HORIZON

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HORIZON

SUMMER, 1976 • VOLUME XVIII, NUMBER 3

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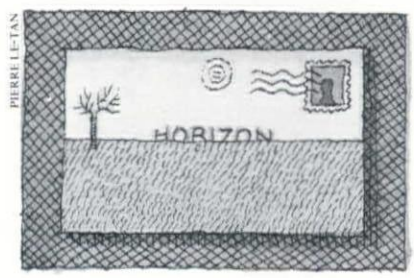
Letters



This magazine has never published letters from readers. Why? Certainly not for lack of them. T Winter and Spring issues have provoked a numbe communiqués, and since, at the moment, we have regular place to put them, we decided to forgo the torial for once and let our readers speak.

Kenneth Lamott's "On Controlling Human Beh ior" in the Winter issue brings the following disser

"Anyone who thinks [as does Mr. Lamott] t Chairman Mao is the ultimate behaviorist simply d not understand the problem. The Chinese Revolut is mainly a rational and, if you will, democratic s tion to one of the most stupendous econo problems of all time."

—H. W. Cone, Sacramento, Califo

(To whom we mildly reply that Mr. Lamott where accused Chairman Mao of irrationality; emphasized that all governments use behavior mo cation techniques.)

We have received this useful reminder about K James I ("The First King of Great Britain," by J Kenyon, Spring, 1976):

"I was amazed that you could devote an entir ticle to James I without mentioning what every An can schoolchild knows, or ought to know; nam that it was during the reign of wicked, intolerant K James that the Pilgrim fathers fled England, eve ally making their way to Plymouth Rock.

"Since a large part of the same issue of HORIZ taken up with articles about health fads, I was also prised that you failed to say that James was oppos smoking and in 1604 published a document today's antismoking groups ought to revive famous *Counterblaste to Tobacco*."

—Katharine P. Alexander, New York, N

As to "The War that Broke the Imperial Sp (Spring, 1976), it had resonating effects:

"Jan Morris's account of the Boer War reminded
ıe time and again of the American experience in Viet-
ım. The American failure to obtain a quick victory
:hoes the frustrating and costly campaign of the Brit-
h against the Boer guerrillas. And 'love-it-or-leave-
' types who beat up war resisters in the sixties find
ıeir counterparts in the toughs who broke up protest
ıeetings against the Boer War."

—Deborah N. Collins, Cleveland, Ohio

Charles L. Mee, Jr.'s review of *The Last European War* has stirred up some opposition:

"Mr. Mee puts forth the fact that the German econ-
my was remarkably sound during the first few years
f the war as a means of discrediting economic deter-
inism. And yet he says that Germany had lost the
ar after December of 1941. Why?

"In fact there were very real economic reasons for
ıe disintegration of the German war machine, and
ey came into play early. Long before the Wehrmacht
ossed the Russian border, the Soviets were produc-
g the finest tanks in the world simply because they
ıd the resources to do it. Granted, the German war
:ainst Russia began in a mutual welter of stupid mis-
kes and lost opportunities. Nevertheless, as the war
ound on, economic factors began to assert their
gic. The fact remains that Russia churned out ma-
ıiel faster than Germany, and in the end brought
ermany down.

"And another thing. Mr. Mee tells us that Amer-
a's part in the war was 'absolutely unnecessary and
'elevant.' I don't think so. Our intervention might
ıt have been crucial but it hastened the victory by
any years. In this sour post-Vietnam era, we should
proud that our country once cast its lot vigorously
d effectively on the right side."

—Hiram Streeter, Quincy, Illinois

Concerning the Morris and the Mee pieces, both of
ıich directly raise the question of whether wars are
ɔrth fighting, we have a suggestion (from Ralph
ımmings of Los Alamitos, California) that both ar-
les should be required reading for all political can-
dates in 1976.

Any bona fide political candidates, from Republi-
n to Democrat to Vegetarian, are urged to apply for
:e copies of these articles. All other readers are in-
ıed to send comments, opinions, questions, and ad-
nda, a selection of which will regularly appear in a
:tters section in forthcoming issues. —THE EDITORS

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PRIVATE COLLECTION

COVER: When Henri Matisse painted *The Pink Blouse* in 1924, he was a successfully established artist living in comfort in Nice. Some twenty years earlier, at another Mediterranean seaport, he had had to struggle to shape his own distinctive style. How he did it, and how he shocked the Parisian art world when he exhibited his brilliantly colored works, are told by John Russell in an article beginning on page 4.

PRIVATE COLLECTION; RIGHT: MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, NEW YORK

HARBOR AT COLLIOURE, *lithograph, circa 1906*

The Birth of a Wild Beast

One summer early in this century
Henri Matisse took his family to the seashore.
There, in the light of the
Mediterranean, a new way of painting came forth

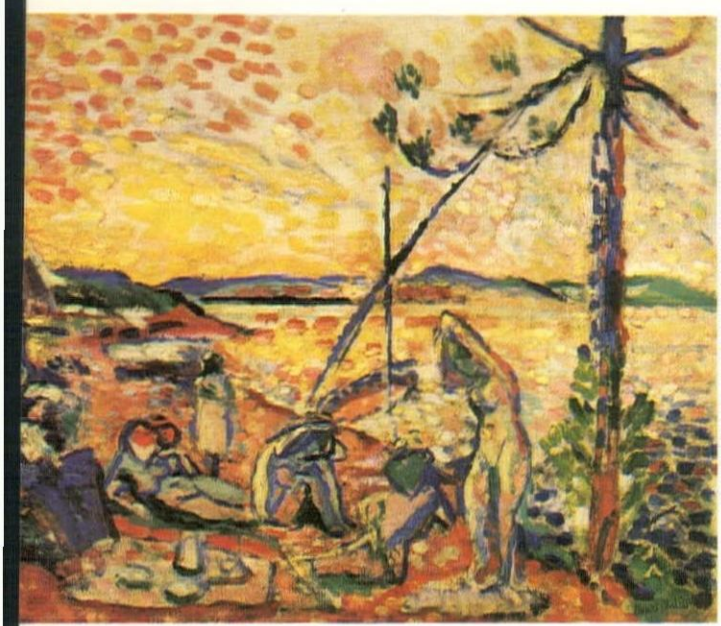
By JOHN RUSSELL

From his villa, through the window below, Matisse could see the harbor where boats sailed briskly (above) or bobbed at their moorings (at left). The intense light and vivid color that Matisse found at Collioure invigorated his art long after his sojourns there had ended. At right, he works on a still life in his winter studio at Issy-les-Moulineaux; in the background is his *Dance* of 1909 (see page 13), which was inspired by the fishermen he saw dancing on the beach in 1905.

HELENE ADANT, PARIS

THE OPEN WINDOW, *1905*

COLLECTION OF PIERRE MATISSE



PRIVATE COLLECTION; BELOW: MUSEUM OF MODERN WESTERN ART, MOSCOW

LUXE, CALME ET VOLUPTÉ—STUDY, *1904*

Matisse had spent the summer of 1904 at Saint-Tropez, where he painted this study of languorous nudes picnicking on the beach. He was tentatively beginning to use the bold hues—pinks and yellows in the sky, reds and oranges on the ground, blues and lavenders outlining the figures—that burst forth a year later in his work at Collioure. There, one peaceful day, Matisse made the sketch below of a fisherman on the rocks. In the background, a tiny figure swimming in the sea, is Matisse's companion at Collioure, the young artist André Derain.

THE FISHERMAN, *1905*

Picasso was the one who suggested that Henri Matisse a his family spend the summer of 1905 at Collioure. Matiss son Pierre had been ailing. The nineteenth-century bel that "a change of air" can cure anything was still current. casso said, "Try Collioure," and off they went. (Mme Matisse had h a look at the place beforehand and thought it seemed all righ

Collioure already had a good name among painters. Paul Signac h been there in 1887 and had painted the old fortress overlooking the b so that it looked as big as Alcatraz and twice as impregnable. Colliou was a pleasant little town where living was very cheap and the air w pure, even by the standards of the day. It was on the Mediterrane coast, no more than a mile or two from Spain, and life there had certa echoes of Spanish ways: above all the round dance, the *sardana*, whi was danced on the beach to the accompaniment of an ad hoc wind bar

Three Mediterranean villages were to play a great part in the art of t twentieth century. Céret, a town in the hills not far from Collioure, w one of them; there Pablo Picasso and Georges Braque spent summers a crucial period in the development of cubism. Another was Cadaqu a little fishing village just across the Spanish border where in 19 Picasso painted some of the toughest and densest and most difficult all his paintings. The third was Collioure. For Henri Matisse, for And Derain (Matisse's companion that summer of 1905), and later for Ju Gris, it was a place where something very important happened.

They were none of them places of sensational beauty. All that th had in common was that they were a long way from Paris, demande minimum of social contacts, had an uncontaminated local life, and c almost nothing. They lay in countrysides that were quite undevelop and they kept to a style of life that was plain, dignified, and unpret tious. The same could be said even of Saint-Tropez at that time, there was something about the isolation of the three Cs—Colliou Céret, Cadaqués—that was particularly propitious for uninterrup work. There is work that can be done best in big cities, and there is wo that calls for a long privacy; for Henri Matisse, winter in Paris and su mer in Collioure was to prove as good a formula as could be found.

Matisse was in his middle thirties. As an artist, he had been a l beginner and was still a slow developer. In 1905 few people would ha picked him out as a man destined to be one of the greatest of European artists. Yet today that is how we see him: as painter, as dra man, as sculptor, and as the creator in his late seventies of a complet new medium—colored paper cutouts—that allowed him to carve co as a sculptor carves marble.* In 1905 little of this innovative mast had emerged; to his younger colleagues Matisse seemed to be pre turely aged, like a provincial savant long set in his ways, from wh nothing astonishing could be expected.

He had plenty to look serious about. By birth and by temperamen was a worrier, a man from the burdened north. Reared in a conspi ously hideous countryside (between Arras and Sedan, in north France), he had no idea that Nature could be essentially voluptuo Nature as provider was one thing; even between Arras and Sedan could be relied upon for turnips and potatoes. But Nature as playma Nature as seductress? Nature as a metaphor for opulence and fec dity? No such idea had presented itself to the square-built, strong-ja young student who went to Paris in 1887 to study law. Why he had op for law nobody knew, perhaps least of all himself. He was a qu

*See "Matisse's Final Flowering," HORIZON, Winter, 1970.

MUSEE NATIONAL D'ART MODERNE, PARIS — AGENCE TOP-WILLI

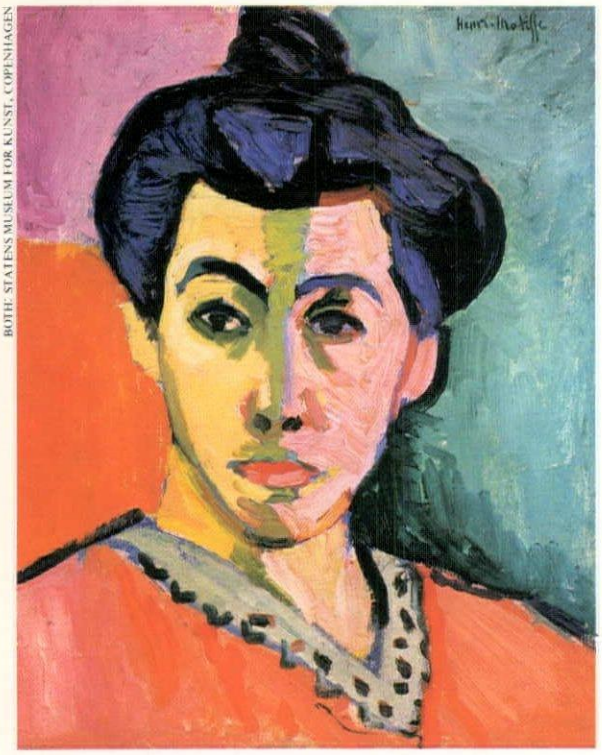
View of Collioure, *by André Derain, 1905*

LAUROS-GIRAUDON; RIGHT: JEAN CRESPELLE, *The Fauves, 1962*

Near the Spanish border on the Mediterranean Golfe du Lion, Collioure, at left, is a busy fishing port guarded by rugged fortifications. In Derain's lively painting of the harbor, above, fishermen dry their nets on the quay, while behind them their boats lie at anchor. In a letter to his friend Maurice de Vlaminck, Derain wrote that his trip to Collioure in 1905 had taught him "a new conception of light, which is as follows: a complete negation of shadow. Here the light is very strong, shadows are very thin. . . . It is a world of reflections."

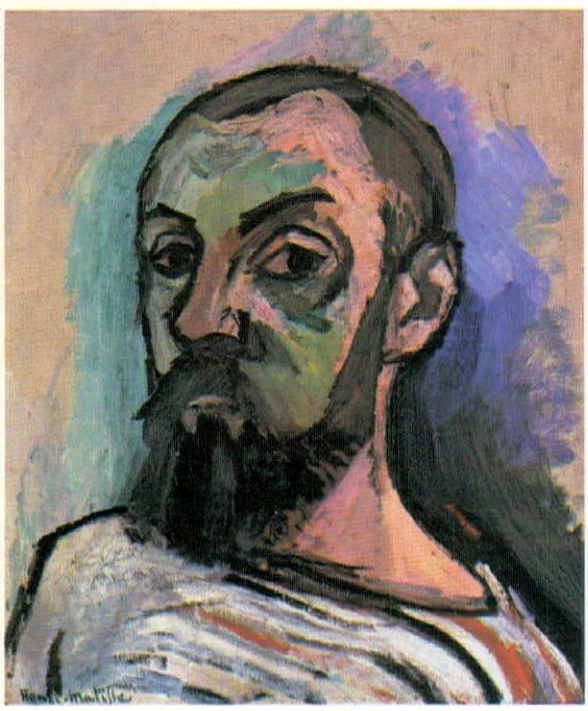
André Derain, by Maurice de Vlaminck

BOTH: STATENS MUSEUM FOR KUNST, COPENHAGEN



PORTRAIT OF MME MATISSE, *1905*

After they returned to Paris in 1905, Matisse painted this famous portrait of his wife, Amélie. One dismayed critic wrote of it: "Alas! when he paints his wife with a broad stripe of green down her nose, though it startlingly suggests her, it is punishment to have made her appear so to you always." Back at Collioure the following summer, Matisse painted his own face (below) as if it were a rough landscape—all greens and browns—and also did a striking picture of a sailor, opposite.



SELF-PORTRAIT, *1906*

steady, inconspicuous young man with nothing much to say and n clearly defined bent. If he were a "great artist" in a novel or a film, h would be presented to us at that stage in his life as on fire for art. H would be shown responding to the great men who were, in fact, that ve year shaping the future of art: Georges Seurat, Paul Cézanne, Vince van Gogh, Paul Gauguin. The novelist or film director might not ben history to the point of having Matisse on terms of personal acquai tance with any of them, but it would certainly seem implausible to a cre tor of fiction that Matisse at the age of eighteen would care nothing fo painting, good or bad.

Yet that is how it was. It was as if he was anesthetized where art wa concerned. He read his law books, and he passed his examinations, an he went back to the sodden north, and he got a little job in a law firm and he pushed his pen for the prescribed number of hours every day, an that was all. He does not seem to have had any sense of his identity as a independent human being; to himself, and probably to others, h seemed blank, torpid, purposeless, unawakened.

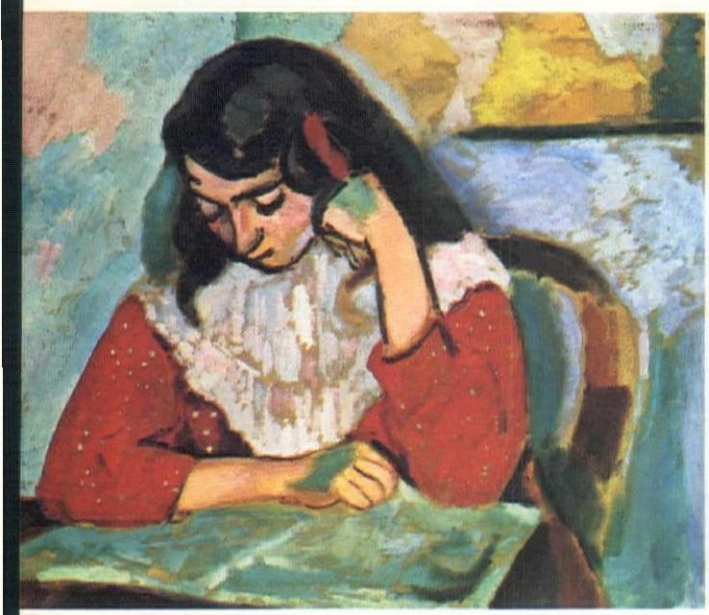
But then, in 1890, when he was nearly twenty-one, Henri Matisse ge sick. His appendix had to be removed. Recovery was unexpectedly slow and he lay in bed with time on his hands. At some point in his long an tedious convalescence his mother gave him a Sunday painter's box o paints, a set of brushes, and an instruction book. Matisse opened th book, took up the brushes, and set to work copying a landscape, one o the chromolithographs that were the debased currency of art at the tim The effect on Matisse was miraculous. "For the first time in my life," h said later, "I felt free, quiet, and on my own."

It is important to remember, in this context, that Matisse talke and wrote sparingly and was the most prosaic of men. He never wasted word or exaggerated a feeling. So we can believe what he said some six years later, remembering how he felt when he first took the brushes his hand: "It was as if I had been called. Thereafter, I did not lead m life. It led me." To begin with, it led him to art school. To a life of unr mitting labor: ten, twelve, fourteen hours a day, every day for six years. To a way of life remarkable, above all, for its self-sufficiency an for the corollary of that self-sufficiency, an absolute inner loneliness. M tisse sacrificed everything for his work. His wife, his children, h friends: all came second. "Never waste time!" was his favorite maxi "Persevere!" was another. Great art exacts its price, and in the case Henri Matisse human contacts ranked low; he felt they were a waste time and an impediment to perseverance.

Thus described, he doesn't sound like the ideal summer companio Even in later years, when his mastership was no longer in doubt, h worked in a state of high nervous tension. In 1905 "Truth at any cos was already his motto, but he did not know quite what "truth" was, an still less did he know how to get through to it. In fifteen years of har slow work he had sometimes glimpsed his own true way, only to lo sight of it again. Sometimes he had been affected by others, most not bly his early teacher at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, Gustave Moreau, an later Cézanne, whose work he knew from visits to the art deal Ambroise Vollard. Sometimes he had bogged down (it seemed at th time) in obsessional studies that bore no immediate fruit. In Paris he wa all over town, day after day, chasing from one schoolroom to anothe painting, drawing, sculpting. The summer was, or should have been, th time to decide what direction his art should take.

COLLECTION OF MR. AND MRS. JACQUES GELMAN, MEXICO CITY

THE YOUNG SAILOR, II, *1906*



MUSÉE DES BEAUX-ARTS, GRENOBLE — AGENCE TOP

MARGUERITE READING, *1906*

Marguerite, the eldest of the three Matisse children, sits in the villa at Collioure, absorbed in her summer reading. Posing frequently and patiently for her father, she figures in several other early works, including the drawing below, in which she holds a sleepy cat.

ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

GIRL WITH BLACK CAT, *1910*

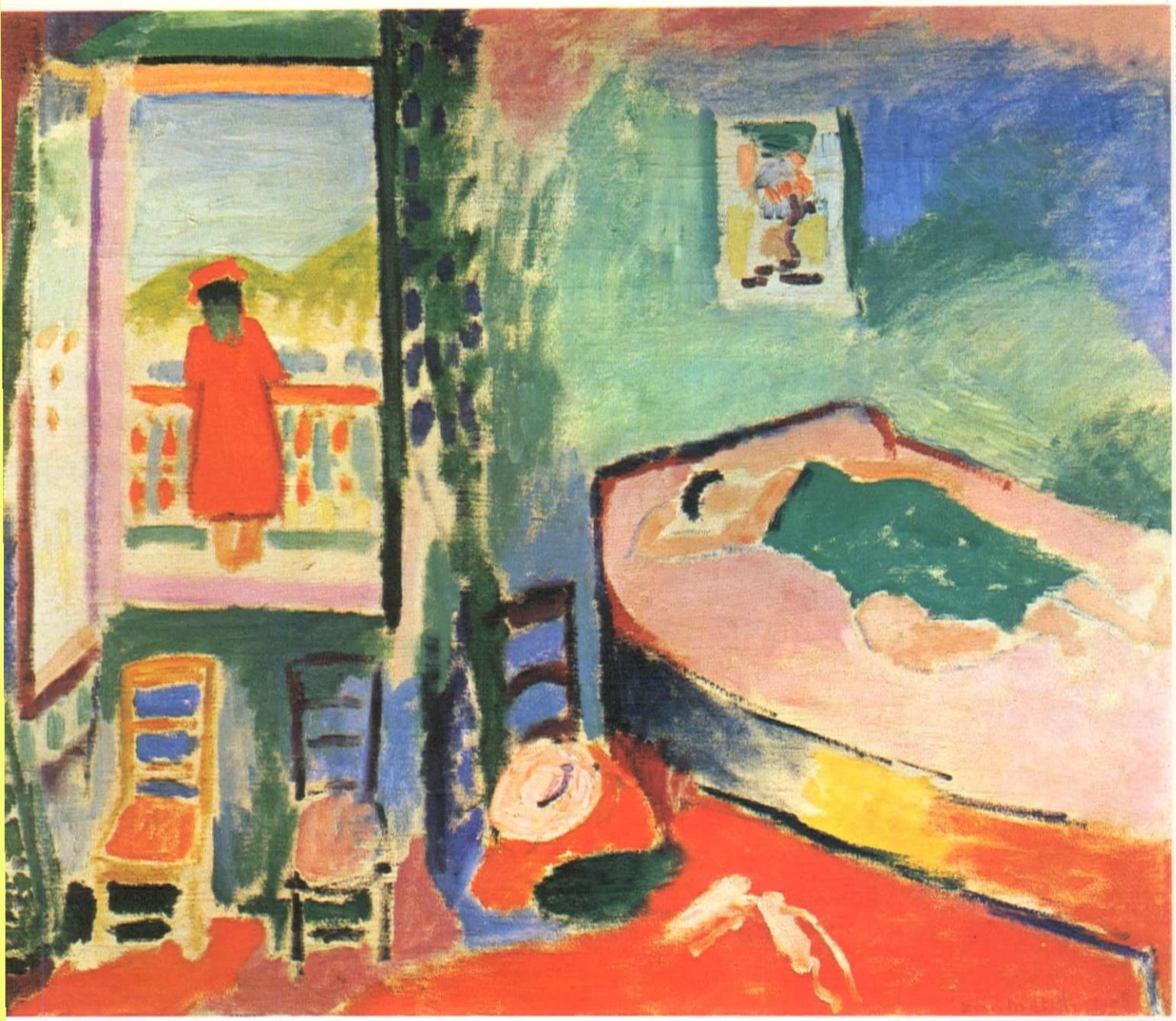
It was vital that he do so. In 1898 he had married a beautiful you woman, Amélie-Noélie-Alexandrine Parayre, and now they had thr children to look after. He had very little money, and yet it was not Matisse's nature either to hurry or to compromise. He had spent tl previous summer in Saint-Tropez with Paul Signac and a group of S gnac's friends. They had been kind to him, but he didn't get from the what he needed: the to-and-fro of independent exchange among equa Signac was too much the older master, and Matisse was not willing to cap in hand to someone whose accomplishments, though real, were n the ones he could best profit by. ("Who wants to live with a lot of pr vincial aunts?" he said of Signac's followers.)

The summer of 1905 was different. In André Derain he had a frie and colleague ten years younger than himself who was in many ways h exact opposite. Where Matisse was anxious, concentrated, pruder slow to move, quietly dressed, and in outward things the very model middle-class morality, Derain was an outgoing giant who didn't ca what he did or what he looked like or what was thought of him. The so of a prosperous dairyman, Derain behaved as if the word "inhibitio was not in the dictionary. In the winter he was as likely to camp out in abandoned restaurant, burning furniture to keep warm, as to cor home in the evening. In the summer he roamed the countryside in pira cal style, bicycling as much as a hundred miles a day, rowing in regatt if he felt like it, playing practical jokes, and making love to every girl could get his hands on.

Yet this same André Derain was a devoted student of the old maste and had made perfectly good copies of paintings in the Louvre while was still in his teens. He had read widely and discerningly in physics a time when the existing notion of the universe was being sent to the ju yard and a completely new one was being born. He had ideas of his ov about philosophy, about the theatre, about the rights and wrongs of c lonial government, and—most of all, perhaps—about the future painting. He was a champion verbalizer, a nonstop ruminator, argue commentator, and prophet, and in this, too, he was the opposite of M tisse. Where Matisse waited to get one thought exactly right befo starting on another, Derain would grasshopper this way and that, mi gling sense and nonsense, sober truth and provocation, outrage a divination. Thinking of them that summer, we may well imagine tha like Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, Don Juan and Leporello, Haml and Horatio, they complemented one another to perfection.

Derain had committed himself on the future of art as early as 190 two years after he had first met Matisse. "As for painting," he wrote to friend, "I realize that the period of realism is over. Where painting concerned, we're only beginning." By "realism" he meant the imitati of nature. In his view painting should offer not an imitation of natu but an equivalent of it. Writing at a time when impressionism was st abhorrent to most French people, Derain had already dismissed the im pressionists for trying to copy nature: "The great mistake that painte have made is to attempt to render the fugitive effects of nature. It h never struck them that what makes those effects so arresting has nothi to do with what makes a good painting." Matisse was to express muc the same thought in 1908: "A rapid rendering of a landscape represen only one moment of its existence. I prefer, by insisting upon its essenti character, to risk losing charm in order to obtain greater stability."

Imitation of the kind Derain and Matisse decried gives us at best



PRIVATE COLLECTION

IESTA, OR INTERIOR AT COLLIOURE, *1905*

PRIVATE COLLECTION; RIGHT: COLLECTION OF PIERRE MATISSE

MME MATISSE AMONG THE OLIVE TREES, *1905*

Even on the hottest days, Matisse worked as long as fourteen hours—sketching, painting, sculpting, indoors and out. But, like any vacationing family, the Matisses found time for naps and for walks in the countryside. While Mme Matisse rests in the bedroom, above, Marguerite stands on the balcony and gazes out at the sea. Matisse had a difficult time getting his two boys to pose for him, but little Pierre did sit still long enough for his father to model the smiling portrait head below.

CHILD'S HEAD, *1905*

BALTIMORE MUSEUM OF ART, CONE COLLECTION; BELOW: MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, NEW YORK

THE BLUE NUDE (SOUVENIR OF BISKRA), *1907*

Only because of a mishap did Matisse paint the robust odalisque above. One day at Collioure, while sculpting a reclining nude, he knocked the clay model from its stand. Exasperated, he decided not to repair the damage right away, but to paint a similarly posed nude instead. Behind her, in the background, he placed palm leaves like some he had seen on a trip the year before to Biskra in Algeria. Her forceful angularity is even more pronounced in the finally completed sculpture below.

RECLINING NUDE, I, *1907*

low-keyed satisfaction. It confirms us in our own everyday vision, but i cannot give us that sense of heightened vitality, or life quickened and in tensified, that great painting has to offer. André Derain was anythin but low-keyed, and he knew enough of art history to realize that the nex step would involve color. As Vincent van Gogh had written, "The fu ture of art lies with a colorist such as there has never been before." An what had Paul Gauguin said? That "a pound of green is more gree than an ounce of green." "Color for color's sake!" was Derain's suc cinct way of putting it.

The primacy of color was not invented by either Matisse or Derain. I had been stated by Paul Gauguin, both by his own example and in con versations in Brittany with the young painters who admired him. It wa being explored by others in France, and it was also being mooted b Ernst Ludwig Kirchner and his friends in Dresden, and by Wassil Kandinsky, first in Russia and later in Munich. It was in the ai irresistibly. But it had to be brought down to earth, and that is wha happened in Matisse's and Derain's paintings at Collioure.

There is always room in history for what people call "accident," an thus it was that Matisse and Derain were taken, while at Collioure, t see the painter Daniel de Monfreid. Monfreid had been a close friend c Gauguin's during Gauguin's years in France, and he had several c Gauguin's South Seas paintings on his walls. Matisse needed no pe suading where Gauguin was concerned, and in fact he had once boug a *Head of a Boy* by Gauguin at a time when he had little money to spar But it was with Gauguin as it was with most of Matisse's admirations: h did not rush to emulate, but kept Gauguin in mind until the mome was right. In the summer of 1905 the moment *was* right, and Matisse fo lowed Gauguin's instructions, which were in effect that "color is not a

s. It is what you want it to be." As Paul Signac had said: "The triumant colorist has only to appear. We have prepared his palette for him." The palette wasn't everything, of course. No matter how lucid or how xterous its arrangement, it still had to be keyed to a specific subject. e colors had to make sense in terms of the painting's subject matter, t just in terms of theory. Signac's own paintings in the 1880's had ded up looking both bland and cautious; in later life they became loud d lacked subtlety. Signac knew how to write about color, but he never rned how to use it. The unit of statement to which he and his friends ld fast was the dot, and the dot by its very nature resulted in a speckly, -between-colors effect. Matisse and Derain were never dot men. They re brush men, delighting in the movement of the laden brush across e canvas. For nothing in the world would they have given up that fundaental sensation. Matisse tussled with the dot for as long as he could ar it, and he even went on tussling with it in Collioure. But it finally emed to him that one color neutralized another when the dots were aced next to each other. It was a happy day for him when he abanned the dot altogether and began to apply his colors one by one with ick, well-nourished strokes.

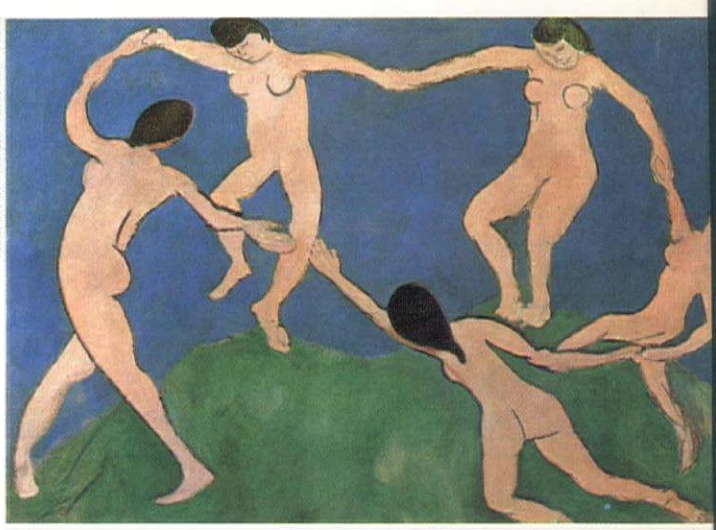
After Matisse and Derain returned to Paris, some of the pictures they inted at Collioure were shown at the Salon d'Automne. One ill-temred critic wrote, "What is presented to us here—apart from the marials employed—has nothing whatever to do with painting: some rmless confusion of colors; blue, red, yellow, green; some splotches of gment crudely juxtaposed; the barbaric and naive sport of a child who ays with the box of colors he just got as a Christmas present." Another itic, Louis Vauxcelles, achieved fame in art history by calling the new intings the works of "wild beasts" (*fauves* in French). The term Fauve" is still in use, though no one was ever less of a wild beast than enri Matisse, and the paintings themselves do not seem to most of us have an animal quality at all. They stand, rather, for an aesthetic of re exhilaration. Elsewhere and at other times the emancipation of lor had all manner of overtones: social, economic, mystical. In Gerany, in the work of Ernst Kirchner and Emil Nolde, it was by implicaon an attack on a hypocritical and militaristic society. In Norway it ood for the sensations of horror and dread that overcame one man, dvard Munch. In Russia it was linked to the discovery of peasant arts artists like Kandinsky. In the case of Kandinsky it was connected with e hope of a more truly spiritual society. But none of these considerions entered into the experiments of Matisse and Derain. They just inted that way because they wanted to and because they felt that it as the right direction for painting to go. Derain felt that Fauve paintg was historically determined; Matisse felt that it was right for Masse, and that what was right for Matisse would turn out to be right for inting in general. From the one belief, as from the other, there flowed n exceptional assurance that still communicates itself to us whenever e see the paintings in question.

Although Matisse and Derain complemented one another, it turned t during their time in Collioure that their respective roles were reversle rather than fixed once and for all. Sometimes it was Derain who felt xious and uncertain, only to be lifted back onto the rails by Matisse; hen Matisse was in crisis, Derain showed unexpected reserves of quiet d logical reasoning. And in the evenings, when Derain settled in for a ng, serious talk about painting, Matisse surprised him by his capacity

FOGG ART MUSEUM, HARVARD UNIVERSITY

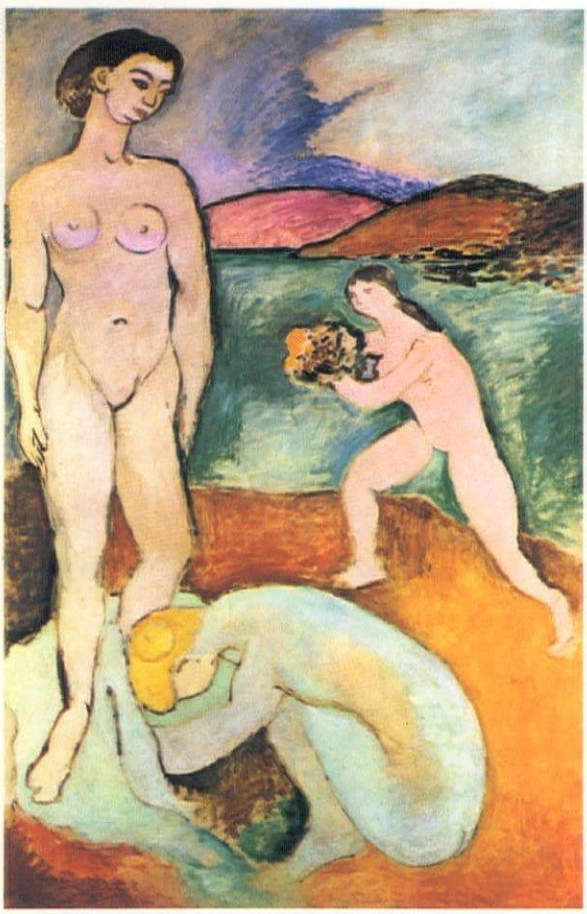
TWO SKETCHES OF A NUDE GIRL PLAYING A FLUTE, *1905–1906*

Matisse returned again and again to the subject of nude figures disporting themselves outdoors, a well-loved theme in the history of Western painting. The young girl fingering her flute above is a study for *Joy of Life*, completed in 1906, a large composition of figures in an Arcadian landscape. In 1909 he painted one of several versions of nude dancers, below. The hands of the two figures in the foreground—reaching, yet not quite touching—emphasize the tugging tension of the circle.



MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, NEW YORK

DANCE, *1909*



MUSEE NATIONAL D'ART MODERNE, PARIS AGNET TOP

LE LUXE, I, *1907*

Although painted at Collioure, *Le Luxe, I,* above, is a dream world inhabited by self-absorbed, untroubled goddesses. The shoreline and the hills behind them echo their simplified, rounded forms; all is calm and harmonious. "Expression for me," Matisse wrote in 1908, "does not reside in passions glowing in a human face or manifested by violent movement. The entire arrangement of my picture is expressive." In its deep greens and browns, the view of Collioure and the sea, opposite, expresses the feeling of a cool, shady grove on a summer afternoon.

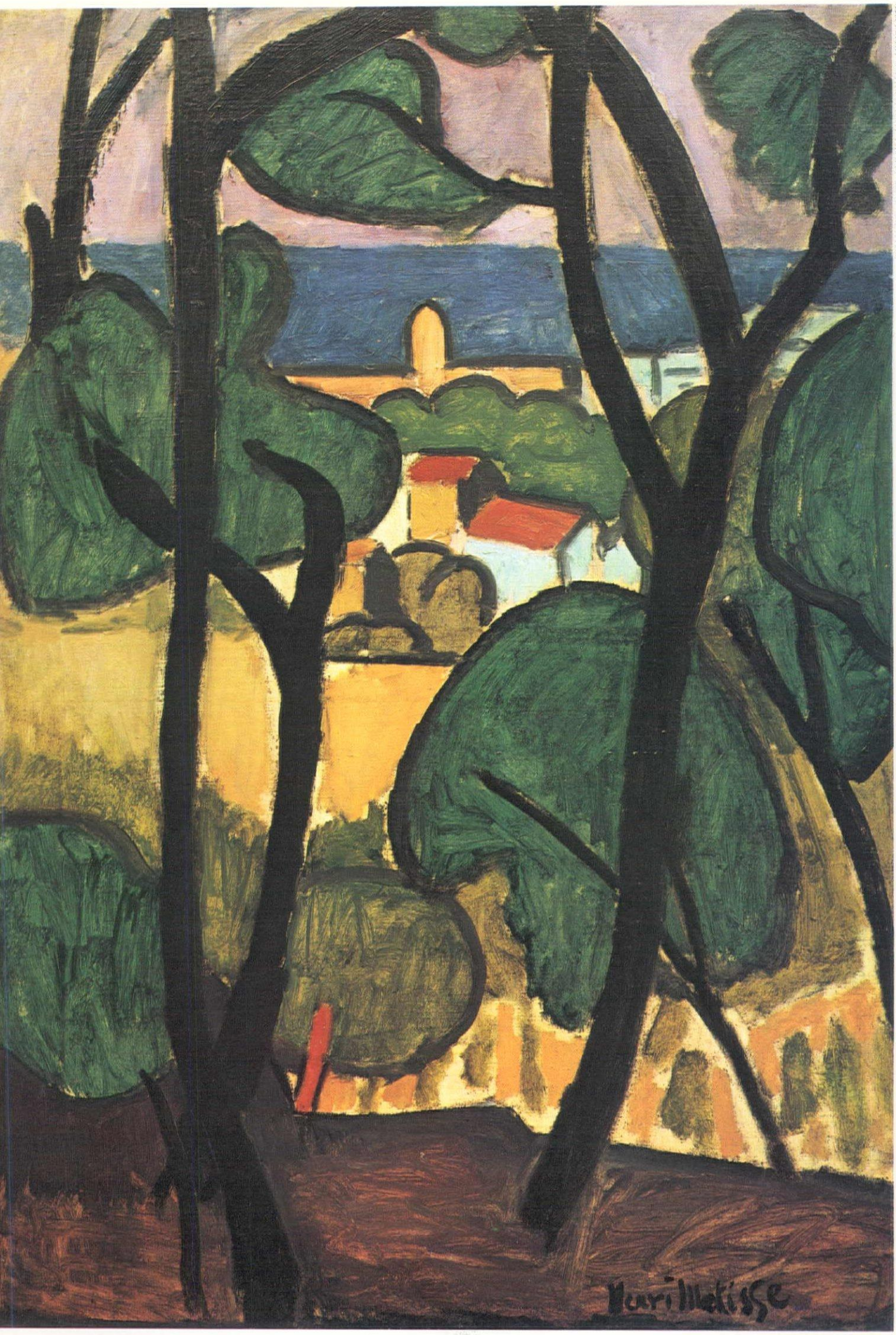
for abstract speculation. Altogether, theirs was one of those marria
of minds that have been so valuable to the art of our century.

Collioure is still much as it was in 1905; unlike Saint-Tropez, it
kept its original character and is still a discreet little town way off
tourist routes. The stern line of its fortifications, the massive jut of
fortress, the lighthouse, the brightly painted boats drawn up on
beach, the color-washed houses, the trees whose branches seem to f
into one another—all are still there. The range of color is still inter
the grand setting of sea and sky unaltered. Even the *sardana* is s
danced on the beach, with the ad hoc orchestra still squeaking its w
through the same two or three tunes. Nature came halfway to meet M
tisse and Derain; it's all there, but someone had to see that landscape
the first time as it really is and to go on from there to re-create it wit
heightened palette.

That is what Matisse and Derain did. When they painted a row of t
trunks, they did not make them a uniform and cautious brown. Th
made them scarlet, purple, dark green, violet, maroon, ultramari
yellow-green. The earth was orange, blue, pale green, ocher. The tr
had lavender leaves, vermilion leaves, leaves the color of a fresh gr
almond. In Matisse's *Open Window* (page 4) and in Derain's *View*
Collioure (page 7) the colors do not merge, but bounce off one anot
with a cumulative effect that is irresistibly festive. These must be some
the happiest pictures ever painted. They were not, by the way, w
people call "orgies of color." Everything in them held together. Mati
never chose his colors at random; when he showed one of his paintin
to the aged Renoir, Renoir looked at it long and hard and said aft
ward, "I thought he just waved the brush about, but not at all!
couldn't have taken more trouble."

In his *Notes of a Painter*, which he wrote in 1908, Matisse describes
careful placement of color on the canvas: "Suppose I have to paint
interior: I have before me a cupboard; it gives me a sensation of vi
red, and I put down a red that satisfies me. A relation is establish
between this red and the white of the canvas. Let me put a green near
red, and make the floor yellow; and again there will be relationships
tween the green or yellow and the white of the canvas which will sati
me. But these different tones mutually weaken one another. . . . I cann
copy nature in a servile way; I am forced to interpret nature and subm
it to the spirit of the picture."

Landscape and still life were one thing, the human face quite ano
er. People will accept the reinvention of trees or cupboards, and yet
out in horror at the reinvention of the human form. Something
atavistic fear is added to the element of aesthetic exasperation wh
faces are tampered with. Yet nothing of the sort deterred Matisse
Derain when they painted each other at Collioure in 1905, and the t
little paintings now seem to us to be vivid and penetrating portraits.
do the two portraits of Mme Matisse that Matisse painted in what mig
be called "Collioure style" when they got back to Paris. One came to
known as the "Green Line" (page 8), after the color of the shadow
Mme Matisse's nose. In the other, *The Green Hat*, Mme Matisse wear
large, fashionable bonnet that had a special meaning for both pain
and sitter: Mme Matisse supplemented the family income in hard tim
by moonlighting as a milliner. At a distance of seventy years we can d
tinguish between the ostentatious finery of Mme Matisse's costume a
the sensitive and vulnerable quality of the face that looks out at us. F



COLLECTION OF MR. AND MRS. JACQUES GELMAN, MEXICO CITY

VIEW OF COLLIOURE, *1908*

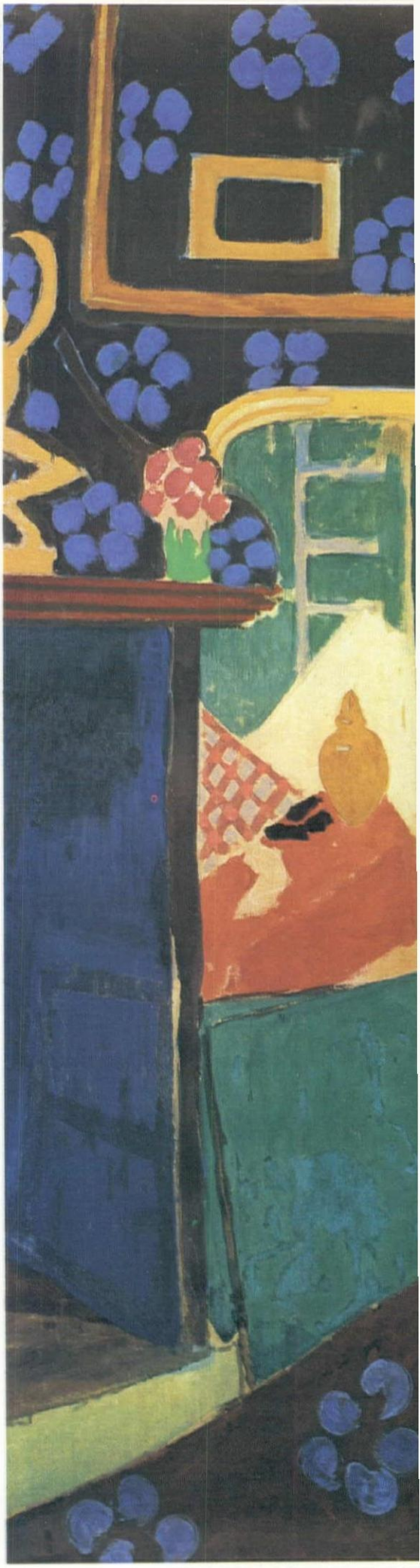
in 1905 the whole venture seemed outlandish and unacceptable. People would not believe that a green hat could cast a green shadow on the wearer's brow, or that the nose in its turn could cast a green shadow on cheeks streaked with pink and red. The colors of Collioure, from Naples yellow to bright orange and from vermilion to violet, were all there in this portrait. And Matisse got them to live together in ways which now seem to us perfectly and completely resolved.

Matisse did not concern himself only with painting while he was at Collioure. He also drew continually, and pondered the possibilities of transplanting the Fauve style of painting to sculpture. In his book on Matisse's sculptures, Albert Elsen defines these Fauve characteristics of sculpture as "foreshortening, informality and angularity of pose, absence of tasteful decorative accessories and the blatant immediacy with which the effects of the figure are propelled towards the viewer"; all these describe the *Reclining Nude, I* (page 12) that Matisse sculpted at Collioure during the summer of 1907. There in 1909 he began one of his most radical sculptures, *La Serpentine*. (He used as his point of departure a tawdry photograph of a naked model; live models were not to be found in Collioure.) Matisse was never idle. He rarely worked in water color, but in the summer of 1904 he had taken to it at the instigation of Signac, and when he was in Collioure in 1905 he painted a series of water colors, transparent washes of pure color on brilliant white paper. There is almost nothing there, and yet Matisse gives us a sense not only of deeply receding space but also of movement and reflected light.

Matisse and Derain were never again so close as in that summer of 1905. Nor did Matisse stick for long to the headlong exhilaration of pure Fauve painting. Fauvism for him was a necessary moment, not a lifelong vacation. But he kept on going to Collioure until the fateful summer of 1914 (after World War I he settled permanently in Nice), and memories of Collioure turn up in at least two of his greatest paintings. In his *Joy of Life* of 1905–6 (now at the Barnes Foundation in Merion, Pennsylvania) there are manifold echoes of Collioure: the scene is a clearing in the woods nearby, and the round dance in the background is the *sardana*; the imagined Arcadia is peopled with nude figures sketched, sculpted, or dreamed of in Collioure. Collioure is here mated with old master painting, with Matisse's memories of Titian, Bellini, Poussin, and Ingres, and is used as the pretext for formal inventions and manipulations that still retain their power to tease and provoke.

Joy of Life cannot be photographed in color (because of Barnes Foundation regulations), but for the other great echo of Collioure no such restriction exists. Matisse's *Dance* of 1909 (page 13), in the Museum of Modern Art in New York, is, once again, a transcription of the *sardana*. But it presents the *sardana* raised to the level of epic, with a self-generating energy remote from the stately circling of the local folk on the beach. What we see in the painting is still Collioure, but it is Collioure heightened and exalted, simplified and magnified, reduced and redoubled. It is to the actual fisherman's dance what Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring* is to the collection of Russian folk tunes that Stravinsky heard as a young man. In *Dance*, as in *Joy of Life*, an exceptional summer is immortalized.

Author of many books on modern art, John Russell, formerly of the London Times, *is now with the* New York Times. *His most recent article for* HORIZON *was "An Irresistible Force Called Max Ernst," in Autumn, 1973.*



In Matisse's Interior with Eggplants *of 1911, above, the*

MUSEE DES BEAUX-ARTS, GRENOBLE — AGENCE TOP

ure landscape outside the open window complements the exuberant patterns of decorative screens, tablecloths, curtains, and wallpaper inside the villa.

Biting the Bullet in Ancient Rome

Peasants pay their taxes during the reign of Septimius Severus.

To curb inflation,
Diocletian used price controls—to some effect.
Then he found that
controlling the population worked even better

TETRADRACHMA

"Hurry and spend all the currency you have. Buy me goods of any kind at whatever price you find them." So wrote a highly placed Roman to his business agent sometime around A.D. 300. The value of money was dropping relentlessly, and he wanted possessions, not cash. For the Roman Empire had been hit by inflation, and so violently that, to quote the emperor Diocletian, there were "increases in prices not only year by year, month by month, day by day, but almost hour by hour and minute by minute." He and his successors were eventually able to restore stability—but at a cost none of us would be willing to pay.

The economics of the Roman Empire is a baffling subject. Whatever accounts or records governments kept have almost totally disappeared. Only on rare occasions do historians mention a fact or figure that the economist finds useful, and then merely incidentally. They report on scandals at court, the programs at the gladiatorial games, the fortunes of the legions; it would never enter their minds to discuss wages and prices. And so, at this remove, all we can do is guess at the overall state of the empire's economic health from the way things were going in general, how ably the emperors were governing, how wisely they were spending the imperial income, how troubled or peaceable their reigns were.

Luckily one part of the realm is an exception—Egypt. The valley of the Nile gets scant rain, and as a result, even such a fragile substance as papyrus can last for centuries, lying unharmed under the dry sand. Excavators have uncovered thousands of pieces of writing that date from the time when Egypt was ruled by Rome: letters (like the one cited above), notes, bills, receipts, memorandums, ledger sheets, legal instruments—the contents, as it were, of a vast archaeological trash basket. And here there in this haphazard miscellany enough crumbs of information to us some idea of what was happenin the marketplace.

Even before any of these humble enlightening documents had been earthed, we were aware that, econo cally, the first two centuries of the C tian era were remarkable. It was period Gibbon eulogizes in the ope words of his history as a golden age, time when, as he puts it, "the Empir Rome comprehended the fairest par the earth, and the most civilized por of mankind. The frontiers . . . v guarded by ancient renown and ciplined valor. The gentle but powe influence of laws and manners had g ually cemented the union of the p inces. Their peaceful inhabitants joyed and abused the advantages wealth and luxury." The provinces refers to were the various states Rome, in the course of centuries, conquered and put under her rule, they stretched from Spain to Syria beyond. The emperors from their thr in the capital on the Tiber ruled this h expanse with absolute authority— during the first two centuries A.D., t exercised such restraint, and attende the well-being of Rome's multifari subjects with such success, that Mediterranean world enjoyed longest span of peace and political bility it ever had or would have.

These favoring circumstances g birth to an unprecedented prosper Farms produced ample foodstuffs feed the population. Artisans plied t crafts so profitably that many rose fi the lower to the middle class. Trad flourished, particularly those dealin luxury goods, for wealth was spread wider than ever before, and greater greater numbers were able to treat th selves to frills hitherto reserved for lucky few. Ships of Greco-Ron merchants now made their way re larly down the eastern coast of Afric across the Indian Ocean to satisfy growing taste for ivory, gems, silks, otic spices, and cosmetics. The co

By LIONEL CASSON

ome paid out for these costly items ve been discovered as far away as enya, Ceylon, and China.

Anyone who has walked through oman ruins dating from this period n see at a glance the tangible evidence how well off people were, the remains the expensive temples, public buildgs, theatres, amphitheatres, baths, d aqueducts that they were able to ild and maintain, not only in major ies but even in remote provincial wns. The documents found in Egypt ovide an important additional piece information that no ancient historian ould ever mention or archaeological cavation could ever reveal: during this e the empire enjoyed the blessings not ly of peace and prosperity but of sta- prices. To be sure, the years of plenty evitably drove prices up, but at a ntle, unhurried pace. Wheat, the comodity of commodities in a world for hich bread truly was the staff of life, st in Jesus' day about three drachmas artab (roughly a bushel). It took a full ntury to climb to ten, half a century ore to reach sixteen. Wine, oil, vegetaes, wool—all the staples of life folwed the same pattern, a gradual rise er a hundred and fifty years. (The tetdrachma, which equaled four drachas, was used for actual payment. owever, since the drachma was the oney of account, prices here are incated in drachmas.)

Historians today, with the gloomy sion of hindsight, tell us that clouds ere already gathering over Rome's lden days at the very time things emed brightest. The storms began to eak shortly after the middle of the cond century, when hordes of barbarns started to menace the northern ontiers and were turned back only by arcus Aurelius' tireless leadership and e effectiveness of the Roman armies.

From the day the Roman Empire was unded, the power of its rulers rested their control of the army, no matter w ingeniously they tried to disguise is. And even during the halcyon times the first century, the soldiers every w and then had shown their muscle and put a candidate of their own on the throne. Once they became the most important organ of the state, all that stood between it and destruction by invaders, they took over completely the role of kingmaker. When the emperor Septimius Severus, one of Rome's most successful military leaders, died in A.D. 211, the last word of advice he gave to his sons was to "stick together, pay the soldiers plenty, and forget about everything else."

The chief trouble was that the army itself could not stick together. There were always units ready to follow a commander willing to risk a try for the purple, some ready even to press a reluctant commander into risking such a try. The result was a never-ending series of civil wars, as the various claimants battled it out. And whoever won usually had to turn immediately to fending off the barbarian mobs that were now spilling over the northern borders at all points. A time came when Italy itself, the heartland of the empire, was threatened; the city of Rome received such a scare that, after having lived for seven hundred years with no defense wall, between A.D. 270 and 280 it rushed to completion the massive twelve-mile circuit that still can be seen in places today. To compound the difficulties, the rulers of Persia, having rejuvenated their nation, began marching westward, smashing Roman armies and even capturing an emperor on one occasion. Gaul, a rich and important province, broke away and stayed independent for fifteen years. And, as if all that was not enough, plague raged for a decade.

One inevitable result was that up and down the empire farmland either was ravaged or was abandoned as the men who worked it got killed off or were sucked into the army. The production of foodstuffs dropped, and with supply reduced but demand as strong as ever, prices, which for so long had risen only gently and gradually, took off. In the vanguard was the price of wheat. Around A.D. 250 it sold in Egypt, as mentioned above, for 16 drachmas an artab. Twenty years later it had leaped to 200, an increase of more than 1,000 per cent. Other commodities went up almost as dramatically. "Pay the soldiers plenty," Septimius had counseled; with the staggering rise in costs, his successors were lucky if they could pay them at all. Yet they *had* to be paid—it was either that or be smothered under invading barbarians. In desperation, one emperor after another turned to the ancient world's equivalent of printing more money: they debased the coinage.

Hitherto the issues from Rome's mints had always contained a respectable amount of precious metal, particularly the silver issues that were the common coin of everyday transactions. During the second half of the third century the mints began to pour out bronze with just a silver wash, pieces that had hardly more intrinsic value than our dollar bills. Such a currency depends upon faith—but the emperors, buffeted by unceasing military and economic storms, were hardly in a position to take measures to inspire faith. The citizenry hurried to exchange what coin they had for tangible goods. Banks tried to get out of dealing with the ever more worthless stuff and had to be coerced. "My officials," announced a local administrator in Egypt, "have held a meeting in which they accuse the operators of banks dealing in currency exchange of closing their doors because of their unwillingness to accept the imperial coinage. I have been obliged to order all who own such banks to reopen and to accept and to exchange all coin. . . . This applies as well to those involved in business transactions of any kind."

Those involved in business transactions of any kind complied all right, but by raising prices at so quick a rate that, shortly before A.D. 300, there was rampaging inflation throughout the empire. Egyptian wheat, after its initial leap from 16 to 200 drachmas an artab, by the year 300 had soared to more than 1,300; fourteen years later it sold for 10,000, twenty years after that for 84,000, and sometime after 344 a sale is recorded at the astronomical figure of 2,000,000. Beans, which for centuries

cost no more than 6 drachmas an artab, in A.D. 308 cost 900. In 217 donkeys had sold for 400 drachmas; in 277 the price was up to 3,800 and by 309 to 15,000. In A.D. 280 a cavalryman had been able to buy a horse for 1,300 drachmas; in 307 an officer of a Roman unit stationed in Egypt had to lay out 780,000.

Those who had any gold or silver hoarded it in time-honored fashion by burying it in the ground; those who had only the now nearly valueless coins were wiped out, like the Germans after World War I who found themselves turning over the equivalent of a year's income to buy a loaf of bread. Among the pieces of writing of this age that have been recovered is a list of the questions people were putting to the fortunetellers. "Will I become a beggar?" they were asking. "Will my property be sold off at auction?" "Will I become a runaway?" "Will I be caught running away?"

During these years Diocletian, ruthless but supremely able, was on the throne. He had put down several rivals, beaten back barbarians and Persians, reformed the army and administration. That still left inflation to deal with. In A.D. 301 he tried the solution so frequently urged today, price controls. He issued an edict that set the maximum price for every conceivable service or object of exchange, from a pound of grapes (4 drachmas) to a pound of gold (200,000), from pitchforks (16 drachmas each) to dyed silk (600,000 a pound), from the hire of sewer cleaners (100 drachmas a day plus keep) to that of trial lawyers (4,000 a case).

The penalty for buying or selling at higher figures, or for just withholding from the market, was no mere fine or jail sentence, but death or exile. Diocletian thought that nasty profiteers were causing all the trouble, men afflicted with the "unbridled passion for money-grabbing," and that once they were brought into line the problem would be solved. Moreover, being as absolute a monarch as any the world has ever known (it was he who introduced groveling as the official way to greet a Roman emperor), he had no need to trim his sails to the wishes of vested interests or the ideas of a congress or be overnice about due process. Yet a contemporary reports that soon after the controls went into effect, "nothing appeared on the market because of fear, and prices soared much higher"—in other words, hoarding and a black market. "In the end," he adds, "after many people had lost their lives, it became absolutely necessary to repeal the law." The writer, as it happens, was a Christian and hence had scant love for Diocletian, a savage persecutor of the growing sect, but the sales figures in the documents from Egypt grimly confirm what he says.

Another way of attacking the problem turned out in the long run to be more successful. Diocletian's prede sors, in their frantic efforts to keep t soldiers fed and clothed, had now then collected taxes in kind instead c currency. Diocletian made this standard practice. He devised a syst not particularly fair but easy to ap and enforce, whereby everybody p taxes in units of wheat, barley, m wine, oil, timber, labor. At the sa time he switched the pay of the army the civil service from sums of mone rations of commodities.

So far, so good—but how to extr the amounts needed from a popul that years of turmoil had thinned numbers, impoverished, and demo ized? Diocletian went about this in t ways. First, he institutionalized a fo of gouging that his predecessors had ready been driven to use. After e community had been notified what co modities it was liable for and how mu the local administration, consisting r urally of the wealthiest members, charged with the collection—and what they gathered in fell short of the sessed totals, they had to make up difference themselves. Second, since the face of ever-rising taxes the sn farmers, especially the greater num who worked the soil as tenants, ha lamentable tendency to abandon th lands and run off in a desperate sea for greener pastures, he decreed t people were not to move from the pl

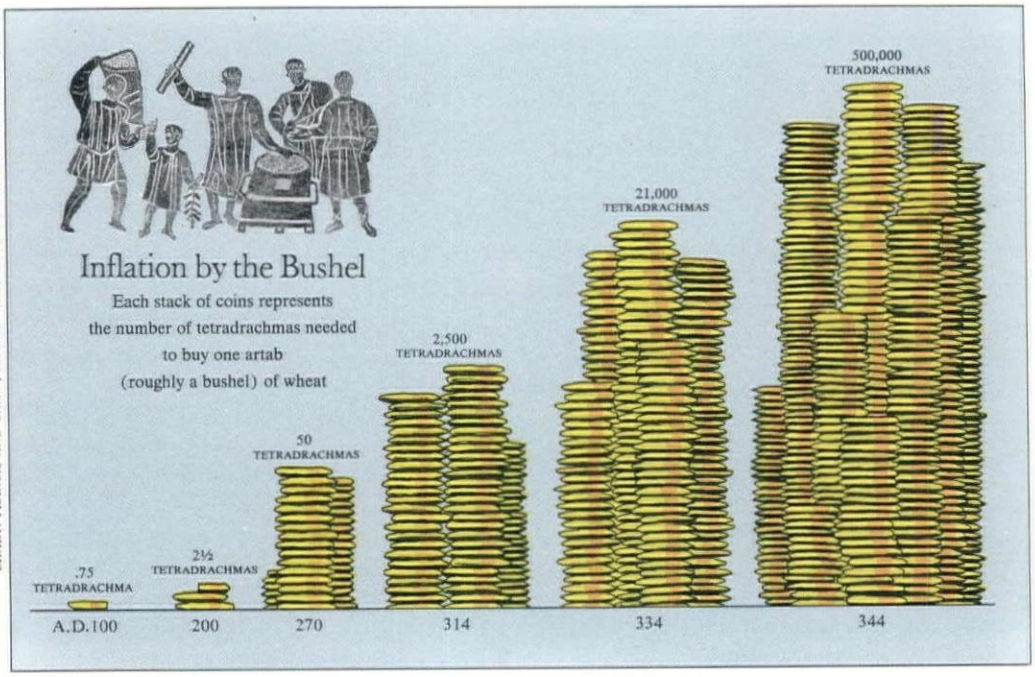


CHART: FRANCIS AND SHAW; MOSAIC: GABINETTO FOTOGRAFICO NAZIONALE, ROME

During the second century A.D., when prices started to increase, government distribution centers (like the one in the inset mosaic from Ostia) offered wheat at fixed prices or gave it away free to the needy.

here they had been registered at birth. ıbsequent legislation spelled this out ith brutal clarity:

enant farmers . . . shall be bound by the le of geographical origin, and, though they pear to have the status of freeborn, shall vertheless be considered slaves of the land elf to which they are born, and shall have right to go off where they like or to change eir location, but the landowner shall enjoy s right over them, [exercising] the care of a ıtron and the power of a master.

here was no lack of land; Diocletian w to it that hands were available to do e planting and harvesting.

Throughout the empire, though there as still a goodly number of smallhold- s, the bulk of the arable land had en gathered into large estates. This ade the collection of taxes in food- uffs instead of money all the easier: iocletian's revenue office simply had calculate the grand total each was re- onsible for. Many of them were vast acts encompassing whole villages and wns; at one time, we are told, half of hat is today Tunisia and the eastern ırt of Algeria was owned by six fami- s. Moreover, most tended to get still gger, for time and again independent rmers, driven to the wall by unrelent- g taxation but unwilling to take the astic remedy of running away to es- pe it, took refuge under the protection the nearest powerful landowner, rning their fields over to him and coming his tenants. Such big holdings came not only larger, but steadily ore self-sufficient, including within eir embrace craftsmen of all kinds to ovide whatever services were needed, metimes even squads of armed men as e landlord's private bodyguard and lice force. When Diocletian tied the nants to the soil, he set in motion the ocess that was to convert these estates to the serf-manned feudal manors of e Middle Ages.

Taxes in kind have to be transported d processed before they can be issued rations to soldiers and government rks. The question was how to do this thout paying out cash. Roman traders d craftsmen had long been organized into associations, but these were ancient versions of our marching and chowder societies: they were purely social, not for business or trade. The harassed emperors of the third century seized upon them as a way of getting services at reduced or no cost; from mere social groups they were transformed into government instruments compelled to do the bidding of the state.

Septimius Severus

Diocletian

Constantine I

The empire versus inflation: Septimius devalued the coinage and raised taxes; Diocletian imposed price controls and tied the peasant to the land; Constantine "solved" the problem by instituting a totalitarian state.

The associations of carters in the various towns were made responsible for transport of government goods on land, the associations of shippers for overseas transport, the associations of bakers for turning government grain into bread, and so on. And, just as Diocletian had tied the peasant to his soil, he and his followers tied the traders and craftsmen to their organizations: they were forbidden to change occupation, and their heirs were required to carry on their obligation. It goes without saying that the same restrictions were placed on soldiers, whose services the state needed more than any other: they were bound to the colors, and their sons had to follow in their footsteps.

In the few areas where the state found no association to do its work, it did the work itself. State-run factories were set up to turn out weapons and armor for the troops, and state-run linen mills and woolen mills to turn out clothing for the civil service as well as the troops. There were still a few things that the emperors, willy-nilly, had to buy with money. By various measures they methodically pried loose whatever gold and silver people had managed to hoard and used this to mint new issues of perfectly sound coins, particularly gold ones. Constantine, who followed Diocletian after a short interval, when he came out in favor of Christianity, helped himself to the treasures in the pagan temples, and this put ample stocks of bullion in his hands.

In effect, what Diocletian and his successors achieved was the by-passing of the free market where the fires of inflation were raging. In the process they drastically reduced its extent. The government had all along been the empire's biggest customer. Now it became very much bigger than ever before—and, at the same time, removed its trade almost completely from the marketplace: it collected its own foodstuffs and materials, paid its personnel with what it collected, made its own munitions. The growth of more and larger landed estates, all for the most part self-sufficient, reduced the extent of inflation still further. Indeed, most of what was left of any importance in the private sector, and therefore subject to the laws of supply and demand, was the feeding and furnishing of the urban populations—and not even all of that, since the poor of Rome, Constantinople, and certain other major centers were fed by government handouts. Inflation still smoldered on this limited terrain, but the emperors were not at all bothered: what money accounts they had were kept in the new inflation-proof gold coinage. By the end of the fourth century, with scant fuel to feed on, the last flames of inflation flickered out.

So, along with a host of other problems, Rome solved its inflation by controlling not merely prices but the entire lives of most of its subjects, locking them forever into fixed places in the socioeconomic order. Rome solved it, in short, by transforming itself into a totalitarian state as rigid and all-pervasive as any the world has known.

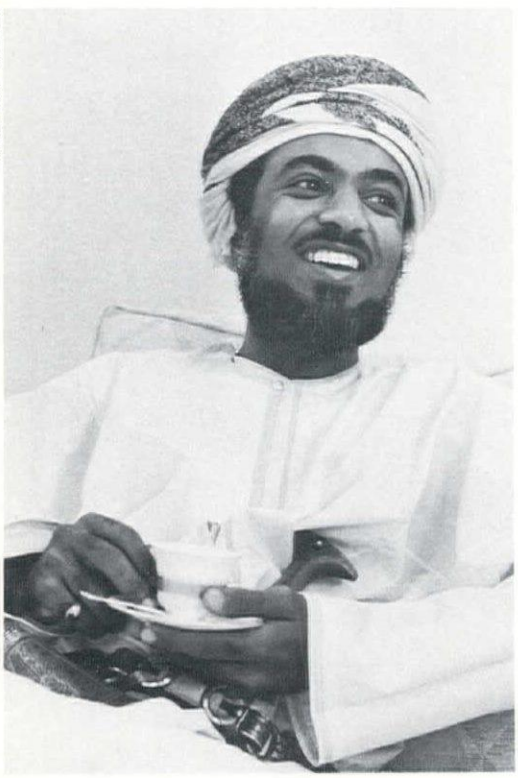
Lionel Casson wrote on the folkways of ancient health seekers in our Spring issue.

A SEASON IN OMAN

This ancient seafaring nation entered the twentieth century by way of the fourteenth. The old life was harsh and limiting. The new has brought the usual modern trappings, including a guerrilla war

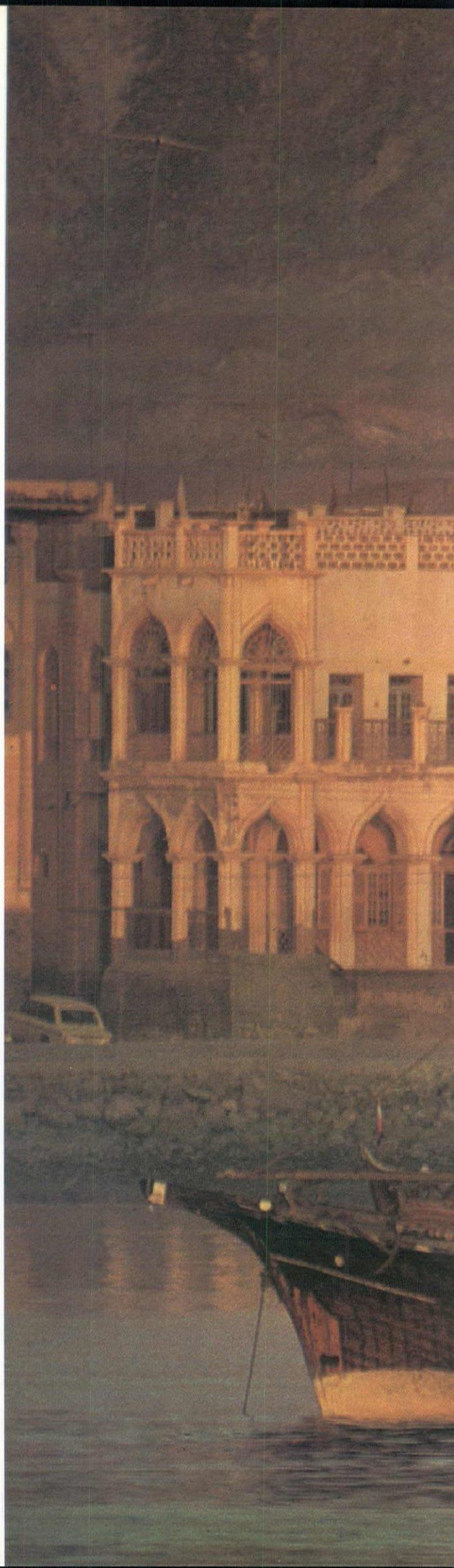
By DAVID HOLDEN

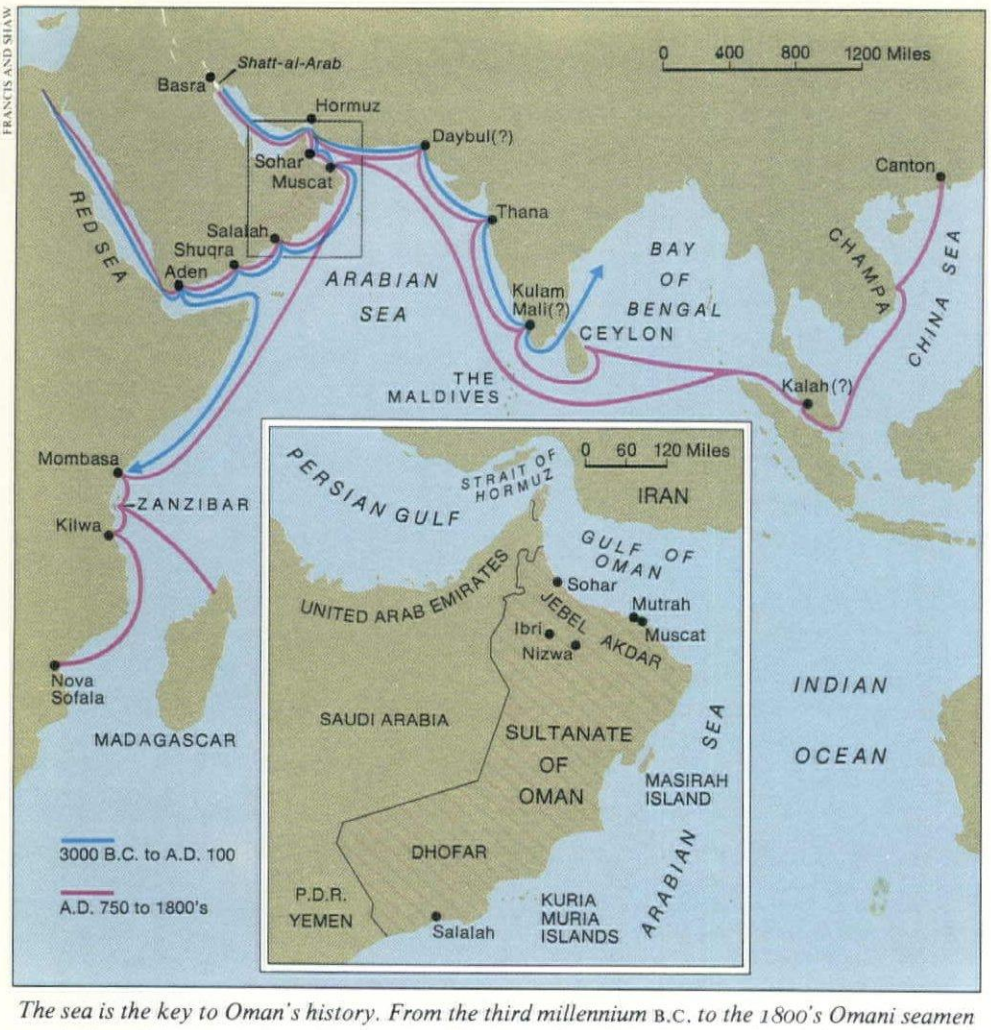
RENE BURRI—MAGNUM



In 1964 Qabus bin Said, above, then heir apparent, was imprisoned by his father, the sultan of Oman, in a palace five hundred desert miles from Muscat, right, the capital. Qabus overthrew him in 1970 and began prodding the country out of its long dark age.

ROBERT AZZI—MAGNUM





The sea is the key to Oman's history. From the third millennium B.C. *to the 1800's Omani seamen routinely sailed these Indian Ocean routes. The legendary Sinbad may well have been an Omani.*

The Arab Sultanate of Oman has never, in modern times, been one of the world's familiar places. Until a few years ago, probably not one in a hundred people outside the Arabian peninsula had heard of it, despite its command of one of the crucial tanker routes. When at last Oman emerged from obscurity some twenty years ago, even senior officials at the United Nations had to consult the atlas to assure themselves of its existence.

Stuck at the far southeast corner of Arabia, between the Indian Ocean and the Persian Gulf, Oman has long been about as isolated from modern global affairs as any place could be. Even the outbreak of political rebellion in the 1950's and the discovery of oil in the 1960's did not seem at first to disturb its seclusion. In the hands of an old, determined, and crafty ruler who was resolved to let nothing change his or his people's ways, the country lingered on for years in apparent innocence of the twentieth century and all its works. Only in 1970, when the old sultan was replaced in a palace coup by his more enlightened son, did Oman open its doors to the modern world and thereby allow itself to be propelled, in the flicker of a historical eyelash, from the fourteenth century to the twentieth.

The change is still so recent that Oman—known until 1970 as Muscat and Oman—still retains the enigmatic image of a country that the rest of the world cannot quite place. One reason is that its oil resources are merely modest, producing no more than a billion dollars' worth of crude a year even at current prices. Although this is wealth undreamed of compared to Oman's previous poverty, it is little enough to be spread among some seven hundred thousand people scattered across a country roughly the size of Britain, and it is scarcely more than a pittance beside the vast revenues of the major Middle Eastern oil powers.

But Oman nowadays has other
to the world's attention. For one
it overlooks the narrow passage b
the Indian Ocean and the gulf cal
Strait of Hormuz, described by th
of Iran as the jugular vein of the r
world. Oman also suffers Arabia
current war. In its southern prov
Dhofar a small but tenacious gu
campaign has been conducted fo
than a decade now by an organ
called the Popular Front for the l
tion of the Arab Gulf. Its leade
claim their intention not only to
throw the sultanate and all it stan
but also to free all the sheikdoms
gulf from the clutches of the "c
ist-imperialists" and their "pu
rulers. Small as the sultan's war
expensive, eating up more tha
the Omani national income.

To suppress the rebellion the
has brought to his aid a mixed
foreign troops and mercenaries
presence gives his kingdom a plac
front line of contemporary ideo
conflict. They include Iranian g
troops experiencing their first t
combat, hard-bitten Jordanian
officers and pilots from King Hu
forces, British officers transferr
their government from duties in
many and Northern Ireland, and
British military men doubling the
sions with a spot of soldierly adv
on the sultan's payroll. Before lon
may even include a few America
discreet approaches have been m
the past year or two to enable the
States to expand an existing Brit
and communications base on th
tan's island of Masirah, off the I
coast, to counter what the Per
regards as the growing Russian th
the Indian Ocean.

The war serves a typically m
purpose: it is helping to ushe
Oman the characteristic revolut
money, political change, and
nological advance that has a
transformed so much of the cont
rary world. In the process, after an
val of a century and more, it i
again putting Oman on the politi

ɔnomic map, recalling several earlier riods when, through geographic cirmstance, Oman was the flourishing ddleman of seaborne trade carried on tween India, China, and Africa and e successive civilizations of Mesopoɔia and Persia.

Blessed by their strategic position at e mouth of the Persian Gulf and by the gular, annual swing of the monsoon nds, the people of Oman have always ɛen involved in maritime adventure. he monsoon—an Arabic word meang "seasonal"—is the most predictable the sailor's winds. In summer it blows om the southwest, filling the sails of ıy vessel bound north or east. In winter s course is reversed. Blowing from the ɔrtheast, it carries those same vessels ack again, so that in a span of twelve onths an experienced captain can run efore the wind for five thousand miles ach way—say, from Africa to China ıd back—with little more fuss than an rdinary yachtsman might make in ıiling a dinghy around his local bay.

Two thousand years ago the Greeks ıd Romans harnessed the monsoon's ɔliging characteristics to carry their ıips to and from India. Long before ıat, however, sailors of the Persian ulf had begun to learn the monsoon's ses. Running regularly from the Suerian ports of Mesopotamia to India ıd back, they established themselves as ɛean traders as much as five thousand ears ago. Much later, their medieval rab successors ranged still more idely in the same way. Sitting at the ılcrum of the monsoon's seasonal wings, they rode it far to both east nd west, to China in one direction and frica in the other, and turned Oman's arbors into the home of some of the orld's most skillful sea captains and ıore irrepressible pirates.

The monsoon was important in anther way, too. It brought fertility to this ar corner of Arabia. Sweeping the ıland mountains of Oman with sumıer rain clouds from the Indian Ocean, t helped to create green, watered teraces that are like a small vision of paraise amid the surrounding desert.

ROGER WOOD

Domed tomb

Bronze bull

Female dancer

Oman has been inhabited ever since the Paleolithic Age. Although only a few archaeologists have thus far visited the region, there have already been some important finds, such as the burial site above, built in the third millennium B.C., *the bronze bull (date uncertain), and the second-century dancer.*

Evidence of humanity, dating back as much as thirty thousand years, has been discovered in these mountains, and the burial chambers of settled communities recently excavated there have been ascribed to the third millennium B.C.

In antiquity, in the highlands beyond the Dhofar coast, the monsoon's misty passage provided just the right climate for the growth of the frankincense tree. As the demand for incense grew among priests and magicians throughout the pagan world, Dhofar established itself as the most prolific and accessible source. It was a trade as lucrative in its time as today's oil business, for, after gold, incense was the most coveted of all commodities. Herodotus reports that each year two and a half tons of incense were burned at the temple of Baal at Babylon, and all of it probably came from Oman. On the proceeds of their virtual monopoly, the geographer Pliny said, the people of southern Arabia became the richest in all the world.

But nothing lasts forever. Early in the Christian era, as pagan temples began to close and the trade routes to Europe withered, south Arabian wealth declined. Now it was the turn of the Persians to cross the gulf, extend their power into Oman, and establish a tradition of Persian intervention that still alarms Arab leaders as they contemplate the growing military power of the shah of Iran. After the Persians came the Prophet, and with Islam's victory Oman began to acquire, in the seventh century A.D., the character that still shapes the traditional aspects of its life. In many ways it was—and is—a singularly dour and introspective character, for in the schisms that soon overtook the vast new Moslem empire the mountains of Oman became a fortress of the puritanical Ibadite sect. Founded at the end of the seventh century by a learned doctor named Abdullah ibn Ibadh, the movement forbade alcohol, tobacco, and even music. In emphasizing the sanctity of Moslem law, it did, however, encourage a tradition of minute Islamic scholarship—it was an Ibadite of Oman who produced the first known Arabic dictionary—and in its determination that all men should be treated equally under God it insisted upon choosing religious leaders by election, a custom unknown to other Moslems.

The Ibadites enjoyed their greatest success in North Africa, where their peculiar version of the faith became for a time the established religion of the Berber tribes. (Some of the remote villages in the Atlas Mountains still cling to it.) But it was in the isolated glens of the mountains of Oman that the Ibadites were destined to survive most tenaciously and to reject most fiercely the corruptions of the world.

Even in Arabia, never a land to fear excessive piety, the Ibadites of Oman were renowned for their pride and exclusiveness in the name of Allah. The British traveler Bertram Thomas, visiting the fringes of their territory in the 1930's, found them a thoroughly tiresome lot who even showed distress at the sound of drums during the burial of a Negro slave:

"God forgive them!" murmured the sanctimonious Omani at my side.

"Drums aren't acceptable to you?" I questioned.

"No, nor pipes; but these are slaves and know no better."

"Yet the Muqabil tribe in Oman have pipes?" I said.

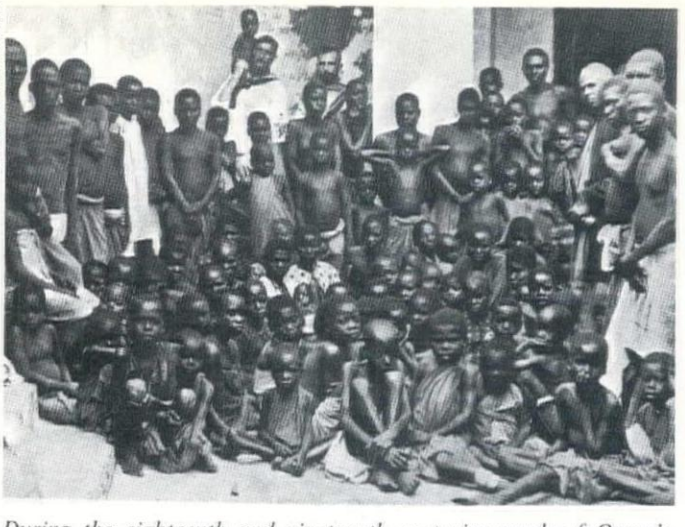
"Yes! But they are Sunnis. We are Ibadhis, and in Ibadhi Oman we forbid these instruments of the devil."

Such a bleak morality could hardly help conflicting with the far more worldly attitudes that flourished along the Oman coast, where successive waves of Arab, Persian, Indian, and European merchants mingled in a society of commerce and corruption. That is why Oman's history is a perennial drum roll of factionalism and fanaticism spilling out of the interior to challenge the worldly ways and corrupting rule of the coast—a conflict that was echoed in the Omani risings of the 1950's and is even now reflected in some of the attitudes behind the fighting in Dhofar. One result of this incessant lawlessness has been that Oman possesses probably the world's finest assortment of medieval stone and mud forts, for until twenty years ago no village dared exist without one.

The early centuries of Moslem ascendancy in the Middle East brought new stimulus to the Oman coast. A full eight hundred years before Columbus, Oman merchants were the first to link the Moslem empire of the Abbassides with the great T'ang dynasty in China, sailing more than five thousand miles from the Shatt-al-Arab to Canton and back. By the tenth century, what is now the crumbling, mud-walled town of Sohar, a hundred miles northwest of Muscat, had become the Omani capital and was one of the biggest ports on the fringes of the Indian Ocean.

Yet when Vasco da Gama rounded Africa and opened the sea route from Europe to India it was the turn of the Portuguese to dominate the gulf trade and the Oman coast. For a hundred and fifty years they made Muscat their trading center, and the great twin forts they built above its harbor made it thereafter the key to Omani power. Only when Portuguese strength declined did that of the Omanis again advance. Characteristically, the resurgence came from the Ibadites of the interior. Scandalized as ever by the corruptions of the coast, they killed the last Portuguese defender of Muscat in 1650 and by 1700 made Oman once more the greatest independent power of the Arabian peninsula.

For much of the eighteenth century the Omani sultans were rulers to be reckoned with in many of the lands east of Suez. Exploiting the monsoon winds, their ships carried silk from China, spices from India, and slaves from all the territories of east Africa. In Arab hands, as in those of the Europeans on Africa's western coast, the traffic in slaves was a cruel but immensely profitable business that built Omani fortunes as surely as it wasted African lives. On its profits the sultans became almost as rich as the south Arabians had once become on the incense monopoly.



LONGMAN GROUP LIMITED

During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries much of Oman's wealth came from the slave trade, which flourished under Tippu Tib, a brutal Afro-Arab trader, and Said bin Sultan, whose daughter, opposite, once declared, "Negroes are very lazy. . . . nothing remains but the lash." Above, slaves from Zanzibar, Africa's slavery capital, after their rescue in 1884 by the crew of H.M.S. London.

Tippu Tib

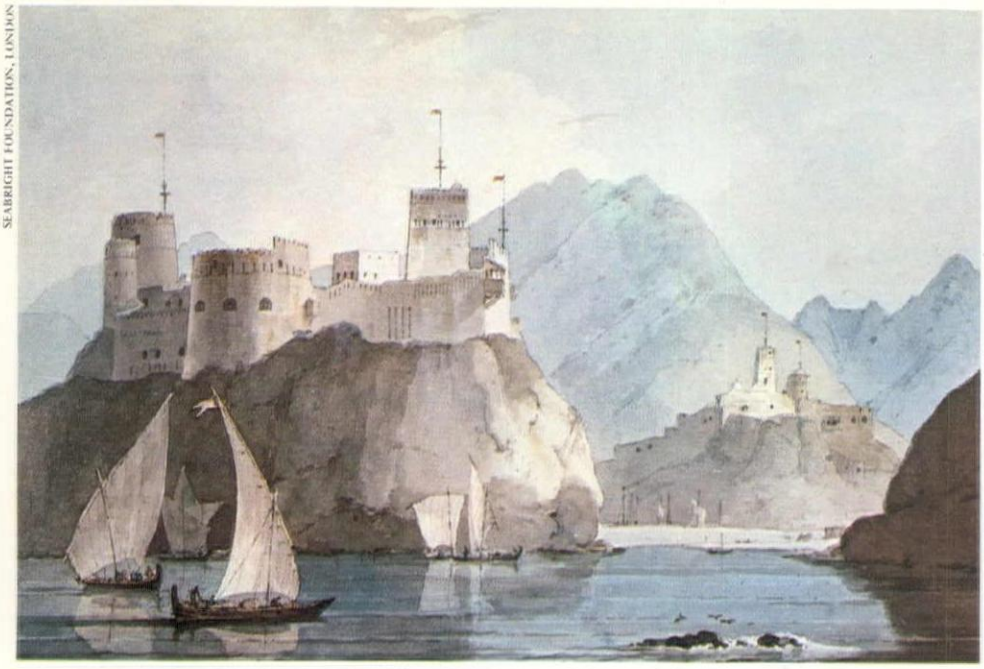
Said bin Sultan

They also made themsel patrons of a cultural revi that united Indian and A skills in some of the fir craftsmanship in Arabia. mani silverwork, in mass bracelets, filigreed necklac and beautifully worked dag hilts and scabbards, was nowned throughout the per sula. Omani coffeepots and tricately brass-bound wooc sea chests were—and still —recognized as among best of their kind. Their m chants' houses, too, had impressive elegance. In M cat, Zanzibar, and seve now-neglected towns of the Afric shore they can still be seen—tall, cc thick walled, and narrow window their galleried courtyards shut aw from the world by carved doors of liveliest workmanship.

To protect all this from rivals a pirates, the Omani sultans also acquii a substantial navy containing, acco ing to some optimistic accounts, fewer than seventy-five ships of the li Thus, by the end of the eighteenth cen ry, when the British sought allies to p tect their growing Indian trade fr European rivals, the sultan of Musc as the Omani ruler was known by the was their first choice. In 1798, with N poleon already in Egypt and India in l dreams, Britain signed a treaty of frien ship with the sultan—its first imper agreement with any Arabian ruler. was a distinctly one-sided affair, impl itly affirming British supremacy and e cluding all other powers from Musc The treaty grandly noted:

As improper reports of a tendency to int rupt the existing harmony and create misu derstanding between the States have go abroad . . . , we, actuated by sentiments of r ciprocal friendship, agree that an Engli gentleman of respectability . . . shall alwa reside at the port of Muscat, and be an Age through whom all intercourse between t States shall be conducted, in order that t actions of each government may be fair and justly stated, and that no opportuni may be offered to designing men, who a

Saiyidah Bibi Salme, minus the customary A



SEABRIGHT FOUNDATION, LONDON

Oman's command of the Strait of Hormuz and the Gulf of Oman has long prompted covetous thoughts and predatory acts. Above, a nineteenth-century water color of Fort Mirani, built in Muscat in 1588 by the Portuguese, who sacked the city and for a century and more controlled Oman's coast.

ever eager to promote dissensions, and that the friendship . . . may remain unshook till the end of time, and till the sun and moon have finished their revolving career.

In time, British curtailment of piracy and the slave trade severed the sinews of Oman's commerce, and when the new nineteenth-century steamships mocked the monsoon and by-passed Oman's ports, even the skills of Oman's sailors at last became irrelevant. By 1833, when the sultan was permitted by his British allies to sign a treaty of friendship with the United States—the first formal agreement ever made between America and any Middle Eastern power—Oman was already a shadow of its eighteenth-century self. Not long afterward, as British hegemony was consolidated everywhere around the Indian Ocean, Oman turned in upon itself again and went quietly and conclusively to sleep.

It was that sleep from which I found the place just beginning to awaken when I first went there two decades ago. The year was 1957. For the whole of the preceding century most of Oman might as well not have existed as far as the great, wide world was concerned. It was July, and up in the baking mountains in the heart of Oman—called the Jebel Akdar, the Green Mountain—schisms that had racked the sultanate for centuries had flared into life again. In scale and style they seemed insignificant: a few hundred crudely armed tribesmen raising a flag of rebellion against the sultan, much as their forefathers had done many times before. But this time the ancient conflicts were entangled with contemporary ambitions. Excited by the arrival of the first oil prospectors in the interior of Oman a few years earlier and inflamed for political reasons by the governments of Egypt and Saudi Arabia, the tribesmen had sensed new horizons. Their quarrels therefore had a new dimension.

Alarmed, the sultan called British troops to his aid, in fulfillment of the old Omani-British alliance. Then, amid inevitable allegations of "imperialism" and "aggression," the little tribal uprising was elevated to the status of a "national liberation movement" and what was soon to be known as "the Oman question" appeared on the agenda of the United Nations and became a hardy perennial of international dispute.

As a British correspondent in the Middle East at the time, I had a small but inescapable role in this assault upon the last remaining bastion of Arabian tradition. I was ordered off at once to hammer upon the sultan's doors and try to discover what was really going on. It was a difficult task, for the sultan was not accustomed to opening his doors to importuning journalists—or, for that matter, to anyone else—and he was e
less disposed to do so now that he wa
trouble. The combined weight of F
Street and the British Foreign Offi
with the American State Departm
pressing discreetly in the backgrou
was required to get me, in company w
an American colleague, into Oman. I
at length, in an elderly aircraft of
Royal Air Force, we made a perilo
landing one afternoon on a gravel st
in the mountains near Muscat a
stepped straight out into some oth
older time.

Never before or since have I expe
enced anything quite as disorienting
those first few days in the Oman capit
Muscat seemed literally the embo
ment of another era; our aircraft mig
as well have been a time machi
Partly, no doubt, this was an illusion
duced by the city's peculiar physi
isolation and its beastly summer c
mate. It lies cramped at the head o
narrow, cliff-bound inlet off the Gulf
Oman, hemmed in by hills of the utmo
barrenness. "The whole country rou
this place," wrote an earlier British vi
tor, a certain William Francklin of t
Honourable East India Company, wh
arrived on New Year's Day in 1787, "
one continued solid rock, without
blade of grass, or any kind of verdure
be seen." So it is, and in July (
Francklin, lucky fellow, could on
guess) that rock seems to focus th
punishing sun of Arabia like a magnif
ing glass upon the dusty alleyways of th
little town. Indeed, in Francklin's da
and long after, the few foreign residen
unfortunate enough to live in Musc
used to wrap themselves in wet shee
and sleep on their roofs on summ
nights—a practice sometimes held r
sponsible for the foreigners' alarming
high death rate.

By the time I arrived, however, mo
of the score or so of Europeans in th
town had acquired electric ceiling fa
and learned the use of salt tablets. In th
European house where I stayed (fo
there was not a single hotel the
throughout the length and breadth
Oman) the servants who brought m

down drink in one hand invariably red me a dish of salt tablets with the er, much as elsewhere they might e extended peanuts or a cheese dip. such rudimentary amenities did lit- o blunt the stupefying impact of the t. Passing the days in a torpid, al- st trancelike state, I felt myself a sort Rip Van Winkle in reverse, caught up somnolent, historical hallucination. Though Muscat was by then a great chronism, it possessed a seductive d romantic charm. Each evening, at two gates in the town's mud wall, ards would slowly heave shut the at iron-studded doors. Thereafter, til dawn, no one could pass either in out without written authority from town governor, nor could anybody ve about Muscat's streets without rying a lantern with a lighted flame. plain electric torch was not permitted a substitute. It was, I was told, too ily switched on or off at moments of recy or emergency. Besides, a big one uld make a more effective club than a tern in the hands of anyone bent on schief.

But this sort of thing was only the re engaging aspect of a prevailing dievalism that laid harsh restrictions every kind upon Oman. By 1957, in t, the Omani sultan of the day—one id bin Taimur Al bu Said by name—s just about the most reactionary and lationist ruler in all Arabia. The thir- nth sultan of the Al bu Said dynasty, id bin Taimur was a strange and irky man, combining a twinkling, t-spoken, and sophisticated manner h natural cunning and a high degree ruthlessness. He had been ed- ated at college in India under British raj and was a regu- visitor to London, yet he s the only Arabian ruler who l kept a personal retinue of ves. I met some of them en they were at length re- sed, after their master's dep- tion in 1970, and discovered at one or two had been so t off from normal human ntacts that they had almost lost the power of speech. Shambling uncertainly into the sunlight of unaccustomed freedom, they were potent symbols of the sultan's entire people, who were kept for as long as he remained in power in a state of more or less universal ignorance, illiteracy, bigotry, and ill-health, utterly out of touch with the outside world and the twentieth century.

The sultan's personal authority was virtually absolute and the joyless prohibitions of a puritanical Islam were rigidly enforced: nobody could smoke, dance, play music in public, or—unless he was one of the tiny band of privileged foreigners—drink any alcohol. Apart from the traditional Koranic schools where children learned only to chant the Moslem holy book by heart, no child could go to school unless the sultan approved, an honor so rarely conferred that there were only three small modern schools in the whole of Oman.

Medical treatment was equally discouraged, the only modern hospital in the country being a tiny American mission establishment that was obliged to do most of its good by stealth. Nobody could open a business or build a house, or even so much as repair one, without the sultan's personal permission. Nor could anyone enter the kingdom or leave it, or even travel about in it, without his direct authority. And since the sultan chose to spend most of his time in total seclusion in Salalah, five hundred miles from Muscat and most of his people, that authority was uncommonly hard to seek, let alone secure.

The sultan's apologists attributed his obstinate attitudes to his father, who had left him a bankrupt treasury in the 1930's, when he had taken over as a young man. In pursuing the elusive goal of solvency ever after, he had developed, it was said, habits of deep conservatism and miserly penny-pinching that he could never outgrow. If so, they had become obsessions by the time I met him, for although he had succeeded by then in accumulating a little money—and was close to receiving a good deal more—he resolutely rejected all proposals for its use in bettering the decrepit condition of his kingdom.

His determination to keep Oman free from the modern world's infections extended with bizarre logic even to his immediate family. His brother, Tariq, was forced to smuggle his sons out of the country in order to get them into a proper school, and the sultan's own son, Qabus, was eighteen before his father was at last persuaded by the British to let him leave Oman and prepare himself for his responsibilities as a future ruler. After a crash course in elementary education with British tutors, Qabus spent some time as an officer cadet at Sandhurst, the British military academy, and finally put in a year's service

Portugal's Affonso

Persia's Nadir Shah

SHAWK HATAMI — BLACK STAR

England's Neil Innes (right)

RENE BURRI — MAGNUM

The shah of Iran

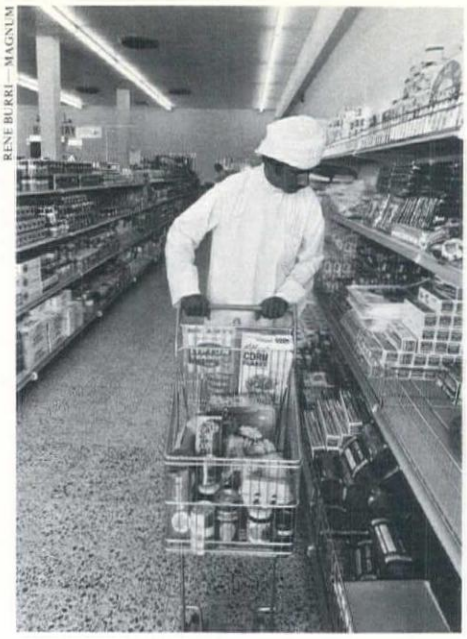
Among the many outsiders who have played roles in Oman are Affonso de Albuquerque, who seized Muscat in 1507; Nadir Shah, who invaded Oman in 1737; Foreign Minister Neil Innes, who helped Sultan Said bin Taimur (with Innes above) crush a rebellion in 1957; and Mohammed Riza Pahlavi, who now trains some of his forces there.

with a Scottish regiment in Germany. In his early twenties he returned loyally to his father's side. But Sultan Said, seeing his son as more of a threat than a helpmeet, reacted in truly autocratic fashion. He locked him up in a suite in his whitewashed palace near the Indian Ocean's shore, with nothing more than a phonograph and a pile of records to keep him company.

Yet in fairness to Sultan Said it must be said that, whatever his failings, he and his people seemed to understand each other, at least until his final paranoiac years. His ways and theirs had, after all, a certain cultural coherence. They shared the same roots and traditions, embedded in a thousand years or more of Oman's history. It was their misfortune that they happened to share, too, the impoverished end of an era. At several other times in the Omani past they might have prospered together as representatives of one of Arabia's most powerful kingdoms, blessed by the unique combination of strategic position and the regular arrival of the beneficent monsoon wind.

As it turned out, it was only a matter of time before Sultan Said bin Taimur was compelled to abandon his position as the last of the Arabian Canutes, vainly trying to stem the tide of the modern world. In July, 1970, the end arrived at last. He was overthrown by his own son, Qabus, discreetly aided by his old British friends, to whom, by that time, he had become an intolerable embarrassment.

The occasion took me back once more to Oman. This time I was welcomed as I had never been before, as a representative of everything the old sultan had rejected. Suddenly all the restrictions were abandoned, all the secret places were unveiled, as from all over Oman tribesmen arrived to greet the new sultan. Day after day and night after night they danced through the streets in a dementia of joy. Sweat soaked their thin cotton robes but still they did not stop. They blew on reed pipes through bulbous cheeks and rattled goatskin drums as if the prohibi-



RENE BURRI—MAGNUM

Six years after Qabus's coup, the twentieth century—including television, cars, and supermarkets—is sweeping into Oman. Omani children (opposite), who until 1970 studied only the Koran, now take other courses, too.

tions of Ibadism had never been heard of. Men stamped and shouted, women trilled and swayed. Ancient rifles crackled, silver daggers flashed, and gold teeth glinted, laughing in the sun. In living memory—and probably far longer—Muscat had never seen anything like this moment of jubilation and release after a generation of deprivation and a century of sleep.

Yet even as the noise rose and fell, it was plain that the euphoria could not last, for the life from which it sprang was ending, too. I was listening to a dirge as well as a celebration.

The signs of irrevocable change are legion now and, as always in such circumstances, much that is socially hopeful is mingled with much that is tawdry and corrupt. New schools, medical clinics, houses, roads, and agricultural centers have transformed the lives and expectations of thousands of Omani families. At Oman's new international airport the jets roar in daily with fresh cargoes of oilmen and bankers eager to lead Oman into their version of the twentieth-century paradise. Radios and color television sets bring global news and images to people who only yesterday could see no farther than the neighboring tribe.

But as the harsh constraints of centuries are lifted, so do the virtues of past decay. Greed replaces Oma traditional generosity, the security ritual surrenders to the confusions freedom, and much that is worst in modern world is eagerly sought as best by people who are making their f experiments in choice. Every big r contract has its payoff, each additio school and hospital lines somebod pocket. Needless Cadillacs multi among the newly rich, and on the lov Muscat waterfront, undisturbed centuries, Sultan Qabus has erecte gimcrack tycoon's palace that looks l an oriental Disneyland.

Oman's traditions of craftsmansl are abandoned or preserved only curiosities. Cars, wrist watches, radi television sets, and record players everybody's status symbols now. Anc the experts fly into Oman, the Oma fly out, panting for the once forbid pleasures of foreign casinos, strip clu and call girls.

They leave behind a society in t flux. It had to happen, of course, a though there is always some sadn when an old way of life crumb abruptly, Oman's transformation serves few regrets. The old life there v harsh and deeply limiting. Far bet today's open and comparatively afl ent horizons, with all their risks and c ruptions, than yesterday's drab, impr oning certainties.

In any case, if we try to take the lo view, we may see Oman's curr awakening as an event in many wa more in keeping with its national p than the century of sleep that has j ended. For on the twentieth-century t of oil and politics, the Sultanate Oman has been restored not merely t measure of physical wealth and hea but also to its oldest and most tra tional international role—as gatekeep to that most vital of all trade routes, t one between the Middle Eastern hea land and the oceans of the world.

David Holden, a correspondent who l long specialized in Middle Eastern a fairs, is the author of Farewell to Arab

V.J.Nicolle

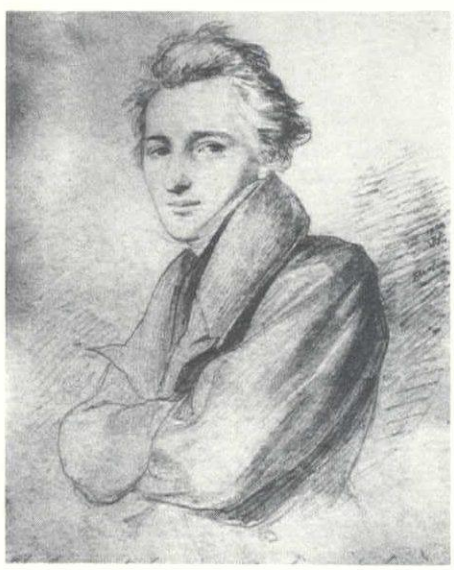
When Paris Was a City for the Young

Students, painters, intellectuals, journalists, grisettes—all were there, along with a young German poet who recorded the epoch of creative ferment between one revolution and the next

f anyone asks you how I'm getting on ere," Heinrich Heine wrote to the pian- t Ferdinand Hiller, "tell him, like a fish the water. Or rather, tell people that hen one fish in the sea asks another ow he's getting on, the reply is: 'Like eine in Paris.'" It was the springtime f French romanticism. Paris had wel- omed *le célèbre auteur allemand, doc- ur Heine* (as *Le Globe* called him) with pen arms when he arrived from Ger- any in May, 1831: indeed, rarely have writer and a city been so obviously des- ned for each other.

"I arrived in Paris at a very remark- ble moment in history," Heine remem- ered afterward. "The French people ad just enacted their July revolution nid the applause of the whole world." his time the revolution had not been llowed by scenes of terror and the mbling of eminent heads into waiting askets. Instead Heine found a city ade for young poets.

ris delighted me, particularly on account the air of gaiety that makes itself felt in eve- thing, and that exercises its influence on en the gloomiest spirits. It's very curious: ris is the theatre wherein the greatest trag- ies of human history have been performed. . The spectator of these Parisian trag- ies has, however, an experience similar to y own at the Porte Saint-Martin Theatre, here I saw a performance of Alexandre



STAATLICHE MUSEEN PREUSSISCHE KULTURBESITZ, BERLIN

Heinrich Heine, above, arrived in Paris in May, 1831, to find the ultimate romantic city. Opposite, in a painting by Victor Jean Nicolle, is the Ile de la Cité and the Left Bank at that time, as viewed from the Louvre.

Dumas's *Tour de Nesle*. I happened to be seated behind a lady who wore a hat made of rose-colored gauze; this hat was so broad that it completely interposed itself between me and the stage, so that I witnessed the whole tragedy through a screen of red gauze, and thus all the horrors of the drama appeared to me in the gayest rose-colored light. In Paris, too, there is such a rose-colored atmosphere to brighten for the spectator the gloom of its tragedies. Even the terrors of his own heart, which the traveler brings with him to Paris, lose their brooding pain. His griefs are wonderfully lightened. In the air of Paris all wounds heal more quickly than elsewhere; there is something in the atmosphere as generous, as benign, as gracious as the people themselves.

These remarks are a thinly veiled allusion to the healing therapy his own broken heart had undergone in Paris. He had arrived with a brooding pain of considerable intensity, still in the throes of an unrequited passion for his blonde, flirtatious cousin Amalie, daughter of the Hamburg banker Salomon Heine. Although he was only thirty-three at the time, he had already been a literary celebrity for several years, thanks to his poems *Die Lorelei, On Wings of Song,* and a dozen others. His own mixed feelings toward his new-found fame are summed up with a typically ironic smile in the poem in which he encounters a brown-eyed lass who asks him who he is and what ails him. He answers:

I am a German poet
Known throughout Germany,
And when they mention the best-known names
They have to talk of me.

And that which ails me, little one,
Ails a-many in Germany;
And when they talk of men's bitterest pains
They must mention my agony.

Heine's sarcasm in prose, however,

By FREDERIC V. GRUNFELD

GIRAUDON

Delacroix's Liberty

MUSEE CARNAVALET—BULLOZ

Bourgeois, students, and workers clash with soldiers in the rue de Rohan on July 29, 18

STREET FIGHTING: JULY, 1830

Delacroix, though bored by politics, was stirred by the Revolution of 1830, when Parisians took to the barricades to protest Royalist decrees. The artist even watched some of the fighting and, as an expression of his love and concern for France, painted *Liberty Leading the People*, with Liberty as half goddess and half woman of the streets. A preliminary sketch for the work is above.

had cost him all the good will he had earned with his poetry: in the eyes of the authorities, at any rate, this poet-prodigy was an *enfant terrible* or even a dangerous radical whose work would bear watching. He had the disconcerting habit, as one of his editors noted, of "thinking aloud the moment an impression strikes him, without reflecting that the whole world is listening to him." It was a habit that nearly landed him in prison but brought him to Paris instead. He was to spend the rest of his life there as a displaced poet, exiled from his public and his mother tongue. Ford Madox Ford, one of the few English writers who have been able to translate Heine's almost untranslatable poetry with most of the cutting edge left intact, understood the deep-rooted ambiguities of his personality. "He is at once romanticist, realist, impressionist, folk-song-folklore German lyricist, French lost soul, Jewish Christian, and the one man who cannot have been descended from the brute beasts."

The intellectual *monde* of Paris in 1831 was more than usually young, ardent, and articulate. The preliminary skirmishes of romanticism had been fought and won: in every sphere of art there was an air of great expectations. Victor Hugo, whose long-haired supporters had routed the clean-shaven followers of classicism at the battle of *Hernani* a year earlier, had just completed his first novel, *Notre Dame de Paris*. Hector Berlioz had just dinned the *Symphonie Fantastique* into Parisian ears as a signal that a revolution was impending in the concert hall. A determinedly independent woman writer, George Sand, had recently made her literary debut in *Le Figaro*. Among the older writers, Stendhal, "the first *modern* man," had just published his masterpiece, *The Red and the Black*. Delacroix was emerging as the most brilliantly gifted of the young painters; Dumas as the most exciting playwright; Balzac, just beginning his *Human Comedy*, as the most panoramic of novelists. Alfred de Musset, Gérard de Nerval, and Alfred de Vigny were experimenting with new forms and rhythms in poetry, much as the two expatriate pianists, Chopin and Liszt, were inventing a new range of images for the keyboard.

A gallery of their portraits—painted by Delacroix, lithographed by Achille Devéria, or engraved by Luigi Calamatta—reveals a series of astonishingly interesting faces. Even allowing for a conventional amount of flattery, these are exceptionally elegant men and beautiful women; sensuous, intelligent, touched by the fire of the romantic imagination. A generation was coming of age: *"une génération ardente, pâ nerveuse,"* as Musset wrote. Conceiv between two battles, raised to the sou of Napoleonic drums, they now sto poised on the threshold of a new e "Behind them lay ruins," Musset sa "the fossils of absolutism; before th lay an immense horizon, the dawn o new age, and between these two poi

During his stay in Paris, Heine saw the city's celebrated monuments take shape: the column in the place Vendôme (top); the place de la Concorde, where an obelisk would soon be erected; and the Arc de Triomphe, which was eventually completed in 1836.

BIBLIOTHEQUE NATIONALE—ROGER-VIOLLET

Hugo, by Daumier

INFIGHTING: *HERNANI*

claring that "romanticism is nothing but eralism in literature," Victor Hugo took ect aim at the Royalists in his drama *rnani*. Its première at the Comédie Fran-se on February 25, 1830, right, was char-erized by partisan catcalls and cheers, d although the play received mixed tices, the theatre was sold out night after ht. Romanticism had clearly won the day.

MUSEE VICTOR-HUGO—BULLOZ

Hugo's band of eighty young bohemians heckle the Royalist hecklers at the première of Hernani.

ocean of uncertainty . . . a stormy sea l of shipwrecks."

Heine plunged recklessly into this aelstrom of events, the waves of the y, the seething revolution." Paris for n was "a pantheon of the living." All e important artists were here: "Par-is not merely the capital of France t of the whole civilized world, the ecca of the intellectual elite. . . . A new , a new life is being created here, and e creators of this new world lead tu-ltuously joyful lives." He saw the mantic movement as a constellation stars of the first magnitude, illuminat-g the whole of France with the fierce ht of its ideas and ideals. "The hearts great men are the stars of earth; and ubtless when one looks down from ove on our planet, these hearts are en to send forth a silvery light just like e stars of heaven. From such an ex-ed vantage point, one might perhaps rceive how many radiant stars are ttered over the face of the earth. . . . w radiant with them is France, the lky Way of great human hearts!"

Equally fascinating was the city of ris itself, for Heine had always been incorrigible crowd- and people-tcher. The French writer Philarète asles once caught a glimpse of him nding on one of the banks of the ne during a summer thundershower—"a small, blond man, leaning against the parapet of the quay, holding his dripping hat in one hand, watching the people going past, and the rainstorm." Chasles was fascinated by this stranger with the billowing hair, who seemed to have nothing else to do but look at people. The sun came out again. "His kind and rather moody glance rested on the children and the young married women enjoying the sun; the bootblacks shouting to attract customers. This man had something in his whole manner that was so untroubled and yet so serious; his gaze was so steadfast and yet so quick-moving, that I carried an image of him . . . long after he had disappeared from sight."

The horse-drawn omnibus had been introduced to Paris in 1828, and Heine regarded this as the perfect way to see the sprawling city. When visitors came to see him he would suggest getting on the first bus that passed. "Where is the coachman headed?" "It doesn't matter. We can talk more comfortably here, and later we can choose another." He took aimless rides around the oldest and most disreputable districts, and went slumming with the composer Giacomo Meyerbeer—disguised in workingmen's caps and old jackets—in the dives and cabarets that surrounded Les Halles of the pre-cast-iron epoch.

The sights of Paris were not then confined mainly to monuments and mementos of former glories. "Never has there been so much building going on in Paris as at this moment under the aegis of Louis Philippe," Heine reported in 1833. "Everywhere there are construction sites for new buildings and even whole new streets. The Tuileries and the Louvre reverberate with the sound of constant hammering. The plan for the new Bibliothèque is the most splendid one could imagine. The Church of the Madeleine, formerly the Napoleonic Temple of Fame, is nearing completion. . . . On the place de la Bastille there is a giant elephant, a not unreasonable symbol of the conscious power and intelligence of the people. On the place de la Concorde we can already see a wooden model of the obelisk of Luxor: in a few months the Egyptian original will be erected there, to serve as a memorial to the horrifying events that once took place there [the execution of Louis XVI]."

Nearby, in the galleries of the Louvre, Heine would wander for hours through endless collections of old masters, and the vast array of new paintings exhibited there each year at the official Salon. Af-

BULLOZ

Delacroix (center, top hat in hand), graces a salon in this water-color sketch by Eugène Lami.

GIRAUDON

George Sand, by Musset

SALONS: "A PANTHEON OF THE LIVING"

Heine was welcomed warmly into the sal
of Paris, where the best and the brigh
artists, musicians, literati, and cultu
minded socialites regularly gathered
talk and perform, to see and be seen. Am
those present at such soirees were Geo
Sand (provocative behind her fan, abo
and her current lover, Alfred de Mus
lounging casually against the firepla

terward he remembered that what surprised him most about Paris in 1831 were the pictures he saw in that year's exhibition, notably the great tribute to the July revolution, *Liberty Leading the People,* that Delacroix had painted in a sudden access of patriotic fervor ("If I have won no victories for my country I can at least paint for it") and that had made its debut the very month of Heine's arrival.

Heine's essays on French politics all point to the fact that the work of the French Revolution in bestowing *égalité* on its citizens had been left unfinished, "and today we are still standing on that battlefield." Despite the reassuring presence of the felt hat and furled umbrella of Louis Philippe, the citizen-king and, as Heine said, "the most bourgeois man in France," there were widespread misery and unrest among the poor. France then had a population of some 32 million: as Armand Marrast wrote in the republican *Tribune,* among them were "500,000 sybarites, 1 million happy slaves, but 21 million helots and pariahs, condemned from birth to suffer all the possible tortures of mind and body." Though the old landed noblesse had lost its power, the country was now in the hands of the bankers. The government itself, said Proudhon, had become a *bancocratie.* Heine agreed that power now resided in the vaults of the Paris Bourse, a great neoclassic temple of finance that had been one of Napoleon's main architectural legacies. "The most beautiful building in Paris," he conceded, adding that he was appalled by what went on inside, on the floor of the exchange, "with its shrill people and its grating sounds, the roar of voices like an ocean of self-interest, with the great bankers surfacing in this human sea like snapping sharks—this is where the interests reside that decide whether there shall be war or peace in our day."

Events in Paris furnished a constant reminder that "the great conflict of our time has not yet been resolved, and the earth still trembles beneath our feet." The class struggle erupted into open warfare again when the republicans took to the barricades in June, 1832. "They were mainly students, handsome youngsters from the Ecole d'Alfort, artists, journalists, in fact all sorts of upward-striving people," Heine explains. They fought in the workers' district around the porte Saint-Martin, within earshot of Heine's flat, and were mowed down by the National Guard, just as Victor Hugo describes the scene in *Les Misérables.* "Here flowed the most ardent blood of France," was Heine's epitaph for the insurrectionists.

But the carnage of the revolt was overshadowed by a far more general a
terrifying disaster that had struck Pa
two months earlier—the great chol
epidemic of 1832, which had alre
decimated the poorer quarters of
city. The cholera had been impor
from Calcutta, via London and poi
east. The first deaths were reported
the end of March; by the end of April
most thirteen thousand were dead fr
the disease. Heine writes that when
first warnings were posted, everyone
fused to believe them and went ab
their carnival celebrations as usual:

Since the weather was sunny and pleas
and this was the day of the *demi-carême,*
Parisians poured all the more cheerfully o
the boulevards, where one could even
masks whose multicolored grimaces w
supposed to lampoon both the cholera
the widespread fear of the disease. That sa
evening they attended the carnival balls
always; their gaiety and laughter alm
drowned out the loudest music; they g
overheated doing the *chahut,* a dance of
very ambiguous meaning, and swallowe
great deal of sherbet and cold drinks: s
denly the gayest of the harlequins felt a c
draft about the legs and took off his ma
revealing to the astonishment of all prese
face that was violet-blue in color. It was s
remarked that this time it was not a joke,
the laughter died on their lips. Sev
wagons full of people drove from the
straight to the Hôtel-Dieu, the central ho

BULLOZ

Alfred de Musset

HACHETTE, PARIS

This illustrious salon—assembled by Mme de Girardin, at center—includes Balzac (left), Delacroix, Liszt, and Sand (grouped around the piano), and Hugo (right). Not present, but sure to be invited on other evenings, were Musset, Berlioz, and Stendhal.

Franz Liszt

FRENCH CULTURAL SERVICES

Hector Berlioz

Stendhal

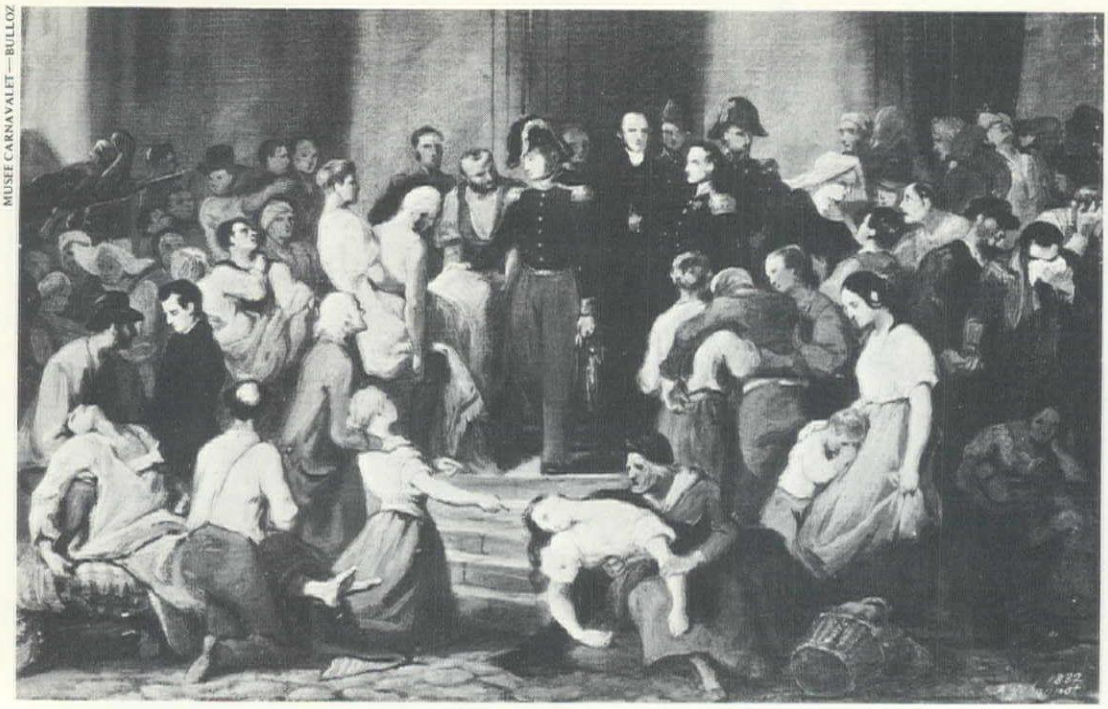
, where, dressed in their adventurous sks and costumes, they promptly expired. ce, in the initial panic, it was thought they ght be infectious, and the regular patients the Hôtel-Dieu raised such a great cry of r, these dead people were buried in such ste that, it is said, there was not even time remove their parti-colored fools' cosnes, and they now lie in their graves as pily as they lived.

Though the cholera was no respecter persons, it had a peculiarly unmocratic way of discriminating ainst the poor. For reasons not underood by the perplexed physicians of the y, it killed three times as many inhabiits per thousand in the crowded slums an in the fashionable faubourgs. inking that the air had something to with it (it was, of course, spread by vage and drinking water), the wealth- Parisians decamped en masse. "The ople grumbled bitterly when they saw at the rich had fled, and had hied emselves off to healthier regions, atnded by doctors and apothecaries," ine wrote. "With dismay the poor rezed that money had now become a isman against death as well. Most of *juste milieu* and the great financial rld have since departed, and live in ir chateaux. But the real repretatives of wealth, the Barons de thschild, have stayed on in Paris, demonstrating thereby that it is not only in money matters that they enjoy taking risks. At the same time Casimir Périer [the prime minister] has shown splendid courage in visiting the sick at the Hôtel-Dieu." Périer was to pay for his bravery with his life; he was among scores of eminent cholera victims, ranging from Jean François Champollion, the Egyptologist who had recently solved the riddle of hieroglyphics, to Baron Cuvier, the founding father of comparative anatomy.

The whole of Paris was traumatized by the cholera; it made an unforgettable impression on the young poets and intellectuals, most of whom had never come face to face with death, at least in such frightening form. Louis Blanc, in his *Histoire de dix ans*, writes that the victim turned into a cadaver even before he quitted this life. "His face shriveled up with breathtaking speed: one could count the muscles beneath the skin, which rapidly became blue-black. His eyes sank back into their sockets . . . his breath was cold, his mouth pale and humid, his pulse beat feebly, his words were whispers." George Sand, living on the top floor of Number 25, quai Saint-Michel, held her breath as she saw the cholera creep up the stairs "floor by floor," carrying away six other occupants of the house before "stopping at the door of our attic, as though it could not deign to be bothered with such insignificant prey."

Dumas actually caught the disease and—displaying the advantages of a bull-like constitution—cured himself by drinking a glassful of ether. Hugo, in his notebooks, castigates the *"pauvres misérables bourgeois égoïstes"* who disregarded the sufferings of the poor during this catastrophe. Gérard de Nerval, who had gone on to medical school despite his early success as a poet, found himself in the front lines of the battle: "I am attending cholera cases, like all students, because of the shortage of physicians," he wrote to a friend. "I assure you it is something terrible."

"A deathly stillness reigns over all Paris," Heine wrote as the epidemic gathered momentum. "A stony expression is on all faces. For several evenings few people have been seen on the boulevards, and what few there were passed each other hurriedly by, with their hands or a cloth in front of their mouths. The theatres are empty. If I go into a salon people are astonished to see me still in Paris, since I have no business to keep me here." He told his friends that he was "too lazy" to leave the city, but the truth does him more credit: with impenetrable sang-froid he was nursing a visiting cousin, brother of the faithless



MUSEE CARNAVALET—BULLOZ

The duc d'Orléans visits cholera patients at the Hôtel-Dieu, in a painting by Alfred Johannot.

Casimir Pierre Périer

Baron Georges Cuvier

Amalie, who managed to recover from the disease. But when Heine sat down at his writing table, "I was much disturbed in my work by the horrible screams of my neighbor who died of cholera. . . . It is very distracting to have the sound of death sharpening his scythe constantly dinned into one's ear."

After the epidemic had run its course, he wrote:

It was a time of terror, far more terrifying than that earlier time when the executions took place so swiftly and secretly. A masked hangman with an invisible guillotine drove about Paris. "One after the other we are put into the sack," said my servant every morning with a groan as he told me the number of dead or reported the death of a friend. The phrase "put into the sack" was no figure of speech. Coffins soon gave out and the majority of the dead were buried in sacks. . . . [Beside one public market], piled high on top of each other, were many hundreds of white sacks which contained corpses; one could hear very few voices, only those of the gravediggers counting over the sacks for the graves with uncanny indifference, and in muffled tones re-counting them as they loaded their carts with them, or grumbled aloud that they had been given a sack too few, and then not infrequently a strange quarrel would arise. I remember that two little boys stood by me with sad faces and one asked me if I could tell him in which sack his father was.

Heine attended the funeral of a friend and accompanied the hearse to the Père Lachaise cemetery. At the approach to the gates they were brought to a halt by the huge traffic jam.

My coachman stopped, and I, awakening from my reveries, could see literally nothing but sky and coffins. I was among several hundred vehicles bearing the dead, which formed a queue before the narrow gate, and as I could not escape I was obliged to pass several hours amid these gloomy surroundings. Out of ennui, I asked the coachman the name of my neighbor-corpse, and—unhappy coincidence—he named a young lady whose coach had, some months before, as I was going to a ball at Lointier, been crowded against mine and delayed just as it was today. There was only this difference, that then she had often put out of the window her little head, decked with flowers, her lively face lit by the moon, and manifested the most charming vexation and impatience at the delay. Now she was quite still, and perhaps blue. . . .

One may learn at deathbeds how to die, and then await death cheerfully; but to learn to be buried, among the graves of quicklime, of the cholera corpses of Père Lachaise—that is impossible. I hastened to the highest hill of the cemetery, whence one may see the city spread out in all its beauty. The sun was setting—its last rays seemed to bid me a sad farewell; twilight vapors covered Paris with a white shroud, and I wept bitterly over the unhappy city, the city of freedom, of inspiration, and of martyrdom; this savior-which has already suffered so much for temporal deliverance of humanity.

Heine had come to Paris only for extended visit, but the months stretc into years. Asked if he intended to turn to Germany, he replied, with usual ironic smile, that he was "Ta häuser, trapped in the Venusberg . . . enchantress won't let me go." The Pr sian government then slammed the d behind him by placing both Heine a his works under a sentence of bani ment. But although he accepted a yea stipend from the French privy purse, refused to become a naturalized Fre citizen. "The stonecutter who is cal upon to adorn my tombstone will f no one to protest when he engraves th words: 'Here lies a German poet Berlioz, undertaking his first conc tour of Germany, wrote an open let to Heine to tell him that he had not b forgotten at home:

What infinite tenderness breathes throu the secret recesses of your heart for country which you have so often satiriz this land fruitful in poets, this country dreaming genius—this Germany, in f whom you call your old grandmother, who loves you so well notwithstandin could see this in the sadly tender way which you were spoken of during my jo ney. Yes, she loves you! On you she has c

"A DEATHLY STILLNESS"

ring Heine's stay in Paris, nothing af-
ed him as greatly as the cholera epidem-
f 1832. When the first reports of the dis-
e were posted, Paris was gaily celebrat-
its pre-Lenten carnival with outlandish
tumes and riotous parties. Revelry was
n replaced by tragedy, as the ever-length-
ng death lists were published. By
time the epidemic had run its course,
usands had died, including the prime min-
r, Casimir Périer, and the noted anato-
t Baron Cuvier. Those who could afford
led the city, but Heine stayed on, of-
accompanying the long processions to
e Lachaise cemetery, where he surveyed
beloved city and wept bitterly over the
fering and death he was witnessing there.

MUSEE CARNAVALET

Carnival revelers ride through the streets of Paris in this engraving by an anonymous artist.

itrated all her affections. Your great elder
thers are dead. She now counts only upon
, and . . . calls you her naughty child.

But Heine knew that he would be free
write as he pleased only if he
nained in exile. Besides, he was still
olly captivated by Paris and would
ve exchanged it for no other city.
ce, many years after he first came to
ris, he wrote: "I returned here yester-
y after a four weeks' absence, and I
nfess that my heart sang with joy in
breast as the stagecoach rolled over
e beloved pavements of the boule-
rds and I passed the first fashion shop,
th its laughing grisette faces—as I
ard the tinkle of the cocoa vender's
ll and as the blessed gracious air of the
y floated toward me."

By that time, to his friends' astonish-
nt, one of these laughing grisettes had
come his wife. Mathilde Mirat was
neteen and a shop assistant in her
nt's shoe store when Heine met her in
34; at the time she could neither read
r write. Heine was delighted that
athilde knew nothing of poetry and
d no inkling that her lover was one of
e Great Men of Literature: it gave him
e delicious sensation of being loved in-
gnito. "She loves me for myself," he
ed to boast, "and my literary reputa-
n has nothing to do with it."

His friends describe her as a dark-haired beauty "of opulent form" who had a radiant smile and a penchant for throwing tantrums. "In a fit of temper she was capable of beating herself with her own fists," recalled the Alsatian writer Alexandre Weill. "Two minutes later her fury would be drowned in tears and sobs. . . . At those times she was not a woman but a child, and like a child she would stamp her foot, hit herself, and fling herself to the ground. . . . It was hilarious."

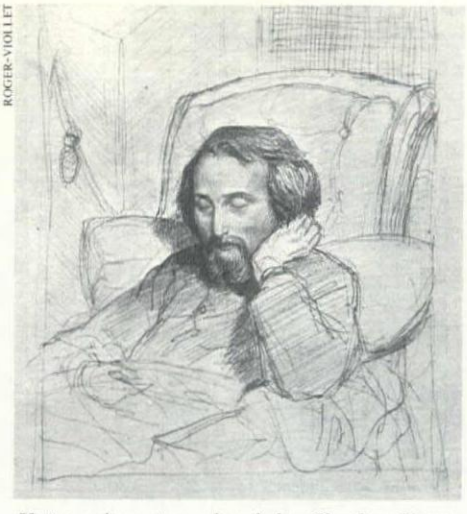
Heine took all this in good grace. "She is absolutely aboriginal and *sui generis*," he insisted, "that is why I love her so much. Despite her bad temper she never harms a fly. She loves animals, especially parrots, and she doesn't read cheap novels." He spent more than ten thousand francs of his hard-earned money to send her to a girls' *pensionnat* where she could learn to read and write, and also acquire some of the social graces. Heinrich Laube accompanied him one Sunday when he went to watch her progress at the school: "The young students had organized a little ball, and we were supposed to watch Heine's 'little woman' as she danced. She was by far the tallest of them all, but to his delight she danced as gracefully as a young girl, like the most petite debutante."

He had bought her from her aunt for three thousand francs, and in return she was unshakably, even menacingly, devoted to him. "You belong to me!" she would say in a threatening tone of voice. "Wherever you go, I'll go with you, to the end of the world; even to hell itself! I belong to you because you bought me, but I've also bought you—you know the price—and you belong to me for life!" Laube says that they played together like children, and that Heine loved her tenderly in a wholly unliterary fashion. For six years they simply lived together; then Heine married her in what he supposed might be his eleventh hour, on the eve of a pistol duel that he fought in 1841 with one of the many minor literati he had insulted in his essays. (The opponent's bullet merely grazed Heine, and the poet fired into the air.) His subsequent attempts to introduce Mme Heine to polite society were short-lived. After a dinner *chez* Heine to which the journalist Jules Janin and Hector Berlioz were also invited, the poet Léon Gozlan had the effrontery to write in Heine's guest book: *"Il n'y a q'un seul moyen de se défaire d'une vieille maîtresse. Il faut en faire sa femme."* (There is only one way to rid oneself of an old mistress: marry her.).

Heine's health was already causing him a great deal of concern: he had begun his long and terrible descent into the "mattress grave." The first signs of the trouble had appeared as early as 1832, when he complained in a letter that he was unable to move two fingers in his left hand. Gradually the whole left side of his body became paralyzed. In the early 1840's he told one of his women friends, "Now I can only eat on one side, and only cry with one eye! I'm only half a man . . . in the future, will I only be entitled to half your heart?"

For a time he was still able to go limping around Paris, meeting his friends in the cafés and visiting the reading rooms that subscribed to the German newspapers. Mentally, at least, he was unaffected, and he lost none of his presence of mind: once, on a visit to the young revolutionary Karl Marx, recently arrived from Germany with his wife, Jenny, he saved the life of their infant daughter by improvising a cure for the baby's nearly fatal attack of colic. But by the end of the 1840's he was confined to his bed "like Prometheus chained to a rock." Friedrich Engels wrote to Marx that Heine seemed to be "dying piece by piece." Even so he proved to be far tougher than anyone suspected, and his life as a bedridden paralytic dragged on incredibly, year after year.

It was Mathilde who kept him alive, after her own fashion. One night, during one of his periodic crises, when it seemed that his last hour had struck, she rushed to his bedside, took his hand in hers, and cried, "No, Henri, you can't do this to me; you can't die! Just this morning my parrot died, and if you did, too, I'd be too miserable." Heine recovered because, as he said, he had always allowed himself to be swayed by "really cogent reasons." During these last years only a handful of his old friends made the pilgrimage to his bedside. Gérard de Nerval was the great exception: he "visited me every day in my solitude at the barrière de la Santé in order to work quietly with me at the translations of my peaceful German fantasies. . . . Gérard's diction flowed with a lovely and inimitable purity, which resembled only the great graciousness of his soul. He was, indeed, more soul than man . . . yet I found in him none of the egoism of the artist; he had a childlike frankness, he had a sensitive delicacy, he was kind and loved all the world."



ROGER-VIOLLET

Heine, above in a sketch by Charles Gleyre, was bedridden during his later years, and heard only from a distance the thunder of cannon in the Revolution of 1848 (opposite is a battle in the boulevard des Capucines).

Gérard, however, was already suffering from intermittent attacks of insanity and was soon to commit suicide. "Whom Jove wants to punish he turns into a poet," Heine told a young writer who had just seen Gérard, at Heine's bedside, go drifting off into incoherence. "This evening you have seen one great poet: he is insane. Come to see me on Thursday and I will show you Alfred de Musset, who seeks forgetfulness and death in a bottle of absinthe, and is certain to find them soon. . . . And look at Heinrich Heine, doctor of jurisprudence, who has a disease of the spinal cord. . . . He too is a poet of our times who will die of a sort of poetic delirium tremens."

Yet the poetry persisted. A special table was made for him so that, propped up on his mattress, he could go on writing with his one "good" hand, with which he could just manage to scrawl poems in inch-high letters. His mattress grave, far from stifling his genius, only deepened and intensified it, and he continued to produce masterpieces: the *Romanzero*, *Atta Troll* ("the last woodland song of romanticism, and I its last poet"), the poems of protest against the suppression of the German and Hungarian revolutions, the last love sonnets, the poems of *Lazarus*. It was as if his beloved Paris had rewarded Heine for his attentions by instilling him with the spirit of François Villon:

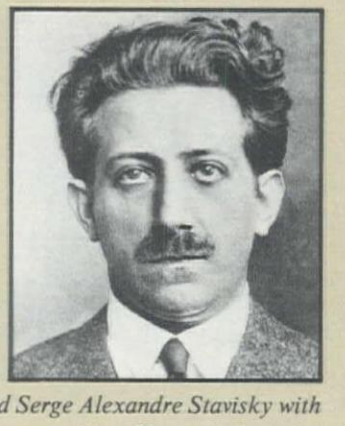
> How slowly time, the frightful snail,
> Crawls to the corner that I lie in;
> While I, who cannot move at all,
> Watch from the place that I must die in

His brother Gustav, who came to pay his last respects, realized with a shock that "this was a whole new world, which he had created for himself on this bed of pain." Yet at the same time he still kept up with Paris—but from a distance, the way he heard the thunder of cannon during the Revolution of 1848. In his last apartment, on the top floor of a house on the avenue Matignon, near the Champs Elysées, all of his windows looked out over the city; he had a terrace made on a balcony, surrounded by flowerpots, so that with his one remaining eye he could take a last panoramic look at this Paris he had loved so well. It was the Louvre he missed most of all. "Imagine," he told one of his friends, "a man like me, who loves art so much, has not seen a painting in seven years!"

He wanted the Parisians to remember him as he had been when he still moved about the city like a fish in the sea, "*un qui suis presque français dans mes idées et dans la vie*" (I who am almost French in my ideas and in life). When the *Revue des deux mondes* published a picture of him "with bowed head like a painting of Christ by Morales," he complained to Théophile Gautier that this had "caused these good people to feel much too sorry for me," and asked him to "place my former picture in place of this tragic mask." He was determined to the end to see the world through the rose-colored screen of Parisian gaiety. He died in 1856, probably more thoroughly prepared for the event than any other poet before or since. Just before his death he said to Mathilde, who was praying fervently at his bedside: "Calm yourself, my child, God will forgive me; after all it's his métier!"

STAVISKY
and the Fall of France

In Alain Resnais's recent, brilliant film, the dealings of a high-placed swindler bring down the Third Republic. But who was the real Stavisky, and how wide was his reach?



Jean-Paul Belmondo, left, portrayed Serge Alexandre Stavisky with jaunty amorality in Alain Resnais's 1975 film. The real Stavisky, at right, was photographed shortly before his suicide in early 1934.

With the exception of the monarchy, the Third Republic was the longest-lasting regime ever to govern France. Between its difficult birth in 1870 and its unlamented death in 1940, it managed to endure for seventy years. It led France to victory in World War I and produced leaders like Clemenceau. It presided for a time over the most powerful nation in Europe, a prosperous nation with a great empire and an enlightened civilization. But in the midst of these achievements something happened to the Third Republic that sapped its vitality, and at the first sign of an external threat it rolled over and expired. The collapse was sudden but its roots were deep: the Third Republic was suffering from a steady, creeping enfeeblement for which there was no cure. As Livy said about the decline of Rome, it could endure neither its vices nor their remedies.

Among the vices, there was the instability of revolving-door governments, 107 in all, or an average of one and a half per annum. There was a clan of recurring mediocrities like Aristide Briand and Edouard Daladier at the helm, and the multiparty system contributed to the vacuum of authority. Then, too, the nation was increasingly polarized between a disillusioned left and a right that admired fascism. There was also a population drain (France's postwar population was 39 million, compared with 63 million for Germany), caused by a zero growth rate and the death of a million and a half people in World War I.

The trauma of that four-year blood bath had made France numerically and psychologically unfit to fight another war twenty years later. Among the people there was a widespread attitude of cynicism and defeatism (*je m'en foutisme*), while the sclerotic high command, obsessed with the idea of a continuous defensive front, argued that the horse was better than the tank and that there could be no such thing as aerial combat. There was the flight of capital, a devalued franc, a backward industry, a venal and irresponsible press, and a bankrupt "peace at any price" foreign policy. Finally, there was a series of financial scandals that further undermined the regime by pointing to corruption in high places. Foremost among these was the Stavisky scandal, which was rather more sweeping than the others since members of all three branches of government were involved. Thanks to Stavisky, the government fell, and Paris experienced the worst street riots it had seen in sixty years.

Perhaps it was the idea of the shabby con man as giant killer that a pealed to the gifted film mak Alain Resnais. Perhaps it w the analogy with our own tin in which Stavisky could be se as the key figure in a decayi system that provides a congc ial environment for parasi that eventually destroy it.

In this sense his film *Stavis* is fascinating. It is faithful the style of the period and g erally careful in its presentati of the facts. Stavisky, played Jean-Paul Belmondo with ji the right tone of jaunty amorality, seen as a sort of French Arturo Ui, w rises in the system and is accepted by t establishment precisely because he unprincipled. The Third Republic, R nais is telling us, was a period wh dishonesty was rewarded. He is al telling us that there are hierarchies dishonesty. There is, first, Stavisky t petty crook who prospers thanks to l government connections. There is al the system, which closes ranks when it threatened by Stavisky and arranges f his disappearance. And there is, final the reaction of an enraged public opi ion, fanned by a dishonest press, whi uses Stavisky as a way of bringing dov the system.

Stavisky is a brilliant entertainmer but in making its point dramatically, t film becomes disconnected from hist ry. Perhaps this is true of most theatre fact, even the greatest examples, li Shakespeare's *Richard III*. If it succee as theatre, it fails as history. *Stavisky* t film suffers from the single-cause fa lacy. To say that Stavisky the man w

By TED MORGAN

: agent of the Third Republic's demise ike saying that the *ancien régime* came an end because of the Freemasons or : high price of bread. To isolate one :ce from the mosaic of decline and ake it serve as a total explanation akes a better story but wanders quite ong way from the truth. Seen off cam-a, the Stavisky case was not the Third :public's coffin, it was really only one the nails in the coffin, and a fairly unt one at that. Other scandals had al-ady established in the public mind the nnection between government of-ials and crooked business deals. In 28, for instance, Clemenceau's minis-r of justice and one of the signers of the ersailles treaty, a man named Louis-ucien Klotz, was arrested for passing id checks. In 1930 a shady bank run / a man named Oustric failed despite s influence in high places.

When the Stavisky case broke in 1933, e world depression had reached rance. Unemployment was high, the anc was weak, and civil servants had st taken a 6 per cent pay cut. A great any citizens—among them the civil rvants with amputated salaries, the tty bourgeoisie by necessity dipping to their savings, and the *rentiers* whose ed incomes had dropped 20 per cent ecause of devaluation—were in a bel-gerent mood.

It was against this backdrop of dis-ntent and lack of confidence in elected fficials that Sacha Stavisky took stage nter. He did not look like Jean-Paul elmondo. He was short and oop-shouldered and had eepy eyes, a pinched mouth, id a toothbrush mustache. e came from a decent middle-ass background. He did not ecome a criminal because of deprived childhood or bad mpanions, but by vocation. e belonged to a species that nds its greatest satisfaction in uping others, a species that ung, in *Archetypes and the Col-ctive Unconscious*, calls the ickster-figure, whose aim is to aster the world through guile, just as the engineer masters it through mathematics and technology. The trick-ster-figure appears in every age: in eight-eenth-century Italy his name was Scapino, and in the France of the 1930's his name was Stavisky.

While still in his teens, Stavisky started passing bad checks and counter-feiting treasury bills. In his twenties, he was arrested for adding an extra zero to a four-thousand-franc check. In 1926, charged with swindling two stock-brokers out of seven million francs, he was again arrested, in the middle of a dinner party in a luxurious villa in Marly-le-Roi, in the presence of his pretty mistress, Arlette Simon, whom he later married. The scandal was too much for his father, who killed himself. Stavisky spent eighteen months in jail before being released to await a trial that never came. By that time he had turned police informer, receiving favors in exchange. Between 1926 and 1934 his trial was adjourned nineteen times. Stavisky, who had changed his name to Serge Alexandre, seemed to be above the law. It did not improve matters that the head of the Paris Parquet (the public prosecutor's office responsible for the delays), Georges Pressard, was Premier Camille Chautemps's brother-in-law; or that the man who did the actual post-poning, Albert Prince, was later found on the rails of the Paris-Dijon line, probably murdered.

As Stavisky's influence grew, he be-gan to paint on a larger canvas. Why swindle a man with a forged check when you could swindle an entire city, an entire country? He bought a theatre and interests in newspapers. He was seen in the company of cabinet ministers. He hired four members of the Chamber of Deputies as lawyers. (It was one of the worst failings of the Third Republic that a lawyer who was elected to the Chamber could continue to practice in civil and criminal cases.)

It was in 1928 that Stavisky launched his first national swindle. Every French city has a government-licensed pawn-shop, or Crédit Municipal, where citi-zens in need of cash can hock their jewel-ry. Stavisky had himself named as the agent to float a bond issue backed by the Crédit Municipal of Orléans. He used fake emeralds as collateral for the bonds, which he discounted at a legiti-mate bank, using the money to fund new ventures. In one year he made off with ten million francs' worth of bonds. Using money obtained from another swindle, he was able to redeem them before he was caught.

In 1930 he moved the Crédit Munici-pal operation to Bayonne, a sleepy city of thirty thousand near the Spanish bor-der. He had somehow obtained from the minister of labor, Albert Dalimier, two letters endorsing the Bayonne bonds. Stavisky promptly floated twice as many bonds as were covered by deposits, a total of 239 million francs' worth. Two sets of books were used to conceal the discrepancy. No one found it suspicious that a town of modest size should float such a large bond issue—one explanation given was the influx of Spanish refu-gees. With Dalimier's endorse-ment, Stavisky sold the bonds to insurance companies, who were under the impression that they were guaranteed by the state.

Stavisky had no way of re-deeming the bonds until he launched an even bigger swin-dle. He discovered some ob-scure bonds that had been is-sued in accordance with the Treaty of Trianon to benefit

CINEMATION INDUSTRIES

UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD

In the film, Anny Duperey, left, played the role of Stavisky's mistress and wife, Arlette Simon. In true life, Arlette was a former Chanel model. In the 1930's, right, she posed dripping with ermine.

UPI

The mayor of Bayonne, Joseph Garat, left, was a participant in Stavisky's swindle, in which bonds like the one at right were redeemed on phony credit.

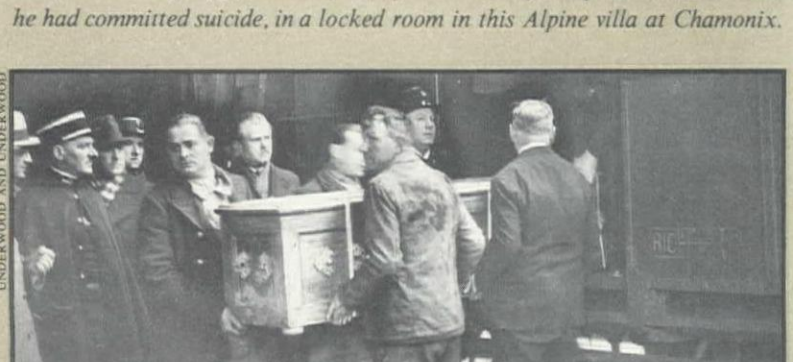
UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD

UPI

Stavisky spent large sums on jewels, some of which are above. When he was strapped for cash he pawned them, at least once at the London shop at right.

UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD

Early in January, 1934, Stavisky was found dead by the police, who claimed he had committed suicide, in a locked room in this Alpine villa at Chamonix.



UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD

Later, his body was returned to Paris for an autopsy. Investigators upheld the verdict of suicide but reproached the police for their unorthodox methods.

Hungarians living on Rumanian territory who wished to be repatriated. During the postwar years, the bonds had gradually gone the way of other reparation payments, losing most of their value. Stavisky bought up these Hungarian bonds for a fraction of their nominal value, and in the summer of 1933 went to see the minister of labor (no longer the same one who had endorsed the Bayonne bonds) and announced that he had found a way to abolish unemployment. Naturally the minister was interested, since unemployment was his biggest headache. Stavisky's plan wa found a company that would l money to local authorities at low int est rates to launch public wo projects. The money would be raised floating bonds. The bonds would guaranteed by his Hungarian bonds.

The minister of labor was sufficien impressed to ask the Ministry of nance for an opinion. The opinion ca —it was unfavorable. The Ministry Finance went further. It published circular warning prospective buy against the phony bonds. The irony h is that although Stavisky had b helped by friends in high places, he w finally destroyed because the gove ment was not dishonest enough.

The Finance Ministry circular was t start of his ruin. In December, 19 when tax inspectors took a close look the books of the Bayonne Crédit Mu cipal, the first mention of the scandal a peared in the press. Several arrests w made in Bayonne, and Stavisky was p suaded to disappear. He obtained a fa passport, and left Paris to hibernate the Alpine ski resort of Chamonix.

With Stavisky's disappearance, t right-wing press seized on the affair attack the Chautemps government. T Royalist *Action Française* led the w with violent editorials denouncing c ruption, and published the two Dalimi letters. A cartoon in the *Echo de Pa* showed Dalimier at dinner, looking c spondently into the sauceboat and sa ing: "The Bayonnaise has turned Thanks to daily revelations hinting far-reaching corruption, the scand gathered momentum. On January 1934, the *Action Française* ran a ba ner headline saying "Down with t Thieves" and called for street demo strations.

On January 8, the police locat Stavisky's Chamonix villa and forc the door to his room. The police sa they found him stretched out at the fo of his bed in a skiing outfit, and that had shot himself in the temple. No o in Paris believed this version. In ra agreement, the Communist *Human* and the Royalist *Action Française* co

uded that Stavisky had been mur-ered because he knew too much. The assic headline which Resnais used in s film, was: *"Stavisky s'est suicidé une balle qui lui a été tirée à bout ortant."* (Stavisky committed suicide ith a bullet that was fired at him ointblank.)

In the film, Stavisky decides at hamonix to go back to Paris to onfront his accusers. It is then that he es the police arriving and locks himself his room. The implication is that icide would have been out of charac-r. A man as dynamic as Stavisky ould not have gone down without a ght. The viewer is left with the uneasy eling that Stavisky's suicide was assist-l. In fact, nothing in the historical cord gives us any insight into Sta-sky's intentions at Chamonix. The rliamentary inquiry that followed s death, which was generally praised r its thoroughness, concluded that avisky had killed himself, but blamed e police for their clumsy handling of e operation and said that he could ve been taken alive.

The point of Resnais's film is that avisky's suspicious death brought out the death of the Third Republic. o sustain this point of view, Resnais s to create a fictional character, the ron Raoul, who is both Stavisky's end and the emblem of the declining ciety that Stavisky finishes off. Acted Charles Boyer with a fine balance of genuousness and disenchantment, the ron Raoul is a passive, nostalgic idler o has dissipated his family fortune in rsuit of gentlemanly pleasures. He is nservative but incapable of resisting ange. He believes in an aristocracy of e-minded men of honor, but becomes e dupe of the *arriviste* Stavisky.

Throughout the film, the baron Raoul shown in counterpoint to Stavisky. He ears the rosette of the Legion of Honor his lapel, for instance, while Stavisky ears a red carnation. In one scene, they e watching auditions for a play avisky is producing. A young actress s picked the scene with the Specter om Jean Giraudoux's *Intermezzo*, and Stavisky volunteers to read the Specter's lines, which are ruminations about death. The implication is clear—the actress represents the Republic, and Stavisky is the messenger of death. Later, at the inquest that follows Stavisky's suicide, the baron testifies that he had no idea that Stavisky was a crook, and repeats, like a visitor from another century, Talleyrand's celebrated remark about the pre-1789 *ancien régime*: he who did not know France during that time has not known the sweetness of life.

To reinforce his thesis, Resnais introduces another character in the person of Trotsky, who was, in fact, given asylum in France between 1933 and 1935. We glimpse Trotsky on half a dozen occasions in the various abodes of his exile, attracting a following of young people and foreign sympathizers. He and Stavisky never meet, but in Resnais's contrapuntal technique they are

Albert Prince, the judge who had postponed Stavisky's trial on a 1926 swindling charge, was found dead, probably murdered, on the tracks at right.

In November, 1935, Arlette and nineteen others, above, none of them politically important, were tried in Paris for complicity in Stavisky's swindles.

Arlette, above with her attorney, was found not guilty in January, 1936. High government officials, rumored to also be involved, were never brought to trial.

linked, leaving the viewer to ponder the reason for the connection.

The reason is this: Stavisky, like Trotsky, was a Russian Jew, the son of a Kiev dentist who migrated to France in 1900, when Sacha was fourteen. Both were outsiders, one in exile, and the other a naturalized Frenchman, during a period of open anti-Semitism. And both were subversives. Trotsky had helped bring down the *ancien régime* in Russia as Stavisky was now bringing down the remains of the *ancien régime* in France, the one as a revolutionary and the other as a swindler. Resnais pushes the connection further by blaming Trotsky's expulsion on the Stavisky case. The film's argument is as follows: the Stavisky scandal led to a bloody right-wing uprising in the place de la Concorde, which provoked the collapse of the government; the right-wing press charged that granting Trotsky asylum was one of the crimes of a rotten regime, and clamored for his banishment; therefore, afraid of renewed rioting, the government expelled Trotsky. The historical record does not bear out this interpretation. It was not until May, 1935, after Foreign Minister Pierre Laval had gone to Moscow to negotiate a Franco-Soviet alliance with Stalin, that Trotsky, fearing he would be deported, sought refuge in Norway.

History is too untidy to be faithfully adapted to a dramatic form for the stage or the screen. The real drama, as it was played out after Stavisky's death, began with a two-day debate in the Chamber of Deputies on January 11 and 12. In the crowded lobbies, people chanted, "Sta-vis-ky, Sta-vis-ky," like keeners at an Irish wake. The most sensible remark, amid a flood of partisan oratory, was probably made by the Socialist deputy Léo Lagrange, who asked himself how Stavisky had been able to get as far as he did, and answered, "It is simply because he found in our principal social organisms—in the police, in the judiciary, in public and private offices, in the press and in Parliament—a sufficient number of greedy people and a sufficient amount of carelessness and corruption."

Premier Chautemps misjudged the political climate. Perhaps because several of his relatives were implicated (in addition to his brother-in-law Georges Pressard, his brother Pierre was a lawyer for one of Stavisky's companies), he rejected a proposal for a parliamentary inquiry, and became known as the *grand étouffeur*, the great husher-upper.

By this time, there were daily riots in the streets, and fistfights in the Chamber of Deputies. The inflammatory mood was fanned by articles in the *Action Française*, whose circulation, thanks to Stavisky, had soared to half a million. The minister of justice resigned in a minor scandal unrelated to the Stavisky affair, and on January 27, the Chautemps government handed in its resignation. It was the first time in the sixty-four-year history of the Third Republic that a government with a solid majority had been brought down.

Edouard Daladier formed a government, but was no less heavy-handed than his predecessor. He dismissed the director of the Comédie Française, Emile Fabre, whose revival of *Coriolanus* had given rise to demonstrations. Each evening a Royalist claque applauded lines that could only be interpreted as an attack on parliamentary government, such as: "What should the people do with these bald tribunes . . . throw their power in the dust!" Fabre was replaced by M. Thomé, the former head of the Sûreté, who was under a cloud for helping Stavisky. Daladier also dismissed the Paris prefect of police, Jean Chiappe, whose right-wing sympathies were common knowledge. Chiappe was a popular and lively Corsican, whose enduring monument is the *passage clouté*, a pedestrian crossing between two rows of metal studs set in the pavement.

Chiappe's dismissal ignited another series of editorials and calls to take to the streets. He replaced Stavisky as a rallying cry. Stavisky had been the target of the right, and Chiappe became the martyr of the right.

On February 6, 1934, the Daladier government was making its inaugural appearance. Every right-wing grou from the Action Française to the Cr de Feu, told its followers to take to t streets on that day and march on t Chamber of Deputies. The result w the bloodiest uprising since the 18 Commune. To keep them from overru ning the Chamber, the police fired the demonstrators. Fourteen rioters a one policeman were killed in the sev hour battle, and more than two th sand were injured. Among the fo thousand demonstrators were armed militants of right-wing grou fascist sympathizers, misguided Co munists, and many Parisians who h come out to protest against *les volet* which meant Stavisky and his cronies

Had the rioters reached the Chamb it is conceivable that right-wing lead like Charles Maurras and Colo François de la Rocque could ha taken power and led some sort of fasc regime, and it would be possible to that the Stavisky case had caused collapse of the Third Republic. But t did not happen. The Daladier gove ment, less than two weeks old, fell, a was replaced by a government head by Gaston Doumergue. The Repub was feeble, but it was resilient. It wo totter along for another six years. February 12, in response to the rig wing demonstrations of the previc week, the leftists called a general stri Communists and Socialists march together in the place de la Républiq It was a preview of the Popular Fro the left-wing government that wo come to power in 1936.

The Doumergue government, acco ing to one of its critics, was like a po tice on a gangrenous leg. At le Doumergue had the good sense, on F ruary 24, to form two committees of quiry, one on Stavisky, known as "thieves' committee," and one on riots, known as the "murderers' co mittee." The merit of the "thieves' co mittee" was that the deputies who ma it up did not shrink at implicating th colleagues. Seventeen deputies, committee found, had been to vary degrees involved with Stavisky. M

eavily involved, of course, were the our he had hired as lawyers. Other high fficials were named. A Paris magisate, dismissed because of his dealings ith Stavisky, tried to poison himself. A epartment head in the Ministry of Agculture, who had been on the board of irectors of one of Stavisky's compaies, was dismissed and cut his throat.

Such extremes of remorse were rare, owever. The committee did not find a eneral pattern of corruption. It was, fter all, thanks to the vigilance of the linistry of Finance that Stavisky had een caught. But it did describe a umber of ways that public services falitated corruption. Because he was a olice informer, the Sûreté did not ok too closely at Stavisky's activities. ecause he hired influential lawyers, he as able to obtain trial postponements. ecause he said *tu* to deputies and *cher i* to cabinet ministers, his fraudunt schemes had a veneer of credibility. ecause several newspapers were on his tyroll, the press ignored him.

Stavisky had a gift for exploiting the voritism, vanity, and nepotism of the épublique des Camarades (Republic Chums). Sometimes there was outht dishonesty, but more often there is carelessness, the muddle of dossiers, accepted tradition in government partments of putting things off and changing favors, and a penchant for gotiated solutions. Stavisky had erely taken advantage of what Edmund Burke called "the confused and affling bustle of local agency."

That is why, for all its shortcomings, would be misleading to describe the ird Republic as corrupt. Once its illss was diagnosed, it had enough antidies to survive the tumor. Stavisky is less important for what he did than the way he was used by the opposin. For the Stavisky case brought out mething far more serious than inence-peddling, and that was a crisis authority. As a result of press campigns and street agitation, two governnts, supported by a majority in a mocratically elected parliament, were ced to resign. A weak executive, not

BROWN BROTHERS

UPI

Resnais, in his film, draws a parallel between Trotsky, left, who helped bring down the ancien régime *in Russia, and Stavisky, whose swindles caused daily rioting in Paris, right, that contributed to the downfall of the government. There is, however, no reason to believe that Trotsky and Stavisky ever met.*

WIDE WORLD

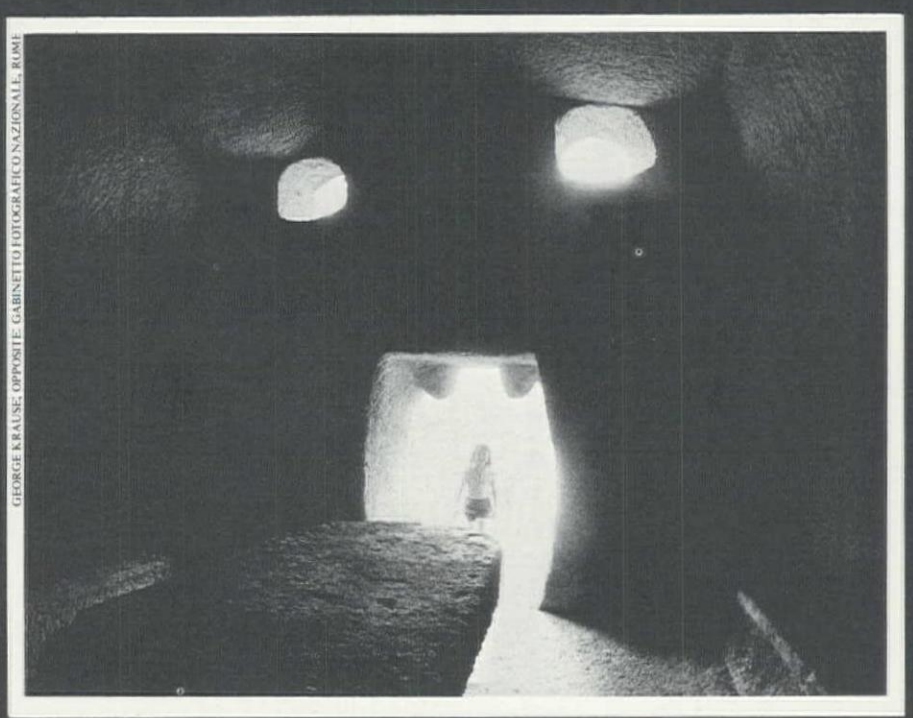
The film Stavisky *suggests that the scandal ultimately brought about the collapse of the Third Republic. Above, two top leaders of the new Vichy regime, Pierre Laval, the chief of government, and Marshal Pétain, the chief of state, inspect an honor guard of French troops on November 1, 1942.*

corruption, was the Third Republic's mortal sin. The Stavisky scandal gave the right wing the chance to show that it could bring down governments by taking to the streets. Two years later, when the Popular Front came to power, the workers occupied factories in another example of power through mass pressure. Instead of government by ballot box and parliament, there was government by strikes and riots.

When the end came, it was not because of a domestic crisis, but because of an invasion. The enfeebled Republic was unable to fight. With the Germans sweeping through France, the deputies met for the last time in Vichy in July, 1940, and voted to change the constitution, which in effect put an end to the Third Republic. The National Assembly vote was 569 for, 80 against, and 17 abstaining. Senator Boivin-Champeaux, the chairman of the committee charged with reforming the constitution, pronounced a suitable epitaph: "It is not without sadness that we shall bid adieu to the constitution of 1875. It made France a free country. . . . It died less from its imperfections than from the fault of men who were charged with guarding it and making it work." Proclaimed in 1870 after the French defeat by Prussia, the Third Republic was laid to rest in 1940 as the result of another French defeat. Power was handed over to Marshal Pétain, who at the age of eighty-five was fifteen years older than the Republic he had buried. If any single person should be held responsible for the collapse of the Third Republic, that person is not Stavisky, but Adolf Hitler.

Ted Morgan is a journalist with a long-standing interest in the history of the French, particularly the Third Republic.

THE STRANGEST GARDEN IN THE WEST



GEORGE KRAUSE; OPPOSITE: GABINETTO FOTOGRAFICO NAZIONALE, ROME

Although it is called Bomarzo's Gate of Hell, the monstrous mask opposite is actually the entrance to a cave, above, which is furnished with a stone picnic table that seats six.

Four hundred years ago
a reclusive Italian duke created his own
enchanted forest at Bomarzo.
Here is a guide to its bizarre delights

By ROBERT HUGHES

GEORGINA MASSON—THAMES AND HUDSON

Built about 1570, the Villa Lante has a show-place Renaissance garden.

ACCADEMIA, VENICE—ALINARI

Young Man in His Study, *by Lotto, circa 1527*

Mystery surrounds the life of Pierfrancesco Orsini, creator of Bomarzo. No one even knows what he looked like, although a novel about his life has it that Orsini sat for the portrait above by Lorenzo Lotto. At the time he conceived his Sacred Wood, opposite, with its sculptures set in disarray over a hundred acres, the fashion in gardens dictated parterres in symmetrical patterns, like those of the nearby Villa Lante, at left.

The garden lies tangled in its vegetation. Its sculptures, carved out of the cheesy, mica-flecked tufa of the Bomarzo Valley some forty miles north of Rome, have taken four centuries to lose most of their erotic languor or expressive strain, and now—pitted and listing sideways in the gluey clay, patched by gray and green mosses—they have returned to the primitive condition of rocks, outcrops of immobile Etruscan stone whose roots go deep into the ground, sharing its darkness with the forgotten tombs of an earlier people. Some years ago, before the local mayor decided to harness the citizenry to clean up their tourist attraction, one entered by a rusty gate, through whose iron whorls nothing appeared except dark clumps of oaks and a small stone temple with portico and dome that might (or might not) have been designed by Giacomo da Vignola in the sixteenth century. This rational little structure announced a descent, past the triple-headed Cerberus baying beside the broken flight of steps, along a terrace lined with the fallen bomblike hulks of stone acorns, each six feet high, to a colossal nymph. Her skirt often held a pool of rainwater, and her head wore an immense dish in which a clump of flowering agaves grew. The visitor passed barely decipherable inscriptions on every rock, the rampant bear of the Orsini emblem, and a twin-tailed siren.

Then, below, the second terrace, and an elephant crushing a Roman soldier in its trunk, watched by a silently roaring mask cut into the rock of the hill: you could walk through its stone mouth, beneath the inscription *Ogni pensiero vola* (All thought flies away) cut in the upper lip, and recline on its tongue. A dragon reared up, its wings spotted with Islamic crescents, battling against two mastiffs. Fountains, long since dried and their pipes blocked; a nymphaeum; a leaning tower, but built leaning, and with the fireplaces in its exiguous rooms plumbed straight by whimsical masons—so the path downward into the Sacred Wood continued, along washed-out tracks, under tottering retaining walls that bulged outward under the shifting earth of the valley, past two colossi locked in their endless upside-down murder, and to a thirty-foot-long tortoise and the monstrous mouth of a whale that emerged from the ground beneath it. Bomarzo in late autumn was a peculiarly silent place. No streams, only the seep and drip of water punctuated by occasional birdcalls; it was haunted, but by what chilly afternoon ghost?

This is the strangest garden in t
West. Inevitably it is a subject of l
ends. At dawn, just before the sun ri
over the valley, the statue of a wom
riding the giant tortoise turns around
her pedestal, once. At midnight on a c
tain date in March, if you have the co
age to wait on the steps that ascend
the *bocca d'inferno*—as the Bomarz
call the mask—its lips will writhe a
speak, revealing the time and place
your death. Fairies and worse
reputed to infest the Sacred Wood, a
this is attested by one of the inscriptic
carved near a fountain: "By night a
by day, we watch and are ready to gu
this spring against all injury." But if
stories are put aside, and the st
monsters of Bomarzo, together w
their layout and inscriptions, are seer
a work of art—that is, as a group
images intended to convey some me
ing, however private, esoteric, or oth
wise inaccessible—what can be s
about this place?

At first not very much, except t
Bomarzo is in absolute contrast to
general trend of late Renaissance gar
design. In the exquisite grounds of
Villa Lante, built a few miles away n
Viterbo for the Gambara cardinals,
pattern is organized around a cen
axis, a spine of water. Water issues fi

EMMET BRIGHT

Among Bomarzo's marvels are an embattled dragon, an elephant, and a tower that leans toward a hill.

spring at the top of the hill, descends rough a sequence of transformations: wn a *chasse d'eau*, out of pools, into ıntains, through the trough of a forıl banqueting table, underground, d out again to burst with ravishing ın from a star supported by four ɔnze Moors. With similar formality, u follow its course downhill, through races and parterres and flights of ps, all symmetrically arranged. Boırzo lacks this order and pairing. Inad, the visitor wanders from one ıarvel" to the next: the figures and ɔnsters go by like allegorical figures in elaborate sixteenth-century court ısque, except that it is the spectator ıo moves and not the stone protagots. The landscaping, the downward ːh, the sudden apparition of a sculpe at a bend or from an odd angle—ːse build up a constant level of prise and must always have done so, ːn when the carvings were new and shrubbery less rank. The shock of images replaces the more common ɪ oafish shocks of Renaissance *giochi cqua*, the hidden waterspouts with ich Tivoli and the Villa Lante were ɔby-trapped. In short, Bomarzo even ruin is a quintessentially Mannerist rk of art, informed by the same kind ɔizarre and erudite taste for artificial nature that swept the courts of Europe in the late sixteenth century.*

Very little has been discovered about the man who built Bomarzo. This is odd, for he belonged to one of the most powerful and richly documented families in the history of Renaissance Italy. Pierfrancesco Orsini, duke of Montenero, Collepiccolo, and Castelvecchio, was born sometime between 1512 and 1520; he died in 1585. This country nobleman preferred to all his titles the nickname "Vicino" (the neighbor). He sprang from a notably ruthless line of robber barons who had emerged from the muddled and barbaric squabbles of a collapsed Rome in the tenth century and become one of the supreme clans of the peninsula. (The name Orsini began in the legend that their first ancestor had been suckled by an *orsa*, or shebear, as Romulus and Remus, the founders of Rome, had been by a wolf bitch.) Vicino's father, a condottiere named Gian Corrado Orsini, acquired Bomarzo in 1502 and, since the site had some strategic value by virtue of its view of the Tiber Valley, converted an existing fortress into the four-hundred-room castle that stands today, jammed into the cliff like a yellow labyrinthine tooth in its petrified gum.

If his son Vicino ever took part in the rapacious political life of the Orsinis, no record of it survives. Not only are we unaware of what he did, except build a garden; there is also no trace of what he looked like. An Argentinian novelist, Manuel Mujica-Lainez, wrote an opulent fiction (*Bomarzo*, Simon & Schuster, 1969) to flesh out this wraith of Italian history and suggested that the *Young Man in His Study* by Lorenzo Lotto was in fact Vicino. Perhaps so, perhaps not. A local tale has it that Vicino was a hunchback who created a garden of monsters in order to persuade his wife, Julia Farnese, that deformity held its own mysterious principles of delight. But again, there is no evidence for or against the story. Contemporary records of Vicino are quite schematic. As befitted a wealthy duke, he is known to have had a modest court circle of artists and writers and to have written verse himself. One versifier named Betussi praised his genius and his "immense, almost fatal physical beauty." The author-historian Francesco Sansovino also wrote that Vicino was a man "of honorable presence and kingly aspect, who loved not only arms but letters, in which he showed facility and a fertile imagination." All this has an odor of obsequiousness. Court writing, especially in sixteenth-century Italy, was not

*See "Mannerism," HORIZON, Summer, 1973.

portage and became even less so in oportion to the remoteness and solutism of the court. Bomarzo was ry remote indeed. A poet who failed discern in his patron the temper of hilles, the literacy of Virgil, the auty of Apollo, and the subtlety of rmes might soon be out of a job.

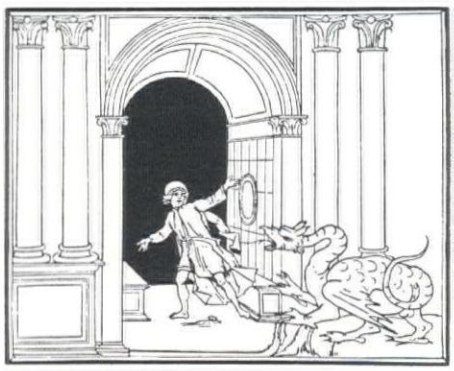
One of the inscriptions in the garden ads *Vicino Orsini Fec. MDLII*, so the cred Wood must have been started at ist by 1552. Its construction was to mble on for another thirty years, and, is the nature of open-ended and ob-ssive projects, the park never was fin-ied; the valley of Bomarzo is still ewn with boulders marked by a few eliminary chiselings. Apparently Vi-io was still absorbed in it in 1564. A ter from Annibale Caro dated Octo-r 20 of that year begs the duke's par-n for not writing earlier; Caro had en as much tied up with his little vine-rd at Frascati as the duke was with his heatres and mausoleums" at Bo-arzo. (Clearly the masquelike charac-of the garden was not lost on Caro.)

By 1580 Vicino confessed in a letter at he was bored with the whole oject. He was in his sixties by then, d no more work was done. One may ume that since he had dictated the iole program of the Sacred Wood and en seems to have written its inscrip-ns, there must have been no reason to ntinue. In 1645 the duke's property s sold to the della Rovere family, and gardens began to decay. In the end *meraviglie*, or marvels, of Vicino Or-i's fantasy went unnoticed for more in three centuries, and not even ethe, who went into such raptures r the rather less convulsive parade carved freaks at the Villa Palagonia Sicily, heard about Bomarzo.

The surrealists rediscovered it. Sal-dor Dali went there with a squad of *parazzi* in the 1940's and tried, unsuc-sfully, to buy two of the statues for house in Cadaqués. Bomarzo thus led into the surrealist canon, and ever ce then, most of the writing about it s been done by critics whose reaction romantic spots and out-of-the-way

UFFIZI — ALINARI

Lion fighting dragon, by Leonardo da Vinci



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Poliphilo fleeing dragon, artist unknown

The dragon holding two mastiffs at bay, opposite, echoes two earlier art works, a drawing by Leonardo (top) and a woodcut (above) from a popular allegory of the time, the Hypnerotomachia Poliphili (Love, Dream, and Battle of Poliphilo), *published in 1499.*

ruins was steeped in surrealist ideas of fantasy and enigma. The only book on Bomarzo (other than Mujica-Lainez's novel) was written in 1957 by André Pieyre de Mandiargues, a French novelist, critic, and pornographer. He declared in true surrealist vein that beauty often presents itself in the guise of a nightmare, and

> quite unconsciously as a rule, though sometimes quite intentionally, the makers of monuments achieve their greatest splendor when they venture as far as possible from what is taught in the art academies. Thus, in disorder, helped by the forces of nature, some places have been created by human hands which truly possess a mad beauty. I do not know one such place in Europe which contains this last attribute in greater measure than the valley of Bomarzo.

A German critic, Gustav Hocke, took much the same view of Bomarzo in 1957 in a book written expressly to show that sixteenth-century Mannerism and twentieth-century surrealism were manifestations of the same impulse:

> Bomarzo is the realization of an "idea" of nature in which beauty is fused with horror. . . . The deformation of the human body, of architecture; the violence done to nature and even to cosmogony; here, these are the servants of calculated aberration, used consciously as an aesthetic means. Beauty had to be . . . terrorizing, diabolically shocking.

The trouble with this rhetoric is that it has very little to do with the intentions of Vicino Orsini, and even less with the artistic climate of the century in which the garden and its sculptures were made. Whatever else he might have been, Vicino was not a madman, afflicted with melancholia. *Anima quiescens silentior fit* (The soul grows more silent as it is calmed): so reads a cartouche on Vicino's leaning tower. And the theme of the garden as a place of rest, of release, runs through other inscriptions: *Sol per sfogar il cor* (Only to unburden the heart). Is it likely that Vicino would have had such sentiments cut into the rocks of his park if he had meant the place to reduce him and his guests to a terrified pulp of emotion?

In fact, the enigmas of Bomarzo are impervious to a surrealist theory of art, but they may surrender themselves to more orderly tools. Consider what de Mandiargues says about the giant tortoise, surmounted by its draped figure:

> On its shell, a bizarre pedestal supports a ball, and on top of this maliciously [*sic*] balanced, stands a statue of a nymph . . . whose hands make the gesture of holding a trumpet. It is likely . . . that this trumpet once existed, and that it produced, by means of the play of water, a music which could only have been celestial or terrifying.

Perhaps there was water music at Bomarzo (another marvel of the sixteenth-century garden designer's skill, the Organ Fountain in the Tivoli Gardens, was roughly contemporary with Bomarzo). But wherever its wheezings and hootings may have issued from, it cannot have been this statue, for there is no hole in the nymph's eroded face through which air could have been blown into the lost trumpet. This figure, balanced on a sphere, her drapery billowing as if in a head wind, is actually

GEORGE KRALSE

That good luck is slow in coming may be the message of this tortoise carrying Fortuna.

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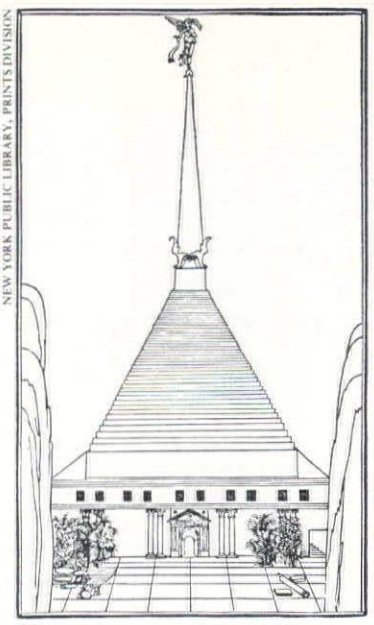


Temple, Hypnerotomachia Poliphili

a common Renaissance allegory. She is Lady Luck, or Fortuna. One of her classical attributes is her swiftness: she flits by, and if you want to seize her, she must be caught by the forelock; you cannot catch up with her. Herein lies the point of the sculpture. It is an elaborate stone joke. Vicino Orsini's *Fortuna* is mounted on a tortoise, the most lethargic of steeds. Her trumpet is the instrument of Fame, which, the *concetto* proclaims, comes too slowly to Vicino, a poet whose works were published only on his ancestral boulders.

Such twists, puns, and literary elaborations are typical of Mannerist court art. They were aimed at members of a sophisticated minority (in Vicino's case, invented by and for an audience of one) whose education predisposed them to think in allegories and conceits, and there is nothing intrinsically irrational about them, except the scale and the setting, which Vicino meant to be astonishing. His desire to go down in history as the maker of the eighth wonder of the world is recorded over and over again in verse on the rocks of Bomarzo. The voice of the duke—for there seems little doubt that the lines are his—whispers continually through the garden, promising and asking for stupefaction:

> He who passes through this place
> without raised eyebrows
> and an open mouth
> will be even less astonished
> by the seven wonders of the world.
>
> Reflect on this,
> part by part,
> you who enter here;
> then tell me whether so many
> marvels
> were made by trickery,
> or by art.

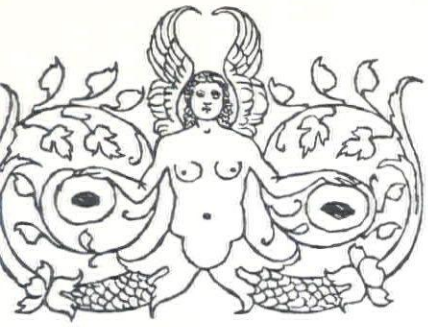
Vicino had no doubt that his garden was unique:

> Memphis and all the other marvels
> that the world esteems give way to the
> Sacred Wood,
> which resembles only itself and
> nothing else.

The recluse of Bomarzo had indeed produced an incomparable work of art. There is nothing else like it. But before asking where he got the idea for his garden, we might consider what the idea of a *meraviglia* meant to a cultivated person in mid-sixteenth-century Italy, and what it did not mean.

Looking back on the past, we automatically tinge it with the dye of our own cultural assumptions. The elaborate artificiality of Mannerism, for example, has been taken as an index of strain by critics for the last fifty years, and the irrationalities of modern art—especially of surrealism—are wished back onto a style that did not in fact share them. In Mannerist art, whetl tiny, like a Cellini ring, or vast, like Bomarzo gardens, the idea of a mar centers on virtuosity. This was a c scious game. You selected, or better s invented, a formal problem whose d ficulty would be obvious to a cultiva audience and then solved it with gr and ostentatious ease. The essential d logue in Mannerist style was betwe the difficulty of the problem and the cility of the solution. The issues w fully understood. With surrealism, t exalted status of style did not exist: surrealist was apt to find an image "m velous" because its maker did not derstand it; the image was esteemed the trace of impulses that play throu an artist in his role as medium for Unconscious. Thus a marvel is not liberately shaped, not controlled; i the product of a chance encounter in odd context.

By contrast, the sixteenth-century tron marveled at consciously deplo skill. Extravagance proved the arti ingenuity, and part of this ingenuity a field of literary cross-references. Si most modern art does not appeal to a erary culture, it is not necessary to sume that the viewer has sets of such erences in his head. A split has ope between sensual and conceptual course. Mannerism presupposed th unity. Hence Bomarzo seems to h



Siren, Hypnerotomachia Poliphili

GEORGE KRAUSE; LEFT: NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, PRINTS DIVISION

Her twin tails spread along the ground, a colossal siren watches over the Sacred Wood.

Many sixteenth-century artists and garden designers drew inspiration from the *Hypnerotomachia* woodcuts, and it seems likely that Orsini had them in mind when he directed the carving of his Bomarzo sculptures. Fortuna borne by a tortoise (opposite, or left) is similar to the figure of Fortuna atop an obelisk opposite; the siren at right, although she has no wings, bears a striking resemblance to the woodcut above.

straddled the literary and visual cultures of its time, in an often second-rate and derivative but always quirkish and unexpected way. Fictional gardens may well have given a cue to the creator of the Sacred Wood.

Vicino was an eclectic. That is clear from the sculpture he commissioned: the Michelangelesque giants, the oriental motifs, the zoo of images. And in his time it would not have been possible to be a dilettante for long without encountering one of the most admired books of the sixteenth century, the *Hypnerotomachia Poliphili*, or *Love, Dream, and Battle of Poliphilo*, which was published in 1499 and is believed to have been written by a Venetian monk named Francesco Colonna. The *Hypnerotomachia,* a long, obscure, and almost impenetrable allegory, enjoyed a wide circulation among humanists and scholars in Italy, France, and England. It tells of a man who, in search of his ideal lover, Polia, begins in a trackless and frightening wood, emerges from it parched with thirst, falls asleep, passes through two successive layers or states of dreaming, and awakens in an ideal garden-landscape, strewn with odd monuments and the ruins of antique temples. He has come to the fairy realm of Queen Eleuterilda, where, after a great deal of allegorical maneuvering, Polia at last appears to him in the form of a nymph, and they are blissfully united. In a number of ways the *Hypnerotomachia*, being fundamentally an allegory of the descent, purification, and rebirth of consciousness, resembled other medieval and Renaissance literary monuments, notably Dante's *Divine Comedy*, with which it has in common, to name only four aspects, the vision of the ideal lady (Beatrice in Dante, Polia in the *Hypnerotomachia*), the initiation by terror in a dark wood, the sleeping fits that lead to new revelations, and the guide.

The *Hypnerotomachia* was liberally illustrated with woodcuts, showing the ruins, statues, masques, inscriptions, and processions that Poliphilo encountered. They are very detailed and explicit. Plate after plate is devoted to close-ups of the ornaments on Cupid's chariot, or the temple in which Poliphilo is scared by a dragon; and some two hundred inscriptions, of stupefying length and prolixity, are "recorded" from graves in the Polyandrion, a classical cemetery that he and Polia visit. The plates in the *Hypnerotomachia* had an immense influence over the way people thought about gardens in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and they can also be shown to have inspired famous monuments of the time—Bernini's elephant carrying an obelisk in Rome, for instance, derives from a cut in the *Hypnerotomachia.*

In Colonna's work lies one origin of the artificial ruin as garden architecture, which became such a cult with landscape architects of the eighteenth century. And it seems possible that Vicino Orsini remembered this book while designing his valley at Bomarzo. For in valley as in text we have a collection of allegorical marvels, copiously inscribed with references to dreams, the spirits of a sacred wood, and initiation by amazement. And there are many similarities of detail between the *Hypnerotomachia*'s woodcuts and Vicino's designs in Bomarzo. The dragon Poliphilo meets in the temple may be reflected in Bomarzo's dragon; the siren in the valley, twirling her tails, is—allowing for a slight difference of graphic flourishes not transferable to three dimensions—the exact sister of a detail in the *Hypnerotomachia*; and the effigy of Fortuna that Poliphilo sees balanced on an obelisk above a temple in Queen Eleuterilda's demesne may have suggested Vicino's Lady Luck on tortoise-back, rising majestically above the trees. Even the profusion of texts and mottoes carved on Bomarzo's rocks reminds one of the inscriptions with which Poliphilo's dreamland is so generously dotted. They serve to mark points in the narrative just as Vicino's inscriptions stop you in the garden, and one reason he takes four hundred pages

BOTH: GEORGINA MASSON — THAMES AND HUDSON

A stone titan, some twenty feet high (above and at right), grapples with another giant in Orsini's Sacred Wood. Carved from an enormous rock and covered with lichen, the sculpture seems to grow right out of the earth.

to finish his dream is that he is always halting to read the writing on the wall.

Yet it would narrow the garden and do injustice to the breadth of Vicino's fantasies to try to locate all its images within one book. The Enchanted Forest, the Sacred Wood, was one of the favorite themes of Italian literature. It occurs, to name only two sixteenth-century writers whom Vicino may have read, in Bernardo Tasso's *Amadigi* and Torquato Tasso's *Gerusalemme liberata*. By the same token, some Bomarzo sculptures that have no parallel in the *Hypnerotomachia* could have derived from any one of a dozen written sources. Is the whale the Biblical cetacean, for instance? Or is it the sea beast on which Ariosto's hero Astolfo sets foot, in mistake for secure land? Some images may be historical: the attacked dragon with its crescent wing-ornaments may refer to the defeat of the Turks at Lepanto, which happened while work on Bomarzo was in progress, and it is difficult to explain the elephant, crushing its victim clad in ancient Roman armor, except as an allusion to Hannibal's campaign. The huge mask, whose inscribed mouth promises the restful cessation of all thought (or perhaps the ironic impossibility of communicating with posterity: *Ogni pensiero vola* indeed), is a familiar Mannerist architectural motif, and the same image exists in openings to doors and windows of the Palazzo Zuccari in Rome. It is the once terrible symbol of hell's gate, deprived of its power by Mannerist wit and transformed into a garden kiosk with a table for picnicking.

Of the artists who carved these fables, nothing is known. The legend that the work was done by Turkish prisoners of war from Lepanto may be dismissed out of hand, since figurative sculpture did not flourish among those people, whose religion forbade the making of images. There are no signatures, several hands seem to have been involved, and various minor artists in the circle of Michelangelo, each less convincing than the last, have been proposed. But there is one interesting possibility about the sculptures. Some, if not all, of the shapes may have been "released" from what the artist (or more likely his master, Vicino) saw lurking in the natural form of the boulders, strewn *in situ* down the valley. A famous passage in Leonardo da Vinci's notebooks adumbrates this:

> If you look at any walls spotted with various stains or with a mixture of different kinds of stones, if you are about to invent some scene . . . you will also be able to see divers combats and figures in quick movement, and strange expressions of faces, and outlandish costumes, and an infinite number of things which you can then reduce to separate and well-conceived forms. With such walls and blends of different stones it comes about as it does with the sound of bells, in whose clanging you may discover every name and word that you can imagine.

Bomarzo is an ambiguous place, and the cliffs above its valley can still reveal, under some lights, the contours of mask and grimace, coifed with wild tufts of trees against the skyline. The prodigies of Vicino's Sacred Wood may have risen to greet him from the stones themselves. But we will never know for certain; and perhaps it is not such a pity, for the pleasures of Bomarzo still depend, for pedant and surrealist alike, on the elusiveness of its meaning.

In our Winter issue Robert Hughes defended the grandeur of Beaux-Arts architecture.

The Decline of Common Sense

And why we might wish to revive it

Common sense is usually said to be sturdy, but in fact it has been faring badly ever since the Scientific Revolution began. It is plain, common sense declared in those days, that the sun revolves around the earth. Wrong, said Copernicus, and of course the astronomer was right. It is plain, said common sense, undaunted, that heavy bodies fall faster than light ones. Wrong, said Galileo, and of course Galileo was right.

Don Quixote and Sancho: "pointing the way to unfathomable depths"

So it has been for the past four hundred years. Every time a new science took command of a subject, common sense had to retreat. When the dismal science of economics was founded, common sense, it turned out, did not even understand money. By the time Ibsen was ready to proclaim that "a majority is always wrong," the authority of common sense had clearly reached some sort of nadir. There it remains to this day, and no one seems to care as much as I think we should. We live, said George Orwell, in a "yogi-ridden age," an age when every kind of mountebank, quack, and nostrum peddler can gather himself a sizable congregation—occasionally even an entire nation. Surely this is true, in part, because common sense has lost its grip.

Just what is common sense anyway that its decline should merit concern? This turns out to be a difficult question; common sense is far easier to recognize than define. An abstract definition, for one thing, is hardly in keeping with its spirit, for common sense itself is unreflective, the "unthinking reasonableness" of humanity, according to Hegel, perhaps its last philosophical admirer. A purely personal conception of common sense would do even greater violence to its spirit, for personal and private judgments, the fruits of mere self, are the common enemies of common sense. They are exactly what common sense irons out like so many wrinkles in a shirt.

The ironing-out process seems to work somewhat as follows. Ask twelve randomly chosen people to sit down together and reach a common judgment on some common human occurrence. Ask them, for example, whether a person who walked smack into a roadside pothole did or did not bear some blame for his fractured shinbone. At first, and almost inevitably, the extremists will dominate the discussion. One of the group, scathing in his contempt for fools, insists that anyone stupid enough to walk into a pothole should count himself lucky he still h neck. A second person, ec scathing in his contemp government, asserts that public official who failed a pothole merits public ce and instant recall. Othe the group, holding mid views, will emphasize the tingent, qualifying facts i case at hand.

In the exchange of v the contemner of fools that he has grown a bit l hearted. The denouncer of cialdom learns that road r tenance is more difficult than he supposed. Indeed, in the course o discussion, everyone will surrender s of his cherished private notions. A mon judgment is reached, and it i judgment of common sense. It is b on what the twelve conferees hol common, after discarding what is about humankind's moral and civi sponsibilities as they pertain to wal on and repairing roadways.

I am, of course, describing the d erations of a jury in a negligence Yet what is the jury system if n monument to our faith in common s (and what is the modern impati with juries if not testimony to our lo that faith). The jury room is a for house for reaching common-sense clusions, and it plainly reveals the e tial point about common sense. It i the sense of commoners. It is the s that is found to be common whe facts of the case are inspected from number of personal viewpoints.

By WALTER KARP

rigin of common sense is simply umankind's faculty for talking and changing views. It is the deliberations a vast, diverse jury charged with rening a sober verdict on human life, uman nature, and human passions.

Prideful people, understandably, dis-ke serving on juries, for common sense a fierce humbler of pride and egotism. tells the man with a theory that he has ft out a salient fact. It reminds the man ith the eccentric viewpoint to shift his atching post a little and take a second ok. The great virtue of common sense amplitude. Common sense does not ke in everything, but it never omits uch of importance. When it thinks of ealth it remembers poverty, and when thinks of play it will not forget toil.

Common sense remembers, too, that uman pleasures are not so plentiful hen anyone tries to snatch one away. ake, for example, the common-sense ew of vegetarianism. The vegetarian wells on slaughterhouse horrors and illingly forgoes the pleasures of food, ociety, and shared festivities. Common nse holds fast to those pleasures and ill not, in this vale of tears, put a cattle arket at the center of life. It even sus-ects that an uncommon empathy for tted calves masks a want of common ffection for people. Common sense olds, in other words, that all discus-ons of diet are shallow unless we con-der the effects of diet on fellow feeling, hich is to say, on something more im-ortant than food.

To say that common sense has lost its rip is to say that prideful people and ne-sided views hold undue sway in our ouncils. The prideful take up, for ex-mple, the "problem of the unfit arent." As usual with the prideful, they rasp the wrong end of the telescope, for e real question, the profound ques-on, the common-sense question, is why many parents are fit. Why is it that, espite all the temptations of flesh and irit, despite the ineradicable fact of uman selfishness, more parents herish, protect, and nurture their ildren and devote the best years of eir lives to them? It is the common-sense question because it starts with the rule and not with the exception. This is the real meaning of the adage about the exception "proving" the rule. Starting with the rule is the first rule of common sense and defines its indispensable function: to remember the comprehensive facts in the case, the facts that most faithfully summarize our shared experience of life, what Dr. Johnson called our "general nature."

Someone once mentioned to Johnson a certain person who claimed to see no distinction between virtue and vice. To which Johnson replied: "If he does really think that there is no distinction between virtue and vice, why, Sir, when he leaves our houses let us count our spoons." This is, I think, a perfect example of common sense set to work, albeit by an uncommon man who wielded it like a club. A prideful conceit makes its appearance and common sense subjects it to the comprehensive fact: if we didn't distinguish between virtue and vice, no one could trust another and the whole system of life would fall apart.

Common sense, then, is adamantly antihistorical. It insists implicitly that nothing fundamental really changes much. Birds of a feather will still flock together, pride will still go before a fall, an ounce of prevention will still be worth a pound of cure, and our general nature will still be visible under any cloak that history fashions for it. What, after all, do Homer's heroes have in common with us? Nothing, except pride, vanity, courage, friendship, fear, anger, folly, and mortality.

It is here, however, that common sense and modern thinking have most widely drifted apart. The modern mind is history-minded. It dwells not on permanence but on change. It sees humankind submerged in history, created by history, altered perpetually by history. From the viewpoint of modern thinking, the comprehensive facts of our general nature hardly seem very important. They appear to be a sort of lumpish residue left behind by the historical process and consisting chiefly of trifling truisms about birds of a feather and the like.

This view is a perilously shallow one. The facts that common sense grasps are often the truly deep and marvelous ones. The rule always cuts deeper than the exception. Any clever sociologist can (and will) get up an explanation of crime, but it would take more than a clever sociologist to explain the real mystery, which is why most people are law-abiding. Similarly, any ingenious psychologist can produce an explanation of suicide, but who will explain nonsuicide? Even the intrepid Aristotle gave up any thought of trying. "There must be something sweet about life," he concluded, "or men would not cling to it so." Is there a general proposition more profound, more rich in wonder, than this common-sense observation?

A truly surprising paradox is implied in all this. Prideful thought and common sense stand at opposite poles, yet the poles turn out to be the very reverse of what they seem at first glance. It is vaunting prideful thought, the thought of singular people, that usually ends in a cut-and-dried syllogism, and it is plodding, worldly common sense that leads to mysteries beyond rational solution.

No one has rendered this paradox more beautifully than Cervantes. His Don Quixote represents all that is noble and silly in vaunting singular pride and in a life bravely lived according to one's own stock of notions. Quixote himself adheres to a quite systematic, if comical, ideology—the rules and principles of chivalric romance. At the end of his long adventure in the chivalric system, however, Quixote takes to his bed with a common-sense proverb on his lips. "There are no birds this year in last year's nests," he wearily reminds his faithful companion. It is Sancho Panza, who represents all that is earthbound and commonsensical, who begs Quixote with tears in his eyes to get out of bed and go roving once more. So reason, the product of one man's communion with himself, ends with a bump on the solid earth, while common sense, the product of humankind gossiping around the village pump, points the way to unfathomable depths.

Gypsies

With a portfolio of portraits by Josef Koudelka

Gypsy caravan, Czechoslovakia, 1965

Wordsworth called the Gypsies "wild outcasts of society." In the folklore of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, they appear mainly in the guise of dark-haired, mysterious fortunetellers and colorfully dressed violinists, ready to break into song at the drop of a coin.

The Gypsies are more—a misunderstood, unknown, coherent yet dissimilar group of people spread throughout the world. Their origins are obscure, their numbers today are uncounted, and uncountable. For nearly a millennium they have existed on the outskirts of society, living apart through choice, but exiled also by the prejudices of others.

The precise origin of the Gypsies has never been discovered. Ethnological and linguistic studies ascribe their homeland to the Indus Basin in northern India, where, sometime around A.D. 1000, a westward migration began, prompted perhaps by a local political disturbance. Fragmentary evidence has placed the Gypsies in Crete around 1322, in Corfu before 1326, and in other areas of the Balkans before the end of the fourteenth century. Such evidence is barely credible. The Friar Simon who supposedly encountered the Gypsies in Crete in 1322 wrote merely that he had seen "a people outside the city who declare themselves to be of the race of Ham . . . They wander like a cursed people from place to place, not stopping at all or rarely in one place longer than thirty days."

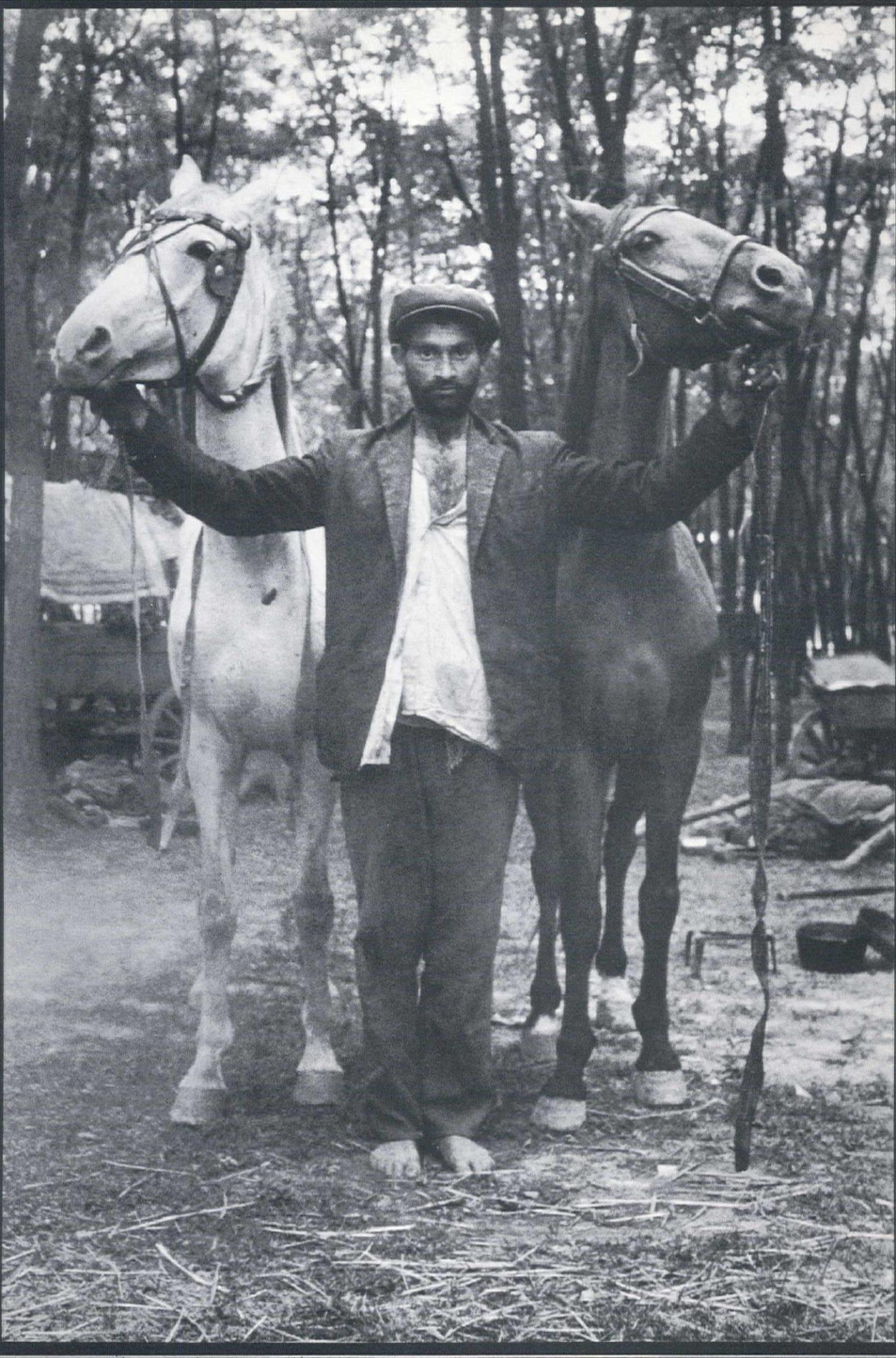
More solid documentation exists for the arrival of a band of some two hundred Gypsies near Hamburg, Germany, in 1417, and another group of a hundred or so on the outskirts of Paris in 1427. There, a contemporaneous chronicler recorded that they were "the poorest creatures ever seen coming to France within the memory of man . . . And in the end they had to go away . . ." The dispersal of the Gypsies had begun.

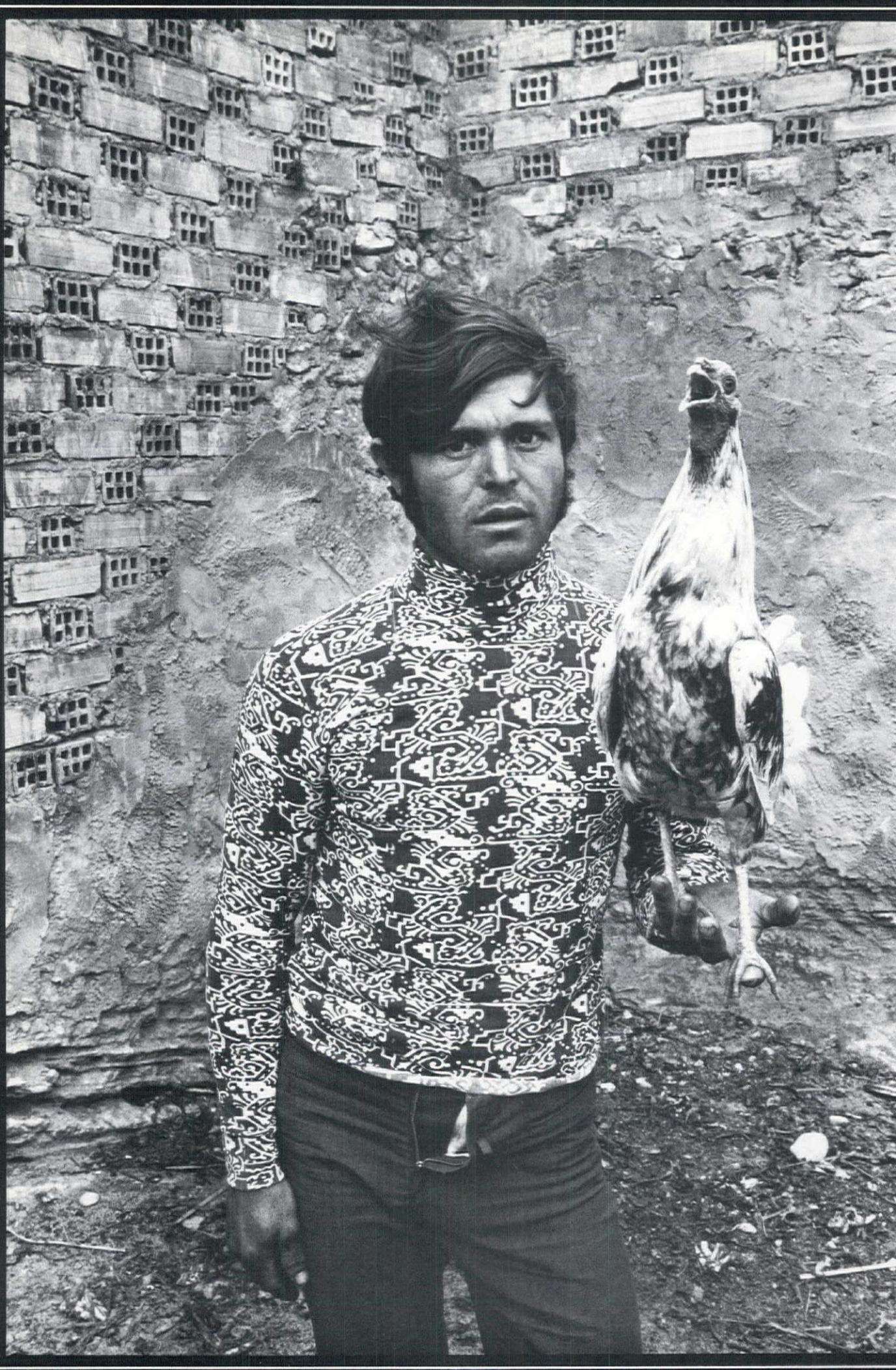
Bands of Gypsies spread across the continent and eventually to the New World, carrying with them their customs and their ancient language, Romany, thought for centuries to be nothing more than a thieves' jargon. (It is in fact, an Indo-European language, though unrelated to Rumanian or to the family of Romance languages.) As a migrant people, they became convenient scapegoats for local problems and untold ills. Henry VIII of England, taking time out from his problems with t
Church of Rome, decreed a ban agai
further immigration of the "outlan
ysshe People," and his daughter Eli
beth ordered Gypsies living in Engla
to leave within forty days, because
"their old accustomed devilish a
naughty Practices."

The "devilish and naughty" pract
that most worried Their Royal Hig
nesses of England and elsewhere w
fortunetelling. When the Gypsies a
peared in Paris in 1427, they h
"looked into people's hands and t
what had happened to them, or wou
happen." The bishop of Paris, alarm
at such disobedience on the part of
flock, forthwith declared that a
Parisian who went to a Gypsy to he
the future would be excommunicat
Despite such disapprobation, Gyp
fortunetelling continues to this day.
sign on the sidewalk of my block in N
York City proclaims, "Reader and A
visor." Occasionally I see childr
dark-haired and poorly dressed, outs
that building. Are they Gypsies? I
not know. But when I see them, I reca
suggestion made by Jan Yoors, who
away from home in the 1930's, at the a

TEXT CONTINUED ON PAG

By KAETHE ELLIS



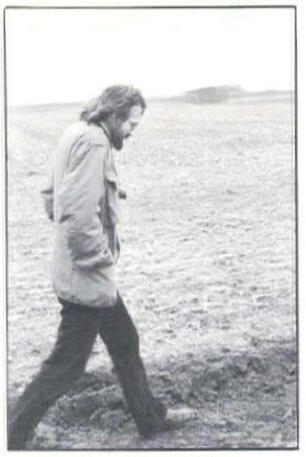


f twelve, to join a band of
ypsies. He writes that for-
ınetelling is a means of sur-
ival for a people who have lit-
e or no other recourse:

he Rom [the Gypsies' word for
ıemselves] certainly gained a de-
ree of self-protection from the
aje's [or *gadje*'s, i.e., non-Gyp-
's] fear of the Gypsies' curses and
ells. In a subtle way it could lim-
the brutality and the repression
ıflicted on a minority without adequate de-
nse. The legal status of the Gypsies was at
est that of a tolerated minority, at worst
ıat of undesirables to be extradited or
liminated, and at the mercy of all. By for-
ıne-telling they imposed on the credulous
certain fear and respect: a slim defense but
etter than nothing.

Recourse is necessary, for the Gypsies
ave endured vilification comparable to
ıat encountered by the blacks and the
ews. During World War II, Adolf
litler, ignoring all possible definitions
f the word "Aryan," grouped Gypsies
ith "Jews, racial inferiors, and aso-
ials," banishing them first to concen-
ation camps and eventually ordering
ıeir wholesale extermination. Es-
mates of the number of Gypsies ex-
uted by Hitler run as high as 500,000.
is impossible to verify this figure.
owever, out of forty-five hundred
ypsies at Auschwitz, some two thou-
ınd were gassed on the night of August
, 1944, and another 915 were trans-
rred to Buchenwald for lethal experi-
ıents in drinking sea water.

Today, despite persecution and ex-
erimentation, despite banishment and
termination, the Gypsies survive, and
ay be propagating their own faster
ıan ever before. In 1968 a Czechoslo-
ıkian census showed that the Gypsy
opulation was increasing at the rate of
ore than 2.6 per cent, in contrast to the
ational birth rate of 0.4 per cent. Cur-
nt estimates of the number of Gypsies
the United States range from 250,000
more than a million, constituting an
ıderground populace that lives by its
wn rules and believes first and fore-
ost in its own societal mores.



CARTIER-BRESSON — MAGNUM

Josef Koudelka

Josef Koudelka has been following and photographing Gypsies for fifteen years—in Czechoslovakia, where he was born in 1938, and in Rumania, Spain, and other western European countries. Each year when the weather turns warm enough for him to sleep outdoors near Gypsy settlements, he seeks out their camps, where he says he is received with a mixture of tolerance, suspicion, and—since who would live this way if he didn't have to?—pity. His friend Cartier-Bresson took the photograph at left.

Those mores are, in many ways, stricter than the rules we—the *gadje*—live by. They are based on a patriarchal society (the word "Rom" is also the word for "man"), on an endogamous, or inbred, society, on a society that lives in constant proximity. A family group among Gypsies is all-important, and cannot be separated. Yoors recounts an incident in which the local gendarmes raided the camp he lived in:

> Under the sneering supervision of the officers, the Gypsies were compelled to travel in the directions of the four winds, with total disregard for their family allegiances. . . . It struck me that the Rom departed without taking leave of one another. In time I found out that after a few days they would change their courses, stray for a while, and then one day they all would converge and meet again, in numbers too large for the local police to cope with. They were like the quicksilver that constantly merges and divides.

Gypsy society is self-governed by the *kris*, a Romany word that denotes a body of law and custom—comprising usage, oral traditions, and magical practices—and also a local tribunal that judges tribal infractions. Major violations of the unwritten code of rules by which the Gypsies live, such as consorting with the *gadje*, are punished by *marima*, in which a man and his family are ostracized from the tribe. Other taboos, akin to those of the Old Testament, extend to personal cleanliness and sexual practices—reflecting the necessity for strict controls within their closed, nomadic society.

And what of Gypsies today? Have we—the *gadje*—progressed beyond the age-old notion of Gypsies as vagabonds, thieves, whirling dancers, musicians, and con men? Are we to accept Peter Maas's account of Steve Tene, the self-styled heir of the king of the Bimbo clan of Gypsies in New Jersey? Despite Maas's sympathy for the problems of Gypsies, he has produced a book that upholds the equation of Gypsies and thieves.

Are we to listen to a Czech dictionary published in 1951 that defines a Gypsy as "a member of a nomadic nation, symbol of mendacity, thievery, a vagabond; metaphorically—a liar, imposter"? Czechoslovakia is currently embarked on a solution to the "Gypsy problem." The government's proposal requires assimilation of Gypsies into the national ethnic group. In a recent survey, however, a woman of twenty-five, identified as a working-class woman with a basic education, is quoted as saying, "In a few years our town will be a Gypsy town, the white people will have to move out because it is not possible to live among the Gypsies." The rhetoric is, to say the least, familiar.

There is, I think, no definitive answer. Gypsies inhabit the world today, just as they inhabited the world of the fifteenth century. They were not accepted then, nor are they accepted today. They have changed their life style to a certain degree: horses and wagons have been traded in for RV's—recreational vehicles—that serve as mobile homes. But they remain a separate community.

An old Gypsy proverb declares that "God knows what tomorrow will bring." That, more than anything, characterizes the Gypsies. Perhaps we should not worry about the future of the Gypsies; rather, we should accept the philosophy they themselves have adopted. As Jan Yoors wrote in 1967, "The Rom lived in a perpetual present: memories, dreams, desires, hungers, the urge toward a tomorrow, all were rooted in the present. Without *now* there was no before, just as there could be no *after*." In the end, the quicksilver will remain.

THE GLORY THAT WAS THRACE

Treasures from this ancient, savage land come westward in an extraordinary new exhibition

ARCHAEOLOGICAL MUSEUM, VARNA

Gold was worked in Thrace as early as 3200 B.C. Above, a small animal plaque, possibly the oldest gold object ever found in Europe. Opposite, a gold-and-silver face from a piece of armor (see page 74).

Among the allies of the Trojans in the bitter war to save their city were men from the far-off land of Thrace. Their king possessed, as one character in the *Iliad* reported:

> the biggest and handsomest horses
> I ever saw,
> whiter than snow and swifter than
> the winds,
> and a chariot finely wrought with
> silver and gold.
> The arms he came with are also of gold. . . .

A taste for war, for silver and gold, for fine horses—Homer caught features that were to mark the Thracians throughout their history.

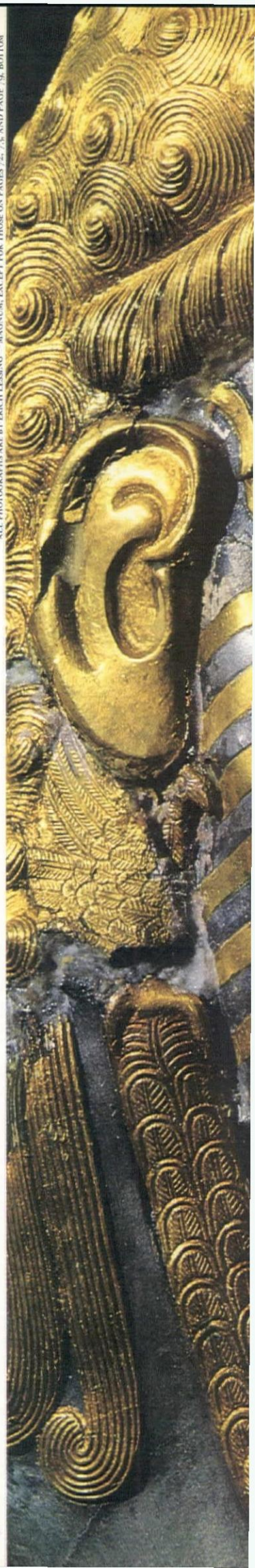
The area the Thracians occupied coincides roughly with Bulgaria, the European part of Turkey, and the northeastern portion of Greece. It embraces coastal plains along the north Aegean and the left-hand corner of the Black Sea, upland plains inland, and ranges of steep mountains, notably the Balkans. Flints and other artifacts attest that people were living here back in the Stone Age, forty thousand years ago. The next discoverable inhabitants appear much later, a Neolithic race with precocious skills. Archaeologists have dug up ample evidence not only of farming and herding but of the sculptor's and metalworker's craft; among the finds are well-fashioned bracelets, necklaces, and other adornments of gold that date from a time shortly before 3000 B.C.

What happened to these gifted Neo-

By LIONEL CASSON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERICH LESSING

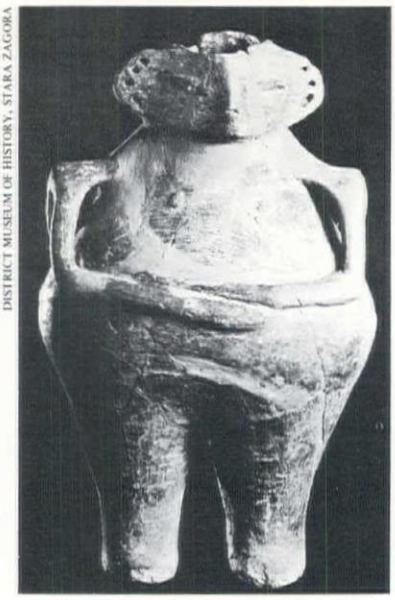
ALL PHOTOGRAPHS ARE BY ERICH LESSING—MAGNUM, EXCEPT FOR THOSE ON PAGES 72, 73, AND PAGE 79, BOTTOM



DISTRICT MUSEUM OF HISTORY, VRATSA

R. F. HOOSOTT

Tumulus, or burial mound, near Kazanlŭk



DISTRICT MUSEUM OF HISTORY, STARA ZAGORA

A pottery idol, circa 3000 B.C.

A Thracian mercenary

ARCHAEOLOGICAL MUSEUM, SOFIA

A Thracian inscription

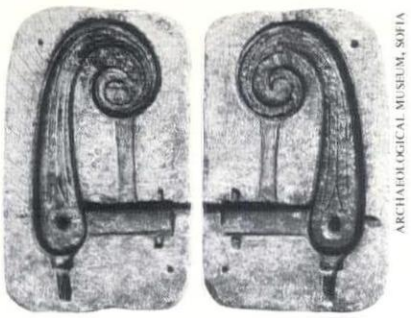
Much of the wealth on these pages comes from burial sites like the one above. The pottery idol at right survives from a pre-Thracian culture that vanished with the arrival of the Bronze Age. The fifth-century Athenian kylix, top right, bears the figure of a Thracian peltast (named for his crescent-shaped shield, or pelta), employed by the Greeks as a mercenary. The inscription on the ring, lower right, is in Greek letters, since the Thracians never developed their own alphabet.

lithic folk is not known. The Thracians that Homer had heard of, those sumptuously armed, hard-driving warriors, appear on the scene a few centuries before the Trojan War, about 1500 or perhaps a bit sooner. They were intruders who, since they spoke an Indo-European tongue (i.e., one akin to Latin and Greek and other well known European languages), must have come from the Indo-European homeland to the east, but from precisely where—and why—is anybody's guess. Homer's talk of their wealth is no mere poetic fancy: they too were well aware of the country's mineral resources. Near the town of Vulchitrun in northern Bulgaria a farmer turning the soil for a vineyard in 1924 blundered upon what must have been the grave of a Thracian chieftain of the period—and the objects he unearthed are astounding: a collection of more than a dozen bowls, cups, covers, and disks of solid gold weighing more than twenty-seven pounds in all; one bowl alone weighs close to nine. The leaders of this obscure people went to their eternal rest in hardly less luxury than their celebrated contemporaries to the south who were buried in the "Tomb of Agamemnon," the "Tomb of Clytemnestra," and the other magnificent chambers that Heinrich Schliemann found in Mycenaean Greece.

Inevitably, these opulent chieftains and their tribesmen were sucked into the churning of peoples that took place between 1200 and 1000 B.C. when unidentified invaders, sweeping over the eastern Mediterranean, shattered the Mycenaean Greeks and the Hittites, sapped the strength of Egypt, and brought the curtain down on the Bronze Age. When the first act of the Iron Age opens, the cast of characters is significantly different. The Mycenaean Greeks have been replaced by their later relatives who will play so crucial a role in the formation of Western culture. And the Thracians of the *Iliad* re-emerge as one of the many races who, inhabiting lands beyond the ken of the Greeks and speaking a language incomprehensible to them, were called by them "barbarians." These particular barbarians, moreover, were primitives in Greek eyes since they spurned urban life and, maintaining their age-old tribal organization, lived in villages that were mere aggregations of huts and supported themselves by farming, herding, hunting, and brigandage. As it happens, it was their contact with the Greeks that finally brought them out of the shadows of epic poetry and archaeology and into the light of history.

Between roughly 700 and 600 B.C. the Greek city-states were sending out colonists so assiduously that they ended up planting settlements all around the eastern Mediterranean and the Black Sea. When they landed on the shores of the north Aegean and the Black Sea ju beyond the Bosporus, they ran in Thracians, and it took savage fighti and spilling of much blood on both sid before these Thracians yielded the rights of possession and grudgingly r treated into the mountains that flank the coastal plains. Much later, the Ath nians, at a moment when theirs was t most powerful of the Greek city-state needed two tries to found a colony a strategic point where trade rout crossed not far from some gold mine the first time, the ten thousand they se were wiped out to a man. The bette armed and better-organized Gree eventually established footholds, a Abdera and Aenus on the Aegea Apollonia and Odessus on the Bla Sea, and other ports swiftly becar flourishing cities that carried on an a tive trade with the natives in the hi terland.

Around the middle of the fifth centu B.C. that insatiably curious Greek tra eler Herodotus visited Thrace, and fr his pen we get the earliest firstha report on its people. What impress him most were their religious idiosy crasies. Like all Greeks, Herodot worshiped many gods, the more the b ter, and had a healthy preference for t world over any hypothetically joyc hereafter; hence he was astonished learn that certain Thracian tribes w not merely monotheists but, no questi



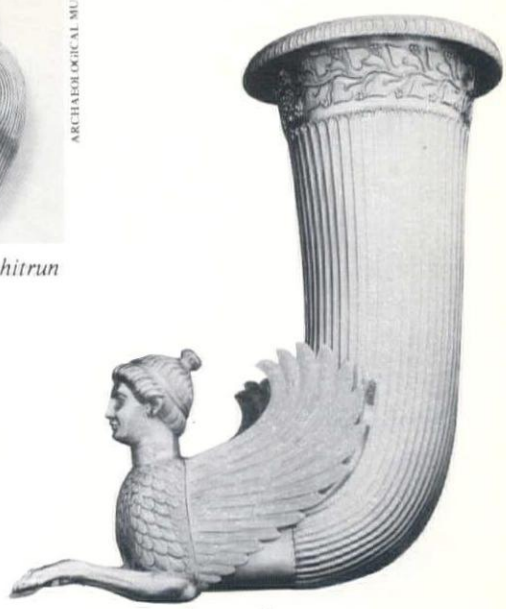
ARCHAEOLOGICAL MUSEUM, SOFIA

Mold for casting a bronze scepter

ARCHAEOLOGICAL MUSEUM, SOFIA

Triple vessel of gold from Vulchitrun

Plaque of a Gorgon



A 1974 discovery

By the fourth millennium B.C. the Thracians had learned to gather gold from their mountains and streams. In about 1250 B.C. a chieftain's scepter was cast in the stone mold above, and soon afterward that masterpiece of goldsmithing, the triple vessel from the Vulchitrun treasure, was created, probably for use in a religious ritual. The silver-gilt plaque of a Gorgon's head reflects Greek influence, as does the fourth-century silver rhyton, far right, with its graceful sphinx figure.

about it, favored the next world. "When there is a birth," he writes, "the family sits around and moans at all the troubles the infant, now that it has been born, must go through . . . ; when there is a death, they bury the body with joking and merrymaking, pointing out the evils he has left in exchange for total bliss." Another way the Thracians differed from the Greeks was in practicing polygamy. When a man died, his favorite wife would be slaughtered and put in the grave along with him. Since this ensured an accelerated entry into eternal happiness, there was such competition for the honor that friends of the family had to help decide which of the widows had been the most beloved. (Sometimes more than one qualified: a grave at Vratsa has yielded the bodies of a young couple, the woman with a knife in her chest. In an outer chamber was found another woman with a spear through hers.) Herodotus also notes that the Thracians followed the practice, scorned by Greeks, of tattooing themselves, the higher the rank, the more the markings. Thracian sexual behavior, too, was very un-Greek: Greek men insisted on virgin brides, whereas Thracian girls were allowed all the sexual partners they wanted. Marriage, to be sure, changed this. Then the boom came down with a vengeance since, among other considerations, a prospective groom had to purchase his bride from her family for a stiff price and no doubt felt fully entitled to exclusive possession.

Any Thracian who could afford it held farming in vast contempt and considered fighting, principally brigandage, to be the sole proper source of income. Then the Greeks arrived, and there was plenty of gainful employment available as soon as it became apparent that the Thracians' native arms and tactics neatly complemented the Greeks'. Greek armies specialized in heavily armed infantrymen—the famous hoplites. They were chronically short of cavalry and had no lightly armed troops at all. The Thracians had a plethora of horsemen, and those among them who fought on foot wore no breastplate but just a thigh-length tunic, no helmet but just the traditional Thracian peaked cap of fox fur, and no greaves but just the traditional Thracian soft leather boots. Their only defensive armor was a very light crescent-shaped shield, usually made of nothing heavier than wicker covered with hide; it was called a pelta, and the men equipped with it were dubbed peltasts. They carried a short curved saber and either a pair of javelins or a long thrusting spear. Completely mobile, they made ideal guerrillas—and the Greeks discovered that the best way of protecting their solid slow-moving lines of hoplites from them was to fight fire with fire and have some peltasts on their own side. Thracians began hiring themselves out to Greek commanders as early as the sixth century B.C.; a hundred years later they were so common a sight on the streets of Athens that Aristophanes could make jokes about them: one of Lysistrata's comrades in the sex strike tells how she saw a Thracian buck come swaggering into the marketplace

> and, brandishing spear and pelta, make
> some fruitseller so afraid
> she takes to her heels—and lets him take
> her total stock in trade.

The Thracians profoundly affected the Greek art of war. By the fourth century B.C., all city-states were using sizable contingents of peltasts, made up of Greeks as well as Thracians.

There was yet another way Thracians came to be a common sight in Greece—as slaves. Male prisoners of war were often put on the block, and both males and females became available through the Thracians' practice, remarked on by Herodotus, of exporting their children for the market. As a consequence, numbers of Thracians were to be found in the service of Greek families. They must have stood out among their short, dark owners, for they were relatively tall, gray-eyed, and either fair-haired or red-haired. Maids and valets in Greek plays often bear such names as Thratta and Geta; *Thratta* is simply the Greek for "Thracian girl," and the Getae were among the most important Thracian

tribes. The slaves as well as the soldiers were grist for the comic playwright's mill. In one scene Menander has a slave named Geta hold forth on the Thracians' superiority to all those unfortunate men who have to do with but one wife: "We have ten, eleven, twelve, even more. Why, back home any poor devil who has only four or five doesn't even count as married."

By the fifth century B.C. we find ambitious chieftains of major tribes promoting themselves into kings by overpowering their neighbors. In the 420's, for example, a certain Sitalces managed to take over most of the country, not excepting the Greek cities along the coast. Since the Athenians had important interests in the area he controlled, though they were at the height of their strength and influence, they wooed him as passionately as we do Third World nations today, sending full-fledged embassies to his court, even declaring his son an honorary citizen. His successor managed to build up the crown's annual take in gold and silver—consisting of the tribute levied upon the subjugated tribes and Greek cities, together with the "presents" they were constantly being called upon to give—to a grand total of eight hundred talents, two hundred more than Athens collected from all the subjects in her empire during Pericles' greatest days. Probably not much of it filtered down to the rank and file, but the nobility certainly got their share, to judge by the many tumuli, mounds marking the graves of chieftains or powerful members of their following. Dating from the sixth century B.C. right down to the days of the Roman Empire, these tombs are carefully built of squared stone and are often lavishly decorated inside with wall paintings. Furthermore, just as in earlier times, the deceased was laid to rest amid a wealth of precious objects. There is one significant difference, however: by this time Thrace had been in contact with Greek civilization, and, as a result, many of the objects were things the dead man had purchased from Greek craftsmen or had had Greeks make for him. Those from the hands of local workmen very often mingle Greek and native elements. The country was becoming Hellenized.

We can tell how pervasive the process was from Xenophon's account of his experiences in Thrace. He arrived there in 400 B.C. with the remainder of the ten thousand Greek soldiers he had led in the celebrated march through Asia Minor's rugged terrain and hostile tribes to the safety of the Black Sea. An ambitious chieftain named Seuthes hired almost all of them, figuring—rightly, as it turned out—that, with his local cavalry and lightly armed troops stiffened by the toughest contingent of hoplites in existence, he would have no trouble gaining control of the country. Even though, as Xenophon pointedly observes, Seuthes was well able to follow most of what was said in Greek the negotiations were conducted through an interpreter. At a banquet that Seuthes gave, the server of the wine spoke Greek. The Hellenization did not penetrate very far, however, as the banquet itself shows; it was decidedly in the native style. The main dish was meat served with huge loaves of bread, and the host helped his guests along by tossing chunks of both at them. Wine was drunk from horns and the custom was, after draining a hornful, to splash the last drops over oneself. Music was supplied by army trumpets and by what Xenophon describes as "trumpets of raw oxhide" (were they bagpipes?) and the moment it started Seuthes leaped up and did a war dance. The Thracians also had a sword dance, a pas de deux with sabers in which the performers mimed a duel with such verisimilitude that, when one fell, audiences often thought he was really dead. Death actually did sometimes take place

TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 7

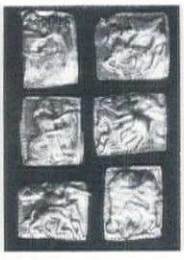
ARMS, OPULENCE, AND A DOUBLE MURDER

The People's Republic of Bulgaria, once the heartland of ancient Thrace, is currently sending an exhibition of about a thousand archaeological treasures to various capital cities in the Western world. Almost all the objects have been discovered since 1879, when Bulgaria became independent of the Ottoman Empire, and some were excavated as recently as last year. Dating from the fourth millennium B.C. to the days of the Roman occupation of Thrace in the third century A.D., they echo the art of central Europe as well as that of nearby Greece, Persia, and the lands of the Scythians. On the opening pages of this article appears a female Thracian face (A) from the exhibition, executed in gold and silver to form part of a shin guard. It was found in the fourth-century B.C. tomb of a thirty-year-old man at Vratsa. (Two women, violently slain, were buried with him.) Opposite is a bronze helmet and cuirass (B) from about the sixth century B.C. The centaur on the following page (C) rests its hooves on the rim of a gold amphora-rhyton made in about 300 B.C., probably in Hellenistic Asia Minor. The six silver-gilt plaques (D) served as horse-harness decorations in the fourth century B.C., and the life-size helmet-mask of silver, bronze, and iron (E) was worn on parade during the Roman period. The exhibition has already been to London, Paris, Vienna, Moscow, and Leningrad.

A

B

C



D

E

n one of the games the Thracians went n for, their version, as it were, of Rus-ian roulette. A man would stand on a tone with one of the traditional Thracian curved knives in his hand and put his head in a hangman's noose. Someone would kick the stone away, and the trick was to slash the cord before t was too late. Anyone not fast enough drew a big laugh from the crowd for his unfortunate lack of skill.

These wild and primitive ways of the Thracians helped to even the cultural score by profoundly affecting the Greeks in their religion. The gods this people believed in were as wild as themselves, they worshiped them with violent, emotion-packed rituals, and all this touched a responsive chord in Greek breasts. It was from Thrace—or so the Greeks believed—that Orpheus had come to Greece, that mysterious figure whose music had the uncanny power to render savage beasts tame, and Dionysus as well, the wine god whose followers celebrated his festivals with ceremonies that climaxed in a frenzied ecstasy. A Thracian goddess, Bendis, was equated with Artemis, and her rites were carried on in the heart of Piraeus, where Plato himself saw them.

From the second century B.C. on, Rome became the dominant city in the eastern Mediterranean region, and by the beginning of the Christian Era had annexed large parts of it. So far as Thrace was concerned, the Romans were at first content to do as the Greeks had done, confining their occupation to the coastal strips and leaving the hinterland to the local chieftains and kings. All they required were levies of Thracian cavalry and foot soldiers to serve in the armies and the opportunity to acquire Thracian slaves. These were, as might be imagined, particularly useful for training as gladiators. The one gladiator most of us know by name, Spartacus, was a Thracian.

Then, shortly before the middle of the first century A.D., the Roman emperors, moved by widespread unrest among the tribes, took steps to seize the interior as well—and thereby triggered the urbanization of the country as one base after another was set up for the legions and one center after another for the administration. The pace quickened when, in A.D. 105–6, the emperor Trajan crossed the Danube and annexed what is today Rumania. Throughout Thrace Trajan not only elevated what had been

ARCHAEOLOGICAL MUSEUM, SOFIA—ERICH LESSING

Byzantinobulgarica, VOLUME 3, 1969

The Thracian Horseman, above in a statuette, was worshiped in Roman times. Later, in the Christian Era, the image was easily transformed into Saint George, a favorite saint of the Bulgarians.

mere villages into towns and cities but started any number of new settlements from scratch. The extensive Roman ruins still visible show how comprehensive the process was. At Oescus on the Danube along the northern boundary of Bulgaria, where a legion was stationed, there are the remains of a fort, two aqueducts, and a bath complex; at Nicopolis, not far from Veliko Tŭrnovo in north central Bulgaria just north of the Balkans, are the remains of a theatre, colonnade, forum, council house, and paved streets; Serdica, Sofia today, was raised from a mere village and garnished with a governor's palace, a fort, baths, and temples.

The Romans carried out their program with characteristic organization and thoroughness. Yet something of old Thrace tenaciously lingered on, especially in the remoter sections. Language is a case in point. In the plains and along the valleys where urbanization progressed relentlessly, Greek steadily displaced the native Thracian. But up in the mountains it was spoken all during the Roman occupation, right into the sixth century A.D., when the Slavs arrived in the last of the great migrations from the steppes.

Religion reveals still other survivals from old Thrace. In the new towns, there sprang up temples and chapels for the worship of the Roman emperors, of Serapis, Mithras, and the multifarious other deities that Rome's subjects prayed to. But in the back country the ancient ways and gods held their own. Old-fashioned landowners still had themselves buried in the time-honored Thracian fashion, under a tumulus. The peasants still made obeisance to the gods of their ancestors, above all the "Thracian Horseman," so called because he is invariably represented as a horseman charging with a spear at some wild animal. When Christianity came, they simply transferred their allegiance to Saint George.

Indeed, the past is still very much alive in the hearts of the present inhabitants of the land. To remind the world of their heritage they have fashioned an exhibit of objects that display its long life and vicissitudes, from finely wrought massive gold pieces that predate the Egyptian pyramids to roughhewn stone reliefs of the Thracian Horseman made during the last days of the Roman Empire.

Lionel Casson, our man in ancient Greece and Rome, is professor of classics at NYU.

And Now, the Edifying Edifice

Fine art comes to the side of a barn

A pre-Tyler barn

People had been painting on barns long before the admen at Mail Pouch started using barn sides as billboards. But it was not until 1971 that anyone thought of decorating barns not for commerce but for art. The man who did it is an engaging twenty-six-year-old artist named Douglas Tyler. In 1969 Tyler, then an undergraduate at Michigan State, did his first wall painting—in a friend's bathroom—and soon afterward got a long ladder, lots of paint, and permission to put an outsized Mona Lisa on a barn northwest of Detroit. He has now done seven barns, all of them in farm country near Detroit, and has three more waiting. Tyler's calling has its problems. The owner of barn C (opposite) withdrew permission in mid-smile. Barn A (above) burned down. Worst of all, Tyler hates working on ladders. Nonetheless, he plans to keep at it. He enjoys putting old masters on the sides of barns; there is always the chance that some passer-by may be amused, or even edified. Most people, for example, know the unfinished work labeled C, but how many others can you identify? Answers below.

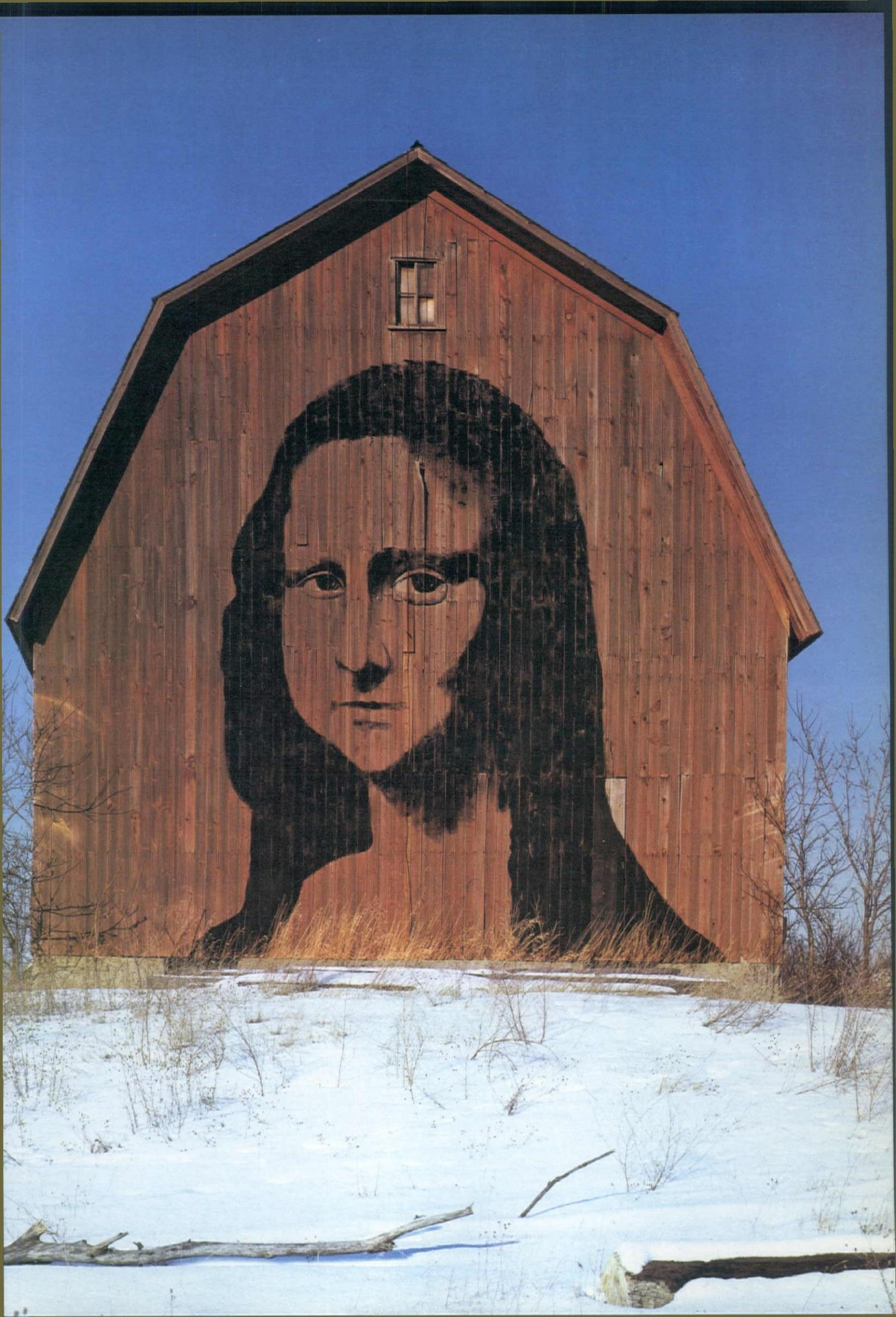
Tyler with self-portrait

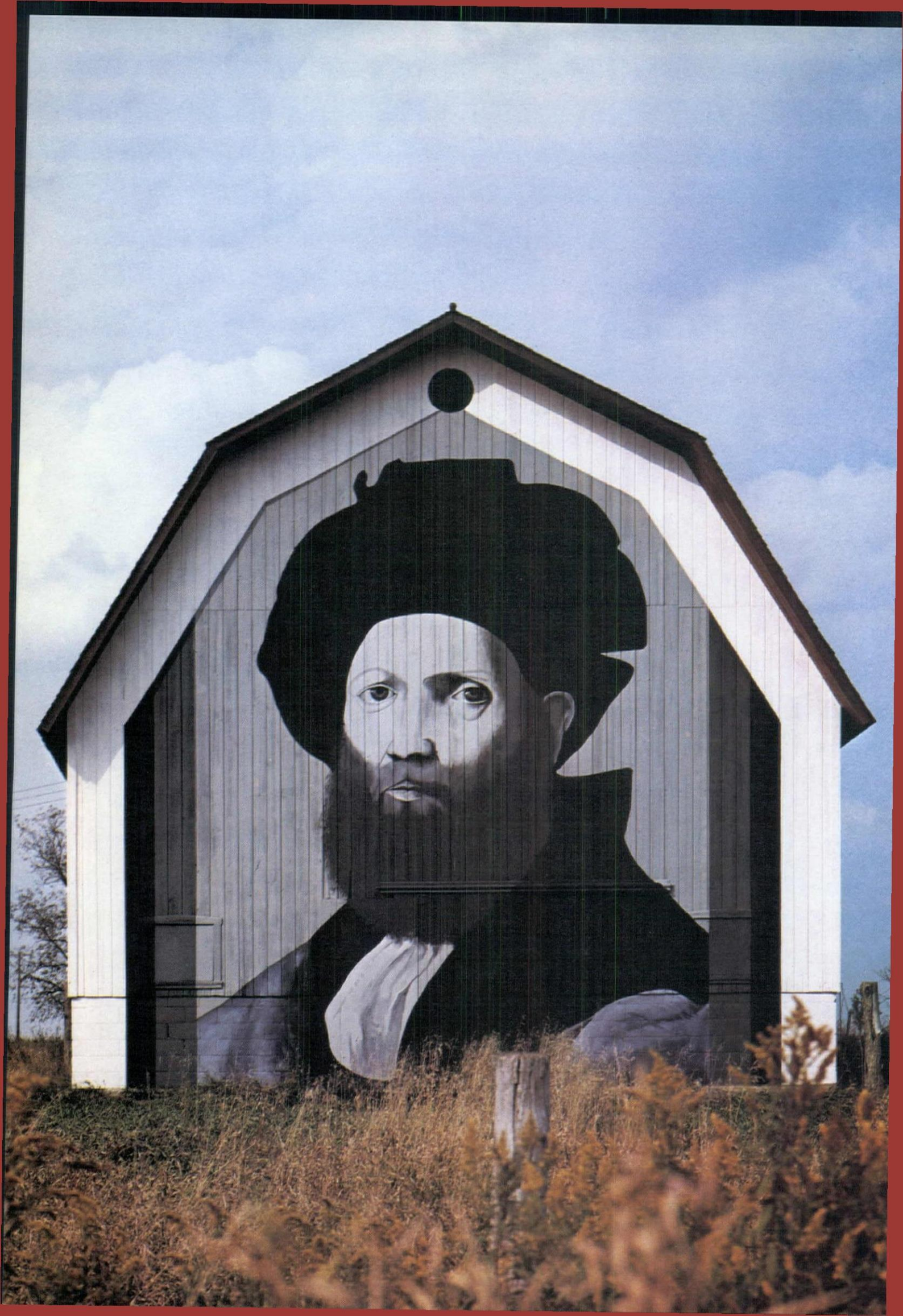
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR HORIZON BY BALTHAZAR KORAB

A

B

n A—*Standing Woman*, by the eighteenth-century Japanese printmaker Kikukawa
an; barn B—*Paul Revere*, by John Singleton Copley; barn D—*Baldassare Castil-*
ne, by Raphael; and barn E—*Federigo da Montefeltro*, by Piero della Francesca





CAN SOCIETY BANISH CRUELTY?

By J. H. PLUMB

No one can doubt that cruelty is a major obscenity of modern life. A woman of eighty is thrown over a railing in Central Park and raped; a small girl is murdered for sexual pleasure; an old man is bayoneted to death for the sake of five dollars. "Snuff films," which progress from mass sex to the deliberate murder and dismemberment of the "actress," are rumored to be displayed in New York City for $200 a seat. Leaving aside the organized violence of war, are we as individuals more cruel than our ancestors? Are we more wanton in our infliction of pain?

In January, 1757, Robert François

Public hanging at Tyburn, 1760

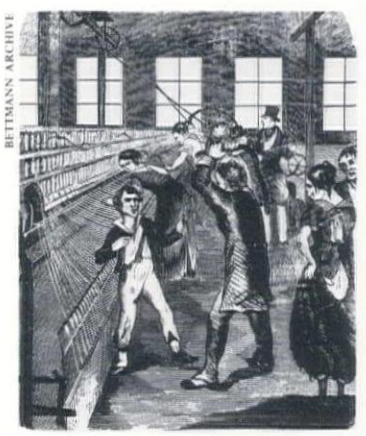
Damiens made a feeble attempt to assassinate Louis XV of France. Though his small knife barely penetrated the king's thick winter clothes, causing little more than a four-inch scratch, Damiens was caught and tortured to make him name his accomplices. He had none. Then he became the centerpiece of a theatre of cruelty. The philosopher La Condamine, for one, was so fascinated by the prospect of such an extravagant spectacle that he got himself a place on the scaffold to watch the victim. He was part of a huge audience that paid exorbitant prices to see Damiens's flesh pulled off with red-hot pincers and his battered body pulled apart by horses. After that the Parisians—aristocrats, bourgeoisie, and workingmen alike—went back to their dinners.

True, this execution was rather more elaborately staged than most in the eighteenth century, but it was highly traditional. Damiens's executioners had carefully copied, with scrupulous attention to detail, the way François Ravaillac, the assassin of Henry IV, had been put to death in 1610. The French, however, must not be regarded as peculiarly ferocious. The treatment of traitors in England, a method of execution that had first been used against Catholic priests in Queen Elizabeth's reign, was particularly horrifying. Before a vast crowd in a carnival-like atmosphere, the traitor was hanged, but taken down while still alive; then his genitals were cut off and stuffed in his mouth, he was disemboweled, and finally his head was cut off and his trunk quartered. The head, stuck on a pike, would festoon Temple Bar for years; sometimes the quarters were sent to decorate provincial cities.

These were but upsurges in an ocean of cruelty. Several times a year huge crowds swarmed to Tyburn (near Marble Arch in London) to watch and enjoy the executions by hanging of men and

Dutch child swaddled and bound

women, youths and girls, turned off th ladder into eternity for minor robberie and petty pilfering, as well as murde and mayhem. Such sadism was nc merely an occasional visual thrill, fo



Flogging an underaged laborer

cruelty had been deeply embedded i western European society for centuri and was still to be for a century or s more. It was a constant theme of ever day life, a continuing event of famil experience.

Cruelty to animals was widespread- one might say total. Cocks fought eac other to the death, bulls and bears we baited by specially trained dogs; ca were sewn up in effigies of the pope t create realistic howls when they we burned. Oxen and horses were drive and flogged until they died. And y animals were not treated much wor than infants or small children.

The callous behavior of parents a adults to infants in seventeenth-centu England or eighteenth-century France scarcely credible. The women of t poor suckled for a trade, getting many babies to a meager breast as th

)uld. Naturally their own child was fed 'st; often the other sucklings were half arved, and frequently hand fed on an)palling diet of pap—a little flour and ater. The broken-down hovels to hich babies were consigned for wet-ırsing were as dirty as they were pit-ble. Often there was a dung heap at e door to give warmth, and the floor as strewn with filth of every kind.

Swaddling was universal. Newborn abies were stretched out on a board, a ece of diaper stuck between their ighs, and then were strapped down so ght that they could not move. Swad-ed infants were frequently hung up on gs on the wall and left there, and, of)urse, they lived in their own feces and ine until they were reswaddled. It is)t surprising, therefore, that the death an infant was an event of small con-quence and of exceptional frequency -50 per cent of all infants died before ey were a year old.

Childhood was little better. Children ere remorselessly flogged. A middle-ass child in England was required to and whenever he was in the presence of s parents and would be savagely ınished if he did not. The children of e poor were expected to work as soon they could walk and were often driven)m home to work when little more an seven or eight. Born and bred in a orld of callous brutality, the men and omen of those days took torture and smemberment in their stride, were in-fferent to the horrors of slavery and e slave trade, and thought nothing of rmenting an idiot or an animal or rowing a witch onto a bonfire.

And then, about 1700, attitudes nong the prosperous commercial

Torture on the rack for a dissenter

Hogarth's view: cruelty to animals

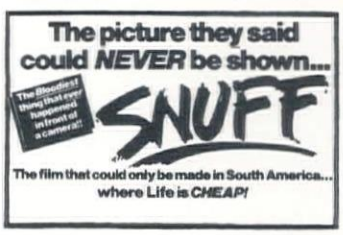
classes in England began to change, for reasons that are difficult to comprehend. John Locke protested against swaddling and child beating and argued powerfully that mothers should suckle their own children. Hogarth's satirical prints show that by 1750 hatred of cruelty had a market. Take a long look at his bitter satire *The Four Stages of Cruelty*, in which animals are being flogged to death or tortured, or children casually killed. One print in this series, *Cruelty in Perfection*, depicts a savage and murderous rape. The very fact that Hogarth satirized cruelty shows that there were some flickers of sensitivity to horror.

Men and women formed societies to prevent the worst exploitation of child labor—the young chimney sweeps; they banded together against the slave trade; they helped suppress the most savage type of blood sports. In children's books after 1740, the horrors of cruelty to birds and animals, to fellow human beings, are stressed over and over again. Children were taught to regard cruelty as evil, as sinful. The result was the great wave of humanitarianism that swept Europe and America in the nineteenth century. Wherever we look we find a positive gain over cruelty: public executions largely vanished, torture was stopped. Of course, and this must be stressed, a great tide of cruelty remained, but it was steadily diminishing.

The fight against cruelty was long and arduous; it was largely the campaign of a social and cultural elite whose greatest success may have been in conditioning their own children in the horrors of cruelty. This attitude never permeated the whole of society or restrained the behavior of governments. Its influence was always fragile, and in this century cruelty has been widespread and growing toward individuals and toward classes of men and women. True, in previous centuries there would not have been the twentieth-century storms of protest against the more outrageous forms of government cruelty; neither are the worst excesses of personal cruelty allowed to flourish unchecked. But we have no cause to congratulate ourselves, for the position is insecure, and permitting the pornography of violence, which stirs deep and dangerous emotions, is a risk that society can ill afford.

And yet, maybe we should worry more about children's books, which seem singularly devoid of overt morality. Perhaps we are too concerned with the happiness of the child, rather than

Crowd-pleasers in the 1970's: pornography and brutality on film



with the community's happiness with him. Most children are instinctively cruel to animals, and sensitivity toward pain and suffering must be taught. At the same time, the adult world should take a far sterner view of cruelty than it currently does. We need to think clearly about it; we ought to think more carefully about what ought to be forbidden and what not. Surely, there would be no greater folly than to suppress all pornography simply because some of it extols violence. But certainly a good place to start would be the prohibition of *wanton* infliction of pain on another human being.

JOHANNES NOHL, *The Black Death*, 1925

Skeletons cavort in the Dance of Death in a 1493 woodcut.

THE BLACK DEATH

It came out of Central Asia,
killing one-third of the European population.
And among the survivors
a new skepticism arose about life and God and
human authority

By PHILIP ZIEGLER

CAPPELLA ODDI—PERUGIA-SCALA

Plague strikes down its victims while fending off the angel Raphael in this detail from a fifteenth-century Italian work. In the complete painting, below, the Virgin Mary shelters the prayerful within the walled city.

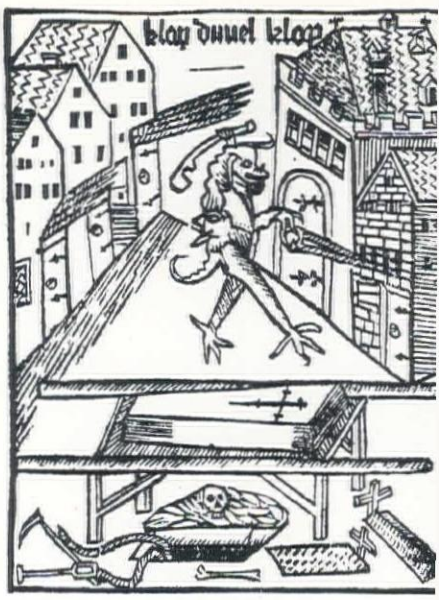
1346 a Tartar army picked a quarrel th Genoese merchants who traded the Crimea, chased them into their astal redoubt at Feodosiya, and laid ge to the town. The usual campaign of rition was developing when the plans the attackers were disastrously rupted by the onslaught of a new and rful plague. The Tartars abandoned e siege, but not without first sharing ir misfortune with their enemies. ey used their giant catapults to lob e corpses of the victims over the walls, us spreading the disease within the city. Though the Genoese carried the rotting bodies through the town and dropped them into the sea, the plague was soon as active within as it was without, for few places are so vulnerable to disease as a besieged city. Those fortunate inhabitants who did not immediately succumb knew quite well that even if they managed to survive the plague, they would be too weak to withstand a renewed Tartar attack. They escaped to their galleys and fled toward the Mediterranean. With them traveled the Black Death. Within three years every third man,

ALF JOHANNES NOHL, *The Black Death*, 1925

An earthquake devastates a medieval town.

A comet nears the earth.

Locusts descend on crops.



"Knock, Devil, Knock": the plague arrives

When the plague arrived in Europe, a fearful population, understanding little about contagion, looked back to discover its portents. A major earthquake in Venice, an awe-inspiring comet, a swarm of locusts from Asia in June, 1338—such occurrences, they declared belatedly, should have warned them of the impending disaster.

woman, and child in Europe was dead.

That the Black Death was bubonic plague has been accepted for many years. Bubonic plague is endemic to certain remote areas of the world. From time to time it erupts in minor, localized epidemics. Far more rarely, it surges forth as a great pandemic. Unlike influenza, bubonic plague moves slowly, taking ten years or more to run its course. The high mortality rate of its initial impact is followed by a long period in which it lies endemic, with occasional epidemics that gradually die away in frequency and violence. Finally, perhaps several centuries after the original outbreak, the plague vanishes.

Three such pandemics have been recorded. The first, beginning in Arabia, reached Egypt in 542. It ravaged the Roman Empire of Justinian and moved on across Europe to England, where it was known as the Plague of Cadwalader's Time. The second was that of the Black Death, which died out in the seventeenth century. One of its parting flourishes was the Great Plague of London in 1665. Finally came the pandemic that started in 1892 in Yunnan and reached Bombay in 1896. In India it is believed to have killed some six million people. It moved briefly into Suffolk in 1910, finding only a handful of victims. Quite recently it has made itself felt in the Azores and parts of South America.

Though it is impossible to be categorical about the origins of the medieval pandemic, recent investigations near Issyk-Kul, a lake in central Asia, show that there was an abnormally high death rate in 1338 and 1339. Memorial stones attribute the deaths to plague. Since this area is in the heart of one of the zones in which bubonic plague lies endemic, it is fairly safe to conclude that this was the cradle of the Black Death. From there it spread eastward into China, south to India, and west to the Crimea some eight years later.

In this fastness of central Asia the bacillus *Pasteurella pestis* has lingered on, living either in the blood stream of an animal or the stomach of a flea. The flea normally favored is *Xenopsylla cheopis*, an insect that, in its turn, usually resides in the hair of some rodent. We will never know for certain what ecological upset began the migration: it could have been flooding, drought, or a sudden increase in the rodent population that strained the available supply of food. Whatever the cause, there is little doubt that infected rats, fleeing from Asia, carried the plague with them to Europe.

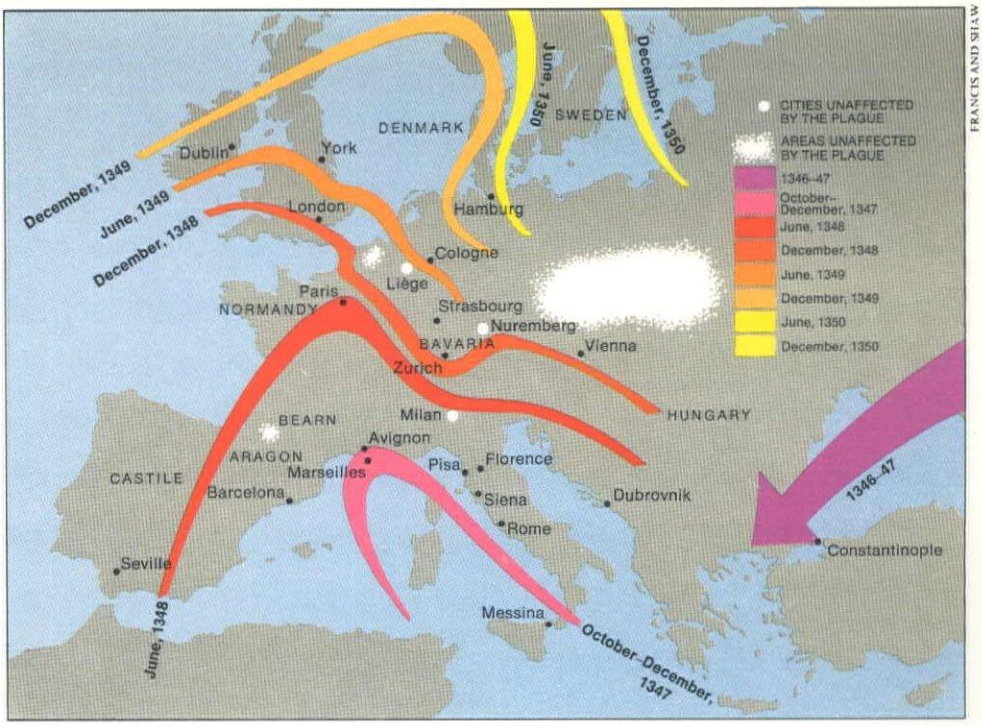
The symptoms of bubonic plague as known today coincide precisely with those described by medieval chroniclers. The bubo is the classic sign. Sometim this is the size of an almond, sometim of an orange; it is found in the groin, t armpit, or occasionally on the nec Equally familiar are the dusky stains blotches caused by subcutaneous he orrhaging and the poisoning of t nervous system. Modern doctors, usi pain-killing drugs, have found that the bubo breaks down and suppurat within a week, the victim will probab survive; but few medieval doctors wou have expected their patient to endu more than four or five days of the ag nizing pain that accompanies the bubo

Bubonic plague was the first for taken by the Black Death, but a varia known as primary pneumonic, or pu monary, plague was even more lethal. the epidemics of the late nineteenth ce tury between 60 and 90 per cent of tho who caught bubonic plague died. In t case of pneumonic plague, which a tacks the lungs, recovery was virtual unknown. Pneumonic plague also kill more quickly and is perhaps the most i fectious of epidemic diseases.

The fourteenth-century plague unique because in its drive acro Europe it changed from pneumonic bubonic with the seasons of the yea The medieval doctor can hardly blamed for finding the process i comprehensible. Even if he had unde

HOW THE EPIDEMIC SPREAD

he Black Death originated on the steppes f central Asia, traveling west to reach the rimea in 1346–47. From there it swept to- ard Europe, carried aboard ships plying e trade routes of the Black Sea and the lediterranean. After the plague arrived in lessina, Sicily, early in October, 1347, it oved rapidly across the Continent, anketing the British Isles by the end of 349 and Scandinavia by December, 1350. uriously, certain towns like Liège were ntouched by the Black Death, and a large art of central eastern Europe escaped al- gether. Why such regions were less sus- eptible is unknown to modern historians.



tood it, he would not have mastered the ull story. For there were also cases in vhich a man would die within a few ours or go to bed in the best of health nd never wake up.

The third element in the Black Death, epticemic plague, was here at work. 'his, like bubonic plague, is transmitted y insects. The brunt of the infection alls on the blood stream, which, within n hour or two, is swarming with plague acilli. The victim is dead long before uboes have formed. In this variety of lague, a man-borne flea, *Pulex irritans*, as a chance to operate. So rich in bacilli s the blood of a sick man that the flea an easily become infected and carry the isease to a new victim. Septicemic lague must have been the rarest of the hree interwoven diseases that made up he Black Death, but it was certainly as ethal as its pneumonic cousin.

The population that awaited the lack Death in Europe was ill equipped o resist it. The medieval peasant—dis- racted by war, weakened by malnutri- ion, exhausted by his struggle to win a ving from his inadequate portion of ver less fertile land—was physically an asy prey for the disease. Intellectually nd emotionally, he was prepared for isaster and ready to accept it if not ac- ually welcome it.

The Europeans of the fourteenth century were convinced that the plague was an affliction laid on them by the Almighty, a retribution for the wickedness of the present generation. Credulous and superstitious, they believed without question in the direct participation of God on earth and were well versed in Old Testament precedents for the destruction of cities or whole races in an access of divine indignation. Because they were unable to see a natural explanation of this sudden holocaust, they took it for granted that they were the victims of God's wrath.

Given so grim a sense of destiny, it is to the credit of the medieval physicians that they devoted themselves to preventing or curing the infection. It is, however, hardly surprising that their efforts proved inadequate. Sudhoff's great archives of medical history, published in Germany in 1925, reproduce more than two hundred and eighty plague treatises; seventy-seven were written before 1400 and at least twenty before 1353. There is much windy nothingness in these, but also a certain amount of common sense and sound judgment. Certainly there was a depressing readiness to stress that flight or prayer was the only possible defense, but the patient was also given some guidance on how he should conduct himself.

There were frequent differences of opinion among the experts. Simon of Covino thought pregnant women and "those of fragile nature," like undernourished paupers, would be the first to go—a conclusion the Medical Faculty of Paris rejected, claiming that those "whose bodies are replete with humors" were the most vulnerable. There was more agreement on the best place to live. Seclusion was the first priority. After that, the problem was how to avoid the infected air that carried death from land to land. A low site, sheltered from the wind, was desirable. The coast was to be shunned because of the corrupt mists that were creeping across the surface of the sea. Houses should be built facing north, and windows should be glazed or covered with waxed cloth.

If the infection was carried by corrupted air, something was needed to build up antibodies. Anything aromatic was considered of value. For example, it was good to burn dry and richly scented woods, like juniper, ash, vine, or rosemary. Diet was important, too. Fish from the infected waters of the sea was prohibited, but eggs were authorized if eaten with vinegar.

It was bad to sleep by day and best to keep the heat of the liver steady by sleeping first on the right side and then on the left. To sleep on one's back was disas-

MUSEE CONDE — CHANTILLY-GIRAUDON

Pope Gregory the Great leads a litany procession in Rome in 590, praying for an end to the first pandemic plague. This miniature from the Très Riche Heures *of the duc de Berry was painted by Pol Limburg, whose brothers, Hermann and Jan, witnessed similar proceedings in Paris during the Black Death.*

ous, since this would cause a stream of perfluities to descend on the palate nd nostrils. These would flow to the ain and submerge the memory.

Bad drove out bad, and to imbibe foul lors was a useful protection. Accordg to another contemporary writer, hn Colle: "Attendants who take care latrines are nearly all to be considered mune." It was not unknown for prehensive citizens to spend hours ch day crouched over a latrine absorbg the fetid smells.

These were mainly preventives; once e disease struck, the remedies became ill more irrelevant. Bleeding was a part f almost every treatment: if the patient inted, wrote one physician heartlessly, our cold water over him and continue s before. Various soothing potions ere prescribed, in particular, a blend of pple syrup, lemon, rose water, and pepermint. This became less agreeable hen powdered minerals were added to e mixture. There was some belief in e virtues of emeralds and pearls, and e medicinal qualities of gold were ken for granted. One recipe instructd: take an ounce of best gold, add even ounces of quicksilver, dissolve by ow heat, let the quicksilver escape, add rty-seven ounces of water of borage, eep airtight for three days over a fire, nd drink until cured, or, as was more robable, death supervened. At least the igh price of gold insured that not many valids could be thus poisoned.

Most fourteenth-century people rearded their doctor with tolerance and espect but also with an uncomfortable nviction that he was irrelevant to the al problems of their lives. They were, f course, ready to believe almost anying that was told them with authority, ut their faith had been considerably ndermined by the doctor's own lack of nfidence. Resignation or anguished ar was the only reaction his activities uld reasonably inspire.

The Black Death arrived in Messina, icily, early in October, 1347. Within a w days the plague had taken a firm asp. Too late to save themselves, the tizens turned on the sailors who had brought them this disastrous cargo and drove them from the port. With their departure, the Black Death was scattered around the Mediterranean, but Messina's sufferings were no lighter for its dispersion. With hundreds of victims dying every day, the population panicked. They fled from their doomed city into the fields of southern Sicily, seeking safety in isolation and carrying the plague with them through the countryside.

From Sicily the plague spread probably to north Africa by way of Tunis; certainly to Corsica and Sardinia; to the Balearics and Almería, Valencia, and Barcelona on the Iberian peninsula; and to southern Italy. The disease closely followed the main trade routes: whether the Black Death traveled by rat, unescorted flea, or infected sailor, a ship was the surest means, and its first targets were the coastal towns. It traveled from the Crimea to Moscow, not overland, but by way of Italy, France, England, and the Hanseatic ports.

The three great centers for the propagation of the plague in southern Europe were Sicily, Genoa, and Venice. It seems to have arrived at the latter ports some time in January, 1348. But it was Pisa, a few weeks later, that provided the main point of entry to central and northern Italy. From there it moved inland to Rome and Tuscany. It had begun the march that would not end until the whole of the European continent had been blanketed by death.

France was the next country to be overrun. The plague arrived at Marseilles a month or two after it reached the mainland of Italy. Through 1348 it moved across the country, advancing on two main lines, toward Bordeaux in the west and Paris in the north. The fate of Perpignan illustrates vividly what happened in many of the smaller cities. The disruption of everyday commercial life is shown by statistics of loans made by the Jews of Perpignan to their Christian co-citizens. In January, 1348, there were sixteen such loans, in February, twenty-five, in March, thirty-two. There were eight in the first eleven days of April,

JOHANNES NOHL, *The Black Death*, 1925

A bedside consultation

Russian cross

Herbalist's jar

Hazelnut amulet

BRITISH MUSEUM, SLOANE 2435, FOLIO 14

Curing by cupping

ROGER-VIOLLET

Protective garb for a doctor

Medieval doctors knew nothing about the causes of the plague, and little about possible cures. With primitive medicines and techniques, like the process of cupping to remove "infected" blood, and a large dose of superstition—crosses and amulets were popular—they attempted to give relief to the victims. Hoping to gain immunity, they often wore costumes like the one above: the beak of the mask held spices that "purified" the air, while the wand was used to determine the victim's pulse from a distance.

WALTERS ART GALLERY, BALTIMORE

Riddled with arrows that symbolize pestilence, Saint Sebastian (at top) intercedes with Christ to spare the inhabitants of a Provençal town. In the foreground of the painting, a priest reads the burial service over shrouded victims while one gravedigger himself succumbs to the disease.

three in the rest of the month, and then no more until August 12. Of 125 scribes and legists known to have been active shortly before the Black Death, only forty-five survived. Physicians fared even worse—only one out of eight survived—while sixteen out of eighteen barber-surgeons perished or, at least, disappeared. In Avignon, then the papal capital, Pope Clement VI retreated to his chamber, saw nobody, and spent day and night sheltering between two enormous fires. He survived, but Petrarch's beloved Laura died in the same town.

Germany is of peculiar interest since it provided the setting for two of the Black Death's most unpleasant by-products. The first was the Flagellant movement. The Brotherhood of the Flagellants, or Brethren of the Cross, as the movement was called in 1348, traditionally originated in eastern Europe, but it was in Germany that it really took root, and it was the Black Death that turned the whim of a freakish minori into a powerful international force. Th Flagellants marched in long proce sions, two by two. Men and women we segregated, the women taking the place toward the rear. At the head wa the group master. Except for occasion hymns the marchers were silent, the heads and faces hidden in cowls, the eyes fixed on the ground. They we dressed in somber clothes with re crosses on the back and front.

At the news that the Brethren of th Cross were on the way, the townsfo would pour out to welcome them. Th first move was to the church, where the would chant their special litany. Th real business, however, usually too place outside. A circle was formed an the worshipers stripped to the wais Their outer garments were piled insid the circle, and the sick of the villag would congregate there in the hope o acquiring a little vicarious merit.

First the master thrashed those wh had committed offenses against th order, then came the collective flagella tion. Each brother carried a heav scourge with three or four leathe thongs, the thongs tipped with meta studs. With those they began rhyth mically to beat their backs and breast Three of the brethren, acting as chee leaders, led the ceremonies. Th worshipers kept up the tempo and the spirits by chanting the hymn of the Flag ellants. The pace grew. Each man trie to outdo his neighbor, literally whippin himself into a frenzy. Around them th townsfolk quaked, sobbed, and groane in sympathy.

Such activities might seem harmles but the movement became less reputab and was taken over by a small grou who used their power to bully an blackmail the local inhabitants. One ca understand and forgive much because o the panic that impelled these misguide fanatics, but it is impossible to condon the impulse they gave to the secon strange by-product of the Black Death the persecution of the Jews.

It was perhaps inevitable that a peo ple overwhelmed by fear and sufferin

To help stave off the plague, many prayed to Saint Roch, above, who had ministered to its victims and died of the disease.

hould seek revenge. The Jews were not he only candidates. In Spain the Arabs, France the English, in England the pers—all were at one time suspected f spreading the plague. But there were lso economic reasons for wanting the ews out of the way, and these, allied ith traditional anti-Semitism, ripened nto a ferocious conviction that the Jews ere poisoning the wells. The first cases ccurred in the south of France, but the adness might never have spread if, at a ial at Chillon in September, 1348, lurid onfessions of guilt had not been racked om certain of the accused. This settled he doubts or perhaps quieted the conciences of many who might otherwise ave felt bound to protect the Jews. The unicipality of Zurich voted never to dmit them to the city again. In Basel he Jews were penned up in wooden uildings and burned alive.

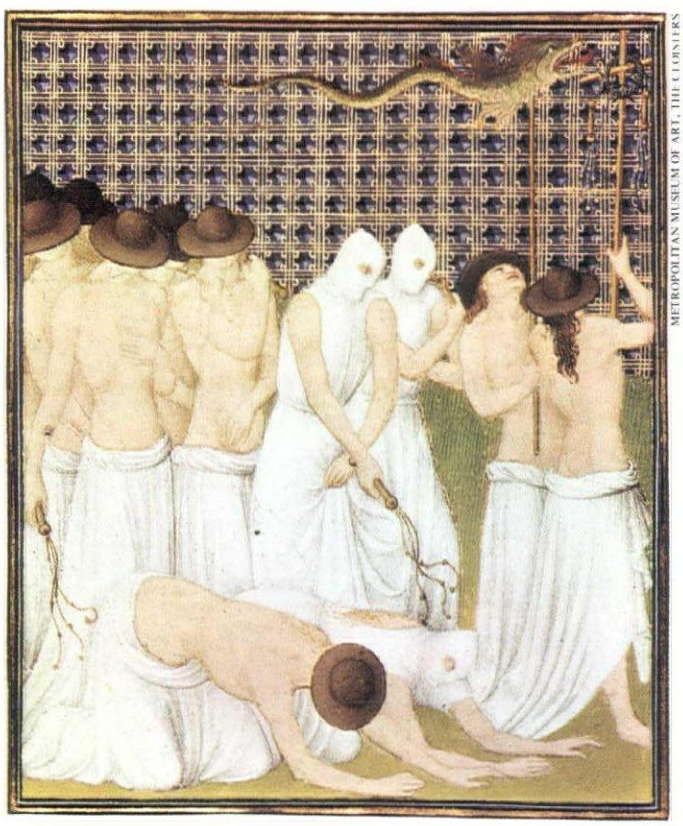
"In November began the persecution f the Jews," wrote a German chronicler. In that month Jews were burned at olothurn, Zofingen, and Stuttgart; in December at Landsberg, Burren, Memingen, Lindau; in January at Fribourg nd Ulm. Gotha and Dresden followed, nd at Speyer bodies of the murdered were piled in great ine casks and sent floating own the Rhine. A lull of a few onths ended in fresh outreaks extending to Spain and landers. The persecution of he Jews waned only with the lague itself. It is a curious reection on human nature that he European, overwhelmed by hat was probably the greatest atural calamity ever to strike is continent, reacted by rivalg the cruelty of nature in the ideousness of his own manade atrocities.

That the persecution of the ews did not accompany the lack Death to England owes ss to superior tolerance than the fact that almost all of em had already been exelled. The first cases of the ague probably occurred at Melcombe Regis, in Dorset, in June or July of 1348. By the end of 1349 the British Isles had been blanketed.

England, saved from foreign invasion and relatively unscathed by civil war, is peculiarly rich in archives that illustrate vividly and in detail the life of the past. The ecclesiastical books of institutions and patent rolls, the memorial court rolls and account rolls provide material to plot the course of the Black Death with greater authority than elsewhere in Europe. Inevitably we know most about the clergy. It might be supposed that the beneficed clergy, with their education, high standard of living, and less cramped living quarters, would be better placed to survive than their unfortunate flocks. But, on the whole, the arguments that suggest a higher death rate among priests are more convincing. Their work, if conscientiously carried out, brought them into constant contact with the infected; their average age was relatively high; and their smaller households, though less easily infected, were more vulnerable once penetrated. One rat family to a household and three fleas to a rat seems to have been the norm; the greater the number of infected fleas in proportion to potential human victims, the smaller were the chances of escape.

What is certain is that the clergy suffered hideously. It is extraordinary to note when visiting medieval churches how often the incumbent was replaced once, twice, or even three times during the plague. In Bristol, for example, ten out of eighteen clergymen died. Not that the laity did much better. The Little Red Book of Bristol lists the names of the town council, the "forty-eight," for 1349. Of the fifty-two members that the "forty-eight" whimsically contained, the names of fifteen had been struck through. If all these died of the plague, the mortality rate would have been slightly under 30 per cent, unusually high for the cream of the city dignitaries. Things were far worse in the crowded and stinking warrens in which the poor were forced to live. "The plague," according to an old calendar, "raged to such a degree that the living were scarce able to bury the dead . . . the grass grew several inches high in the High Street."

The Black Death reached London early in 1349. The existing graveyards were soon too small to meet the demand. A new cemetery was opened at Smithfield, while the distinguished soldier and courtier Sir Walter de Manny bought some thirteen acres of unused


METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, THE CLOISTERS

In an excess of emotionalism, and in the hope that self-mortification would render them immune to the dread plague, members of the Flagellant movement receive a lashing from two white-hooded masters in this miniature from the Belles Heures *of Jean, duc de Berry.*

JOHANNES NOHL, *The Black Death*, 1925

Plague-ridden communities sought desperately for scapegoats, and Jews were relentlessly persecuted during the fourteenth century. Those above, in a woodcut from a German chronicle, are being burned en masse.

land to the northwest of the city at Spittle Croft. He built a chapel, dedicated to the Annunciation, and threw it open for the overflow of victims. The London historian John Stow recorded an inscription in the churchyard that read: "A great plague raging in the year of our Lord 1349, this churchyard was consecrated; wherein, and within the bounds of the present monastery, were buried more than fifty thousand bodies of the dead . . . whose souls God have mercy upon. Amen."

A figure of fifty thousand for a city of sixty or seventy thousand inhabitants must be nonsensical. Statistics for the big cities are particularly hard to establish, but it seems more probable that between twenty and thirty thousand died—a sufficiently terrifying figure to satisfy even the most bloodthirsty chronicler.

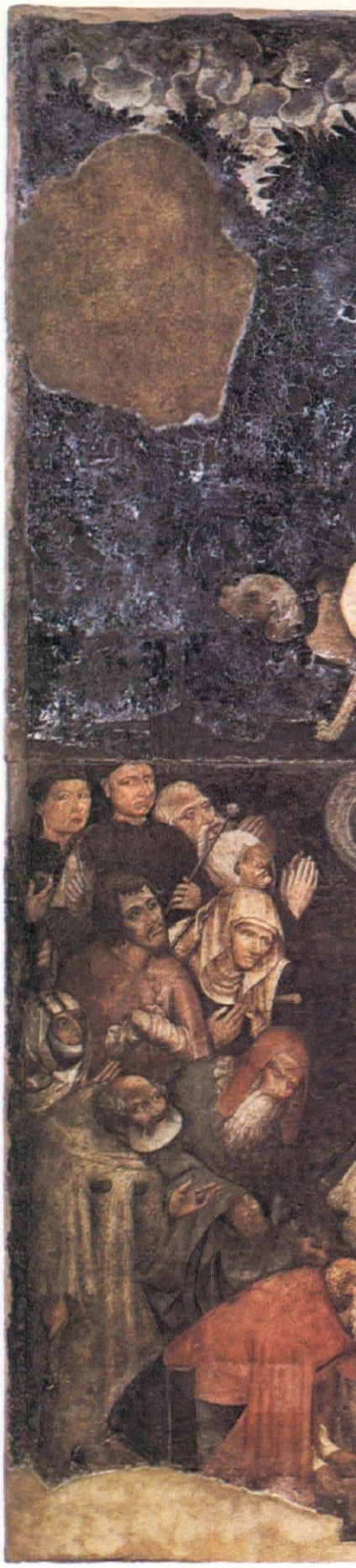
London survived. In 1377 its population was only about thirty-five thousand, but this was after further attacks of plague. The fact that all the chancery and exchequer work continued to be done there was a powerful magnet, and there was no English city in which an escaping villein could conceal himself with greater confidence. Within a few years much of the lost ground was probably made up.

Yet the mark left by the Black Death was seen not only in the cemeteries. The sharp fall in moral standards, noticed in so many parts of Europe at this period, was nowhere more striking than in London. Criminals flocked into the city, and chroniclers tell of the great increase in lawbreaking. After this period, the city began to enjoy a dubious reputation for wealth and for wickedness. Thomas Walsingham denounced the Londoners roundly: "They were of all people the most proud, arrogant and greedy, disbelieving in God, disbelieving in ancient custom." Those who live in great cities are traditionally believed to be harder, more sophisticated, and more rapacious than their country cousins, but the Londoner probably deserved his reputation. Yet a city that suffers as London suffered, and rebounds rapidly to even greater prosperity, can perhaps be excused a certain fall from grace during the years of its recovery.

In London thirty thousand out of seventy thousand died. Was this true of England as a whole, of France and Italy? Statistics are always hazardous, in the Middle Ages particularly so. All one can do is extrapolate from the small pockets of certain knowledge—the lists of beneficed clergy, court rolls for certain manors, post-mortems—and venture a guess. In spite of the limitations of such methods, one can arrive with some confidence at an approximate conclusion. The statement that a third of the population of Europe died of the Black Death should not be too misleading. The figure might quite easily be as high as 40 per cent or as low as 30 per cent; it could conceivably be as high as 45 per cent or as low as 25 per cent. These are surely the outside limits.

One-third of a continent's population cannot be so abruptly eliminated without considerable dislocation to its economy and social structure. The historian must expect to find conspicuous changes in the life of the European community immediately following the Black Death. Some traces of the scars will survive into the succeeding decades or even centuries. But exactly what these changes were has been the subject of bitter and protracted debate.

It is unquestioned that, in England at least, the Black Death did not so much introduce radical changes as vastly accelerate changes already going on. England had already begun to move from the manorial system by which the villein



Death, ever present, rides a skeletal pal

GALLERIA NAZIONALE — PALERMO-SCALA

o by an unknown Dutch artist. The personification of Death, and its inevitable triumph, was a persistent theme in art throughout the time of the plague.

held his land in return for services rendered to a new relationship in which land was rented and services paid for in cash. The sudden disappearance of so much of the labor force meant that those who already worked for wages were able to demand an increase, while the rest clamored to share in the freemen's privilege. If the landlord refused, conditions were peculiarly propitious for the villein to slip away and seek a more amenable master elsewhere. As successive waves of the pandemic broke over the countryside, the balance between tenant and landlord swung still farther. Wages in many areas more or less doubled, prices temporarily fell, labor grew more mobile. Inevitably there was a backlash. Though the genesis of the Peasant's Revolt of 1381 may be found far earlier, it was the Black Death that ultimately created the conditions in which rebellion became inevitable.

The pattern of centuries was breaking up; not only the pattern of society but of men's minds as well. Any account of the Black Death that ignored its impact on the minds of its victims would be notably incomplete. Its effects endured. Within only a few years the horrors of the plague had been thrust from the forefront of people's minds, but certainly no one can live through a catastrophe so devastating without retaining the psychic scars forever.

People felt, fairly or unfairly, that the Church had let them down. It had failed to protect its flock, had forfeited its claim to special status. On the whole the best of the churchmen perished; those who shirked their duty survived to preach again. In 1351 Pope Clement VI accused his clergy of arrogance, covetousness, and licentious living: in so doing he spoke for the majority of mankind.

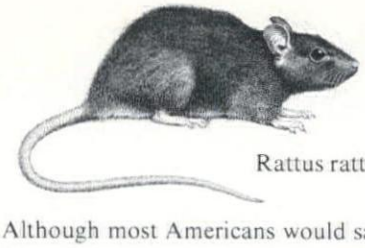
The decades that followed the plague saw not only a decline in the spiritual authority of the Church but also a growth of religious fervor. There was a spate of church building throughout Europe. In Italy, nearly fifty new religious holidays were created. The number of pilgrims to Rome and other centers remained constant or increased, even though a thi of those who might have made the jou ney were now dead. The second half the fourteenth century was marked resentment at the wealth and compl cency of the Church and by fundame tal questioning of its philosophy and organization. In England it was the a of Wycliffe and of Lollardry, a new a aggressive anticlericalism. In Italy it w the great period of the Fraticelli, d sident Franciscans who believed th poverty was the essence of Christ. T second half of the fourteenth centu was a time of spiritual unrest, of disr spect for established idols and a sear for strange gods. In the end the Refo mation would have happened anywa but the tempo would have been slowe opposition more intense, reaction mo immoderate.

Faith disappeared, or was transformed: m became at once sceptical and intolerant. It not at all the modern, serenely cold, and i perturbable scepticism; it is a violent mo ment of the whole nature which feels its impelled to burn what it adores; but the m is uncertain in his doubt, and his burst laughter stuns him; he has passed, as it we through an orgy, and when the white light the morning comes he will have an attack despair, profound anguish with tears a perhaps a vow of pilgrimage and a conspic ous conversion.

J. J. Jusserand's classic description the European in the second half of t fourteenth century captures admirab the twin elements of skepticism and tir orous uncertainty. The generation th survived the plague could not believ but did not dare deny. It groped towa the future, with one nervous eye alwa peering over its shoulder toward t past. Neurotic gloom is a state of mir not wholly unknown in the West toda We are closer in spirit to our mediev ancestors than our parents or gran parents ever were. We can, at least, tal some comfort from the fact that th survived.

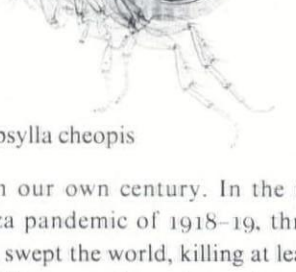
Philip Ziegler, an Englishman, writes h tory as an amateur—from amāre, *to lo He recently wrote a book on William I*

A PRIMER ON PLAGUES



Rattus rattus

Although most Americans would say it could never happen here, the plague does exist in the United States. In 1975 there were twenty reported cases, the largest number since 1924. The plague is a zoonosis, a disease that can be transmitted from animal to animal and from animal to man. In the fourteenth-century plague, the bacillus *Pasteurella pestis* was carried primarily by a rodent-borne flea, *Xenopsylla cheopis*. It was first an endemic, a disease confined to one locality. As it gathered force, it became an epidemic, spreading throughout a larger region, and then a pandemic, afflicting people over a wide geographic area. Other pandemics have occurred since then, one of the most devastating of them



Xenopsylla cheopis

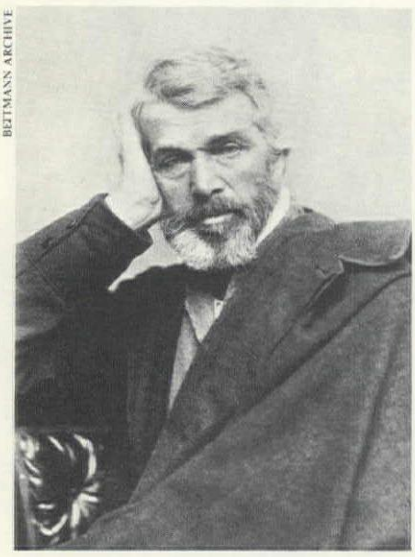
within our own century. In the influenza pandemic of 1918–19, three waves swept the world, killing at least 20 million people, 548,000 in the United States alone. Experts suspect that the deadly strain may have been akin to the swine influenza virus recently found at Fort Dix, New Jersey, but no one will ever know for sure. Flu viruses were not finally isolated until the 1930's, more than a decade after the so-called Spanish influenza, unchecked by vaccines or antibiotics, had taken its fearful toll.

Pasteurella pestis

Grateful parishioners in the town of Plougastel-Daoulas, France, b monument opposite in 1602–1604 to commemorate the end of the

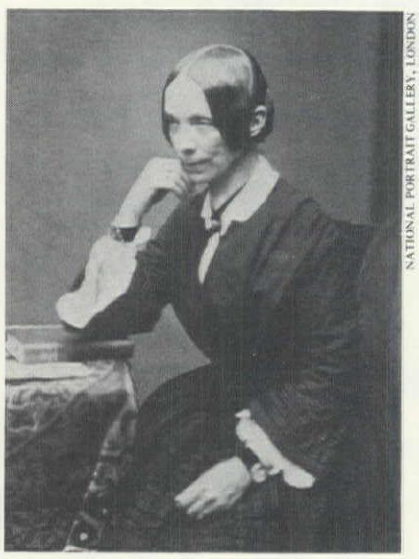
The Odd Couple

A latter-day neighbor
of Jane and Thomas Carlyle describes
the goings on
in this Victorian household



BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Thomas Carlyle, age seventy-eight



NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON

Jane Welsh Carlyle, age fifty-three

Marriage is described in the Anglican prayer book as an "excellent mystery"; and this phrase (though I understand, of course, that the word "mystery" had a somewhat different meaning for a sixteenth-century bishop) has always stimulated my imagination. Every marriage is slightly mysterious, whether the partnership succeeds or fails, and as a literary biographer I am again and again confronted by the problems of my subject's married life. Usually there is something about it that I find I cannot quite analyze; but I have found no marriage quite so strange as the long, devoted, inharmonious alliance of Jane and Thomas Carlyle.

Solemnized in October, 1826, it lasted until 1866, and before they plighted their troth, both husband and wife had expressed the deepest hesitations. "Without great sacrifices on both sides," Carlyle had written, "the possibility of our union is an empty dream"; while Jane had declared in 1823, "Your Friend I will be . . . but your Wife! Never, never!"

To some extent the obstacle they confronted was social and economic. Jane was "an ex-spoilt child," brought up by an adoring mother in Scottish middle-class society, well educated, attractive, equally proud, we are told, of her Latin and her eyelashes; whereas Carlyle's father was a rustic stonemason who had later taken up farming. Thomas had made himself a historian and a writer by dint of his own laborious efforts, but in the process he had ruined his health and suffered perpetually from dyspepsia, insomnia, and a host of nervous ills. Jane admired him, but felt she could not love him.

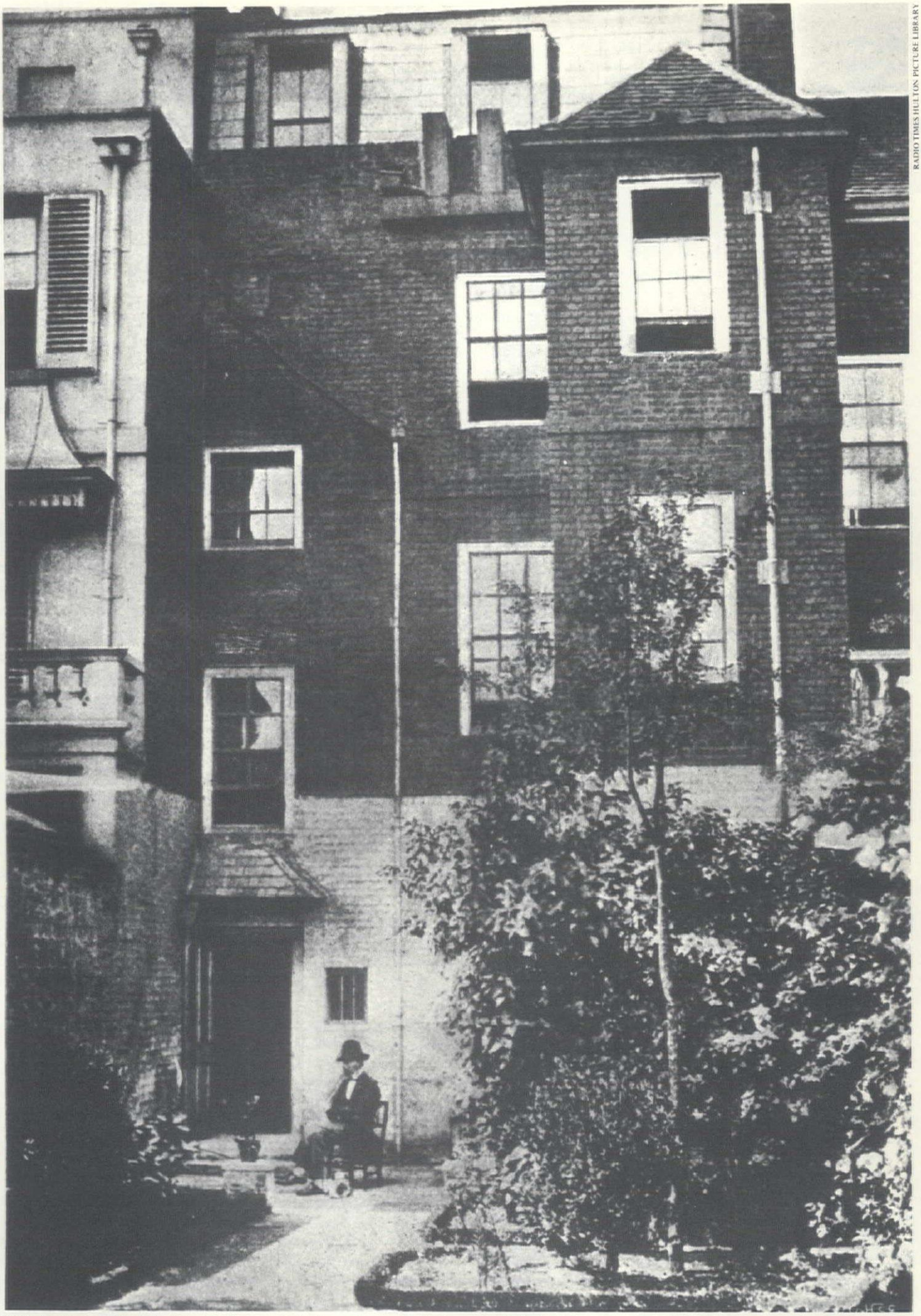
Yet the rough peasant-scholar the volatile middle-class girl had so how drifted into marriage, and a middle-aged woman, Jane would w to a favorite cousin, explaining what thought had happened: "In virtue o being *the least unlikable* man in place, I let him dance attendance on young person, till I came to *need* hi all the same as my slippers to go to a in, or my bonnet to go out to w When I finally agreed to marry hi *cried* excessively and felt excessiv shocked—but if I had then said *no* would have left me."

For the first few years of their m riage, she accepted the consequence her decision bravely. In 1828 t moved from Edinburgh to the lo farm of Craigenputtock, where silence was so profound that they co often hear sheep cropping in the f outside. During the winter month deeper hush descended, and the sn piled up against the door: when t opened it, a mountainous drift wo sweep like an avalanche across the f stones of the kitchen.

Finally, in 1834, Carlyle having at published *Sartor Resartus*, they felt enough to move south. The Lon house they chose was Number 5 G Cheyne Row (today Number 24 Che Row), a largish Queen Anne house c to the river Thames, which at t period still retained the muddy f shore that Whistler and Walter Grea painted, where barges and sailing bo lay beached on its verge, amid decr wharves and ramshackle wooden jett They were to spend the rest of their l in that house. There Jane Carlyle's b was brought after her sudden deat 1866; and there, an embittered, consolate sage, Carlyle died in 1881.

For me the long years they spen Cheyne Row have a special interes am their next-door neighbor, and ra a day passes when I am not somet reminded of them. Chelsea itself changed. It is no longer a seclu suburb, full of trees and ancient hou

By PETER QUENNELL



RADIO TIMES HULTON PICTURE LIBRARY

With Jane's dog, Nero, beside him, Thomas Carlyle smokes a pipe in the garden behind Number 5 Great Cheyne Row on a summer evening in 1857.

late-Victorian buildings have swamped the "hawthorn lanes," meadows, and market gardens that once extended beyond the King's Road toward Kensington and Knightsbridge.

Yet Cheyne Row keeps much of its quietude, and the Carlyles' house (now a literary museum) preserves its cloistral, somewhat gloomy atmosphere. Most of the changes it has undergone since it was erected in the year 1708—by a speculative builder who had bought up the bowling green of a demolished manor house—were made by the Carlyles themselves. Jane was no respecter of early eighteenth-century paneling. Perhaps because she liked to think of herself as modern, or because she identified the depression that Carlyle frequently radiated with the somber background of their old-fashioned house, or perhaps because she dreaded the bugs that often hid behind antique woodwork, she removed the paneling from many walls and substituted, if she could afford it, prettily flowered wallpaper.

From Number 26 Cheyne Row, our view of the Carlyles' house is particularly absorbing. Just below, as we look to the right across an antiquated red-brick wall, lies the strip of garden where Carlyle, on summer evenings, used to smoke his clay pipe, which he stored in a crevice between the bricks. The photograph on page 99, taken in 1857, shows him seated near the garden door, wearing the tall-crowned, large-brimmed black hat that shadowed his then gray-bearded visage; little Nero, Jane's dog, is comfortably spread-eagled beside his chair. Nero, who is buried in the garden, was an important member of the Carlyle household and appears in a series of dramatic tales. There was one occasion, Jane relates, when the intrepid animal tried to fly:

> For a first attempt his success was not so bad . . . and tho' he *did* plash down on the pavement at the feet of an astonished Boy he broke no bones, was only quite *stunned.* . . . It was after breakfast, and he had been standing at the open window, watching the birds—one of his chief delights—while Elizabeth was "dusting out" for Mr. C. Lying in my bed, I heard thro' the deal partition Elizabeth scream; "oh God! oh Nero!" and rush downstairs like a strong wind out at the street door. I sat up in my bed aghast—waiting with a feeling as of the Heavens falling till I heard her reascending the stairs and then I sprang to meet her in my night shift. She was white as a sheet, ready to faint. . . . "Is he killed?" I asked. . . . Mr. C. came down from his bedroom with his chin all over soap and asked, "has anything happened to Nero?" "Oh Sir he *must* have broken *all* his legs, he leapt out at *your* window!" "God bless me!" said Mr. C. and returned finish his shaving.

His mistress adored him, and his ma ter valued his company. Nero regular followed Carlyle on his long crepuscul walks through Chelsea—"little dir white speck of Life, of Love, Fideli and Feeling; girdled by the Darkness Night Eternal"—while the sage mec tated, as he trudged the streets, upon tl evils of the modern world and his ov forlorn existence, or thought of tl sleepless hours that awaited him once l had plodded back to his solitary bed.

In the same photograph, a clump bushes and a small tree occupy the righ hand side. They conceal a home domestic office. From our upper wi dows we look down upon a modest fla roofed structure. This is the househo privy. The Carlyles, while they occupie Number 5, had no kind of interior san tation; and as both of them seem to hav suffered from perpetually disordere livers, and Carlyle was constantly beir dispatched to the chemist's shop search of the powerful laxative calle "blue pills," the fact that they had on an unheated outdoor privy on wet an windy London days must have cause them much acute discomfort.

Another odd thought is how many the Carlyles' troubles originated in th

Pursuit by Post

On June 4, 1821, four days after his introduction to Jane Baillie Welsh, Thomas Carlyle wrote her a long letter, concluding: "It seems as if we had known each other from infancy upwards. . . ." This was the beginning of a correspondence that was to last until Jane's death in April, 1866. Frustrated in her own literary ambitions (others besides Dickens declared she was a born novelist), Jane revealed her wit and personality in the thousands of letters she wrote—to Carlyle during their five-year courtship and their for years of marriage, to her family, to her friends. She was intelliger sensitive, self-aware, waspish at times, and remarkably strong-wille

Carlyle came to know these aspects of Jane well during the courtship, which was conducted almost entirely by mail (indeed, tl volume of letters exchanged suggests that the couple were so busy wri ing to each other they had no time to get married). At first the corr spondence was primarily intellectual in tone, for Carlyle had unde taken to improve Miss Welsh's mind. Yet he cannot have overlooke her charms, for as early as January, 1822, she was obliged to send hi this withering rebuke:

> "I have moreover read your Letter. For *it* I do *not* thank you. . . . ther is about your Letter a *mystery* which I detest. It is so full of *meanin* words underlined; *meaning* sentences half-finished; *meaning* blanl with notes of admiration; and *meaning* quotations from foreign la guages, that really in this abundance of meaning it seems to indicate am somewhat at a loss to discover what you would be at. . . . Now Si once for all, I beg you to understand that I dislike as much as m Mother disapproves your somewhat too ardent expressions Friendship toward me; and that if you cannot write to me as to a ma who feels a deep interest in your welfare, who admires your talents, r spects your virtues, and for the sake of these has often,—perhaps to

Today Great Cheyne Row is merely Cheyne Row, but the Carlyle house (third from the left) remains almost exactly as Thomas Carlyle knew it before he died in 1881. Our author lives next door to the left.

ıouse we now inhabit. For hem it was an almost legen-lary place, peopled by a series of demonic families whose principal purpose, so far as ane could make out, was to prevent Carlyle from writing. The earliest, a rather genteel amily called Lambert, arrived n 1839. With them, alas, they ıad brought a parrot, which, vhen they carried it into the garden, screeched under Car-yle's window, so that he "fair-y sprang to his feet, declaring ıe could 'neither think nor live.' " Jane hen composed a diplomatic note, and he parrot was removed.

Worse came when one of the Misses Lambert started taking music lessons, both vocal and instrumental. Carlyle was working then on the first floor, and only a thin wall divided him from he sitting room—it is still our sitting room—that the Misses Lambert used. His patience was limited; his hatred of any kind of noise had already developed nto an obsession; and one morning he suddenly left his table, seized the poker, and delivered a couple of tremendous blows on the wall "exactly opposite vhere he fancied the young Lady seat-ed." The deep silence that followed lasted "for the next twelve hours." But neither this drastic action nor a polite exchange of notes could quite subdue the Misses Lambert, and intermittent "squallings" and tinklings continued to torment Carlyle—he was then toiling at *Past and Present* and his monumental book on Oliver Cromwell—throughout 1842 and 1843.

Even worse than the musical Lamberts were some of the families who succeeded them—the Roncas, a bohemian Irish family who, besides noisily carpentering in the back garden and hanging out their squalid household laundry, kept a parrot, dogs, and chickens. After much diplomacy and some stern threats, they were at last reduced to order. But then in 1865, the year before Jane's death, another fearful blow descended. The latest tenant, "a very mysterious 'dressmaker,' " seemed a retiring, inoffensive person. But she had lodgers who proved to be more troublesome, and early one morning Mrs. Carlyle made a hideous discovery. As she wrote in a letter on December 25:

> For years back there has reigned over all these gardens a heavenly quiet—thanks to my heroic exertions in exterminating nuisances. . . . Figure then my horror, my despair, on being waked one dark morning with the crowing of a cock, that seemed to issue from under my bed! . . . I lay with my heart in my mouth . . . listening for Mr. C.'s foot stamping frantically, as of old. . . . So soon as it was daylight I looked out . . . and there was a sight to see—a ragged, *irish*-looking hen house . . . and sauntering to and fro nine goodly hens, and a stunning cock!

Once again she managed to intervene and arranged "that the cock should be shut up in a cellar . . . from three in the afternoon till ten in the morning," by which time Mr. C. would have retired to the dismal soundproof room that he had now had built on the top floor. Jane,

---

ıften, overlooked your faults;—if you cannot write to me as if—as if you vere married, you need never waste ink or paper on me more. . . ."

Carlyle at once replied that his feelings toward Jane were "those of ın honest man and a true-hearted friend," and there the matter rested or quite some time. But it had inaugurated a theme that was to per-ade their early letters: he hinting at a more intimate future together, he shrinking from his literary advances. In one notable exchange, Carlyle wrote on August 31, 1823:

> Alas! my fate is dreary and obscure and perilous: is it fit that you . . . vhom I love more dearly than my own soul, should partake in it? . . . The only thing I know is that you are the most delightful, enthusiastic, ontemptuous, affectionate, sarcastic, capricious, warm-hearted, ofty-minded, half-devil, half-angel of a woman that ever ruled over he heart of a man; that I will love you, must love you, whatever may betide, till the last moment of my existence; and that if we both act ightly our lot *may* be the happiest of a thousand mortal lots. So let us ling to one another . . . forever and ever!"

Jane answered almost immediately, on September 16:

> You misunderstand me. You regard me no longer as a Friend, a Sis-er, but as one who at some future period may be more to you than both. . . . And, my God! what have I said or done to mislead you into an error so destructive to the confidence that subsists betwixt us, so dangerous to the peace of both? . . . it is of no use talking of what I might or should have done in the time past. I have only to repair the mischief in as far as I can, now that my eyes are opened to it, now that I am startled to find our relation actually assuming the aspect of an engagement for life.
>
> "My Friend, I love you. . . . But were you my Brother I would love you the same; were I married to another I would love you the same. And is this sentiment so calm, so delightful, but so unimpassioned, enough to recompense the freedom of my heart, enough to reconcile me to the existence of a married woman, the hopes and wishes and ambitions of which are all so different from mine, the cares and occupations of which are my disgust! Oh no! Your Friend I will be, your truest most devoted Friend, while I breathe the breath of life; but your Wife! Never, never! not though you were as rich as Croesus, as honoured and as renowned as you yet shall be."

Carlyle, undaunted, did not abandon his suit. As the years went by, and the letters went back and forth, Jane was gradually won over. On October 3, 1826, she wrote to him, "Oh, my dearest Friend! be always *so* good to me, and I shall make the best and happiest Wife." Two weeks later, Jane Baillie Welsh and Thomas Carlyle were married.

whose character evidently included a certain touch of masochism, must somehow have relished such domestic dramas. She had thought of writing a novel, she admitted, about the "mysteries" of Number 6, and used to amuse her friend Charles Dickens with the curious stories she told him of the house and its inhabitants. Dickens believed that they would make an excellent book. He had always admired her gifts—"none of the writing women came near her at all," he said, and as a man who enjoyed the companionship of the opposite sex, he found her more than usually attractive. Not only, noted his biographer John Forster, did Mrs. Carlyle entertain him, she inspired a deeper sentiment: "there was something beyond, beyond"—an element of physical and emotional sympathy.

Indeed, long after she had lost her looks and had become elderly and gaunt and haggard, Jane was still charming, and many of the distinguished men who presented themselves at Number 5 Cheyne Row arrived to visit Jane alone. Both the Italian patriot Giuseppe Mazzini and the French exile Godefroy Cavaignac (one of the leaders of the left wing under Charles X and Louis Philippe) had undoubtedly conceived a romantic affection for their hostess, and their love was, to some extent, returned. She also had the adoration of the aging Leigh Hunt, who, with his untidy children and his feckless and difficult wife, lived in Upper Cheyne Row around the corner.

Marianne Hunt, whom Byron had once so cordially detested, had apparently taken to the bottle, and the Hunts led an improvident and harassed existence. Hunt—"a pretty man," Carlyle remembered, ". . . with the airiest kindly style of sparkling talk"—often took refuge at Number 5 from the squalid confusion of his own home. "He would lean on his elbow against the mantelpiece . . . and look around him . . . before taking leave for the night: 'as if I were a *Lar*,' said he once, 'or permanent Household God here!'. . . Another time, rising from this

Leigh Hunt

Geraldine Jewsbury

Giuseppe Mazzini

Harriet Martineau

During their forty years together, Jane and Thomas each maintained warm friendships outside their marriage. The poet Leigh Hunt and the Italian patriot Giuseppe Mazzini admired and comforted Jane, while the novelist Geraldine Jewsbury and the economist Harriet Martineau doted upon Thomas Carlyle.

Lar attitude, he repeated (voice very fine) as if in sport of parody, yet with something of very sad perceptible: 'While I to sulphurous and penal fire'—as the last thing before vanishing." Among Hunt's best-known poems is the graceful triolet "Jenny Kissed Me," which he addressed to Jane when she had surprised him by jumping from her chair to throw her arms around him as he entered.

Both the Carlyles, despite their quirks and prejudices, were fond of entertaining newcomers. Since the publication of *Sartor Resartus*, Carlyle had become a literary lion, and Jane, for all her caustic asides, was pleased to see "the host of my husband's lady admirers" gathered about him in her presence. There was Harriet Martineau, the famous political economist, holding out her ear trumpet "with a pretty blushing air of coquetry," and later, the novelist Geraldine Jewsbury, lying on the carpet at the great man's feet.

Nor were the Carlyles averse to fashionable society, though Jane often criticized its arrogance and extravagance. She records in a letter to her mother, written on April 7, 1839, that a week previously "the sound of a whirlwind rushed thro' the street, and there stop with a prancing of steeds and footma thunder at this door, an equipage, all re splendent with sky-blue and silver . . whence emanated Count d'Orsay." Th renowned exquisite had behaved in particularly gracious manner, whil his host, never easy to impress, ha displayed a solid homespun dignity:

A sight it was to make one think the miller nium actually at hand, when the lion and th lamb, and all incompatible things shoul consort together. Carlyle in his grey plai suit . . . looking blandly at the Prince c Dandies; and the Prince of Dandies on a opposite chair, all resplendent as a diamonc beetle, looking blandly at *him*. D'Orsay is really handsome man, after one has hear him speak and found that he has both w and sense; but at first sight his beauty is c that rather disgusting sort which seems to b like genius "of no sex." And this impressio is greatly helped by the fantastical finery c his dress; sky-blue satin cravat, yards of gol chain, with white French gloves, light dra greatcoat lined with velvet of the sam colour, invisible inexpressibles, skir coloured and fitting like a glove.

Number 5 was seldom a dull hous yet during the last twenty years of th Carlyles' occupation, their life wa darkly overshadowed. As early as 184 Jane had begun to doubt whether sh still retained her husband's love; and i the 1850's she could not help acknow edging that Mr. C., who had previousl appeared indifferent to all women "*a women*," had developed a Platonic infa uation for a famous London hostess, th Junonian Lady Ashburton, and ofte willingly deserted Cheyne Row to spen his evenings in her company. Mean while Jane's health was gradually breal ing down, undermined by the enormou doses of henbane and morphia that, as remedy for her chronic sleeplessnes she had been taking night after nigh since she reached the age of forty-fiv Sometimes she feared she might b going mad, and in 1863 a minor stree accident resulted in months of excru ciating pain.

It was a disastrous marriage—that is at least, the conclusion we draw fron

The Carlyles relax by the fireplace in their gaily wallpapered front parlor in this 1858 painting by Robert Tait.

he Carlyles' letters. James Anthony roude, a close friend and the author of four-volume biography that appeared etween 1882 and 1884, asserts that it as never consummated; and certainly ane exhibited many of the traits of a isappointed and embittered woman hose emotional grievances found vent a long succession of psychosomatic aladies. Yet was she quite so miserable s she often liked to pretend? Though he would speak of "the Valley of the hadow of Marriage" and expatiate at ength upon her daily woes, both the arlyles, we must remember, possessed keen dramatic sense.

For them their checkered married life as an absorbing tragicomedy. Carlyle eeded something to grumble about, part from the current evils of society nd the general turpitude of modern ankind; while Jane required a conant supply of subjects on which she ould exercise her sharp-edged wit. As a orn novelist who had failed to write a ook, she may have half enjoyed their isadventures. Her references to her remarkable husband are sometimes tartly isparaging, even downright acrimonious. Yet it is clear not only that she admired him, but that he had aroused in her a deep devotion, a feeling that soon transcended any youthful dreams of ordinary human happiness.

Both were proud, and both were lonely. During what Carlyle afterward called their "sore life-pilgrimage," they became inseparable fellow travelers. Jane, however, did not cease to fret against his atrabilious egotism—when she was angry, observed a critical acquaintance, she had "a tongue like a cat's, which would take the skin off at a touch"—and her husband was generally far too busy to give her the attention she demanded. Not until he had finally lost her, and had opened her private papers, did he begin to understand her secret sufferings.

Thus the long marriage of Jane and Thomas Carlyle was neither happy nor unhappy. Although its moments of desperate wretchedness probably outnumbered its occasional hours of sunshine, Jane's earliest letters, in which she addresses Carlyle as her "Goody, Goody, dear Goody" and promises him —she is staying at her mother's house— "to make it all up to you in kisses" when she returns to Craigenputtock, are scarcely more affectionate in tone than the last she ever wrote. Written and posted on April 21, 1866, this letter is headed simply "Dearest."

That afternoon, she drove through Hyde Park, taking a friend's little dog, and when she put it out for a run, it was knocked over by a passing carriage. She dismounted and, finding that it was unhurt, told the coachman to complete their journey. But later he noticed that she was sitting motionless, her hands, "palm uppermost the right hand, reverse way the left," lying quietly upon her lap. She was dead, killed by a heart seizure; and her body was presently carried back to Cheyne Row, to the bed with red hangings she had inherited from her mother and in which she had herself been born. Today, the house that the Carlyles occupied still has a hushed and solemn air, but both its recent custodians have assured me that they have never felt that it was haunted; nor does the smallest spectral influence extend to the adjacent "house of mysteries." I have listened in vain for the sound of Thomas Carlyle's poker thundering against the sitting-room wall.

Peter Quennell, who doesn't keep a parrot or chickens, described Dr. Johnson's Hebridean tour in the Spring, 1973, issue.

A Woman of Courage

Lillian Hellman and I go back a long way. When I was seventeen years old, in the spring of 1956, I played Horace in a high school revival of her play *The Little Foxes* in Barrington, Illinois. I did not realize then, as I do now, that the dramatics teacher who chose to produce that play was taking a mildly heroic political stand.

I was a McCarthyite in the earliest fifties, as much as a fourteen- and fifteen-year-old could be. I believed in the Communist menace, and I thought McCarthy's inquisitorial techniques were as good as those on any radio or television show. I would have been the leading McCarthyite in my class, except that my sometime chum Deke Riley edged me out with a keener sense of dedication to the task, a more highly developed taste for the Jesuitical turn of argument, a more refined killer instinct. I stopped being a McCarthyite less from conviction, or waning conviction, than from having been beaten in schoolboy competition.

I'm glad I did, so that I was able to think myself pure when, during the army-McCarthy hearings and later, I learned of Harry Truman's Loyalty Review Board, of the Attorney General's List, of the House Un-American Activities Committee and Richard Nixon's rise from there to the vice-presidency, of the blacklisting of movie people, of the people like Elia Kazan and Robert Taylor and Clifford Odets who went before the committee and confessed to putative guilt, repented, named others as Communists, helped to destroy the careers of old friends.

I was depressed by this bit of my country's history, but I was not especially moved by it. It seemed lamentable. That was all. And then, some years later, I was astonished—more than astonished, physically stunned—to read the letter that Lillian Hellman wrote to the House Un-American Activities Committee in May of 1952 when she was called to testify and expected to name her friends who had, in the past, been members of the Communist party or fellow travelers. She wrote to John S. Wood, the chairman of HUAC:

"I am most willing to answer all questions about myself. I have nothing to hide from your committee and there is nothing in my life of which I am ashamed. I have been advised by counsel that under the Fifth Amendment I have a constitutional privilege to decline to answer any questions about my political opinions, activities and associations, on the grounds of self-incrimination. I do not wish to claim this privilege. I am ready and willing to testify before the representatives of our government as to my own opinions and my own actions, regardless of any risks or consequences to myself.

"But I am advised by counsel that if I answer the committee's questions about myself, I must also answer questions about other people and that if I refuse to do so, I can be cited for contempt. My counsel tells me that if I answer questions about myself, I will have waived my rights under the Fifth Amendment and could be forced legally to answer questions about others. This is very difficult for a layman to understand. But there is one principle that I do understand: I am not willing now or in the future, to bring bad trouble to people who, in my past associations with them, were completely innocent of any talk or any action that was disloyal or subversive. I do not like subversion or disloyalty in any form and if I had ever seen any I would have considered it my duty to have reported it to the proper authorities. But to hurt innocent people whom I knew many years ago in order to save myself is, to me, inhuman and indecent and dishonorable. I cannot and will not cut my conscience to fit this year's fashions, even though I long ago came to the conclusion that I was not a political person and could have no comfortable place in any political group.

"I was raised in an old-fashioned American tradition and there were certain homely things that were taught to me: try to tell the truth, not to bear false witness, not to harm my neighbor, to be loyal to my country, and so on. In general, I respected these ideals of Christian honor and did as well with them as I knew how. It is my belief that you will agree with these simple rules of human decency and will not expect me to violate the good American tradition from which they spring. I would, therefore, like to come before you and speak of myself.

She did a hard thing when others were taking the easy way. She risked her career. She risked jail—for a principle—when her friends were taking no risks. Lillian Hellman became a talisman for me.

So I have read her memoirs diligently: *An Unfinished Woman* and *Pentimento*, and—now, *Scoundrel Time* (published recently by Little Brown). It is in this last volume that she tells the story of HUAC.

She tells it eloquently, with some

UPI

PICTORIAL PARADE

The House Un-American Activities Committee in 1949 included Richard M. Nixon, second from left, and Chairman John S. Wood, third from left. At right, Lillian Hellman, who testified in 1952.

ealthy anger and rage—but without ıncor or bitterness. The members of IUAC did not disturb her, she writes:

ɛnators McCarthy and McCarran, Rep-ɪsentatives Nixon, Walter, and Wood, all f them, were what they were: men who ıvented when necessary, maligned even hen it wasn't necessary. I do not think ıey believed much, if anything, of what ıey said: the time was ripe for a new wave ı America, and they seized their political ıance to lead it along each day's oppor-ınity, spitballing whatever and with who-ver came into view.

She saves her anger for her friends:

had, up to the late nineteen-forties, ɛlieved that the educated, the intellectual, ived by what they claimed to believe: reedom of thought and speech, the right of ach man to his own convictions, a more han implied promise, therefore, of aid to hose who might be persecuted. But only a ery few raised a finger when McCarthy ınd the boys appeared. Almost all, by what hey did or did not do, contributed to McCarthyism, running after a band-vagon which hadn't bothered to stop to ick them up.

One of the ancillary pleasures of his-ory, surely, is to see how the same haracters appear and disappear over he course of time, popping up some-imes as good guys and sometimes as ɔad guys. When Lillian Hellman first eceived her subpoena from HUAC, he got in touch with that bad guy of he Johnson administration, Abe For-as, of the law firm of Arnold, Fortas, and Porter. Abe Fortas called on Miss Hellman in New York, listened to her ɔour out her convictions and feelings ɔf rage and sense of loyalty to former riends. "He admired the china birds ɔn the fireplace, he tried out a few ıotes on the piano, frowned at the one, and turned to say that he had a ıunch he'd tell me about, but I was not o take a hunch as legal advice. His ıunch was that the time had come, the perfect time, for somebody to take a moral position before these disgraceful Congressional committees and not depend on the legalities of the Fifth Amendment." To Fortas the moral ɔosition would be to say, in essence, "I will testify about myself, answer all your questions about my own life, but I will not tell you about anybody else, stranger or friend."

That was, indeed, what Lillian Hellman did, beginning with her eloquent letter. To her great credit and, not so incidentally, to the credit of Abe Fortas, it was dreadful legal advice. As a pure matter of legal strategy, it left Miss Hellman open to the possibility of a jail sentence. As a matter of legal principle, it may be pernicious. She was not, in strict legal terms, allowed to take the protection of the Fifth Amendment for her friends: the Fifth Amendment is precisely for the protection of one's own self, not of one's friends.

Dashiell Hammett, with whom Miss Hellman was living, perceived this fact immediately and warned her that she was heading for a jail term. Yet Lillian Hellman went forth to meet the committee. For her appearance, Miss Hellman had Joseph Rauh as her personal attorney. She volunteered to speak about herself, her past, her beliefs and activities, and she persistently invoked the Fifth Amendment when she was asked to speak about her friends and acquaintances. In the course of her testimony, she referred to the letter she had written to the committee, and the letter was put into the record of the committee's hearings. At that moment Joseph Rauh, to the utter amazement of his client, suddenly leapt from his chair and began handing out mimeographed copies of the letter to the reporters present. Suddenly a loud voice cut through the noises of the hearing room to say: "Thank God somebody finally had the guts to do it."

Until that moment, Miss Hellman had been afraid she could not last until the end of the session. Now the tension was broken. "That unknown voice made the words that helped to save me." The congressmen themselves, sensing the woman with whom they were dealing, questioned her for a mere hour and seven minutes.

Joseph Rauh, who defended other clients before the committee later on, said that Miss Hellman's stand broke the sense of dread that enshrouded the committee and gave it such remarkable power and so made it easier for those who followed to defy the committee's attempts to go on ferreting out more and more names of alleged subversives. The force of common wisdom commenced to shift over against the committee and against McCarthyism, and so, in simple truth, Lillian Hellman potently helped to halt the panicky witch hunts of the cold war in America, forcefully made history by a courageous statement of principled conviction.

Although Miss Hellman avoided jail by virtue of her action, she was not able to avoid blacklisting, or some half-dozen years of difficulties in getting jobs in her profession. Nor was she herself entirely happy with her appearance before the House Un-American Activities Committee.

I had really wanted to say: . . . "There is no communist menace in this country and you know it. You have made cowards into liars, an ugly business, and you made me write a letter in which I acknowledged your power. I should have gone into your committee room, given my name and address, and walked out." Many people have said they liked what I did, but I don't much, and if I hadn't worried about rats and jail, and such stuff . . . ah, the bravery you tell yourself was possible when it's all over, the bravery of the staircase.

I still think Miss Hellman should have known enough about Stalin's brutality by the late 1930's to have repudiated it; I think she should have done that even though, during World War II, most American politicians were talking about how much alike the Russians and Americans were and how fine a fellow old Uncle Joe was. I like my heroes and heroines to be right all the time—and sooner than the common lot of politicians at least.

And yet, if the function of the artist is to anticipate and imagine various possibilities in life, and to show us what certain courses of action would be if they were acted out, then Lillian Hellman has lived up to her vocation by showing us how to behave with courage when our dignity and liberties are threatened.

The intemperate torch grazed
With fire the umbel of the dark.
The pond-lilies could not stifle
The green descant of frogs.

We had not heeded the warning
That the iron birds creaked.
As we swung the park-gates
Their beaks glinted with dew.

A splash—the silver nymph
Was a foam flake in the night.
But though the careful winds
Visited our trembling flesh
They carried no echo.

Question: Is this poem

(a) worthless

(b) a masterpiece

(c) an elaborate put-on?

Three decades after its composition,
no one is quite sure.
For it is part of a celebrated hoax
that fooled the
critics and set modern poetics askew

How Ern Malley Got the Last Laugh

By ORMONDE DE KAY, JR.

Few satisfactions can match that o watching the experts be mad fools of through their own credu lousness. Three decades ago, durin World War II, ripples of merrimen circled the globe with the revelation tha Australia's newly discovered bard, Er Malley, whose posthumously publishe poems had aroused great interest in li erary circles, was not merely dead bu had, in fact, never lived, being the fi tional creation of two young soldier with time on their hands.

The creators of Ern Malley had serious purpose in mind: to demolish th then-current poetic fashion of preten tious obscurantism by holding it up t ridicule. In publishing their handiwork the two Malley-factors triumphantl made their point. Yet they have bee punished, too, in a way they coul hardly have foreseen, for their pseudon ymous creation has become, in th words of the critic Brian Elliott, "a Australian culture-hero, a figure ten fe tall" who, like some unstoppered geni not only towers above his creators bu threatens to outlast them as well.

The saga began one day early in 194 in the Adelaide office of the avant-gard magazine *Angry Penguins* (so calle from a line of poetry by its twenty-two year-old founder and chief editor, Ma Harris: "Drunks, the angry penguins o the night"). Harris opened an envelop bearing a Sydney postmark and dre from it two typed sheets and a lett written in a round schoolgirl hand ov the signature of one Ethel Malley "When I was going through m brother's things after his death," sh wrote, "I found some poetry he ha written. . . . It would be a kindness if yo would let me know whether you thin there is anything in them." Turning t the poems, Harris read the one entitle "Durer: Innsbruck, 1495":

I had often, cowled in the slumberous
heavy air,
Closed my inanimate lids to find it real,
As I knew it would be, the colourful spires
And painted roofs, the high snows
glimpsed at the back,
All reversed in the quiet reflecting waters—

ot knowing then that Durer perceived
it too.
ow I find that once more I have shrunk
o an interloper, robber of dead
men's dream,
ad read in books that art is not easy
ut no one warned that the mind repeats
its ignorance the vision of others.
I am still
he black swan of trespass on alien waters.

Harris was impressed. The poem itself as original, the imagery striking, the one gratifyingly contemporary; and the essage, clearly one of high seriousness, eclined to yield itself up at once. The econd poem, too, turned out to be a agisterial statement clothed in allusive nguage. Harris dashed off a letter to Miss Malley asking for biographical deails and the rest of her brother's poems.

A few days later a fat envelope arved, containing fourteen more poems nder the general title *The Darkening cliptic*. In her accompanying letter, thel Malley outlined the short and ather bleak life of the late Ernest Lalor Malley—ex-schoolboy, ex-garage mehanic, ex-insurance salesman, exatch repairman, loner, and bachelor—ho had died tragically the previous inter, aged twenty-five, of Graves' isease. (This ought to have given away he hoax, for Graves' disease is an oldashioned name for exophthalmic goier, which is rarely fatal but which enders the victim grotesquely popeyed. Malley's cow," moreover, is Australan slang for a person who disappears aving no clue to his whereabouts.) Harris read the poems and showed them o his colleagues, first to a young painter amed Sidney Nolan and then to two ther editors. Each, as he read, began to hare Harris's excitement, for Ern Malley's voice was unmistakably his wn, and his vision was powerfully fresh nd arresting, as in:

have been bitter with you, my brother,
emembering that saying of Lenin when
the shadow
as already on his face: "The emotions
are not skilled workers!"

r in the opening lines of the poem alled "Culture as Exhibit":

"Swamps, marshes, borrow-pits and other
Areas of stagnant water serve
As breeding grounds . . ." Now
Have I found you, my Anopheles!

or in such telling similes as:

One moment of daylight let me have
Like a white arm thrust
Out of the dark and self-denying wave

or in this enigmatic assertion, which no one thought to read as a warning:

It is necessary to understand
That a poet may not exist, that his writings
Are the incomplete circle and straight drop
Of a question mark. . . .

Convinced that they were witnessing that rare event, the emergence from obscurity of a truly first-rate talent, the editors warmly endorsed Harris's proposal to print *The Darkening Ecliptic* in its entirety. Harris wrote a foreword in which he hailed Malley as "a poet of tremendous power working through a disciplined and restrained kind of statement into the deepest wells of significance," and when the autumn number of *Angry Penguins* appeared, the first thirty-five pages, about half its contents, were devoted to Ern Malley.

Most of the magazine's nine hundred copies were distributed in Australia, but a few were sent, as usual, to "little magazines" abroad. Ern Malley began to make his name. Harry Roskolenko, an American poet serving in the United States forces in Australia, liked the poems so much that he persuaded a publisher in New York to print several in an anthology. And overseas, word began to filter out from a handful of editorial ivory towers that Australia had at last spawned a major, if unfortunately dead, poet.

Soon, however, Malley's posthumous career was nipped in the bud. At three o'clock one morning in early June, Max Harris was awakened by the ringing of his telephone and informed by a journalist calling from the Sydney *Sun* that Malley's poems had, in fact, been written by two young poets in the Australian army, Lieutenant James McAuley and Corporal Harold Stewart. Had Harris any comment? Casting about for an answer, Harris muttered, "The myth is sometimes greater than its creators," and hung up. On June 5 the tabloid *Fact* exposed the hoax in print, with a statement by its perpetrators.

They felt, McAuley and Stewart insisted, no "personal malice" toward Harris. They had, however, "observed with distaste the gradual decay of meaning and craftsmanship in poetry," making readers increasingly "insensible of absurdity and incapable of ordinary discrimination." Consequently, they had decided to carry out a "serious literary experiment" to find out whether proponents of modernism—of whom the Angry Penguins were the most conspicuous on the Australian scene—would recognize "deliberately concocted nonsense" when they saw it. In a single free afternoon at Victoria Barracks in Sydney, they had produced the entire lifework of the tragic Ern, and at odd moments in the ensuing days worked out the details of his life.

How the poems were composed made a curious tale in itself. The co-authors had, they said, made use of various books, including the Concise Oxford English Dictionary, a collection of Shakespeare's plays, and a dictionary of quotations.

We opened books at random, choosing a word or a phrase haphazardly. We made lists of these and wove them into nonsensical sentences. We misquoted and made false allusions. We deliberately perpetrated bad verse, and selected awkward rhymes from a Ripman's *Rhyming Dictionary*. The alleged quotation from Lenin . . . "the emotions are not skilled workers" is quite phoney. The first three lines of the poem "Culture as Exhibit" were lifted . . . straight from an American report on the drainage of breeding grounds of mosquitoes.

Australia's newspapers, no less hostile than the hoaxers to surrealism, Dada, and other cultural currents from foreign shores, gleefully embarked on an orgy of derision. Next, American and British wire services picked up the story. *Time* delightedly termed the hoax "as

fantastic as a duck-billed platypus," and *Newsweek* declared that McAuley and Stewart had brilliantly proved that "a literary fashion can become so hypnotically powerful that it can suspend the operation of critical intelligence," shaming doubters to silence "by the fear of appearing stupid or (worse crime!) reactionary."

The press, having had its fun, dropped the story. Then a new sensation occurred in the Ern Malley saga: the police brought an action against *Angry Penguins* on the charge that seven of the poems constituted "indecent advertisements" and that certain other items in the same issue were either "indecent, immoral or obscene." (Malley's alleged "indecent advertisements" included such shockers as "The swung torch scatters seeds/In the umbelliferous dark" and "I have remembered the chiaroscuro/Of your naked breasts and loins.")

The trial in September ended in conviction, and Harris was fined five pounds. Outside Australia it went largely unreported, but the shock waves set in motion by the Ern Malley affair continued to shake the underpinnings of faith in some quarters. Thus, in November, the *New Yorker* complained that the McAuley-Stewart caper "spoils anyone for modern poetry for the rest of his life." This proposition failed to be borne out by events. It was further proved wrong with respect to Malley himself, since, fraud though he was, he became the first Australian poet to win a considerable readership outside his homeland.

In the United States, Karl Shapiro and James Dickey acknowledged their debt to him, and critical studies of his work appeared in learned journals. In Britain when *The Penguin Book of Australian Verse* came out in 1958, the absence of his poems was remarked by several reviewers, including the present poet laureate, John Betjeman.

Meanwhile, in Australia, the wounds inflicted on tender sensibilities healed. In 1960 an enterprising producer with the Australian Broadcasting Commission set out to re-create on tape that *cause célèbre* of sixteen years earlier by interviewing McAuley, Stewart, Harris, and the other participants, including Sidney Nolan, who had since won world acclaim for his paintings. The immediate result was a popular radio documentary that was later broadcast in Britain and the United States. Another result, wholly unforeseen, was that Ern Malley sprang dramatically back to life.

Before long, Malley's *Darkening Ecliptic* appeared as a paperback book with an introduction by Max Harris, excerpts from the radio documentary, and an account of the trial; a blurry photograph on its cover purported to show the author, looking gaunt, unkempt, and appropriately popeyed. The edition quickly sold out. Ten years later the book was reissued, but soon that edition, too, was exhausted. And in 1974 the latest—but surely not last—edition of Ern Malley's poems was published to coincide with the Adelaide Festival of the Arts. This time the cover bore an abstract drawing by Sidney Nolan, Harris and his friends having apparently decided that a gag photograph would no longer do to represent a myth figure of such great, and growing, stature.

For by then Ern Malley was firmly implanted in the Australian consciousness. In art, he is mourned on a monumental scale in a series of large paintings by his early admirer Sidney Nolan. In music, he is memorialized in a jazz suite composed by Dave Dallwitz, one of the original Angry Penguins. And his poetic cycle, *The Darkening Ecliptic*, is a national classic.

How this strikes the two poets who invented Ern Malley and composed his works is anybody's guess. Both men have, over the years, won recognition as poets. Stewart, the author of three books of poems, has been called (by critic Douglas Stewart, no relation) "the only really classical poet Australia has produced"; his predilection for form has drawn him to Japan, where he has made a name for himself as one of the world's foremost translators of haiku. As for McAuley, who has six books of poetry to his credit, he is rated—with A. D. Hope, his senior by ten years—one of the two giants of Australian poetry. Now nearing sixty, McAuley is professor of English at the University of Tasmania.

McAuley and Stewart can, to be sure, take satisfaction in the knowledge that their victory over the alien menaces of meaninglessness and pretentiousness has proved a remarkably durable one. For Australian poetry remains far more conservative than the poetry of any other English-speaking country. These days even Max Harris writes meticulously crafted verse that makes perfect sense. Still, it can hardly be much fun for the hoaxers to read opinions such as those of Brian Elliott that "neither of them seems ever again to have succeeded in writing with quite the same spectacular abandon which marked the 'Malley' verses," or that "what they have written in the Malley poems was decidedly superior . . . to anything they have written independently." There must surely be moments when they wish they hadn't brought Ern Malley into being that afternoon in Victoria Barracks.

Will the myth, in the end, prove greater than its creators? Lacking authentic heroes in the mold of, say, Washington or Lincoln, Australians have long filled the gap with folk heroes who loom larger than life against the strange outcrops, the weird flora and fauna, and the vast emptiness of their land. Their best-known song, "Waltzing Matilda," celebrates an itinerant workman who falls into a stagnant pool and drowns; while their best-known folk hero, Ned Kelly, is a badman of the outback, who after his violent death, was swiftly apotheosized into a figure of myth. Given all this—and the Australian sense of humor—it is not difficult to picture joining the other folk heroes in the national pantheon beneath the Southern Cross, the forlorn and relentlessly urban figure of Ern Malley, who died in his youth, and then attained not just immortality but, better still, the last laugh.

Ormonde de Kay, Jr., is also a poet. He is, however, not at all a fictitious one.

The Olympic Games

Where sport is but a continuation of politics by other means

n the closing days of this, the
X Olympiad, a torch will be
t by the sun's rays at the Tem-
le of Hera in Olympia,
Greece. Relay runners will carry
to Athens, and there a Ca-
adian athlete will kindle a
ame in the Panathenian Sta-
ium. An ionic sensor will con-
ert the fire into electric im-
ulses that will be transmitted
y satellite to Ottawa. A laser
eam will reconvert the elec-
ric energy into flame, and run-
ers will carry the torch to Mon-
real for the opening of the XXI
)lympic games. For a fortnight
ıereafter, the youth of many nations
ill run, jump, ride, swim, lift things,
nd punch noses while the sacred flame
urns in a tall birdbath at the top of
lympic Stadium.

The sensor, satellite, and laser should
lence those who say the International
lympic Committee is a self-perpetuat-
ıg oligarchy of old crocks who do not
ıange with the times. Here they are
sing the most sophisticated tools of the
)ace age when as recently as 1956
anes and pickup trucks were carrying
ıe torch from Athens to Beirut to Karachi to Calcutta to Singapore to Djakarta to Darwin, whence 2,750 runners lugged it to Melbourne by way of Cairns, Bundaberg, Brisbane, Sydney, Canberra, Wodonga, Bendigo, Ballarat, Geelong, and Footscray. One of them was bitten by a snake.

When the modern Olympics began in 1896, 285 contestants represented ten countries. Four years ago in Munich there were some nine thousand athletes from 123 nations, and unless the trend is reversed the carnival in Montreal will be even larger. To some, this uninterrupted growth proves the health of the Olympic movement. Others see it as a disease like elephantiasis.

Whatever the case, one thing seems clear: the Olympics have grown so big and command such wide attention that they have become an irresistible attraction to any individual or group with a statement to make to the world. Perhaps the festival in Montreal will run its course without untoward incident, but this has not been the case in recent times. No one in the Olympic movement can blot from his memory the events of September 5, 1972, when Arab terrorists invaded the Israeli quarters in Olympic Village and made a blood bath of the Munich games.

Theirs was the most horrifying statement yet made, but it was by no means the first effort to use the Olympics as a forum. The fashion had been set twenty years earlier by a strawberry blonde in a flowing white nightshirt. The opening ceremonies in Helsinki had reached their theatrical peak with Paavo Nurmi, patron saint of Finnish distance run-

By RED SMITH

ners, carrying the Olympic torch into the stadium, when the Fräulein sprang from the stands, raced around the track to the tribune of honor, mounted the steps, and clutched a microphone.

"*Ystavat*," she said in Finnish, "friends—" and that was as far as she got with a speech in favor of peace. She was only anticipating Henry Kissinger on détente, but a man in gray flannels broke out of a covey of officials, wrapped his arms around her middle, and hauled her, struggling, away from the mike. She was turned over to the cops, who asked her name. "*Sinka*," she said. "I am the sun." Later she gave the more prosaic name of Barbara Rotraut-Player and said she was a student from Stuttgart and represented no organization. "I love God," she explained.

That was 1952. In 1956 Hungarian athletes were just starting for the games when Soviet troops moved into their homeland to crush a revolt. On arrival at Olympic Village in Melbourne they tore down the red, green, and white flag of Hungary's puppet Communist government and ran up the national flag of pre-Soviet days. By the time Russian and Hungarian teams met at water polo, tension had reached the snapping point. Beaten 4–0, the Soviet team came out of the water bleeding and needed a police escort to the dressing room.

Americans remember the flap caused at the 1968 Olympics in Mexico when Tommie Smith and John Carlos lifted gloved fists during the playing of "The Star-Spangled Banner." Carlos and Smith were sprinters at San Jose State and disciples of Harry Edwards, a San Jose instructor who had urged black Americans to boycott the games as a protest against the condition of blacks in the United States. The boycott never came off, but after Smith and Carlos finished first and third in the 200-meter dash they walked to the victory stand and during the anthem stood with heads bowed, not looking at the flag, each lifting a fist gloved in black.

It was a simple, silent gesture lacking neither dignity nor justice, for if the sports arena is where a person is, then that is the place to petition for redress. Among the 80,000 spectators, comparatively few noticed anything amiss, but the Olympic fathers soon made certain the whole world would hear about it. Under pressure from the International Olympic Committee, United States officials banished Smith and Carlos (who had in fact already left Olympic Village on their own to join their wives downtown). Confusing human rights with partisan politics, the waxworks announced, "One of the first principles of the Olympic Games is that politics play no part whatsoever in them. . . . Yesterday United States athletes in a victory ceremony deliberately violated this universally accepted principle by . . . [advertising] their domestic political views. . . . The discourtesy displayed violated the standards of sportsmanship and good manners."

The "universally accepted principle" that the Olympics are above politics is a measure of the IOC's capacity for self-deception. As far back as 1933, when Americans were protesting our participation in the 1936 games in Berlin because of Nazi persecution of Jews, Avery Brundage, then president of the USOC, was saying, "I don't think we have any business to meddle in this question. We are a sports group. . . . When we let politics, racial questions, religious or social disputes creep into our actions, we are in for trouble."

Brigadier General Charles H. Sherrill, an American member of the IOC, talked the Germans into inviting two Jews—Helene Mayer, a fencing champion then living in Los Angeles, and Rudi Ball, a hockey player who had moved to France—to compete for Germany.

"I went to Germany," Sherrill said, "for the purpose of getting at least one Jew on the German Olympic team and I feel that my job is finished. As to obstacles placed in the way of Jewish athletes or any others in trying to reach their Olympic ability, I would have no more business discussing that in Germany than if the Germans attempted to discuss the Negro situation in the American South or the treatment of the Ja
nese in California."

Said Frederick W. Rubien, secret
of the USOC, "Germans are not
criminating against Jews in their Oly
pic tryouts. The Jews are elimina
because they are not good enough
athletes. Why, there are not a do
Jews in the world of Olympic caliber.

It remained for the incompara
Brundage to put it in writing: "Cert
Jews must now understand that t
cannot use these games as a weapon
their boycott against the Nazis."

No doubt a whole book should
written about Avery Brundage, thou
if it was faithful to the subject, it wo
be lamentably dull. Imperious, intr
sigent, insensitive, incorruptible, a
rude, he was a commanding figure
amateur sport in America for more th
half a century, and for twenty years
reigned as president of the Internatio
Olympic Committee.

He deified Baron Pierre de Coubert
founder of the modern Olympics, a
subscribed without reservation to
baron's view that "the Olympic mo
ment tends to bring together in a radi
union all the qualities which gu
mankind to perfection." As the worl
foremost guardian of the amateur ide
Brundage occupied a position compa
ble to lookout in a prairie dog colo

A self-described "110 per cent Am
can," he was a member of the Amer
First Committee and he made no
cret of his stance on domestic politi
affairs. "People like me," he sa
"haven't had anybody to vote for si
Hoover and Coolidge."

This was the man at the top when
IOC opened a can of political wor
before the Mexico City games in 19
The committee voted to readmit Sou
Africa, which had been banned from
1964 carnival because of the statut
bigotry called apartheid. In the inter
the South Africans had promised
send an integrated team to Mexico w
whites and nonwhites living togeth
wearing the same uniform, and mar
ing under one flag.

The fact that South African athle

DRAWINGS BY CHAS B SLACKMAN

/ould qualify in segregated tryouts and eparation by color would remain the ule at home didn't worry the IOC, but orty nations rejected this head-in-the-and attitude. South Africa's invitation /as withdrawn, not because the Olym-ic brass found its racist policies repug-ant, but for fear of a boycott that /ould embarrass Mexico and jeopard-:e the future of the games.

Brundage denied that the action had een forced by political pressure. He aid it was taken to avoid "ugly vio-:nce." Then about two weeks before ie Olympics were to open, police and oldiers in Mexico City fired into a :udent rally in the Plaza of Three Cul-ires, killing more than thirty people nd wounding more than a hundred. rundage didn't mention ugly violence. le announced: "We have been assured iat nothing will interfere with the eaceful entrance of the Olympic flame ito the stadium."

In spite of the backstage maneuvering id vote swapping that go on inces-ntly, and in spite of the double talk that clouds most issues, the Olympic carnival is a magnificent spectacle, an exuberantly colorful pageant. That was true, at least, until the dreadful day in Munich when the fun went out of fun and games.

When the siege in Olympic Village had ended, seventeen persons were dead —eleven Israelis, five Arabs, and one policeman—and three guerrillas were in custody. Yet play had gone on almost without interruption. On the morning of September 5, word came down from Brundage that sport was to proceed as scheduled, and it wasn't until four o'clock that afternoon that a belated sense of decency dictated a halt. Even then, competition already under way was carried to a conclusion. We mustn't give in to terrorism, said the Olympic Committee. We mustn't let a little blood blur the Olympic ideal. A "memorial ceremony" was conducted the next day, but it was more like a pep rally. "The games must go on," Brundage said, and thousands applauded.

At the 1972 games, as in all others, there was also dissatisfaction with the officiating in every sport that is scored by judgment—boxing, wrestling, figure skating, diving, gymnastics. Probably this is inevitable. In the fiercely nationalistic climate of the Olympics, some judges are bound to be influenced by political, ethnic, or religious prejudice. German cries of "*Räuber*" (robber) resounded in the boxing arena when the American light middleweight Reggie Jones was declared loser to Valery Tregubov of the Soviet Union, and complaints were still being heard as the games ended.

The last event was the basketball final between the Soviet and American teams. The United States, which had won sixty-three games with never a defeat in Olympic competition, took a one-point lead in the last half-minute. Taking the ball out of bounds, the Russians moved it to mid-court, where a pass was deflected. Thinking the United States had won the game, the spectators swarmed onto the floor, but the clock showed one second still left to play.

The court was cleared, a Soviet player was short with his pass from out of bounds, and time ran out. While the Americans were congratulating themselves, an official ruled that the clock should have shown three seconds left instead of one. On their third chance, the Soviets scored the winning goal. Hank Iba, the American coach, thought they took more than three seconds. (Pushing through the crowd to lodge a protest, he had his pocket picked.)

When it was all over, a spokesman for the Canadian Organizing Committee was asked whether his people were worried about the 1976 Olympics. He said no, they were experienced at dealing with agitators and all would be well in Montreal.

Perhaps it will. Still, I can't help wondering if the modern games may be destined for a fate like the one that overtook their ancient predecessors. The earliest Olympics were religious festivals. The athletes swore to obey the rules, the judges swore to be fair, and the priests sacrificed a pig. A winner was crowned with a wreath of wild olive from a sacred grove near the Temple of Zeus, and he gave public thanks to the gods. While the games were on, all wars among the Greeks were suspended.

Yet as time went on, scandal crept in. The first recorded games took place in 776 B.C., when Coroebus of Elis won a foot race in a meadow beside the river Alpheus in Olympia. In the 98th Olympiad, Eupolus of Thessaly, a boxer, was convicted of bribing three opponents to take dives. He was disgraced, fined, and required to erect a statue bearing his name and offense. In time a long line of these statues, called Zanes, was erected just outside the stadium, paid for with fines collected from cheaters.

When Rome rose to power, it appropriated the Olympics from Greece, but the religious character of the games was lost. Crookedness grew commonplace. In A.D. 66 the emperor Nero swaggered through several events and had himself declared victor in all. Finally, in A.D. 394, Theodosius I abolished the Olympic games. Fifteen centuries passed before they were revived.

De Coubertin believed international rivalry in sports would promote international amity in more important matters. It is true that the athletes themselves ge on well, in the manner of young peopl everywhere. Yet the intensity of th competition, the temper of the crowds the prejudices of judges, and the propa ganda uses made of the games combin to support a view that the Olympic exacerbate international frictions.

If things get out of hand in Montrea as they did in Munich, there will be movement to abandon the quadrennia gala in favor of separate world champi onships in various sports, conducted a separate venues without the hysteri the Olympics can create.

Maybe it isn't necessary to go that fa Perhaps an approach to sanity could b made by eliminating the national flag anthems, uniforms, and tabulations c medals won and unofficial point scored. If their elders stopped preachin about the honor of representing one country, the athletes might just go ou and play the games for fun.

Red Smith, a sports columnist for th New York Times, *has covered the Olym pics since 1948. He won a Pulitzer Priz for sports commentary earlier this yea*