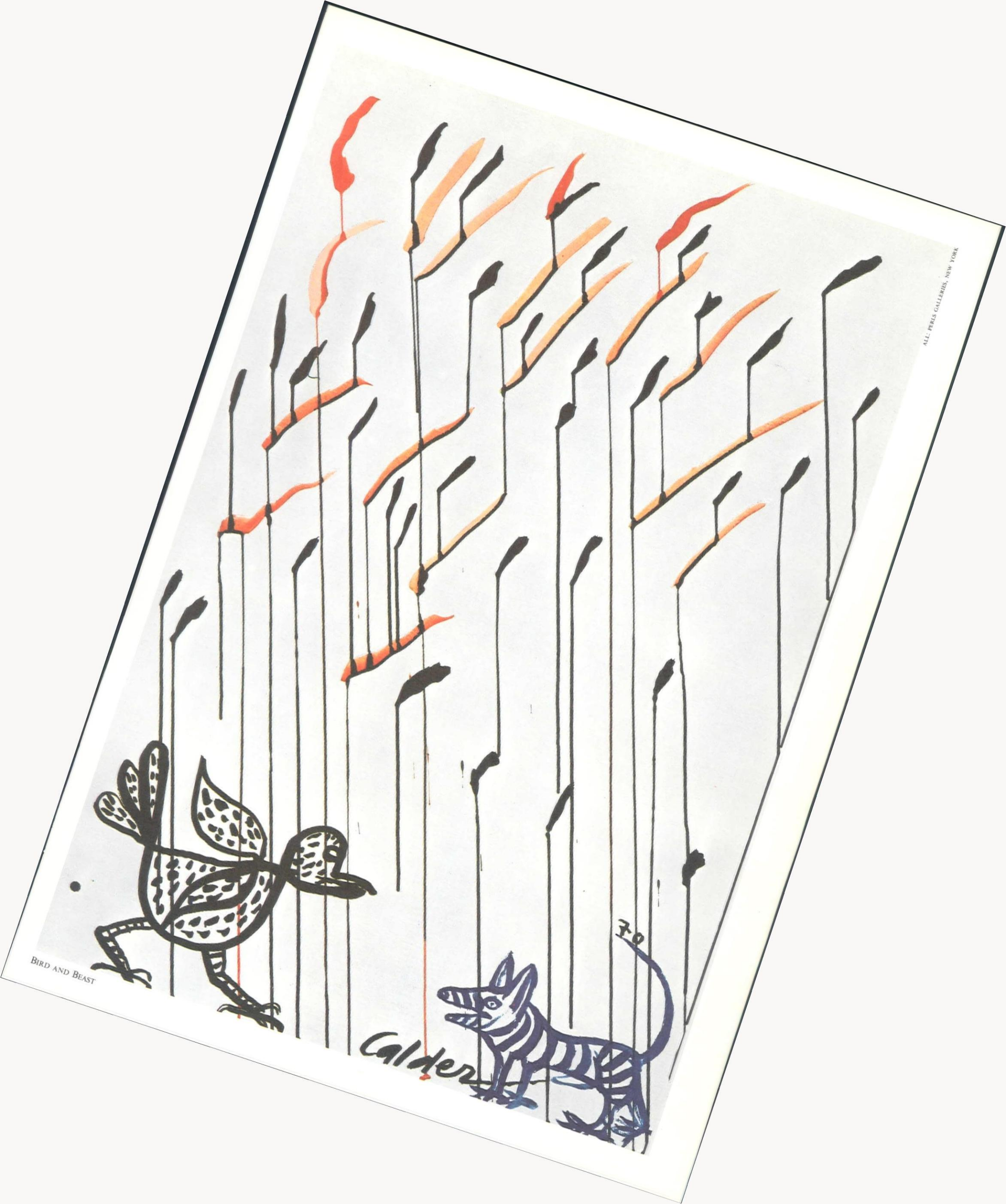
Turning to leave, I made a wide circle to avoid being struck by two yard-long strips of zigzagging metal that twisted up into flat, triangular heads of steel. A double-pronged antenna painted a garish yellow protruded venomously from beneath each "hood," like the forked tongue of an adder. "On a trip to the East some time back," their creator remarked, "I gave a snake stabile like this to an Indian. Years later I got a letter from him saying: 'Ever since you gave this thing to me, I've been trying to get used to it, but I can't. Do you think you could come back here and relieve me of its presence?' "

Back at the house, Calder went to fetch another bottle of *rouge*, while his wife kindly took me on a tour of the "garden"—a forty-foot-high greenhouse built at right angles to the house. Red begonias, tender blue lobelia, fragrant jasmine, a flowering maple, a grapefruit tree with a real grapefruit on it, another tree with tangerines and a third about to burst into *clementines*, to say nothing of the lemons, the great crimson hibiscus blossoms, which last no more than a day on a tree that flowers all year round, a mimosa for all seasons and one for special February blooming—what wasn't there in this homemade Garden of Eden? "One can

TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 57

A Garden of New Gouaches

Alexander Calder, best known as the inventor and master of the mobile and later the stabile, is at home in many other art forms as well: drawing and print making, designing everyday household objects, making jewelry, and, as this portfolio shows, painting gouaches. These bold creations in opaque water color are among Calder's most recent works and are here reproduced for the first time. Each is a scene from a field or a garden in which flowers thrust energetically upward and animals confront one another as forthrightly as the creatures in children's paintings. But the hand of the mobile maker is unmistakable. The snakes coil as springily as do the tendrils of the plants; the grass is as taut as wire; the leaves hang like pieces of metal waiting for the wind. Like Matisse and Miró, Calder has a talent for expressing joy —the satisfaction that arises, occasionally, from simply existing in the world, whether as a bird of the air, as a beast of the field, or as a human being, presumably with dominion over all the rest.



BIRD AND BEAST

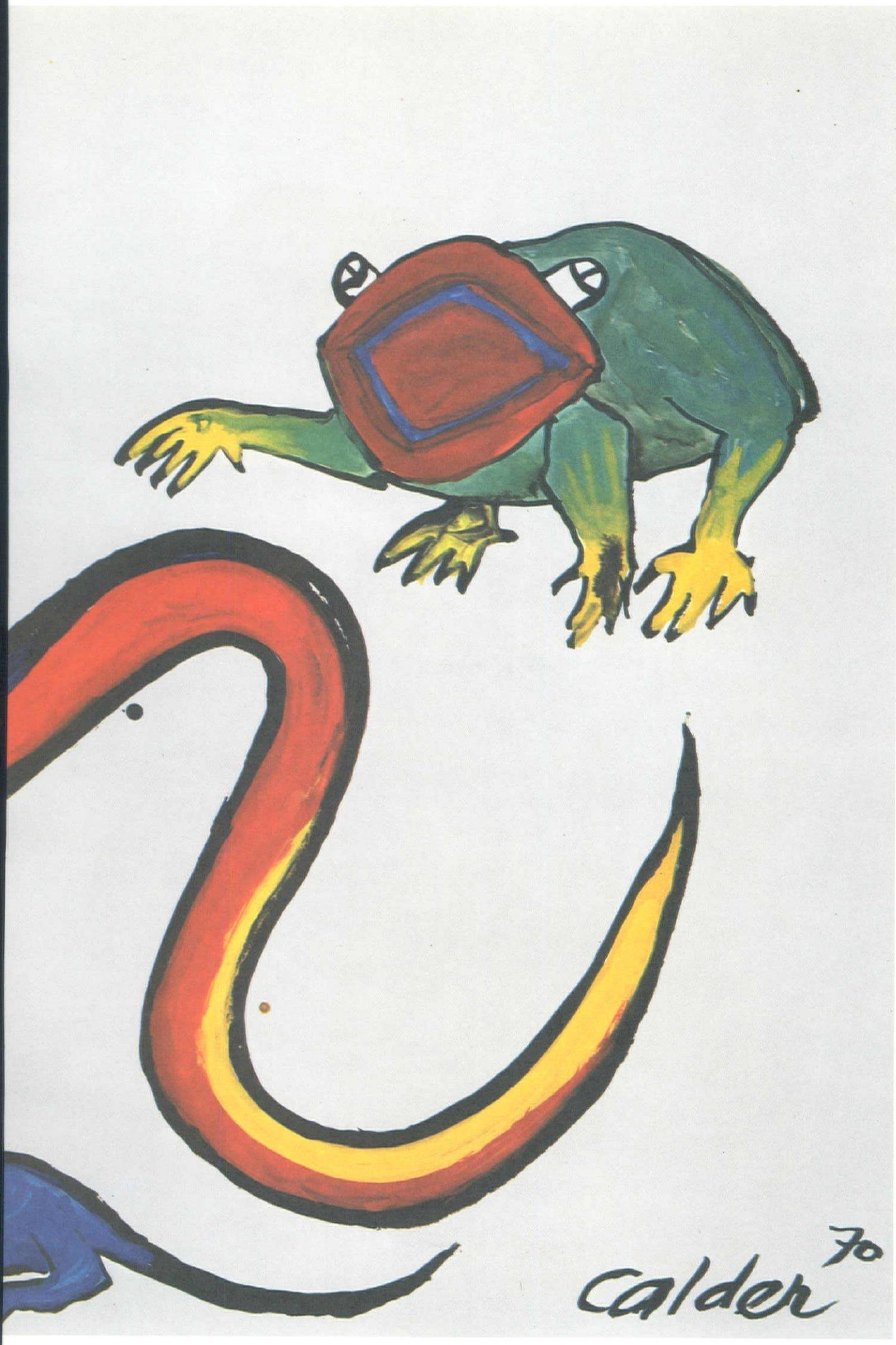


FLOWERS ON A YELLOW GROUND


Calder
71

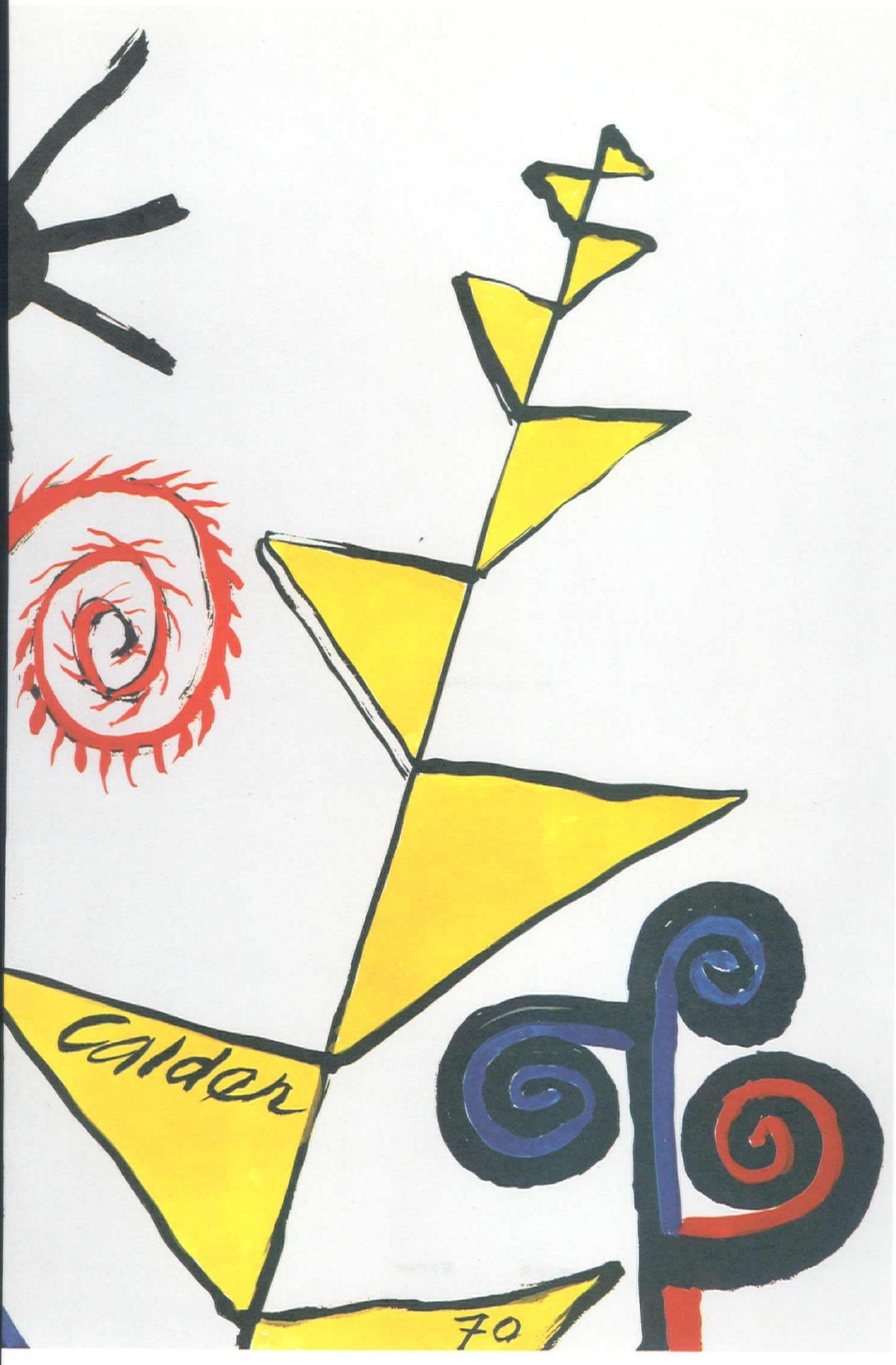


FOUR CREATURES


Calder 70



Garden of Lorraine


Calder
70



BLUE FLOWER

TEXT CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

see you know little about gardening," Mrs. Calder observed, before the inventory was half complete.

No, she explained to me, she and Sandy spend only a couple of months a year now in their Roxbury, Connecticut, house, usually October and November, when the New England foliage explodes. The rest of the time they live here in Saché, in their adopted homeland, France, the land of Yves Tanguy, André Masson, and many other surrealists; of Jean Arp, inventor of the word "stabile"; of Marcel Duchamp, coiner of the word "mobile"; and of Fernand Léger, for whom Calder was always *"le roi du fil de fer"*—King of the "Live" Wire.

The King, meanwhile, was seated at the long banquet table talking to Jean Davidson, who had managed to drive up without a sound being heard inside Calder's stout stone walls. I was sorry he hadn't brought his wife, Sandra, whose book, *Sylvester, the Lead Frog,* is a small masterpiece of caricatural invention. It isn't every day that one can meet a fourth-generation artist—great-granddaughter of Alexander Milne Calder, whose statue of William Penn tops Philadelphia's city hall, and granddaughter of the no less illustrious Stirling Calder, of whom Calder's mother used to say, even after her son had come into his own: "Now *there* was a sculptor!" Sandra Calder Davidson has two children of her own, and there is no telling what artistic surprises the fifth generation may have in store.

In the downstairs billiard room, to which I was now escorted, I was treated to an exhibition by two masters of the cue. Jean Davidson's strokes were sharp and precise, like the dispatches he used to grind out for the *Agence France-Presse* in Washington and New York; Calder's were less calculated—firm, robust blows delivered without a trace of hesitation by a man who obviously knows where he (if not always the ball) is going.

Before leaving, I asked Calder if I could visit the studio next to the house, the second of the two glass-fronted edifices that together make up Calder Castle. The studio was more like a warehouse, reached through a gargantuan door, large enough to permit the entry and exit of twelve-foot stabile models. There were at least a score of them inside, bristling black forms that cast a web of faint shadows on the wooden floor.

I stopped to touch a mobile composed of two palm-leaf punkahs, and it began to rise and fall in seesaw motion, like the two-blade paddle of an Indian canoe. Another, close by, was wrought of coinlike disks rising in a veinwork of branches to a bough anchored at the other end to a large hollowed-out disk. I asked Calder how he calculated the size of the counterweight needed to hold up the rest.

"I begin with the smallest and work up," he answered, gently lifting the farthermost twig in the cup of his right hand. "Once I know the balance point for this first pair of disks, I anchor it by a hook to another arm, where it acts as one end of another pair of scales, and so on up. It's a kind of ascending scale of weights and counterweights. Finally, when the whole branch is fitted out and I've got a definite weight to work with, I begin hollowing this disk"—he moved to the other side of the mobile and pointed at the counterweight. "Sometimes, when I've hollowed it out to a point where the hole makes a pleasing oval, I find I've made it too light. I then take the branch over here and begin shortening it, or I move the center point, here where it rests on the tripod base, a bit to the right, until the whole thing's back in balance."

Calder likes to define himself as "the window-dresser of space." There was plenty of it to be seen, as we gazed out through the translucent wall at the gentle valley of the Indre, with its alternating strips of clover, wheat, and vines, its knolls of dark-green woodland, and in the center, the rooftops of Saché.

Directly beneath us, on a stonework terrace built out in front of this king-size studio, four stabiles were solidly planted. All of them bore typically Calderian appellations: "Three Leaves," "Falcon," "Guillotine for Eight" (a man-dwarfing arachnid with a steam-shovel maw obviously thirsting for more heads), and a "Cactus Provisoire," which struck me as about as permanent and unprovisional a piece of Arizona desert weed as I had ever seen. Impressive though the last two looked—each must have been a good twenty feet high—they were small compared to the forty- or fifty-foot monsters that finally emerge from the Biémont ironworks in Tours. (Each giant stabile begins with a drawing, which is followed by a small metal model the ironworkers of Biémont use to cut and twist the various parts of the intermediate steel model; the parts are then screwed together, assembled, and if need be, modified under Calder's watchful eye.)

On my way out I paused to admire a singularly harmonious composition of black steel limbs. "Its name? . . . *Jeune fille et sa suite,*" said Calder slowly, with an utterly deadpan expression. Or maybe there was a sardonic droop to his lower lip that I failed to notice, so absorbed was I in contemplating the graceful undulation of the vertical, smile-shaped bracket, whose upper curve neatly suggested a girlish head and whose lower curve evoked an impish foot. How, once they had been identified as "the suite," could one fail to see in those spiky forms to right and left, the overeager young men whom this iron-hearted damsel held in thrall?

The evening sky was so bright when we came out that Calder had to shade his eyes for a moment as he stared at the three fun-fair tripods. "Had a hell of a big wind here a couple of months back," he drawled. "Knocked a couple of arms off those mobiles . . . I've been too busy to do anything about it. But someday, I guess, I'll have to make them stormproof."

Curtis Cate, an American who has spent much of his life in France, is the author of a much-acclaimed biography of the literary aviator Antoine de Saint-Exupéry.



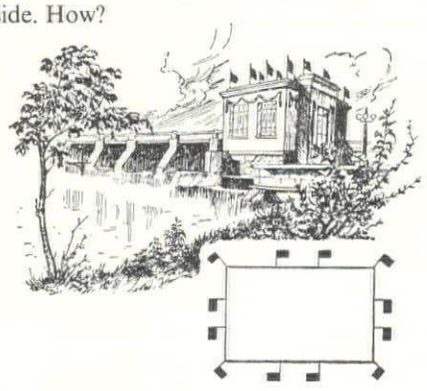
Mind Bender

The vexing problems on these two pages are taken from The Moscow Puzzles, *a collection of 359 "recreations" to be published early next year by Charles Scribner's Sons. The book was written by Boris A. Kordemsky, a mathematics teacher in a Moscow high school, and it has become the most popular puzzle book ever published in the Soviet Union, where it has sold more than a million copies. Edited by Martin Gardner and translated by Albert Parry, the puzzles appear here for the first time in English. Readers are advised to keep in mind that mere high-school students breeze through these problems in Russia, though the* HORIZON *editors consider two correct answers excellent, three astonishing, and four an embarrassment to the frustrated and infuriated editorial staff. The easy ones come first:*

ARRANGING FLAGS

Komsomol youths have built a small hydroelectric powerhouse. Preparing for its opening, young Communist boys and girls are decorating the powerhouse on all four sides with garlands, electric bulbs, and small flags. There are twelve flags.

At first they arrange the flags four to a side, as shown, but then they see that the flags can be arranged five or even six to a side. How?



TWO TRAINS

A nonstop train leaves Moscow for Leningrad at 60 miles per hour. Another nonstop train leaves Leningrad for Moscow at 40 miles an hour.

How far apart are the trains one hour before they pass each other?

SPEEDILY YET CAUTIOUSLY

The title of the problem tells you how to approach these four questions.

(1) A bus leaves Moscow for Tula at noon. An hour later a cyclist leaves Tula for Moscow, moving, of course, slower than the bus. When bus and bicycle meet, which of the two will be farther from Moscow?

(2) Which is worth more: a pound of $10 gold pieces or half a pound of $20 gold pieces?

(3) At six o'clock the wall clock struck six times. Checking with my watch, I noticed that the time between the first and last strokes was 30 seconds. How long will the clock take to strike twelve at midnight?

(4) Three swallows fly outward from a point. When will they all be on the same plane in space?

Now check the answers. Did you fall into any of the traps that lurk in these simple problems? The attraction of such problems is that they keep you on your toes and teach you to think cautiously.

FOR THE TSIMLYANSK POWER INSTALLATION

A factory making measuring equipment urgently needed by the famous Tsimlyansk power installation has a brigade of ten excellent workers: the chief (an older, experienced man) and nine recent graduates of a manual-training school.

Each of the nine young workers produces fifteen sets of equipment per day, and their chief turns out nine more sets than the average of all ten workers. How many sets does the brigade produce in a day?

LARGE SEGMENTS INSTEAD OF SMALL

In Soviet machine works a marker is a man who draws lines on a metal blank. The blank is cut along the lines to produce the desired shape.

A marker was asked to distribute seven equal-sized sheets of metal among twelve workers, each worker to get the same amount of metal. He could not use the simple solution of dividing each sheet into twelve equal parts, for this would result in too many tiny pieces. What was he to do?

He thought awhile and found a more convenient method. Later, he easily divided five sheets for six workers, thirteen for twelve, thirteen for thirty-six, twenty-six for twenty-one, and so on. What was his method?

MISHA'S KITTENS

Every time young Misha sees a stray kitten, he picks up the animal and brings it home. He is always raising several kittens, but he won't tell you how many because he is afraid you may laugh at him.

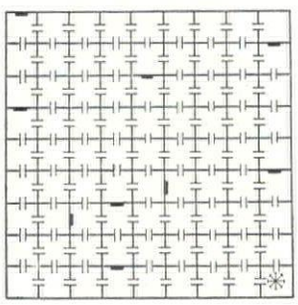
Someone will ask, "How many kittens do you have now?" "Not many," he answers. "Three-quarters of their number plus three-quarters of a kitten."

His pals think he is joking. But he is really posing a problem—an easy one.

ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FIVE DOORS

A prisoner was thrown into a medieval dungeon with 145 doors. Nine, shown by black bars, are locked, but each one will open if before you reach it, you pass through exactly eight open doors. You don't have to go through every open door, but you do have to go through every cell and all nine locked doors. If you enter a cell or go through a door a second time, the doors clang shut, trapping you.

The prisoner (in the lower-right corner cell) had a drawing of the dungeon. He thought a long time before he set out. He went through all the locked doors and escaped through the last, upper-left corner one. What was his route?



MATCH NAMES AND AGES

[In Russia the wife of a Mr. Serov is Mrs. Serova.]

Three Young Pioneers were talking. The leader said: "Burov, Gridnev, and Klimenko arrive tomorrow. Their first names are Kolya, Petya, and Grisha, but not necessarily in that order."

"I think Kolya's last name is Burov."

"You are wrong," said the leader. "I'll give you some hints."

"The father of Nadya Serova, whom you know well, is a brother of Burov's mother.

"Petya started grade school when he was seven. He wrote me recently, 'Finally, this year I am beginning sixth-grade algebra.'

"Our beehive keeper, Semyon Zakharovich Mokrasov, is Petya's grandfather.

"Gridnev is one year older than Petya. And Grisha is one year older than Petya."

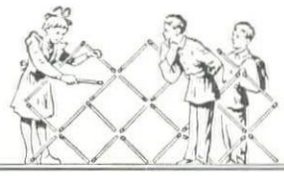
Give both names of the three boys—and their ages.

WHEN THE FASCISTS DARED ATTACK OUR COUNTRY

During World War II Russian cities near the front were blacked out. Once when it was time to darken the windows, schoolboy

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rom Moscow



Vasya's parents could not find a shade for a window 120 by 120 inches. All that was available was a rectangular sheet of plywood. Its area was correct, but it was 90 by 160 inches.

Vasya picked up a ruler and drew quick lines on the plywood. He cut it into two parts along the lines he had drawn. With these parts he made a square covering for the window. How?

What Is the Engineer's Last Name?

On the Moscow–Leningrad train are three passengers named Ivanov, Petrov, and Sidorov. By coincidence, the engineer, fireman, and a conductor have the same last names:

(1) Passenger Ivanov lives in Moscow.

(2) The conductor lives halfway between Moscow and Leningrad.

(3) The passenger with the same last name as the conductor lives in Leningrad.

(4) The passenger who lives nearest to the conductor earns exactly three times as much a month as the conductor.

(5) Passenger Petrov earns two hundred rubles a month.

(6) Sidorov (a member of the crew) recently beat the fireman at billiards.

What is the engineer's last name?

A Palindromic Sum

This is a nut that has not been cracked.

Add its reverse to any integer. Add the sum's reverse to the sum. Continue until a sum is palindromic (same from right to left as from left to right):

38	139	48,017
83	931	71,084
121	1,070	119,101
	0,701	101,911
	1,771	221,012
		210,122
		431,134



Many steps may be necessary. (From 89 to 8,813,200,023,188 takes twenty-four steps.) It has been conjectured that every integer will eventually produce a palindrome.

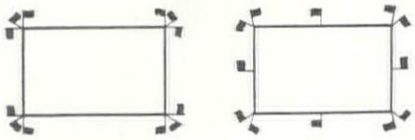
P. R. Mols, an industrial worker from Riga, found the number 196, which after seventy-five steps has not produced a palindrome. Rather than continue from the thirty-six-digit number of the seventy-fifth sum, try to prove or disprove the conjecture by reasoning. (No answer is given for this problem.)

[The number 196 was independently suggested by Charles W. Trigg of California, and computers now have carried it beyond many thousands of steps without producing a palindrome. For recent information on the "palindrome conjecture," which has been proved false only for the binary system, see the Mathematical Games department of *Scientific American*, August, 1970.

—Martin Gardner]

ANSWERS

Arranging Flags



Two Trains

One hundred miles (60 + 40).

Speedily Yet Cautiously

(1) Neither.

(2) A pound of metal is always worth more than half a pound of the same metal.

(3) Six strokes took 30 seconds, therefore twelve strokes will take 60 seconds—such is the usual train of thought. But when the clock struck six, there were only five intervals between strokes, and each interval was $30 \div 5 = 6$ seconds. Between the first and twelfth strokes there will be eleven intervals of 6 seconds each; therefore, twelve strokes will take 66 seconds.

(4) There is always a plane that contains any three given points.

For the Tsimlyansk Power Installation

Distributing among the nine young workers the nine extra sets produced by the chief, the daily average for all ten men is $15 + 1 = 16$ sets. Then the chief turns out $16 + 9 = 25$ sets daily, and the entire brigade $(15 \times 9) + 25 = 160$ sets.

Those who know algebra can solve this by composing an equation with one unknown.

Large Segments Instead of Small

He noticed that: $\frac{7}{12} = \frac{1}{3} + \frac{1}{4}$; so he cut four sheets into twelve thirds, and three sheets into twelve fourths. Each worker got a third and a fourth, or $\frac{7}{12}$.

For the other distributions he used:

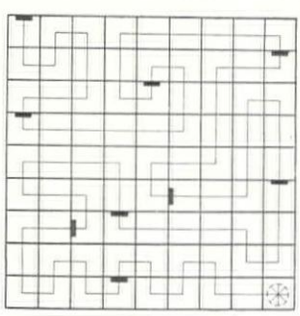
$$\frac{5}{8} = \frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{8}; \frac{13}{19} = \frac{1}{2} + \frac{7}{38};$$
$$\frac{13}{36} = \frac{1}{4} + \frac{1}{9}; \frac{29}{21} = \frac{2}{3} + \frac{1}{7};$$

and so on.

Misha's Kittens

Three-quarters of a kitten is one-quarter of Misha's kittens. He has $4 \times \frac{3}{4} = 3$ kittens.

One Hundred and Forty-five Doors



Match Names and Ages

(1) Of Burov's two grandfathers, one is named Burov and one Serov. Petya's grandfather is named Mokrasov. Petya is not Burov.

(2) Kolya is not Burov.

(3) Burov is Grisha.

(4) Petya is not Gridnev, so he must be Klimenko.

(5) By elimination, Kolya is Gridnev.

(6) If Petya was seven when he started first grade, he is starting sixth grade at twelve.

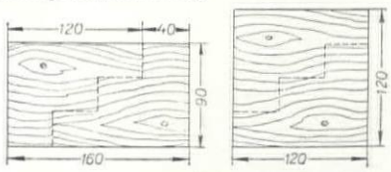
(7) Gridnev and Grisha are thirteen.

Summary:

Grisha Burov is thirteen.
Kolya Gridnev is thirteen.
Petya Klimenko is twelve.

When the Fascists Dared Attack our Country

Vasya proved how clever he was by making a stair-step cut, as shown.

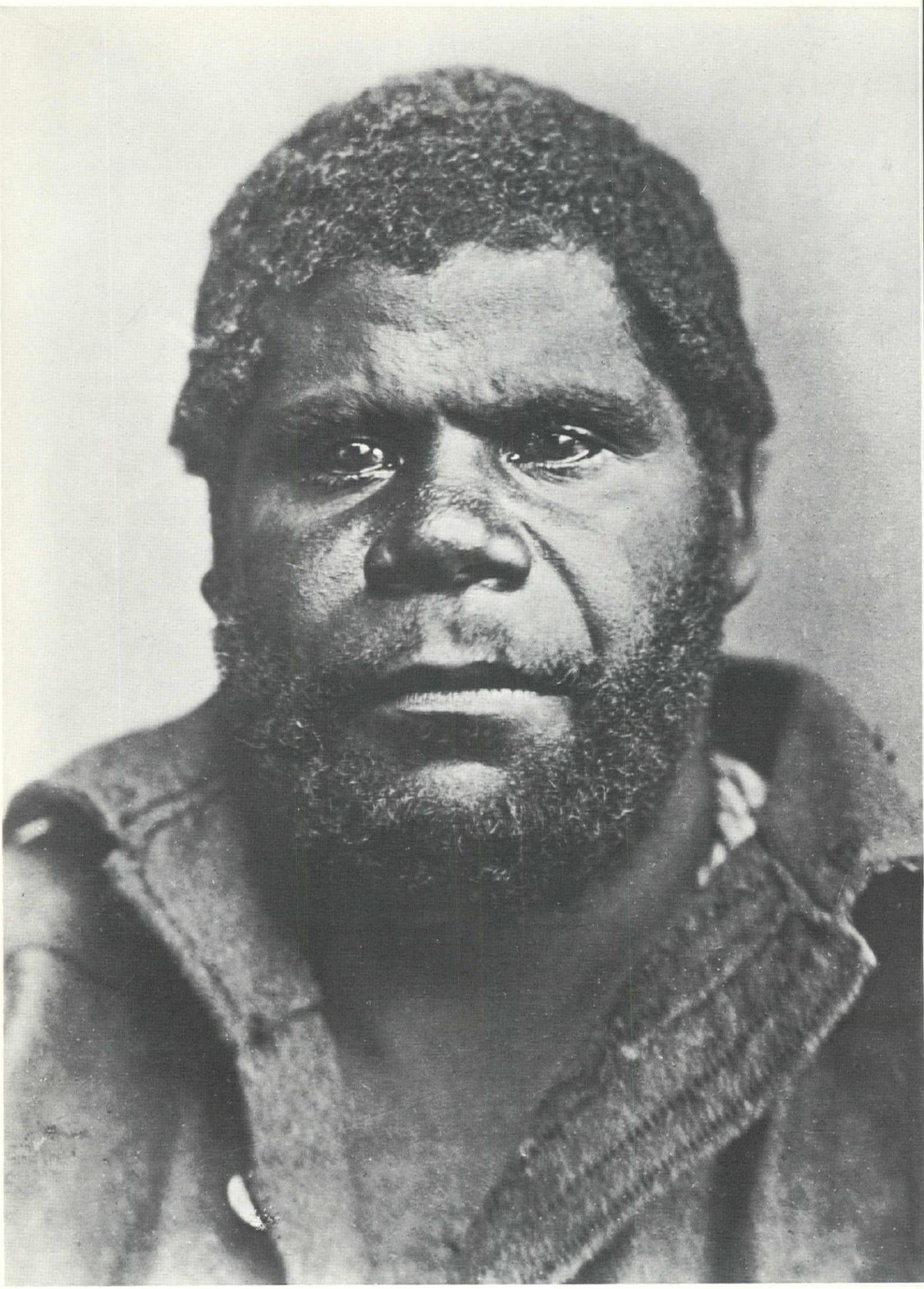


What Is the Engineer's Last Name?

The passenger who lives nearest to the conductor is not Petrov [(4)-(5)]. He does not live in Moscow or Leningrad, since at best these are only tied for nearest to the conductor (2), so he is not Ivanov (1). By elimination, he is Sidorov.

Since the passenger from Leningrad is not Ivanov (1), by elimination he is Petrov, and the conductor's name is Petrov (3). Since Sidorov is not the fireman (6), by elimination he is the engineer.

THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY



The Final Solution, Down Under

"I regret the death of the last of the Tasmanian aborigines," wrote one of the pious mourners when the race had finally become extinct, "but I know that it is the result of the fiat that the black shall everywhere give place to the white"

For many years after the European discovery of Australia, no one realized that Tasmania was an island. To the early navigators it seemed only a protrusion from the southeast corner of the continent, and it was assumed that its flora and fauna must be more or less the same as the rest.

Yet it was in many ways a particularly insular island. Separated from the mainland only by the 150 miles of the Bass Strait, it possessed a character all its own. It was a hilly island, about the size of Ceylon or West Virginia, covered with dense forests of pine, beech, and eucalyptus, sometimes so thickly interwoven with creepers that a man could walk suspended on a web of foliage far above the ground. In the east there was fine rolling downland, fresh and green in the antipodal morning, mauve or golden as the sun went down. In the west impenetrable forest land, tangled with undergrowth, fell away from the central mountains in gorges and fjords to the sea. In many parts the soil was rich. The climate was wet but fresh, rather like Britain's; and indeed there were some corners of the island that looked astonishingly like northern Europe.

The last native Tasmanian male, William Lanney, opposite, known as "King Billy" to his fellow whaling men, was shown to Prince Alfred of England as a living relic in 1868 and died an alcoholic in the following year.

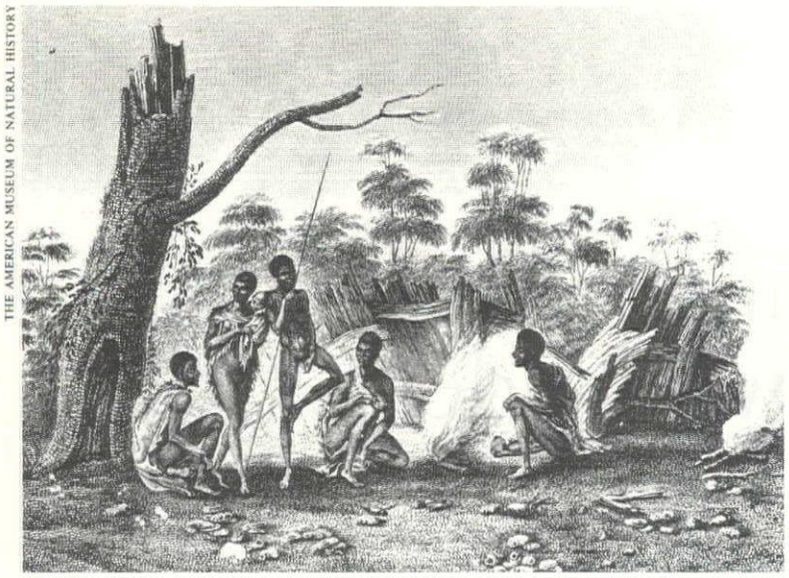
Most of the weird marsupials of the mainland were present in Tasmania: kangaroos and wallabies in countless herds, duck-billed platypuses, the black swans that, loitering strangely in the creeks of the southeast, sometimes gave the landscape an inverted look, like a photographic negative. But there were also creatures not found anywhere else. There was *Anaspides tasmaniae*, the shrimp that lived in the high mountain pools of the island and was known elsewhere only as a fossil. There was the huge Tasmanian crayfish, and the minute pygmy possum, like a little gray dormouse with its babies in its pouch, and the water hen, and the yellow wattlebird. There was the Tasmanian devil (*Sarcophilus harrisi*), which looked like a venomous badger, and the Tasmanian tiger (*Thylacinus cynocephalus*), which looked like a great striped dog, walked on its toes, made a noise halfway between a bark and a miaow, carried its babies backward in a pouch beneath its stomach, and could open its jaws so wide that at full stretch they formed almost a straight line from top to bottom.

Strangest of all, there existed, shadowy among the ferns and gum trees, a race of human beings altogether unique, different ethnically and culturally from the aborigines of the Australian mainland, and living in secluded forest encampments, or along shellfish-strewn shores, unaffected by contact with any other men and women but themselves.

No one knows how many of these original Tasmanians existed when, in 1798, George Bass and Matthew Flinders first sailed through the Strait and discovered Tasmania to be an island. There were probably not more than a few thousand of them, and since they were nomadic hunters, they had no permanent settlements. The Tasmanians never built a village, let alone a town: generally the only traces they left were the middens found here and there along their hunting routes.

Nor does anyone know where they came from. Victorian anthropologists much enjoyed the "Tasmanian problem" and spent many happy evenings debating possible migratory routes and ethnic progenitors. Since the Tasmanians were unquestionably distinct from the mainland aborigines, it was assumed that they had originated in the north or central Pacific and had worked their way southward over the millenniums. Modern theorists mostly suppose they came by way of Australia's east coast, for they had no folk memories of long sea voyages and aborigines of apparently Tasmanian characteristics have been found in Queensland.

By JAMES MORRIS


THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

This campsite of Tasmanian aborigines was sketched by a traveler around 1807—before their fatal confrontation with the British colonial authorities.

They were a smallish but long-legged people, red-brown rather than black, with beetle brows, wide mouths, broad noses, and deep-set brown eyes. The men had rich beards and whiskers and wore their hair tightly curled in ringlets, smeared with red ochre; the women cut their hair short, but they were hirsute, too, and in old age often developed incipient mustaches. Physically, the Tasmanians seem to have lacked stamina: their senses were uncannily acute, but they were not very strong, nor very fast, nor even particularly agile, though they were adept at running on all fours.

Europeans often found them unattractive. Some of the young girls were pretty enough, but they soon faded. "Their forms were generally thin and withered," wrote the Frenchman François Peron in 1807, "their breasts long and hanging; in a word, all the details of their physical constitution were repulsive." Mrs. Augustus Prinsep, writing in 1833, thought they all had a "most hideous expression of countenance"; George Lloyd, nearly thirty years later, found the women "repulsively ugly." To modern tastes, if we are to judge by surviving photographs, they might not seem so disagreeable: they look homely, but oddly wistful, like elves, or perhaps hobbits, and there is something very endearing about their squashed-up, crinkled faces, which seem never to be actually smiling but look suggestively amused all the same.

The Tasmanians did not, by and large, wear any clothes except for loose cloaks of kangaroo skin. Instead, they painted their bodies with red ochre, sometimes all over, sometimes in decorative, wavy lines down their arms and legs. They stuck feathers and berries in their hair, and around their necks they wore necklaces of shells or human bones. They slept in caves or hollow trees, or beneath rough windbreaks of sticks and fronds, stuck with shells on the outside and lined with bark within.

They did not use the boomerangs or womeras of the mainland people, but they were skillful with heavy spears and achieved a remarkably varied diet. Their staple foods were kangaroos and wallabies, but they also ate shellfish, roots and berries, fungi, lizards, snakes, penguins, herons, parrots, and the eggs of ants and emus. Some may have eaten sea fish; others apparently regarded scaled fish as taboo. The Tasmanians made crude boats of bark or logs, but they never ventured far out to sea; instead, they roamed incessantly, pursuing the fugitive marsupials, through the dense bush forests of their island and over its wide downland, or going down to the shingled shore to eat oysters.

A touching sadness surrounds their presence, from our distance of time. They seem an insubstantial people. Polygamous by custom, they were affectionate by disposition, and merry—singing in a sweet Doric harmony and dancing strenuous, hilarious, and frequently lascivious animal dances. But living on the edge of the world, they seem to have been on the edge of reality, too. Their small tribal bands seldom strayed outside their own hunting circuits, and they inhabited a little inconstant world of a few families.

If they met another tribe, they generally fought it, but the moment a man on either side was killed, the battle ended and the tribes withdrew. If they had a religion, it was concerned only with local sprites and goblins; few had any conception of an afterlife, most attached no spiritual importance to the sun or the moon. Some were apparently able to count up to five, others never went farther than two. Their only system of government seems to have been a patriarchal authority tacitly granted to the head of a family or to the bravest hunter of a tribe. Their only visual art consisted of rings chipped out of boulders and striped patterns in red ochre. Even their language was rudimentary, being a series of disconnected words with no linking grammar. This is one of their dancing songs, in a Victorian missionary's translation:

It's wattle blossom time,
It's spring-time.
Bird whistle,
The birds are whistling.
Spring come,
Spring has come.
Cloud sun,
The clouds are all sunny.
Bird whistle,
The birds are whistling.
Dance.
Everything is dancing.
Spring-time,
Because it's spring-time.
Dance.
Everything is dancing.
Luggarato, Luggarato, Luggarato—Spring, Spring, Spring.
Because it's spring-time.

Luggarato, Luggarato, Luggarato! To nearly everything about the Tasmanians there was a haunting naiveté.

They lived all by themselves, like children in the woods, and they seem to have thought of life as essentially provisional. The old and the sick they often abandoned when they moved on to new hunting grounds. When someone died, he was usually cremated without ceremony, the tribe seldom staying to watch him burn; or he was placed upright inside a hollow tree, with a spear through his neck to keep him there.

And when a man was gone, he was gone. His name was never mentioned again. It was as though, having lived his short hard life of wandering, having fathered his sons and eaten his feasts of parrot or emu egg—having appeared briefly upon the foreshore of the world—his life had been expunged and he had never existed at all.

Once it was realized that Tasmania was an island, it acquired a peculiar usefulness to the Europeans—more specifically, to the British, the pacemakers of European progress then and the most irrepressible expansionists the world had known. When the war of American independence lost this vigorous people their possessions in the west, they turned to Australia as a usefully remote destination for their castoffs and ne'er-do-wells, and since 1788 they had maintained a penal colony at Port Jackson in New South Wales, the site of Sydney. For this sad settlement, it seemed to the British, Tasmania would be a convenient outstation. It had been discovered in 1642 by the Dutchman Abel Tasman, who called it Van Diemen's Land—a name it was to keep until 1855—and three French expeditions had visited the island; but in September, 1803, a small party of Englishmen, convicts under military guard, sailed from New South Wales to the southern coast of the island, and planting a settlement on the east bank of the Derwent River, hoisted the Union Jack and claimed the area for their own.

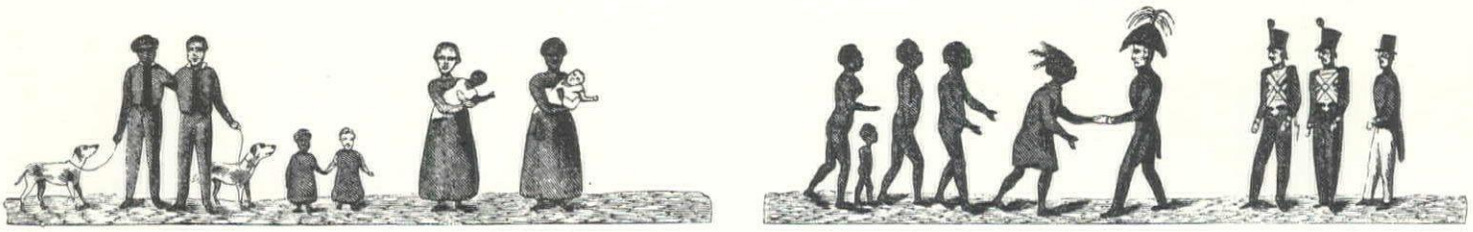
Risdon Cove, where Lieutenant John Bowen, his soldiers, and his criminals pitched their tents, remains much as it was then, and its character is relevant to our narrative. Across the river the city of Hobart, approached today by a high-humped concrete bridge, cheerfully surrounds its harbor. There are yachts scudding up and down the fairway, and factories along the shore, and a tumble of white suburbs spread over the foothills. Incongruously amid this cheerful scene stands Risdon Cove. Once the city tried to make a memorial park of it, and there are the remains of a formal entrance with a memorial slab; but it has all been abandoned, the gum trees crowd down from the hills, and the muddy water of the creek, oozing through the grassy bottom, makes it all dank. It is not a scene that speaks of enterprise or adventure; it is a low-spirited place, enervated still, one fancies, by the miseries and squalors of its origins.

One often has this feeling in Tasmania. Though it is a lovely island now, its landscapes serene and its pride disarmingly genteel, patches of harsh memory disfigure it. By the 1820's there were European settlements at both ends of the island. A fine road ran from north to south, and many free settlers were living in distinctly gentlemanly style in substantial country houses on prosperous estates. Yet the basis of its society remained punitive: this was a place of exile, a criminal island, and its life was organized around the fulcrum of its penal purpose. In a suggestive way, it is so still. Though transportation to Tasmania ended in 1853, the most compelling sight on the island remains the celebrated penal settlement of Port Arthur, on the Tasman Peninsula in the southeast.

This was not the severest of the several prisons on Tasmania. The worst was at Macquarie Harbour, on the west coast, where the prison buildings stood on a reef unapproachable by land except at low tide, and recalcitrant convicts were sometimes confined for weeks at a time on uninhabited rocks in the estuary. The hinterland there was so terrible that of the hundred-odd prisoners who ever escaped from Macquarie Harbour, sixty-two died in the bush, many of starvation, and nine were eaten by their comrades. Port Arthur, though, was much larger and better known, and was a tourist site almost from the start. A tramway used to take visitors down the steep slope of the Tasman Peninsula, its trucks pushed along by convicts, and here and there one may still discover the ruts of its tracks in the bush. At the bottom, then as now, the first thing one saw was the square English tower of the interdenominational church, looking rural and rooky, surrounded by English elms and oaks and by the neat verandaed houses of the governor and his assistants.

Just around the corner, however, beyond a discreet stretch of green with an ornamental fountain, the granite buildings of the prison were grouped with a terrible dignity around their harbor. They are mostly ruins now, but they have lost none of their grim authority. Here is the watchtower, around whose ramparts the sentries perpetually tramped, and here the flogging wall, and here the lunatic asylum. In the model prison (to be entered nowadays only with an official guide) the latest techniques of criminal reform were practiced, notably the silence system—a system so absolute that the warders wore felt slippers and the prisoners wore masks in church to preserve their isolation from humankind, and worshiped in single, shuttered cubicles. All the buildings are gray, and a gray suspense hangs over the scene like a vapor, even on bright summer mornings, when the tourists walk cotton-frocked and laughing from block to block, led by a garrulous and facetious guide.

Port Arthur was starkly insulated from the rest of the island. Guard posts with dogs patrolled the narrow spit, Eaglehawk Neck, which was the only land approach to the peninsula, and an elaborate system of sentinels and semaphore towers made it exceedingly difficult for a convict to escape. Some did, nevertheless; many more went to Hobart as assigned servants or ticket-of-leave men. But the very presence of the



A British view of British rule in Tasmania was rendered about 1830 in this Pictorial Proclamation for Blacks. *The two panels above show the "Blessings of Civilization and Peace"—decent English clothes, decent English dogs, and benign military protection. Opposite, the panels depict "Righteous Administration of Justice"—a black who kills a white is duly hanged and vice versa. In fact, the settlers killed aborigines with impunity.*

settlement, with its thousands of helpless men numbed or animalized by despair, pervaded the whole of the island and made society everywhere else coarser by the experience of it.

Many of the settlers were themselves emancipated convicts—very few of those freed in the Australian settlements ever went back to Britain. Nearly all the others employed convict servants. When food ran short in the early years of the settlement, convicts were allowed to go into the bush to forage for themselves; some became bushrangers or bandits, founded a desperado tradition, and graduated often enough into the romantic heroes of island legend. Society was polarized between an authoritarian establishment on the one hand and a huge criminal population on the other, and at either extreme was instinct with violence.

"Our forebears," a Tasmanian lady named Mrs. Charles Meredith wrote in 1852, "were British farmers and country gentlemen, not usually considered a desperately ferocious and blood-thirsty class." The myth has since been assiduously propagated that all the early settlers were either cultivated gentlefolk ("a natural son, I have always been told, of the Duke of Biggleswade") or unfortunates transported for trifling social offenses (riding the squire's horse or poaching hares). It is not true. Most of the convicts were genuine criminals, the toughest products of England's slums and injustices; and the free settlers learned to live as a matter of course with the horrible symptoms of imprisonment.

As the years went by the tone of Tasmanian society grew determinedly respectable, but even in the most idyllic parts of the island one is conscious of this heritage. The country houses of Tasmania are among the best the British built anywhere in their overseas possessions—stone houses, mostly, in a heavy but handsome kind of Georgian style, beautifully set in gardens and lawns and often luxuriantly shaded by English oaks and chestnuts transplanted from the shires. I love to wander around these houses, listening to the queer birds that squawk and chatter anomalously among the oaks, or fondly recognizing the bric-a-brac, the samplers or the Chelsea figures, the auntly water colors and the grandfatherly cricket teams, that are so nostalgically familiar to a visitor from Britain.

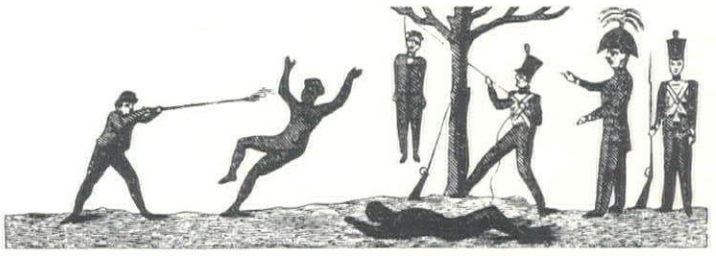
Yet always as I linger there, a shadow passes. It is a cloud from the past, a reminder that men in chains built these amiable English homes, that prisoners milked the cows in those fresh, whitewashed dairies, or plowed those Constable fields beside the river, and that the small girls in pantaloons and hair ribbons, so rosy and demure in the portrait above the boudoir desk, grew up in the intimate knowledge of whip and manacle.

Inevitably, this forceful community, gradually spreading from its seashore settlements, came into contact with the elusive aborigines of the forest. It was known from the start that they existed. When Tasman arrived off the southeast coast in December, 1642, he sent a boat into Blackman's Bay (now an archetypal suburban resort ten miles from Hobart); its crew saw nobody, but heard "certain human sounds" and "sounds resembling the music of a trump or a small gong." The races first met face to face more than a century later, when the French navigator Marion du Fresne anchored in the Derwent estuary. His crew found a group of natives on the shore, and an indeterminate squabble ensued; the Tasmanians threw stones and spears, and the Europeans responded with gunfire, killing one aborigine, wounding several others, and sending the rest astonished into the woods, "howling fearfully."

In 1777 the incomparable Captain Cook made a happier contact with a party of natives on the offshore island called Bruny—they seemed, he recorded, neither afraid nor distrustful. Captain Bligh of the *Bounty* also liked them, when he landed on Bruny in 1788, and the Frenchmen of Nicholas Baudin's expedition, in 1802, seem to have been enchanted by them. We read of aborigines clearing paths for their visitors, sharing their food, greeting them with "cries of joy" and "extremely quick stamping of the feet." The only trouble occurred when sailors made advances to native women; at all other times the Tasmanians seemed a shy, hospitable, rather sentimental people. "This gentle confidence of the people in us," wrote Péron, "these affectionate evidences of benevolence which they never ceased to manifest towards us, the sincerity of their demonstrations, the frankness of their manners, the touching ingenuousness of their caresses, all concurred to excite within us sentiments of the tenderest interest."

These were educated observers in the age of Rousseau, yearning for noble savages. Perhaps they were reading too much into the ingenuous caresses and cries of joy—which may have been, so later commentators have suggested, the cries of obscure Tasmanian seabirds, or the cooees of chieftains assembling their followers. Still, these meetings were evidently enjoyable to both sides.





The Europeans felt no threat from the guileless primitives. The aborigines thought the peculiar pale strangers might be the ghosts of their own dead, and may have welcomed their appearance as a break in the immemorial monotony of hunt, sex, and corroboree.

But when Europeans settled in Tasmania, the relationship soon changed. Almost at once the Tasmanians were defined as enemies, actual or potential. One summer day some eight months after the establishment of the camp at Risdon Cove, the convicts and their keepers looked up to the surrounding heights and saw a large group of aborigines, including women and children, advancing in a black semicircle out of the woods. What their intentions were, we shall never know. One eyewitness thought they were merely herding kangaroos, another reported that they were singing and carrying green boughs as tokens of friendship. Still, they must have looked an eerie lot, loping out of the bush into that gloomy gully, and the young lieutenant in charge ordered his soldiers to open fire. Several aborigines were killed, several more wounded, an orphaned black child was brought into camp and hastily baptized, and so, soon after the first European settlement in Tasmania, a precedent of distrust was set.

As the white colony grew in numbers and confidence, the original Tasmanians found themselves treated more and more as predators or vermin. The free settlers wanted land, and ruthlessly drove the nomads from their hunting grounds. The shifting riffraff of bushrangers and sealers used the black people as they pleased, for pleasure or for bondage. By the 1820's horrible things were happening on the island. Sometimes the black people were hunted just for fun, on foot or on horseback. Sometimes they were raped in passing, or abducted as mistresses or slaves. The sealers of the Bass Strait islands established a slave society of their own, employing the well-tried disciplines of slavery—clubbing, stringing up from trees, or flogging with kangaroo-gut cat-o'-nine-tails.

We hear of children kidnapped as pets or servants, of a woman chained up like an animal in a shepherd's hut, of men castrated to keep them off their own women. In one foray seventy aborigines were killed, the men shot, the women and children dragged from crevices in the rocks to have their brains dashed out. A man called Carrotts, desiring a native woman, decapitated her husband, hung his head around her neck, and drove her home to his shack.

"British farmers and country gentlemen," is how Mrs. Meredith remembered her forebears, "[not] by any means disposed to commence hostilities against quiet unoffending people." It is true, of course, that these horrors were generally committed by white men of the lowest sort, many of them criminals. Even so, it was not long before almost the entire European community, even the Mrs. Merediths, behaved little better toward the aborigines. Gone were those sentiments of tender interest. "I well know that these undiscriminating Savages," wrote Governor Collins in a report to his superiors on one fracas, "will consider every White Man as their Enemy." He was right. Despised, debased, and brutalized themselves, their numbers precipitously declining, they were now often the aggressors. Stockmen were murdered. Cattle were speared. Farms were burned. In 1827 the natives actually mounted a raid on Launceston, the second-largest town on the island.

It did not take long for the white community to convince itself that the Europeans were the aggrieved party, threatened by savages who denied them the right to farm and graze their own properties in peace. From time to time humane administrators tried to remind them otherwise. " It [is] no less the duty than it is the disposition of the Lieutenant Governor," proclaimed Governor Sorell in 1817, "to forbid and prevent, and when perpetrated, to punish any ill-treatment of the native people of this island, and to support and encourage all measures which may tend to conciliate and civilize them." "It is undeniable," said another official pronouncement, "that, in many former Instances, cruelties have been perpetrated repugnant to Humanity and disgraceful to the British character, while few attempts can be traced on the Part of the Colonists to conciliate the Native People or to make them sensible that Peace and Forebearance are the objects desired." From London the Colonial Office kept an evangelical watch upon events in the island, and in 1830 a committee of inquiry exposed some of the worst excesses of the sealers and bushrangers.

But the classic settler-native syndrome was already far advanced. The gentlemen in their country houses, the rich merchants in their mansions above the Hobart waterfront, the local administrators preoccupied with penal affairs and orderly government—all were reaching the now-familiar conclusion that life in Tasmania would be much happier if there were no Tasmanians. In language, the decrees of Authority remained irreproachably pious, and frequently warned the colonists that they must not be cruel to the natives. In intent, the announcements became ever less tolerant. The Reverend Thomas Atkins, after a visit to Van Diemen's Land in 1836, conveniently rationalized the attitude in Christian terms. It was a universal law in the divine government, he wrote, that when

savage tribes came into collision with civilized races of men, the savages disappeared. This was because they had not complied with the divine conditions for survival—"For God blessed them, and God said unto them, be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth and subdue it . . ."

Hobart in 1830 was already a substantial seaport and whaling base, set delightfully in the shadow of Mount Wellington and looking across the wooded estuary of the Derwent southward to the sea. From the sea it looked like a Jane Austen watering place, with the spire of St. David's Church rising gracefully above the roofs and the tidy grid of streets running up the hill behind. On the spot it was more rumbustious. It was full of ambitious merchants, sailors, soldiers, government officials—few of them gentlemen in the English sense of the word, but beginning to fall into patterns of social hierarchy. The big houses of the whaling magnates, often emancipated convicts, stood opulently at street corners or high above the sea at Battery Point, with carriages and stables and convict servants at the door.

Hobart is now a city of 124,000 souls, but one can still recognize the imprint of its early style, in the pattern of the streets and the old town houses that, carefully preserved and pointed out in guidebooks, survive from the first flush of colonial prosperity. Half-concealed behind an office façade in Macquarie Street, for instance, one can glimpse the old red brick of Macquarie House, one of the grandest early houses of Hobart Town. It was built in 1815 in a battlemented, pseudomilitary style, and as it turned out, this was appropriate: in 1830 it served as the headquarters of a military operation, the largest ever conducted against the native peoples of Australia, that was intended to provide a final solution to the problem of the Tasmanian aborigines.

Authority could not, of course, sanction the extermination of the natives. Humanitarianism was a powerful motive of Empire, and public opinion in England would never stomach genocide. Sir George Murray, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, observed in a dispatch to the governor that "the adoption of any line of conduct having for its avowed or for its secret object the extinction of the native race could not fail to leave an indelible stain on the character of the British Government." Anyway, God would doubtless arrange such a consummation in His own time—or as Sir George put it, "[it is] not unreasonable to apprehend that the whole race of these people may at no distant period become extinct."

Meanwhile, what *could* be arranged with a clear conscience was the removal of the entire race to somewhere else. There were several suitable islands around the coast, and extensive unsettled tracts of mainland, too. "Really it is high time," remarked the Launceston *Advertiser* one day, "they were either removed out of the Island, or driven by force of arms to the uninhabited districts . . ."

First they had to be found. By now they could be counted in the hundreds rather than the thousands, but they were a slippery, will-o'-the-wisp people, moving dappled through the eucalyptus glades or blending indistinguishably with the seashore rocks. Unsuccessful attempts were made to lure them, tribe by tribe, into Hobart and the paternal arms of Authority; in 1830 it was decided that they must be flushed from their nests, like game upon some vast estate, and beaten before an inescapable cordon mile by mile down the length of the island into the Tasman Peninsula at the bottom. There they would be rounded up and taken away to convenient reservations.

Macquarie House bustled with activity. Colonel George Arthur, the governor, himself assumed command of the operation and planned the cordon—"the Black Line"—on the most orthodox military principles (he had fought in the Napoleonic Wars and put down a slave revolt in British Honduras). Upstairs he and his staff officers spread their maps and plotted their dispositions. Downstairs there came and went, saluting and swishing their capes and rattling their swords, the officers of the three regular regiments committed to the operation and an enthusiastic gallimaufry of volunteers who swarmed about the house in a state of belligerent anticipation.

Arthur timed the campaign for the weeks before the harvest, calling upon every farm to send an able-bodied volunteer, and he conscripted ticket-of-leave men, cautiously commissioning police magistrates to be their officers in the field. In all, some 2,500 men were engaged. In case the settlers took the operation too lightly—some of them were, after all, accustomed to chase aborigines in innocent blood-sport—the government publicly warned the participants that it was "not a matter of amusement or recreation, but a cause of the most important and serious kind, in which the lives and property of the whole community are more or less at stake." Martial law was proclaimed against the native population, except for those who "there may be reason to suppose are pacifically inclined," and Arthur himself, ordering his charger saddled and kissing a soldierly farewell to his pregnant wife, rode away from Macquarie House to lead his troops into action.

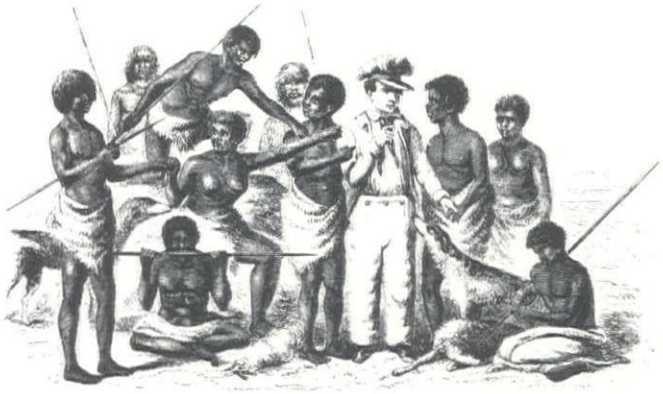
It was perhaps the most farcical campaign in the history of British imperial arms. The plan called for a steady advance on a front that would begin by being 120 miles long, but would narrow in the course of the march until its two flanks, swinging in an arc around the island, were united like a noose in the peninsula. No man was to be farther than sixty yards from his neighbor, and the beaters were to maintain contact by shouts and bugle calls. Strict military precepts prevailed. Dispatches were sent back to Macquarie House by equerry; requisitions were made for ammunition, food, clothing, and three hundred pairs of manacles. When a skeptical civilian

expressed doubts to one officer about this scheme, the colonel replied, "Oh, this is an entirely military manouevre, which you, as a civilian, would not understand."

Nothing went right. In that severe terrain the cordon was impossible to maintain. When they came to a defile, the soldiers predictably moved into single file; when they came to a particularly prickly patch of shrub, they naturally avoided it. Soaked through by incessant rains, their clothes torn, their rations inadequate, their muskets often unserviceable, their whereabouts distinctly uncertain, soldiers and volunteers alike soon lost interest in the aborigines and were concerned only with getting themselves dry, fed, and settled at the next bivouac. Nerves were frayed, tempers rose, volunteers slipped away home, and not even Arthur himself, galloping indefatigably along the line and writing numerous dispatches, could maintain the morale of his exhausted campaigners.

Sometimes they did see an aborigine—once they briefly glimpsed a party of forty. More often they mistook clumps of trees, or black swans, or the rustle of leaves, or kangaroos, for the presence of the black people. For seven weeks the Black Line struggled down the island, until halfway through November, closing upon the southeast corner, the men approached Eaglehawk Neck. Disheartened though they were, they assumed that a mass of black fugitives must be moving somewhere before them, and as they approached the peninsula they repeatedly asked along the way if the natives had passed over the neck to the trap beyond. Educated as they were to the notion of a savage horde always seething out of sight in the bush, they expected to find thousands of refugees, brought to bay at last, caught within the peninsula.

But there was nobody there. Not a single aborigine had crossed the neck. Like ghosts, the black people had slipped through the blundering cordon, crouching in brambles while the soldiers went sweating and cursing past or



George A. Robinson, the "Conciliator," is shown in a sketch of around 1830 persuading the Tasmanians to submit to the British.

scuttling away on all fours into the shadows. When the staff officers at Macquarie House made their final assessment, they found that while four British soldiers had been accidentally killed in the course of the operation, only two of the original Tasmanians had been caught. One was a small boy, and the other soon escaped.

There now enters our story a resolute evangelical, George Augustus Robinson, "the Conciliator," whose destiny it was to organize, when all else had failed, the disappearance of the Tasmanian race from the face of the earth.

Robinson was a Londoner, a nonconformist builder who had emigrated to Van Diemen's Land with his wife and seven children and had become well known on the Hobart waterfront for his good works. He was in all ways a man of his time, a Dickensian figure transplanted from *Hard Times* or *Dombey and Son* to this alien environment. He was infinitely pious, humorless, and untiring. One can imagine him running some particularly grim and improving school for indigent children on the outskirts of Manchester, or perhaps supervising, with Mrs. Robinson, a reformatory for reclaimed London prostitutes. He was an uneducated man and correspondingly dogmatic, and his bent was to redeem.

He had entered the government service as an intermediary with the natives. Out he would go into the bush, with a couple of servants, his Bible pack, and a tame native woman, Black Moll, dressed up in gay ribbons to attract attention—they called her Robinson's decoy duck. He learned the aboriginal language, and over many months of wanderings throughout the island he made contact with most of the surviving tribes and gained the confidence of many. He approached the natives kindly, often entertaining them upon the flute and sometimes spending weeks at a time in their company, for he knew that God had called him to save them from their sinful ways and lead them toward the Truth.

This was the man to whom a baffled government, after the farce of the Black Line, turned for an alternative solution. Robinson at once accepted the charge. He undertook to persuade all the surviving Tasmanians out of the bush and into government control, and almost single-handed he succeeded. For five years he came and went, sometimes by boat around the coast, generally on foot, with a little band of native helpers—notably Truganini, a redeemed sealer's mistress, who was to become the most celebrated Tasmanian of all. Each year he brought out a few more aborigines—sixty-three in 1832, forty-two in 1833, twenty-eight 1834—until at last there were none left in the bush, and the whole Tasmanian population was safely in the care of Authority.

He had approved for their final destination Flinders Island, in the Bass Strait, some forty miles north of Tasmania, and in January, 1832, the first of the expatriates were shipped there. The Hobart *Town Courier,* whose reporter watched one party embark, declared that the aborigines showed themselves delighted at the idea of go-

ing to the island, "where they will enjoy peace and plenty uninterrupted." The removal would greatly benefit the island, too: "The large tracts of pasture that have so long been deserted owing to their murderous attacks on the shepherds and stock huts will now be available, and a very sensible relief will be afforded to the flocks of sheep that had been withdrawn from them and pent up in inadequate ranges of pasture—a circumstance which indeed has tended materially to impoverish the flocks and keep up the price of butchers' meat."

Flinders is, as it happens, a singularly beautiful island, at least to northern tastes. It has not changed much since the 1830's and remains a place of windswept silence, bare on its central hills but thick with aromatic foliage along its shores. To the aborigines, however, it looked desolate indeed. They may have seemed happy as they boarded their ship at Hobart, smiling their childlike smiles and "going through feats of their wonderful dexterity," but eyewitness accounts of their arrival at Flinders read very differently. "When they saw from shipboard the splendid country which they were promised, they betrayed the greatest agitation, gazing with strained eyes at the sterile shore, uttering melancholy moans, and, with arms hanging beside them, trembling with convulsive feeling. The winds were violent and cold; the rain and sleet were penetrating and miserable . . . and this added force to their forebodings that they were taken there to die."

So they were. Authority would not admit the fact, even to itself, but like unwanted old relatives consigned to an institution, the aborigines were taken to Flinders Island to die. After a couple of false starts they were housed in a settlement on the southwestern shore, named, for them, Wybalenna—Black Man's Houses. It was set on the neck of a promontory, and from the hills above it one could see the sea on either side, and on a clear day make out the hills of Tasmania itself. Wybalenna had its own jetty, convenient for the bishops and governors who occasionally came to observe the progress of the natives' salvation, and its own chapel, and naturally its own cemetery. The natives lived in an L-shaped terrace of cottages, the staff in houses nearby.

Some two hundred Tasmanians were sent to Wybalenna, and there, slowly, far away and out of sight, forgotten by the settlers, guarded by second-rate officials and homesick soldiers, the race wasted away in tedium. At first the aborigines seemed happy enough—they were pleased with the warm clothing the government gave them, and the hot food—but gradually they sank into apathy. They needed to wander, and they pined for the limitless forests and beaches of their larger island. They died by the dozen, of chest complaints, stomach troubles, and plain homesickness: there was nothing for them to do but brood, forlornly dance and sing, listlessly look for opossums and kangaroos, or dig for potatoes in their garden patch.

Presently, Robinson himself, having rounded up every last aborigine, arrived at Flinders Island to preside over their decay, and added to other causes of death a sort of cultural insemination. In his Wesleyan zeal he wanted to redeem them still. He dressed them in Christian clothes. He forbade them their corroborees. He was helped by a catechist named Robert Clark, who had declared it to be one of the dearest objects of his life to disseminate moral and spiritual light among the natives. The two of them worked assiduously to explain the ways of God to those benighted agnostics, Robinson at the same time recommending to the lieutenant governor the construction of a lockup.

Now a Wybalenna Sunday became a day full of purpose: "There is no strolling about, all are expected to attend the public service, none are exempt except through illness, such is the way the Sabbath is kept since I have had the honour to command . . ." Robinson, well though he knew his charges, remained appalled at their religious indifference. Their mental darkness was truly shocking. Some actually thought they had been created by their own mothers, and one woman believed her brother had done it. As for the afterlife, the aborigines were now inclined to suppose that when a black man died, his soul went to England. But a Sunday school was founded to correct these misconceptions, and a visitor who attended one of Mr. Clark's addresses thought it "very evident from the anxious and searching looks of these people that they are really beginning to know and to feel that there is a God and that God is something powerful."

Here is an extract from one of Robinson's sermons, in his own English version of it:

> One good God. One good God. Native good, native dead, go up in sky. God up. . . . Bad native dead, goes down, evil spirit fire stops. Native cry, cry, cry. Good native stops, God sky, no sick, no hungering.

And here are some of the questions, with the prescribed answers, from a Wybalenna catechism class:

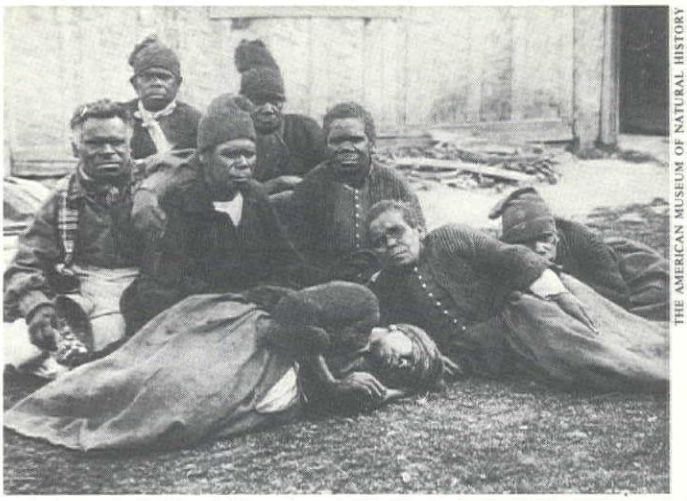
Q. What will God do to this world by and by?
A. Burn it.
Q. Who are in heaven?
A. God, angels, good men and Jesus Christ.
Q. What sort of country is heaven?
A. A fine place.
Q. What sort of place is hell?
A. A place of torment.
Q. What do you mean by a place of torment?
A. Burning for ever and ever.

Robinson also inculcated in his wards, dependent for the past few millenniums entirely on hunting and scavenging, a more suitable sense of property. He put English copper coins into circulation, stamped on one side "F.I." for Flinders Island, and he made the aborigines pay for their European clothes and comforts, to teach them the meaning of money. He started a weekly market, every Tuesday at eleven, at which they could sell the game they

had caught or the few poor artifacts they had made and in return buy pipes, tea caddies, crockery, fishing rods, or straw hats.

But despite it all, they wasted away, ceased to have babies, and grew thinner and more morose and more helplessly melancholic. The Tasmanians were literally losing heart. Even the Conciliator now complained of their feckless indolence, and Mr. Clark sometimes found it necessary to flog the girls, "in religious anger at their moral offences." By 1847 there were only forty-four aborigines left, and the government, deciding they were no longer a danger to the European community, abandoned Wybalenna and shipped the hangdog survivors back across the strait to die in Tasmania. Mr. Robinson, having thus arranged all things to the divine satisfaction, took his family home to Bath, where he himself died in gentlemanly circumstances in a hilltop villa overlooking the city. He was seventy-eight, and his death certificate, in the column headed "Occupation," describes him simply as "Late Protector of the Aboriginees, Tasmania."

Wybalenna soon crumbled into dereliction; and curiously, hauntingly derelict it remains. Robinson's house is now a farm, and washing flutters in its garden on Mondays, but otherwise there is no sign of human habitation. Yet a suspended animation pervades the scene. On a hill above the settlement an old car has been abandoned and points down the slope perpetually, as though it is about to start moving; and in the hollow it is as if the aborigines are only momentarily out of sight and may still come trailing up from the jetty for dinner. The chapel, built of bilious yellowish brick and propped up with timbers, is now a shearing shed; sea gulls often land on its iron roof and maintain their positions in the blustering sea winds with tinny scratchings of their claws upon the metal. Beside the chapel the remains of the terraces can be seen, all overgrown. In the little cemetery a few graves and memorial slabs illuminate the story. Mr. Clark's son Robert, the first white male child born on Flinders Island, is buried there; and there are slabs erected, long after the event, to the memory of Mannalargenna, "last chief of the Portland tribe," and to remind us of the hundred or so aborigines who lie in unmarked graves thereabouts. The wind blows incessantly, with a soft scent of herbs from the seashore. The gulls slither and rattle on the chapel roof.



THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

After two decades of forced Westernization, the surviving Tasmanians were dispirited, doomed, and often drunk. This group of them was photographed about 1859 at Oyster Cove, their last settlement.

Now the end was near for the Tasmanian race. The forty-four survivors —twelve men, twenty-two women, ten young people—were taken to an unused penal settlement at Oyster Cove, twenty-five miles from Hobart and only fifteen miles from the spot where, two centuries before, Tasman's sailors had first heard those "certain human sounds." Though it was swept by bush fires a few years ago, the site is still recognizable; it lies at the end of a dirt road by the water's edge, looking across to Bruny. There the Tasmanians lingered for a last decade. Mrs. Meredith thought their return to Tasmania would "in all probability . . . lead to a renewal of the horrors which, since their removal, have been unknown"; but in fact they no longer posed a threat to anyone, nor even provided hopeful material for the evangelicals, for they were generally drunk and shamelessly immoral. Sometimes people went to look at them and anthropologists, recognizing in them the ultimate specimens of an entire race, measured their skulls and estimated their brain capacities. By 1855 only sixteen Tasmanians were still alive, and all attempts to redeem them had been abandoned. By 1859 Oyster Cove was a slum, the handful of survivors camping in verminous filth among the decaying buildings and sharing their food with their dogs.

A few were adopted by settlers and kept as pets, or curiosities. One pretty girl, almost the last of the young aborigines, was adopted by Lady Franklin, whose husband, Sir John, after great adventures in the Arctic, had come to Hobart as governor. Gaily dressed in European clothes, Mathinna went everywhere with her patroness—high-spirited in her carriage on afternoon drives, cossetted by ambitious aides at Government House balls. When the time came for the Franklins to go home to England, Lady Franklin was advised that the sudden change of climate might kill the girl, so Mathinna was placed in an institution called the Queen's Asylum. There the young men at Government House did not call, and the other inmates teased and taunted her. In the end, since she seemed to be wasting away, she was returned to her inebriate and syphilitic relatives at Oyster Cove. We do not hear that Lady Franklin ever wrote to her there, and she soon picked up the local habits, drank heavily, prostituted herself with the timber workers of the surrounding

woods, and was eventually found drowned in a creek.

The last male aborigine was an alcoholic whaling man, "King Billy" Laney, who became a public spectacle in his later years, was shown off at government functions, photographed by scientists, and introduced to Prince Alfred, Queen Victoria's son, when he visited Hobart in 1868. When King Billy died the next year in the Dog and Partridge of chronic diarrhea, he was carried to his grave by four comrades from his old ship, with the ship's flag, an ancient opossum rug, and a clutter of native weapons placed upon the coffin. During the night the grave was reopened and the head snatched—probably at the instigation of the Royal Society of Tasmania, whose savants wanted the skull for their collection.

The last of all was Truganini, Robinson's faithful follower, whose association with the imperial culture had been long and varied. Her mother was stabbed to death by a European. Her sister was kidnapped by sealers. Her intended husband was drowned by two Europeans in her presence, while his murderers raped her. In 1839 she was one of a group of natives taken by Robinson to New South Wales. There, with two other aborigine women and two men she was charged with the murder of two Europeans; the men were found guilty and hanged, the women acquitted and returned to Tasmania.

Long after the end of the settlement at Oyster Cove, Truganini (whose name meant "seaweed") clung to life. For nearly twenty years she lived with a kindly European family in Macquarie Street, a few hundred yards from the former headquarters of the Black Line, and she became a well-known and popular figure in the capital. Short and stout, with staring eyes and hairy chin, she liked to wear bright red turbans, and loved a good chat, a glass of beer, and a pipe of tobacco. She was a demonstrative character. A correspondent of the Hobart *Mercury* remembered meeting her years before at one of Robinson's camps in the bush. She had run after him, clasped him in her arms, and kissed him. "Oh, the outraged modesty of the Tasmanian boy! When I got home, my Ma soundly rated me for my nasty possum-like smell and dirty appearance . . . "

Truganini was terrified that, like King Billy before her, she would be exhumed and dissected after burial. "Don't let them cut me up," she pleaded on her deathbed. "Bury me behind the mountains." So when, seventy-three years old, she died, in May, 1876, her body was taken secretly through the night, in a pauper's coffin on a cart, to the Cascades Female Factory—the women's reformatory, that is—in a cleft in the hills behind Hobart. There she was buried to the tolling of the reformatory bell, in the presence of the premier and the colonial secretary (for in the course of these events Tasmania had graduated to self-government) but without the attendance, we are told, of any of the factory inmates.

She was the very last. Her life had spanned to the year the association between Europeans and Tasmanians. In her own lifetime her people, confronted by the white newcomers from over the sea, had been humiliated, degraded, and eventually extinguished. They buried her privately within the prison compound; but before very long she was dug up anyway, and her skeleton, strung upon wires and placed upright in a box, became for many years the most popular exhibit in the Tasmanian Museum.

Once the aborigines were safely gone, the settlers looked back on the story with remorse. With Truganini, said the *Mercury*, "for the first time in human history, dies out the last of a race, a race . . . which never knew the meaning of suffering, wretchedness and contempt until the English, with their soldiers, bibles and rum-puncheons, came and dispossessed them of their heritage." "With all others who are lovers of their race," wrote another mourner, "I regret the death of the last of the Tasmanian aborigines, but I know that it is the result of the fiat that the black shall everywhere give place to the white."

The last aborigine Tasmanian woman, Truganini, opposite, was haunted by the fear that scientists would one day dissect her body. She died in 1876. Her skeleton, stolen from her grave, is now kept locked away in the cellar of the Tasmanian Museum.

More recently, the fate of the aborigines, and in particular the exhibition of Truganini's skeleton, has become a protestors' issue—young Tasmanians, being short of present injustices, have seized upon one of the past. Truganini is certainly not forgotten in Hobart. I found her memory everywhere. I looked her up in the library of the *Mercury*, still flourishing in Macquarie Street. I peered through the wooden gates of the Female Factory, now used as a builder's yard, to imagine the premier with his top hat at her funeral, or the body snatchers at work upon her grave. Time and again I found her wrinkled, quizzical face glaring back at me from old photographs, with a coral necklace around her neck and her curly hair cut short—not at all embittered, it seemed to me, by all she had seen of history, but perhaps a little puzzled.

And I went to the museum and asked to see her skeleton, now removed from public show to storage in the basement. They looked embarrassed at the request. Not unless I had a genuine scientific purpose, they said—social science would do. What about an artistic purpose? No, they were sorry: the trustees' instructions were explicit and artistry did not qualify. But I did not really mind, for though I was professionally curious to see those last bleached bones of a vanished people, in my better self I preferred to leave the old soul undisturbed.

One of the world's most indefatigable travelers, James Morris has been following the trail of the Empire Builders while writing the second volume of a trilogy on British colonialism. Pax Britannica *(Harcourt) was the first volume.*



THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

THE CRYSTAL SKULL

The glittering death's head opposite is "believed to be Aztec," says its owner, the British Museum. Who carved it? Was skullduggery involved?

Should you stumble on it unawares, there in its quiet niche in the British Museum, it will take your breath away: a life-sized and very deathlike skull carved from a single magnificent piece of rock crystal. Outwardly, it has the sinister shape of a death's-head polished to a high brilliance; inwardly, its pellucid cranium seems to hold the secret thoughts of Death visibly trapped in crystal. A vein of air bubbles and refracting particles (vermicular prochlorite to the geologist) arches through the skull like a Milky Way of dazzling metaphors. Surely death has never been more spectacularly articulated than this.

But then you begin to ask questions: Where did it come from? Who made it? When? Why? In the office at the end of the hall they are noncommittal. A postcard at the desk downstairs will tell you that the skull is "believed to be Aztec, Mexico," and tentatively dated "fifteenth century." In the seventy-odd years the museum has owned the piece, this has been the official view. Recently, however, several specialists have had second thoughts, and some have even used the ugly word "fake"—privately, of course, since it's not cricket for one expert to cast aspersions on another's prize possession.

The most suspicious thing about it is that more crystal skulls have not been found. One, with a detachable jaw, is in a private collection in California. Another life-sized example on public display is in the Musée de l'Homme in Paris; all the rest are very small. The Paris museum experts have no qualms about attributing their skull to the Aztecs of the fifteenth century. They think it probably represents the powerful god of death, Mictlantecutli ("Lord of the Underworld"), who was the object of so many death's-head variations in ancient Mexican art.

Mictlantecutli's skull cult, however, has no proven connection with the crystal skulls now reposing in museums, which were acquired through dealers or private collectors and cannot be traced to properly documented sources. As far as anyone knows, not one crystal skull has been excavated at a verified archaeological site. Nor has other crystal sculpture of any complexity ever turned up at a site in Mexico.

The British Museum has, of course, subjected its skull to laboratory analysis, but the results have yet to be published. I learned that latex impressions had been made of the surface and a leading London jeweler brought in to examine them under a microscope. The consensus seems to be that the teeth had been cut with a circular saw—a tool obviously unavailable to pre-Columbian craftsmen, who wrought their lapidary miracles with the simplest wood or copper cutting tools, using sand as an abrasive. Even so, the fact that the surface bears the marks of modern tools would not rule out the possibility that these, as often happens, are merely traces of subsequent doctoring or "restoration."

Another troublesome point is the question of style. Aztec sculpture—and virtually all the sculpture that preceded it in that incredibly fertile land of art—never tried to copy nature; it was stylized by an abstractionist hand and molded with an eye to expressive distortion. But the rock-crystal skulls, both in London and Paris, are almost perfect copies of a real human skull.

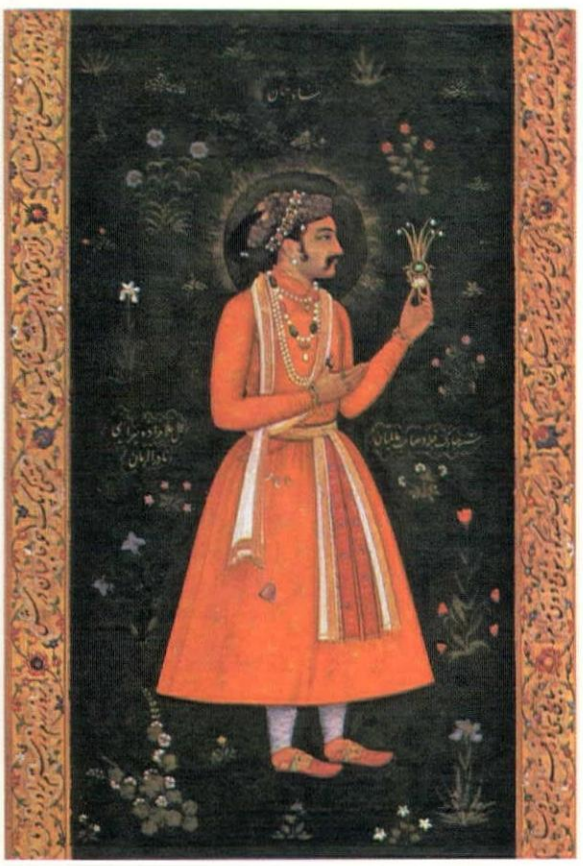
Why should the sculptor (or sculptors) who carved the two life-size skulls have been the first Mexican t prefer realism to abstraction? The di ficulty might be explained if, as som experts suggest, he were working not i Aztec times but in the Spanish colonia era—perhaps in the sixteenth cen tury, when European naturalism pre vailed: the Spanish, after all, had a ric tradition of skulls in their iconograph That possibility strikes me as the mo satisfying explanation of this enigmat piece with its implicit paradox: deat at its most austere, expressed in art a its most sumptuous.

It would be difficult to make a cas for the skull's being a fake of the usu sort. George Frederick Kunz, the in defatigable mineralogist who examine the skull in the 1880's, when it still be longed to the American collecto George Sisson, writes in his book *Gem and Precious Stones of North America* "It was brought from Mexico by Spanish officer sometime before th French occupation of Mexico, and wa sold to an English collector, at whos death it passed into the hands of J Boban, of Paris, and then became th property of Mr. Sisson." This pedigr takes it back at least to the middle the last century, when the Mexican a market was hardly profitable enoug to warrant carving fakes from mater als as expensive as rock crystal. (Sisso sold the skull to the British Museum 1898 for less than two hundred pounds Besides, if a sculptor wanted to pr duce a fake, it would be more reason ble to copy a genuine pre-Columbia piece than to invent a "new realism of his own.

Kunz never doubted that the wo was Aztec, but he wondered whe such a large block of crystal could ha been found. He speculated that might have come from what is no Calaveras County, California, "whe masses of rock crystal are found co taining vermicular prochlorite incl sions identical with those observed the large skull." We have had cel brated jumping frogs from there; w not celebrated crystal skulls? —F.V

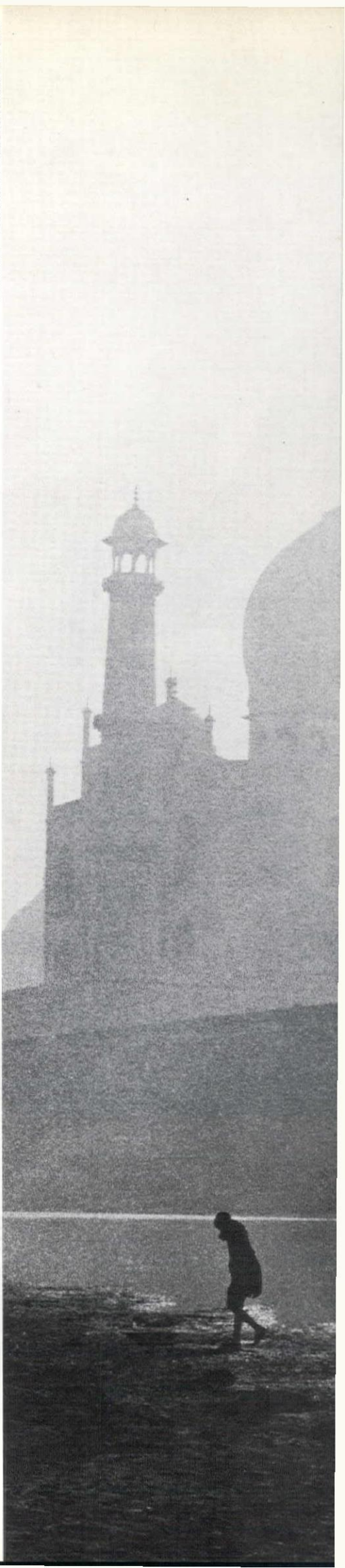
DAYS AND NIGHTS OF THE GREAT MOGULS

VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM



Shah Jahan, above, was the fifth Mogul ruler of India and the builder of the Taj Mahal—a tomb for his favorite wife. At right, it looms in the mists of the Jumna River.

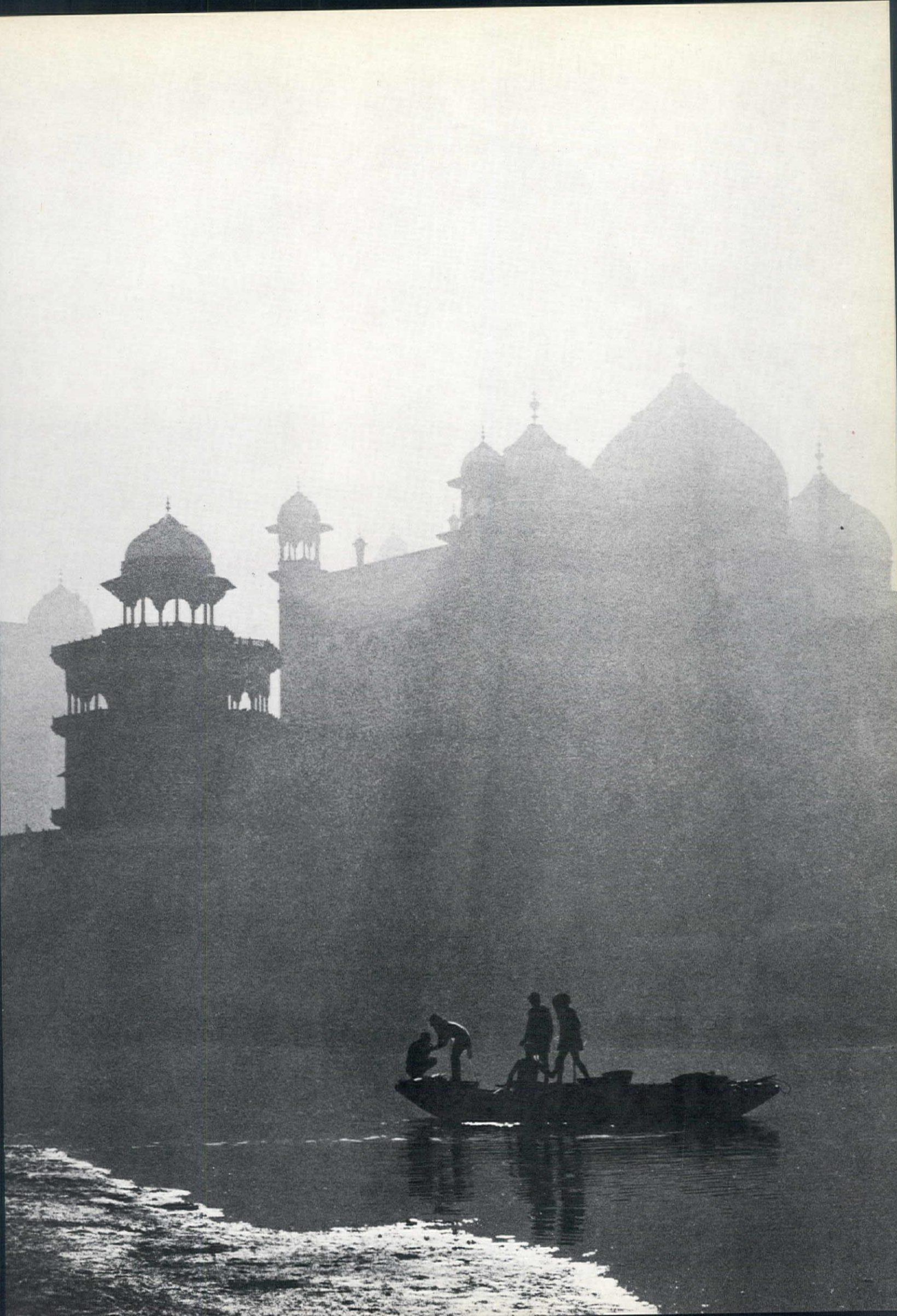
WIM SWAAN—COURTESY OF PAUL ELEK PRODUCTIONS LTD.



At its height the Mogul Empire was the most magnificent in the world: here was great power employed in the service of great elegance. But its own affluence, in the end, proved fatal

By FREDERIC V. GRUNFELD





There is one aspect of the Mogul Empire that will gladden the hearts of the Consciousness III generation: the edifying spectacle of a great world power, embracing 100 million people, whose head of state gets stoned on bhang (an Indian cannabis concoction) while immersed in the sound of poetry and sitar music, the smell of sandalwood incense, and the sight of dancing girls swirling amid a 1,000-candle light show. It would do wonders for international tensions if the lords of the White House, the Kremlin, and the Forbidden City could ever learn to relax the Mogul way.

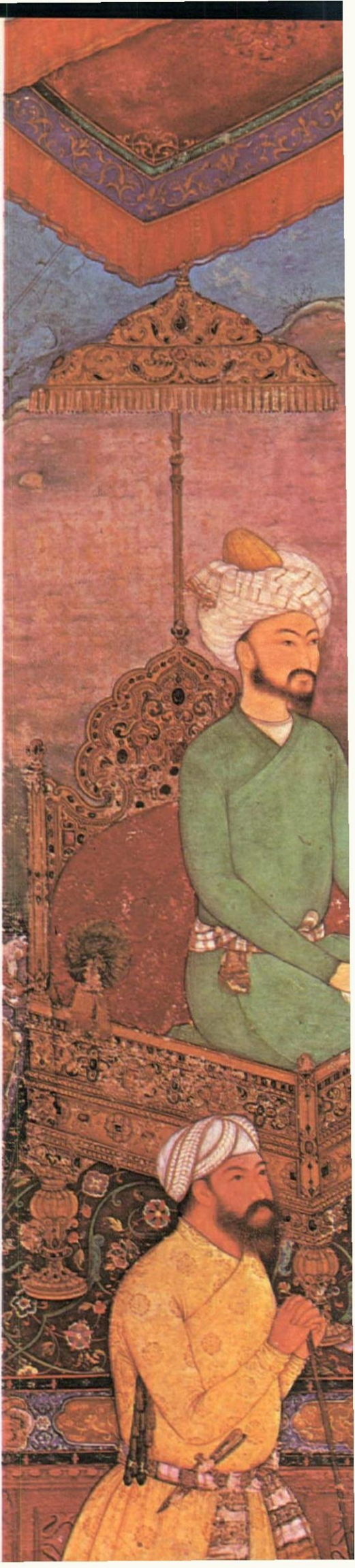
In other respects, the Mogul style of government was hardly the sort to appeal to our modern, enlightened notions of how a state ought to be run. Most of their principles, in fact, run diametrically contrary to the tenets and watchwords of current political thinking.

Power to the People, for instance . . . Rarely has there been an empire less of the people than this one: a totalitarian state ruled by an autocrat and administered by an elitist class drawn from an alien race of militarist invaders.

Black is Beautiful . . . Fortunately for India—a country that can pride itself on possessing every skin color under the sun—the Moguls were refreshingly free of race prejudice, especially when it came to marrying their light-skinned sons to the darker-hued daughters of the local rajahs. But they had no compunctions about importing slaves from Africa. And they were merciless in their treatment of India's aborigines, the black hill tribes who live in the least hospitable parts of the country. The Mogul emperor Jahangir had them rounded up like wild animals in great battue hunts in which hundreds of beaters would encircle every living thing in an area of forty or fifty square miles—the trapped animals to be slaughtered, the human beings to be bartered for horses and dogs at the market in Kabul.

Women's Liberation . . . Not a chance. The Moguls collected women the way the India Office Library in London used to collect Mogul paintings—quite indiscriminately, by the dozens or hundreds. The emperor Akbar kept five thousand women, but their opportunities for self-fulfillment (even by a Westport housewife's standards) were limited. Sometimes, when he went campaigning, he would take his favorites with him on elephant back, in bamboo cages.

In defense of the Moguls, it should be said that this oppressive and alien regime transformed India, for more than a century, into the wealthiest and most powerful monarchy on the face of the earth, and incidentally, laid the foundations for the modern Indian nation-state. This male chauvinist dynasty, moreover, was responsible for the greatest monument to a woman ever erected: the Taj Mahal. Feminine influence was everywhere in evidence, for that matter. Even the ripe-fig contours of the domes that sprouted all over India under the Moguls seem to be an unconscious tribute to the fact that their princes were customarily breast-fed until the age of three. The women who suckled them often wielded considerable influence in the later lives of



VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM

The founding fathers of the Mogul dynasty sit enthroned beneath ceremonial parasols in this imaginary scene commissioned around 1615 by the emperor Jahangir. At center is the mighty conqueror Timur, known to the West as Tamerlane; he offers a crown to his descendant, Babur, on the left, who in 1526 became India's first Mogul ruler. Babur's son and heir Humayun is at right; in the foreground are three regally dressed retainers framed against a rich carpet.







VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM

their charges. Akbar's chief wet nurse, for example, enjoyed a position at court comparable, say, to that of Henry Kissinger.

What the Moguls dreamed of, but were never quite able to achieve, was hegemony over the whole of India and Afghanistan from Kandahar to Dacca. It was a grand design that failed because they developed a fatal intolerance of competition, diversity, dissent—and because they were incapable of learning what guerrilla warfare was all about, or how to cope with it. Still, while it lasted, the Mogul Empire was a magnificent thing to behold, largely because its greatest rulers were field marshals of the arts as well as the armies, giving their courts a paradoxical air of great power employed in the service of great elegance.

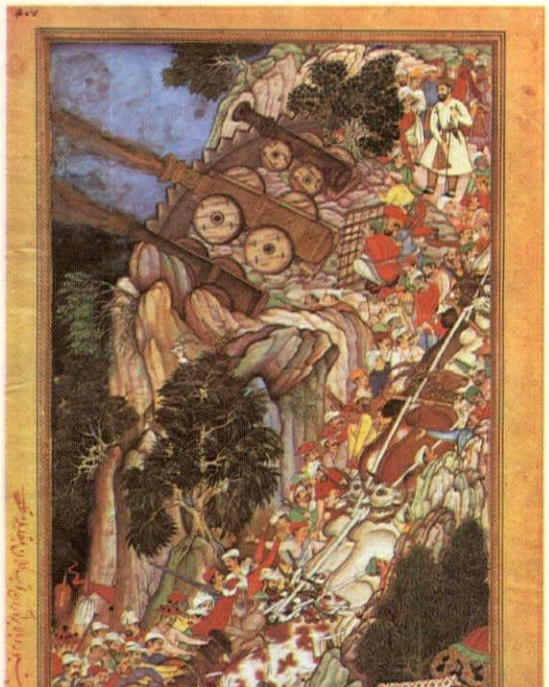
The fame of the Mogul emperors spread to the farthest corners of the civilized world and exerted a decisive influence on the life style of such relatively disadvantaged monarchs as Augustus the Strong and Louis XIV. Akbar the Great (the name means "great" in Persian), whose reign of almost fifty years (1556–1605) nearly coincided with that of Queen Elizabeth of England (1558–1603), was by far the richer of the two in soldiers, poets, painters, and money. His annual revenues came to about a billion dollars, in today's terms, and allowed him to support a vast artistic establishment.

It is a measure of Akbar's greatness that he had inherited only a small part of all this: a kind of starter set of North Indian cities and petty kingdoms. The dynasty had begun modestly enough with his grandfather Babur ("The Tiger"), who had been driven out of his ancestral kingdom of Fergana in what is now Soviet Central Asia and spent a lifetime as a military adventurer, conquering other people's kingdoms by way of compensation. Though he and his descendants came to be known as Moguls—the Persian word for Mongols—the term is a misnomer, since Babur was Turkish in origin, and fifth in descent from Timur the Lame, alias Tamerlane; only on his mother's side could he claim distant kinship with the Mongol Genghis Khan.

When Babur lost Fergana as a young man, he crossed the Hindu Kush with a band of nomad horsemen and seized the kingdom of Kabul. Once established in Afghanistan, he remembered that Tamerlane had successfully invaded India a century earlier. "As it was always in my heart to possess Hindustan," he wrote in his autobiography, "and as these several countries . . . had once been held by the Turk, I pictured them as my own, and was resolved to get them into my hands peacefully or by force." In 1525, after several reconnoitering expeditions, he led a small army through the passes of the northwest frontier and began a full-scale invasion of India. At the battle of Panipat the speed of his cavalry and his astute employment of artillery gained the day against the vastly superior forces of Sultan Ibrahim Lodi, the Afghan prince who ruled the kingdom of Delhi. In rapid succession he then defeated the armies of the Hindu princes of Rajasthan in the west and the Afghan rulers of the eastern regions of Bihar and Bengal.

The emperor Akbar, third of the Moguls and certainly the most brilliant, loved to see himself depicted as a hunter. In this detail of a miniature done for his Akbar-nama, *a book of his exploits, he rides a brown charger (upper right) through a frenzied hunting scene and beheads a tiger with his scimitar. Akbar often used such expeditions as a cover for his military maneuvers.*

VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM



In the densely populated miniature above, taken from the Akbar-nama, *the emperor appears as a great general. He stands at top right, directing the firing of his heavy artillery. Below, bullocks can be seen toiling up the mountainside with additional cannon. This was the victorious siege of Ranthambhor in 1568.*

Surveying his new domain, Babur had mixed feelings about th place. Hindustan, he wrote, was a big, rich country compared t Kabul; it had masses of gold and silver and an endless supply of work men, but it was a land of little charm and no social graces:

Its people have no good looks; of social intercourse, paying and receivin visits, there is none; of genius and capacity none; of manners none; in hand craft and work there is no good form or symmetry, method or quality; ther are no good horses, no good dogs, no grapes, no musk-melons or first-ra fruits, no ice or cold water, no good bread or cooked food in the bazaar no hot-baths, no colleges, no candles, torches or candlesticks.

This is a peevish and excessively bleak picture of India in the 1520' But it shows us the dimensions of the problem, seen from the Mogu point of view: hot, dusty, lethargic India would have to be animated educated, organized, and even air-conditioned (as indeed it was to b when they began bringing ice to Delhi) before it would be considere livable by its new overlords from central Asia, with its cooling stream and snow-capped mountains, its fiercely energetic tribesmen, and i ancient centers of Persian-Islamic culture.

Characteristically, one of Babur's first concerns was to have garde laid out on the Persian model, with roses and narcissuses arranged i symmetrical patterns like an Oriental carpet. At the same time, h established the literary and artistic precedents the other Great Mogu were to follow. Himself an accomplished poet in Persian and Turkis he became a patron of writers and scholars, employed scores of pain ers and architects, and maintained a sizable body of court musician

But Babur did not live long enough to consolidate his conquest His son Humayun, who was twenty-two when Babur died i 1530, was driven from India after a decade of fighting again the armies of Sher Shah, the rebellious governor of Bengal. Not unt 1555, ten years after Sher Shah's death, was Humayun able to regai his throne in Delhi. He reigned for only a few months, just long enoug to establish at his court the two master painters he had been for sighted enough to recruit in Persia during his exile at the court Tahmas Shah Safawi. It was these artists who transplanted the Pe sian Safawid style to India and provided the basis for the Indo-Persia hybrid that became known as "Mogul" painting.

Humayun was accidentally killed in 1556 when he fell headlon down the stairs of his palace library. Akbar was only thirteen whe he succeeded to the throne, and for the first four years of his reig the government was headed by a regent, Bairam Khan, who had bee commander of Humayun's army. Soon there were palace intrigues t depose the regent. At the instigation of his foster mother, Mahan Anaga, Akbar dismissed the general and took over the governmen when he was eighteen. But his political coming-of-age took plac during a violent confrontation with members of Maham Anaga's fac tion. Her son Adham Khan and a group of fellow conspirators assas sinated one of Akbar's ministers in a room at the palace; afterward when the murderer appeared in the emperor's apartments, Akba personally disarmed the man and ordered his attendants to blind hin

"He then gave his just command for them to cast him headlon from the parapet," writes one of Akbar's court biographers. "Thes stupid men showed tenderness where want of tenderness would hav

been a thousand times better, and did not hurl him down as they ought to have done, and he was only half-killed. They were ordered to bring him up and hurl him down again. So they dragged him back by the hair and, throwing him down more carefully, his neck was broken and his brain knocked out."

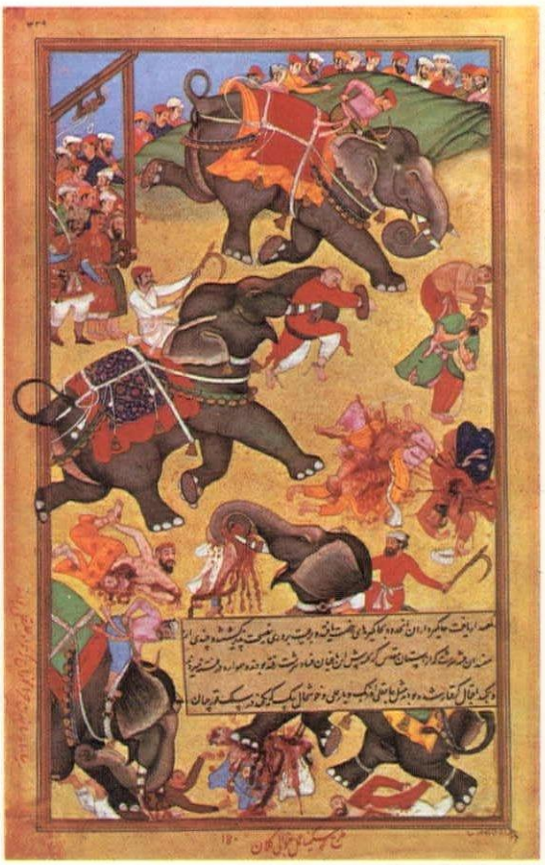
From then on Akbar was the undisputed master of his own house. He was a man of unflagging energy, a brilliant tactician and consummate diplomat, a born leader of men in an age when personal charisma counted for more than ideology in deciding the loyalties of armies and peoples. He had a phenomenal memory and an explosive temper, but his moments of cruelty lasted only long enough to make the desired impression on a society that had to be ruled by force or not at all. He was never vindictive. After having Adham Khan tossed over the parapet, he had the body interred in a handsome tomb built at his own expense.

As a young man he loved the business of war, particularly the cavalry skirmish, the way an actor loves the theatre. Aware of an emperor's need to appear larger than life, he dominated his surroundings exactly as he does in the Mogul paintings that illustrate his adventures; everything around him obligingly shrank into insignificance. Even the amuck-running elephants he was fond of riding grew unaccountably meek when he mounted them.

This playboy of the eastern world was accustomed to winning every test of strength, whether on the polo field, in hand-to-hand combat, or in the political arena. Yet he labored under a curious handicap: he could never learn to read. Not that illiteracy was unusual in sixteenth-century India, even among the nobility; but it was a strange deficiency in a king who sprang from a line of soldier-poets and who understood the value of literacy to a working monarch. Somehow it did not prevent him from becoming a learned man: he seems rather to have made the most of it by committing to memory everything that was read to him by his staff. And in spite of his disability he developed a passionate interest in religion and philosophy. "My father always associated with the learned of every creed and religion," writes Jahangir, "especially with the Pandits and the learned of India, and although he was illiterate, so much became clear to him through constant intercourse with the learned and the wise, in his conversations with them, that no one knew him to be illiterate."

Akbar had the slanted eyes and strong Tatar features that still predominate in parts of northern Afghanistan and in crack units of the Afghan army. "In his august personal appearance he was of middle height but inclining to be tall," according to his son Jahangir. "He was the hue of wheat; his eyes and eyebrows were black, and his complexion rather dark than fair; he was lion bodied, with a broad chest, and his hands and arms long . . . His august voice was very loud, and in speaking and explaining had a peculiar richness. In his actions and movements he was not like the people of the world, and the glory of God manifested itself in him . . . "

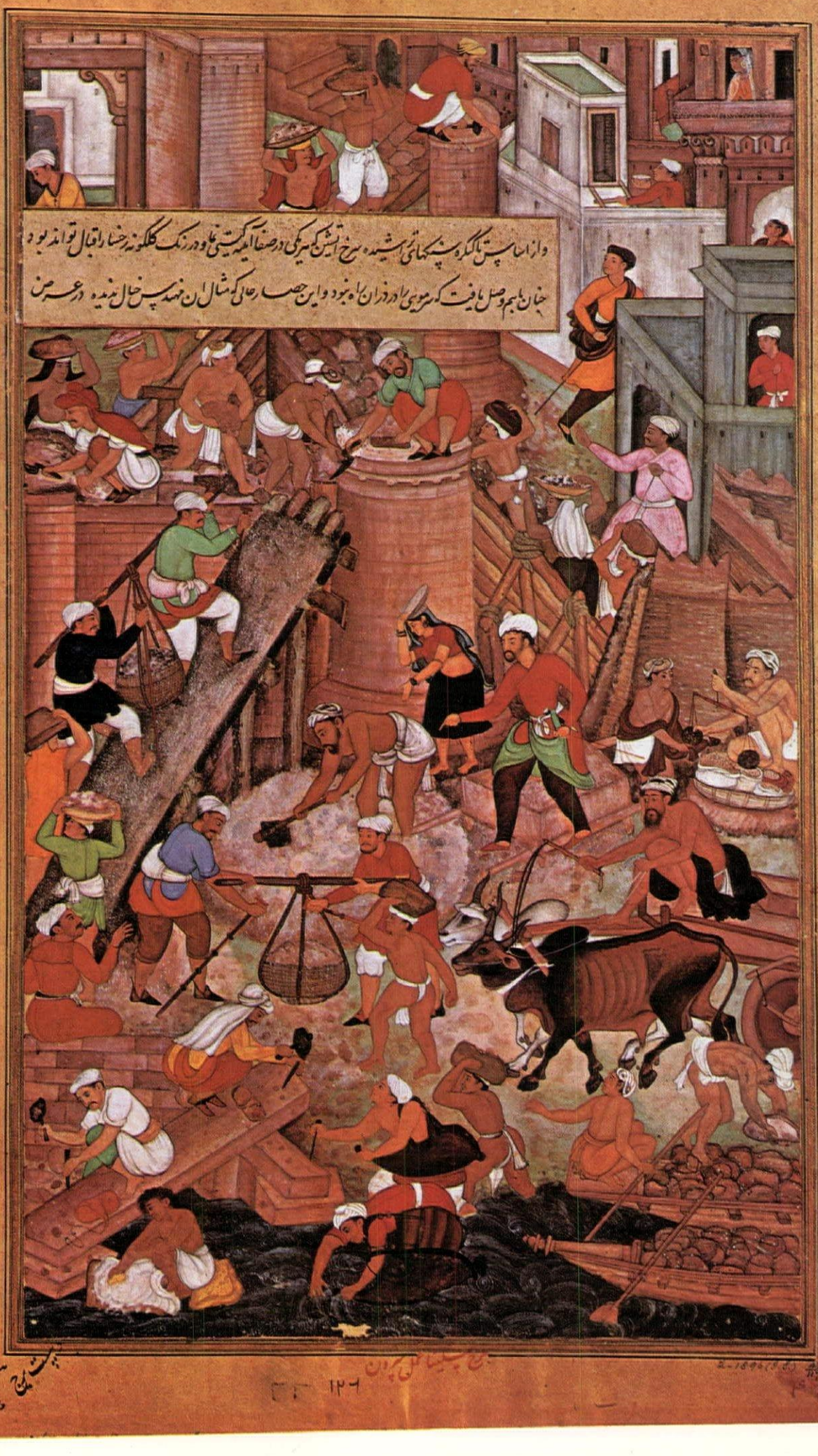
Few of Akbar's neighbors were able to withstand the dash and discipline of the Mogul cavalry when he set out to expand his kingdom into an empire. Within a decade he had defeated most of the Rajput princes and annexed their kingdoms as vassal states. His armies overran Bengal and Orissa to the east, seized Malwa and Gujarat to the



VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM

Another scene from Akbar's book of exploits exemplifies the savage treatment that the Moguls accorded to their prisoners of war—these are being trampled to death by elephants especially trained for the job. The victims here were in the service of a vassal-prince, Khan Zaman, who, regrettably, had rebelled.

VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM



south, occupied the Vale of Kashmir to the north, and penetrated as far west as Kandahar in the Afghan desert.

Toward the defeated rajahs and petty princes Akbar pursued an active policy of reconciliation: he drew the great Hindu chiefs into partnership in the emerging empire, assigning them some of the most important positions in the government. Over the protests of his orthodox Moslem followers, who were accustomed to fighting holy wars against Hindus, he appointed Rajputs to major army commands and had them working side by side with Mogul nobles in every branch of administration. Rajah Todar Mall, the Hindu who became his finance minister, undertook the first great land survey of India and inaugurated the crop-sharing revenue system, which the British took over from the Moguls almost intact and passed on, still basically unchanged, to the present Indian government.

Over the years the emperor grew increasingly tolerant toward the "infidels," who constituted the majority of India's population. He began in the 1560's by abolishing the pilgrimage tax that previous Moslem rulers had levied on Hindus when they visited their holy places, and the still more heartily detested *jizya,* an annual tax on non-Moslems that branded them as an inferior people. During the 1570's he established a religious study center to which representatives of all leading faiths were invited to expound their beliefs. Convinced that it was wrong to suppose that Islam held the monopoly of truth, he created a syncretic sect of his own, the *Din-i-Ilahi* ("Divine Faith"), which blended Sufi mysticism with the light and fire worship of the Parsees.

The officials who administered Mogul law were strictly enjoined to "object to no one on account of his religion or sect," since the judge's function was to "distinguish the oppressed from the oppressor, and when he has discovered the truth, act accordingly." This is not to imply that Mogul justice was particularly merciful by any standards. "Those who have committed a capital crime are either crushed by elephants or hanged," reported Father Monserrate, one of the Portuguese missionaries at Akbar's court. "Seducers and adulterers are either strangled or gibbeted . . . Ordinary criminals are kept under guard in irons but not in prisons. Princes . . . are sent to the jail at Gwalior, where they rot away in chains and filth."

Harsh as it was, Akbar's system at least endeavored to be even-handed: law and order had come to India with a vengeance, and a motley group of wholly arbitrary despotisms were being welded together to form one vast unified, if not yet monolithic, despotism. There were times when the emperor could be totally ruthless in the fulfillment of his ambitions: garrisons who resisted too tenaciously were put to the sword, and the skulls of thousands of prisoners were heaped into victory pyramids. On the other hand, it was Akbar who decreed that noncombatants, including the wives and children of enemy soldiers, were not to be enslaved or forcibly converted to Islam.

As the empire grew—and even as the fighting continued at the periphery—the cities at the center steadily gained in size and splendor. Akbar moved his capital first to Agra, then to nearby Fatehpur Sikri, where, like the designers of Brasília, he proceeded to build a new capital in the middle of a wilderness. "In the course of fourteen or fifteen years that hill, full of wild beasts, became a city containing all



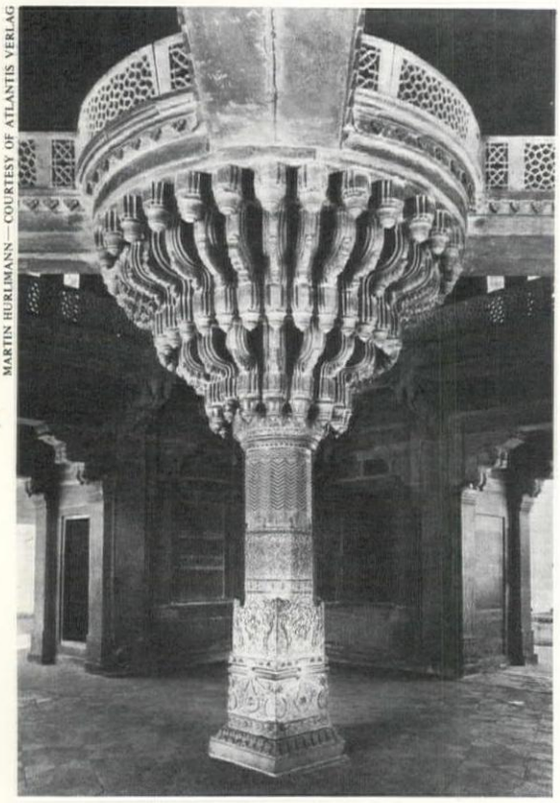
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The only contemporary portrait of Akbar is the pencil sketch above, made a few years before his death in 1605. His Rajput turban is a mark of his conciliatory policies toward his Hindu subjects. In the miniature opposite, masons are at work on a project of Akbar's —the Red Fort at Agra, begun in 1565. Two workmen in the center are preparing to shoulder a basket of mortar as two others move a similar basket up the ramp to the masons on the sandstone walls. The edifice shown below is a harem, which was part of another of Akbar's royal residences, Fatehpur Sikri, not far from the Red Fort. The arcades allowed the inmates to observe the activities of court life without themselves being seen.



CHRISTINA GASCOIGNE—COURTESY OF GEORGE RAINBIRD LTD.

MARTIN HURLIMANN—COURTESY OF ATLANTIS VERLAG



This goblet-shaped pillar dominates the hall at Fatehpur Sikri, where Akbar held court in the days before that imperial city had to be abandoned. Akbar would sit enthroned atop the pillar, which is linked by four stone bridges to the balconies on all sides. Opposite is a rooftop view of the bulbous domes and minarets of the great Jami Masjid mosque at Delhi. Finished in 1648 by Shah Jahan, Akbar's grandson, it is still one of the largest and finest mosques in the world.

kinds of gardens and buildings, and lofty, elegant edifices and pleasant places, attractive to the heart."

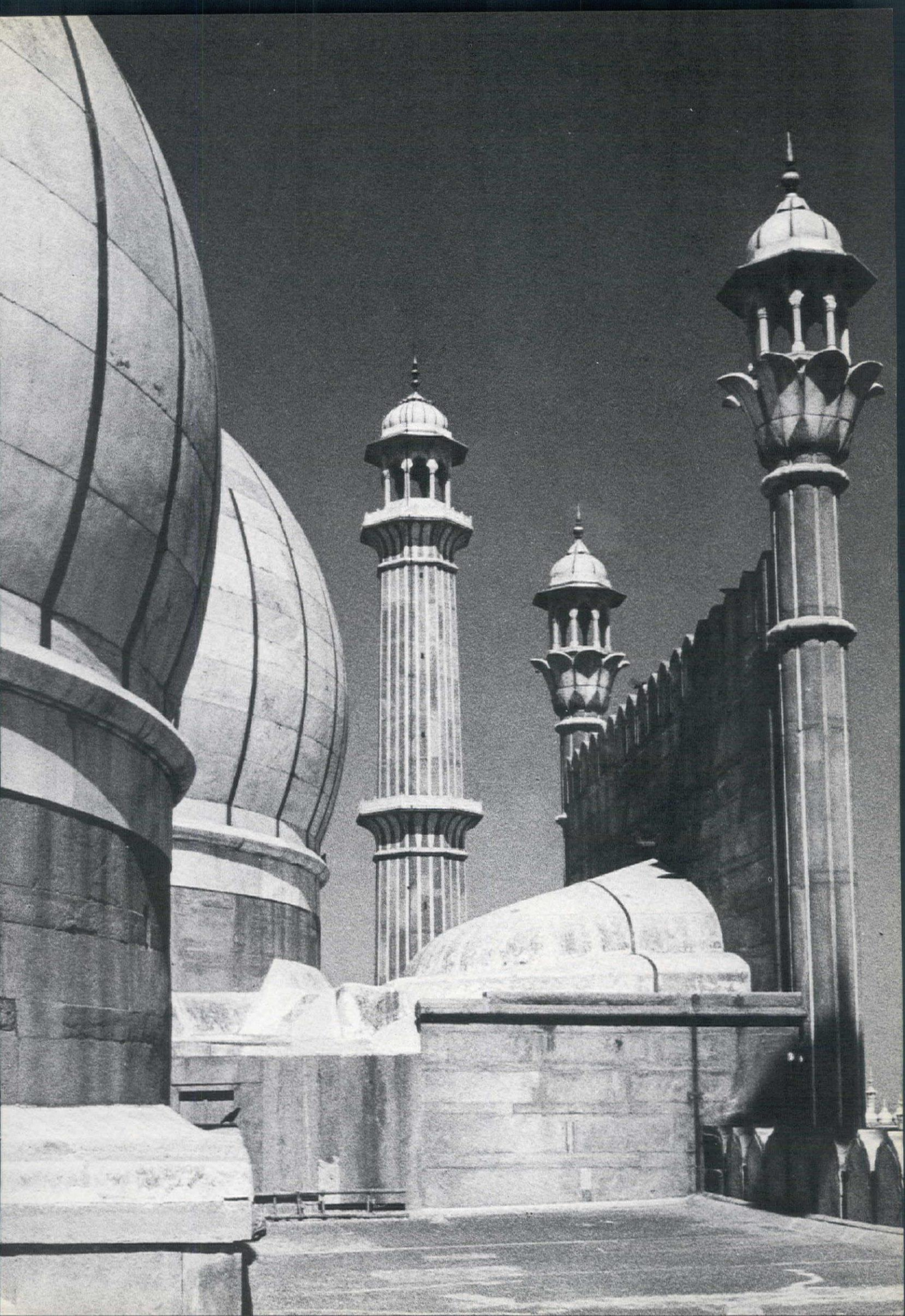
Fatehpur Sikri ultimately had to be abandoned because its water supply failed, but most of the major buildings are still standing, empty and enigmatic, as a monument to ecological miscalculation. It is a vast complex of massive, often oppressively ornate buildings that combine many of the features of Hindu post-and-lintel architecture with those of the classical Persian style: pointed arches and domed roofs, cupolas, minarets, tile façades. This rather uneasy synthesis reflects Akbar's conscious effort to appear as the great unifier of India's peoples and religions—by persuasion if possible, by force if necessary.

One of the first Englishmen to visit the court of the Great Mogul, an adventurer named Ralph Fitch, reported in 1585 that Agra and Fatehpur Sikri "are two very great cities, either of them much greater than London [which then had about 125,000 people] and very populous. Between Agra and Fatepore are 12 [actually 23] miles, and all the way is a market of victuals & other things, as full as though a man were still in a towne, and so many people as if a man were in a market."

Fitch records that the emperor kept 1,000 elephants in his stables, and 30,000 horses; that he had 1,400 tame deer, 800 concubines, and a menagerie of leopards and tigers. He fails to mention the enormous cultural establishment that had, by then, become as much a source of Akbar's pride as his elephants. No fewer than sixty renowned poets were among the writers working at the court, virtually all of them writing in Persian—the official language of the empire—and contributing to Akbar's reputation as a patron of letters and collector of manuscripts. More than a hundred court painters were employed to illustrate Akbar's books, many of them works of history and authorized biography devoted to the emperor's deeds on the battlefield and in the hunting ground. Other painters were commissioned to produce a huge album of portraits.

Unlike the idealized images of Safawid painting, these portraits were expected to be true likenesses of the subjects; Akbar's Persian-trained painters were obliged to develop the naturalistic style and outlook that distinguished Mogul painting from its classical antecedents. Akbar gave painting "every encouragement, as he looks upon it as a means both of study and amusement," and he exercised direct control over the output of his ateliers. Leading court painters were awarded commissions in the cavalry reserve. "The works of all painters are weekly laid before His Majesty by the *daroghas* and the clerks; he then confers rewards according to excellence of workmanship, or increases the monthly salaries." Nor was he concerned only with the finished product: he imposed price controls on artists' materials, improved the preparation of pigments, and assured his painters a regular supply of art paper, first by importing it from Persia, then by establishing domestic paper mills.

Since the representation of living forms is expressly forbidden by the Koran, Akbar's interest in painting brought him into still another area of conflict with the orthodox mullahs of his court. His defense is a typical mixture of high-handedness and theological subtlety: "There are many that hate painting; but such men I dislike. It appears to me as if a painter had quite peculiar means of recognizing God; for a





By Jahangir's heyday, the early seventeenth century, the Mogul court was as sophisticated as any in Europe. Contrary to all Moslem commandments, the gold coin above is stamped with the image of the emperor, who gazes tenderly at a wine cup—a commendably candid portrait, for he was in fact a sot. The unknown gentleman portrayed below was probably a businessman from Elizabethan England. The painting opposite, done about 1620, depicts Jahangir locked in symbolic embrace with the Shah of Persia, who seems unaware that the Indian lion has all but pushed the Persian lamb into the sea. The halo, held in place by a pair of disembodied angels, is a convention borrowed from Western art.



VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM; ABOVE: BRITISH MUSEUM—COURTESY OF GEORGE RAINBIRD LTD.

painter in sketching anything that has life . . . must come to feel tha he cannot bestow individuality on his work, and is thus forced t think of God, the Giver of life . . ."

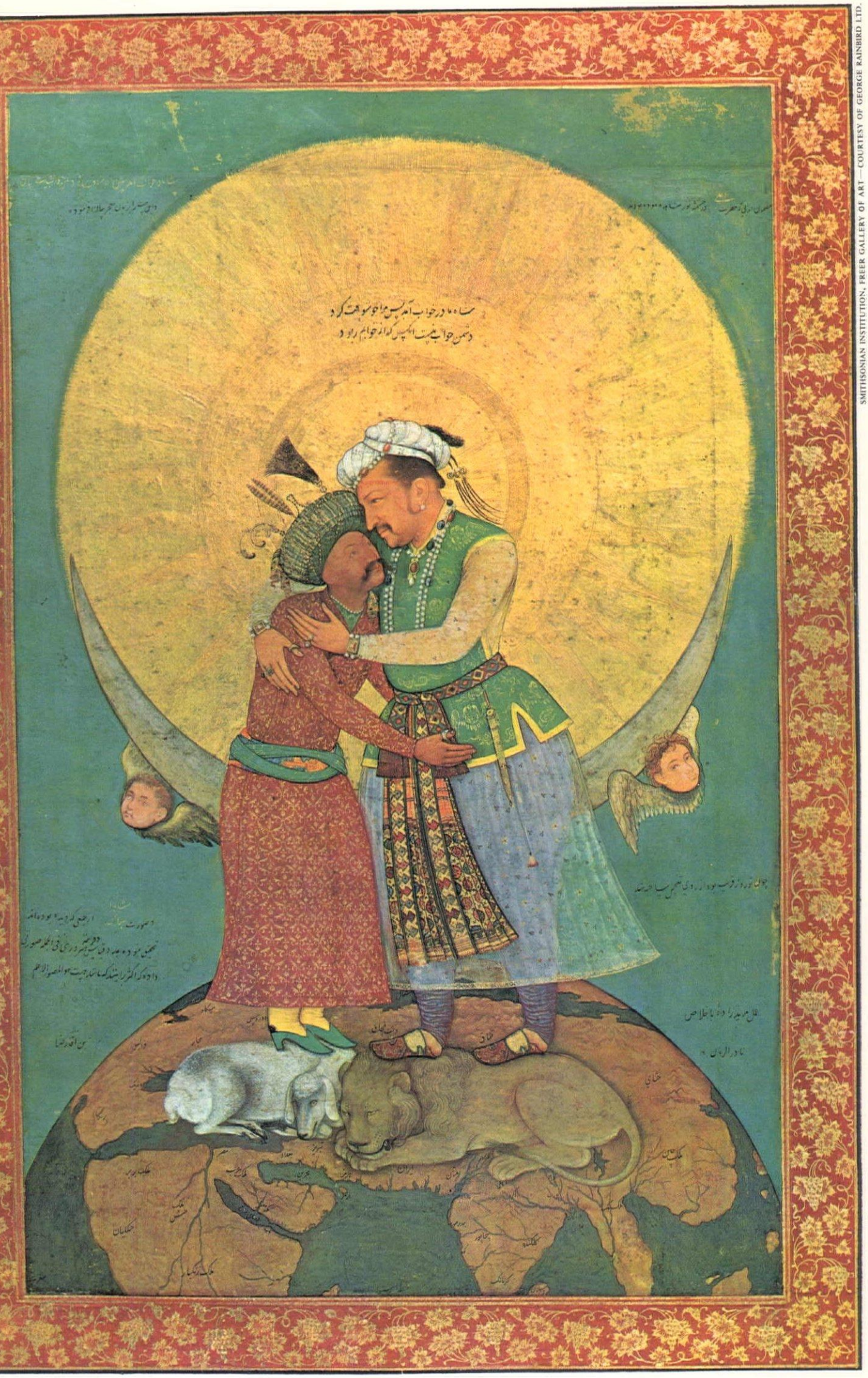
More acceptable to orthodox Moslems were the "ornamenta gilders, line drawers and pagers" who constituted the decorative sec tion of Akbar's ministry of art. There were also a dozen master ca ligraphers, who wrote Persian in eight distinct modes of magnificen penmanship—an art as highly esteemed as painting and poetry. Th court jewelers and lapidaries worked with the diamonds, emeralds rubies, and pearls that were being amassed by the treasury. Thou sands of precious stones were set into sword hilts, saddles, state furni ture, wine cups, spoons, and the elaborate pieces of jewelry tha bathed the Great Moguls in a perpetual aura of reflected light.

More than a hundred workshops supplied the lesser arts and craft necessitated by the Moguls' vast orgy of conspicuous consumption Carpets, tapestries, cloth of gold, silver and gold ornaments, an ornamented weapons were some of the products of the royal *kar khanas*. Other specialists worked with the architects on Akbar's far flung building program: stone sculptors, relief carvers, glazed-til makers, mosaic designers, and—most important of all, in the Mogu scheme of things—landscape architects.

The formal gardens that the Moguls brought to India played a profound role both in their voluptuous sense of the here an now and in their spiritual expectations of the afterlife. I these cool, sumptuous gardens—symbolic of the fact that they hac conquered not only the country but also the climate of that "dusty charmless" land—they sat through the moonlit nights listening t music, or watching dancing girls, or making love, or all three. Ofte the central pavilion, which served as the owner's summerhouse durin his lifetime, was designed to become his tomb after his death; in tha case, the fruits of the garden itself would be reserved for wanderin holy men.

Adapted from Persian or Turkestani models, the Mogul garde was laid out around a succession of pools, waterfalls, fountains, an watercourses, some of them lined with fine ceramic tile, and arrange in the shape of the Cosmic Cross or some other celestial pattern: th seven planets or the eight divisions of the Islamic paradise. Garden were planted as way stations of pleasure along the routes most trav eled by the emperor's entourage.

Music was, and is, the indispensable accompaniment to nights in the gardens of India. Indeed, nothing of any consequence in Mogul India took place without its prescribed accompaniment of music: even while giving birth, the emperor's wives had orchestras playing for them. Akbar himself acquired "such a knowledge of the science o music as trained musicians do not possess," according to his biog rapher Abu-l Fazl (who was admittedly not above flattering his sub ject). He made arrangements of old Persian tunes and also learned the intricacies of Hindu vocalization from the Indian musicians at his court. One of his finest singers, Baz Bahadur of Malwa, was ruler of one of the vassal states of the empire and held a general's rank in the Mogul army. Another had been requisitioned as tribute from one o the defeated rajahs: "a singer like Mian Tausen has not been in India for the last thousand years." His voice is said to have stopped the



SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, FREER GALLERY OF ART — COURTESY OF GEORGE RAINBIRD LTD.



flow of a river, but a rival, Birja Baula, is supposed to have split a rock with his.

Besides the great male soloists, there were hundreds of girl entertainers—one group for each day of the week, and all as intensely competitive as the latest crop of rock groups. While they sang and danced by the light of hundreds of candles, Akbar would trip out on bhang and wine, occasionally on opium, perusing the latest books of paintings, or a new harem acquisition, or some magnificent bauble set with a quarter of a pound of rubies. It was an exemplary life for an emperor to lead—a sort of perpetual one-man arts festival.

Not the least of Akbar's accomplishments, certainly, was the creation of an imperial and personal style that kept the world enthralled and helped him transform a military occupation into a permanent dynasty. Essentially, he had a Great Collector's way of doing things: of plundering the arts and bringing together whatever suited his tastes, in architecture and poetry, music and religion, inventions and ideas. He imported porcelain from China, precious stones from Africa, artillerymen from France to operate his guns, and even a Portuguese pipe organ, "like a great box the size of a man, played by a European sitting inside." The variety of his interests paralleled the enormous diversity of India itself, to which he responded with his dynamic and successful policy of *Culh-i-Kul*—Peace with All.

At his death in 1605 he left behind a governmental structure so flexible and functional that it kept his descendants in power for another century. Unfortunately for the dynasty, most of them inherited his expensive tastes but lacked his energy and genius. His son Jahangir ("World Seizer") was at his best as a patron of the arts; as a ruler he tended to be vacillating, cruel, and self-indulgent. Addicted to both alcohol and opium, he depended more and more on his favorite wife, Nur Jahan, to run the empire for him. While preserving the geographic outlines of his inheritance, he retreated so far from Akbar's policy of religious toleration as to order the destruction of Jain temples in Gujarat and the desecration of Hindu holy places in Rajasthan. But he did continue Akbar's work of collecting and commissioning art treasures, and he built Akbar's magnificent tomb at Sikandra, near Agra, as well as the gardens at Kashmir, which became his favorite haunt. Life at the court of the Great Mogul (as the Europeans called him) reached new heights of splendor and ostentation. The English ambassador Sir Thomas Roe, emissary of James I, found him weighed down with pounds of jewels at an audience in 1616. "On his head he wore a rich Turbant . . . on one syde hung a ruby unsett, as bigg as a Walnutt; on the other syde a diamond as great; in the middle an emralld like a hart, much bigger. His shash was wreathed about with a Chayne of great Pearle, rubyes, and diamondes drild. About his Neck hee carried a Chaine of most excellent Pearle, three double; so great I never saw."

Jahangir's son, Prince Khurram, who styled himself Shah Jahan ("King of the World"), ascended the throne in 1628 and proceeded to kill all possible rivals among his brothers. He continued to expand the empire southward, but had to concede defeat in Afghan operations against the Persians and Uzbeks; militarily, the balance was about even. Under Shah Jahan, Mogul magnificence reached its climax in a new wave of palace and monument building. The Taj Mahal was built



VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM



COLLECTION OF NASLI AND ALICE HEERAMANECK, NEW YORK

Even in the last lingering days of the Mogul Empire, the wealthy never lacked for pleasure. The miniature above, of 1675, shows a pair of talented Hindu dancing girls. In another example of the performing arts the couple below make love and drink wine on a terrace, oblivious to the fact that strong drink was prohibited by the Koran. In the scene opposite, two alluringly dressed women welcome a young man into a bedchamber.

as a mausoleum for his best-loved wife, Mumtaz Mahall, who died in childbirth in 1631; it employed twenty thousand workmen for twenty-two years. Its architecture is purest Persian, except that here the Safawid style is translated into radiant white marble. "Built by Titans, decorated by jewelers," it strikes me as a work of great poetry when seen from afar through a morning mist but turns into kitsch on the inside, when one begins to notice all the thousands of finicking inlays in semiprecious stones, which produce about the same effect as marquetry tea trays made by compulsive dentists. The basic design, at any rate, is unquestionably a masterpiece, and the original conception was even more breathtaking: across the way there was to have been an echo of the Taj in black marble, a tomb for the emperor himself, with a bridge spanning the river between the two.

Shah Jahan built on an equally generous scale throughout the country: the Pearl Mosque at Agra, the Great Mosque, Jami Masjid, near the Red Fort at Delhi, and other palaces, mosques, and forts at Lahore, Kabul, Kandahar, Ajmer, Ahmadabad. The cost came close to bankrupting a treasury already depleted by incessant wars. At the same time, his expenditures for precious stones reached astronomical figures. His personal jewelry alone was valued at twenty million rupees. And he commissioned the famous Peacock Throne—an elaborate tentlike structure of pure gold studded with diamonds and other stones and supported by pillars of emerald.

The Mogul style was becoming gorgeously decadent: like the walls of the Taj, everything was decorated to within an inch of its life, usually with artificial flowers that look as though they were made of plastic. The court portraits, growing correspondingly stiff, took to glorifying rather than documenting the emperor's activities. It was an Establishment art par excellence, but it suggests that after five generations in power the Moguls were turning into parvenus after all.

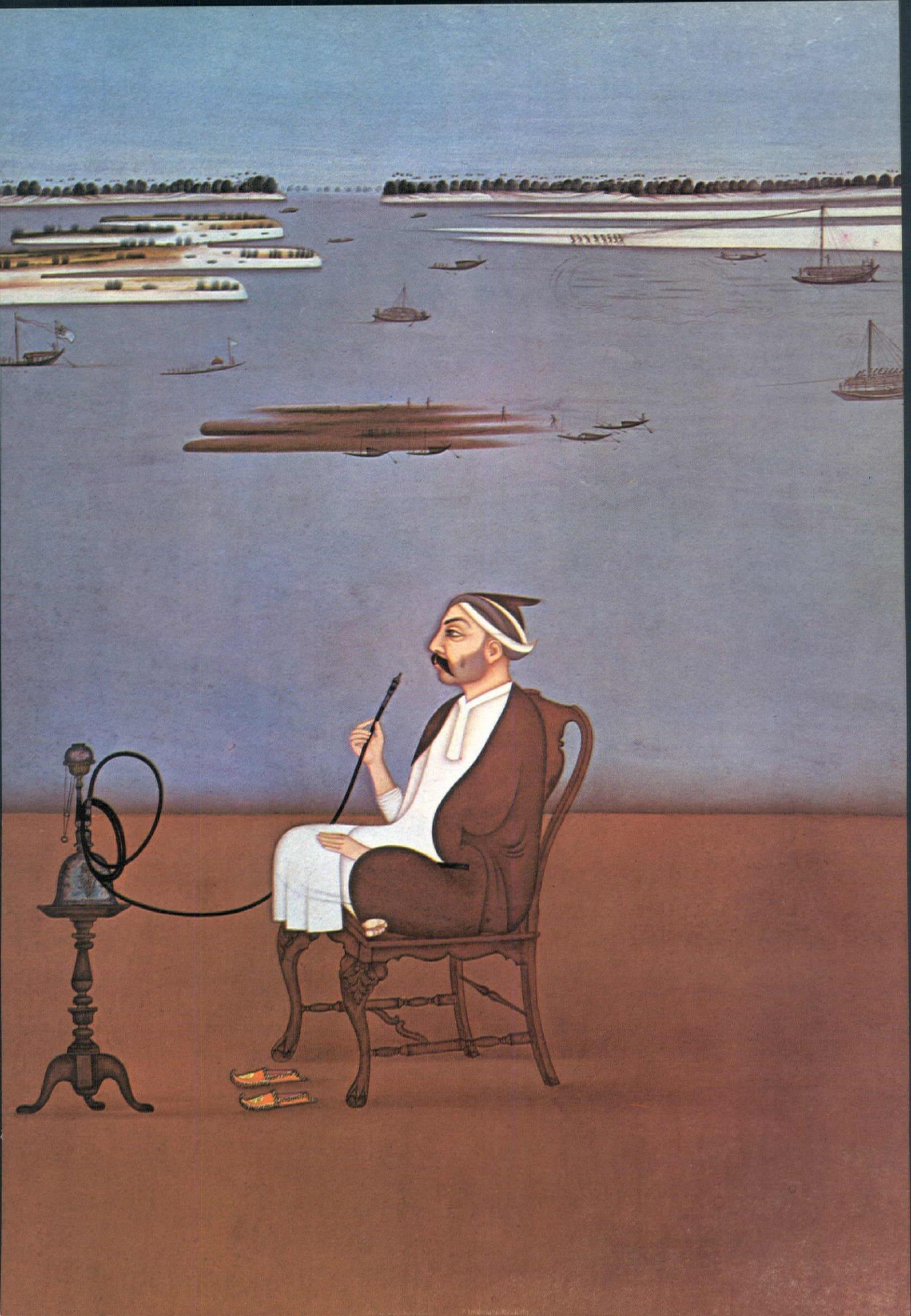


MUSEE GUIMET, PARIS — GIRAUDON

As the British absorbed the dying Mogul Empire, European painting attracted some notice among the last of the Mogul painters. The unfinished miniature above is an attempt by one of them to create lush baroque nudes. The Western presence is also manifest in the mid-eighteenth-century painting opposite, which shows the poet Ashraf Ali Khan smoking a water pipe as he sits upon a Queen Anne chair. One of the craft in the harbor at Patna is flying the Union Jack, upper left.

Shah Jahan's son, Aurangzeb, seized the throne in 1658 after imprisoning his father and—in what was becoming a family tradition—liquidating his brothers. Like Akbar, he reigned for nearly fifty years (1658–1707), but these fifty years were the undoing of the empire and of the principle of *Culh-i-Kul*, which had enabled Akbar to create a pluralistic state in India. Aurangzeb had none of the sybaritic tastes of his forebears: he was a genuinely religious man with fanatically good intentions, a Sunni Moslem who conceived of himself as a Defender of the Faith. In 1679, exactly a hundred years after Akbar had abolished it, he reimposed the hated *jizya* tax, regarded by Hindus as a badge of degradation. It was part of an almost suicidal policy toward the non-Moslems, who constituted the great majority of his subjects. As part of his announced intention "to demolish all the schools and temples of the infidels and to put down their religious teaching and practices," he ordered the systematic destruction of Hindu holy places and made war on the Rajasthan vassal states that furnished some of the best troops in his army.

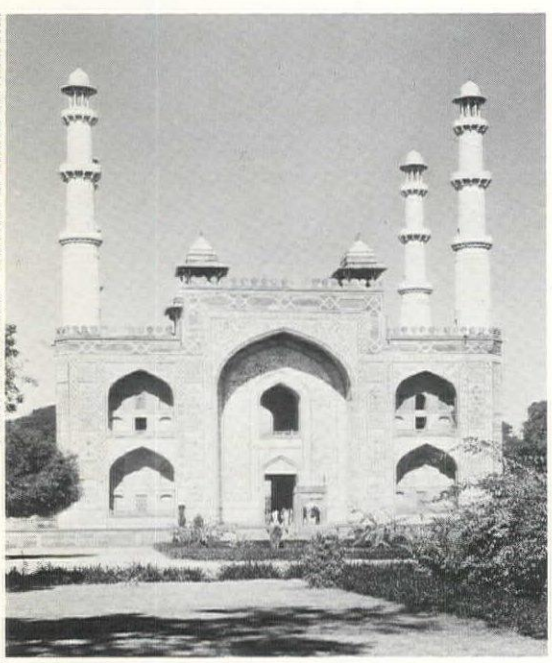
Soon it was evident to all but the emperor himself that he was undermining the bases of his own power. To maintain his armies, Aurangzeb increased his exactions from the peasants to the point where the whole revenue system, according to a French observer, became "a tyranny so excessive as to deprive the peasant and the artisan of the necessaries of life, and leave them to die of misery and





PICTORIAL PARADE

Among the many stately relics of Mogul greatness is the gem-encrusted throne above, which belongs to the present Shah of Iran. It is a replica of Shah Jahan's Peacock Throne, stolen from Delhi by Persian invaders in 1739. Below is the tomb of Akbar at Sikandra, and opposite, a detail from the superb mosaic of its façade. Hinduism—doubtless the religion of the lady passing by—triumphed over Islam in India, though the cost was fearful. Hindus today nevertheless admire Akbar for his efforts to make peace between the two religions, whose antagonisms tear at India still.



CHRISTINA GASCOIGNE—COURTESY OF GEORGE RAINBIRD LTD.

exhaustion." When the Hindus of Delhi organized a peaceful demonstration against his measures, he ordered his elephants driven through the crowd to trample down a path for his entourage. Just as systematically, he set about destroying the courtly arts of India. Paintings were burned or defaced: at Aurangzeb's order the paintings in Akbar's tomb were given a coat of whitewash. The court musicians were dispersed, their private concerts prohibited and their instruments smashed by agents of a specially organized antimusical police.

During the second half of Aurangzeb's reign, large parts of the empire were in open rebellion, and even the aboriginal tribes were fighting guerrilla actions against the Delhi government. Aurangzeb's most troublesome enemies were the Marathas of Maharashtra; they were tough, wiry hunters and fighters who made life intolerable for the clumsy imperial army. The emperor spent the last twenty years of his life in the field, personally conducting operations against them. But his armies, with their immense supply trains and low morale, were no match for the guerrillas, who lived by raiding the imperialist supply depots. After years of warfare, reported the Italian adventurer Manucci, parts of the Deccan were wholly devastated. "The fields were left devoid of trees and bare of crops, their places being taken by the bones of men and beasts. The country was so entirely desolated and depopulated that neither fire nor light could be found in the course of a three or four days' journey." Manucci estimated that Aurangzeb lost 100,000 men and 300,000 animals per year and that the plague ravaging the Deccan from 1702 to 1704 took a toll of two million lives. When the emperor tried to negotiate peace with the insurgents, he met only with rebuffs. "As the Marathas had not been vanquished," writes his court historian, Bimsen, "and the entire Deccan had come into their possession like a deliciously cooked pudding, why should they make peace?"

After Aurangzeb's death the government was financially and morally bankrupt and the empire falling into pieces. The next Mogul emperors were made—and murdered—by rival army factions. Local viceroys, like the first Nizam of Hyderabad, seized the opportunity to establish their own kingdoms. The Rajputs and Marathas reasserted their independence in the west and south; in the north there were raids and uprisings by Sikhs and Afghans. In 1739 Nadir Shah, the usurper of the Persian throne, swept down on Delhi from Afghanistan, sacked the city for fifty-eight days, and carried off the accumulated treasure of the Moguls, including the Peacock Throne.

At that point, the empire as such ceased to exist, though there were to be nominal emperors at Delhi until the middle of the nineteenth century—unhappy men who were little more than exalted hostages to the various groups who found the Mogul name and style a useful façade for their own political designs. In the end it was not any of the local factions but the British who succeeded in picking up and reassembling the pieces of the Mogul Empire. They took over its administrative structure and its revenue service and installed their English king as "Emperor of India." Yet somehow, despite their railway stations and their civil service, their durbars, tea parties, and cricket clubs, the British never quite succeeded in matching those moments of ineffable splendor when India's government was a great organ of empire and there was a Mogul sitting inside, pulling out all the stops.

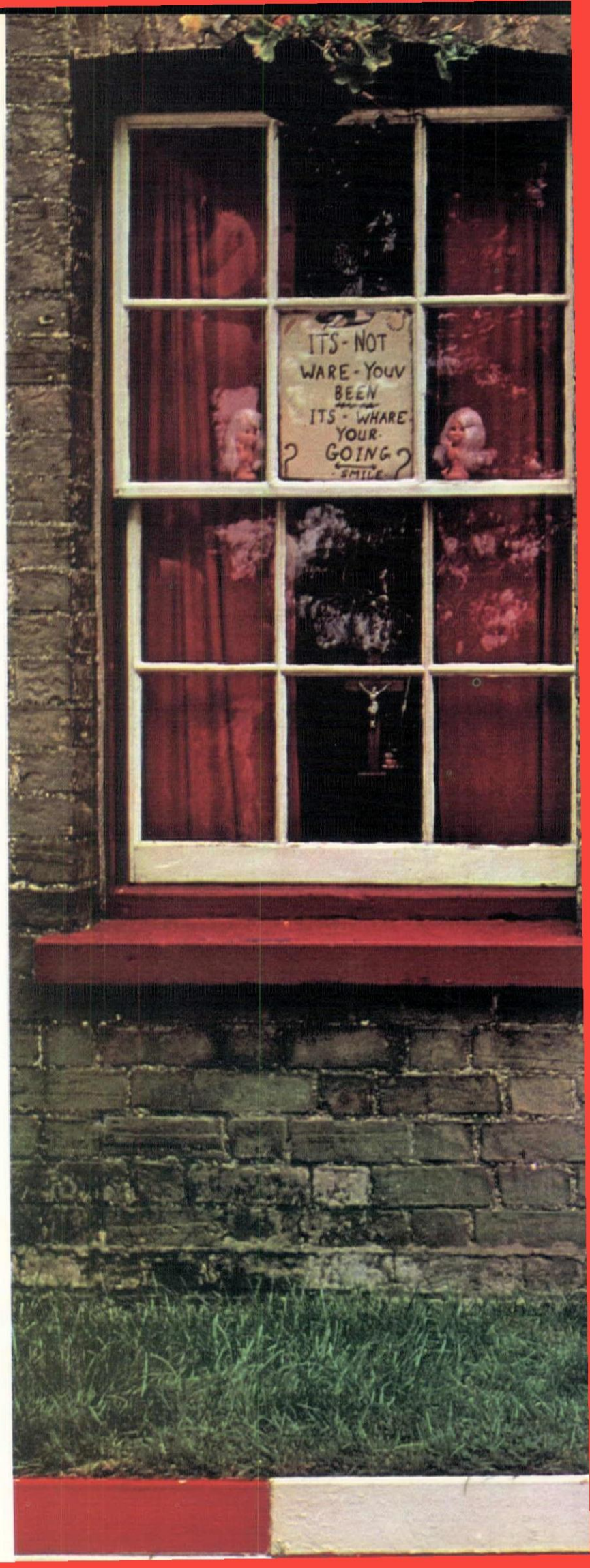


English Eccentrics

An eccentric, it has been said, is a logical man in an illogical world. Consider Sir George Fordyce, the nineteenth-century British anatomist. Every afternoon at four he would eat his single meal of the day, a huge ingestion of meat. Though odd, this regimen was quite logical. Sir George was imitating the lion, whose physique he had studied and admired. Consider, too, the great English classicist Professor Richard Porson, who terrified Cambridge hostesses by acting on his belief that when he was enjoying himself at a neighbor's house, there was no reason at all to go home.

Many people admire lions, and many people see no reason to bid adieu to their hosts just because it is three in the morning. A great many people also have decided opinions and ruling passions. The eccentric, however, is sure his are right, and he puts them into practice. Perhaps that is why eccentricity delights us, for inside most people dwell little eccentrics who have failed to emerge. It is surely the reason that eccentricity is so marked a trait of the English, for it depends, in Edith Sitwell's words, on "that peculiar and satisfactory knowledge of infallibility that is the hallmark and birthright of the British nation." The personages in these pages posed with their preoccupations for the talented London photographer Tony Ray-Jones. As they attest, England still produces her logical men in an illogical world.

The monocled figure at right is not a retired Anglo-Indian colonel. He is Snowy Farr, and his wondrous outfit is the garb he dons for his work: sweeping the roads of two Cambridgeshire villages. Long ago Mr. Farr decided, sensibly enough, that the humbleness of his role need not dim his luster or that of his brooms and dust carts, which he picturesquely adorns with bright ribbons. This is not empty self-display, for the streets in Mr. Farr's care are notably clean. The eccentric pride that goes into his appearance goes into his work as well.





Couples



The elderly couple in Sioux Indian dress, above, are Edward and Curly Blackmore of Eastbourne, a town on the Sussex coast. It was here, when he was a boy, that Mr. Blackmore first fell in love with the Sioux through reading the stories of Ernest Thompson Seton. After a lifetime devoted to the study and practice of Sioux Indian ways—the couple, married in 1928, spent their honeymoon in a tepee—the Blackmores have officially become members of the tribe. In 1964 they were formally inducted into Sitting Bull's clan at a ceremony in South Dakota, he as Chief Hunkeshnee (the name means slow and thoughtful), she as Red Leaf Woman. "That day," says Mr. Blackmore, a retired plumber who keeps his tepee in the back yard, "I fulfilled my life's greatest ambition."

Victor and Louise Martin, opposite, run a railway, a miniature line complete with stations, station hotels, a life-size control room, and four thousand feet of track that runs through their farm in Kent. A replica of the old London Midland and South Eastern Railway, which operated between Scotland and London's St. Pancras station, the Martins' line is run on a strict schedule—that of the 1938 St. Pancras timetable. Since the London Midland used to run some forty trains a day in 1938, it takes the Martins—he is a retired electrical engineer and she, aptly enough, is the daughter of a St. Pancras stationman—two weeks to complete a "day." Thus they have lived for some thirty years, partly in real time and partly by the clock of a defunct British railway.

Photographs by Tony Ray-Jones

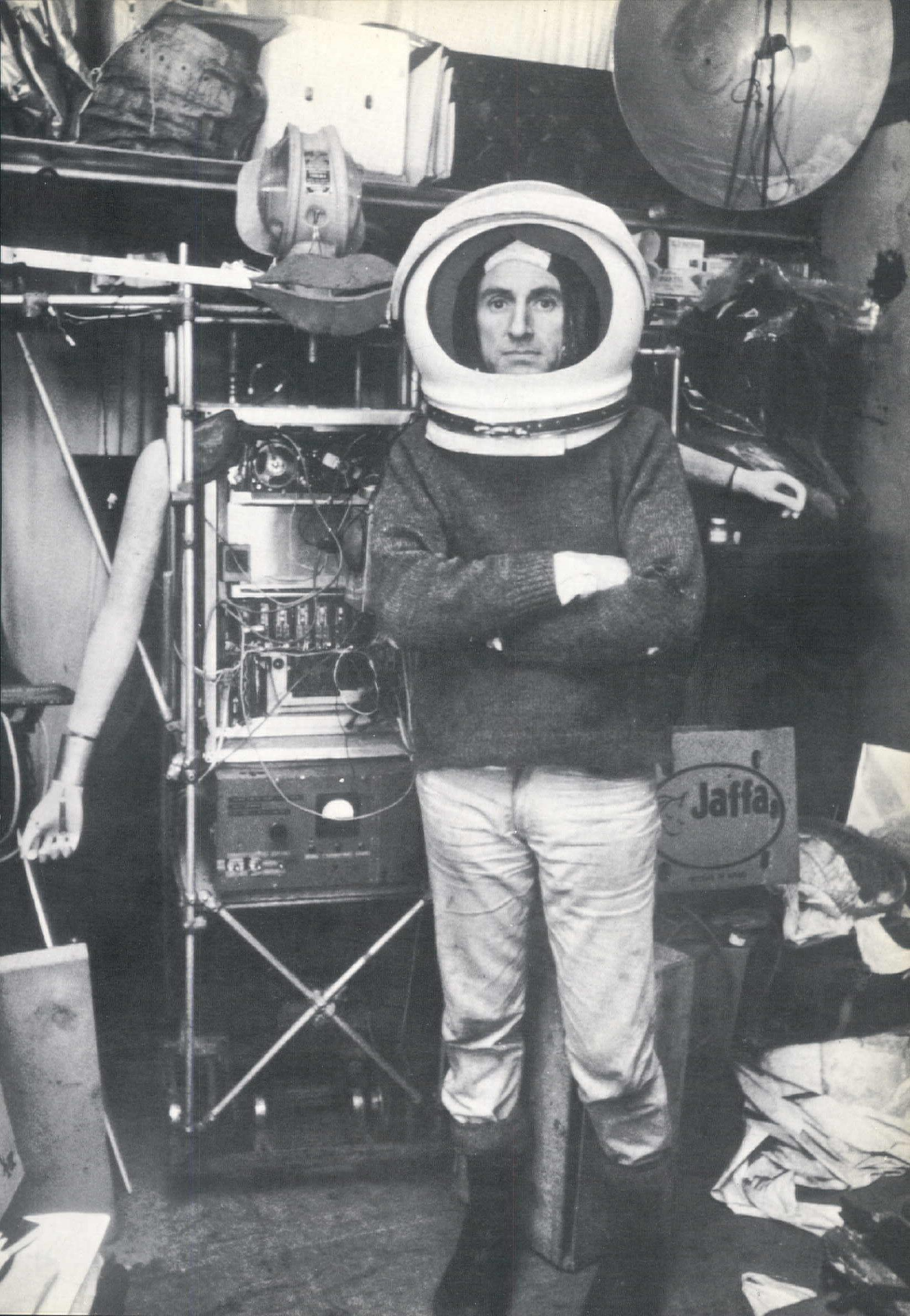


OTHERWORLDLINESS



The medieval longbow man above is Robert Bryan, a London telephone engineer who spends his off-hours reliving that golden epoch when stalwart British yeomen regularly beat the flower of French chivalry. The intensity of Bryan's devotion to the past is suggested by the fact that he recently had his nose broken in a broadsword fight while leading a mock siege of Bedford Castle. Yet Mr. Bryan has allowed himself one departure from historic authenticity: his chain mail is woolen and was knitted by his mother.

While others plunge into the past, Bruce Lacey, opposite, devotes his energies to the future, or rather to that epitome of terrifying futures, the robot. The idea of manlike machines imitating human actions so fascinates Mr. Lacey that he has applied his electronics training to building these unnerving creatures—including a seventeen-foot-high automated astronaut—in his London workshop. When Lacey was married, one of his robots served as best man at the wedding. It handed over the ring and kissed the bride.

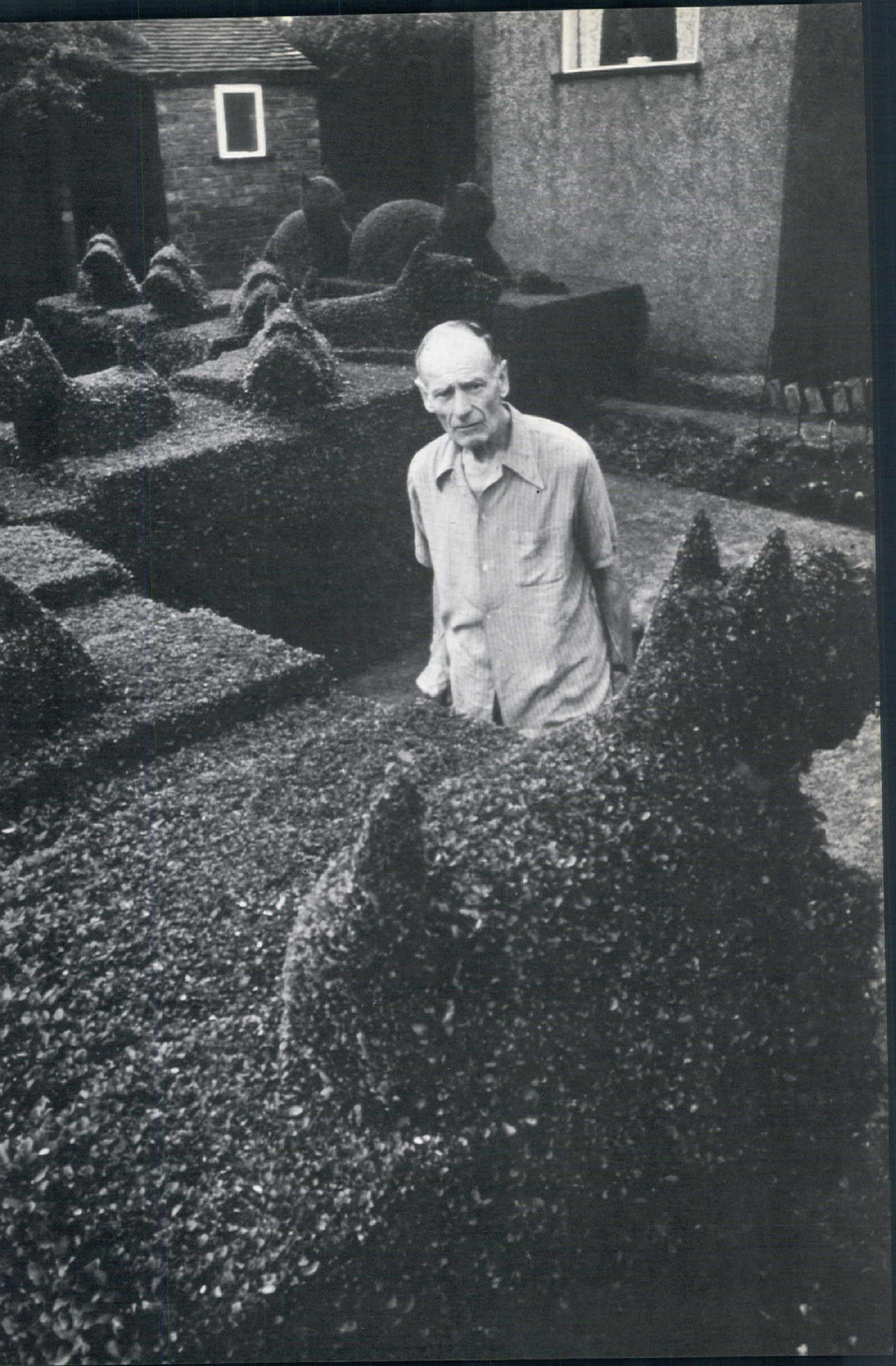

Jaffa

Animal Lovers



When aged Kate Ward takes her afternoon walk through the streets of Camberley, Surrey, she is usually joined by forty dogs, some of which—the sick and the elderly—she pushes in a cart. The dogs are not merely pets. They are stray creatures that Kate has rescued from the streets and that she feeds, nurses, and houses in her own cottage until she can find "good homes" for them. For thirty years now, "Camberley Kate," as she is known, has made the rescue of homeless dogs her life's work; and until recently, when donations began coming in from sympathetic Britons, she has carried it out at her own expense. Her rescue mission, she explains, is a testament to her pet dog Prince, who died in 1943. "It's in his name," she says, "I've done everything."

The dogs that surround the house of Cyril Clifft are always well behaved; they don't bark and cost nothing to feed. His ruling passion is privet hedges in the shape of dogs. Mr. Clifft has spent forty years cutting and grooming the hedges of his Birmingham garden into crisp-looking Scottish Terriers poised on leafy, rectangular pedestals. During that time, Mr. Clifft, a retired hydraulics engineer, has been reluctant to go on vacation, for it takes two hours of clipping a day to keep his seventeen Scottie-hedges well groomed. Mr. Clifft's choice of Scotties is more aesthetic than affectionate, although it has taken him six years to grow and shape each of them. He chose Scotties, he explains, because he needed dogs "whose ears and tails stick up."



Spreading the Message



The burly, bespectacled cleric sitting on the fender of the steam locomotive is the Reverend Teddy Boston of Cadby parish, Leicestershire. When the Reverend Dr. Boston and his young helpers finish fueling and stoking the engine —a three-hour job—he drives it on his private railway track down the length of his churchyard. A fan of steam power, the Reverend Dr. Boston also owns a nine-ton, smoke-belching steam tractor known as "Fiery Elias," in which he travels about the area. As devoted to his ministry as he is to steam, the Reverend Dr. Boston likes to use his engines as a pulpit for outdoor sermons, which he delivers, parishioners say, with commendable zeal.


THE
BOSWORTH FLYER


James McMullan

The Waste Land Revisited

Its title reflects a culture. Its phrases have entered the language. Its allusions make a puzzle for students. Now fifty years old, Eliot's masterpiece lives through "the big magic of words we do not always understand"

When I was a schoolboy in Manchester, England, I had contemporary literature forced on me not by a sponsor but by a detractor. This was James Douglas, editor of the *Sunday Express,* who said, I seem to remember, that he would rather slit his children's throats than have them read *The Well of Loneliness.* One Sunday he devoted a two-page spread to an attack of the most slavering savagery on Aldous Huxley; the great banner headline was THE MAN WHO HATES GOD. The *Daily Express,* into which Douglas's Sabbatarian fury would sometimes spill over, though somewhat diluted, once organized a poetry competition for the young. Douglas was ready with good advice under an archetypal portrait of THE POET—an exophthalmic goitrous quill-chewer, evidently both syphilitic and phthisical. He told young aspirants to follow masters like Leigh Hunt and Longfellow, who knew how to rhyme, and to avoid charlatans like Pound and Eliot.

Pound, he said, could not rise above lines like "Sing goddam damn damn," while Eliot, who had written an illiterate gallimaufry called *The Waste Land,* went in for such doggerel as "O the moon shone bright on Mrs. Porter and on her daughter." Naturally I was intrigued, and I borrowed *The Waste Land* from the public library.

I was only fifteen, and I understood very little of the poem, but I recognized that it was important. I seemed to hear a door, a long way down one of my mind's corridors, trying to creak open but not quite making it. But I took in with relish the horns and motors and the throbbing taxi, the fishing by the dull canal, the carbuncular small house-agent's clerk. I knew this world, since I was the son of a Manchester shopkeeper, whereas I was vague on skylarks. I had even seen a Bradford millionaire, though not in a silk hat.

I copied the whole poem out, without the notes—which I could see even then were a bit of a put-on. Then I got down to learning it by heart. The result was that, at fifteen, I could quote Dante and Baudelaire in the original, as well as a few objurgations from the Upanishads. *The Waste Land* was, and still is, quite apart from its poetic merits, a kind of big railway terminus, from which you can take a train to various literatures and theologies. In the refreshment room you see Mr. Eliot himself, taking tea and refusing a slice of peach tart. He is not going anywhere; he has arrived.

By the time I got to Manchester University, I understood *The Waste Land* pretty well. Without boasting, I can say that I knew the poem better than any of my English lecturers: they did not have it by heart, and I did. In my first year I organized a sort of arty reading of it, with the lines split up among characters called the Hyacinth Girl, the Drowned Phoenician Sailor, Tiresias, Belladonna, and so on. The music was a mixture of ragtime, Wagner, and plain chant, and I myself composed a setting of the Thames Daughters' song, made out of Wagner's own *weilala* wailings in *Das Rheingold.* To accompany the opening, "April is the cruellest month," I wanted that marvelous chill bassoon solo at the beginning of Stravinsky's *Le Sacre du Printemps,* but I was howled down and we had to have a young music student playing Delius on the piano. Recently, I discovered that Eliot had had that very Stravinsky bassoon in his ears while composing his opening lines. I wish he'd announced the fact in 1937, the year of my production. I hate being right too late.

1937 was fifteen years after the first appearance of *The Waste Land*—a long time by the reckoning of a student. Still, the poem did not seem to belong to an ancient epoch, as the early Chaplin films did, as well as the old ragtime records we swing-followers despised. Eliot was still in early middle age and producing new things—the plays, the first of the *Four Quartets.* The *Collected Poems* had come out a mere year before. James Joyce, whose *Ulysses* had also first seen the light as a bound banned book in 1922, was working on his new unintelligible opus, which I remember my history teacher,

By ANTHONY BURGESS

A. J. P. Taylor, sneering at in a lecture. Eliot and Joyce were very much *now* writers, and *The Waste Land* was avant-garde enough to set many of the older professors puffing—quite apart from philistines like James Douglas (who was that year, I think, howling away at obscenity in somebody as teashop-dainty as Mary Webb). And it seems to me now, this fiftieth anniversary of the marvelous year that saw so many literary giants in thundering production, that *The Waste Land* is as fresh as it was in my youth.

Look at it as a film scenario, which in many ways it resembles, and you can see that it goes much farther—with its jump cuts and flashes backward and forward and montages and intense economy—than anything by Truffaut or Godard or Fellini or Antonioni. We open in April, with a poet in the middle of the road of life seeing, in a mixture of fear and regret and elation, the lilacs pushing out of the earth. How much better it was in winter, when the snow muffled everything, and there was no need to engage the forces of life. The poet is a man we have met before—in "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock"—but he is less of the clown now and more of Prince Hamlet. He is inhibited, scared of sex; the spring is an assault on his drab Bostonian security.

The scene changes from spring to summer—a remembered summer in Munich, on the Starnbergersee, when a sudden shower of rain sent the poet and his companion scurrying for shelter. April, sex, rain, water—all are to be feared. Water means fertility, revivification of what prefers to be waste and dry. And now the companion talks, evidently a woman: "Bin gar keine Russin, stamm' aus Litauen, echt deutsch." She is, she says, not a Russian; she comes from Lithuania, she is entirely German. She is one of the bastard products of a dry, cracked, decaying Europe. She too is frightened. She remembers a particular fear she felt while staying with the archduke, her cousin, when he took her out on a sled—the descent from the safe high sterility of the mountains, where "you feel free," to those depths at water level where fecund dirty life is carried on. Her life? She reads much of the night, and goes south in the winter. She will appear again in the poem—a beautiful but sterile woman, waiting for death, the Lady of the Rocks.

And now the poet hears the voice of a preacher, echoing Ecclesiastes: "What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow out of this stony rubbish?" Dried-up Europe, a world that has survived a great war but does not now wish to live, knows only "a heap of broken images, where the sun beats." There is no water, but there is shadow. If the listener will step for a while into this shadow—not the shadow of a tree but of a red rock—he will see the whole of human life like a procession of ants or sand trickling slowly through the fingers: "fear in a handful of dust."

That image of drought is at once replaced by a memory of water—but water in pretense, make-believe. We are at the opera, and *Tristan und Isolde* is being performed. High on a ship's mast a sailor sings: "The wind blows us briskly homeward. Where are you wandering, my Irish child?" The story of a great sterile love affair is beginning, one that can end only in death. And yet such hopeless empty passions are magnificent, to be feared by Prufrock as much as the childish sexual encounter among the spring-wet flowers. Nothing is simple, everything is equivocal. The poet remembers a failure of early love, with a girl they called "the hyacinth girl"—hyacinths are symbols of fertility—"when we came back, late, from the Hyacinth garden, your arms full, and your hair wet, I could not speak, and my eyes failed." We have now rushed to the end of the opera, when love is to be fulfilled in death. "Od' und leer das Meer"—the sea is not life-giving but bitter and empty.

We now have to meet Madame Sosostris, famous clairvoyant. An age that has rejected fertility has naturally rejected religion, which has its roots in ancient vegetation magic, and has to make do with such feeble substitutes as cartomancy. Madame Sosostris (her name seems to come from Flaubert's *Temptation of Saint Anthony*) tells fortunes with the old tarot pack. This, with its strange pictures of the Hanged Man and the Day of Judgment and the Tower Struck by Lightning, is of very venerable origin, being tied up with the Grail legend and the myths of death and purification and rebirth that underlie it. Now the cards have been debased to serve a superstitious end, a forbidden prying into the future. Madame Sosostris is herself a debased seer—she has a bad cold and cannot speak very clearly—but she sees certain truths: the crowd of people walking around in a ring, making their own hell; the beautiful woman who is reduced to ruling over barren rocks and managing empty social situations. She does not find the Hanged Man among the cards she deals, for the Hanged Man is Christ, or the sacrificed seer-king who will restore water to the parched land. She is very direct in telling her client to "fear death by water."

Then we see another kind of hell—not people walking around in a ring, but a crowd flowing over London Bridge, "so many, I had not thought death had undone so many." The words come from Dante, and describe the damned. This is the world that Eliot had just left in order to write *The Waste Land*, a decayed world, once magnificent, full of warehouses and money counting: Eliot had been an employee of Lloyd's Bank. The Thames, once bright and thronged with life, is now so much dirty water; the bell of Saint Mary Woolnoth, a Wren church, speaks of a past magnificence, but its final stroke ends with a "dead sound."

The poet sees one he knew—as Dante so often does in his journey through hell—and hails him. His name is Stetson, a name that sounds dull and ordinary and seems to ask that things stay as they are ("stet"), without hope, without redemption. The poet reminds him of the corpse Stetson planted in his garden and, al-

most hysterically, tells him to keep dogs away—symbols of busy animality, dream-tokens of sex—lest they dig it up. Resurrection is not wanted. Then the poet turns, in the words of Baudelaire, to the reader himself: "hypocrite lecteur!—mon semblable,—mon frère!" The reader is Stetson, we are all guilty.

We are able, in the next part of the poem, to linger for a time in a fixed and static locale, with the camera slowly drinking in the details. We are with a new allomorph of the Lady of the Rocks, the beautiful woman dying slowly in magnificent aridity. Here she is surrounded by luxury sumptuously rendered, by all the glories of a past conspicuously not arid, and her very chair is described as if it were Cleopatra's barge (yet does not that recall another passion that ended in death?). In her boudoir is a representation of the rape of Philomela, but the tragic song of her sister, changed into a nightingale, is reduced to a vulgar throating: "'Jug Jug' to dirty ears." Her cosmetics and perfumes are synthetic, rejecting the natural juices of life. She is conducting a love affair that has become as routine as "the hot water at ten. And if it rains, a closed car at four." Her nerves are shot to pieces; her lover reminds her that they are both "in rats' alley where the dead men lost their bones." They are awaiting the knock on the door that is death's summons.

A door opens onto another scene—this time far from sumptuous. In a London pub, just before closing time, a woman is telling a friend about a more basic rejection of life—that of a third woman, not present, who refuses to have babies and has made a wreck of herself with abortive medicines. Her husband, Albert, is coming back from the war, a sort of phallic hero who "wants a good time," but he will find a wife whose teeth are rotten and whose sexual urges have decayed. Here is the Lady of the Rocks again, but now no Belladonna. The landlord shouts "HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME," and we are aware that life is running out for all of us. The customers say good night to each other, and then an alien voice intrudes: "Good night, ladies, good night, sweet ladies." It is Ophelia, and these are the last words she speaks before going off to a watery grave. She at least died by water.

The middle section of the poem introduces us to the Fisher King, Amfortas, with the unhealable wound, wandering the shores of the Thames, the dirty water that was once pure poetic silver, hailed by Spenser—"Sweet Thames, run softly till I end my song"—in a poem he wrote to celebrate a Christian marriage. The sordid sodality of the pubs mocks the magnificent Wren churches. The suffering of the observer, who drinks the London squalor as a self-inflicted penance, is intensified by his changing into Tiresias, the seer who was both man and woman and who is now doomed to feel the agony proper to both the sexes, set as they are in a loveless abrasive hell. Tiresias watches the mean seduction of a typist by a carbuncular clerk. The language is full of the rhythms of a more heroic age; the typist's reflections on her "departed lover" are followed by a parody of a song from Goldsmith's *The Vicar of Wakefield:*

> When lovely woman stoops to folly and
> Paces about her room again, alone,
> She smooths her hair with automatic hand,
> And puts a record on the gramophone.

This ironic confrontation of graceless present with gracious past (though the dichotomy is never as simple as that) reaches its limit in the song of the three Thames daughters, who, having watched Elizabeth and Leicester in a gilded barge, turn into true denizens of a degraded shore, tracing the river from Richmond and Kew, past Moorgate, to Margate Sands, recounting a tale of debased and hopeless lives:

> The broken fingernails of dirty hands.
> My people humble people who expect
> Nothing.

At the end of this section, which—though set around water—is called "The Fire Sermon," we catch the very faint sounds of voices from another world. Saint Augustine turns London into Carthage—"where a cauldron of unholy loves sang all about mine ears"—and we remember that all cities fall. London has already been termed an "unreal city." An echo of the Buddha—"burning burning burning burning"—suggests that our aridity must be made positive, must become an aspect of fire and not a mere absence of water. We are to see this hell as a sort of purgatory.

In a brief section called "Death by Water," Eliot translates, from the French, one of his own earlier poems. Phlebas the Phoenician is drowned, having forgotten the "profit and loss" of the commerce that carried him over the seas. Earlier, another Levantine—"Mr. Eugenides, the Smyrna merchant"—appeared in London, "unshaven, with a pocket full of currants," a debased representative of an Eastern wave that once brought more than mere goods to the West. Trade, we now see, is a substitute for free giving. Mr. Eugenides pays a prostitute (acted by Tiresias) for "a weekend at the Metropole"; Madame Sosostris takes her fee; London is all buying and selling; even the Wren churches are monuments to trade. Phlebas, who may have sold currants—dried-up grapes, incapable of yielding wine—is now finding that "a current under sea picked his bones in whispers."

The final section—"What the Thunder Said"—is a nightmare that ends with a full statement of the hope prefigured at the end of "The Fire Sermon." We seem to witness Christ's crucifixion, then suffer, on a kind of road to Emmaus, the sense, unconfirmed by counting, that another person, "gliding wrapt in a brown mantle, hooded," is with us. We long desperately for water, for even the sound of water, for even the water-dripping song of the hermit thrush, but we are forced to trudge a cracked dry road in endless thirst. Cities, all unreal, collapse and re-form in the violet air; the bells of London clang from towers that are up-

side down. Then a cock crows. It is the noise of rebirth, but also the noise of betrayal. But Christ's betrayer was a rock—"thou art Peter"—and, though weak, he was not dry. A faith was built upon him. It is not, however, to Christ or His Church that we turn, but farther east. We hear the thunder, harbinger of rain, and learn to interpret its "DA." The Buddha shows us that the thunder is trying to say "Datta, Dayadhvam, Damyata"—"Give, sympathize, control"—and the poet at once refers these injunctions to that personal "Bostonian" level at which love cannot escape from its prison of reserve, where nerve fails and opportunities are lost forever:

The awful daring of a moment's surrender
Which an age of prudence can never retract
By this, and this only, we have existed
Which is not to be found in our obituaries
Or in memories draped by the beneficent spider
Or under seals broken by the lean solicitor
In our empty rooms

The poem ends with a mass of quotations—Dante, Thomas Kyd, the *Pervigilium Veneris,* a nursery rhyme—but no attempt to sharpen a moral, turning a highly complex structure into a simple homily. "Shall I at least set my lands in order?" asks the Fisher King. Arnaut Daniel leaps into the "refining fire." London Bridge is "falling down falling down falling down," but is the prospect of ruin—against which "these fragments" or scraps of knowledge are to be shored—to be taken seriously? The last word, thrice repeated is "Shantih," the formal ending to an Upanishad, carrying the force of a dismissive blessing and best translated as "the Peace which passeth understanding." *The Waste Land* has didactic elements, like all Eliot's work, especially the later, overtly Anglo-Catholic, writings, but it is not itself a sermon. It is a dramatic poem with many voices, and it would be as unwise to fasten any of its many moral statements on the author himself as it would be to identify Hamlet or Othello or Macbeth with William Shakespeare.

To summarize the poem—as I have briefly and, inevitably, inaccurately tried to do here—is to demonstrate that, like a play or a novel, it has a structure separable from language: there is a solidity that conveys the feeling of a three-dimensional artifact. But it is the language, of course, that finally counts. What first struck all the readers of my generation was the way in which avante-garde daring was combined with classical authority. It was something to be recognized also in Joyce's *Ulysses.* The new seemed to be made out of the traditional, and these two innovators disclosed a far profounder awareness of the importance of tradition than many of the old guard, its guardians. Eliot's free verse was a very personal development of Jacobean blank verse—sauced a little with Laforgue—and its authority was such as to make Webster, Tourneur, and Middleton sound like very modern authors.

At the same time, Eliot did not shrink from filling his verse with most untraditional properties, at the risk of the accusation of ugliness or even the odd snicker in the wrong place. "While I was fishing in the dull canal on a winter evening round behind the gashouse"—if this suggests the comic lugubrious, then Eliot's complex seriousness is well able to accommodate it. It is, in fact, able to accommodate most things, from the pills that Lil took "to bring it off" to "the agony in stony places" and the "reverberation of thunder of spring over distant mountains." English poetry had not known such a breadth of tone since Andrew Marvell. Robert Browning had tried to write poetry in which corns and bunions and tobacco went along with more traditional properties, but he failed in two ways: he never managed to absorb the contemporary speech rhythms in which trivialities are mentioned, and he never elevated trivialities to seriousness.

Eliot could take a ragtime song or a snatch of soldier's obscenity and fit it into a context of tragedy. "O O O O that Shakespeherian Rag" seems to sum up whole eras of decay when we hear it in the boudoir of that lady dying of boredom. "O the moon shone bright on Mrs. Porter and on her daughter, they wash their feet in soda water" ("Not White Rock," Eliot said once)—this is followed by a reference to the sacramental washing of the feet in the Parsifal legend, while the boy choristers sing: *"Et O ces voix d'enfants, chantant dans la coupole!"* It is Eliot's own juxtapository device for showing fragments of a decayed culture, but at the same time, Mrs. Porter is somehow elevated to the level of a folk myth, valued because it contains a sediment of ancient ritual.

The technique was to be exploited to the limit by Joyce in *Finnegans Wake* (the hero of which, by the way, seems to be named Mr. Porter—a carrier of liquor and of sin). The whole history of man is presented through a technique in which childish, though polyglot, puns

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jostle with street songs and street slang. The very title derives from a New York Irish ballad, but it is made to bear the weight of ancient myth and perennial faitn. Isolde's death song has its opening words—*Mild und leise*—transformed into the nickname of a doubtful Dublin character, Mildew Lisa. The punning and the parody are funny but serious; the concentration of multiple, and sometimes opposed, meanings into a single word is in the service of a literary complexity carried very lightly. And it all comes from *The Waste Land,* complete with resurrection theme, images of a decayed civilization, and a harkening to calls from the East.

If *Finnegans Wake* is the most massive example of the fertility of that brief crammed poem of Eliot's, we can find very few poems and novels of less ambitious aim that, coming after *The Waste Land,* have been able to escape its influence. It was, I discovered myself when I first began to write seriously, hard to get the Eliotian voices out of my ears and my prose. It was so delightful to conjoin mock-pomposity with deliberate vulgarity, to throw in recondite literary allusions for ironic effects, to make statements conveying an authority somehow both professorial and parsonic, and yet, at the same time, tinged with self-mockery.

Apart from writers, the Eliotian phrase worked its way into the most unexpected contexts, so that television weathermen could comment on April being the cruelest month or say that, today, summer surprised us. When, at a cocktail party, a man was described as "one of the low," everybody added to himself: "on whom assurance sits as a silk hat on a Bradford millionaire." Whether or not the content of Eliot is acceptable, the quality of his phrase-making is so insidious that it cannot easily be rejected. Like Yeats, he is one of the great writers of single memorable lines. In creating these, the poet serves the language, modifying it in the direction of a greater subtlety, and his achievement affects the street and the market place as well as the academic common room.

I don't think the young of today are capable of deriving the authentic poetic shiver from reading Eliot that my generation knew in the thirties. In those days it seemed unlikely that Eliot would ever become an academic text. He was untouched by the professors, a kind of literature of the counter establishment. Nowadays I am sometimes called upon to give a lesson on *The Waste Land* in one American university or another, and I find that the students have a heavily annotated text, obviating the possibility of their finding out anything for themselves. The epigraph from Petronius, in which the sibyl says she wants to die, is duly translated, and the battle of Mylae, at which Stetson fought, is rightly glossed as being an element in an ancient commercial struggle. I gain the impression that many students find Eliot a bit of a bore, with too much Latin in him, and that they regard his erudition as being old hat.

They will also, from next semester on, be encouraged to look at the genesis of the literary structure rather than take it as a finished artifact like a Beethoven quartet.* They will see that Ezra Pound had much to do with the shaping and cutting of the elements that Eliot showed him (Pound was a fine craftsman, as Eliot is only too willing to tell the world in his dedication: "for Ezra Pound, *il miglior fabbro*" —the better maker.) They may prefer the proposed original title—*He Do The Police In Different Voices* (straight out of Dickens)—as more facetious and demotic than the one we now have. And they may be encouraged, seeing Eliot in undress, to be less deferential toward him, finding fault with his religion and politics. He is already being called reactionary.

The charge of fascism has even been brought against Eliot, as also against Yeats, Lawrence, Pound, and Wyndham Lewis. Eliot didn't, on the evidence of his poetry, care much for the Jews, and though there is no overt anti-Semitism in *The Waste Land* (as there is in *Gerontion* and "Burbank with a Baedeker, Bleistein with a Cigar"), there is a suggestion that the mongrelizing of Europe is the work of the wanderers—"hooded hordes"—and the exiles who have made a kind of culture out of money. There is a sort of subdued desire for a pure Aryanism, best realized in the civilization of India.

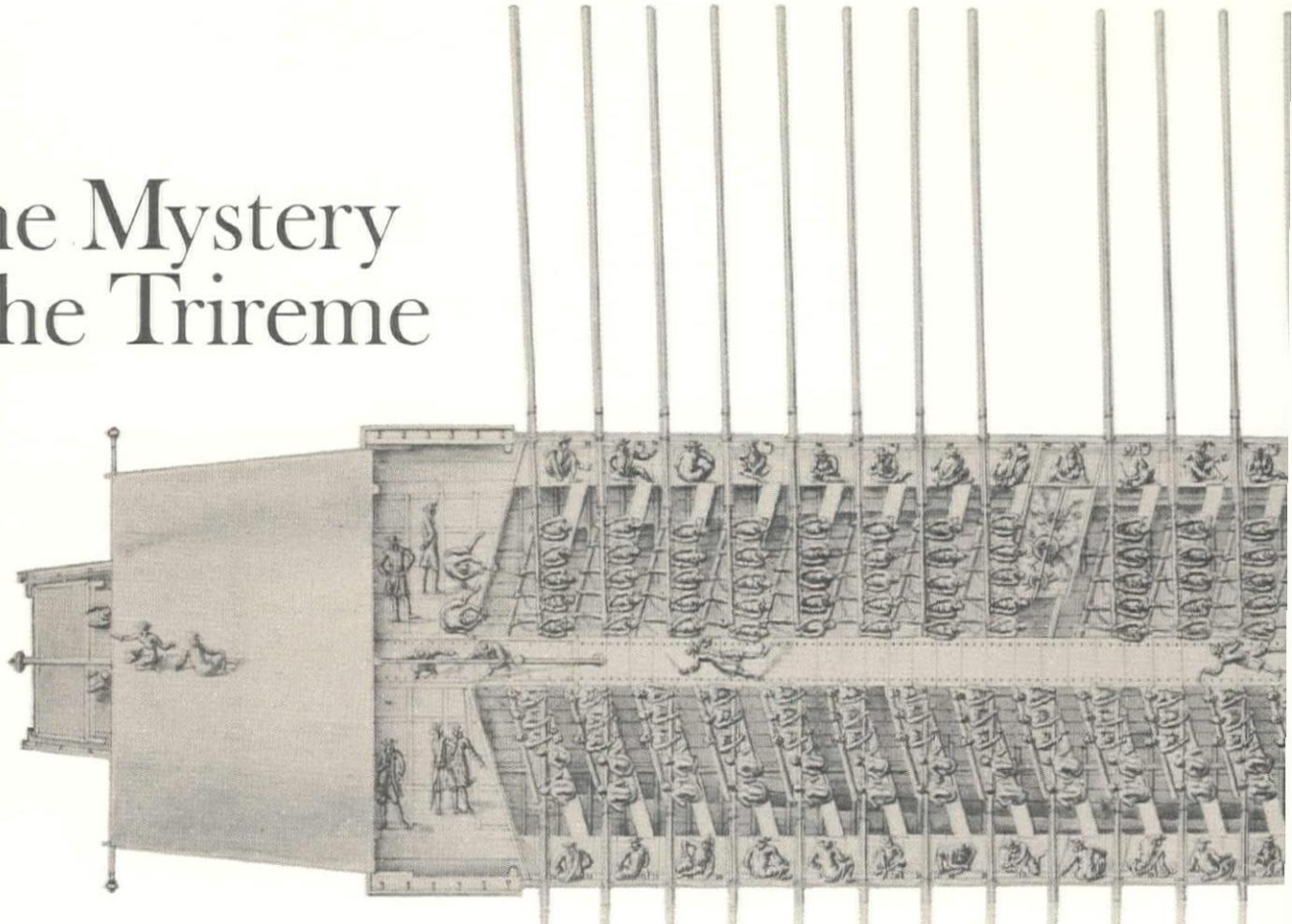
Eliot's brand of Indianism, incidentally, makes no appeal to the young, who prefer the Buddhism of Eliot's contemporary Hermann Hesse to the active philosophy of the Upanishads. Both Hesse, whom Eliot had read, and the poet who was eventually to find a satisfactory faith in Anglo-Catholicism, saw that Europe was collapsing and that the only hope lay in the East. But Hesse was all for the opting-out of pacific neutrality, best realized in a Swiss canton, while Eliot proposed techniques of purgation and prayer and even, in *The Rock,* the Social Credit that Pound also espoused. Ultimately, of course, this sort of thing matters little. What remains is the power of language, the purification of the dialect of the tribe, the big magic of words that we do not always understand.

The twentieth century has seen bigger and more ambitious poems than *The Waste Land*—the still unfinished *Cantos* of Pound, the *Anathemata* of David Jones, the *Anabase* of Saint-John Perse—but none has been a more miraculous mediator between the hermetic and the demotic. It is, curiously when one considers the weight of polyglot learning it carries, essentially a popular poem, outgoing rather than ingrown, closer to Shakespeare than to Donne. It was Pound who said that music decays when it moves too far away from the dance, and poetry decays when it neglects to sing. *The Waste Land* sticks in one's mind like a diverse recital performed by a voice of immense variety: it sings and goes on singing.

Besides his many novels, Anthony Burgess has written books on Joyce and Shakespeare. He is now living in Rome.

*See page 120 for a facsimile of the original opening section of *The Waste Land*, which Eliot cut.

The Mystery of the Trireme



At one point during the great mud-slinging contest between Aeschylus and Euripides in Aristophanes' *Frogs,* the playwright has Aeschylus accuse his rival of teaching insubordination to the sailors of the fleet. "Back in my day," he storms, "all they knew was to holler for their hardtack and shout yo-heave-ho." "Darn right," cracks Dionysus, who is there to judge the contest and deliver the funny lines, "and break wind in the thalamite's face." The joke is hardly a shining sample of comic inspiration, yet gallons of ink have been spilled and endless typewriter ribbons worn out over it. The reason for all the fuss is that it is one of the few precious nuggets of contemporary information—the *Frogs* was staged in 405 B.C.—available about those celebrated war galleys called triremes.

We have a fairly good idea of what the earliest Greek warships must have been like, those, say, that carried Agamemnon and Achilles and other Greek worthies across the Aegean to Troy. Thanks to Homer, who wrote some three or four hundred years before Aristophanes, we know that they were more or less a light-timbered version of the kind of galley the Vikings used, a long slender craft powered by a line of rowers, each pulling his own oar, along either side. These craft were chiefly used to ferry fighting men from place to place. If hostile fleets happened to tangle in combat, they rowed up to each other, grappled, and decided the issue with sword and spear.

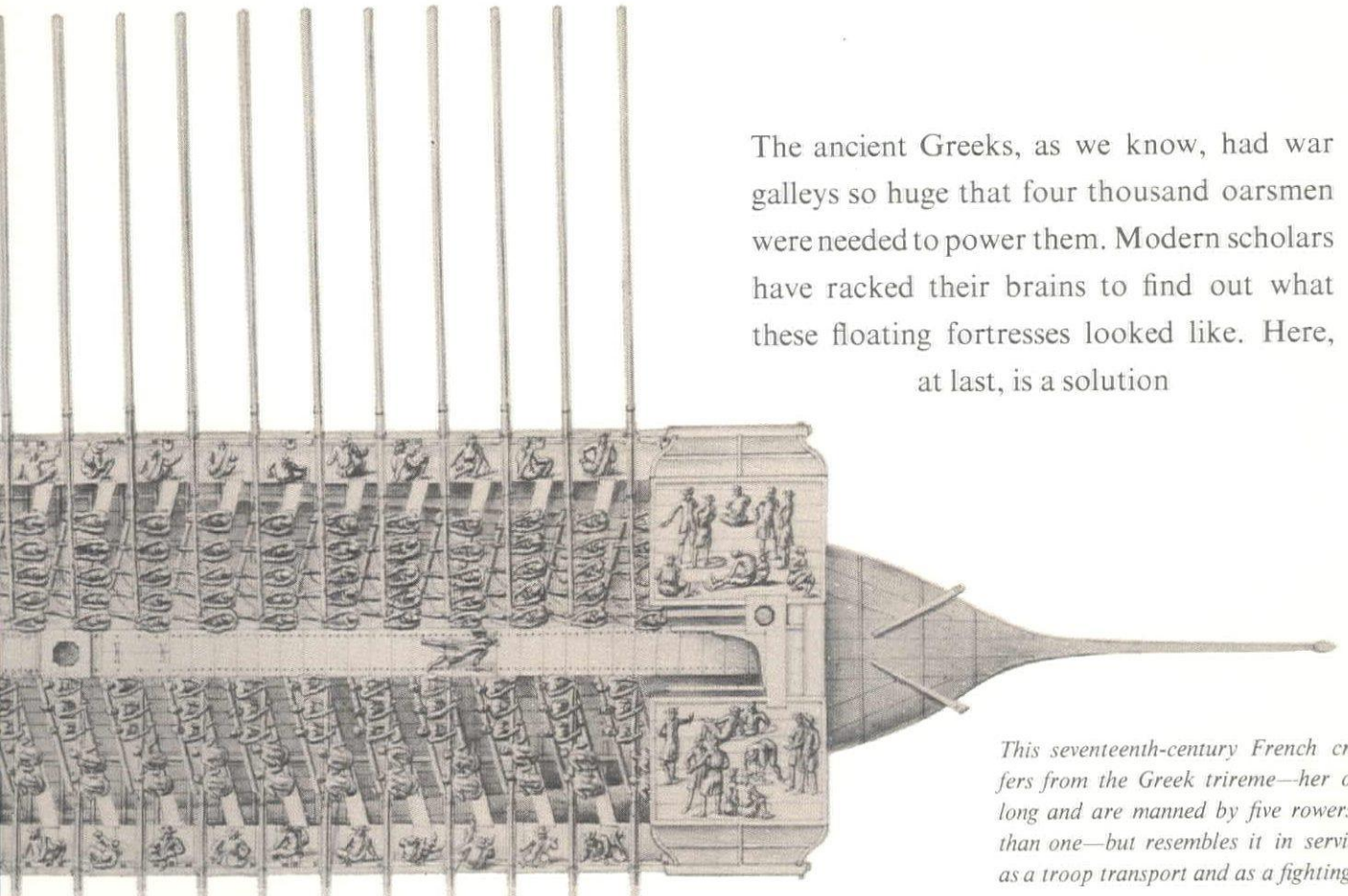
But then, sometime between the tenth and eighth centuries B.C., a key invention made its appearance: the ram. A war galley's snout was now extended at the water line to end in a long sharp point, which was armored with a sheath of bronze. Commanders could now use the ship itself as a projectile—an oar-driven torpedo. The change must have had as revolutionary an effect as the introduction of naval guns some 2,500 years later.

The new weapon necessarily brought in its wake radical alterations in the design of hulls. The whole bow area had to be refashioned and braced with massive timbers to absorb the shock of ram strokes. Inevitably, ships became heavier, and as a consequence, less maneuverable just when they should have been more so. The obvious way to meet the problem was to increase the oar power—but here naval architects swiftly came to an impasse. The more rowers, the longer the ship, and a ship that was too long ran the risk of cracking its overslender back. Toward the latter part of the eighth century B.C., a way to the solution was seen: the use of two superimposed lines of oarsmen, one deep in the hull rowing through oar ports, and the other at the traditional level rowing over or near the gunwale. This arrangement not only increased the oar power but even decreased the vessel's length.

Before long, the limits of the two-banked galley were reached as well, but commanders were still not satisfied. Sometime in the seventh century B.C. naval architects came up with the next solution, the trireme, or *trieres,* "three-fitted," to give it its Greek name. It took some time to make its mark, but by the beginning of the fifth century

By LIONEL CASSON

The ancient Greeks, as we know, had war galleys so huge that four thousand oarsmen were needed to power them. Modern scholars have racked their brains to find out what these floating fortresses looked like. Here, at last, is a solution



This seventeenth-century French craft differs from the Greek trireme—her oars are long and are manned by five rowers rather than one—but resembles it in serving both as a troop transport and as a fighting galley.

B.C. the *trieres* had become the ship of the line in all major navies.

It had, as the name "three-fitted" implies, three sets of rowers: thranites, zygites, and thalamites, as they were technically called. So much is clear, but that is just about all that is. No contemporary descriptions have survived; all we have to go on are some fragments of the records of the Athenian Naval Yard and some random remarks dropped by authors. Such ancient pictures as were available simply added to the confusion by touching off a wrangle as to how they should be interpreted. The few writers who refer to the rowing arrangements of the trireme had never actually seen one, since they lived a good century or more after it had gone out of use. They were quite certain, however, that it was called three-fitted because it had three banks of oars, one over the other: the thalamites were the lowest, the zygites in the middle, the thranites the highest. This explanation had in its favor that it squared with whatever scraps of contemporary information were available.

The three-fitted galley lasted as undisputed queen of the seas until the end of the fourth century B.C. However, long before this, during the latter part of the fifth century B.C., commanders once again began to clamor for bigger craft, for ships that could carry more marines than a trireme, which generally was as lean as a greyhound. Soon after 400 B.C., naval architects came up with the four-fitted galley, or quadrireme, as we call it, and by the middle of the century, the five-fitted, the quinquereme. Then, about 315 B.C., an arms race began among the great maritime powers of the time, and it steadily raised the naval ante, until in 288 B.C., a magnificent sixteen-fitted was launched. Eventually, during the following half-century, the Ptolemies of Egypt capped even this by building a twenty-fitted, two thirty-fitteds, and a Brobdingnagian forty-fitted. Hardly any pictures of these monsters have survived, and none of any help in telling us how their oars were arranged. There are some contemporary descriptions, but they are short and enigmatic.

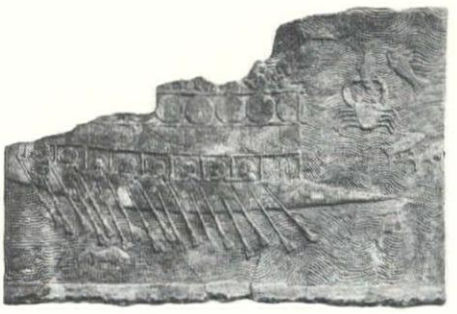
Some four centuries ago the oared warship entered its last golden age, the years from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century, when France, Genoa, Venice, the Papal States, Malta, Turkey, and other Mediterranean naval powers maintained hundreds of superb galleys. None of these ships, as it happens, were driven by superimposed banks; all types and sizes lay low in the water, with the rowers in one level. To get the requisite power, the oars were ponderous long sweeps. The Venetian navy favored a type of galley, the so-called *a zenzile* galley, in which the sweeps, despite their length—they ran from twenty-nine to thirty-two feet long—were handled by one rower, but the rowers were gathered in clusters, three to a bench. Most other navies used the so-called *a scaloccio* galley, in which each sweep was pulled by a line of rowers. The *a scaloccio* galleys had at least three men to the oar, most had four or five, and the biggest had from six to eight, but never more than eight —presumably the highest number that could efficiently be put on an oar.

The celebrated "trireme question" arose at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Scholars, seeing nothing but one-level galleys about them, began to doubt the old theory that the trireme was a ship with three levels. (The trireme, apparently, was their sole interest; the larger types may have been considered beyond solution.) Since each rower of a trireme pulled his own oar, it could not possibly be explained as an *a scaloccio* galley with three men to the oar. But why not a ship with three men, each pulling his own oar, clustered on the same bench? Could not such a ship be described as three-fitted? The trireme, thus, was simply an ancient version of the *a zenzile* galley.

It is, alas, not that easy. One of the few hard facts we have learned about ancient triremes is that the oars were short, some fourteen feet in length, while the oars of an *a zenzile* galley were never less than twenty-nine feet—more than twice as long. We also know that an Athenian trireme had on either side twenty-seven thalamites and zygites but thirty-one thranites; if it had been an *a zenzile* galley, with three men to every bench, the numbers would necessarily have been the same.

Despite such obstacles, the conviction remained that the "trireme question" had been settled. As a matter of fact, some scholars insist that no galleys, ancient or modern, ever had more than one bank of rowers. The success of this theory has been due to two factors. One is that its only serious rival was the traditional theory of endless superimposed banks, which for a forty-fitted ship is completely implausible. The second factor is that its protagonist, W. W. Tarn, of Cambridge University, was a particularly doughty debater.

Tarn and his adherents, who were mostly professors of Greek or ancient history, were sure that if the great galleys of the sixteenth century and later had but one bank of oars, their ancient predecessors could not have been different. Naval experts, however, knew better. They knew, for example, that the two-level galley had been in use almost



This relief of about 700 B.C. *shows a Phoenician galley with two superimposed oar banks.*

as long as the single-level. There are unmistakable representations of it on Phoenician reliefs and Greek vases; it was standard in the fleets of Byzantine times; it was common enough in the Middle Ages. Naval historians had no objection to accepting a trireme as a three-banked galley, but since they were not equally expert in Greek, the reconstructions they offered tended to go astray in one respect or another.

Then, in 1941, J. S. Morrison, a professor of Greek at Cambridge who was also a knowledgeable oarsman, demonstrated that certain representations of the fifth and fourth centuries B.C. pictured ships with three levels of rowers. He also came up with an explanation of the trireme that settled the basic issues. The trireme did indeed have three banks of oarsmen, but not exactly one above the other. The lowest, the thalamites, rowed through ports in the hull, and the zygites were immediately above, rowing from near the gunwale, just as in a two-banked galley. What was new was the line of thranites. These were not immediately over the zygites but outboard of them, working their oars upon an outrigger. The outrigger was the crucial addition that enabled a hull basically designed for two banks to be fitted with three. There were four more thranites than zygites or thalamites—thirty-one as against twenty-seven—because the hull aft curved gradually up to the sternpost, which left no room there for rowers in the two lower banks but did not affect the outrigger. And the positioning of the thranites, alongside and only slightly higher than the zygites, explains not only how they could use such short oars but why in Aristophanes' joke only the thalamites are the victims of their shipmates' flatulence.

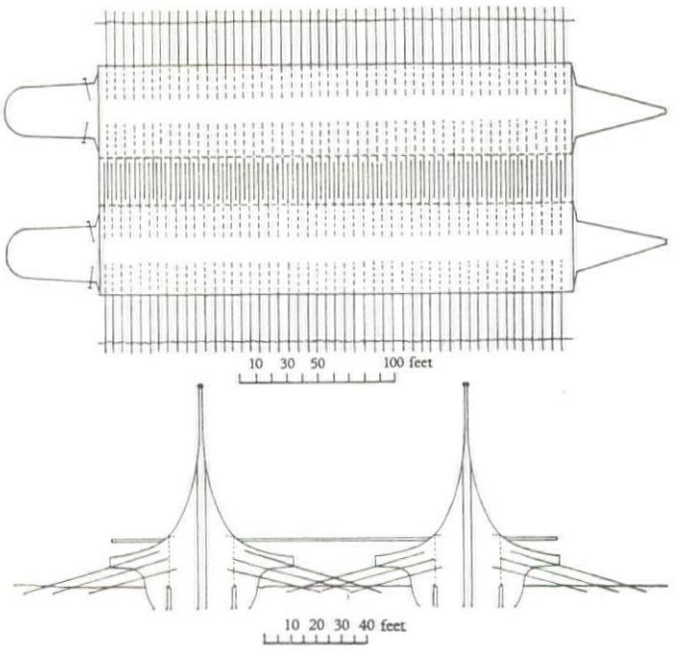
A system of superimposed rowers has one great advantage. Oars manned by several men must be long and can only be worked by a grueling stroke in which the rowers rise from their seats, mount two steps, and then throw themselves back on the bench for the pull. The oarsman of the ancient trireme, handling a fourteen-foot oar, was spared all this.

So much for the trireme. But what of the larger units, the four-fitteds, five-fitteds, and so on up to the forty-fitted? If they were not towering edifices with tier upon tier of oarsmen, what were they?

Professor Tarn's view was that five-fitteds up to ten-fitteds were oared like the *a scaloccio* galleys of the sixteenth to the eighteenth century, that is, by long sweeps manned by multiple rowers: a quinquereme, thus, was a ship with five men to the oar, a six-fitted one with six, and so on up to the ten-fitted. So far so good—or fairly good, as we shall see in a moment. The crucial question is what came next? How explain the still bigger craft and yet keep them down to the canonical single level of oarsmen? Tarn's brainstorm was to make them a mix of the *a scaloccio* and *a zenzile* galleys. The sixteen-fitted, he argued, had eight-man oars gathered in clusters of two each, the twenty-fitted ten-man oars, also in clusters of two, the elephantine forty-fitted ten-man oars in clusters of four, and so on.

The theory is ingenious, but it will not stand up. The first problem is that it assumes the use of ten men to an oar. As I mentioned earlier, the number never went beyond eight. A much more serious objection is that it puts multi-rower sweeps together in clusters. There is no record of such a system of oarage at any time anywhere, and for a very good reason: it would serve no purpose.

Still, we can readily go along with Tarn in rejecting the view that these big ships were floating skyscrapers. The ancients went as high as three tiers—but they certainly never went beyond this figure. When the Greek naval



A ship of the third century B.C.*—the forty-fitted—which had 4,000 rowers and 3,250 others on board, must have been a catamaran with a large deck linking the two hulls, as shown in the diagram above, and with oars between the hulls as well as on the sides.*

architects designed the first four-fitteds in the early years of the fourth century B.C., they did not add a fourth level. Very likely, all they did was to take a trireme and put two men on each of the oars in the uppermost row. The first five-fitteds were probably triremes with two oarsmen on each oar of the middle bank as well as of the uppermost bank. The first six-fitteds may have been triremes with doubled oarsmen throughout. But this is as far as we can push such an arrangement. For the seven-fitteds and larger craft the Greeks must have turned to the long sweep manned by three or more rowers—in other words, they abandoned the short oar and the easier stroke it offered.

The switch, as a matter of fact, was almost inevitable. Once the revolutionary break with the past had taken place, very probably quadriremes and quinqueremes and six-fitteds were redesigned as one-level craft with four, five, and six men to the oar respectively. The seven-fitteds would have seven to the oar, the eight-fitteds eight. For ships more powerful than the eight-fitteds, why not assume that the ancients conceived the idea of superimposing banks of multirower sweeps? A nine-fitted, for example, could have been an overblown trireme, that is, with three banks of three-man oars.

Yet even this theory has its limits. It still leaves uncracked those hardest nuts of all, the behemoths of the Ptolemaic navy, the two thirty-fitteds and the forty-fitted. No arrangement of up to eight-man oars in two or three levels can possibly explain these vessels. This is made abundantly clear by an ancient description of the forty-fitted, which by good fortune has survived. The ship, we are told, "was 280 cubits [420′] long, and 38 [57′] from gangway to gangway . . . It had four steering oars that were 30 cubits [45′] long, and thranite oars—the longest aboard—that were 38 [57′] . . . It was double-prowed and double-sterned . . . During a trial run it took aboard over 4,000 oarsmen and 400 other crewmen and, on the deck, 2,850 marines."

The description supplies a number of precious facts, but by no means tells us all we want to know. We must eke out what it says by deduction or plain guesswork. For example, it mentions the presence of thranite oars. If there were thranite oars, then there must have been zygite and thalamite oars as well; the vessel, in other words, had three banks. However, if we try to distribute rowers over three sweeps, one in each level, to arrive at a total of forty, we run into trouble. We are specifically told that the thranite oars were the longest aboard; each, therefore, would have to accommodate at least fourteen of the forty—an impossible figure. We are specifically told that this oar was fifty-seven feet long—not very much longer, it so happens, than those manned by six or seven men in the *a scaloccio* galleys. It would not even accommodate ten men, to say nothing of fourteen.

How, then, *were* the forty men arranged? A clue to the answer is present, though up to now no one, so far as I know, has spotted it. It lies in the words "double-prowed and double-sterned." If the ship had twin prows and twin sterns, it must have been a catamaran, the modern term for a craft made of two hulls yoked together. Catamarans are generally united by a deck that spans the space between the hulls, and such a deck in this case would be a vast platform, like the flight deck of an aircraft carrier—precisely what would be needed to accommodate the aforementioned 2,850 marines. Now, if we assume that *both sides* of *both hulls* were supplied with oars—and the hulls need be only thirty-odd feet apart to enable the inner oars to work freely—a feasible system of oarage begins to emerge.

There was a total of four thousand oarsmen: two thousand in each hull, or one thousand a side. The vessel was 420 feet long, which would allow ample space for fifty multirower sweeps. And, with not forty men but only twenty to distribute over three oars, one in each level (50 x 20 = 1,000), there are a number of workable alternatives. The best would be to assign eight men to each thranite oar—just about the right number for a fifty-seven-foot oar. Then seven could be put on the zygite and five on the thalamite. Other arrangements are equally possible. The essential point is to recognize that we are dealing with a double-hulled vessel. Once this is done, we can reconstruct a fighting craft with enough deck space for the huge number of marines reported, and a plausible arrangement of oarsmen.

All this is, quite frankly, in good part hypothesis. It has in its favor that it agrees with whatever information we possess. Though details of the various reconstructions may be argued endlessly, I think we can say that the back of the problem has been broken.

Lionel Casson's latest book is Ships and Seamanship in the Ancient World.



SERVICE PHOTOGRAPHIQUE BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE

Playmates for Louis XV enter the royal bordello, the villa called the Deer Park, as shown in a nineteenth-century engraving.

The Deer Park

Was France on the brink of ruin?
No matter—*après nous le déluge!* The king must
have a place to play, and
have it he did, two steps away from the stuffy
magnificence of Versailles

The Deer Park, that gorge of innocence and virtue in which were engulfed so many victims who when they returned to society brought with them depravity, debauchery and all the vices they naturally acquired from the infamous officials of such a place.

—Quoted from Mouffle d'Angerville's *Private Life of Louis XV* by Norman Mailer as preface to his own *Deer Park*.

The prototype of Mailer's Deer Park—that amalgam, he says, of all the Hollywoods that ever existed, if only in the heated imagination—still exists at Versailles, at No. 4, rue Saint Médéric, a discreet stone's throw from the palace. A story and a wing have been added to the *hôtel* known as Louis XV's Parc aux Cerfs (literally, Stag Park). The interior has been remodeled, but the garden may be the same. The house is shabbily distinguished, yet somehow disappointing: it is too small for the legends that cluster around it, stocking the grounds with two-legged does who wait for a Pan-like, cloven-hoofed Louis XV to slip through the rear gate and bring to grass one of them after another. The very notion of a deer park evokes a nostalgic memory of Eden and sin, of lost innocence in a green shade. Under Louis XIII, however, this one had not even been a park but simply an enclosed wood for stocking stags. And under his son, Louis XIV, it was reduced to a suburban garden.

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In its heyday as Louis XV's private bordello, however, the place was a political powder keg: Paris mobs, inflamed by rumors that their daughters were being spirited thence to appease the royal lust, rose in riots that foreshadowed the revolutionary upheaval to come. The story of the Deer Park under the *ancien régime* is Mailer-made, "eroticism with social significance," leading to, and ending in, the regime's fall.

Louis XV was in his early forties when the first mention of the Parc aux Cerfs was made in the early 1750's. "Beautiful as Eros" as a boy, he had become a handsome, easy-going, Adonis-like king. He had been married at fifteen to Marie Leczinska, the penniless, pleasant, but very plain daughter of the sometime Polish king. Although she was his senior by seven years, Louis had entered wedlock with a Bourbon enthusiasm, and by the age of twenty-seven had given her ten children. But the pleasures of domesticity palled. It was sad, old Maréchal de Villars remarked to him one day, to see a king of France, so young and lacking nothing, so bored. Why did not His Majesty add such diversions as music or the theatre to his near madness for hunting? Such things, replied Louis, were not to his taste, and he turned, soon afterward, to what was.

To the Marquis d'Argenson the cause of Louis's ennui was clear: "The Queen behaved like a prude." The courtier's *Journal* quotes her complaining, "*Toujours coucher, toujours grosse, toujours accoucher!*" ("Always in bed, always pregnant, always having babies.") Marie swathed herself in bedclothes and feigned ill health; worn out by childbirth and miscarriages, and running to fat, she made her corner of Versailles into a kind of convent to which she increasingly withdrew. There, with her entourage, she ate, played at painting and cards, sewed for the poor, chatted, and ate (dinners of twenty-nine dishes, not counting the fruit).

Louis had not yet arranged *his* corner of the palace into a bachelor's retreat of *petits appartements*, complete with suites for resident and transient girl friends. It was at the little hunting lodge of La Muette, on the edge of Paris's Bois de Boulogne, that he lifted his glass to the winner of the royal sweepstakes in which all women ran. "To the unknown woman," he said—to his first mistress. She did not remain unknown for long. She was Louise de Nesle,

By JOSEPH BARRY

Comtesse de Mailly, one of the queen's own *dames du palais*. Louise was exactly the same age as Louis, and of an ugliness that put him instantly at ease. Surprisingly, perhaps, the Adonis king suffered from shyness.

When Louis first made Mme de Mailly his mistress, he exercised discretion; the queen, informed, accepted the development. For years Louise was smuggled into the palace late in the evening, then smuggled out. But in 1738 she was installed in an apartment above Louis's new *petits appartements*, which he reached by what is still known as the Dogs' Staircase (there had been a room for hunting-dogs nearby) and became *maîtresse en rèsidence*.

In time, Louise was replaced by her sister Félicité. Félicité, according to another sister, Hortense, "had the face of a grenadier, the neck of a crane and the smell of a monkey." (It was a savory age.) Louis seems to have loved her within the limits of his small capacity, but not for long. Pregnant, she took to her bed and died. The inconsolable Louis was consoled by Louise, who introduced him to the third sister. Fat, clever, and homely, Adélaïde de Nesle amused the king briefly, but the fourth sister, Hortense, resisted him and became a friend of the queen's. Then there was the fifth sister. . . . Inevitably, Louis XV's carryings-on with the sisters Nesle inspired the wits of Paris, and in 1741 a verse began to make the rounds.

The first is almost forgotten, the second
almost dust;
The third is ready to ride, the fourth
waiting
To make room for the fifth.
Is it infidelity or constancy
To be faithful to an entire family?

Cleverer and more ambitious than her four older sisters, Marie Anne de Nesle arranged the conditions of her surrender through the Duc de Richelieu. As a result, she became (1) the acknowledged mistress, with an apartment, larger than Louise's, above his; and (2) the Duchesse de Châteauroux,



SERVICE PHOTOGRAPHIQUE BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE

Louis XV, above, hunted for pleasure: stags, boars, wolves, and inmates of the Deer Park.

with an income of eighty thousand livres a year. The coldest of her conditions was (3), that sister Louise be exiled from Versailles.

Even the courtiers were shocked by the callousness and regretted Mme de Mailly's departure from the king's side. Louise withdrew into piety, though she did not take the veil. Several years before she died, she went as usual to her parish church. It was crowded, and the sexton obligingly pushed open a path for her. "That," a man was heard saying, "is a lot of fuss for a whore!" Louise turned to him. "Sir," she said, "since you know my faults so well, pray God he will forgive me."

Meanwhile, Cardinal Fleury, Louis's prime minister, who had resisted the foolish War of the Austrian Succession as long as he could, died in his ninetieth year, ending an era of relative tranquillity. Louis, now thirty-three, announced to the state council that he would be his own prime minister. Before long, his ambitious mistress began to press him to undertake heroic action on the battlefield. Reluctantly, he took the traditional route to Flanders to assume command of his army, and the Duchesse followed him. Victories were succeeded by defeats, and Louis hastened from Lille to Metz. There he fell ill and was told by the Bishop of Soissons, keeper of his conscience, tha death was imminent; he must reconcil himself with God by sending the Du chesse away and begging public forgive ness. Frightened, Louis yielded. "Yo must go," he told his mistress, "I an dying." On the way back to Paris, he carriage was pelted with stones an rotten fruit.

"Miraculously," Louis recovered. H rejoined his army briefly, then returne to Versailles. He banished the bisho and recalled the Duchesse. But her tri umph was as ephemeral as his morta illness, for she soon died of peritonitis

And Louis XV, thirty-four, awaite his next mistress.

The position was quickly filled. Th newcomer, it turned out, had spen most of her young lifetime preparin for the role. At nine she had been tol by a fortuneteller that she would be th king's mistress—a prediction that mus have been made to many a poor bu pretty little French girl. At twenty-fou Jeanne Poisson (the family name mean fish) fulfilled the prophecy.

She had come a long way. Her fathe was a vulgar financier's agent who ha fled an accusation of fraud when sh was only four, leaving mother an child. A wealthy tax collector, Le Nor mant de Tournehem, took charge o the family. When M. Poisson returne eight years later, cleared, he teamed u with the family protector, and at nine teen Jeanne was married to the latter' young nephew, Le Normant d'Étioles who was promised a handsome dowry She bore him two children. He love her. She had money, a château, suddenly famous salon with Voltair performing. She was happy. She ofte said, says Nancy Mitford, her mos empathic biographer, "that she woul never leave him—except, of course, fo the King. This seems to have been family joke; but it was more than joke to Madame d'Étioles."

Early in life, little Jeanne had bee taught to dance, sing, act, and play th harpsichord, almost as if from the be ginning there had been a scheme t school her for her life's role as enter-

tainer of a king born bored. She even learned to drive a phaeton so that she could follow him on his hunts. Soon her pretty face was haunting him in the Sénart woods. In February, 1745, it was unmasked at a Versailles ball celebrating the dauphin's wedding. Louis also unmasked, and their love affair began, to end—as companionship—no less than twenty years later. In September she was installed in the palace, at first in Mme de Mailly's old apartment, then in La Châteauroux's larger one. The unhappy M. d'Étioles was made a farmer-general, and his wife the Marquise de Pompadour. The Marquise was presented to the queen, who invited her to dinner in her corner of the palace, but the dauphin called her Madame Whore.

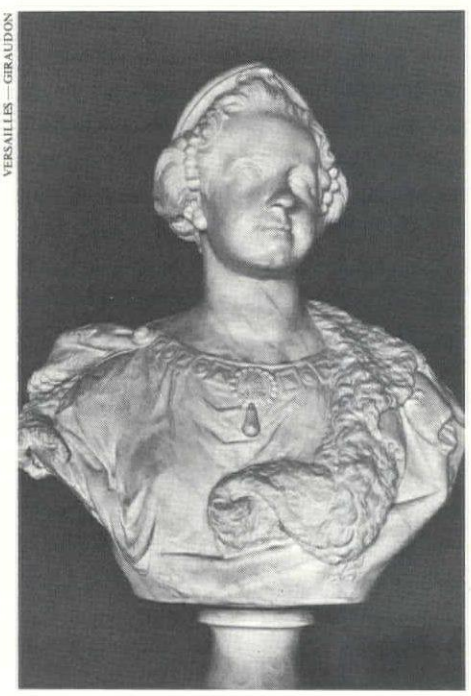
She was the most complete, the most cultivated, of consorts. The friend of the philosophes, she was to become the refiner of French taste and the inspirer of a style—Louis's Queen of Rococo, as the Goncourt brothers, meaning no compliment, crowned her. She sang, she performed, she arranged supper parties, excursions, dances, and hunts; for seven years she entertained the ultimately unentertainable Louis, and ultimately, she failed. She had, he complained, the temperament of a cold-blooded duck. Mme de Pompadour, the perfect companion, was a flawed hetaera. Do what she would, sexuality was a chore. She applied to it the known arts, including acting, and some of the false sciences, which made her wretchedly ill. "My life," she told her maid, Mme du Hausset, who set it all down, with imaginative embellishments, several decades later, "is that of a Christian martyr, *le combat perpetuel.*"

The effects of aphrodisiac diets on her mistress finally caused Mme du Hausset to speak of the matter to the Duchesse de Brancas. "For days," the maid told her, "Madame has had little but *chocolat à triple vanille,* flavored with amber, as well as truffles and celery soup." It was making her miserable, and worse, miserable to look at.

"So I've noticed," said the Duchesse, "and I'm going to talk to her about it."

Scolded by her friend, Mme de Pompadour was first vexed, then burst into tears. (Mme du Hausset had left them together, closed the door, and taken her usual listening post behind it.) "My dear," she said, "I am terrified of losing the King by no longer pleasing him. You know how much importance men attach to certain things, and I, alas, am cold by nature. I thought I might repair the fault with a special diet to warm my blood." "And this elixir," she added, "has been doing me a world of good—or at least I think so."

"Fi!" said the Duchesse, sniffing the



VERSAILLES—GIRAUDON

His homely queen, Marie Leczinska of Poland, bore Louis ten children but mostly bored him.

drug. And she threw it into the fire.

"I won't be treated like a child!" cried Mme de Pompadour, then burst again into tears. "You don't realize what happened last week. With the excuse that it was too hot, the King came and spent half the night on my sofa! He'll soon tire of me, and take someone else."

"But your diet won't prevent it," said her friend, "and it will kill you. Offer him more and more of your precious society, without putting him off, of course, at those certain moments. Let time work its charms. Habit will tie him to you forever." They embraced, the Duchesse pledged secrecy, and the diet was abandoned.

But the Deer Park began.

It is uncertain just when it began, or how many houses Louis XV used in that convenient quarter of Versailles. He gradually filled them with girls who were very young and, preferably, virginal. Fearing disease ("with reason," says d'Argenson; a butcher's daughter had once infected him), Louis had his police agents investigate candidates thoroughly: Inspector Meusnier, for instance, spent months on a demoiselle Gerbois, who had written the king a young girl's love letter (opened routinely by Chief of Police Berryer). "Fourteen to fifteen years old," Meusnier's report reads, "well enough developed for her age, blue eyes, healthy color, white enough skin, dark chestnut hair, neither fat nor thin, little or no breasts . . . no lovers." But she was not for the king, for she would prove unco-operative.

In the beginning, says the French historian Michelet (no friend of the monarchy), the king's mignonnes were brought directly to the palace, but they made so much noise in their little attic rooms that they disturbed Mme de Pompadour. She thought at first of establishing a convent for them, but Lebel, Louis's *premier valet de chambre* and prime procurer, prepared the house (or houses) in the Parc aux Cerfs instead. The one we are certain of, at No. 4, rue Saint Médéric ("for the use and profit of the King," reads the 1755 bill of sale), was modest enough for Louis's "incognito" pleasures, and convenient enough—two steps from the palace—for quick, "unremarked" visits. (In fact, little that touched Louis XV was either incognito or unremarked, but he preferred to think it could be.)

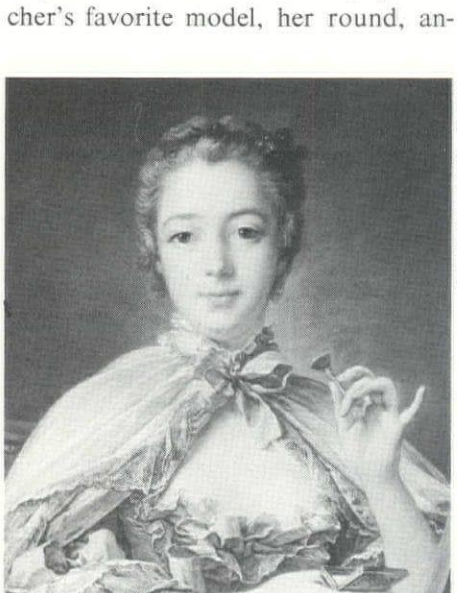
The king represented himself to his Deer Park tenants as a Polish count related to the queen, and thus eligible for residence in the nearby palace. One girl, however, discovered his identity (she had gone through his pockets and had found letters addressed to him).

Alarmed by reports of an attempt on his life, she pestered him so much that he avoided her. She persisted, bursting into a rival's room to cry out to him her fears for his safety. She had become, in short, sufficiently crazy to have fallen in love with Louis XV, and was, appropriately, put away for a time in a madhouse.

The girls were procured, as we have seen, by Lebel or by Louis's police lieutenants. Once, however, the king himself spotted a likely tenant on a state visit to Paris. Twelve or thirteen, she had been standing with her parents as he passed. On his return to Versailles, he sent Lebel to look for her, equipped with a connoisseur's detailed description. In less than a month she was found and "arrangements" were made with her parents, but when the time came to install her in the Parc aux Cerfs, she refused. A house in Passy had to be bought for her.

Candidates usually passed through the *trébuchet,* or "bird trap"—two guarded rooms arranged by Lebel in Louis's wing of the palace—before going on to the Deer Park. Generally, they were lower-class girls, "who did their work with no fuss," says a rather approving Miss Mitford, "made no demands on him, had no influential relations or angry husbands, who did not insist upon their children being ennobled and who were content to retire with a modest dowry." And Mme de Pompadour, ever aware of the ladies at court jockeying for her position, was content with their lack of serious competition. So long as their little ways satisfied the king, complementing her superb companionship, there was no problem. Quite the contrary. One day she was pleased to remark that Lebel, who, she said, preferred her to the uncertainty of change, had found Louis a particularly pretty little sultana for his seraglio, thus cooling the king's ardor for one of the more strenuous ladies of the court. "It is his heart I want," she confided to Mme du Hausset, "and those ignorant little girls won't steal that from me."

In the somewhat less than two decades of the Deer Park's existence, more than one tried, but none came closer than the first occupant of the house on the rue Saint Médéric—Louise O'Murphy, the daughter of an Irish cobbler living in Paris. Casanova in his memoirs claims to have discovered her, a slattern of thirteen lying on a mattress of straw, and to have had her painted nude, full-length on a divan. Louis XV, he says, saw the many-dimpled portrait and had the model not long afterward. Legend makes Louise O'Murphy Boucher's favorite model, her round, angelic parts exposed in many of his canvases. But there is no substance to Miss Mitford's tale (presumably based on Soulavie's anecdotal history of the period, published in 1802) that the poor queen was exposed "every day of her life" to the O'Murphy figure in a painting of the Holy Family in her private chapel.



PRIVATE COLLECTION—BULLOZ

The elegance of Madame de Pompadour, once virtually queen of France, is nicely displayed in this portrait by François Boucher.

According to Inspector Meusnier's reports, *la petite Louison* had worked for a Mme Fleuret, "half dressmaker, half procuress," and it was in her shop that Lebel found her and "had her washed and properly dressed" before bringing her to the king. She was to spend several years at the Deer Park. The papal nuncio, Durini, told Rome that she might replace Mme de Pompadour as *maîtresse en résidence.* (She did not, but she was given wall-to-wall carpeting lest, pregnant, she fall and hurt herself.

Mme de Pompadour was to outlast Louise O'Murphy (if not the Deer Park) and keep her place in the *petits appartements* until she died some ten years later. They were cruel years, but no more cruel than the satirical, premature epitaph that was circulated at the time: "Here lies one who was for fifteen years a virgin, for twenty years a harlot, then for eight years a procuress." The numbers vary, but the Goncourts seem to credit each version fully, accusing her of complicity in stocking the Deer Park as the best of compromises, "giving the King his freedom, while having a hand in its direction." She did preside over one pregnancy and at least one birth of a royal bastard, but she presided without apparent jealousy—and she had no direct hand in Louise O'Murphy's downfall.

As the years passed, the habit of *La Morphil* (as the French called her) grew on Louis XV. But one day, urged on by a mischievous lady of the court, she infringed, as Mme de Pompadour never did, on this secretive man's sensibilities. "How are you getting along with the old lady?" she asked. Whether she meant the queen or the Marquise didn't matter. "Wretch," Louis cried, "who put you up to it?" Told, he banished the offender from court, then turned his back on *La Morphil* and never saw her again. But he gave her 400,000 livres, a tidy fortune, with which she found a respectable husband, a French staff officer. Their son, General Beaufranchet, was to order a roll of drums as Louis XV's grandson and successor, Louis XVI, was beheaded.

Beaufranchet was not, as some believed, Louis XV's bastard, but the actual link between the two is ironic. The line from the Deer Park to the Bastille is no less direct, as the example of



ALTE PINAKOTHEK, MUNICH

This painting by Boucher apparently portrays Louise O'Murphy, a poor Irish girl who rose to membership in the royal French harem.

Mouffle d'Angerville's *Private Life of Louis XV* shows. This angry book, which had to be published in London, appeared only eight years before the fall of the royal prison; violent and exaggerated, it nevertheless reflects popular French wrath of the time. Other men at court had houses for their grisettes, but Louis's infamy was king-sized. His Parc aux Cerfs, "that gorge of innocence and virtue in which were engulfed so many victims," was also an insatiable chasm that was emptying the treasury of a starving France.

"Independent of the injury which this abominable institution did to morals," wrote lawyer-chronicler d'Angerville, "it is dreadful to calculate the immense sums which it cost the State. In fact, who could sum up the expenses of that series of agents of all kinds, both principal and subordinate, exerting themselves to discover the objects of their researches—to go and fetch them from the extremities of the kingdom—to bring them to the place of their destination—to get them cleaned—to dress—to perfume them—and, in a word, to supply them with all the means of seduction that art could imagine. Add to this, the sums given to those, who, not having the happiness to arouse the languid sensations of the Sultan, were not the less indemnified for their services, for their discretion, and especially for his contempt;—the reward due to those more fortunate nymphs, who gratified the temporary desires of the Monarch;—in a word, the sacred engagements entered into with other Sultanas who showed signs of fertility;—and we may judge that there was not any, one with another, who had not been a charge of a million, at least, to the public treasury. Let us only reckon that two in a week passed through this sink of infamy, that is to say, a thousand in ten years, and we shall have a capital of a thousand millions."

According to scandal-crying, post-Revolutionary accounts, 1,800 passed through the Parc aux Cerfs. The figure is wild: there were probably no more than one or two girls in the house on the rue Saint Médéric at any given time, and sometimes they stayed for months. Once pregnant, they were usually taken to a house on the Avenue de Saint Cloud and presented with 10,000 to 100,000 livres toward a marriage in the provinces; the royal bastards received annual pensions of 10,000 or more livres.

But even discounting such exaggerations, the very existence of the Deer Park was provocation to revolt. Jansenists prophesied that heavenly fire would rain down on the Sodom of Versailles. "The French King will be assassinated," it was predicted in Europe's courts. "I know I will die," said Louis XV, "like Henri IV." And in 1757, when he was stabbed by the religious fanatic Damiens at the foot of the Dogs' Staircase, it was viewed by the people as the warning of an outraged God. (The wound was skin-deep, but the religiously demented Damiens was tortured and torn apart by horses.)

The first rumors of the Parc aux Cerfs, its "orgies," its conscripted virgins and "strange ceremonies," coincided by chance with the mysterious disappearance of a number of children from the Paris streets. Some had been kidnapped for the colonies, it was said, while the prettier girls had been seized as recruits for the king's Deer Park and the very young for their blood, in which leprous aristocrats were said to bathe. On one occasion (recorded in the *Journal* of Edmond Barbier, a Paris lawyer) a child was rumored abducted, and his family's outcry lashed an entire quarter into a fury. Spotting a policeman, the mob chased him through the streets until he took refuge with the *commissaire*. "They demanded he be turned over to them. . . . A guard shot one of them in the stomach. It put them into a rage. They stoned the house, broke down the *porte cochère*, smashed all the windows. They even, it was said, went looking for arms."

Cowed, the *commissaire* turned the policeman over to them. "He was dragged by the feet, his head in the gutter, to the house of Monsieur Berryer, Chief of Police"—and a known agent of Mme de Pompadour. The mob was promised justice, and thus stalled until mounted police scattered them. A few months later, three members of the mob were hanged. "But what is certain," Barbier pointedly comments, "is that none of the families was dishonored by those hanged." There had been cries on the day of the riot of "On to Versailles!" and rumors at court that the Bastille had fallen.

Louis XV now avoided Paris. "I do not see why," he said, "I should go where people call me Herod." Driving to Compiègne from Versailles, he took the new road especially laid out for him north of the capital, across the plain of St. Denis. Still called the *Chemin de la Révolte,* it leads to the burial place of French kings. One might say it passed through the Parc aux Cerfs.

L'envoi: In 1771, seven years after Mme de Pompadour's death, Louis, then sixty-one, offered the house on the rue Saint Médéric to her twenty-eight-year-old successor, Mme du Barry. She said "no" and he closed it down.

Joseph Barry's account of royal sport in the Deer Park is from Passions and Politics *(Doubleday), to appear in February.*

The Waste Land Nobody Knew

Acquired in 1958 by the New York Public Library, a remarkable document has at last been published —the original draft of T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land*. (See page 104 for an article on the final version, which appeared in 1922.) Among other surprises, the manuscript contains notes in the hand of Ezra Pound, showing clearly the role he played in the editing of the poem. The passage below, labeled Part I, has been corrected by Eliot; it was later discarded. On the next page commence the lines: "April is the cruellest month, breeding/Lilacs out of the dead land . . ."

HE DO THE POLICE IN DIFFERENT VOICES: Part I.

THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

First we had a couple of feelers down at Tom's place,
There was old Tom, boiled to the eyes, blind,
(Don't you remember that time after a dance,
Top hats and all, we and Silk Hat Harry,
And old Tom took us behind, brought out a bottle of fizz,
With old Jane, Tom's wife; and we got Joe to sing
"I'm proud of all the Irish blood that's in me,
"There's not a man can say a word agin me").
Then we had dinner in good form, and a couple of Bengal lights.
When we got into the show, up in Row A,
I tried to put my foot in the drum, and didn't the girl squeal,
She never did take to me, a nice guy but rough;
The next thing we were out in the street, Oh was it cold!
When will you be good! Blew in to the Opera Exchange,
Sopped up some gin, sat in to the cork game,
Mr. Fay was there, singing "The Maid of the Mill";
Then we thought we'd breeze along and take a walk.
Then we lost Steve.
("I turned up an hour later down at Myrtle's place.
What d'y' mean, she says, at two o'clock in the morning,
I'm not in business here for guys like you;
We've only had a raid last week, I've been warned twice.
~~Sauce-ety, I said~~, I've kept a decent house for twenty years,
There's three gents from the Buckingham Club upstairs now,
I'm going to retire and live on a farm, she says,
There's no money in it now, what with the damage done,
And the reputation the place gets, ~~on account~~ of a few bar-flies,
I've kept a clean house for twenty years, she says,
And the gents from the Buckingham Club know they're safe here;
You was well introduced, but this is the last of you.
Get me a woman, I said; you're too drunk, she said,
But she gave me a bed, and a bath, and ham and eggs,
And now you go get a shave, she said; ~~I had a good laugh~~,
Myrtle ~~was~~ always ~~a good sport~~.
We'd just gone up the alley, a fly cop came along,
Looking for trouble; committing a nuisance, he said,
You come on to the station. I'm sorry, I said,
It's no use being sorry, he said; let me get my hat, I said.
Well by a stroke of luck who came by but Mr. Donavan.
What's this, officer. You're new on this beat, aint you?
~~I thought so. You know who I am! Yes, I do,~~
~~Saidd the fresh cop, very peevish.~~ Then let it alone,
These gents are particular friends of mine.
-Wasn't it luck? Then we went to the German Club,
~~We~~ and Mr. Donavan and his friend ~~Joe Leahy~~,
~~Found it shut.~~ I want to get home, said the cabman,
We all go the same way home, said Mr. Donavan,
Cheer up, Trixie and Stella; and put his foot through the window.
The next I know the old cab was hauled up on the avenue,
And the cabman and little Ben Levin the tailor,
The one who read George Meredith,
Were running a hundred yards on a bet,
And Mr. Donavan holding the watch.
So I got out to see the sunrise, and walked home.